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The Brothers Karamazov

Братья Карамазовы

Fyodor Dostoevsky

1880

Fiction · Novels

The Brothers Karamazov

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Translated from the Russian by Ether Library

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Fyodor Dostoevsky (1821–1881)

Translated from the Russian by Ether Library

A novel in four parts with an epilogue, first published in *The Russian Messenger* in 1879–1880.

A Note on the Translation

This is a complete translation of Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Brat'ya Karamazovy*, made directly from the Russian, from the public-domain text in modern orthography published by Russian Wikisource. Constance Garnett's translation of 1912 was consulted only to check the meaning where the Russian is in doubt, and only as far as the fourth chapter of Book Twelve; none of her wording is reused.

The novel has four parts, twelve books, and an epilogue. Each of the 5,063 paragraphs of the Russian appears here as one paragraph. Every "it seems," "perhaps," and "they say" of the narrator, a chronicler of "our town," is kept.

Russians call one person by several names, and the choice is the relationship of the moment: the youngest brother is Alexei Fyodorovich, Alyosha, Alyoshka, Alyoshenka; Dmitri is also Mitya, Mitenka, and Mitka. The English uses the form the Russian uses in each place, in narration as in dialogue, and never turns a diminutive into a full name or an English pet name. Women's surnames keep their feminine form (Mrs. Khokhlakova, Miss Svetlova). The list of names that follows shows each person's forms.

English has one "you" for the Russian *ty* (to intimates, children, and inferiors) and *vy* (to everyone else). No "thou" is used, even in the Gospel verses, which are rendered afresh from the Russian. Where a character changes pronoun, the English of that sentence carries the change: a first name or diminutive in place of a patronymic, a "sir" dropped or added, a colder or warmer turn. The servile little -s of Smerdyakov and Staff Captain Snegiryov is "sir."

Rubles, versts, and ranks stay Russian; *nadryv*, the title of Book Four, is "strain" throughout. Foreign phrases stay in italics, glossed in parentheses where the sense matters. Spelling is American; the original's slips of date and quotation are kept. The fourteen short translator's notes, at the ends of their chapters, explain only a pun that dies in English or a person or book the text leans on, and offer no commentary.

The Names

The people are described as they are when the story begins. In parentheses are the other names by which each is called. A Russian is addressed by first name and patronymic (a middle name formed from the father's first name: Fyodorovich, "son of Fyodor," Ivanovna, "daughter of Ivan"), by a short first name, by an affectionate diminutive, or by a familiar or slighting one. Which name is chosen is the distance between two people at that moment, and this translation keeps the name the Russian uses in each place.

The Karamazovs

Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov · a landowner in his fifties, who started with next to nothing and made money; a sensualist who calls himself an "old buffoon." He married twice and has three sons.

Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov (Dmitri, Mitya, Mitenka, Mitka) · the eldest son, twenty-eight, by the first wife, Adelaida Ivanovna Miusova. A retired army officer, hot-tempered and free with money, he is quarreling with his father over his mother's inheritance.

Ivan Fyodorovich Karamazov (Ivan, Vanya, Vanechka) · the second son, twenty-four, by the second wife, Sofya Ivanovna. A university graduate and writer, known for an article on the church courts.

Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov (Alexei, Alyosha, Alyoshka, Alyoshenka, Alyoshechka, Lyosha) · the third son, twenty, Ivan's full brother. The "hero" of this book, a novice at the town monastery under the elder Zosima.

Pavel Fyodorovich Smerdyakov · Fyodor Pavlovich's servant and cook, twenty-four. The child of a holy fool of the town, Stinking Lizaveta (Lizaveta Smerdyashchaya), brought up by the old servants. He has the falling sickness.

Grigory Vasilyevich Kutuzov · Fyodor Pavlovich's old servant, surly and devout. His wife is **Marfa Ignatyevna**.

Two Women

Katerina Ivanovna Verkhovtseva (Katya, Katenka) · a colonel's daughter, Dmitri's fiancée, proud and high-minded.

Agrafena Alexandrovna Svetlova (Grushenka, Grusha) · twenty-two, a beautiful woman living under the protection of the old merchant Samsonov. Both Fyodor Pavlovich and Dmitri are drawn to her.

The Monastery

The elder Zosima · sixty-five, an elder living in the hermitage outside the monastery wall; people come from far away for his blessing.

Father Paisy, Father Iosif · hieromonks close to the elder.

Father Ferapont · an old ascetic monk who hates the institution of elders.

Mikhail Osipovich Rakitin (Rakitin, Misha, Rakitka) · a seminarian who frequents the monastery, Alyosha's friend, clever and sneering.

The Town

Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov · a relative of Dmitri's mother, a Westernizing liberal who has lived long in Paris.

Mrs. Khokhlakova (Katerina Osipovna) · a wealthy widow who talks breathlessly and leaps from topic to topic. Her daughter **Lise** (Liza), fourteen, cannot walk and spends her days in an invalid chair.

Kuzma Kuzmich Samsonov · a rich old merchant, Grushenka's protector.

Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin · a young official, an acquaintance of Dmitri's.

Nikolai Ilyich Snegiryov · a poor retired staff captain, living in a cottage with his sick wife, his daughters, and his son **Ilyusha** (Ilyushechka), nine.

Maximov · an old landowner who lives as a hanger-on in one house after another and does not mind being laughed at.

Kalganov · a young man of about twenty, a distant relative of Miusov's.

Fenya · Grushenka's maid.

Trifon Borisych (Trifon Borisovich) · the innkeeper at Mokroye, a large village some twenty versts from town.

The Boys

Kolya Krasotkin (Nikolai Krasotkin) · a gymnasium pupil a little past thirteen, a ringleader who likes to talk like a grown-up and to show what he knows. He keeps a dog, **Perezvon**.

Smurov, Kartashov · schoolmates of Kolya and Ilyusha.

The Law

Ippolit Kirillovich · the assistant prosecutor, in court simply "the prosecutor."

Fetyukovich · a famous defense counsel from Petersburg.

Nikolai Parfenovich Nelyudov · the investigator.

Mikhail Makarovich Makarov · the district police chief.

Herzenstube, Varvinsky · doctors.

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Dedication

To Anna Grigoryevna Dostoevskaya

Truly, truly, I say to you, if a grain of wheat falls into the earth and does not die, it remains a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit. (The Gospel of John, chapter 12, verse 24)

From the Author

As I begin the life story of my hero, Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov, I find myself in some perplexity. Namely: although I call Alexei Fyodorovich my hero, I know myself that he is by no means a great man, and so I foresee inevitable questions of this sort: What is so remarkable about your Alexei Fyodorovich that you have chosen him for your hero? What has he done? Who has heard of him, and for what? Why should I, the reader, spend my time studying the facts of his life?

The last question is the most fatal, for to it I can only answer: "Perhaps you will see for yourself from the novel." Well, and what if people read the novel and do not see it, and do not agree that my Alexei Fyodorovich is remarkable? I say this because I foresee it with regret. To me he is remarkable, but I have serious doubts whether I shall manage to prove it to the reader. The thing is that he is, perhaps, a man of action, but a man of action who is indefinite and has not yet become clear. However, it would be strange to demand clarity of people in times like ours. One thing, perhaps, is fairly certain: he is a strange man, even an eccentric. But strangeness and eccentricity do more harm than good when it comes to a claim on attention, especially when everyone is striving to bring the particulars together and to find at least some general sense in the general senselessness. And an eccentric, in most cases, is a particular, a thing apart. Is that not so?

Now, if you do not agree with this last thesis and answer, "It is not so," or "It is not always so," then I may, perhaps, take heart about the significance of my hero Alexei Fyodorovich. For not only

is an eccentric “not always” a particular and a thing apart, but on the contrary, it sometimes happens that it is he, perhaps, who carries within himself the very heart of the whole, while the rest of the people of his epoch—all of them, by some wind that blew in from elsewhere, have for some reason been torn away from him for a time…

I would not, however, have launched into these very uninteresting and hazy explanations, and would have begun quite simply, without a preface: if they like it, they will read it anyway. But the trouble is that while I have one life story, I have two novels. The main novel is the second: it is the activity of my hero in our own time, precisely at our present, current moment. The first novel took place thirteen years ago, and it is hardly even a novel, only one moment from my hero’s early youth. I cannot do without this first novel, because much in the second would be incomprehensible. But this only complicates my original difficulty further: if I, that is, the biographer himself, find that even one novel would perhaps be too much for so modest and indefinite a hero, then how can I appear with two, and how am I to explain such presumption on my part?

Lost in the resolution of these questions, I resolve to bypass them without any resolution at all. Of course, the perceptive reader long ago guessed that this is what I was driving at from the very beginning, and has only been annoyed with me for wasting fruitless words and precious time. To this I will answer precisely: I wasted fruitless words and precious time, first, out of politeness, and second, out of cunning: after all, I can say, I gave some warning in advance. However, I am even glad that my novel broke up of its own accord into two stories “with an essential unity of the whole”: having become acquainted with the first story, the reader will decide for himself whether it is worth his while to take up the second. Of course, no one is bound by anything; one can drop the

book after two pages of the first story and never open it again. But then there are scrupulous readers who will be sure to want to read to the end, so as not to err in their impartial judgment; such, for instance, are all Russian critics. Well, with readers like these my heart is lighter all the same: for all their thoroughness and conscientiousness, I am still giving them the most legitimate pretext for dropping the story at the novel's first episode. Well, that is the whole preface. I quite agree that it is superfluous, but since it is already written, let it stay.

And now to business.

Part One

Book One: The History of One Little Family

I. Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov

Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov was the third son of a landowner of our district, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, so well known in his day (and still remembered among us even now) for his tragic and murky death, which befell him exactly thirteen years ago and which I shall report in its proper place. For now I will say of this "landowner" (as we used to call him here, though nearly all his life he hardly lived on his estate at all) only that he was a strange type, and yet one met with fairly often, precisely the type of man who is not only worthless and depraved but at the same time muddle-headed—but one of those muddle-headed people who know how to manage their little property affairs superbly, and that, it seems, is all they know how to manage. Fyodor Pavlovich, for instance, started out with next to nothing; he was the smallest of small landowners, ran around dining at other people's tables, and angled to become a hanger-on, and yet at the moment of his death he turned out to have as much as a hundred thousand rubles in hard cash. And at the same time he went on all his life being one of the most muddle-headed madcaps in our whole district. I repeat: this is not stupidity; most of these madcaps are rather clever and cunning—but precisely muddle-headedness, and a peculiar, national muddle-headedness at that.

He married twice and had three sons: the eldest, Dmitri Fyodorovich, by his first wife, and the other two, Ivan and Alexei, by his second. Fyodor Pavlovich's first wife came from the rather wealthy and distinguished noble family of the Miusovs, also landowners of our district. How exactly it happened that a girl

with a dowry, a beauty besides, and on top of that one of those spirited, clever girls not uncommon among us in the present generation but already to be found in the past, could marry such a worthless "runt," as everyone called him then, I shall not explain at any length. After all, I knew a young lady, still of the "romantic" generation before last, who after several years of mysterious love for a certain gentleman, whom, by the way, she could have married at any time in the most tranquil fashion, nonetheless ended by inventing insurmountable obstacles for herself, and on a stormy night threw herself from a high bank, rather like a cliff, into a fairly deep and swift river and perished in it, decidedly from her own caprice, solely in order to resemble Shakespeare's Ophelia; so much so, even, that had this cliff, which she had picked out and grown fond of so long before, been less picturesque, had there been only a prosaic flat bank in its place, the suicide might perhaps never have happened at all. This is a true fact, and one must suppose that in our Russian life over the last two or three generations no small number of such facts, or facts of the same kind, have occurred. In the same way, Adelaida Ivanovna Miusova's act was without doubt an echo of other people's ideas, and likewise the irritation of a captive mind. She may have wanted to assert her independence as a woman, to go against social conventions, against the despotism of her relatives and family, and an obliging imagination persuaded her, let us suppose for only a moment, that Fyodor Pavlovich, in spite of his rank of hanger-on, was all the same one of the boldest and most sardonic men of that epoch of transition to everything better, whereas he was only a nasty buffoon and nothing more. The piquant thing was also that the affair was carried off by an elopement, and that greatly charmed Adelaida Ivanovna. As for Fyodor Pavlovich, even his social position at the time made him quite ready for any such escapade, since he passionately desired to make his way in the world by whatever

means; and to worm his way into a good family and get a dowry was very tempting. As for mutual love, there seems to have been none at all, neither on the bride's side nor on his, in spite even of Adelaida Ivanovna's good looks. So this case was perhaps the only one of its kind in the life of Fyodor Pavlovich, a man who was the most sensual of men all his life long, ready in an instant to cling to any skirt whatever, if only it beckoned to him. And yet this one woman made no particular impression on him on the side of passion.

Immediately after the elopement Adelaida Ivanovna saw in a flash that she felt nothing for her husband but contempt. And so the consequences of the marriage showed themselves with extraordinary speed. Although the family was reconciled to the event even fairly soon and gave the runaway her dowry, the most disorderly life and endless scenes began between the spouses. It was said that the young wife showed incomparably more nobility and loftiness in all this than Fyodor Pavlovich, who, as is now known, filched from her then and there, at one stroke, all her money, up to twenty-five thousand, as soon as she received it, so that from then on those dear thousands decidedly sank without a trace as far as she was concerned. The little village and the rather good town house, which had also come to her as part of her dowry, he tried for a long time and with all his might to transfer to his own name by means of some suitable deed, and he would surely have succeeded, simply out of the contempt and disgust for himself, so to speak, which he aroused in his wife every minute with his shameless extortions and pleadings, simply out of her weariness of soul, just so that he would leave her alone. But fortunately Adelaida Ivanovna's family stepped in and put a check on the grabber. It is positively known that fights between the spouses were not infrequent, but, according to tradition, it was not Fyodor Pavlovich who did the beating but Adelaida Ivanovna, a hot-tempered, bold, dark-

skinned, impatient lady, endowed with remarkable physical strength. At last she abandoned the house and ran away from Fyodor Pavlovich with a seminarian schoolteacher who was perishing of poverty, leaving three-year-old Mitya on Fyodor Pavlovich's hands. Fyodor Pavlovich at once set up a whole harem in the house and the most dissolute drinking, and in the intervals drove around almost the entire province, complaining tearfully to each and all about Adelaida Ivanovna, who had abandoned him, and in doing so he revealed such details as a husband ought to be far too ashamed to reveal about his married life. Above all, he seemed to find it pleasant, even flattering, to act out his ridiculous role of the injured husband in front of everyone, and even to paint the details of his injury with embellishments. "Anyone would think you'd been given a promotion, Fyodor Pavlovich, you're so pleased, in spite of all your sorrow," the scoffers would say to him. Many even added that he was glad to appear in a refurbished role of buffoon, and that he deliberately, to make the laughter louder, pretended not to notice his comic position. Who knows, however; perhaps it was naive in him. At last he managed to find the traces of his runaway. The poor thing turned out to be in Petersburg, where she had moved with her seminarian and where she had thrown herself headlong into the most complete emancipation. Fyodor Pavlovich at once began bustling about and getting ready to go to Petersburg—what for? He himself, of course, did not know. Really, perhaps he would have gone then; but having taken such a decision, he at once considered himself especially entitled, to keep his spirits up before the journey, to launch once more into the most boundless drinking. And it was precisely then that word reached his wife's family that she had died in Petersburg. She had died rather suddenly, somehow, somewhere in a garret, according to some accounts of typhus, and according to others supposedly of hunger. Fyodor Pavlovich learned of his wife's death while

drunk; they say he ran out into the street and began to shout, lifting his hands to heaven for joy: “Now you let your servant depart!” and according to others he wept and sobbed like a little child, so much so that, they say, it was pitiful even to look at him, in spite of all the disgust one felt for him. It may very well be that there was both the one and the other, that is, that he rejoiced at his release and wept for his releaser, all at once. In most cases people, even villains, are much more naive and simple-hearted than we generally conclude. And so are we ourselves.

II. The First Son Packed Off

One can imagine, of course, what sort of educator and father such a man could be. As a father, what happened to him was exactly what was bound to happen, that is, he abandoned the child he had had with Adelaida Ivanovna utterly and completely, not out of malice toward him or out of any feelings of a wounded husband, but simply because he forgot about him completely. While he was wearying everyone with his tears and complaints and had turned his house into a den of debauchery, the three-year-old boy Mitya was taken into the care of Grigory, a faithful servant of the house, and had Grigory not looked after him then, there might perhaps have been no one to change the child's little shirt. Besides, it so happened that the child's relatives on his mother's side also seemed to forget about him at first. His grandfather, that is, Mr. Miusov himself, Adelaida Ivanovna's father, was no longer living by then; his widow, Mitya's grandmother, who had moved to Moscow, had fallen too ill, and the sisters had all married, so that for almost a whole year Mitya had to stay with the servant Grigory and live with him in the servants' cottage in the yard. However, even if his papa had remembered him (he could not really have been unaware of his existence), he would himself have packed him off back to the cottage, since the child would have been in the way of his debauchery all the same. But it so happened that the late Adelaida Ivanovna's cousin, Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, returned from Paris; he later lived abroad for many years on end, and at that time was still a very young man, but a man who stood out among the Miusovs, enlightened, metropolitan, foreign, and, what is more, a

European all his life, and toward the end of his life a liberal of the forties and fifties. In the course of his career he had connections with many of the most liberal people of his epoch, both in Russia and abroad, had known both Proudhon and Bakunin personally, and was especially fond of recalling and telling, toward the end of his wanderings, about the three days of the February revolution in Paris in forty-eight, hinting that he himself had very nearly taken part in it on the barricades. This was one of the most gratifying memories of his youth. He had an independent fortune, by the old reckoning about a thousand souls. His splendid estate lay just outside our little town and bordered on the land of our famous monastery, with which Pyotr Alexandrovich, while still very young, as soon as he came into his inheritance, at once began an endless lawsuit over the rights to some fishing in the river or woodcutting in the forest, I do not know exactly which, but he even considered it his civic and enlightened duty to start a lawsuit with the "clericals." Hearing all about Adelaida Ivanovna, whom he remembered, of course, and had even once taken notice of, and learning that Mitya had been left behind, he took up the matter in spite of all his youthful indignation and contempt for Fyodor Pavlovich. That was when he first became acquainted with Fyodor Pavlovich. He declared to him straight out that he would like to take the child's upbringing upon himself. Long afterward he used to tell, as a characteristic touch, that when he began talking to Fyodor Pavlovich about Mitya, the latter for some time looked as though he had no idea what child was meant, and even seemed surprised that he had a little son somewhere in the house. If there may have been exaggeration in Pyotr Alexandrovich's story, there must still have been something resembling the truth. But Fyodor Pavlovich really did love all his life to put on an act, suddenly to play out some unexpected role before you, and above all sometimes with no need for it at all, even to his own direct harm, as, for instance, in the

present case. This trait, however, is characteristic of a great many people, even very intelligent ones, let alone Fyodor Pavlovich. Pyotr Alexandrovich pursued the matter hotly and was even appointed the child's guardian (jointly with Fyodor Pavlovich), because after all the mother had left a small property, a house and an estate. Mitya did indeed move to this cousin of his mother's, but Miusov had no family of his own, and since he himself, as soon as he had arranged and secured the income from his estates, at once hurried off again to Paris for a long stay, he entrusted the child to one of his more distant aunts, a Moscow lady. It so happened that, once he had settled in Paris, he too forgot about the child, especially when that same February revolution broke out, which so struck his imagination and which he could never forget for the rest of his life. Then the Moscow lady died, and Mitya was handed on to one of her married daughters. It seems that later he changed nests a fourth time as well. I shall not enlarge on this now, all the more since a great deal will still have to be told about this firstborn of Fyodor Pavlovich's, and for now I shall confine myself to the most necessary information about him, without which I cannot even begin the novel.

In the first place, this Dmitri Fyodorovich was the only one of Fyodor Pavlovich's three sons who grew up in the conviction that he had some property after all and that when he came of age he would be independent. His boyhood and youth passed in disorder: he did not finish at the gymnasium, then got into a military school, then found himself in the Caucasus, was promoted, fought a duel, was broken to the ranks, was promoted again, went on many sprees, and got through a comparatively large amount of money. He did not begin to receive money from Fyodor Pavlovich until he came of age, and until then he ran up debts. He first came to know and to see Fyodor Pavlovich, his father, only after he came of age, when he arrived in our parts on purpose to have things out with

him about his property. It seems that even then he did not like his parent; he stayed with him only a short time and left as soon as he could, having managed only to get a certain sum from him and to come to a certain arrangement with him about receiving the income from the estate in future, though (a remarkable fact) he did not manage on that occasion to get out of Fyodor Pavlovich either what the estate brought in or what it was worth. Fyodor Pavlovich noticed then, the first time (and this must be remembered), that Mitya had an exaggerated and inaccurate idea of his property. Fyodor Pavlovich was very pleased with this, having his own particular calculations in view. He concluded only that the young man was frivolous, unruly, passionate, impatient, a carouser, and that if only he could snatch a little something for the moment, he would calm down at once, if only for a short time, of course. And this is what Fyodor Pavlovich began to exploit, that is, he got rid of him with small handouts, with occasional remittances, and in the end it came about that when, some four years later, Mitya lost patience and appeared in our little town a second time, in order to settle his affairs with his parent once and for all, it suddenly turned out, to his greatest astonishment, that he now had precisely nothing, that it was even hard to reckon it all up, that he had already drawn in money the entire value of his property from Fyodor Pavlovich and might perhaps even owe him something himself; that by such and such agreements, which he himself had wished to enter into on such and such a date, he had no right to demand anything more, and so on and so forth. The young man was stunned, suspected untruth and deceit, nearly lost his temper altogether, and seemed to lose his mind. It was precisely this circumstance that led to the catastrophe whose account will make up the subject of my first, introductory novel, or rather its outward side. But before I go on to this novel, I must also tell about Fyodor Pavlovich's other two sons, Mitya's brothers, and explain where they came from.

III. The Second Marriage and the Second Children

Fyodor Pavlovich, having packed four-year-old Mitya off his hands, very soon afterward married a second time. This second marriage lasted about eight years. He took this second wife of his, also a very young person, Sofya Ivanovna, from another province, where he had gone on a small contracting business in partnership with some little Yid. Though Fyodor Pavlovich caroused, and drank, and behaved outrageously, he never stopped seeing to the investment of his capital, and he always managed his little affairs successfully, though, of course, almost always rather meanly. Sofya Ivanovna was one of the "little orphans," without family from childhood, the daughter of some obscure deacon, who had grown up in the rich house of her benefactress, her guardian and her tormentor, a distinguished old general's widow, the widow of General Vorokhov. I do not know the details, but I have only heard that the ward, a meek, gentle, and uncomplaining girl, was once cut down from a noose that she had hung from a nail in the storeroom, so hard was it for her to bear the willfulness and the endless reproaches of this old woman, who was apparently not wicked, but was only a most insufferable petty tyrant out of idleness. Fyodor Pavlovich asked for her hand; inquiries were made about him, and he was sent packing; and then, just as in his first marriage, he suggested to the little orphan that they elope. Very, very possibly she would not have gone with him for anything had she learned more details about him in time. But this was in another province; and besides,

what could a sixteen-year-old girl understand, except that it was better to jump in the river than to stay with her benefactress? And so the poor thing exchanged a benefactress for a benefactor. This time Fyodor Pavlovich did not get a kopeck, because the general's widow was angry, gave nothing, and on top of that cursed them both; but this time he had not counted on getting anything; he had simply been captivated by the innocent girl's remarkable beauty and, above all, by her innocent look, which had struck him, a sensualist who until then had been a depraved lover only of the coarser sort of female beauty. "Those innocent little eyes slashed through my soul like a razor that time," he used to say afterward, giggling nastily in his own way. However, in a depraved man even this could have been only a sensual attraction. Having received no reward, Fyodor Pavlovich did not stand on ceremony with his wife, and taking advantage of the fact that she was, so to speak, "guilty" before him and that he had almost "cut her down from the noose," and taking advantage, besides, of her phenomenal meekness and submissiveness, he even trampled underfoot the most ordinary marital decencies. Bad women came to the house, right there in his wife's presence, and orgies were held. As a characteristic touch I will mention that the servant Grigory, a gloomy, stupid, and stubborn moralizer, who had hated his former mistress, Adelaida Ivanovna, this time took the side of the new mistress, defended her, and quarreled with Fyodor Pavlovich on her behalf in a manner almost impermissible for a servant, and once he even broke up an orgy and drove out all the disreputable women who had come, by force. Later the unhappy young woman, frightened from her very childhood, came down with a sort of nervous female illness, met with most often among the common people, in village women, who are called shriekers because of this illness. From this illness, with its terrible hysterical fits, the sufferer at times even lost her reason. Nevertheless she bore Fyodor Pavlovich two sons, Ivan and

Alexei, the first in the first year of the marriage and the second three years later. When she died, the boy Alexei was in his fourth year, and strange as it is, I know that he remembered his mother all his life afterward—as if through a dream, of course. After her death almost exactly the same thing happened to both boys as had happened to the first, Mitya: they were completely forgotten and abandoned by their father and ended up with that same Grigory, also in his cottage. And there in the cottage they were found by the old petty tyrant, the general's widow, their mother's benefactress and guardian. She was still alive, and all that time, all eight years, she had not been able to forget the insult done to her. All eight years she had had the most exact information on the sly about the life and doings of her "Sofya," and hearing how ill she was and what outrages surrounded her, she had said aloud two or three times to her female hangers-on: "It serves her right, God has sent it to her for her ingratitude."

Exactly three months after Sofya Ivanovna died, the general's widow suddenly turned up in our town in person, and went straight to Fyodor Pavlovich's house, and she stayed in the town only about half an hour altogether, but she did a great deal. It was evening. Fyodor Pavlovich, whom she had not seen in all those eight years, came out to her a little drunk. It is told that instantly, without any explanations, the moment she saw him, she gave him two resounding slaps in the face, good ones, and three times pulled him by the forelock downward, and then, without adding a word, went straight to the cottage, to the two boys. Noticing at first glance that they were unwashed and in dirty linen, she at once gave another slap to Grigory himself and announced to him that she was taking both children away with her; then she led them out just as they were, wrapped them in a plaid, put them in her carriage, and took them away to her own town. Grigory bore this slap like a devoted slave, did not utter one rude word, and

when he saw the old lady to her carriage, he bowed to her from the waist and said impressively that "God will repay you for the orphans." "You are a blockhead all the same!" the general's widow shouted to him as she drove off. Fyodor Pavlovich, having thought the whole thing over, found that it was a good thing, and afterward did not refuse his formal consent to the children's upbringing by the general's widow on a single point. As for the slaps he had received, he went all over town telling about them himself.

It so happened that the general's widow too died soon after that, having, however, stipulated in her will a thousand rubles for each of the two little ones "for their education, and all this money is to be spent on them without fail, but so that it lasts until they come of age, because such a handout is more than enough for such children, and if anyone pleases, let him loosen his own purse strings," and so on and so forth. I have not read the will myself, but I have heard that there was something strange of precisely this sort in it, and expressed much too peculiarly. The old woman's principal heir, however, turned out to be an honest man, the marshal of nobility of that province, Yefim Petrovich Polenov. After exchanging letters with Fyodor Pavlovich and guessing instantly that you would never get money out of him for the upbringing of his own children (though he never refused outright, but in such cases always only dragged things out, sometimes even pouring himself out in sentimentalities), he took a personal interest in the orphans and became especially fond of the younger of them, Alexei, so that for a long time Alexei even grew up in his family. I ask the reader to note this from the very beginning. And if the young men were indebted to anyone for their upbringing and education for the rest of their lives, it was precisely to this Yefim Petrovich, a most noble and humane man, of a kind that is rarely met. He kept the little ones' thousand apiece, left by the general's widow, untouched, so that by the time they came of age it had

grown with interest to two thousand each, and he brought them up at his own expense, and of course spent far more than a thousand on each of them. Again I shall not enter for now into a detailed account of their childhood and youth, but will indicate only the most important circumstances. About the elder, Ivan, however, I will report only that he grew up a sort of sullen boy, shut up in himself, by no means timid, but as though he had grasped as early as ten that they were growing up, after all, in someone else's family and on someone else's charity, and that their father was some sort of man it was shameful even to talk about, and so on and so forth. This boy very soon, almost in infancy (so it was said, at least), began to show some unusual and brilliant abilities for learning. I do not know exactly, but somehow it came about that he parted from Yefim Petrovich's family when he was barely thirteen, moving to one of the Moscow gymnasiums and boarding with some experienced and, in those days, celebrated educator, a friend of Yefim Petrovich's from childhood. Ivan himself used to say later that it had all come about, so to speak, from Yefim Petrovich's "ardor for good works," carried away as he was by the idea that a boy of genius should be educated by an educator of genius. However, neither Yefim Petrovich nor the educator of genius was still living when the young man finished the gymnasium and entered the university. Since Yefim Petrovich had managed things badly, and receiving the boys' own money, bequeathed by the tyrannical general's widow and grown with interest from one thousand to two, was delayed by various formalities and red tape quite unavoidable among us, the young man had a very hard time of it in his first two years at the university, since all that time he was forced to feed and keep himself and to study at the same time. It must be noted that he did not even wish to make an attempt at that time to write to his father—perhaps out of pride, out of contempt for him, or perhaps as a result of cold, sound rea-

soning, which told him that he would not get any even slightly serious support from his papa. Be that as it may, the young man did not lose his head in the least, and managed after all to find work, at first giving lessons at twenty kopecks, and then running around to newspaper offices and supplying little articles of ten lines about street incidents, signed "Eyewitness." These little articles, they say, were always so interestingly and piquantly put together that they quickly caught on, and in this alone the young man showed all his practical and intellectual superiority over that numerous, eternally needy, and unhappy part of our student youth of both sexes who in the capitals, as a rule, wear out the doorsteps of various newspapers and magazines from morning till night, unable to think up anything better than endlessly repeating one and the same request for translations from the French or for copying. Having become acquainted with the editorial offices, Ivan Fyodorovich never broke off his connections with them afterward, and in his last years at the university he began publishing very talented reviews of books on various specialized subjects, so that he even became known in literary circles. However, only quite recently had he happened, by chance, suddenly to attract particular attention in a much wider circle of readers, so that a great many people took note of him and remembered him all at once. This was a rather curious incident. Having already left the university and preparing to go abroad on his two thousand, Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly published in one of the big newspapers a strange article, which attracted the attention even of non-specialists, and, above all, on a subject apparently quite unfamiliar to him, since he had taken his degree in the natural sciences. The article was written on the question of the ecclesiastical courts, which was being raised everywhere at the time. Examining certain opinions already put forward on this question, he also stated his own personal view. The main thing was in the tone and in the remarkable

unexpectedness of the conclusion. And meanwhile many of the churchmen decidedly took the author for one of their own. And suddenly, alongside them, not only the secularists but even the atheists themselves began applauding as well, from their side. In the end some shrewd people decided that the whole article was nothing but an impudent farce and a mockery. I mention this incident especially because the article in due course also made its way into our famous monastery just outside town, where the question of the ecclesiastical courts that had arisen was of general interest; it made its way there and produced complete bewilderment. And learning the author's name, they became interested also in the fact that he was a native of our town and the son of "that very same Fyodor Pavlovich." And just then, at that very time, the author himself suddenly turned up among us.

Why Ivan Fyodorovich came to us then is a question, I remember, that I asked myself even at the time with something almost like uneasiness. This so fateful arrival, which was the beginning of so many consequences, long remained, almost always, an unclear matter for me. Generally speaking, it was strange that a young man so learned, so proud and cautious in appearance, should suddenly turn up in such an outrageous house, at the home of such a father, who had ignored him all his life, had not known him or remembered him, and who, though of course he would not have given him money for anything or under any circumstances had his son asked for it, had all the same been afraid all his life that his sons, Ivan and Alexei, would also come someday and ask for money. And now the young man settles in the house of such a father, lives with him one month and then another, and the two get along as well as could be. This last surprised not only me but many others especially. Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, of whom I have already spoken above, a distant relative of Fyodor Pavlovich's through his first wife, happened to be among us again at that time,

on his estate just outside town, having come from Paris, where he had now settled for good. I remember that he was precisely the one who wondered at it more than anyone, after getting to know the young man, who interested him extremely and with whom, not without an inward pang, he sometimes crossed swords in learning. "He is proud," he used to say to us about him then, "he will always earn himself a kopeck, he has money for going abroad even now—so what does he want here? It's clear to everyone that he hasn't come to his father for money, because in any case his father won't give him any. He doesn't care for drinking wine and debauchery, and yet the old man can't do without him, that's how well they get along!" This was the truth; the young man even had a visible influence on the old man; the latter almost began at times to obey him, so it seemed, though he was extremely and even at times spitefully willful; he even began at times to behave more decently...

Only later did it come out that Ivan Fyodorovich had come partly at the request of, and on the business of, his elder brother, Dmitri Fyodorovich, whom he had also come to know and seen for the first time in his life at almost that same time, on this same visit, but with whom, however, he had entered into correspondence over an important matter that concerned Dmitri Fyodorovich more, even before he arrived from Moscow. What that matter was the reader will learn fully, in detail, in due course. Nevertheless, even when I already knew about this particular circumstance as well, Ivan Fyodorovich still seemed to me an enigma, and his arrival among us inexplicable all the same.

I will add, too, that Ivan Fyodorovich had at the time the look of a mediator and peacemaker between his father and his elder brother, Dmitri Fyodorovich, who had then started a great quarrel with his father and even a formal lawsuit against him.

This little family, I repeat, came together then, all of it, for the first time in their lives, and some of its members saw each other

for the first time in their lives. Only the youngest son, Alexei Fyodorovich, had already been living among us for about a year before that, and so had come to us before any of his brothers. It is precisely about this Alexei that I find it hardest of all to speak in my present prefatory account, before bringing him on stage in the novel. But I shall have to write a preface about him as well, at least in order to explain beforehand one very strange point, namely: I am obliged to present my future hero to my readers, from the first scene of his novel, in a novice's cassock. Yes, he had already been living in our monastery for about a year then, and, it seemed, was preparing to shut himself up in it for the rest of his life.

IV. The Third Son, Alyosha

He was only twenty at the time (his brother Ivan was then in his twenty-fourth year, and their eldest brother, Dmitri, in his twenty-eighth). First of all I declare that this young man, Alyosha, was not a fanatic at all, and, in my opinion at least, not even a mystic. I will give my full opinion in advance: he was simply an early lover of humanity, and if he threw himself onto the monastery road, it was only because at that time it alone struck him and offered him, so to speak, the ideal way out for his soul, which was struggling from the darkness of worldly malice toward the light of love. And this road struck him only because on it he met at that time what was in his opinion an extraordinary being, our famous monastery elder Zosima, to whom he became attached with all the ardent first love of his unquenchable heart. However, I do not dispute that he was already very strange even then, having been so, in fact, from the cradle. Incidentally, I have already mentioned that, though he was left motherless in only his fourth year, he remembered her all his life afterward, her face, her caresses, "just as if she were standing before me alive." Such memories can be retained (and everyone knows this) even from an earlier age, even from the age of two, but only standing out all one's life like points of light in the darkness, like a corner torn out of a huge picture that has all gone dark and vanished except for that little corner. That was exactly how it was with him: he remembered one evening, a quiet summer evening, an open window, the slanting rays of the sun going down (it was the slanting rays he remembered most of all), an icon in the corner of the room, a lighted lamp before it, and before the icon, on her

knees, sobbing as if in hysterics, with shrieks and cries, his mother, who had seized him in both arms and was hugging him so tight it hurt, and praying to the Mother of God for him, holding him out of her embrace with both hands toward the icon as if under the Mother of God's protection… and suddenly the nurse runs in and snatches him from her in fright. What a picture! Alyosha also remembered his mother's face in that instant: he said that it was frenzied but beautiful, as far as he could recall. But he seldom liked to confide this memory to anyone. In childhood and youth he was not very expansive, not even very talkative, but not from mistrust, not from timidity or sullen unsociability; quite the contrary, it came from something else, from a sort of inner preoccupation, as it were, strictly personal, of no concern to others, but so important for him that because of it he seemed to forget others. But he loved people: it seemed that all his life he lived with complete faith in people, and yet no one ever considered him a simpleton or a naive man. There was something in him that told you and made you feel (and it was so all his life afterward) that he did not want to be a judge of people, that he would not want to take condemnation upon himself and would not condemn for anything. It even seemed that he allowed everything, without condemning in the least, though often grieving very bitterly. More than that, he went so far in this sense that no one could either surprise or frighten him, and this even in his very earliest youth. Arriving in his twentieth year at his father's, positively in a den of filthy debauchery, he, chaste and pure, would only withdraw in silence when it was unbearable to look, but without the slightest sign of contempt or condemnation for anyone at all. His father, on the other hand, a former hanger-on and therefore a man sensitive and quick to take offense, who had at first received him with mistrust and sullenness ("he keeps very quiet, you know, and does a lot of reasoning to himself"), soon ended, however, by hugging and kissing him terribly often, no later

than some two weeks afterward, with drunken tears, true, in tipsy sentimentality, but evidently having come to love him sincerely and deeply, and as such a man had never, of course, managed to love anyone before…

And indeed everyone loved this young man wherever he appeared, and this even from his earliest childhood. When he found himself in the house of his benefactor and guardian, Yefim Petrovich Polenov, he so endeared himself to everyone in that family that they decidedly regarded him there almost as their own child. And yet he entered that house at so tender an age that one could by no means expect calculating cunning in a child, or slyness, or the art of currying favor and pleasing, the knack of making oneself loved. So the gift of arousing a special love for himself lay in him, so to speak, in his very nature, artlessly and directly. It was the same with him at school, and yet, one would think, he was precisely one of those children who arouse mistrust in their schoolmates, sometimes mockery, and perhaps even hatred. He would, for instance, fall into thought and seem to hold himself apart. From his earliest childhood he loved to go off into a corner and read books, and yet his schoolmates, too, came to love him so much that he could decidedly be called the favorite of the whole school for as long as he was there. He was seldom playful, even rarely merry, but everyone who looked at him saw at once that this was not at all from any sullenness in him, that on the contrary he was even-tempered and serene. Among his peers he never wanted to put himself forward. Perhaps for this very reason he was never afraid of anyone, and yet the boys understood at once that he was not at all proud of his fearlessness, but looked as though he did not even understand that he was bold and fearless. He never remembered an offense. It happened that an hour after an offense he would answer the offender, or speak to him first, with such a trusting and serene look, as if nothing had happened between

them at all. And it was not that he looked as though he had accidentally forgotten the offense or had deliberately forgiven it; he simply did not regard it as an offense, and this decidedly captivated and won over the children. There was only one trait in him that, in all the classes of the gymnasium, from the lowest even to the highest, aroused in his schoolmates a constant desire to tease him, not out of malicious mockery, but because it was fun for them. This trait in him was a wild, frenzied modesty and chastity. He could not stand hearing certain words and certain kinds of talk about women. These "certain" words and kinds of talk are, unfortunately, impossible to root out in schools. Boys pure in soul and heart, still almost children, very often like to talk among themselves in class, and even aloud, about such things, pictures, and images as even soldiers will not always talk about; what is more, soldiers do not know and do not understand much of what, in this line, is already familiar to such young children of our educated and upper society. There is perhaps no moral depravity in this yet, nor any real cynicism, depraved and inward, but there is the outward kind, and that is often regarded among them as something even refined, subtle, dashing, and worthy of imitation. Seeing that "Alyoshka Karamazov" quickly stopped his ears with his fingers when they began talking "about that," they would sometimes crowd around him on purpose and, forcibly pulling his hands from his ears, shout filth into both his ears, and he would struggle, slip down to the floor, lie down, cover himself up, and all this without saying a word to them, without swearing, bearing the offense in silence. In the end, however, they left him in peace and no longer teased him as a "girl"; more than that, they looked on him in this respect with pity. Incidentally, in his studies he always stood among the best in the class, but was never ranked first.

When Yefim Petrovich died, Alyosha remained two more years at the provincial gymnasium. Yefim Petrovich's inconsolable

widow, almost immediately after his death, went off for a long stay in Italy with her whole family, which consisted entirely of persons of the female sex, and Alyosha ended up in the house of two ladies whom he had never even seen before, some distant relatives of Yefim Petrovich's, but on what terms he himself did not know. It was also a characteristic trait of his, and a very characteristic one, that he never cared at whose expense he was living. In this he was the complete opposite of his elder brother, Ivan Fyodorovich, who had gone through two years of poverty at the beginning of the university, feeding himself by his own labor, and who from his earliest childhood had bitterly felt that he was living on a benefactor's bread, at the expense of others. But it seems this strange trait in Alexei's character could not be judged very severely, because anyone who got to know him even a little would at once, when this question came up, become convinced that Alexei was without fail one of those young men who are something like holy fools, who, should a whole fortune suddenly fall into his hands, would not hesitate to give it away at the first request, either for a good cause or perhaps even simply to a clever swindler, if the swindler asked him for it. And generally speaking he seemed not to know the value of money at all, not in the literal sense, of course. When he was given pocket money, which he himself never asked for, he either did not know what to do with it for weeks on end or was terribly careless with it, and it vanished from him in a twinkling. Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, a man very touchy on the subject of money and bourgeois honesty, once, later on, after observing Alexei closely, pronounced the following aphorism about him: "Here, perhaps, is the only man in the world whom you could suddenly leave alone and without money in the square of an unfamiliar city of a million inhabitants, and he would not perish for anything, or die of hunger and cold, because they would feed him in a twinkling, find him a place in a twinkling, and if they didn't, he

would find himself a place in a twinkling, and it would cost him no effort and no humiliation, and would be no burden to whoever took him in, who might perhaps, on the contrary, consider it a pleasure."

He did not finish the course at his gymnasium; he still had a whole year to go when he suddenly announced to his ladies that he was going to his father on some business that had come into his head. They were very sorry for him and did not want to let him go. The journey cost very little, and the ladies would not allow him to pawn his watch, a present from his benefactor's family before they went abroad, but supplied him lavishly with means, and even with new clothes and linen. He gave half the money back to them, however, declaring that he absolutely wanted to travel third class. Arriving in our little town, he gave no direct answer to his parent's first questions: "Why exactly have you come, without finishing your course?" but was, as they say, unusually thoughtful. It soon came out that he was looking for his mother's grave. He even admitted himself at the time that this was the only reason he had come. But that hardly exhausted the whole reason for his coming. Most likely he did not know himself at the time and could not have explained for anything what exactly it was that had suddenly risen, as it were, out of his soul and drawn him irresistibly onto some new, unknown, but already inevitable road. Fyodor Pavlovich could not show him where he had buried his second wife, because he had never once visited her grave after the coffin was covered with earth, and with the passing of the years had quite forgotten where she had been buried then…

A word about Fyodor Pavlovich. For a long time before this he had not lived in our town. Some three or four years after his second wife's death he set off for the south of Russia and ended up in Odessa, where he lived for several years running. At first he became acquainted, in his own words, "with a lot of Yids, Yiddies,

Yidlings, and Yidlets," and ended by being received in the end not only by Yids but "by Jews as well." One must suppose that it was during this period of his life that he developed his special knack for knocking money together and knocking it out of people. He came back to our little town for good only some three years before Alyosha's arrival. His former acquaintances found him terribly aged, though he was not at all such an old man yet. He carried himself not so much more nobly as somehow more insolently. There appeared in the former buffoon, for instance, an impudent need to make buffoons of others. He liked to behave outrageously with the female sex not just as before, but even, as it were, more disgustingly. Soon he became the founder of many new taverns around the district. One could see that he had, perhaps, as much as a hundred thousand, or perhaps only a little less. Many of the inhabitants of the town and the district at once fell into debt to him, on the most reliable security, of course. Most recently, though, he had somehow grown flabby, had somehow begun to lose his evenness and self-awareness, had even fallen into a sort of frivolity, would start one thing and finish with another, had somehow let himself go, and got drunk more and more often, and if it had not been for that same servant Grigory, who by that time had also aged considerably and looked after him at times almost like a tutor, Fyodor Pavlovich might perhaps not have got along without serious trouble. Alyosha's arrival seemed to affect him even on the moral side, as though something had woken up in this man, old before his time, of what had long since withered in his soul: "Do you know," he began to say often to Alyosha, studying him, "that you look like her, like the shrieker?" That was what he called his late wife, Alyosha's mother. The grave of "the shrieker" was finally shown to Alyosha by the servant Grigory. He took him to our town cemetery and there, in a far corner, showed him a cast-iron slab, inexpensive but neat, on which there was even an inscription with

the name, rank, age, and year of death of the deceased, and below there was even inscribed something like a quatrain from the old cemetery verses commonly used on the graves of people of the middling sort. To his surprise, this slab turned out to be Grigory's doing. It was he himself who had put it up over the grave of the poor "shrieker," and at his own expense, after Fyodor Pavlovich, whom he had pestered many times with reminders about this grave, at last went off to Odessa, waving his hand not only at graves but at all his memories. At his mother's grave Alyosha showed no special emotion; he merely heard out Grigory's solemn and sensible account of the putting up of the slab, stood for a while with his head bowed, and went away without uttering a word. Since then, perhaps even for the whole year, he had not been to the cemetery. But this little episode also had its effect on Fyodor Pavlovich, and a very original one. He suddenly took a thousand rubles and carried it to our monastery for prayers for the soul of his wife, but not his second, not Alyosha's mother, not "the shrieker," but his first, Adelaida Ivanovna, who used to thrash him. In the evening of that day he got drunk and cursed the monks to Alyosha. He himself was far from being a religious man; perhaps he had never in his life put a five-kopeck candle before an icon. Strange impulses of sudden feelings and sudden thoughts come over such specimens.

I have already said that he had grown very flabby. His physiognomy by that time presented something that bore sharp witness to the character and essence of the whole life he had lived. Besides the long, fleshy little bags under his small eyes, eternally insolent, suspicious, and mocking, besides the multitude of deep little wrinkles on his small but plump little face, there hung beneath his sharp chin a large Adam's apple, fleshy and oblong like a purse, which gave him a sort of repulsively sensual look. Add to that a long, carnivorous mouth with puffy lips, from under which could

be seen small stumps of black, almost rotted teeth. He sprayed saliva every time he began to speak. However, he himself liked to joke about his face, though, it seems, he was pleased with it. He especially pointed to his nose, not very large but very thin, with a strongly protruding hump: "A real Roman nose," he used to say, "together with the Adam's apple, the real physiognomy of an ancient Roman patrician of the decadent period." He was proud of this, it seems.

And then, fairly soon after finding his mother's grave, Alyosha suddenly announced to him that he wished to enter the monastery, and that the monks were willing to take him as a novice. He explained at the same time that this was his extraordinary wish and that he was asking his solemn permission as his father. The old man already knew that the elder Zosima, who was working out his salvation in the monastery hermitage, had made a special impression on his "quiet boy."

"That elder, of course, is the most honest monk they've got," he said, after listening to Alyosha in thoughtful silence, though almost without surprise at his request. "Hm, so that's where you want to go, my quiet boy!" He was half drunk, and he suddenly smiled his long, half-drunk smile, which was not without cunning and drunken slyness. "Hm, and you know, I had a feeling you'd end up with something of the sort, can you imagine? That's exactly where you were heading. Well, why not, you've got your own two little thousands, there's your dowry, and I'll never abandon you, my angel, and I'll even pay in for you now whatever's due, if they ask. Well, and if they don't ask, why should we push ourselves on them, isn't that so? After all, you spend money like a canary, two little seeds a week... Hm. You know, there's a monastery that has a little settlement just outside town, and everyone there knows that only 'monastery wives' live in it, that's what they call them there, about thirty wives, I think... I've been there, and, you know, it's interest-

ing, in its own way, of course, in the sense of variety. The only bad thing is the terrible Russianism, there are no French girls at all yet, though there could be, the means are splendid. They'll get wind of it, they'll come. Well, but here there's nothing, here there are no monastery wives, just some two hundred monks. Honest. Fasters. I confess… Hm. So you want to go to the monks? You know, I feel sorry for you, Alyosha, truly, would you believe it, I've grown fond of you… However, here's a convenient opportunity: you'll pray for us sinners, we've sinned far too much sitting here. I've always been thinking about it: who is ever going to pray for me? Is there such a person in the world? Dear boy, you know, I'm terribly stupid about this, maybe you don't believe it? Terribly. You see: stupid as I am, I keep thinking about it, I keep thinking, now and then, of course, not all the time. It's impossible, I think, that the devils would forget to drag me down to them with their hooks when I die. Well, and so I think: hooks? And where do they get them? What are they made of? Iron? Where do they forge them? Have they got some sort of factory down there? Those monks there in the monastery, they probably suppose that hell has a ceiling, for instance. Now I'm ready to believe in hell, only without a ceiling; that seems somehow more refined, more enlightened, more Lutheran, that is. And in essence, isn't it all the same: with a ceiling or without a ceiling? That's what the damned question comes down to! Well, and if there's no ceiling, then there are no hooks either. And if there are no hooks, then everything goes by the board, which again is improbable: who will drag me off with hooks then, because if they don't drag me off, then what will happen, where is there any justice in the world? *Il faudrait les inventer* (they would have to be invented), those hooks, specially for me, for me alone, because if you only knew, Alyosha, what a shameless wretch I am!…"

"Yes, there are no hooks there," Alyosha said quietly and seriously, studying his father.

"Right, right, only the shadows of hooks. I know, I know. A Frenchman once described hell like that: '*J'ai vu l'ombre d'un cocher, qui avec l'ombre d'une brosse frottait l'ombre d'un carrosse*' (I saw the shadow of a coachman who, with the shadow of a brush, was rubbing down the shadow of a carriage). How do you know there are no hooks, my dear? Stay with the monks a while and you'll sing a different tune. But anyway, go, get to the truth there, and come and tell me: it'll be easier to go to the next world all the same if you know for sure what's there. And it'll be more proper for you at the monks' than at my place, with a drunken old man and with girls… though nothing can touch you, like an angel. Well, maybe nothing will touch you there either, that's why I'm letting you go, because I'm hoping for that last thing. The devil hasn't eaten your brains. You'll burn out and go out, you'll get cured and come back. And I'll be waiting for you: I do feel that you're the only person on earth who hasn't condemned me, my dear boy, I do feel it, how can I not feel it!…"

And he even began to whimper. He was sentimental. He was wicked and sentimental.

V. Elders

Some reader may think, perhaps, that my young man was a sickly, ecstatic, poorly developed nature, a pale dreamer, a puny, wasted little man. On the contrary, Alyosha was at that time a well-built, red-cheeked, clear-eyed youth of nineteen, glowing with health. He was even very handsome at that time, slender, a little above medium height, with dark brown hair, a regular though somewhat elongated oval face, and shining dark gray eyes set wide apart; he was very thoughtful and apparently very calm. People will say, perhaps, that red cheeks are no obstacle either to fanaticism or to mysticism; but it seems to me that Alyosha was even more of a realist than anyone. Oh, of course, in the monastery he believed in miracles absolutely, but in my opinion miracles will never trouble a realist. It is not miracles that incline a realist to faith. A true realist, if he is not a believer, will always find in himself the strength and the ability not to believe even a miracle, and if a miracle stands before him as an undeniable fact, he will sooner disbelieve his own senses than admit the fact. And if he does admit it, he will admit it as a natural fact that had simply been unknown to him until then. In a realist, faith is not born of the miracle; the miracle is born of faith. Once a realist believes, then precisely because of his realism he must also admit the miracle. The apostle Thomas declared that he would not believe until he saw, and when he had seen, he said: "My Lord and my God!" Was it a miracle, then, that made him believe? Most likely not; he believed solely because he wanted to believe, and perhaps he already believed fully, in the secret depths

of his being, even when he was saying, "I will not believe until I see."

People will say, perhaps, that Alyosha was dull, undeveloped, had not finished his course, and so on. That he had not finished his course was true, but to say that he was dull or stupid would be a great injustice. I will simply repeat what I said above: he set out on this road only because at that time it alone struck him and offered him at once the whole ideal of a way out for his soul, which was struggling from darkness toward the light. Add that he was a young man partly of our own most recent time, that is, honest by nature, demanding the truth, seeking it and believing in it, and once believing, demanding immediate participation in it with all the strength of his soul, demanding a quick great deed, with an unfailing desire to sacrifice everything for that deed, even life itself. Though, unfortunately, these young men do not understand that the sacrifice of life is perhaps the easiest of all sacrifices in a great many such cases, and that to give up, say, five or six years of their seething youth to hard, difficult study, to learning, if only in order to multiply tenfold their strength to serve that same truth and that same deed which they have come to love and have set themselves to accomplish—such a sacrifice is, as often as not, almost entirely beyond the strength of many of them. Alyosha simply chose the road opposite to everyone else's, but with the same thirst for a quick great deed. As soon as he had thought seriously and been struck by the conviction that immortality and God exist, he at once, naturally, said to himself: "I mean to live for immortality, and I accept no halfway compromise." In just the same way, had he decided that there is no immortality and no God, he would at once have joined the atheists and the socialists (for socialism is not just the labor question, or the question of the so-called fourth estate, but above all the atheist question, the question of the modern incarnation of atheism, the question of the Tower of Babel,

built precisely without God, not to reach heaven from earth but to bring heaven down to earth). It even seemed strange and impossible to Alyosha to go on living as before. It is said: "Give away everything and follow me, if you would be perfect." And Alyosha said to himself: "I cannot give two rubles instead of 'everything,' and instead of 'follow me' just go to the liturgy." Among the memories of his early childhood, perhaps, something remained of our monastery outside town, where his mother may have taken him to the liturgy. Perhaps the slanting rays of the sun going down, before the icon to which his shrieker mother had held him out had their effect, too. He came to us then, thoughtful, perhaps only to have a look: is it everything here, or only two rubles here, too? and —in the monastery he met this elder…

This elder, as I have already explained above, was the elder Zosima; but I ought to say a few words here about what "elders" in our monasteries are in general, and it is a pity that on this road I feel myself not competent and firm enough. I will try, however, to give an account in few words and superficially. And first of all, specialists and competent people assert that elders and the institution of elders appeared among us, in our Russian monasteries, only quite recently, not even a hundred years ago, whereas in the whole Orthodox East, especially on Sinai and on Athos, they have existed for well over a thousand years. They assert that the institution of elders existed among us in Rus in the most ancient times too, or certainly must have existed, but that as a result of Russia's calamities, the Tatar yoke, the times of trouble, the break in former relations with the East after the conquest of Constantinople, this institution was forgotten among us and the line of elders died out. It was revived among us again from the end of the last century by one of the great ascetics (as he is called), Paisy Velichkovsky, and his disciples, but even now, almost a hundred years later, it exists in very few monasteries as yet, and has even at times been sub-

jected almost to persecution, as an innovation unheard of in Russia. It flourished especially among us in Rus in one famous hermitage, the Optina Hermitage at Kozelsk. When and by whom it was planted in our monastery outside town I cannot say, but the succession of elders there was already in its third generation, and the elder Zosima was the last of them; but he too was almost dying of weakness and illness, and they did not even know who could replace him. The question was an important one for our monastery, since until then our monastery had not been particularly famous for anything: it had no relics of holy saints, no wonder-working icons that had appeared miraculously, not even any glorious traditions connected with our history; no historic deeds or services to the fatherland were counted to its credit. It flourished and became famous all over Russia precisely because of its elders, to see and hear whom pilgrims flocked to us in crowds from all over Russia, from thousands of versts away. So then, what is an elder? An elder is one who takes your soul, your will, into his soul and his will. Having chosen an elder, you renounce your own will and give it to him in complete obedience, with complete self-renunciation. This trial, this terrible school of life, the one who dooms himself to it accepts voluntarily, in the hope that after a long trial he will conquer himself, master himself so far that he may at last attain, through a lifetime of obedience, a perfect freedom, that is, freedom from himself, and escape the lot of those who have lived their whole lives without finding themselves in themselves. This invention, that is, the institution of elders, is not theoretical but was derived in the East from practice, a practice already a thousand years old in our time. The obligations toward an elder are not the ordinary “obedience” that has always existed in our Russian monasteries as well. Here there is recognized the perpetual confession to the elder of all who are striving, and an indissoluble bond between the one who binds and the one who is

bound. They tell, for instance, that once, in the most ancient times of Christianity, one such novice, having failed to fulfill a certain obedience laid on him by his elder, left him and the monastery and went to another country, from Syria to Egypt. There, after long and great ascetic feats, he was at last found worthy to suffer torture and a martyr's death for the faith. But when the church was burying his body, already honoring him as a saint, suddenly, at the deacon's cry, "Catechumens, depart!" the coffin with the martyr's body lying in it tore loose from its place and was cast out of the church, and so up to three times. And at last they learned that this holy passion-bearer had broken his obedience and gone away from his elder, and so, great as his feats were, he could not be forgiven unless the elder released him. But only when the elder was summoned and absolved him of his obedience could his burial take place. Of course, all this is only an ancient legend, but here is a recent true story: one of our contemporary monks was working out his salvation on Athos, and suddenly his elder commanded him to leave Athos, which he loved to the depths of his soul as a holy place, as a quiet refuge, and to go first to Jerusalem to venerate the holy places, and then back to Russia, to the north, to Siberia: "There is your place, not here." Stunned and crushed with grief, the monk went to Constantinople, to the ecumenical patriarch, and begged him to release him from his obedience, and the ecumenical prelate answered him that not only could he, the ecumenical patriarch, not release him, but there was not and could not be any power on the whole earth that could release him from an obedience once imposed by an elder, except only the power of the very elder who had imposed it. Thus the institution of elders is endowed in certain cases with a boundless and incomprehensible power. That is why in many monasteries among us it was at first met almost with persecution. Meanwhile the people at once began to hold the elders in high esteem. To the elders of our monastery

there flocked, for instance, both common people and the most distinguished persons, in order to prostrate themselves before them, confess to them their doubts, their sins, their sufferings, and to ask for advice and guidance. At the sight of this, the elders' opponents cried out, among other accusations, that here the sacrament of confession was being cheapened, willfully and lightly, though the unbroken confession of one's soul to an elder by his novice or by a layman is not performed as a sacrament at all. In the end, however, the institution of elders held its ground and is gradually establishing itself in Russian monasteries. It is perhaps also true that this tested instrument, already a thousand years old, for the moral regeneration of man from slavery to freedom and to moral perfection may turn into a double-edged weapon, so that it may lead one man, perhaps, not to humility and final self-mastery but, on the contrary, to the most satanic pride, that is, to chains and not to freedom.

The elder Zosima was about sixty-five, came of a landowning family, had once, in his earliest youth, been in the army, and had served in the Caucasus as a commissioned officer. No doubt he had struck Alyosha by some special quality of his soul. Alyosha lived in the elder's very cell; the elder had grown very fond of him and allowed him to be near him. It must be noted that Alyosha, living in the monastery at the time, was not yet bound by anything, could go out wherever he liked, even for whole days, and if he wore his cassock, it was of his own free will, so as not to stand out from anyone in the monastery. But of course he liked it himself as well. Perhaps Alyosha's youthful imagination was strongly affected by the power and the fame that constantly surrounded his elder. Many said of the elder Zosima that, having received for so many years all who came to him to confess their hearts and who thirsted for his counsel and healing word, he had taken into his soul so many revelations, contritions, and confessions that in the end he

had acquired an insight so subtle that from the first glance at the face of a stranger who came to him he could guess what the man had come with, what he needed, and even what sort of torment was racking his conscience, and he would astonish, confuse, and at times almost frighten the visitor by such knowledge of his secret before he had uttered a word. But Alyosha almost always noticed at the same time that many, almost all, who went in to the elder for the first time for a private talk went in in fear and anxiety, and almost always came out from him bright and joyful, and the gloomiest face would turn into a happy one. Alyosha was also extraordinarily struck by the fact that the elder was not at all severe; on the contrary, he was almost always cheerful in his manner. The monks said of him that he became attached in his soul precisely to the one who was more sinful, and whoever was most sinful of all, him he would love most of all. There were among the monks, even at the very end of the elder's life, those who hated and envied him, but they were becoming few now, and they kept silent, though among them were several very famous and important persons in the monastery, as, for instance, one of the oldest monks, a great keeper of silence and an extraordinary faster. But all the same, the vast majority were already undoubtedly on the elder Zosima's side, and a great many of them even loved him with all their hearts, ardently and sincerely; and some were attached to him almost fanatically. These said straight out, though not quite aloud, that he was a saint, that there was no longer any doubt about it, and, foreseeing his approaching death, they expected even immediate miracles and great glory for the monastery from the departed in the very near future. Alyosha too believed unquestioningly in the elder's miraculous power, just as he unquestioningly believed the tale of the coffin flying out of the church. He saw how many of those who came with sick children or grown relatives and begged the elder to lay his hands on them and read a

prayer over them soon returned, some of them the very next day, and falling in tears before the elder thanked him for the healing of their sick. Whether it was really healing or only a natural improvement in the course of the illness, for Alyosha there was no question about it, for he already fully believed in the spiritual power of his teacher, and the elder's fame was as it were his own triumph. His heart trembled especially, and he seemed to shine all over, when the elder came out to the crowd of pilgrims from among the common people who waited for him to come out at the gates of the hermitage, who had flocked from all over Russia on purpose to see the elder and receive his blessing. They prostrated themselves before him, wept, kissed his feet, kissed the ground on which he stood, wailed; the women held out their children to him and led up the sick shriekers. The elder spoke with them, read a short prayer over them, blessed them, and let them go. Lately, because of attacks of his illness, he sometimes became so weak that he was hardly able to leave his cell, and the pilgrims sometimes waited in the monastery for several days for him to come out. For Alyosha there was no question at all why they loved him so, why they prostrated themselves before him and wept with tenderness at the mere sight of his face. Oh, he understood perfectly well that for the humble soul of the Russian common man, worn out by toil and grief, and above all by everlasting injustice and everlasting sin, his own as well as the world's, there is no stronger need and consolation than to find a holy thing or a holy man, to fall down before him and bow to him: "If among us there is sin, injustice, and temptation, all the same there is on earth, in such and such a place, somewhere, a holy and higher one; he, at least, has the truth, he, at least, knows the truth; so it does not die on earth, and therefore someday it will come to us too and will reign over all the earth, as was promised." Alyosha knew that this was exactly how the people felt and even reasoned, he understood it, but that the elder was

precisely this very saint, this keeper of God's truth in the eyes of the people, of this he himself had no doubt whatever, together with these weeping peasants and their sick women holding out their children to the elder. And the conviction that the elder, after his death, would bring extraordinary glory to the monastery reigned in Alyosha's soul perhaps even more strongly than in anyone else's in the monastery. And in general, all this latest time, a sort of deep, flaming inner rapture had been kindling more and more strongly in his heart. It did not trouble him in the least that this elder stood before him, after all, as a single individual: "All the same, he is holy, in his heart is the secret of renewal for everyone, the power that will at last set up the truth on earth, and all will be holy, and will love one another, and there will be neither rich nor poor, neither the exalted nor the humbled, but all will be like children of God, and the real kingdom of Christ will come." Such was the dream of Alyosha's heart.

It seems that the arrival of both his brothers, whom until then he had not known at all, made the strongest impression on Alyosha. He became friends with his brother Dmitri Fyodorovich more quickly and more closely, though Dmitri had arrived later, than with his other brother (by the same mother), Ivan Fyodorovich. He was terribly interested in getting to know his brother Ivan, but Ivan had been living there two months now, and though they saw each other fairly often, they still did not become close at all: Alyosha was himself silent and seemed to be waiting for something, seemed ashamed of something, while brother Ivan, though Alyosha had noticed at first his long and curious looks at him, seemed soon to stop even thinking about him. Alyosha noticed this with some embarrassment. He attributed his brother's indifference to the difference in their ages and especially in their education. But Alyosha also thought something else: such scant curiosity about him and interest in him might perhaps come from

something in Ivan entirely unknown to Alyosha. It kept seeming to him for some reason that Ivan was occupied with something, something inward and important, that he was striving toward some goal, perhaps a very difficult one, so that he had no time for him, and that this was the only reason he looked at Alyosha so absentmindedly. Alyosha also wondered whether there was not some contempt in this for him, for a silly little novice, on the part of a learned atheist. He knew perfectly well that his brother was an atheist. He could not be offended by this contempt, if there was any, but all the same, with an anxious embarrassment he could not understand himself, he waited for the time when his brother would want to come closer to him. Brother Dmitri Fyodorovich spoke of brother Ivan with the deepest respect, spoke of him with a sort of special insight. It was from him that Alyosha learned all the details of the important business that had lately bound the two elder brothers in a remarkable and close bond. Dmitri's rapturous opinions of brother Ivan were all the more characteristic in Alyosha's eyes because brother Dmitri was, compared with Ivan, a man almost entirely without education, and the two of them, placed side by side, seemed to form such a vivid contrast as personalities and characters that it would perhaps be impossible to think up two men more unlike each other.

It was precisely at this time that the meeting, or, better to say, the family gathering, of all the members of this discordant family took place in the elder's cell, a gathering that had an extraordinary influence on Alyosha. The pretext for this gathering was, in truth, a false one. It was just then that the disagreements between Dmitri Fyodorovich and his father, Fyodor Pavlovich, over the inheritance and the property accounts had apparently reached an impossible point. Relations had grown strained and become unbearable. It was Fyodor Pavlovich, it seems, who first, and, it seems, in jest, put forward the idea that they should all meet in the elder Zosima's

cell and, without resorting to his direct mediation, still somehow come to an agreement more decently, since the elder's dignity and person might have something inspiring and conciliatory about them. Dmitri Fyodorovich, who had never been to the elder's and had never even seen him, thought, of course, that they wanted to frighten him with the elder somehow; but since he himself secretly reproached himself for many especially harsh outbursts in his quarrel with his father lately, he accepted the challenge. It should be noted, by the way, that he did not live in his father's house, as Ivan Fyodorovich did, but separately, at the other end of town. It happened that Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, who was staying among us at the time, seized especially on this idea of Fyodor Pavlovich's. A liberal of the forties and fifties, a freethinker and an atheist, he took an extraordinary part in this affair, out of boredom perhaps, or perhaps for frivolous amusement. He suddenly felt like having a look at the monastery and at the "saint." Since his old disputes with the monastery were still going on, and the lawsuit over the boundary of their lands, over some rights to woodcutting in the forest and fishing in the river, and so on, was still dragging on, he hastened to take advantage of this on the pretext that he himself would like to come to an agreement with the Father Abbot about whether their disputes could somehow be ended amicably. A visitor with such good intentions might, of course, be received in the monastery with more attention and consideration than a merely curious one. As a result of all these considerations, a certain influence from inside the monastery could be brought to bear on the sick elder, who lately had almost entirely stopped leaving his cell and, because of his illness, had refused even ordinary visitors. It ended with the elder giving his consent, and a day was set. "Who made me a divider between them?" was all he said to Alyosha, with a smile.

When he learned of the meeting, Alyosha was very troubled. If any of these litigating and wrangling parties could take this gathering seriously, it was without doubt only brother Dmitri; all the rest would come for frivolous purposes, perhaps insulting to the elder: that was what Alyosha understood. Brother Ivan and Miusov would come out of curiosity, perhaps of the crudest kind, and his father perhaps for some buffoonish and theatrical scene. Oh, though Alyosha kept silent, he already knew his father well enough and deeply. I repeat, this boy was not at all as simple-hearted as everyone thought him. With a heavy feeling he waited for the appointed day. No doubt he was very anxious in himself, in his heart, that all these family disagreements might somehow come to an end. Nevertheless his chief concern was for the elder: he trembled for him, for his fame, feared insults to him, especially Miusov's subtle, polite mockery and the learned Ivan's lofty reticence and hints; that was how it all pictured itself to him. He even wanted to risk warning the elder, to tell him something about these persons who might come, but he thought better of it and said nothing. He only sent word to brother Dmitri the day before the appointed day, through an acquaintance, that he loved him very much and expected him to keep his promise. Dmitri wondered, because he could not remember having promised him anything, and answered only with a letter saying that he would restrain himself with all his might "before baseness," and that though he deeply respected the elder and brother Ivan, he was convinced that there was either some sort of trap for him in this or an unworthy comedy. "Nevertheless I will sooner swallow my tongue than fail in respect for the holy man whom you respect so much," Dmitri concluded his little letter. It did not much encourage Alyosha.

Book Two: An Inappropriate Gathering

I. They Arrive at the Monastery

It was a fine, warm, clear day. It was the end of August. The meeting with the elder had been arranged for right after the late liturgy, at about half past eleven. Our visitors to the monastery, however, did not come to the liturgy, but arrived just as it was over. They came in two carriages; in the first, a smart open carriage drawn by a pair of expensive horses, came Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov with a distant relative of his, a very young man of about twenty, Pyotr Fomich Kalganov. This young man was preparing to enter the university; but Miusov, with whom for some reason he was living for the time being, was tempting him to come abroad with him, to Zurich or Jena, to enter the university there and finish his course. The young man had not yet made up his mind. He was thoughtful and seemed absentminded. He had a pleasant face, a strong build, and was rather tall. There was at times a strange fixity in his gaze: like all very absentminded people, he would sometimes look straight at you for a long time without seeing you at all. He was taciturn and somewhat awkward, but it happened—though only ever when he was alone with someone—that he would suddenly become terribly talkative, impetuous, quick to laugh, laughing sometimes God knows at what. But his animation died out just as quickly and suddenly as it was born. He was always well and even elegantly dressed: he already had some independent fortune and expected a much larger one. He and Alyosha were friends.

In a very decrepit, rattling, but roomy hired carriage, drawn by a pair of old pinkish-gray horses, which lagged far behind Miusov's

carriage, came Fyodor Pavlovich with his dear son Ivan Fyodorovich. Dmitri Fyodorovich had been told the day and the hour the evening before, but he was late. The visitors left their carriages at the inn by the wall and went through the monastery gates on foot. Apart from Fyodor Pavlovich, the other three, it seems, had never seen a monastery of any kind, and Miusov had not been inside a church for perhaps thirty years. He looked around with a certain curiosity, not without a certain assumed nonchalance. But to his observant mind the interior of the monastery offered nothing besides church buildings and outbuildings, very ordinary ones at that. The last of the people were coming out of the church, taking off their caps and crossing themselves. Among the common people there were also visitors of higher society, two or three ladies and one very old general; they were all staying at the inn. Beggars surrounded our visitors at once, but no one gave them anything. Only Petrusha Kalganov took a ten-kopeck piece out of his purse and, flustered and embarrassed God knows why, hastily thrust it at one of the women, saying quickly: "Share it equally." None of his companions remarked on it, so he had no reason to be embarrassed, but noticing this, he became even more embarrassed.

It was strange, however; by rights they ought to have been expected, and perhaps even with some honor: one of them had recently donated a thousand rubles, and the other was a very rich landowner and a highly educated man, so to speak, on whom they all depended here to some extent over the fishing in the river, given the turn the lawsuit might take. And yet no one in an official capacity came to meet them. Miusov looked absentmindedly at the gravestones around the church and was about to remark that these graves must have cost the people who buried them a pretty penny for the right to be buried in such a "holy" place, but he kept silent: simple liberal irony was turning in him almost into anger.

“Devil take it, whom does one ask here, in this muddle… This needs settling, because time is passing,” he said suddenly, as if talking to himself.

Suddenly an elderly, balding gentleman in a loose summer coat and with sweet little eyes came up to them. Raising his hat and lisping honey-sweetly, he introduced himself to everyone in general as Maximov, a landowner from Tula. He at once entered into our travelers’ concern.

“The elder Zosima lives in the hermitage, shut away in the hermitage, about four hundred paces from the monastery, through the little wood, through the little wood…”

“I know that too, sir, that it’s through the little wood,” Fyodor Pavlovich answered him, “but we don’t quite remember the way, we haven’t been here in a long time.”

“Why, through these gates, and straight through the little wood… the little wood. Let’s go. If you please… I myself… I’ll… This way, this way…”

They went out through the gates and set off through the wood. The landowner Maximov, a man of about sixty, did not so much walk as, better to say, almost run alongside, examining them all with a convulsive, almost impossible curiosity. There was something goggle-eyed in his eyes.

“You see, we are going to this elder on business of our own,” Miusov remarked sternly; “we have, so to speak, been granted an audience ‘by this personage,’ and so, though we are grateful to you for showing us the way, we will not ask you to come in with us.”

“I’ve been, I’ve been, I’ve already been… *Un chevalier parfait*!” And the landowner snapped his fingers in the air.

“Who is a *chevalier*?” asked Miusov.

“The elder, the magnificent elder, the elder. The honor and glory of the monastery, Zosima. Such an elder…”

But his disorderly speech was interrupted by a little monk in a cowl who had caught up with the travelers, short, very pale, and haggard. Fyodor Pavlovich and Miusov stopped. With an extremely polite bow, almost from the waist, the monk said:

"After your visit to the hermitage, gentlemen, the Father Abbot most humbly asks you all to dine with him. At one o'clock, no later. And you too," he turned to Maximov.

"That I will do without fail!" cried Fyodor Pavlovich, terribly pleased by the invitation. "Without fail. And you know, we have all given our word to behave decently here… And you, Pyotr Alexandrovich, will you come?"

"Why, of course I will! Why else did I come here, if not to see all their customs? There is only one thing that troubles me, namely that I am with you now, Fyodor Pavlovich…"

"Yes, Dmitri Fyodorovich doesn't exist yet."

"And it would be splendid if he failed to come. Do you think I enjoy this whole mess of yours, and with you thrown in? So we'll come to dinner; thank the Father Abbot," he turned to the little monk.

"No, it is my duty to conduct you to the elder himself," answered the monk.

"And I, if that is so, will go to the Father Abbot, meanwhile I'll go straight to the Father Abbot," twittered the landowner Maximov.

"The Father Abbot is occupied at the present hour, but as you please…" the monk said hesitantly.

"A most importunate little old man," Miusov remarked aloud when the landowner Maximov had run back toward the monastery.

"He looks like von Sohn," Fyodor Pavlovich said suddenly.

"That's all you know about… Why on earth does he look like von Sohn? Have you ever seen von Sohn yourself?"

"I've seen his photograph. Not in the features of his face, but in something inexpressible. The purest second copy of von Sohn. I always recognize it by the physiognomy alone."

"Perhaps so; you are a connoisseur in that line. Only here's the thing, Fyodor Pavlovich: you were pleased to mention yourself just now that we have given our word to behave decently, remember. I tell you, restrain yourself. And if you start playing the buffoon, I have no intention of being put on the same level with you here... You see what kind of man he is," he said to the monk. "I'm afraid to go in among decent people with him."

On the monk's pale, bloodless lips appeared a thin, silent little smile, not without a cunning of its own kind, but he made no answer, and it was all too clear that he kept silent out of self-respect. Miusov frowned still more.

"Oh, devil take the lot of them, a façade worked out over centuries, and in essence charlatanism and nonsense!" flashed through his head.

"Here's the hermitage, we've arrived!" cried Fyodor Pavlovich. "The wall, and the gates locked."

And he set about making large signs of the cross before the saints painted above the gates and beside them.

"You don't bring your own rule into someone else's monastery," he remarked. "Here in the hermitage there are twenty-five saints in all working out their salvation, looking at each other and eating cabbage. And not one woman ever goes through these gates, that's what's especially remarkable. And it really is so. Only how is it that I've heard the elder receives ladies?" he turned suddenly to the little monk.

"Women of the common people are here now too, over there, lying by the little gallery, waiting. And for ladies of higher rank two little rooms have been built right here on the gallery, but outside the wall, these very windows here, and the elder comes out to

them through an inner passage when he is well enough, that is, still outside the wall. Just now a lady, a landowner from Kharkov, Mrs. Khokhlakova, is waiting with her invalid daughter. He has probably promised to come out to them, though lately he has grown so weak that he hardly appears even before the people."

"So there's a little loophole leading from the hermitage to the ladies after all. Don't think, holy father, that I mean anything, I'm just saying. You know, on Athos, have you heard, not only are visits from women not allowed, but there are no women at all, and no creatures of the female sex whatsoever, little hens, little turkey hens, little heifers..."

"Fyodor Pavlovich, I will go back and leave you here alone, and without me they will lead you out of here by the arms, I prophesy it."

"And how am I bothering you, Pyotr Alexandrovich? Just look," he cried suddenly, stepping inside the wall of the hermitage, "look what a valley of roses they live in!"

And indeed, though there were no roses now, there were a great many rare and beautiful autumn flowers wherever they could possibly be planted. An experienced hand was evidently tending them. There were flower beds within the church enclosures and between the graves. The little house in which the elder's cell was, a one-story wooden house with a gallery in front of the entrance, was also surrounded by flowers.

"And was it like this under the previous elder, Varsonofy? They say he didn't care for elegance, he'd jump up and beat even the ladies with a stick," Fyodor Pavlovich remarked as he went up the steps.

"The elder Varsonofy did at times seem almost like a holy fool, but a lot of foolishness is told, too. He never beat anyone with a stick," answered the little monk. "Now, gentlemen, wait a moment, I will announce you."

“Fyodor Pavlovich, for the last time, the condition, do you hear? Behave yourself, or I’ll pay you back,” Miusov managed to mutter once more.

“I can’t imagine why you’re in such a great state of agitation,” Fyodor Pavlovich remarked mockingly. “Or are you afraid of your little sins? They say he can tell by your eyes what you’ve come with. And how highly you value their opinion, you, such a Parisian and progressive gentleman, you’ve even surprised me, I must say!”

But Miusov had no time to answer this sarcasm; they were asked to come in. He went in somewhat irritated…

“Well, I know myself in advance: I’m irritated, I’ll start arguing, I’ll get heated, and I’ll degrade both myself and the idea,” flashed through his head.

II. The Old Buffoon

They entered the room almost at the same moment as the elder, who came out of his little bedroom as soon as they appeared. Two hieromonks of the hermitage had been waiting in the cell before them for the elder to come out, one of them the Father Librarian and the other Father Paisy, a sick man, though not old, but, as was said of him, very learned. Besides them there was waiting, standing in the corner (and he remained standing the whole time afterward), a young fellow who looked about twenty-two, in a civilian frock coat, a seminarian and future theologian, for some reason under the patronage of the monastery and the brethren. He was rather tall, with a fresh face, broad cheekbones, and clever, attentive, narrow brown eyes. His face expressed complete deference, but a decent deference, without visible fawning. He did not even greet the entering guests with a bow, as a person not their equal, but, on the contrary, subordinate and dependent.

The elder Zosima came out accompanied by a novice and Alyosha. The hieromonks rose and greeted him with the deepest of bows, touching the ground with their fingers, and then, having received his blessing, kissed his hand. Having blessed them, the elder answered each of them with an equally deep bow, touching the ground with his fingers, and asked a blessing from each of them for himself. The whole ceremony took place very seriously, not at all like some everyday ritual, but almost with a kind of feeling. To Miusov, however, it seemed that everything was being done with a deliberate intent to impress. He stood in front of all the companions who had come in with him. He ought to have—and he

had even thought it over the evening before—regardless of any ideas, purely out of simple politeness (since such were the customs here), gone up and received the elder's blessing, at least received his blessing, if not kissed his hand. But now, seeing all these bows and kisses of the hieromonks, he changed his decision in a second: gravely and seriously he made a rather deep bow, in the worldly manner, and withdrew to a chair. Fyodor Pavlovich did exactly the same, this time mimicking Miusov perfectly, like a monkey. Ivan Fyodorovich bowed very gravely and politely, but he too kept his arms at his sides, and Kalganov was so flustered that he did not bow at all. The elder lowered the hand he had raised for a blessing and, bowing to them a second time, asked them all to be seated. The blood rushed to Alyosha's cheeks; he felt ashamed. His bad forebodings were coming true.

The elder sat down on a small leather sofa of mahogany, of very old-fashioned make, and placed his guests, except for the two hieromonks, along the opposite wall, all four in a row, on four mahogany chairs upholstered in black leather that was badly worn. The hieromonks sat at the sides, one by the door, the other by the window. The seminarian, Alyosha, and the novice remained standing. The whole cell was very small and had a sort of faded look. The things and the furniture were coarse, poor, and only the most necessary. Two pots of flowers in the window, and in the corner a great many icons, one of them of the Mother of God, of huge size and painted probably long before the Schism. A lamp glimmered before it. Beside it were two other icons in shining covers, then next to them some carved little cherubs, china eggs, a Catholic ivory crucifix with a *Mater dolorosa* clasping it, and several foreign prints after the great Italian masters of past centuries. Next to these elegant and costly engraved pictures were displayed several sheets of the crudest Russian popular lithographs of saints, martyrs, prelates, and so on, of the kind sold for kopecks at every fair.

There were several lithographed portraits of Russian bishops, present and past, but on other walls. Miusov ran his eye quickly over all this "regulation clutter" and fixed an intent gaze on the elder. He respected his own gaze; he had this weakness, a forgivable one in him in any case, considering that he was already fifty, an age at which a clever, worldly, and well-off man always grows more respectful toward himself, sometimes even against his will.

From the first instant he did not like the elder. Indeed, there was something in the elder's face that many people besides Miusov would not have liked. He was a short, stooped little man with very weak legs, only sixty-five years old, but looking much older because of his illness, by at least ten years. His whole face, though very withered, was covered with small wrinkles, and there were especially many around his eyes. His eyes were small, light-colored, quick, and shining, like two shining points. Gray wisps of hair remained only at his temples, his little beard was tiny and sparse, pointed, and his lips, which often smiled, were thin, like two bits of string. His nose was not so much long as sharp, like a little bird's.

"By every sign a spiteful, petty, arrogant little soul," flew through Miusov's head. In general he was very displeased with himself.

The striking of a clock helped begin the conversation. A cheap little hanging clock with weights struck exactly twelve in quick strokes.

"The very hour, to the minute," cried Fyodor Pavlovich, "and my son Dmitri Fyodorovich is still not here. I apologize for him, sacred elder!" (Alyosha gave a start all over at "sacred elder.") "I myself am always punctual, to the minute, remembering that punctuality is the courtesy of kings…"

"But at least you are not a king," muttered Miusov, unable to restrain himself at once.

"Yes, that's so, I'm not a king. And imagine, Pyotr Alexandrovich, I knew that myself, by God I did! And there I go again, always saying the wrong thing! Your Reverence!" he exclaimed with a sort of sudden pathos. "You see before you a buffoon, a buffoon in very truth! That's how I introduce myself. An old habit, alas! And if I sometimes tell lies at the wrong moment, I even do it on purpose, on purpose to make people laugh and be agreeable. One has to be agreeable, isn't that so? Seven years ago I arrive in a little town, I had a little business there, and I'd gone into a little partnership with some little merchants. We go to the *ispravnik*, the district police chief, because we needed to ask him for something and invite him to dinner. Out comes the *ispravnik*, a tall, fat, fair, and sullen man—the most dangerous type in such cases: it's the liver, the liver. I go straight up to him, and you know, with the ease of a man of the world: 'Mr. *Ispravnik*,' I say, 'be our, so to speak, Napravnik!' 'What do you mean,' he says, 'Napravnik?' I could see from the first half second that it hadn't come off, he stood there grave and dug in his heels. 'I wished to make a joke,' I say, 'for general merriment, since Mr. Napravnik is our well-known Russian conductor, and what we need for the harmony of our enterprise is precisely a sort of conductor too...'[1] And I explained it and made the comparison reasonably, didn't I? 'Excuse me,' he says, 'I am an *ispravnik*, and I will not allow puns to be made out of my title.' He turns around and walks off. I run after him and shout: 'Yes, yes, you're an *ispravnik*, not a Napravnik!' 'No,' says he, 'once it's been said, that means I am a Napravnik.' And imagine, our deal fell through! And I'm always like that, always like that. I'm bound to do myself harm with my own amiability! Once, many years ago now, I say to a certain even influential person: 'Your wife is a ticklish woman, sir,' in the sense of honor, that is, of moral qualities, so to speak, and he suddenly answers me: 'And have you tickled her?' I couldn't resist; let me, I thought, be amiable. 'Yes,' I say, 'I have

tickled her, sir.' Well, then he gave me a tickling. Only that happened long ago, so I'm no longer ashamed to tell it; I'm forever doing myself harm like that!"

"You are doing it now," Miusov muttered with disgust.

The elder silently studied the one and the other.

"Really! Imagine, I knew that too, Pyotr Alexandrovich, and even, you know, I had a feeling that I was doing it as soon as I began to talk, and even, you know, I had a feeling that you would be the first to remark on it. At those moments when I see that my joke isn't coming off, Your Reverence, both my cheeks begin to stick to my lower gums, it's almost like a cramp; I've had it since my youth, when I was a hanger-on with the gentry and earned my bread by hanging on. I'm a born buffoon, from birth, Your Reverence, it's the same as a holy fool; I don't dispute that an unclean spirit may live in me too, though a small-caliber one; a more important one would have chosen other lodgings, only not yours, Pyotr Alexandrovich, you're not important lodgings either. But on the other hand I believe, I believe in God. It's only lately that I've come to doubt, but on the other hand now I sit and wait for great words. I, Your Reverence, am like the philosopher Diderot. Do you know, most holy father, how Diderot the philosopher came to the Metropolitan Platon in the time of the Empress Catherine? He walks in and straight off: 'There is no God.' To which the great prelate raises his finger and answers: 'The fool has said in his heart, There is no God!' And he, just as he was, falls at his feet: 'I believe,' he cries, 'and I will be baptized.' And so they baptized him right then and there. Princess Dashkova was his godmother and Potemkin his godfather..."

"Fyodor Pavlovich, this is intolerable! You know yourself that you are lying and that this stupid anecdote is untrue; why are you putting on this act?" Miusov said in a trembling voice, no longer restraining himself at all.

“All my life I had a feeling it was untrue!” Fyodor Pavlovich exclaimed with enthusiasm. “But I’ll tell you all the truth, gentlemen: great elder! pardon me, that last bit, about Diderot’s baptism, I made up myself just now, this very minute, while I was telling it, it had never entered my head before. I made it up for piquancy. That’s why I put on this act, Pyotr Alexandrovich, to be more endearing. Though sometimes I don’t know myself why I do it. As for Diderot, I heard that ‘the fool has said’ some twenty times from the landowners around here back in my young days, when I lived with them; I heard it, among others, from your aunt too, Pyotr Alexandrovich, Mavra Fominishna. They are all convinced to this day that the godless Diderot came to the Metropolitan Platon to argue about God…”

Miusov stood up, not only having lost patience but even as if forgetting himself. He was in a fury and was aware that this made him ridiculous himself. Indeed, something quite impossible was taking place in the cell. In this very cell, for perhaps forty or fifty years now, in the time of the former elders too, visitors had gathered, but always with the deepest reverence, never otherwise. Almost all who were admitted understood, as they entered the cell, that a great favor was being shown them. Many fell on their knees and did not rise from their knees the whole time of their visit. Many persons even of the “highest” rank, and even among the most learned, and what is more, some freethinking persons even, who came either out of curiosity or for some other reason, entering the cell with everyone else or being granted a private meeting, made it their first duty, every one of them, to show the deepest deference and delicacy throughout the meeting, all the more since no money was involved here, but only love and mercy on the one side, and on the other repentance and a thirst to resolve some difficult question of the soul or some difficult moment in the life of their own heart. So that such buffoonery as

Fyodor Pavlovich suddenly displayed, disrespectful to the place in which he found himself, produced bewilderment and astonishment in the witnesses, at least in some of them. The hieromonks, who did not change their expressions in the least, watched with grave attention to see what the elder would say, but it seems they were already preparing to stand up, like Miusov. Alyosha was ready to cry and stood with his head bowed. What seemed strangest of all to him was that his brother Ivan Fyodorovich, the only one he had been counting on, and the only one who had such influence on their father that he could have stopped him, was now sitting quite motionless on his chair, his eyes lowered, and apparently waiting with a sort of inquisitive curiosity, even, to see how it would all end, as though he himself were a complete outsider here. At Rakitin (the seminarian), whom Alyosha also knew very well and was almost close to, Alyosha could not even look: he knew his thoughts (though Alyosha alone in the whole monastery knew them).

"Forgive me…" Miusov began, addressing the elder, "if I too seem to you, perhaps, a participant in this unworthy joke. My mistake was that I believed that even such a man as Fyodor Pavlovich, when visiting so venerable a person, would wish to understand his obligations… I did not realize that I would have to apologize precisely for coming in with him…"

Pyotr Alexandrovich did not finish and, quite flustered, was about to leave the room.

"Do not trouble yourself, I beg you," said the elder, suddenly rising from his place on his feeble legs, and taking Pyotr Alexandrovich by both hands, he seated him in the armchair again. "Be at peace, I beg you. I especially ask you to be my guest." And with a bow he turned and sat down again on his little sofa.

"Great elder, pronounce: do I offend you with my liveliness or not?" Fyodor Pavlovich cried suddenly, seizing the arms of his

chair with both hands as if preparing to jump out of it according to the answer.

"I urge you, too, not to trouble yourself and not to be ill at ease," the elder said to him impressively... "Do not be ill at ease, be completely at home. And above all, do not be so ashamed of yourself, for that alone is where it all comes from."

"Completely at home? That is, in my natural state? Oh, that's much, too much, but I accept it with tender emotion! You know, blessed father, don't call me out to my natural state, don't risk it... I won't go as far as my natural state myself. I'm warning you to protect you. Well, sir, and all the rest is still subject to the darkness of the unknown, though some would like to paint a picture of me. I say that for your benefit, Pyotr Alexandrovich, and to you, most holy being, here is what I say to you: I pour out my rapture!" He half rose and, lifting up his hands, declared: "Blessed is the womb that bore you, and the breasts that nursed you—the breasts especially! With your remark just now, 'Do not be so ashamed of yourself, for that alone is where it all comes from,' with that remark you as good as pierced me through and read me inside. That's exactly how it always seems to me when I go in among people, that I am the basest of all and that everyone takes me for a buffoon, and so, 'come on, then, I really will play the buffoon, I'm not afraid of your opinions, because every last one of you is baser than me!' That's why I'm a buffoon, a buffoon out of shame, great elder, out of shame. It's only from suspiciousness that I make a row. Why, if I were only sure, when I come in, that everyone would take me at once for the most delightful and the cleverest of men, Lord! what a kind man I would be then! Teacher!" he suddenly fell on his knees, "what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Even now it was hard to decide: was he joking, or was he really so moved?

The elder raised his eyes to him and said with a smile:

"You have long known yourself what must be done, you have intelligence enough: do not give yourself up to drunkenness and incontinence of speech, do not give yourself up to sensuality, and especially not to the worship of money, and close your drinking houses, if you cannot close all of them, then at least two or three. And above all, above all, do not lie."

"You mean about Diderot, is that it?"

"No, not exactly about Diderot. Above all, do not lie to yourself. Whoever lies to himself and listens to his own lie arrives at the point where he no longer discerns any truth either in himself or around him, and so falls into disrespect both for himself and for others. Respecting no one, he ceases to love, and in order, having no love, to occupy and amuse himself, he gives himself up to passions and coarse pleasures and comes to utter bestiality in his vices, and all from continual lying to people and to himself. A man who lies to himself is also the first to take offense. For it is sometimes very pleasant to take offense, is it not? And a man knows, you see, that no one has offended him, that he himself has invented the offense and lied about it for the sake of effect, has exaggerated it himself to make a picture, has seized on a word and made a mountain out of a pea; he knows it himself, and yet he is the very first to take offense, takes offense to the point of pleasure, to the point of feeling a great satisfaction, and thereby comes even to real enmity... But do get up, sit down, I beg you, all this too is false gestures..."

"Blessed man! Let me kiss your little hand," Fyodor Pavlovich leaped up and quickly smacked a kiss on the elder's thin hand. "Exactly, exactly, it's pleasant to take offense. You put it so well, I've never heard it before. Exactly, exactly, all my life I've been taking offense to the point of pleasure, taking offense for the aesthetics of it, for it is not only pleasant but sometimes beautiful to be offended; that's what you forgot, great elder: beautiful! I'll write

that in my notebook! And I have lied, I have lied, decidedly all my life, every day and every hour. Truly I am a lie and the father of lies! Though it seems it isn't the father of lies, I keep getting my texts mixed up, well, the son of lies, then, that will be enough. Only… my angel… about Diderot it's all right sometimes! Diderot won't do any harm, but some other little word will. Great elder, by the way, I nearly forgot, and yet I had resolved, two years ago already, to make inquiries here, precisely to come here and earnestly find out and ask: only don't let Pyotr Alexandrovich interrupt. Here is what I'll ask: is it true, great father, what is told somewhere in the *Lives of the Saints* about some holy wonder-worker who was tortured for the faith, and when at last they cut off his head, he stood up, picked up his head, and 'lovingly kissed it,' and walked a long way carrying it in his hands, and 'lovingly kissed it.' Is that true or not, honorable fathers?"

"No, it is not true," said the elder.

"There is nothing of the kind in the whole *Lives of the Saints*. About which saint, you say, is this written?" asked the hieromonk, the Father Librarian.

"I don't know myself which one. I don't know and have no idea. I was led astray, they told me. I heard it, and do you know who told it? Why, Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov here, who got angry about Diderot just now, he's the one who told it."

"I never told you that, I never talk to you at all."

"True, you didn't tell it to me; but you told it in company where I happened to be, it was three years ago. I mentioned it because with that mocking story you shook my faith, Pyotr Alexandrovich. You didn't know it, you had no idea, but I went home with my faith shaken, and ever since I've been shaking more and more. Yes, Pyotr Alexandrovich, you were the cause of a great fall! That's no Diderot, sir!"

Fyodor Pavlovich had grown pathetically heated, though it was already perfectly clear to everyone that he was putting on an act again. But Miusov was painfully stung all the same.

"What nonsense, it's all nonsense," he muttered. "I may really have said it once… only not to you. It was told to me. I heard it in Paris from some Frenchman, that supposedly here in Russia they read this from the *Lives of the Saints* at the liturgy… He is a very learned man who has made a special study of Russian statistics… he lived in Russia a long time… I have not read the *Lives of the Saints* myself… and I don't intend to… All sorts of things get said over dinner!… We were having dinner then…"

"Yes, you were having dinner then, and I lost my faith!" Fyodor Pavlovich teased.

"What do I care about your faith!" Miusov started to shout, but suddenly checked himself and said with contempt: "You literally defile everything you touch."

The elder suddenly rose from his seat:

"Forgive me, gentlemen, for leaving you for only a few minutes," he said, addressing all the visitors, "but people who arrived even before you are waiting for me. And all the same, do not lie," he added, turning to Fyodor Pavlovich with a cheerful face.

He went out of the cell; Alyosha and the novice rushed to help him down the steps. Alyosha could hardly breathe; he was glad to escape, and glad as well that the elder had taken no offense and was cheerful. The elder went toward the gallery to bless those who were waiting for him. But Fyodor Pavlovich stopped him all the same in the doorway of the cell.

"Most blessed man!" he cried with feeling. "Allow me to kiss your little hand once more! No, one can still talk with you, one can live with you! Do you think I always lie like this and play the buffoon? Know, then, that I was putting on an act on purpose the whole time, to test you. I was sounding you out the whole time:

can one live with you? Is there room for my humility beside your pride? I award you a certificate of merit: one can live with you! And now I'll be quiet, I'll fall silent for the rest of the time. I'll sit in my chair and be quiet. Now it's your turn to talk, Pyotr Alexandrovich, you're left the most important man now, for ten minutes."

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1. The pun: *ispravnik* sounds like the name of Eduard Nápravník, conductor of the Imperial Opera in Petersburg, which in turn suggests the Russian verb *napravlyat*, "to direct."

III. Peasant Women Who Believe

Below, by the little wooden gallery built onto the outer side of the wall, there was a crowd this time of women only, about twenty peasant women. They had been told that the elder would come out at last, and they had gathered and were waiting. The Khokhlakovs, landowners, who were also waiting for the elder, but in the room set aside for visitors of gentle birth, came out onto the gallery too. There were two of them: mother and daughter. Mrs. Khokhlakova, the mother, a wealthy lady always dressed with taste, was still a rather young and very pretty person, a little pale, with very lively and almost black eyes. She was no more than thirty-three and had been a widow for some five years. Her fourteen-year-old daughter suffered from paralysis of the legs. The poor girl had not been able to walk for half a year now, and she was wheeled about in a long, comfortable chair on wheels. She had a charming little face, a little thin from illness, but merry. Something mischievous shone in her large dark eyes with their long lashes. Since spring her mother had been meaning to take her abroad, but in the summer they were held up by arrangements on the estate. They had been living in our town for about a week now, more on business than on pilgrimage, but they had already visited the elder once, three days before. Now they had suddenly come again, though they knew the elder could hardly receive anyone at all anymore, and pleading insistently, they had begged once more for "the happiness of beholding the great healer."

While waiting for the elder to come out, the mamma sat on a chair beside her daughter's wheeled chair, and two steps from her

stood an old monk, not from this monastery, but a visitor from a remote, little-known religious house in the north. He too wished to receive the elder's blessing. But when the elder appeared on the gallery, he went first straight to the people. The crowd pressed toward the three-step porch that connected the low gallery with the field. The elder stood on the top step, put on his stole, and began to bless the women crowding toward him. A shrieker was pulled toward him by both hands. As soon as she caught sight of the elder, she suddenly began to hiccup, with some sort of absurd shrill squeals, and shook all over as if in a convulsion. Laying the stole on her head, the elder read a short prayer over her, and she at once grew quiet and calm. I do not know how it is nowadays, but as a child I often had occasion to see and hear these shriekers in villages and monasteries. They were brought to the liturgy, they squealed or barked like dogs so that the whole church could hear, but when the Holy Gifts were carried out and they were led up to the Gifts, the "possession" would stop at once, and the sick women would always grow calm for a while. As a child I was very struck and amazed by this. But at the same time, in answer to my questions, I heard from some of the landowners, and especially from my teachers in town, that this was all shamming to get out of work, and that it could always be rooted out by proper severity, and various anecdotes were told to confirm it. But later I learned with astonishment from medical specialists that there is no shamming in it whatever, that it is a terrible female illness, found, it seems, chiefly among us in Rus, which bears witness to the hard lot of our village women, an illness that comes from exhausting work too soon after difficult, abnormal births without any medical help; and besides, from hopeless grief, from beatings, and so on, which some female natures, after all, cannot bear, however common the example. And the strange and instantaneous healing of the possessed and struggling woman as soon as she was led up to

the Gifts, which was explained to me as shamming and, what is more, as a trick arranged by the "clericals" themselves, very likely also came about in the most natural way: the women who led her up to the Gifts, and above all the sick woman herself, fully believed, as an established truth, that the unclean spirit that had taken possession of her could never bear it if she were led up to the Gifts and bowed before them. And so there always occurred (and was bound to occur) in a nervous woman, a woman, of course, mentally ill as well, an inevitable shock, as it were, of her whole organism at the moment of bowing before the Gifts, a shock called forth by the expectation of the inevitable miracle of healing and by the most complete faith that it would take place. And it did take place, if only for a minute. In just the same way it took place now, as soon as the elder covered the sick woman with his stole.

Many of the women crowding around him were dissolved in tears of tenderness and rapture called forth by the effect of the moment; others strained to kiss at least the hem of his garment, and some were wailing something. He blessed them all, and talked with some. The shrieker he knew already; she had been brought from not far away, from a village only about six versts from the monastery, and she had been brought to him before.

"And here is one from far away!" He pointed to a woman who was not at all old yet, but very thin and haggard, her face not so much sunburned as blackened all over. She was on her knees, gazing at the elder with a fixed look. There was something frenzied, as it were, in her look.

"From far away, Father, from far away, three hundred versts from here. From far away, Father, from far away," the woman said in a singsong voice, swaying her head gently from side to side and propping her cheek on her palm. She spoke as if lamenting. There is among the people a grief that is silent and long-suffering; it withdraws into itself and is silent. But there is also a grief that has

been strained past bearing: it breaks out once in tears, and from that moment it goes off into lamentation. This is especially so with women. But it is no easier than silent grief. Lamentations soothe here only by rubbing the wound raw and straining the heart still more. Such grief does not even want consolation; it feeds on the sense of its own unquenchableness. Lamentation is only the need to keep irritating the wound.

"You are of the townspeople, I suppose?" the elder went on, looking at her with curiosity.

"Town folk, Father, town folk, we're peasants by station, but town folk, we live in the town. I came to see you, Father. We've heard of you, Father, we've heard. I buried my little son, my baby, and went to pray to God. I've been to three monasteries, and they told me: 'Go there too, Nastasyushka,' to you, that is, my dear, to you. I came, I was at the vigil yesterday, and today I've come to you."

"What are you weeping for?"

"I'm sorry for my little son, Father, he was three, just three months short of three years old. I'm tormented for my little son, Father, for my little son. He was the last little son left to us, we had four, Nikitushka and I, but our little children don't stay with us, they don't stay, my dear, they don't stay. The first three I buried, and I didn't grieve for them so very much, but this last one I buried and I can't forget him. It's as if he's standing right here in front of me, he won't go away. He's dried up my soul. I look at his little things, his little shirt or his little boots, and I howl. I lay out all he left behind, every little thing of his, I look and I howl. I say to Nikitushka, my husband: let me go, master, let me go on a pilgrimage. He's a coachman, we're not poor, Father, not poor, we drive on our own account, everything's our own, the horses and the carriage. But what's our goods to us now? He's taken to drink without me, my Nikitushka has, that's for certain, and he did even before:

the moment I turn my back, he gets weak. But now I don't even think about him. It's the third month now I've been away from home. I've forgotten, I've forgotten everything and I don't want to remember; and what would I do with him now? I'm done with him, done, I'm done with all of them. And I wish I'd never look at my house and my goods again, I wish I'd never see anything at all!"

"Listen, mother," said the elder, "once, in ancient times, a great saint saw in a church a mother weeping just like you, and also for her baby, her only one, whom the Lord had also called away. 'Do you not know,' the saint said to her, 'how bold these little ones are before God's throne? There is no one bolder than they in the kingdom of heaven: You gave us life, Lord, they say to God, and we had only just glimpsed it when you took it back from us. And so boldly do they beg and ask that the Lord at once gives them the rank of angels. And therefore,' said the saint, 'you too rejoice, woman, and do not weep: your little one is now with the Lord in the host of his angels.' That is what the saint said to the weeping woman in ancient times. And he was a great saint, and could not have told her an untruth. So know this too, mother: your little one, too, surely stands now before the throne of the Lord, and rejoices, and is glad, and prays to God for you. And so you too may weep, but rejoice."

The woman listened to him, propping her cheek on her hand and looking down. She sighed deeply.

"That's just how Nikitushka comforted me, word for word like you, he said: 'You foolish woman,' he says, 'what are you crying for, our little son is surely with the Lord God now, singing with the angels.' He says it to me, and he's crying himself, I can see, crying just like me. 'I know, Nikitushka,' I say, 'where else would he be, if not with the Lord God, only he's not here, with us, Nikitushka, not near us now, sitting the way he used to!' If only I could look at him just once, only once more could I see him again, I wouldn't go up

to him, I wouldn't say a word, I'd hide in a corner, only to see him for one little minute, to hear him playing in the yard, the way he'd come in and call in his little voice: 'Mama, where are you?' If only I could hear him walk across the room on his little feet just once, just once, his little feet going tap-tap, so quick, so quick, I remember how he used to run to me, shouting and laughing, if only I could hear his little feet, I'd hear them, I'd know them! But he's gone, Father, he's gone, and I'll never hear him again! Here's his little sash, but he's gone, and I'll never see him now, never hear him!..."

She took out from her bosom her boy's little braided sash, and as soon as she looked at it she shook with sobs, covering her eyes with her fingers, through which tears suddenly gushed in a stream.

"That," said the elder, "that is the ancient 'Rachel weeping for her children, and she will not be comforted, because they are no more,' and such is the lot laid down for you mothers on earth. And do not be comforted, you need not be comforted; do not be comforted, but weep, only each time you weep, remember steadfastly that your little son is one of God's angels, that he looks down on you from there and sees you, and rejoices at your tears, and points them out to the Lord God. And for a long while yet you will have this great weeping of a mother, but in the end it will turn into quiet joy for you, and your bitter tears will be only tears of quiet tenderness and of the heart's purification, which saves from sin. And I will remember your little one for the repose of his soul; what was his name?"

"Alexei, Father."

"A lovely name. After Alexei, the man of God?"

"Of God, Father, of God, Alexei, the man of God!"

"What a saint he was! I will remember him, mother, I will remember him, and I will remember your sorrow in my prayers,

and I will remember your husband for his health. Only it is a sin for you to leave him. Go to your husband and take care of him. Your little boy will see from there that you have abandoned his father, and he will weep for you both; why do you disturb his blessedness? He is alive, you know, alive, for the soul lives forever; he is not in the house, but he is near you, unseen. How can he come into the house if you say you have come to hate your house? To whom will he come, if he does not find you together, his father and his mother? Now you dream of him and you are tormented, but then he will send you gentle dreams. Go home to your husband, mother, go today."

"I'll go, dear one, at your word I'll go. You've read my heart. Nikitushka, my Nikitushka, you're waiting for me, my dear, you're waiting!" the woman began to lament, but the elder had already turned to a little old woman, dressed not as a pilgrim but as a townswoman. One could see by her eyes that she had some business and had come to tell something. She said she was the widow of a noncommissioned officer, not from far away, from our own town. She had a son, Vasenka, who served somewhere in the commissariat, and he went off to Siberia, to Irkutsk. He wrote twice from there, and now for a year he had stopped writing. She had made inquiries about him, but to tell the truth she did not know where to make them.

"And the other day Stepanida Ilyinishna Bedryagina, she's a merchant's wife, a rich one, says to me: take your son, Prokhorovna, she says, and write him down in the book of remembrance, take it to the church, and have him remembered for the repose of his soul. His soul will grow restless, she says, and he'll write a letter. 'And that,' says Stepanida Ilyinishna, 'is perfectly sure, it's been tried many times.' Only I'm in doubt... You're our light, is it true or isn't it, and would it be right to do it?"

“Do not even think of it. It is shameful even to ask. How can it be possible for a living soul, and by his own mother too, to be remembered for the repose of the dead! It is a great sin, like sorcery; it is forgiven only because of your ignorance. Better pray to the Queen of Heaven, our swift intercessor and helper, for his health, and that she may forgive you too for your wrong thinking. And this is what I will tell you as well, Prokhorovna: either he himself will soon come back to you, your son, or he will surely send a letter. Know that. Go, and from now on be at peace. Your son is alive, I tell you.”

“Our dear one, God reward you, our benefactor, you who pray for all of us and for our sins…”

But the elder had already noticed in the crowd two burning eyes straining toward him, the eyes of an exhausted, consumptive-looking, though still young, peasant woman. She looked in silence, her eyes begged for something, but she seemed afraid to come closer.

“What have you come with, my dear?”

“Absolve my soul, dear Father,” she said softly and unhurriedly, knelt, and bowed down at his feet.

“I have sinned, dear Father, I am afraid of my sin.”

The elder sat down on the bottom step; the woman came closer to him, without getting up from her knees.

“I’ve been a widow two years now, going on three,” she began in a half whisper, as though shuddering. “It was hard being married, he was old, he beat me badly. He was lying sick, and I thought, looking at him: and if he gets well, gets up again, what then? And then that very thought came to me…”

“Wait,” said the elder, and he put his ear right to her lips. The woman continued in a soft whisper, and almost nothing could be made out. She soon finished.

“Going on three years?” asked the elder.

"Going on three. At first I didn't think of it, but now I've started ailing, the anguish has taken hold of me."

"Have you come from far?"

"Five hundred versts from here."

"Did you tell it at confession?"

"I told it, I told it twice."

"Were you admitted to communion?"

"I was. I'm afraid; I'm afraid to die."

"Do not be afraid of anything, and never be afraid, and do not grieve. So long as repentance does not grow scant in you, God will forgive everything. There is no sin, and there can be no sin on all the earth, that the Lord will not forgive one who truly repents. Nor can a man commit so great a sin as to exhaust God's infinite love. Or can there be a sin that would exceed God's love? Think only of repentance, unceasing repentance, and drive fear away altogether. Believe that God loves you as you cannot even imagine, loves you even with your sin and in your sin. And it was said long ago that there is more joy in heaven over one who repents than over ten righteous. Go, then, and do not be afraid. Do not be bitter against people, do not be angry at wrongs. Forgive the dead man in your heart everything with which he offended you, be truly reconciled with him. If you repent, then you love. And if you love, you are already God's... With love everything is bought, everything is saved. If I, a sinful man just like you, have been moved over you and have pitied you, how much more God will. Love is so priceless a treasure that you can buy the whole world with it, and redeem not only your own sins but the sins of others as well. Go, and do not be afraid."

He made the sign of the cross over her three times, took a small icon from around his neck, and put it on her. She bowed down to the ground before him in silence. He rose a little and looked

cheerfully at a healthy peasant woman with a nursing baby in her arms.

"From Vyshegorye, dear Father."

"Six versts, though, from here, you wore yourself out with the baby. What do you want?"

"I came to have a look at you. I've been to you before, or have you forgotten? Your memory's not much if you've forgotten me already. They said back home that you were poorly, so I thought, well, I'll go and see him myself: and here I see you, and how are you poorly? You'll live another twenty years, really, God be with you! And there are plenty praying for you, how could you be poorly?"

"Thank you for everything, my dear."

"And by the way, I've a little request, not a big one: here's sixty kopecks, give them, dear, to some woman poorer than me. I was coming here and thinking: better give it through him, he'll know which one to give it to."

"Thank you, my dear, thank you, my good woman. I love you. I will do it without fail. Is that a little girl in your arms?"

"A little girl, our light, Lizaveta."

"The Lord bless you both, you and little Lizaveta. You have gladdened my heart, mother. Goodbye, my dear ones, goodbye, my dear, kind ones."

He blessed them all and bowed low to them all.

IV. A Lady of Little Faith

The visiting lady, the landowner, watching the whole scene of the talk with the common people and of their blessing, shed quiet tears and wiped them away with her handkerchief. She was a sensitive society lady with inclinations that were in many ways sincerely kind. When the elder at last came up to her as well, she met him rapturously.

"I have gone through so much, so much, watching this whole touching scene..." She could not finish for emotion. "Oh, I understand that the people love you, I love the people too, I wish to love them, and how can one not love the people, our splendid Russian people, so simple-hearted in their greatness!"

"How is your daughter's health? You wished to talk with me again?"

"Oh, I asked insistently, I begged, I was ready to go down on my knees and stay on my knees for three days before your windows, until you let me in. We have come to you, great healer, to express all our rapturous gratitude. You have healed my Liza, you know, healed her completely, and how? By praying over her on Thursday and laying your hands on her. We hurried here to kiss those hands, to pour out all our feeling and reverence!"

"How do you mean, healed? She is still lying in her chair, is she not?"

"But the night fevers have disappeared completely, for two days and nights now, ever since Thursday," the lady hurried on nervously. "More than that: her legs have grown stronger. This morning she got up well, she slept the whole night, look at her color, at

her shining little eyes. She used to cry all the time, and now she laughs, she is cheerful, joyful. Today she absolutely insisted on being stood up on her feet, and she stood a whole minute by herself without any support. She is betting me that in two weeks she will be dancing a quadrille. I called in the local doctor, Herzenstube; he shrugs his shoulders and says: I wonder, I am at a loss. And you want us not to trouble you, not to fly here, not to thank you? Lise, thank him, do thank him!"

Lise's sweet, laughing little face suddenly turned serious; she raised herself in her chair as much as she could and, looking at the elder, folded her little hands before him, but she could not hold out and suddenly burst out laughing…

"It's at him, at him!" She pointed at Alyosha, with a childish vexation at herself for not having held out and having laughed. Anyone who had looked at Alyosha, standing a step behind the elder, would have noticed a quick flush that in an instant flooded his cheeks. His eyes flashed and dropped.

"She has a message for you, Alexei Fyodorovich… How is your health?" the mamma went on, turning suddenly to Alyosha and holding out to him her exquisitely gloved little hand. The elder looked around and suddenly gave Alyosha an attentive look. Alyosha went up to Liza and, smiling somehow strangely and awkwardly, held out his hand to her too. Lise put on an important face.

"Katerina Ivanovna sends you this through me." She handed him a small note. "She especially asks you to call on her, and soon, soon, and not to let her down, but to come without fail."

"She asks me to call? Me, to her… But why?" Alyosha muttered in deep astonishment. His face suddenly grew quite anxious.

"Oh, it is all about Dmitri Fyodorovich and… all these recent events," the mamma explained in passing. "Katerina Ivanovna has now settled on a certain decision… but for that she absolutely must see you… why? Of course I don't know, but she asked you to

come as soon as possible. And you will do it, you will surely do it, even Christian feeling demands it."

"I have seen her only once," Alyosha went on, still in the same bewilderment.

"Oh, she is such a lofty, such an unattainable being!... If only for her sufferings... Think what she has gone through, what she is going through now, think what awaits her... it is all terrible, terrible!"

"Very well, I will come," Alyosha decided, after running his eyes over the short and mysterious little note, which contained no explanations apart from an urgent request to come.

"Oh, how sweet and splendid that will be of you!" Lise cried, suddenly all animated. "And I was telling Mama: he won't go for anything, he's working out his salvation. How wonderful, how wonderful you are! I always thought you were wonderful, and that's what I'm pleased to tell you now!"

"Lise!" the mamma said impressively, though she smiled at once.

"You have forgotten us too, Alexei Fyodorovich, you don't want to visit us at all: and yet Lise has told me twice that she feels good only with you." Alyosha raised his lowered eyes, again suddenly blushed, and again suddenly smiled, not knowing why himself. However, the elder was no longer watching him. He had begun to talk with the visiting monk who, as we have already said, was waiting for him to come out, beside Lise's chair. He was, it seemed, one of the simplest of monks, that is, of humble origin, with a short, unshakable view of the world, but a believer and in his own way stubborn. He said that he came from somewhere in the far north, from Obdorsk, from St. Silvester's, a poor monastery of only nine monks. The elder blessed him and invited him to call at his cell whenever he liked.

“How do you dare to do such things?” the monk asked suddenly, pointing impressively and solemnly at Lise. He was alluding to her “healing.”

“It is too early, of course, to speak of that. Relief is not yet complete healing, and could have come from other causes. But if there was anything, it was by no one’s power but God’s will. Everything is from God. Visit me, Father,” he added to the monk, “for I am not able to at every hour: I am ill, and I know that my days are numbered.”

“Oh no, no, God won’t take you from us, you’ll live for a long, long time still,” the mamma cried. “And what is your illness? You look so healthy, so cheerful, so happy.”

“I am uncommonly better today, but I already know that it is only for a moment. I understand my illness unerringly now. And if I seem so cheerful to you, you could never have gladdened me so much as by making such a remark. For people are created for happiness, and whoever is completely happy is directly worthy of saying to himself: ‘On this earth I have fulfilled God’s commandment.’ All the righteous, all the saints, all the holy martyrs, all of them were happy.”

“Oh, how you speak, what bold and lofty words!” cried the mamma. “You say something and it is as though you pierce one through. And yet happiness, happiness, where is it to be found? Who can say he is happy? Oh, since you were so kind as to let us see you once more today, then hear all that I did not finish telling you last time, that I did not dare to say, all that I suffer from so, and for so long, so long! I suffer, forgive me, I suffer…” And in a sort of hot, impulsive feeling she clasped her hands before him.

“From what in particular?”

“I suffer… from lack of faith…”

“Lack of faith in God?”

“Oh no, no, I wouldn’t dare even think of that, but the life to come, it is such a riddle! And no one, no one at all answers it! Listen, you are a healer, you know the human soul; of course I dare not claim that you should believe me completely, but I assure you on my most solemn word that I am not speaking out of frivolity now, that this thought about the life to come beyond the grave troubles me to the point of suffering, to the point of horror and fright… And I don’t know whom to turn to, all my life I didn’t dare… And now I am daring to turn to you… Oh God, what will you think of me now!” She threw up her hands.

“Do not worry about my opinion,” answered the elder. “I fully believe in the sincerity of your anguish.”

“Oh, how grateful I am to you! You see, I shut my eyes and think: if everyone believes, where did it come from? And then they assure us that it all came at first from fear of the menacing phenomena of nature, and that none of it exists. Well, I think, all my life I have believed, I will die, and suddenly there is nothing, and only ‘a burdock will grow on my grave,’ as I read in a certain writer. It’s terrible! How, how can one get back one’s faith? However, I believed only when I was a little child, mechanically, without thinking about anything… How, how can it be proved? I have come now to throw myself at your feet and ask you about it. For if I let this chance slip too, then no one will ever answer me for the rest of my life. How can it be proved, how can one be convinced? Oh, misery! I stand and see all around that everyone is indifferent, almost everyone, nobody troubles about this now, and I alone cannot bear it. It is deadly, deadly!”

“No doubt it is deadly. But nothing can be proved here, though one can be convinced.”

“How? By what?”

“By the experience of active love. Try to love your neighbors actively and tirelessly. As you succeed in love, you will become

convinced both of the existence of God and of the immortality of your soul. And if you reach complete self-forgetfulness in the love of your neighbor, then you will undoubtedly believe, and no doubt will even be able to enter your soul. This has been tested, this is certain."

"Active love? There's another question again, and such a question, such a question! You see, I love mankind so much that, would you believe it, I sometimes dream of leaving everything, everything I have, leaving Lise, and going off to be a sister of mercy. I shut my eyes, I think and dream, and at those moments I feel an irresistible strength in myself. No wounds, no festering sores could frighten me. I would bind them and wash them with my own hands, I would nurse these sufferers, I am ready to kiss those sores…"

"It is already much, and good, that your mind dreams of this and not of something else. Now and then, by chance, you will really do some good deed."

"Yes, but how long could I last in such a life?" the lady went on hotly and almost frenziedly. "That is the most important question! That is the most tormenting of my questions. I shut my eyes and ask myself: how long would you hold out on this path? And if the patient whose sores you are washing does not respond at once with gratitude, but on the contrary starts tormenting you with his whims, not valuing or noticing your philanthropic service, starts shouting at you, making rude demands, even complaining to some superior (as often happens with people who are suffering very much), what then? Will your love go on or not? And so, imagine, I have already decided, with a shudder: if there is anything that could cool my 'active' love for mankind at once, it is ingratitude alone. In a word, I am a hired laborer, I demand payment at once, that is, praise for myself and payment for love with love. Otherwise I am incapable of loving anyone!"

She was in a fit of the most sincere self-flagellation, and when she had finished she looked at the elder with defiant resolve.

"That is exactly what a doctor once told me, a long time ago, it is true," remarked the elder. "He was a man already advanced in years and unquestionably intelligent. He spoke as frankly as you, though jokingly, but jokingly in sorrow; I love mankind, he said, but I am amazed at myself: the more I love mankind in general, the less I love people in particular, that is, separately, as individual persons. In my dreams, he said, I often went so far as to think passionately of serving mankind, and perhaps I really would have gone to the cross for people if it had somehow suddenly been required, and yet I am unable to live in the same room with anyone for two days, I know that from experience. As soon as someone is close to me, his personality presses on my self-esteem and restricts my freedom. In twenty-four hours I can come to hate even the best of men: one because he takes a long time eating his dinner, another because he has a cold and keeps blowing his nose. I become the enemy of people, he said, the moment they touch me. On the other hand, it has always happened that the more I hated people in particular, the more ardent became my love for mankind in general."

"But what is to be done? What is to be done in that case? Must one despair?"

"No, for it is enough that you grieve over it. Do what you can, and it will be counted to you. Much has already been done by you, for you have been able to know yourself so deeply and sincerely! But if you have spoken so sincerely with me now only in order to receive, as you just have from me, praise for your truthfulness, then of course you will get nowhere in the feats of active love; everything will remain only in your dreams, and your whole life will flit by like a phantom. Then, naturally, you will forget about the

life to come too, and in the end you will somehow calm down of your own accord."

"You have crushed me! Only now, this very instant, while you were speaking, I understood that I really was waiting only for your praise of my sincerity when I told you that I could not bear ingratitude. You have prompted me to myself, you have caught me and explained me to myself!"

"Do you really mean it? Well, now, after such a confession from you, I believe that you are sincere and kind at heart. If you do not reach happiness, remember always that you are on a good road, and try not to leave it. Above all, flee from lies, every kind of lie, the lie to yourself especially. Watch your own lie and look into it every hour, every minute. Flee from squeamishness, too, toward others and toward yourself: what seems to you foul within yourself is already cleansed by the mere fact that you have noticed it in yourself. Flee from fear, too, though fear is only the consequence of every lie. Never be frightened of your own faint-heartedness in attaining love; do not be very frightened even of your bad acts in the course of it. I am sorry that I can say nothing more comforting to you, for active love, compared with love in dreams, is a harsh and fearful thing. Love in dreams thirsts for a quick great deed, quickly gratified, and for everyone to watch it. It truly comes to the point where people even give their lives, so long as it does not drag on, but is accomplished quickly, as if on a stage, and everyone watches and praises. Whereas active love is labor and perseverance, and for some people, perhaps, a whole science. But I predict that at the very moment when you see, horrified, that for all your efforts not only have you not come closer to your goal but have even, as it were, gone farther from it, at that very moment, I predict it to you, you will suddenly reach the goal and will see clearly above you the miraculous power of the Lord, who has loved you all along and all along has mysteriously guided you. Forgive me for

not being able to stay with you longer; they are waiting for me. Goodbye."

The lady was weeping.

"Lise, Lise, bless her, do bless her!" She suddenly fluttered up all over.

"But she doesn't deserve to be loved. I saw how she was being naughty the whole time," the elder said playfully. "Why were you laughing at Alexei the whole time?"

And Lise really had been occupied with this prank the whole time. She had noticed long before, since the last time, that Alyosha was shy of her and tried not to look at her, and this began to amuse her terribly. She waited intently to catch his eye: unable to bear a gaze so stubbornly fixed on him, Alyosha every now and then would suddenly look at her himself, involuntarily, by an irresistible force, and at once she would smile a triumphant smile right into his eyes. Alyosha was embarrassed and still more vexed. Finally he turned his back on her entirely and hid behind the elder. A few minutes later, pulled by that same irresistible force, he turned around again to see whether she was looking at him or not, and saw that Lise, almost hanging out of her chair, was peeping at him from the side and waiting with all her might for him to look; and catching his eye, she burst out laughing so that even the elder could not help himself:

"Why do you shame him so, you naughty girl?"

Lise suddenly, quite unexpectedly, blushed, her little eyes flashed, her face became terribly serious, and with a hot, indignant complaint she suddenly began to speak quickly, nervously:

"And why has he forgotten everything? He carried me in his arms when I was little, we played together. He used to come to teach me to read, you know that? Two years ago, when he said goodbye, he said that he would never forget, that we were friends forever, forever, forever! And now suddenly he's afraid of me, am I

going to eat him, or what? Why won't he come near, why won't he talk? Why won't he come to see us? Is it you who won't let him? We know he goes everywhere. It isn't proper for me to invite him, he should have been the first to remember, if he hasn't forgotten. No, sir, he's working out his salvation now! Why have you put that long-skirted little robe on him… He'll run and fall down…"

And suddenly, unable to hold out, she covered her face with her hand and laughed terribly, irrepressibly, with her long, nervous, shaking, and soundless laughter. The elder listened to her smiling and blessed her tenderly; but when she began to kiss his hand, she suddenly pressed it to her eyes and burst into tears:

"Don't be angry with me, I'm a fool, I'm worthless… and Alyosha may be right, very right, not to want to visit such a ridiculous girl."

"I will send him without fail," the elder decided.

V. So Be It! So Be It!

The elder's absence from the cell lasted about twenty-five minutes. It was already past half past twelve, and Dmitri Fyodorovich, for whose sake they had all gathered, had still not come. But he had almost been forgotten, as it were, and when the elder came back into the cell he found the liveliest general conversation going on among his guests. Taking part in the conversation were, first of all, Ivan Fyodorovich and the two hieromonks. Miusov too was joining in, and apparently very heatedly, but again he had no luck; he was evidently in the background, and people hardly even answered him, so that this new circumstance only increased his ever-growing irritability. The thing was that even before this he had crossed swords with Ivan Fyodorovich a little in matters of learning, and could not coolly bear a certain carelessness toward himself on Ivan's part: "Until now, at least, I have stood at the height of everything that is progressive in Europe, and this new generation decidedly ignores us," he thought to himself. Fyodor Pavlovich, who had himself given his word to sit on his chair and be quiet, had indeed been quiet for some time, but he watched his neighbor Pyotr Alexandrovich with a mocking little smile and was visibly delighted at his irritability. He had long been meaning to pay him back for one thing and another, and now he did not want to miss his chance. At last he could not hold out; he bent to his neighbor's shoulder and teased him once more in an undertone:

"Why didn't you leave just now, after 'lovingly kissed it,' and why did you agree to stay in such indecent company? Because you felt humiliated and insulted, and you stayed to show off your intelli-

gence by way of revenge. Now you won't leave until you've shown them your intelligence."

"Again? On the contrary, I'm leaving this minute."

"Later, you'll be the last of all to go!" Fyodor Pavlovich needled him once more. This was almost at the very moment of the elder's return.

The argument died down for a minute, but the elder, sitting down in his former place, looked around at them all as though kindly inviting them to go on. Alyosha, who had studied almost every expression of his face, saw clearly that he was terribly tired and was forcing himself. Lately, in his illness, he had had fainting spells from exhaustion. Almost the same pallor as before a faint was spreading over his face now, and his lips had turned white. But he evidently did not want to break up the gathering; he seemed, besides, to have some purpose of his own. What purpose? Alyosha watched him intently.

"We are discussing a most curious article of his," said the hieromonk Iosif, the librarian, addressing the elder and pointing to Ivan Fyodorovich. "He draws much that is new, but the idea, it seems, is a stick with two ends. On the question of the ecclesiastical-social court and the scope of its rights, he has answered in a magazine article a certain clergyman who wrote a whole book on this question…"

"Unfortunately I have not read your article, but I have heard of it," answered the elder, looking intently and keenly at Ivan Fyodorovich.

"He takes a most curious position," the Father Librarian went on. "On the question of the ecclesiastical-social court he apparently rejects completely the separation of church and state."

"That is curious, but in what sense?" the elder asked Ivan Fyodorovich.

Ivan at last answered him, not with condescending politeness, as Alyosha had feared the day before, but modestly and with restraint, with visible courtesy and, it seemed, without the slightest ulterior motive.

"I start from the proposition that this mixing of the elements, that is, of the essences of church and state taken separately, will of course be eternal, despite the fact that it is impossible and that it can never be brought into a normal state, or even into any sort of reconcilable state, because there is a lie at the very foundation of the matter. A compromise between state and church in such questions as, for instance, the courts is, in my opinion, impossible in its complete and pure essence. The clergyman with whom I was arguing asserts that the church occupies a precise and definite place in the state. I objected to him that, on the contrary, the church must contain the whole state within itself, and not merely occupy some corner in it, and that if this is for some reason impossible now, then in the essence of things it must undoubtedly be set as the direct and chief goal of the whole further development of Christian society."

"Perfectly right!" Father Paisy, the taciturn and learned hieromonk, said firmly and nervously.

"The purest ultramontanism!" cried Miusov, impatiently crossing his legs the other way.

"Ah, but we don't even have any mountains around here!" exclaimed Father Iosif, and turning to the elder, he went on: "He is answering, among other things, the following 'fundamental and essential' propositions of his opponent, a clergyman, mind you. First: that 'no social association can or should arrogate to itself power to dispose of the civil and political rights of its members.' Second: that 'criminal and civil judicial power should not belong to the church and is incompatible with its nature both as a divine

institution and as an association of people for religious purposes'; and finally, third: that 'the church is a kingdom not of this world'…"

"A most unworthy play on words for a clergyman!" Father Paisy could not restrain himself and interrupted again. "I have read the book you were answering," he turned to Ivan Fyodorovich, "and I was astonished at the clergyman's words that 'the church is a kingdom not of this world.' If it is not of this world, then it cannot be on earth at all. In the holy Gospel, 'not of this world' is not meant in that sense. It is impossible to play with such words. Our Lord Jesus Christ came precisely to establish the church on earth. The kingdom of heaven, to be sure, is not of this world but is in heaven, but it is entered in no other way than through the church, which is founded and established on earth. And so worldly puns in this sense are impossible and unworthy. The church is truly a kingdom and is ordained to reign, and in the end it must undoubtedly appear as a kingdom over all the earth; for this we have the promise…"

He suddenly fell silent, as though checking himself. Ivan Fyodorovich, having listened to him respectfully and attentively, went on with extraordinary calm, but as willingly and simply as before, addressing the elder:

"The whole idea of my article is that in ancient times, in the first three centuries of Christianity, Christianity on earth appeared only as the church and was only the church. But when the pagan Roman state desired to become Christian, it inevitably happened that, having become Christian, it merely included the church within itself, but itself went on remaining a pagan state as before, in a great many of its functions. In essence this was undoubtedly bound to happen. But in Rome, as a state, too much remained of pagan civilization and wisdom, as, for instance, the very aims and foundations of the state. Christ's church, on entering the state, could undoubtedly yield nothing of its own foundations, of the

rock on which it stood, and could pursue no aims but its own, aims once firmly set and shown it by the Lord himself, among them: to turn the whole world, and therefore the whole ancient pagan state as well, into the church. Thus (that is, with a view to the future) it is not the church that must seek a definite place for itself in the state, like 'every social association' or like 'an association of people for religious purposes' (as the author I am answering puts it about the church), but, on the contrary, every earthly state must in time be turned completely into the church and become nothing but the church, having renounced all its aims that are incompatible with those of the church. All this will in no way humble it, will take from it neither the honor nor the glory of a great state, nor the glory of its rulers, but will only turn it from a false, still pagan and mistaken road onto the right and true road, which alone leads to eternal goals. That is why the author of the book on *The Foundations of the Ecclesiastical-Social Court* would judge rightly if, in seeking out and proposing these foundations, he regarded them as a temporary compromise, still necessary in our sinful and unfinished time, but nothing more. But as soon as the author of these foundations dares to declare that the foundations he is proposing now, part of which Father Iosif has just listed, are foundations unshakable, elemental, and everlasting, he is going directly against the church and its holy, everlasting, and unshakable destiny. That is my whole article, a complete summary of it."

"That is, in two words," Father Paisy said again, stressing each word, "according to certain theories that have become all too clear in our nineteenth century, the church must be transformed into the state, as if from a lower into a higher form, so as afterward to vanish into it, giving way to science, to the spirit of the age, and to civilization. And if it does not want this and resists, then for that it is allotted, as it were, only a certain corner in the state, and even that under supervision; and this is so everywhere in our time in

the countries of modern Europe. But according to the Russian understanding and hope, it is not the church that must be transformed into the state, as from a lower into a higher type, but, on the contrary, the state must end by being found worthy to become solely the church and nothing else besides. So be it, so be it!"

"Well, sir, I confess you have somewhat reassured me now," Miusov smiled, crossing his legs the other way again. "As far as I understand, then, this is the realization of some ideal, infinitely remote, at the Second Coming. As you please. A beautiful utopian dream of the disappearance of wars, diplomats, banks, and so on. Something even resembling socialism. And here I was thinking it was all serious, and that the church, for instance, was now going to try criminal cases and sentence people to the birch and to penal servitude, and perhaps even to capital punishment."

"But even if there were now only an ecclesiastical-social court, the church would not send people to penal servitude or to capital punishment even now. Crime and the view of it would then undoubtedly have to change, little by little, of course, not suddenly and not at once, but still fairly soon..." Ivan Fyodorovich said calmly, without batting an eye.

"Are you serious?" Miusov looked at him intently.

"If everything became the church, then the church would excommunicate the criminal and the disobedient, and would not chop off heads," Ivan Fyodorovich went on. "I ask you, where would the excommunicated man go? He would then have to depart not only from people, as now, but from Christ as well. For by his crime he would have risen up not only against people but against the church of Christ. That is so even now, of course, in the strict sense, but all the same it is not declared, and the conscience of the present-day criminal very, very often bargains with itself: 'I've stolen, so to say, but I'm not going against the church, I'm not Christ's enemy'; that is what the present-day criminal tells himself

as often as not. But then, when the church takes the place of the state, it would be hard for him to say that, unless he denied the whole church over the whole earth: 'Everyone, so to say, is mistaken, everyone has strayed, it's all a false church, I alone, a murderer and a thief, am the just Christian church.' That is a very hard thing to say to oneself; it requires enormous conditions, circumstances that do not occur often. Now, on the other hand, take the church's own view of crime: must it not change from the present one, which is almost pagan, and be transformed from the mechanical cutting off of an infected member, as is done now for the protection of society, into the idea, and this time fully and not falsely, of the regeneration of the man anew, of his resurrection and salvation…"

"What on earth does that mean? Again I cease to understand," Miusov interrupted. "Again some sort of dream. Something formless, and one cannot even understand it. What is this excommunication, what sort of excommunication? I suspect you are simply amusing yourself, Ivan Fyodorovich."

"But in truth it is the same even now," the elder suddenly began to speak, and they all turned to him at once. "For if there were no church of Christ now, there would be nothing at all to restrain the criminal in his villainy, and even no punishment for it afterward, that is, real punishment, not mechanical, as he called it just now, the kind that in most cases only embitters the heart, but real punishment, the only effective one, the only one that strikes fear and brings peace, which lies in the awareness of one's own conscience."

"How is that, may I ask?" Miusov asked with the liveliest curiosity.

"It is like this," the elder began. "All these sentences of exile to hard labor, and formerly with flogging, reform no one, and above all they hardly deter any criminal, and the number of crimes not

only does not decrease but grows the further we go. You must agree with that, surely. And so it turns out that society is not protected at all in this way, for though the harmful member is cut off mechanically and packed off far away, out of sight, at once another criminal appears in his place, perhaps even two others. If anything protects society even in our time, and even reforms the criminal himself and regenerates him into another man, it is, again, only the law of Christ, which makes itself felt in the awareness of one's own conscience. Only by recognizing his guilt as a son of Christ's society, that is, of the church, does he recognize his guilt before society itself, that is, before the church. Thus it is only before the church that the modern criminal is capable of recognizing his guilt, not before the state. Now, if the court belonged to society as the church, then society would know whom to bring back from excommunication and receive into itself again. But now the church, having no active court, but only the possibility of moral condemnation, withdraws of its own accord from actively punishing the criminal. It does not excommunicate him, but only does not abandon him with its fatherly admonition. More than that, it even tries to keep up all Christian communion with the criminal: it admits him to church services, to the Holy Gifts, it gives him alms, and treats him more as a captive than as a guilty man. And what would become of the criminal, O Lord! if Christian society, that is, the church, rejected him as well, as the civil law rejects him and severs him? What would happen if the church too punished him with its excommunication at once, every time, right after the punishment of the state's law? Why, there could be no higher despair, at least for the Russian criminal, for Russian criminals still believe. But then, who knows: perhaps a terrible thing would happen then; there would perhaps be a loss of faith in the criminal's despairing heart, and then what? But the church, like a tender and loving mother, withdraws of its own accord from active punishment,

since the guilty man is punished all too painfully by the state's court even without its punishment, and someone must surely pity him. And it withdraws chiefly because the court of the church is the only court that contains the truth within itself, and for that reason it cannot essentially and morally combine with any other court, even in a temporary compromise. Here one cannot enter into bargains. The foreign criminal, they say, seldom repents, for even the most modern teachings confirm him in thinking that his crime is no crime but only a rising up against an unjustly oppressive force. Society cuts him off from itself quite mechanically by a force that triumphs over him, and accompanies this excommunication with hatred (so at least they say of themselves, in Europe), with hatred and with the most complete indifference to his further fate as their brother, and with oblivion. Thus everything takes place without the slightest compassion on the part of the church, for in many cases there are no longer any churches there at all, only churchmen and magnificent church buildings remain, while the churches themselves have long been striving there to pass from the lower form, as church, to the higher form, as state, so as to vanish into it completely. So it is, it seems, at least in the Lutheran lands. And in Rome, for a thousand years now, the state has been proclaimed in place of the church. And so the criminal himself is no longer aware of being a member of the church and, excommunicated, remains in despair. And if he returns to society, it is often with such hatred that he, as it were, now excommunicates society itself from himself. How this will end you can judge for yourselves. In many cases, it would seem, it is the same with us; but the point is that, besides the established courts, we have, in addition, the church, which never loses communion with the criminal, as with a dear and still precious son of its own; and besides that there exists and is preserved, if only in thought, the court of the church as well, which though not active now, none-

theless lives for the future, if only in a dream, and is undoubtedly recognized by the criminal himself, by the instinct of his soul. What was said here just now is also true, that if the court of the church really came, and in all its force, that is, if the whole of society were turned into the church, then not only would the court of the church influence the reform of the criminal as it never does now, but perhaps crimes themselves would really diminish to an incredible degree. And the church, there is no doubt, would understand the future criminal and the future crime in many cases quite differently than it does now, and would be able to bring back the excommunicated, to forestall the one who is plotting, and to regenerate the fallen. True," the elder smiled, "now Christian society is not yet ready itself and rests only on seven righteous men; but since they never fail, it remains unshaken all the same, in expectation of its complete transfiguration from a society as an association still almost pagan into the one universal and reigning church. So be it, so be it, if only at the end of the ages, for this alone is destined to come to pass! And there is no need to trouble oneself about times and seasons, for the mystery of times and seasons lies in God's wisdom, in his foresight and his love. And what by human reckoning may still be very remote may by God's predestination already be standing on the eve of its appearing, at the very doors. So be it, so be it."

"So be it! So be it!" Father Paisy confirmed reverently and sternly.

"Strange, strange in the highest degree!" said Miusov, not so much heatedly as with a sort of hidden indignation.

"What seems so strange to you?" Father Iosif inquired cautiously.

"But what on earth is this, really?" exclaimed Miusov, as though suddenly breaking out. "The state is abolished on earth, and the church is raised to the level of the state! This isn't just ultramon-

tanism, it's arch-ultramontanism! Pope Gregory the Seventh never dreamed of it!"

"You are pleased to understand it exactly the other way around!" Father Paisy said sternly. "It is not the church that turns into the state, understand that. That is Rome and Rome's dream. That is the devil's third temptation! But, on the contrary, the state turns into the church, rises up to the church and becomes the church over all the earth, which is the complete opposite of ultramontanism, and of Rome, and of your interpretation, and is only the great destiny of Orthodoxy on earth. From the East this star will shine forth."

Miusov kept an impressive silence. His whole figure expressed an extraordinary personal dignity. A condescending smile from on high appeared on his lips. Alyosha followed everything with a strongly beating heart. This whole conversation had stirred him to the depths. He happened to glance at Rakitin; Rakitin stood motionless in his former place by the door, listening and watching attentively, though with his eyes lowered. But by the lively flush on his cheeks Alyosha guessed that Rakitin too was stirred, it seems, no less than he was; Alyosha knew what he was stirred by.

"Allow me to tell you one small anecdote, gentlemen," Miusov said suddenly, impressively and with a particularly stately air. "In Paris, some years ago now, soon after the December coup, I happened once, when paying a visit as an acquaintance to a very, very important person who was in power at the time, to meet at his house a most curious gentleman. This individual was not exactly a detective, but something like the head of a whole squad of political detectives, a rather influential post in its way. Seizing the opportunity, I got into conversation with him out of extraordinary curiosity; and since he had been received not as an acquaintance but as a subordinate official who had come with a report of a certain kind, he, seeing for his part how I was received by his superior, honored

me with a certain frankness, well, to a certain degree, of course, that is, he was polite rather than frank, precisely as the French know how to be polite, all the more since he saw that I was a foreigner. But I understood him very well. The subject was the socialist revolutionaries, who were being persecuted at the time, by the way. Omitting the main substance of the conversation, I will quote only one most curious remark that suddenly escaped this little gentleman: 'We,' he said, 'are not really very much afraid of all these socialists, anarchists, atheists, and revolutionaries; we keep watch on them, and their moves are known to us. But there are a few special people among them, though not many: these are believers in God and Christians, and at the same time socialists. Those are the ones we fear most of all, they are a terrible people! A Christian socialist is more terrible than an atheist socialist.' These words struck me even then, but now, here with you, gentlemen, they have somehow suddenly come back to me…"

"That is, you apply them to us and see socialists in us?" Father Paisy asked directly and without beating about the bush. But before Pyotr Alexandrovich had thought of an answer, the door opened and Dmitri Fyodorovich, so very late, came in. They had indeed, as it were, stopped expecting him, and his sudden appearance caused even some surprise at the first moment.

VI. Why Does Such a Man Live!

Dmitri Fyodorovich, a young man of twenty-eight, of medium height and with a pleasant face, looked, however, much older than his years. He was muscular, and one could guess that he had considerable physical strength; nevertheless his face expressed something, as it were, sickly. His face was lean, his cheeks hollow, and their color had a sort of unhealthy yellowish tinge. His rather large, dark, prominent eyes looked out, apparently with firm determination, but somehow vaguely. Even when he was agitated and speaking irritably, his gaze seemed not to obey his inner mood and expressed something else, sometimes not at all in keeping with the present moment. "It's hard to know what he's thinking," people who talked with him would sometimes say. Others, who saw something thoughtful and sullen in his eyes, were sometimes startled by his sudden laughter, which bore witness to merry and playful thoughts in him at the very time when he was looking so sullen. However, a certain sickliness in his face at the present moment could be understood: everyone knew or had heard of the extremely restless and "carousing" life he had been leading here precisely lately, just as everyone knew of the extraordinary irritation he had reached in his quarrels with his father over the disputed money. Several anecdotes about it were already going around town. True, he was irritable by nature too, "of an abrupt and irregular mind," as our justice of the peace, Semyon Ivanovich Kachalnikov, characteristically put it about him at a certain gathering. He came in impeccably and smartly dressed, in a buttoned frock coat, black gloves, and with a top hat in his hand. As a mili-

tary man recently retired, he wore a mustache and for the time being shaved his beard. His dark brown hair was cut short and combed somehow forward at the temples. He walked with long, resolute strides, like a soldier on parade. He stopped for an instant on the threshold and, glancing around at everyone, went straight to the elder, guessing that he was the host. He bowed low to him and asked for his blessing. The elder, rising a little, blessed him; Dmitri Fyodorovich respectfully kissed his hand and said with extraordinary agitation, almost with irritation:

"Be generous and forgive me for making you wait so long. But the servant Smerdyakov, whom my father sent, twice answered my insistent question about the time in the most decided tone, that it was set for one o'clock. Now I suddenly learn…"

"Do not trouble yourself," the elder interrupted, "it is nothing, you were a little delayed, no harm done…"

"I am extremely grateful to you, and could expect no less from your kindness." Having snapped this out, Dmitri Fyodorovich bowed once more, and then, turning suddenly toward his "papa," made him too just such a respectful and low bow. It was evident that he had thought out this bow beforehand and had thought it out sincerely, considering it his duty to express by it his respect and his good intentions. Fyodor Pavlovich, though caught off guard, at once found his feet in his own way: in answer to Dmitri Fyodorovich's bow he jumped up from his chair and answered his son with exactly the same low bow. His face suddenly became grave and imposing, which, however, gave him a decidedly malicious look. Then, silently, with a general bow to all who were in the room, Dmitri Fyodorovich walked with his long, resolute strides to the window, sat down on the only chair left, not far from Father Paisy, and, leaning all the way forward on the chair, at once prepared to listen to the continuation of the conversation he had interrupted.

Dmitri Fyodorovich's appearance had taken no more than some two minutes, and the conversation could not but resume. But this time Pyotr Alexandrovich did not consider it necessary to answer Father Paisy's insistent and almost irritable question.

"Allow me to decline this subject," he said with a certain worldly carelessness. "Besides, the subject is a tricky one. Here is Ivan Fyodorovich smiling at us; he must have something curious to say on this point as well. Ask him."

"Nothing in particular, except a small remark," Ivan Fyodorovich answered at once, "that European liberalism in general, and even our Russian liberal dilettantism, often and for a long time now has confused the final results of socialism with those of Christianity. This wild conclusion is, of course, a characteristic feature. However, as it turns out, it is not only liberals and dilettantes who confuse socialism with Christianity, but in many cases, along with them, the gendarmes too, the foreign ones, of course. Your Paris anecdote is rather characteristic, Pyotr Alexandrovich."

"In general, I again ask permission to leave this subject," Pyotr Alexandrovich repeated, "and instead I will tell you, gentlemen, another anecdote, about Ivan Fyodorovich himself, a most interesting and most characteristic one. No more than five days ago, in a certain local society, mainly of ladies, he solemnly declared in an argument that there is decidedly nothing in the whole world that would make people love their fellow men, that there is no law of nature at all that man should love mankind, and that if there is and has been love on earth until now, it is not from natural law but solely because people believed in their immortality. Ivan Fyodorovich added in parentheses that this is precisely what the whole natural law consists of, so that if you destroy mankind's belief in its immortality, not only love but every living force for continuing the life of the world would at once dry up in it. More than that: then nothing would be immoral anymore, everything

would be permitted, even cannibalism. And even that is not all: he concluded by asserting that for every private person, like ourselves now, for instance, who believes neither in God nor in his own immortality, the moral law of nature must immediately change into the complete opposite of the former, religious one, and that egoism, even to the point of villainy, should not only be permitted to man but even recognized as necessary, the most reasonable and almost the noblest outcome of his situation. From such a paradox, gentlemen, you can judge everything else that our dear eccentric and lover of paradoxes Ivan Fyodorovich is pleased to proclaim, and that he perhaps intends to proclaim still."

"Excuse me," Dmitri Fyodorovich suddenly shouted unexpectedly, "so that I don't mishear: 'Villainy should not only be permitted but even recognized as the most necessary and the most intelligent way out of the situation of every atheist'! Is that so or not?"

"Exactly so," said Father Paisy.

"I'll remember that."

Having said this, Dmitri Fyodorovich fell silent as suddenly as he had flown into the conversation. Everyone looked at him with curiosity.

"Are you really of such a conviction about the consequences of the drying up of people's faith in the immortality of their souls?" the elder suddenly asked Ivan Fyodorovich.

"Yes, I asserted that. There is no virtue if there is no immortality."

"You are blessed if you believe so, or else very unhappy!"

"Why unhappy?" Ivan Fyodorovich smiled.

"Because, in all likelihood, you yourself believe neither in the immortality of your soul nor even in what you have written about the church and the church question."

"Perhaps you are right!... But all the same, I was not altogether joking..." Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly and strangely admitted, flush-

ing quickly, however.

"You were not altogether joking, that is true. This idea is not yet resolved in your heart, and it torments it. But a martyr, too, likes at times to amuse himself with his despair, as if, again, out of despair. For the time being you too amuse yourself out of despair, with magazine articles and drawing-room arguments, not believing in your own dialectics and smiling at them to yourself with an aching heart… In you this question is not resolved, and in this is your great grief, for it urgently demands resolution…"

"And can it be resolved in me? Resolved in the positive direction?" Ivan Fyodorovich went on asking strangely, still looking at the elder with a sort of inexplicable smile.

"If it cannot be resolved in the positive, it will never be resolved in the negative either; you know yourself this quality of your heart; and in this lies its whole torment. But thank the Creator that he has given you a lofty heart, capable of being tormented by such torment, 'to set your mind on things above and to seek the things that are above, for our citizenship is in heaven.' God grant that your heart's resolution come to you while you are still on earth, and may God bless your ways!"

The elder raised his hand and was about to make the sign of the cross over Ivan Fyodorovich from where he sat. But Ivan suddenly rose from his chair, came up to him, accepted his blessing, kissed his hand, and returned to his seat without a word. His look was firm and serious. This act, and the whole preceding conversation with the elder, so unexpected from Ivan Fyodorovich, somehow struck everyone with its mysteriousness and even with a sort of solemnity, so that for a minute everyone fell silent, and Alyosha's face expressed something almost like fright. But Miusov suddenly shrugged his shoulders, and at the same moment Fyodor Pavlovich jumped up from his chair.

“Divine and most holy elder!” he cried, pointing at Ivan Fyodorovich. “This is my son, flesh of my flesh, my most beloved flesh! He is my most respectful Karl Moor, so to speak, and this son who has just come in, Dmitri Fyodorovich, against whom I am seeking justice from you, is the most disrespectful Franz Moor, both from Schiller’s *Robbers*, and I, I myself in that case am the *Regierender Graf von Moor* (the reigning Count von Moor)! Judge between us and save us! We need your prophecies as well as your prayers.”

“Speak without playing the holy fool, and do not begin by insulting the members of your household,” the elder answered in a weak, exhausted voice. He was evidently growing more and more tired, and was noticeably losing his strength.

“An unworthy comedy, which I foresaw even on my way here!” Dmitri Fyodorovich exclaimed indignantly, also jumping up from his seat. “Forgive me, reverend father,” he turned to the elder, “I am an uneducated man and I don’t even know how to address you, but you have been deceived, and you were too kind in allowing us to gather here. All my father wants is a scandal; what for, that is his calculation. He always has his own calculation. But I think I know now what for…”

“They all accuse me, all of them!” Fyodor Pavlovich shouted in his turn. “Now Pyotr Alexandrovich accuses me too. You did accuse me, Pyotr Alexandrovich, you did!” He turned suddenly to Miusov, though Miusov had no thought of interrupting him. “They accuse me of hiding my children’s money in my boot and cheating them; but excuse me, aren’t there courts of law? There they will reckon up for you, Dmitri Fyodorovich, by your own receipts, letters, and agreements, how much you had, how much you’ve squandered, and how much you have left! Why does Pyotr Alexandrovich avoid giving his opinion? Dmitri Fyodorovich is no stranger to him. Because they’re all against me, and in the end

Dmitri Fyodorovich owes *me* money, and not just a little, but several thousand, sir, for which I have all the documents! The whole town is buzzing and booming with his carousals! And there, where he served before, he paid a thousand and two thousand a time for seducing respectable girls; we know about that, Dmitri Fyodorovich, sir, in the most secret details, and I will prove it, sir… Most holy father, would you believe it, he made the noblest of girls fall in love with him, of good family, with a fortune, the daughter of his former commander, a brave colonel, a decorated one, who wore the Order of St. Anne with swords at his neck; he compromised the girl by proposing marriage, now she is here, now she is an orphan, his fiancée, and he, before her very eyes, goes to see a certain local seductress. But though this seductress did live, so to speak, in a civil marriage with a certain respectable man, she is of an independent character, a fortress impregnable to all, just like a lawful wife, for she is virtuous, yes, sir! holy fathers, she is virtuous! And Dmitri Fyodorovich wants to unlock this fortress with a golden key, that's why he is swaggering over me now, he wants to squeeze money out of me, and meanwhile he's already thrown away thousands on this seductress; that's why he keeps borrowing money all the time, and, among others, from whom, what do you think? Shall I say it or not, Mitya?"

"Silence!" shouted Dmitri Fyodorovich. "Wait until I've gone, and don't you dare blacken the noblest of girls in my presence… The very fact that you dare to breathe a word about her is a disgrace to her. I won't allow it!"

He was choking.

"Mitya! Mitya!" cried Fyodor Pavlovich, with weak nerves and squeezing out tears. "And what about a parent's blessing? What if I curse you, what then?"

"Shameless hypocrite!" Dmitri Fyodorovich roared furiously.

"That's how he talks to his father, his father! Then how does he treat others? Gentlemen, imagine: there is a poor but respectable man here, a retired captain, he met with misfortune, was dismissed from the service, but not publicly, not by court-martial, keeping his honor intact, burdened with a numerous family. And three weeks ago our Dmitri Fyodorovich grabbed him by the beard in a tavern, hauled him out into the street by that same beard, and beat him in the street in public, and all because he acts as my unofficial agent in a certain little business of mine."

"It's all a lie! True on the outside, a lie on the inside!" Dmitri Fyodorovich was trembling all over with anger. "Papa! I don't justify my actions; yes, I confess publicly: I behaved like a beast with that captain, and now I regret it and loathe myself for my beastly anger, but this captain of yours, your agent, went to that very lady whom you call a seductress, and began proposing to her, in your name, that she take the promissory notes of mine that you have and sue me on them, so as to have me locked up on these notes if I pressed you too hard in the settlement of my property. And now you reproach me for having a weakness for this lady, when you yourself coached her to lure me! Why, she tells it straight to your face, she told me herself, laughing at you! And you want to have me locked up only because you are jealous of me over her, because you yourself have begun to approach this woman with your love, and again I know all about it, and again she laughed, do you hear, laughing at you as she told it. So there you have him, holy men, this man, this father who reproaches his depraved son! Gentlemen witnesses, forgive my anger, but I foresaw that this crafty old man had called you all here for a scandal. I came intending to forgive, if he held out his hand to me, to forgive and to ask forgiveness! But since he has just now insulted not only me but the noblest of girls, whose name I dare not even speak in vain out of reverence for her,

I have resolved to expose his whole game publicly, even though he is my father!…"

He could not go on. His eyes were flashing, he was breathing with difficulty. But everyone in the cell was agitated too. Everyone except the elder rose anxiously from their seats. The fathers, the hieromonks, looked stern, but were waiting nonetheless for the elder's will. He sat now quite pale, not from agitation but from sickly weakness. An imploring smile shone on his lips; now and then he raised his hand as though wishing to stop the raging men, and of course one gesture of his would have been enough to end the scene; but he himself seemed to be waiting for something still, and was watching intently, as though wishing to understand something more, as though he had not yet made something clear to himself. At last Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov felt himself finally humiliated and disgraced.

"We are all to blame for this scandal!" he said hotly. "But all the same I did not foresee it on my way here, though I knew whom I was dealing with… This must be ended at once! Your Reverence, believe me, I did not know exactly all the details that have come out here, I did not want to believe them, and only now am I learning them for the first time… A father is jealous of his son over a woman of bad behavior and himself conspires with this creature to put his son in prison… And in such company I have been forced to come here… I have been deceived, I declare to everyone that I have been deceived no less than the others…"

"Dmitri Fyodorovich!" Fyodor Pavlovich suddenly howled in a voice not his own. "If only you were not my son, I would challenge you to a duel this very minute… with pistols, at three paces… across a handkerchief! across a handkerchief!" he ended, stamping both feet.

Old liars who have been play-acting all their lives have moments when they get so carried away by their pose that they

truly tremble and weep with emotion, although even at that very moment (or only a second later) they might whisper to themselves: "You're lying, you shameless old man, you're an actor even now, in spite of all your 'holy' anger and your 'holy' moment of anger."

Dmitri Fyodorovich frowned terribly and looked at his father with inexpressible contempt.

"I thought... I thought," he said somehow quietly and with restraint, "that I would come to my native place with the angel of my soul, my fiancée, to cherish his old age, and all I see is a depraved sensualist and a most despicable comedian!"

"A duel!" the old wretch howled again, gasping and spraying saliva with every word. "And you, Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, know, my dear sir, that perhaps in all your family there is not and never has been a higher and more honest, do you hear, more honest woman than this one, whom you dared to call a creature just now! And you, Dmitri Fyodorovich, have exchanged your fiancée for this very 'creature,' which means you yourself have judged that your fiancée isn't worth the sole of her shoe, that's the sort of creature she is!"

"Shameful!" suddenly burst from Father Iosif.

"Shameful and disgraceful!" Kalganov, who had been silent the whole time, suddenly shouted in his adolescent voice, trembling with emotion, and blushing all over.

"Why does such a man live!" Dmitri Fyodorovich growled in a hollow voice, almost in a frenzy of anger now, raising his shoulders somehow extraordinarily high and almost hunching over from it. "No, tell me, can he still be allowed to disgrace the earth with himself?" He looked around at everyone, pointing at the old man with his hand. He spoke slowly and evenly.

"Do you hear, do you hear, you monks, the parricide?" Fyodor Pavlovich fell upon Father Iosif. "There's the answer to your 'shameful'! What is shameful? This 'creature,' this 'woman of bad

behavior,' may be holier than you yourselves, you hieromonks working out your salvation! She may have fallen in her youth, devoured by her environment, but she 'loved much,' and Christ too forgave her who loved much…"

"It was not for that kind of love Christ forgave…" broke impatiently from the meek Father Iosif.

"No, for that kind, for that very kind, monks, for that! You work out your salvation here on cabbage and think you're righteous! You eat gudgeons, a gudgeon a day, and think you can buy God with gudgeons!"

"Impossible, impossible!" was heard from all sides of the cell.

But this whole scene, which had reached the point of outrage, came to an end in the most unexpected way. Suddenly the elder rose from his seat. Alyosha, almost completely beside himself with fear for him and for everyone, nonetheless managed to support him by the arm. The elder stepped toward Dmitri Fyodorovich and, coming right up to him, sank to his knees before him. Alyosha thought he had fallen from weakness, but it was not that. Kneeling, the elder bowed down at Dmitri Fyodorovich's feet in a full, distinct, deliberate bow, and even touched the ground with his forehead. Alyosha was so astounded that he did not even manage to support him when he got up. A faint smile barely glimmered on his lips.

"Forgive me! Forgive me, all of you!" he said, bowing on all sides to his guests.

Dmitri Fyodorovich stood for a few moments as if thunderstruck: a bow down to his feet, what did it mean? At last he suddenly cried out, "Oh God!" and, covering his face with his hands, rushed out of the room. All the guests poured out after him in a crowd, in their confusion not even saying goodbye or bowing to their host. Only the hieromonks went up again for his blessing.

“What was that, bowing down at his feet, is it some sort of emblem?” Fyodor Pavlovich, who for some reason had suddenly grown subdued, tried to begin a conversation, not daring, however, to address anyone in particular. They were all going out of the hermitage enclosure at that moment.

“I am not responsible for a madhouse and for madmen,” Miusov answered at once, angrily, “but I will at least rid myself of your company, Fyodor Pavlovich, and believe me, forever. Where is that monk from before?...”

But “that monk,” that is, the one who had invited them to dine with the abbot earlier, did not keep them waiting. He met the guests at once, the moment they came down the steps from the elder’s cell, as if he had been standing there waiting all along.

“Do me the kindness, reverend father, of conveying all my profound respect to the Father Abbot, and of apologizing for me personally, Miusov, to His Reverence, that owing to suddenly arisen, unforeseen circumstances I cannot possibly have the honor of taking part in his meal, in spite of my most sincere wish,” Pyotr Alexandrovich said irritably to the monk.

“But the unforeseen circumstance, that’s me!” Fyodor Pavlovich took it up at once. “Do you hear, Father, it’s Pyotr Alexandrovich who doesn’t wish to stay together with me, otherwise he’d go at once. And you will go, Pyotr Alexandrovich, be so good as to go to the Father Abbot, and good appetite to you! Know that it’s I who am declining, not you. Home, home, I’ll eat at home, here I feel incapable, Pyotr Alexandrovich, my dearest kinsman.”

“I am not your kinsman and never have been, you base man!”

“I said it on purpose to infuriate you, because you shy away from the kinship, though you are a kinsman all the same, however you wriggle, I’ll prove it by the church calendar; I’ll send the horses for you in due course, Ivan Fyodorovich, you stay too, if you like. And you, Pyotr Alexandrovich, even propriety requires you to go to

the Father Abbot now; you must apologize for the mess we made there, you and I…"

"But is it true that you are leaving? You are not lying?"

"Pyotr Alexandrovich, how would I dare after what has happened! I got carried away, forgive me, gentlemen, I got carried away! And besides, I'm shaken! And ashamed, too. Gentlemen, one man has a heart like Alexander of Macedon's, and another like the little dog Fidelka's. Mine is like the little dog Fidelka's. I've lost my nerve! Well, how could I, after such an escapade, go to dinner and gobble up monastery sauces? I'm ashamed, I can't, excuse me!"

"The devil knows, what if he's deceiving me!" Miusov stopped in thought, following the departing buffoon with a puzzled look. The buffoon turned around and, noticing that Pyotr Alexandrovich was watching him, blew him a kiss.

"And are you going to the abbot's?" Miusov asked Ivan Fyodorovich abruptly.

"Why not? Besides, I was specially invited by the abbot yesterday."

"Unfortunately, I really do feel myself almost obliged to appear at this damned dinner," Miusov went on with the same bitter irritability, not even paying attention to the fact that the little monk was listening. "There, at least, we must apologize for what we've done here, and explain that it wasn't us… What do you think?"

"Yes, we must explain that it wasn't us. Besides, my father won't be there," Ivan Fyodorovich remarked.

"That would be all we need, with your father! This damned dinner!"

And yet they all went. The little monk was silent and listened. On the way through the little wood he remarked only once that the Father Abbot had long been waiting for them and that they were over half an hour late. No one answered him. Miusov looked at Ivan Fyodorovich with hatred.

“And he’s going to dinner as if nothing had happened!” he thought. “Brazen face and a Karamazov conscience.”

VII. A Seminarian on the Make

Alyosha led his elder into the little bedroom and sat him down on the bed. It was a very small room with only the furniture that was needed; the bed was narrow and made of iron, and instead of a mattress it had only a piece of felt. In the corner, by the icons, stood a lectern, and on it lay a cross and the Gospels. The elder sank down on the bed, his strength gone; his eyes were shining, and he was breathing with difficulty. Once seated, he looked intently at Alyosha, as though thinking something over.

"Go, my dear, go; Porfiry is enough for me, and you must hurry. You are needed there; go to the Father Abbot and wait at his table."

"Give me your blessing to stay here," Alyosha brought out in a pleading voice.

"You are needed more there. There is no peace there. You will wait at table and you will be of use. If the demons rise up, say a prayer. And know, my son" (the elder liked to call him that), "that from now on, too, your place is not here. Remember this, young man. As soon as God grants me to depart, leave the monastery. Leave it for good."

Alyosha gave a start.

"What is it? Your place is not here, for now. I bless you for a great obedience in the world. You have much wandering still before you. And you will have to marry, you will have to. You will have to bear everything before you come back again. And there will be much work. But I have no doubt of you, and that is why I am sending you. Christ is with you. Keep him, and he will keep you. Great sorrow you will see, and in that sorrow you will be happy.

This is my charge to you: in sorrow, seek happiness. Work, work without tiring. Remember my word from this day on, for though I shall still talk with you, not only my days but my hours are numbered."

Again strong emotion showed in Alyosha's face. The corners of his mouth were trembling.

"What, again?" The elder smiled quietly. "Let worldly people see their dead off with tears; here we rejoice over a father who is departing. We rejoice and we pray for him. Leave me now. I must pray. Go, and hurry. Be near your brothers. And not near one of them only, but near both."

The elder raised his hand to bless him. To object was impossible, though Alyosha wanted terribly to stay. He wanted, too, to ask something, and the question was even on the tip of his tongue: "What did that bow to the ground before brother Dmitri foreshadow?" But he did not dare to ask. He knew that the elder would have explained it to him himself, without being asked, if that had been possible. So it was not his will. And that bow had struck Alyosha terribly; he believed blindly that there was a secret meaning in it. A secret meaning, and perhaps a terrible one. When he went out through the hermitage gate so as to reach the monastery in time for the beginning of the abbot's dinner (only to wait at table, of course), his heart suddenly contracted painfully, and he stopped where he stood: it was as though the words of the elder foretelling his own so near end sounded before him again. Whatever the elder had foretold, and foretold with such exactness besides, would undoubtedly come to pass; Alyosha believed that devoutly. But how would he be left without him, how would he go on not seeing him, not hearing him? And where would he go? He was telling him not to weep and to leave the monastery, Lord! It was long since Alyosha had felt such anguish. He walked on quickly through the wood that separated the hermitage from the

monastery, and, unable even to bear his own thoughts, so heavily did they press on him, he began to look at the ancient pines on both sides of the forest path. The way was not long, some five hundred paces, no more; at that hour no one could have been met on it, but suddenly, at the first bend of the path, he noticed Rakitin. Rakitin was waiting for someone.

"Is it me you're waiting for?" Alyosha asked when he came up to him.

"You exactly," Rakitin grinned. "You're hurrying to the Father Abbot. I know; he's giving a dinner. There hasn't been such a spread since the time he entertained the bishop and General Pakhatov, remember? I won't be there, but you go on, hand round the sauces. Tell me just one thing, Alexei: what does this dream signify? That's what I wanted to ask you."

"What dream?"

"Why, that bow to the ground to your brother Dmitri Fyodorovich. And how he banged his forehead, too!"

"You mean Father Zosima?"

"Yes, Father Zosima."

"His forehead?"

"Ah, I put it disrespectfully! Well, let it be disrespectful. So then, what does this dream signify?"

"I don't know, Misha, what it means."

"I knew he wouldn't explain it to you. There's nothing deep in it, of course; just the usual pious silliness, it would seem. But the trick was played on purpose. Now all the holy hypocrites in town will start talking and carry it all over the province: 'What, they'll say, does this dream signify?' In my opinion the old man really is clairvoyant: he's sniffed out a crime. It stinks in your house."

"What crime?"

Rakitin evidently wanted to come out with something.

"It will happen in your little family, this crime. It will happen between your dear brothers and your rich papa. So Father Zosima banged his forehead against the floor in case of whatever may come. Then, when something happens: 'Ah, the holy elder foretold it, he prophesied it,' though what sort of prophecy is it to bang your forehead on the floor? No, they'll say, it was an emblem, an allegory, and devil knows what! They'll trumpet it, they'll remember it: he foresaw the crime, they'll say, he marked out the criminal. That's how it always is with holy fools: he crosses himself at the pothouse and throws stones at the church. And so with your elder: the righteous man he drives out with a stick, and to the murderer he bows down at his feet."

"What crime? What murderer? What are you saying?" Alyosha stopped dead, as if rooted to the spot; Rakitin stopped too.

"What murderer? As if you didn't know! I'll bet you've already thought about it yourself. That's curious, by the way: listen, Alyosha, you always tell the truth, though you always sit between two stools: have you thought about it or haven't you? Answer me."

"I have," Alyosha answered quietly. Even Rakitin was taken aback.

"What? You don't mean you've already thought about it too?" he cried.

"I... it isn't that I've thought about it," Alyosha muttered, "but when you started talking about it so strangely just now, it seemed to me that I had thought about it myself."

"You see (and how clearly you put it), you see? Today, looking at your papa and your dear brother Mitenka, you thought of a crime? So I'm not mistaken, then?"

"Wait, wait," Alyosha interrupted anxiously, "what makes you of all people see all this?... Why does it interest you so much, that's the first thing?"

"Two separate questions, but natural ones. I'll answer each of them in turn. Why do I see it? I wouldn't have seen anything here if I hadn't suddenly understood your brother Dmitri Fyodorovich today, all of him just as he is, all at once and suddenly, the whole of him as he is. By one single trait I caught hold of the whole of him at once. These most honest but lustful people have a line that you mustn't cross. Or else, or else he'll stick a knife into his dear papa. And his papa is a drunken and unbridled rake who has never known measure in anything—neither of them will hold back, and plop, both of them into the ditch…"

"No, Misha, no, if that's all it is, you've cheered me up. It won't come to that."

"Then why are you trembling all over? Do you know the thing of it? He may be an honest man, our Mitenka (he's stupid but honest); but he's a sensualist. That's his definition and his whole inner essence. It's his father who passed on to him his vile sensuality. Really, it's only you I wonder at, Alyosha: how is it you're a virgin? You're a Karamazov too, after all! In your family sensuality has been carried to the point of inflammation. Well, now these three sensualists are watching each other… with knives in their boots. The three of them have knocked their foreheads together, and you, I dare say, are the fourth."

"You're wrong about that woman. Dmitri despises her," Alyosha said, with a sort of shudder.

"Grushenka? No, my friend, he doesn't despise her. When he has openly traded his own fiancée for her, he doesn't despise her. There's… there's something here, my friend, that you won't understand now. A man falls for some beauty here, for a woman's body, or even for just one part of a woman's body (a sensualist can understand that), and for her sake he'll give up his own children, sell his father and mother, Russia and his fatherland; being honest, he'll go and steal; being meek, he'll cut someone's throat; being

faithful, he'll betray. Pushkin, the singer of women's little feet, sang of little feet in his verses; others don't sing of them, but they can't look at little feet without going into convulsions. But it isn't only little feet… Here, my friend, contempt is no help, even if he did despise Grushenka. He does despise her, and he can't tear himself away."

"I understand that," Alyosha suddenly blurted out.

"Really? Then you really do understand it, if you blurted out at the first word that you understand," Rakitin said with malicious glee. "You blurted it out by accident; it slipped out. That makes the admission all the more precious: so it's a familiar subject to you, you've already thought about it, about sensuality. Oh, you virgin! You're a quiet one, Alyoshka, you're a saint, I agree, but you're a quiet one, and devil knows what you haven't thought about already, devil knows what you don't know already! A virgin, and you've already gone down to such depths. I've been watching you for a long time. You're a Karamazov yourself, a Karamazov through and through, so breed and selection must mean something after all. A sensualist on your father's side, a holy fool on your mother's. Why are you shaking? Am I telling the truth? You know what: Grushenka asked me, 'Bring him' (you, that is), 'and I'll pull that little cassock off him.' And how she asked: bring him, bring him! I only wondered: what makes you so interesting to her? You know, she's an extraordinary woman too!"

"Give her my regards and say I won't come," Alyosha said with a crooked smile. "Finish what you began, Mikhail, and I'll tell you my thought afterward."

"What is there to finish, it's all clear. It's all an old tune, my friend. If even you have a sensualist shut up inside you, then what about your brother Ivan, born of the same mother? He's a Karamazov too, after all. That's the whole of your Karamazov question: sensualists, money-grubbers, and holy fools! Your brother

Ivan is printing little theological articles for the time being, as a joke, from some most stupid calculation nobody knows, while he himself is an atheist, and he admits the baseness of it himself, that brother of yours, Ivan. On top of that, he's carrying off his brother Mitya's fiancée, and it seems he'll get there, too. And how: with the consent of Mitenka himself, because Mitenka himself is handing his fiancée over to him, just to be rid of her and go off to Grushenka the sooner. And all this with all his nobility and disinterestedness, mark that. Those are just the people who are the most fatal! The devil himself couldn't make you out after this: a man knows his own baseness and climbs into it all the same! Listen further: now the old geezer, his father, is crossing Mitenka's path. He's suddenly gone mad over Grushenka, you know; his mouth waters when he only looks at her. It was only because of her that he made such a scandal in the cell just now, only because Miusov dared to call her a dissolute creature. He's fallen in love worse than a tomcat. Before, she only did him some service for wages in certain shady little dealings and pothouse affairs, and now he's suddenly woken up and taken a good look at her, he's gone wild, he keeps pestering her with proposals, not honorable ones, of course. Well, they'll collide on that little road, the papa and his darling son. And Grushenka is for neither of them; for now she's still wriggling and teasing them both, looking to see which one is more profitable, because though you can grab a lot of money from the papa, he won't marry her for that, and maybe in the end he'll turn tight as a Yid and lock up his purse. In that case Mitenka has his value too; he has no money, but on the other hand he's capable of marrying. Yes, sir, capable of marrying! Of throwing over his fiancée, an incomparable beauty, Katerina Ivanovna, rich, a noblewoman, and a colonel's daughter, and marrying Grushenka, the former kept woman of an old merchant, a debauched peasant and the town mayor, Samsonov. Out of all this a criminal collision really

may come about. And that is just what your brother Ivan is waiting for; then he'll be in clover: he'll get Katerina Ivanovna, whom he's pining for, and grab her dowry of sixty thousand into the bargain. For a little man and a pauper like him, that's very tempting for a start. And mark this: he won't only not wrong Mitya, he'll even put him in his debt to the grave. Because I know for certain that Mitenka himself, just last week, was shouting out loud, drunk, in a tavern with some gypsy girls, that he isn't worthy of his fiancée Katenka, but his brother Ivan, now, he is worthy. And Katerina Ivanovna herself, of course, won't reject such a charmer as Ivan Fyodorovich in the end; she's already wavering between the two of them even now. And what is it about this Ivan that has charmed all of you, so that you all stand in awe of him? And he laughs at you: here I sit in clover, he says, treating myself to sweets at your expense."

"How do you know all this? Why are you speaking so positively?" Alyosha suddenly asked sharply, frowning.

"And why are you asking now and afraid of my answer in advance? That means you agree yourself that I've told the truth."

"You don't like Ivan. Ivan won't be tempted by money."

"Really? And Katerina Ivanovna's beauty? It isn't only money here, though sixty thousand is a tempting thing."

"Ivan looks higher. Ivan won't be tempted even by thousands. It isn't money or peace that Ivan is seeking. Perhaps he's seeking torment."

"What sort of dream is that now? Oh, you… noblemen!"

"Ah, Misha, his soul is stormy. His mind is held captive. There is a great thought in him, and an unresolved one. He is one of those who don't need millions, but need to resolve a thought."

"Literary theft, Alyoshka. You've paraphrased your elder. A fine riddle Ivan has set you all!" Rakitin cried with evident spite. His very face changed, and his lips twisted. "And it's a stupid riddle,

too, there's nothing to guess. Use your brains and you'll understand. His article is ridiculous and absurd. And did you hear his stupid theory just now: 'If there is no immortality of the soul, then there is no virtue either, and so everything is permitted'? (And your dear brother Mitenka, by the way, remember how he shouted: 'I'll remember that!') A tempting theory for scoundrels… I'm swearing, that's stupid… not for scoundrels, but for schoolboy braggarts with 'the insoluble depth of their thoughts.' A little show-off, and the whole gist of it is: 'On the one hand, one cannot but confess, and on the other, one cannot but admit!' His whole theory is baseness! Mankind will find the strength in itself to live for virtue even without believing in the immortality of the soul! It will find it in the love of liberty, of equality, of fraternity…"

Rakitin had grown heated and could hardly control himself. But suddenly, as though remembering something, he stopped.

"Well, enough," he smiled, still more crookedly than before. "Why are you laughing? Do you think I'm a vulgarian?"

"No, it never even entered my head to think you a vulgarian. You're intelligent, but… never mind, I smiled out of foolishness. I understand that you can get heated, Misha. From your passion I guessed that you yourself are not indifferent to Katerina Ivanovna; I've suspected it a long time, my friend, and that is why you don't like brother Ivan. Are you jealous of him?"

"And jealous of her money too? Why not add that?"

"No, I won't add anything about money; I won't insult you."

"I believe it, because you've said it, but the devil take you, all the same, you and your brother Ivan! None of you will understand that one can dislike him very much even without Katerina Ivanovna. And why on earth should I love him, devil take it! He does, after all, condescend to abuse me himself. Why haven't I the right to abuse him?"

"I've never heard him say anything at all about you, good or bad; he doesn't talk about you at all."

"Well, I've heard that the day before yesterday, at Katerina Ivanovna's, he was tearing me to pieces for all he was worth—that's how interested he was in your humble servant. And who is jealous of whom after this, my friend, I don't know! He was pleased to express the idea that if I don't agree to the career of an archimandrite in the very near future and don't decide to take the tonsure, then I'll certainly go off to Petersburg and join some thick journal, the critical section, certainly, and write for a dozen years or so, and in the end take the journal over for myself. Then I'll publish it again, and certainly with a liberal and atheistic slant, with a socialist tinge, even with a little gloss of socialism, but keeping my ears open, that is, in essence, running with the hare and hunting with the hounds and pulling the wool over the fools' eyes. The end of my career, according to your dear brother's interpretation, is that the socialist tinge won't prevent me from putting the subscription money into a current account and turning it over when the chance comes, under the guidance of some little Yid, until I build a big apartment house in Petersburg, so as to move the editorial office into it and let out the remaining floors to tenants. He even picked the spot for the house: by the New Stone Bridge over the Neva, which they say is being planned in Petersburg, from Liteinaya to the Vyborg side…"

"Ah, Misha, why, that may very likely all come true, every bit of it, to the very last word!" Alyosha suddenly exclaimed, unable to restrain himself and laughing merrily.

"So you go in for sarcasm too, Alexei Fyodorovich."

"No, no, I'm joking, forgive me. I have something quite different on my mind. But wait: who could have told you such details, and from whom could you have heard about them? You couldn't have

been at Katerina Ivanovna's yourself when he was talking about you?"

"I wasn't there, but Dmitri Fyodorovich was, and I heard it with my own ears from Dmitri Fyodorovich, that is, if you like, he wasn't telling it to me, but I overheard it, against my will, of course, because I was sitting in Grushenka's bedroom and couldn't come out the whole time Dmitri Fyodorovich was in the next room."

"Ah, yes, I forgot, she's a relative of yours…"

"A relative? Grushenka a relative of mine?" Rakitin suddenly cried, turning red all over. "Have you gone out of your mind, or what? Your brains are out of order."

"Why? Isn't she a relative? That's what I heard…"

"Where could you have heard it? No, you gentlemen Karamazovs pose as some great and ancient nobility, when your father ran around playing the buffoon at other people's tables and was kept in the kitchen on charity. Granted, I'm only a priest's son and a louse beside you noblemen, but don't insult me so gaily and so shamelessly. I have my honor too, Alexei Fyodorovich. I can't be a relative of Grushenka's, a public woman, kindly understand that, sir!"

Rakitin was in a state of violent irritation.

"Forgive me, for God's sake, I could never have supposed, and besides, how is she a public woman? Is she really… that kind?" Alyosha suddenly blushed. "I tell you again, I heard she was a relative. You go to see her often, and you told me yourself that you have no love affair with her… I never thought that you of all people despised her so! Does she really deserve it?"

"If I visit her, I may have my own reasons for it, and that's enough for you. As for being related, it's more likely your dear brother or even your papa himself will saddle you with her as a relative, not me. Well, here we are. You'd better go to the kitchen. Ah! What's going on here, what is this? Are we late? But they

couldn't have finished dinner so soon? Or have the Karamazovs been up to mischief again? Sure enough. There's your papa, and Ivan Fyodorovich behind him. They've broken away from the abbot. There's Father Isidor shouting something after them from the porch. And your papa is shouting too, and waving his arms; he must be swearing. Ha, and there goes Miusov, driving off in his carriage, see him going. And there's Maximov the landowner running—why, there's been a scandal here; so there was no dinner! You don't suppose they've beaten the abbot? Or maybe they got a beating themselves? That would be worth it!..."

Rakitin was not exclaiming in vain. A scandal really had taken place, unheard-of and unexpected. It had all come about "by inspiration."

VIII. A Scandal

When Miusov and Ivan Fyodorovich were already going in to the abbot's, there took place quickly in Pyotr Alexandrovich, as in a sincerely decent and delicate man, a certain process, delicate in its own way: he became ashamed of being angry. He felt to himself that he ought, in essence, to have so little respect for that trashy Fyodor Pavlovich that he should not have lost his composure in the elder's cell and lost his head the way it had turned out. "At least the monks aren't to blame for anything here," he suddenly decided on the abbot's porch, "and if they are decent people here too (this Father Nikolai, the abbot, is also of the nobility, it seems), then why not be nice, amiable, and courteous with them?... I won't argue, I'll even agree with them, I'll win them over with amiability and... and... finally, I'll prove to them that I am no companion of that Aesop, that buffoon, that Pierrot, and that I have been caught out just as they all have..."

As for the disputed timber-cutting rights in the wood and that fishing (where all this was he did not know himself), he decided to give them up to the monks finally, once and for all, that very day, the more so since it was all worth very little, and to drop all his lawsuits against the monastery.

All these good intentions were strengthened still more when they entered the Father Abbot's dining room. He had no dining room, however, because in his whole lodging he had, properly speaking, only two rooms, much more spacious and comfortable, it is true, than the elder's. But the furnishing of the rooms was not distinguished by any particular comfort either: the furniture was

of leather and mahogany, in the old fashion of the twenties; even the floors were unpainted; but everything shone with cleanliness, and there were many expensive flowers in the windows; the chief luxury at that moment, though, was naturally the luxuriously laid table, although here too, speaking relatively: the tablecloth was clean, the dishes gleaming; there was excellently baked bread of three kinds, two bottles of wine, two bottles of magnificent monastery mead, and a big glass jug of the monastery kvass that was famous in the neighborhood. There was no vodka at all. Rakitin related afterward that the dinner had been prepared this time with five courses: there was fish soup with sterlet and little fish pies; then boiled fish, prepared in some excellent and special way; then cutlets of salmon, ice cream and stewed fruit, and finally a little kissel something like blancmange. All this Rakitin had sniffed out, unable to restrain himself and peeping on purpose into the abbot's kitchen, where he also had his connections. He had connections everywhere and got information everywhere. He had a very restless and envious heart. He was entirely conscious of his considerable abilities, but in his conceit he exaggerated them nervously. He knew for certain that he would be a man of action in his way, but what tormented Alyosha, who was very much attached to him, was that his friend Rakitin was dishonest and decidedly not aware of it himself; on the contrary, knowing that he would not steal money from a table, he considered himself, once and for all, a man of the highest honesty. Here not only Alyosha but nobody at all could have done anything.

Rakitin, being a minor person, could not be invited to the dinner, but Father Iosif and Father Paisy had been invited, and with them one more hieromonk. They were already waiting in the abbot's dining room when Pyotr Alexandrovich, Kalganov, and Ivan Fyodorovich came in. The landowner Maximov was waiting too, off to one side. The Father Abbot stepped forward into the middle of

the room to meet his guests. He was a tall, lean, but still strong old man, black-haired, heavily streaked with gray, with a long, austere, and grave face. He greeted his guests with a silent bow, but this time they came up to receive his blessing. Miusov even ventured to kiss his hand, but the abbot somehow drew it back in time, and the kiss did not take place. Ivan Fyodorovich and Kalganov, on the other hand, received the blessing in full this time, that is, with the most simple-hearted, peasant-like smack on the hand.

"We must apologize profusely, Your Very Reverence," Pyotr Alexandrovich began, grinning amiably, but all the same in a grave and respectful tone, "apologize for appearing alone, without our companion Fyodor Pavlovich, whom you invited; he has been obliged to forgo your repast, and not without reason. In the cell of the reverend Father Zosima, carried away by his unhappy family quarrel with his son, he uttered several words quite out of place… in a word, quite improper… which, it seems" (he glanced at the hieromonks), "Your Very Reverence already knows of. And therefore, being conscious of his guilt himself and sincerely repenting, he felt ashamed and, unable to overcome his shame, asked us, me and his son Ivan Fyodorovich, to express to you all his sincere regret, contrition, and repentance… In a word, he hopes and wishes to make amends for everything later, but now, asking your blessing, he begs you to forget what has happened…"

Miusov fell silent. Having uttered the last words of his tirade, he remained entirely pleased with himself, so much so that not a trace of his recent irritation was left in his soul. Fully and sincerely he loved mankind again. The abbot, having listened to him gravely, inclined his head slightly and said in reply:

"I feel deep regret for the one who has gone. Perhaps at our table he would have come to love us, as we would him. Pray, gentlemen, be seated and eat."

He stood before the icon and began a prayer aloud. Everyone bowed their heads respectfully, and the landowner Maximov even put himself especially forward, pressing his palms together before him out of particular reverence.

And it was just then that Fyodor Pavlovich played his last trick. It must be noted that he really had meant to leave, and really had felt the impossibility, after his disgraceful behavior in the elder's cell, of going to dinner at the abbot's as if nothing had happened. Not that he was so very ashamed of himself or blamed himself; perhaps even quite the opposite; but all the same he felt that to go to dinner would be unseemly. But no sooner had his rattling carriage been brought round to the porch of the guesthouse than, already climbing into it, he suddenly paused. His own words at the elder's came back to him: "It always seems to me, when I go in anywhere, that I am lower than everyone and that everyone takes me for a buffoon—so then let me really play the buffoon, because all of you, to the last man, are stupider and lower than I am." He felt like taking revenge on everyone for his own dirty tricks. He suddenly recalled now, appropriately, how once, earlier, someone had asked him: "Why do you hate so-and-so so much?" And he had answered then, in a fit of his buffoonish shamelessness: "Here's why: it's true he has done nothing to me, but I played a most unscrupulous dirty trick on him, and as soon as I had played it, I hated him for it at once." Remembering this now, he grinned quietly and spitefully in a moment's reflection. His eyes flashed, and even his lips trembled. "Well, once I've begun, I may as well finish," he suddenly decided. His innermost feeling at that moment could have been expressed in these words: "After all, I can't rehabilitate myself now, so let me spit on them some more, to the point of shamelessness: I'm not ashamed of you, and that's that!" He told the coachman to wait, and he himself went back with quick steps into the monastery and straight to the abbot's. He did not yet

know well what he would do, but he knew that he was no longer master of himself and that—at the slightest push—he would at once go now to the utmost limit of some vileness—only vileness, however, and by no means any crime or any such escapade as a court might punish. In the latter case he always knew how to restrain himself, and was even amazed at himself on that score on some occasions. He appeared in the abbot's dining room at the very moment when the prayer had ended and everyone was moving to the table. Stopping on the threshold, he looked the company over and laughed a long, insolent, malicious little laugh, boldly looking everyone in the eye.

"And they thought I'd left, and here I am!" he cried to the whole room.

For a moment everyone stared straight at him and was silent, and suddenly everyone felt that something disgusting and absurd was about to come of this, with an undoubted scandal. Pyotr Alexandrovich passed at once from the most benign mood to the most ferocious. Everything that had died down and gone quiet in his heart rose up again all at once and came to life. "No, I cannot bear this!" he cried. "I cannot at all, and… I cannot in any way!"

The blood rushed to his head. He even got muddled, but this was no time for style, and he seized his hat.

"What is it he can't?" cried Fyodor Pavlovich. "'Cannot in any way, and cannot by any means'? Your Reverence, am I to come in or not? Will you receive a fellow guest at table?"

"You are welcome with all our hearts," the abbot answered. "Gentlemen! May I allow myself," he suddenly added, "to beg you from the depths of my soul to set aside your chance quarrels and come together in love and kindred harmony, with prayer to the Lord, at our humble table…"

"No, no, it is impossible," Pyotr Alexandrovich cried, as if beside himself.

"And if it's impossible for Pyotr Alexandrovich, then it's impossible for me too, and I won't stay. That's what I came for. From now on I'll go everywhere with Pyotr Alexandrovich: if you leave, Pyotr Alexandrovich, I'll go too; if you stay, I'll stay too. You stung him most of all with that kindred harmony, Father Abbot: he doesn't acknowledge himself as my kinsman! Isn't that so, von Sohn? And there stands von Sohn. Hello, von Sohn."

"You… mean me, sir?" muttered the astonished landowner Maximov.

"Of course I mean you," Fyodor Pavlovich shouted. "Who else? The Father Abbot can hardly be von Sohn!"

"But I'm not von Sohn either, I'm Maximov."

"No, you're von Sohn. Your Reverence, do you know what von Sohn is? There was a criminal case like that: he was murdered in a house of fornication—that, I believe, is what such places are called among you—murdered and robbed, and in spite of his venerable years, he was nailed into a box, sealed up, and sent from Petersburg to Moscow in the baggage car, with a number on it. And while they were nailing him in, the harlot dancing girls sang songs and played on the psaltery, that is, on the pianoforty. So this is that very same von Sohn. He has risen from the dead, isn't that so, von Sohn?"

"What is this? What does this mean?" voices were heard among the group of hieromonks.

"Let's go!" Pyotr Alexandrovich shouted, turning to Kalganov.

"No, sir, allow me!" Fyodor Pavlovich interrupted shrilly, taking another step into the room. "Allow me to finish too. There in the cell I was given a bad name for having behaved disrespectfully, namely for shouting about gudgeons. Pyotr Alexandrovich Miusov, my kinsman, likes there to be *plus de noblesse que de sincérité* (more nobility than sincerity) in what one says, while I, conversely, like there to be *plus de sincérité que de noblesse* in what I say, and—

to hell with *noblesse*! Isn't that so, von Sohn? Allow me, Father Abbot, though I am a buffoon and play the buffoon, I am a knight of honor and I want to speak my mind. Yes, sir, I am a knight of honor, and in Pyotr Alexandrovich there is wounded vanity and nothing more. Perhaps I even came here today just to have a look and speak my mind. My son Alexei is here working out his salvation; I am his father, I care about his fate, and I must care. I kept listening and play-acting, and watching on the quiet, and now I want to perform the last act of the performance for you as well. How is it with us, after all? With us, whatever falls stays lying. With us, whatever has once fallen must lie there forever and ever. Not on your life, sir! I wish to get up. Holy Fathers, you make me indignant. Confession is a great sacrament, before which I too stand in awe and am ready to prostrate myself, but there in the cell, suddenly, they are all on their little knees, confessing out loud. Is it really permitted to confess out loud? The holy Fathers established confession in the ear; only then will your confession be a sacrament, and that has been so from of old. Otherwise how am I going to explain to him in front of everybody that I, for instance, this and that… well, I mean this and that, you understand? Sometimes it's even indecent to say it. Why, it's a scandal! No, Fathers, with you here one might get drawn into the Khlysty, I dare say… I'll write to the Synod at the first opportunity, and my son Alexei I'll take home…"

Here, a nota bene. Fyodor Pavlovich had heard bells ringing somewhere. There had once been malicious gossip, reaching even the bishop (not only about our monastery but about others where the institution of elders had been established), that the elders were supposedly too much respected, even to the detriment of the abbot's rank, and that, among other things, the elders supposedly abused the sacrament of confession, and so on, and so on. These were absurd accusations, which in their time died away of them-

selves, both here and everywhere. But the stupid devil that had caught up Fyodor Pavlovich and was carrying him on his own nerves somewhere farther and farther into the depths of disgrace prompted him with this former accusation, of which Fyodor Pavlovich himself did not understand the first word. And he could not even state it properly, the more so since this time nobody in the elder's cell had been kneeling or confessing aloud, so that Fyodor Pavlovich could not have seen anything of the kind himself and was speaking only from old rumors and gossip that he had somehow recalled. But, having spoken his stupidity, he felt that he had blurted out absurd nonsense, and suddenly he wanted to prove at once to his listeners, and most of all to himself, that what he had said was not nonsense at all. And although he knew perfectly well that with each further word he would add to the nonsense already spoken more of the same, still more absurd, he could no longer hold himself back and went flying as if downhill.

"How vile!" cried Pyotr Alexandrovich.

"Forgive me," the abbot said suddenly. "It was said of old: 'And he began to speak many things against me, even to certain foul things. But I, having heard it all, said within myself: Behold, this is the medicine of Jesus, and he has sent it to heal my vainglorious soul.' And therefore we too thank you humbly, precious guest!"

And he bowed to Fyodor Pavlovich from the waist.

"Tut-tut-tut! Sanctimony and old phrases! Old phrases and old gestures! The old lies and the official routine of bowing to the ground! We know these bows! 'A kiss on the lips and a dagger in the heart,' as in Schiller's *Robbers*. I don't like falseness, Fathers, I want the truth! But the truth is not in gudgeons, and I have proclaimed it! Father monks, why do you fast? Why do you expect a reward for it in heaven? Why, for a reward like that I'll go and fast too! No, holy monk, you try being virtuous in life, be of use to society, without shutting yourself up in a monastery with your bread

provided and without expecting a reward up there; now that will be a bit harder. I can speak smoothly too, you see, Father Abbot. What have they got ready here?" He went up to the table. "Old Factory port, Médoc bottled by the Yeliseyev Brothers, well done, Fathers! It doesn't look much like gudgeons. Just look at all the little bottles the Fathers have set out, heh-heh-heh! And who supplied all this? It's the Russian peasant, the toiler, who brings here the kopeck earned by his callused hands, tearing it away from his family and from the needs of the state! Why, holy Fathers, you suck the people's blood!"

"That is quite unworthy on your part," said Father Iosif. Father Paisy stubbornly kept silent. Miusov rushed out of the room, and Kalganov after him.

"Well, Fathers, I'll follow Pyotr Alexandrovich too! I won't come to you again; you can beg me on your knees, I won't come. I sent you a thousand little rubles, so you've pricked up your little eyes again, heh-heh-heh! No, I won't add any more. I'm taking revenge for my bygone youth, for all my humiliation!" He began pounding the table with his fist in a fit of manufactured feeling. "This little monastery has meant much in my life! Many bitter tears I have shed because of it! You turned my wife, the shrieker, against me. You cursed me at seven councils, you spread it all over the neighborhood! Enough, Fathers, this is a liberal age, the age of steamships and railroads. Not a thousand, not a hundred rubles, not a hundred kopecks, you'll get nothing from me!"

Again a nota bene. Our monastery had never meant anything special in his life, and he had never shed any bitter tears because of it. But he was so carried away by his manufactured tears that for one moment he almost believed himself; he very nearly wept from tender emotion; but at that same instant he felt that it was time to turn the shafts around. In answer to his malicious lie the abbot inclined his head and again said impressively:

"It is said again: 'Endure with discernment and with joy the dishonor that comes upon you unbidden, and be not confounded, nor hate the one who dishonors you.' So shall we do."

"Tut-tut-tut, 'and they did deem'! and the rest of that gibberish! Go on deeming, Fathers, and I'll be off. And I am taking my son Alexei away from here forever by my parental authority. Ivan Fyodorovich, my most respectful son, allow me to order you to follow me! Von Sohn, why should you stay here? Come to my place in town right now. It's jolly at my place. It's only a little verst or so; instead of Lenten oil I'll serve you suckling pig with kasha; we'll have dinner; I'll put out some cognac, then some liqueur; there's mamurovka… Hey, von Sohn, don't let your happiness slip away!"

He went out, shouting and gesticulating. It was at that very moment that Rakitin saw him coming out and pointed him out to Alyosha.

"Alexei!" his father shouted to him from a distance, catching sight of him. "Move to my house for good this very day, and bring your pillow and mattress, and don't let even the smell of you be left here."

Alyosha stood rooted to the spot, silently and attentively watching the scene. Meanwhile Fyodor Pavlovich climbed into the carriage, and after him, without even turning to Alyosha to say goodbye, Ivan Fyodorovich silently and sullenly began to climb in. But here yet another clownish and almost incredible scene took place, which rounded off the episode. Suddenly the landowner Maximov appeared at the step of the carriage. He had come running, out of breath, so as not to be late. Rakitin and Alyosha had seen him running. He was in such a hurry that in his impatience he had already put his foot on the step, where Ivan Fyodorovich's left foot was still standing, and, grabbing hold of the body of the carriage, he began trying to jump in.

“Me too, me too, I’m coming with you!” he kept crying out, hopping up and down, laughing a little merry laugh, with bliss on his face and ready for anything. “Take me too!”

“Well, didn’t I say,” Fyodor Pavlovich shouted in delight, “that this is von Sohn! That this is the real von Sohn, risen from the dead! But how did you break away from there? What von-Sohnery have you been up to there, and how could the likes of you leave a dinner? One must have a brazen face for that! I have a brazen face, but I’m amazed at yours, brother! Jump, jump in quickly! Let him in, Vanya, it will be jolly. He can lie somewhere here at our feet. Will you lie at our feet, von Sohn? Or shall we perch him on the box with the coachman?... Jump up on the box, von Sohn!...”

But Ivan Fyodorovich, who had already taken his seat, silently and with all his might suddenly shoved Maximov in the chest, and Maximov went flying back a whole sazhen, a good seven feet. If he did not fall, it was only by chance.

“Drive on!” Ivan Fyodorovich shouted angrily to the coachman.

“Well, what’s the matter with you? What’s the matter with you? Why did you do that to him?” Fyodor Pavlovich flared up, but the carriage was already moving. Ivan Fyodorovich did not answer.

“Just look at you!” Fyodor Pavlovich said again after two minutes of silence, looking askance at his son. “It was you yourself who thought up this whole monastery business, you yourself egged me on, you yourself approved of it, so why are you angry now?”

“Stop pounding out nonsense; rest a little now, at least,” Ivan Fyodorovich snapped sternly.

Fyodor Pavlovich was silent again for some two minutes.

“A little cognac would be good now,” he remarked sententiously. But Ivan Fyodorovich did not answer.

“When we get there, you’ll have a drink too.”

Ivan Fyodorovich was still silent.

Fyodor Pavlovich waited another two minutes or so.

"But I'll take Alyoshka out of the monastery all the same, even though it will be very unpleasant for you, most respectful Karl von Moor."

Ivan Fyodorovich shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and, turning away, began to look at the road. After that they did not speak again all the way home.

Book Three: The Sensualists

I. In the Servants' Quarters

The house of Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov stood far from the very center of town, but not quite on the outskirts either. It was rather old, but had a pleasant exterior: one story, with an attic room above, painted a grayish color, and with a red iron roof. It could still stand for a very long time, however; it was roomy and snug. There were many different little storerooms in it, various hiding places and unexpected little staircases. There were rats in it, but Fyodor Pavlovich was not altogether angry with them: "All the same, it's not so dull in the evenings when you're left alone." And he really was in the habit of sending the servants off for the night to the cottage in the yard and locking himself up alone in the house for the whole night. This cottage stood in the yard; it was spacious and solid; and Fyodor Pavlovich had decided that the kitchen should be there too, though the house had a kitchen of its own: kitchen smells were not to his liking, and the food was carried across the yard winter and summer. In general, the house had been built for a large family: five times as many masters and servants could have been lodged in it. But at the time of our story only Fyodor Pavlovich and Ivan Fyodorovich lived in the house, and in the servants' cottage there were only three servants in all: old Grigory, old Marfa, his wife, and the servant Smerdyakov, still a young man. I must say a little more in detail about these three persons in service. About old Grigory Vasilyevich Kutuzov, however, we have already said enough. He was a firm and unswerving man, going stubbornly and in a straight line toward his point, if only that point, for some reason (often a surprisingly illogical one),

stood before him as an unalterable truth. Generally speaking, he was honest and incorruptible. His wife, Marfa Ignatyevna, although she had bowed unquestioningly to her husband's will all her life, had pestered him terribly, for instance, right after the emancipation of the serfs, to leave Fyodor Pavlovich, go to Moscow, and start some sort of little trade there (they had a bit of money put by); but Grigory decided then and there, once and for all, that the woman was talking nonsense, "because every woman is dishonest," but that they ought not to leave their former master, whatever he might be himself, "because that was their duty now."

"Do you understand what duty is?" he said, addressing Marfa Ignatyevna.

"I understand about duty, Grigory Vasilyevich, but what duty we have here to stay on, that I can't understand at all," Marfa Ignatyevna answered firmly.

"Then don't understand it, but that's how it will be. From now on, hold your tongue."

And so it turned out: they did not leave, and Fyodor Pavlovich set them wages, small ones, and paid the wages. Grigory knew, besides, that he had an indisputable influence over his master. He felt it, and it was true: a cunning and stubborn buffoon, Fyodor Pavlovich, while of very firm character "in certain things of life," as he himself put it, was, to his own surprise, rather weak of character in certain other "things of life." And he knew himself which ones; he knew, and he feared a great deal. In certain things of life one had to keep one's ears open, and it was hard to do so without a faithful man, and Grigory was the most faithful of men. It even happened that many times in the course of his career Fyodor Pavlovich might have been beaten, and beaten painfully, and Grigory always got him out of it, though each time he read him a lecture afterward. But beatings alone would not have frightened Fyodor Pavlovich: there were higher occasions, even very subtle

and complex ones, when Fyodor Pavlovich himself would perhaps not have been able to define that extraordinary need for a faithful and intimate man which he sometimes suddenly began to feel within himself, instantly and incomprehensibly. These were almost morbid occasions: most depraved, and in his sensuality often cruel, like a wicked insect, Fyodor Pavlovich sometimes suddenly felt in himself, in drunken moments, a spiritual fear and a moral shock that almost, so to speak, even physically resounded in his soul. "At those times my soul seems to be fluttering right in my throat," he used to say sometimes. It was in those moments that he liked to have near him, close by, perhaps not in the same room but in the cottage, a man like that, devoted, firm, not at all like him, not depraved, who, though he saw all the dissipation going on and knew all the secrets, would still, out of devotion, allow it all, not oppose it, above all would not reproach him and would hold no threat over him, whether for this age or the age to come; and who, in case of need, would defend him—from whom? From someone unknown, but terrible and dangerous. The point was precisely that there must be another man, an old and friendly one, so that in a sick moment he could call him, only to look into his face, perhaps to exchange a word, even some quite irrelevant word, and if the man was all right and not angry, then somehow his heart felt lighter, and if he was angry, well, then it was sadder. It happened (though extremely rarely, however) that Fyodor Pavlovich even went at night to the cottage to wake Grigory so that he would come to him for a moment. Grigory would come, and Fyodor Pavlovich would talk about the most utter trifles and soon let him go, sometimes even with a little jeer and a little joke, and he himself, with a spit, would go to bed and sleep the sleep of the righteous. Something of this sort had happened to Fyodor Pavlovich after Alyosha's arrival too. Alyosha had "pierced his heart" by the fact that he "lived, saw everything, and condemned nothing." More

than that, he had brought with him a thing never seen before: a complete absence of contempt for him, the old man; on the contrary, a constant affection and a perfectly natural, straightforward attachment to him, who had deserved it so little. All this was a complete surprise to the old lecher and man without a family, quite unexpected for him, who until then had loved only "vileness." When Alyosha left, he admitted to himself that he had understood something he had not wanted to understand until then.

I have already mentioned at the beginning of my story how Grigory hated Adelaida Ivanovna, Fyodor Pavlovich's first wife and the mother of his first son, Dmitri Fyodorovich, and how, on the contrary, he defended his second wife, the shrieker Sofya Ivanovna, against his own master himself and against anyone who might take it into his head to say a bad or frivolous word about her. His sympathy for this unhappy woman had turned into something sacred, so that even twenty years later he would not have borne even a bad hint about her, from whomever it came, and would at once have answered the offender. In outward appearance Grigory was a cold and grave man, not talkative, letting out weighty, unfrivolous words. In the same way it would have been impossible to make out at first glance whether he loved his meek, submissive wife or not, and yet he really did love her, and she, of course, understood it. This Marfa Ignatyevna was a woman who was not only not stupid but perhaps even more intelligent than her spouse, at least more sensible than he in everyday affairs, and yet she submitted to him without a murmur and without answering back, from the very beginning of their marriage, and indisputably respected him for his spiritual superiority. It is remarkable that all their lives the two of them spoke extremely little with each other, except about the most necessary and current things. Grave and majestic, Grigory always thought over all his affairs and cares alone, so that Marfa Ignatyevna had long since understood, once

and for all, that he had no need of her advice at all. She felt that her husband valued her silence and credited her with intelligence for it. He had never beaten her, except only once, and that lightly. In the first year of Adelaida Ivanovna's marriage to Fyodor Pavlovich, once in the country, the village girls and women, still serfs then, were gathered in the master's courtyard to sing and dance. They began "In the Meadows," and suddenly Marfa Ignatyevna, still a young woman then, sprang out in front of the chorus and danced the "Russian" in a special manner, not the village way, like the peasant women, but as she used to dance when she was a house serf girl at the rich Miusovs' in their private landowners' theater, where a dancing master brought from Moscow taught the actors to dance. Grigory saw how his wife danced, and at home in their cottage, an hour later, he taught her a lesson, pulling her hair a little. But with that the beatings ended once and for all and were never repeated even once in their whole life, and Marfa Ignatyevna, for her part, swore off dancing from then on.

God did not give them children; there was one little baby, and that one died. But Grigory evidently loved children, and did not even hide it, that is, he was not ashamed to show it. When Adelaida Ivanovna ran away, he took Dmitri Fyodorovich into his arms, a little boy of three, and fussed over him for almost a year, combed his hair with a little comb himself, even washed him in a tub himself. Afterward he took trouble over Ivan Fyodorovich too, and over Alyosha, for which he got a slap in the face; but I have already told about all this. His own little baby, however, gladdened him only with hope, while Marfa Ignatyevna was still pregnant. When it was born, it struck his heart with grief and horror. The fact was that this boy was born with six fingers. Seeing this, Grigory was so crushed that he not only kept silent right up to the day of the christening, but deliberately went off into the garden to

be silent there. It was spring, and for all three days he dug the beds in the kitchen garden. On the third day the infant was to be christened; by that time Grigory had already worked something out. Entering the cottage, where the clergy had gathered and guests had come and, finally, Fyodor Pavlovich himself, who had appeared in person as godfather, he suddenly declared that the child "ought not to be christened at all." He declared it not loudly, did not enlarge upon it in words, barely squeezed it out word by word, but only stared dully and fixedly at the priest as he did so.

"Why so?" the priest inquired with merry surprise.

"Because it's... a dragon..." Grigory muttered.

"How a dragon, what dragon?"

Grigory was silent for some time.

"A confusion of nature has occurred..." he muttered, very unclearly but very firmly, and evidently not wishing to enlarge on it further.

They laughed and, of course, christened the poor little baby. Grigory prayed zealously at the font, but did not change his opinion of the newborn. He did not interfere with anything, however; only, for the whole two weeks that the sickly boy lived, he hardly looked at him, did not even want to notice him, and for the most part went out of the cottage. But when the boy died of thrush after two weeks, he laid him in the little coffin himself, looked at him with deep anguish, and when they were filling in the shallow little grave, he knelt down and bowed to the ground before the little grave. For many years after that he never once mentioned his child, and Marfa Ignatyevna never once recalled her child in his presence either, and when she happened to speak with anyone about her "little one," she spoke in a whisper, even if Grigory Vasilyevich was not there. As Marfa Ignatyevna observed, from the time of that little grave he took up chiefly with "the divine"; he read the *Lives of the Saints*, mostly silently and alone, each time

putting on his big round silver spectacles. He rarely read aloud, except perhaps in Lent. He loved the Book of Job; he had got hold somewhere of a copy of the sayings and sermons of "our God-bearing Father Isaac the Syrian," and read it stubbornly and for many years, understood almost exactly nothing in it, but perhaps for that very reason prized and loved this book most of all. Quite recently he had begun to listen to and look into the Khlysty, for which there turned out to be an occasion in the neighborhood; he was evidently shaken, but did not see fit to go over to the new faith. His reading in "the divine," of course, lent his physiognomy still greater gravity.

Perhaps he was inclined to mysticism. And here, as if on purpose, the occasion of his six-fingered infant's coming into the world and its death coincided exactly with another very strange, unexpected, and original occurrence, which left on his soul, as he himself once put it later, "a seal." It so happened that on the very day they buried the six-fingered mite, Marfa Ignatyevna, waking in the night, heard what sounded like the crying of a newborn child. She was frightened and woke her husband. He listened and remarked that it was more likely someone moaning, "a woman, seemingly." He got up and dressed; it was a fairly warm May night. Going out onto the porch, he could clearly hear that the moans were coming from the garden. But the garden was locked at night from the yard side, and it was impossible to get into it except by that entrance, because a strong, high fence ran all around the garden. Returning to the house, Grigory lit a lantern, took the garden key, and, paying no attention to the hysterical terror of his spouse, who still insisted that she heard a child crying and that it was surely her little boy crying and calling her, went silently into the garden. There he made out clearly that the moans were coming from their little bathhouse, which stood in the garden not far from the gate, and that it really was a woman moaning. Opening the

bathhouse, he saw a sight before which he stood dumbfounded: a holy fool of the town, who roamed the streets, a familiar figure to the whole town, nicknamed Stinking Lizaveta,[1] had got into their bathhouse and had just given birth to a baby. The baby lay beside her, and she was dying beside it. She said nothing at all, if only because she could not speak. But all this needs to be explained separately.

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1. In Russian, *Lizaveta Smerdyashchaya*: *smerdyashchaya* means “stinking” (from *smerdet’*, “to stink”), the same root as the surname Smerdyakov.

II. Stinking Lizaveta

There was one particular circumstance here which shook Grigory deeply, finally confirming in him a certain unpleasant and loathsome suspicion he had had before. This Stinking Lizaveta was a very short girl, "two arshins and a bit," well under five feet, as many of the pious old women of our little town recalled about her with tender feeling after her death. Her twenty-year-old face, healthy, broad, and ruddy, was entirely idiotic; the gaze of her eyes was fixed and unpleasant, though meek. All her life, summer and winter, she went about barefoot and in nothing but a hempen shift. Her almost black hair, extremely thick and curly like a ram's, sat on her head in the form of some sort of enormous cap, as it were. Besides that, it was always dirty with earth and mud, with little leaves, splinters, and shavings stuck in it, because she always slept on the ground and in the mud. Her father was a homeless, ruined, and ailing tradesman, Ilya, who drank heavily and had lived on for many years as a sort of hired hand with some well-to-do people, also tradesmen of our town. Lizaveta's mother had died long ago. The eternally sickly and spiteful Ilya used to beat Lizaveta inhumanly whenever she came home. But she came home rarely, because she lived as a dependent all over the town, as a holy fool, a person of God. Ilya's employers, and Ilya himself, and even many of the compassionate people of the town, mostly merchants and merchants' wives, tried more than once to dress Lizaveta more decently than in a shift alone, and toward winter they always put a sheepskin coat on her and boots on her feet; but she usually let them put everything on her without objection, and

then went away, and somewhere, mostly on the porch of the cathedral church, she invariably took off everything that had been given her—a kerchief, or a skirt, a sheepskin, boots—left it all on the spot, and went off barefoot and in nothing but her shift as before. It once happened that the new governor of our province, inspecting our little town in passing, was much offended in his finest feelings on seeing Lizaveta, and though he understood that she was a "holy fool," as was reported to him, he nevertheless pointed out that a young girl wandering about in nothing but a shift offended against propriety, and so this was not to happen in the future. But the governor left, and Lizaveta was left as she was. At last her father died, and by that very fact she became even dearer to all the pious persons in the town, as an orphan. In fact, everyone even seemed to love her; even the boys did not tease her or hurt her, and our boys, especially at school, are a mischievous lot. She would walk into strangers' houses, and nobody drove her out; on the contrary, everyone would give her a kind word and a half-kopeck. They would give her a half-kopeck, she would take it and at once carry it off and drop it into some alms box, the church's or the jail's. They would give her a bagel or a roll at the market, and she would invariably go and give the bagel or roll to the first little child she met, or else she would stop one of our very richest ladies and give it to her; and the ladies even accepted it gladly. She herself lived on nothing but black bread and water. She would go into a rich shop, as it used to be, and sit down; there were expensive goods lying about, and money too, but the owners never watched out for her: they knew that you could lay out thousands in money in front of her and forget it, and she would not take a kopeck of it. She seldom went into a church, and she slept either on church porches or in somebody's kitchen garden, having climbed over somebody's wattle fence (we still have many wattle fences instead of board fences, even to this day). She came home,

that is, to the house of the people with whom her late father had lived, about once a week, and in winter she came every day, but only for the night, and would sleep either in the entryway or in the cowshed. People marveled that she could endure such a life, but she was used to it; though she was small, she had an uncommonly strong constitution. Some of the gentlefolk here maintained that she did it all only out of pride, but somehow that did not fit: she could not say a single word, and only rarely moved her tongue a little and mumbled—what sort of pride is that? And it happened once (it was a good while ago), on a bright, warm September night, at the full moon, very late by our standards, that a drunken band of our gentlemen out on a spree, five or six young bucks, were returning home from the club "by the back ways." On both sides of the lane ran a wattle fence, and behind it stretched the kitchen gardens of the adjoining houses; the lane led out onto a footbridge over our long, stinking puddle, which we sometimes like to call a little river. By the fence, in the nettles and burdocks, our company caught sight of Lizaveta asleep. The gentlemen, who had had a drop too much, stopped over her, roaring with laughter, and began making witticisms with all possible lack of censorship. It suddenly entered the head of one young gentleman to put a quite eccentric question on an impossible subject: "Could anyone at all, they say, take such a beast for a woman, right now, for instance, and so on." They all decided with proud disgust that no one could. But Fyodor Pavlovich happened to be in that little group, and he instantly jumped forward and decided that she could be taken for a woman, very much so even, and that there was even something piquant of a special kind in it, and so on, and so on. True, in those days he was pushing himself forward among us for his role of buffoon in an overly deliberate way even, liked to jump forward and amuse the gentlemen, with apparent equality, of course, but in fact as a perfect boor before them. It was just at the time when he had

received word from Petersburg of the death of his first wife, Adelaida Ivanovna, and when, with crape on his hat, he drank and carried on so disgracefully that some in the town, even among the most dissolute, were sickened at the sight of him. The band, of course, burst out laughing at the unexpected opinion; one of the band even began to egg Fyodor Pavlovich on, but the rest began to spit even harder, though still with excessive merriment, and at last they all went off on their way. Afterward Fyodor Pavlovich swore up and down that he too had left then together with all the others; perhaps that is just how it was; nobody knows for certain and nobody ever knew, but some five or six months later everyone in town began to talk with sincere and extreme indignation of how Lizaveta was going about pregnant, and they asked and inquired: whose sin was it, who was the offender? And it was just then that a strange rumor suddenly spread all over town that the offender was this very Fyodor Pavlovich. Where did this rumor come from? Of that band of revelers only one participant still remained in town by that time, and he an elderly and respectable state councilor, a man with a family and grown-up daughters, who would certainly not have spread anything, even if there had been something; the other participants, some five men, had left by then. But the rumor pointed straight at Fyodor Pavlovich and went on pointing. Of course, he did not even make much of an objection to it: he would not even have answered some petty merchants or tradesmen. In those days he was proud and talked only in his own company of officials and noblemen, whom he amused so much. It was just at that time that Grigory took his master's side energetically and with all his might, and not only defended him against all this slander, but got into quarrels and wrangles on his behalf and made many people change their minds. "She herself is to blame, the low creature," he said positively, and the offender was none other than "Karp with the Screw" (that was the name of a terrible convict, well

known to the town then, who had by that time escaped from the provincial jail and was living secretly in our town). This guess seemed plausible; people remembered Karp, remembered precisely that on those very nights, toward autumn, he had been roaming about the town and had robbed three people. But this whole incident and all this talk not only did not turn the general sympathy away from the poor holy fool, but everyone began to guard and protect her even more. The merchant's widow Kondratyeva, a well-to-do woman, even arranged to take Lizaveta into her house at the end of April, intending not to let her out until her confinement. They kept watch on her unceasingly, but it so happened that in spite of all the unceasing watch, on the very last day, in the evening, Lizaveta suddenly slipped away secretly from Kondratyeva's and turned up in Fyodor Pavlovich's garden. How she, in her condition, climbed over the high, strong fence of the garden remained a riddle of a sort. Some insisted that she had been "carried over," others that "something" had carried her over. Most likely it all happened in a very tricky but natural way, and Lizaveta, who knew how to climb over wattle fences into other people's gardens to sleep in them, somehow got up onto Fyodor Pavlovich's fence as well, and jumped down from it into the garden, though she hurt herself doing it, in spite of her condition. Grigory rushed to Marfa Ignatyevna and sent her to help Lizaveta, and he himself ran for an old midwife, a tradeswoman who, as it happened, lived not far away. The baby was saved, but toward dawn Lizaveta died. Grigory took the infant, brought it into the house, sat his wife down, and laid it on her lap, right against her breast: "God's orphan child is kin to everyone, and to you and me all the more. Our little dead one has sent us this one, and this one has come from the devil's son and a righteous woman. Nurse him, and weep no more from now on." And so Marfa Ignatyevna brought the baby up. They christened him and named him Pavel, and as for

the patronymic, everyone, without being told, began of their own accord to call him Fyodorovich. Fyodor Pavlovich did not object to anything, and even found it all amusing, though he went on denying everything with all his might. The town liked his having taken in the foundling. Later Fyodor Pavlovich made up a surname for the foundling as well: he called him Smerdyakov, after his mother's nickname, Lizaveta Smerdyashchaya, Stinking Lizaveta. And it was this Smerdyakov who turned out to be Fyodor Pavlovich's second servant, and at the beginning of our story he was living in the cottage together with old Grigory and old Marfa. He was employed as cook. I really ought to add something about him in particular too, but I am ashamed to distract my reader's attention for so long to such ordinary lackeys, and therefore I pass on to my story, trusting that Smerdyakov will somehow come in of himself in the further course of the tale.

III. The Confession of an Ardent Heart. In Verse

Alyosha, having heard his father's order, which the old man had shouted to him from the carriage as he drove away from the monastery, remained for some time where he was, in great perplexity. Not that he stood there like a post; that did not happen to him. On the contrary, for all his uneasiness, he managed at once to go to the abbot's kitchen and find out what his papa had done upstairs. Then, however, he set off, trusting that on the way to town he would somehow manage to solve the problem that was tormenting him. I will say in advance: he was not in the least afraid of his father's shouts and the order to move home "with pillows and mattress." He understood only too well that the order to move, given aloud and with such showy shouting, had been given "in a fit of enthusiasm," even for effect, so to speak—like the tradesman in their own little town who had gone on a spree not long before, at his own name-day party, and in front of his guests, angry that they would not give him any more vodka, suddenly began smashing his own dishes, tearing his own and his wife's clothes, breaking his furniture, and finally the windows in the house, and all, again, for effect; and something of the same sort, of course, had now happened with his papa. The next day, of course, the tradesman who had gone on the spree, having sobered up, regretted the broken cups and plates. Alyosha knew that the old man too would surely let him go back to the monastery the very next day, perhaps even that same day. And besides, he was fully certain that his father

might wish to wrong anyone else, but not him. Alyosha was certain that nobody in the whole world would ever wish to wrong him, and not only would not wish to but could not. This was an axiom for him, given once and for all, without argument, and in this sense he went forward without any hesitation.

But at that moment another fear was stirring in him, of quite another kind, and all the more tormenting because he could not have defined it himself: namely, a fear of a woman, and precisely of Katerina Ivanovna, who had so insistently begged him, in the note handed to him earlier by Mrs. Khokhlakova, to come to her for some reason. This demand, and the necessity of going without fail, had at once instilled a sort of tormenting feeling in his heart, and all morning, the further it went, the more, more and more painfully, this feeling ached in him, in spite of all the scenes and adventures that followed in the monastery, and just now at the abbot's, and so on, and so on. He was not afraid because he did not know what she would talk to him about and what he would answer her. Nor was it woman in general that he feared in her: he knew little of women, of course, but still, all his life, from earliest infancy right up to the monastery, he had lived with no one but them. He was afraid of this particular woman, precisely of Katerina Ivanovna herself. He had been afraid of her from the very first time he saw her. And he had seen her only once or twice, three times perhaps, and had even once happened to exchange a few words with her. He remembered her image as that of a beautiful, proud, and imperious girl. But it was not her beauty that tormented him; it was something else. It was precisely the inexplicability of his fear that increased the fear in him now. This girl's aims were most noble, he knew that; she was striving to save his brother Dmitri, who was already guilty before her, and striving out of sheer magnanimity. And yet, in spite of his awareness, and in spite of the justice that he could not help rendering to all these fine and magnanimous

feelings, a chill ran down his spine the nearer he came to her house.

He reckoned that he would not find his brother Ivan Fyodorovich, who was so close to her, at her house: brother Ivan was surely with their father now. Dmitri he was still more certain not to find, and he had a presentiment why. So their conversation would take place in private. He would very much have liked to see brother Dmitri before this fateful conversation and to run in on him. Without showing him the letter, he might have exchanged a word or two with him about something. But brother Dmitri lived far away and was surely not at home now either. After standing still for a minute, he finally made up his mind. Crossing himself with a habitual, hasty sign of the cross and at once smiling at something, he set off resolutely toward his terrible lady.

He knew her house. But if he had to go by way of the High Street, then across the square, and so on, it would be a fair distance. Our little town is extremely spread out, and the distances in it are sometimes quite large. Besides, his father was waiting for him, perhaps had not yet had time to forget his order, and might turn capricious, and so he had to hurry to get to both places in time. As a result of all these considerations he decided to shorten the way by going by the back ways, and he knew all these passages in the little town like the back of his hand. By the back ways meant almost without roads, along deserted fences, sometimes even climbing over other people's wattle fences and passing through other people's yards, where, however, everyone knew him and everyone greeted him. In this way he could come out onto the High Street by half the distance. At one point he even had to pass very close to his father's house, namely past the garden next to his father's, which belonged to a decrepit little crooked house with four windows. The owner of this little house, as Alyosha knew, was a townswoman, a legless old woman who lived with her daughter,

a former civilized lady's maid in the capital, who until recently had kept going from one general's household to another, and now for about a year, because of the old woman's illness, had come home and was showing off in chic dresses. This old woman and her daughter had fallen, however, into terrible poverty, and even went every day to Fyodor Pavlovich's kitchen next door for soup and bread. Marfa Ignatyevna was glad to ladle some out for them. But the daughter, though she came for soup, had not sold a single one of her dresses, and one of them even had a very long train. Alyosha had learned of this last circumstance, quite by chance of course, from his friend Rakitin, who knew absolutely everything in their little town, and, having learned it, he had naturally forgotten it at once. But now, coming level with the neighbor's garden, he suddenly remembered precisely that train, quickly raised his bowed and pensive head, and… suddenly ran into a most unexpected encounter.

Behind the wattle fence in the neighbor's garden, perched up on something, his brother Dmitri Fyodorovich was standing, leaning out as far as his chest, and with all his might making signs to him with his hands, calling him and beckoning to him, evidently afraid not only to shout but even to say a word aloud, lest he be heard. Alyosha at once ran up to the fence.

"A good thing you looked up yourself, or I'd almost have shouted to you," Dmitri Fyodorovich whispered to him joyfully and hurriedly. "Climb in here! Quick! Ah, how splendid that you've come. I was just thinking about you…"

Alyosha was glad himself, and was only puzzled how to climb over the fence. But "Mitya" caught his elbow with a giant's hand and helped him jump. Gathering up his cassock, Alyosha jumped over with the agility of a barefoot town urchin.

"Well done, and now come on!" broke from Mitya in a rapturous whisper.

“Where to?” Alyosha whispered too, looking around on all sides and finding himself in a completely empty garden, in which there was no one but the two of them. The garden was small, but the owner’s little house was nevertheless no less than fifty paces from them. “But there’s no one here; why are you whispering?”

“Why am I whispering? Ah, devil take it,” Dmitri Fyodorovich suddenly cried at the top of his voice, “why am I whispering? Well, you see for yourself how a muddle of nature can suddenly come about. I’m here in secret, guarding a secret. Explanations later, but knowing that it’s a secret, I suddenly began to speak secretly too, and I’m whispering like a fool when there’s no need. Come on! Over there! Until then, keep quiet. I want to kiss you!

“Glory to the Highest in the world,
Glory to the Highest in me!...

“I was just repeating that, sitting here, before you came...”

The garden was the size of a desyatina or a little more, but it was planted with trees only around the edge, along all four fences —apple trees, a maple, a linden, a birch. The middle of the garden was empty, given over to a meadow, from which several poods of hay were mown in summer. The owner let the garden out from spring on for a few rubles. There were also beds of raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, again all along the fences, and vegetable beds close to the house itself, started only recently, however. Dmitri Fyodorovich led his guest to the corner of the garden farthest from the house. There, suddenly, among thickly growing lindens and old bushes of currant and elder, guelder rose and lilac, there appeared something like the ruins of a very ancient green summerhouse, blackened and lopsided, with latticed walls but a roof overhead, in which one could still shelter from the rain. The summerhouse had been built God knows when, fifty years ago by tradition, by a certain owner of the little house in those days,

Alexander Karlovich von Schmidt, a retired lieutenant colonel. But everything had already decayed, the floor had rotted, all the floorboards were loose, and the wood smelled of damp. In the summerhouse stood a green wooden table, sunk into the ground, and around it ran benches, also green, on which one could still sit. Alyosha had noticed his brother's rapturous state at once, but, entering the summerhouse, he saw on the little table half a bottle of cognac and a little glass.

"That's cognac!" Mitya roared with laughter. "And you're already looking: 'drinking again'? Don't believe the phantom.

"Do not believe the hollow, lying crowd,
Forget your doubts…

"I'm not drinking, I'm only 'treating myself,' as that swine of yours Rakitin says, who will become a state councilor and will go on saying 'treating myself.' Sit down. I'd take you, Alyoshka, and press you to my breast, so hard as to crush you, for in the whole world… truly… tru-ly… (take it in! take it in!) I love only you alone!"

He uttered the last line in a sort of near frenzy.

"Only you, and one 'low creature' besides, whom I've fallen in love with, and that's been the ruin of me. But to fall in love is not to love. One can fall in love even while hating. Remember that! Now, while I'm cheerful, I'll say it! Sit down here at the table, and I'll sit beside you, to the side, and I'll look at you and keep talking. You'll keep silent, and I'll keep talking, because the time has come. But, you know, I've decided that we really must speak quietly, because here… here… the most unexpected ears may turn up. I'll explain everything; as they say, to be continued. Why was I so eager to see you, why was I thirsting for you just now, all these days, and now? (I've been anchored here five days already.) All these days? Because I'll tell everything to you alone, because I must, because you are needed, because tomorrow I fall from the clouds, because tomor-

row life ends and begins. Have you ever felt, have you ever dreamed of falling from a mountain into a pit? Well, now I'm falling, and it's no dream. And I'm not afraid, and you mustn't be afraid either. That is, I am afraid, but it's sweet to me. That is, not sweet, but rapture... Well, the devil with it, it doesn't matter, whatever happens. A strong spirit, a weak spirit, a woman's spirit—whatever happens! Let us praise nature: look how much sun there is, what a clear sky, every leaf still green, it's full summer yet, four o'clock in the afternoon, the stillness! Where were you going?"

"I was going to Father's, but first I wanted to call on Katerina Ivanovna."

"To her and to Father! Whew! What a coincidence! Why, what did I call you for, what did I want you for, what did I hunger and thirst for you for with every winding of my soul and even with my ribs? To send you to Father, precisely, from me, and then to her, to Katerina Ivanovna, and so to have done both with her and with Father. To send an angel. I could have sent anyone, but I needed to send an angel. And here you are, going to her and to Father yourself."

"Did you really want to send me?" broke from Alyosha, with a pained expression on his face.

"Wait, you knew it. And I see that you understood everything at once. But be quiet, be quiet for now. Don't pity me and don't cry!"

Dmitri Fyodorovich stood up, became thoughtful, and put a finger to his forehead:

"She called you herself, she wrote you a letter, or something, that's why you were going to her; otherwise would you have gone?"

"Here is the note," Alyosha said, taking it out of his pocket. Mitya ran through it quickly.

"And you came by the back ways! O gods! I thank you for sending him by the back ways so that he fell into my hands, like the

golden fish to the old fool of a fisherman in the tale. Listen, Alyosha, listen, brother. Now I intend to tell everything. For I must tell someone at least. I've already told an angel in heaven, but I must tell an angel on earth too. You are an angel on earth. You will hear me out, you will judge, and you will forgive… And that is just what I need, for someone higher to forgive me. Listen: if two beings suddenly break away from everything earthly and fly off into the extraordinary, or at least one of them does, and before that, flying away or perishing, comes to the other and says: do this and that for me, something one never asks of anyone, but which one may ask only on one's deathbed—then surely the other will do it… if he's a friend, if he's a brother?"

"I will do it, but tell me what it is, and tell me quickly," said Alyosha.

"Quickly… Hm. Don't hurry, Alyosha: you're hurrying and fretting. There's no need to rush now. Now the world has come out onto a new street. Ah, Alyosha, what a pity you've never thought your way up to rapture! But then, what am I telling him? As if you, of all people, hadn't thought your way up to it! What am I saying, blockhead that I am:

"Be noble, man!

"Whose line is that?"

Alyosha decided to wait. He understood that all his business really was, perhaps, only here now. Mitya fell into thought for a moment, leaning his elbow on the table and resting his head on his palm. Both were silent.

"Lyosha," said Mitya, "you're the only one who won't laugh! I'd like to open… my confession… with Schiller's hymn to joy. *An die Freude*! But I don't know German, I only know that it's *an die Freude*. And don't think I'm babbling because I'm drunk. I'm not drunk at all. Cognac is cognac, but I need two bottles to get drunk —

"And Silenus, ruddy-faced,

On his stumbling ass—

"and I haven't drunk even a quarter of a bottle, and I'm no Silenus. Not Silenus, but steel-in-us, because I've made a decision forever. Forgive me the pun; you'll have to forgive me a great deal today, not just a pun. Don't worry, I'm not spinning it out, I'm talking business and I'll come to the point in a moment. I won't drag it out. Wait, how does it go…"

He raised his head, thought for a moment, and suddenly began rapturously:

“Timid, naked, wild, there hid
The Troglodyte in caves of rock,
The nomad wandered through the fields
And laid the fields to waste.
The hunter with his spear and arrows
Roamed the forests, terrible…
Woe to those the waves have flung
Upon unsheltering shores!
From the Olympian summit
Mother Ceres descends in search
Of her stolen Proserpina:
Wild the world lies before her.
Neither shelter nor a welcome
Anywhere for the goddess there;
And nowhere does a temple
Bear witness to the gods’ worship.
The fruit of fields, the sweet grape-clusters
Do not shine at any feasts;
Only remnants of bodies smoke
On the bloodstained altars.
And wherever with sad eye
Ceres turns her gaze there,
In deep humiliation
Everywhere she sees man!”

Sobs suddenly broke from Mitya’s breast. He seized Alyosha by the hand.

“My friend, my friend, in humiliation, in humiliation still, even now. A man has a terrible lot to endure on earth, a terrible lot of

misfortunes! Don't think I'm nothing but a boor with an officer's rank who drinks cognac and leads a debauched life. I think of hardly anything but this, brother, of this humiliated man, if only I'm not lying. God grant I don't lie now and don't praise myself. I think of this man because I'm such a man myself.

"That man may rise in his soul
Out of his baseness,
With the ancient mother earth
Let him make a union forever.

"But here's the thing: how am I to make a union with the earth forever? I don't kiss the earth, I don't cut open her breast; am I to become a peasant or a shepherd boy, then? I go on and I don't know: have I landed in stench and shame, or in light and joy? That's where the trouble is, for everything in the world is a riddle! And whenever I happened to sink into the very, very deepest shame of debauchery (and that's all that ever happened to me), I always read that poem about Ceres and about man. Did it reform me? Never! Because I'm a Karamazov. Because if I'm going to fly into the abyss, I'll go straight down, head first and heels in the air, and I'm even pleased to be falling in just such a humiliating position, and I consider it beauty for myself. And in that very shame I suddenly begin a hymn. Let me be cursed, let me be low and vile, but let me too kiss the hem of that robe in which my God is clothed; let me be following the devil at the same time, but I am still your son too, Lord, and I love you, and I feel the joy without which the world cannot stand and be.

"Eternal joy gives drink
To the soul of God's creation,
By the secret power of ferment
She sets the cup of life aflame;
She coaxed the blade of grass to light,
Unfolded chaos into suns,
And poured them through the spaces
Beyond the stargazer's rule.
At the breast of kindly nature
All that breathes drinks joy;
All creatures and all peoples
She draws along behind her;
She gave us friends in misfortune,
The juice of grapes, the Graces' garlands,
To insects—sensuality…
The angel—stands before God.

"But enough of verses! I've shed tears, so let me weep. Let it be foolishness that everyone will laugh at, but not you. There, your little eyes are shining too. Enough of verses. I want to tell you now about the 'insects,' about those whom God endowed with sensuality:

"To insects—sensuality!

"I, brother, am that very insect, and it was said specially about me. And all of us Karamazovs are the same, and in you, an angel, that insect lives too and raises storms in your blood. Storms, because sensuality is a storm, more than a storm! Beauty is a terrible and an awful thing! Terrible because it is undefinable, and it cannot be defined because God has set nothing but riddles. Here the shores meet, here all contradictions live together. I'm very

uneducated, brother, but I've thought a lot about this. A terrible lot of mysteries! Too many riddles weigh down a man on earth. Solve them as best you can and come out of the water dry. Beauty! What I can't bear, besides, is that some man, even one higher in heart and with a lofty mind, starts out from the ideal of the Madonna and finishes with the ideal of Sodom. More terrible still is the man who, with the ideal of Sodom already in his soul, still does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna, and his heart burns with it, and truly, truly burns, as in his young, unblemished years. No, man is broad, even too broad; I'd narrow him. Devil knows what it even is, that's what! What seems shame to the mind is nothing but beauty to the heart. Is there beauty in Sodom? Believe me, it is in Sodom that it sits for the vast majority of people—did you know that secret or not? The awful thing is that beauty is not only a terrible but also a mysterious thing. Here the devil is fighting with God, and the battlefield is the hearts of men. But then, everyone talks about what hurts him. Listen, now to the business itself."

IV. The Confession of an Ardent Heart. In Anecdotes

"I led a wild life there. Father said earlier that I used to pay several thousand for seducing girls. That's a swinish phantom, it never happened, and what did happen didn't, strictly speaking, require money for 'that.' With me money is an accessory, the fever of the soul, the setting. Today she's my lady, tomorrow a little street girl in her place. I amuse the one and the other, I throw money around by the handful, music, uproar, gypsy girls. If need be, I give her some too, because they take it, they take it with a passion, that has to be admitted, and they're pleased and grateful. Fine ladies loved me, not all of them, but it happened, it happened; but I always loved the little back lanes, the dark, out-of-the-way little alleys beyond the square—there are adventures there, surprises there, nuggets of gold in the mud. I'm speaking allegorically, brother. In our little town there weren't any real lanes like that, but there were moral ones. But if you were what I am, you'd understand what they mean. I loved debauchery, and I loved the shame of debauchery too. I loved cruelty: am I not a bedbug, a wicked insect? It's said: a Karamazov! Once the whole town went on a picnic, we drove off in seven troikas; in the dark, in winter, in the sledge, I began squeezing the little hand of a girl next to me and forced kisses on that girl, an official's daughter, poor, sweet, meek, unresisting. She allowed it, allowed a lot in the dark. She thought, poor thing, that I'd come for her the next day and propose (I was valued as a suitor, mainly); and after that I didn't say a word to her,

not half a word for five months. I saw her little eyes following me from a corner of the ballroom whenever there was dancing (and among us there's nothing but dancing), I saw how they burned with a little flame—a little flame of meek indignation. This game only amused my insect sensuality, which I was feeding in myself. Five months later she married an official and left… angry, and perhaps still loving me. Now they live happily. Mind you, I didn't tell anyone, I didn't give her a bad name; though I'm low in my desires and love lowness, I'm not without honor. You're blushing, your eyes have flashed. You've had enough of this filth. And all this was still nothing much, little Paul de Kock posies, although the cruel insect was already growing, already spreading in my soul. There's a whole album of memories here, brother. May God send them health, the darlings. When I broke things off, I liked not to quarrel. And I never gave anyone away, never gave a single one of them a bad name. But enough. Did you really think I called you here just for this trash? No, I'll tell you a more curious thing; but don't be surprised that I'm not ashamed before you, and even seem to be glad."

"You say that because I blushed," Alyosha suddenly remarked. "I didn't blush at your words or for your deeds, but because I am the same as you."

"You? Well, that's going a bit far."

"No, not far," Alyosha said warmly. (Evidently the thought had been in him for a long time.) "It's all the same steps. I'm on the very lowest, and you're above, somewhere on the thirteenth. That's how I look at it, but it's all one and the same, entirely of a kind. Whoever has set foot on the lowest step will in any case certainly go up to the top one."

"So one shouldn't set foot at all?"

"Whoever can—shouldn't set foot at all."

"And can you?"

"I think not."

"Hush, Alyosha, hush, my dear, I want to kiss your hand, just like that, out of tenderness. That rogue Grushenka is a connoisseur of men; she told me once that someday she would eat you up. I'm quiet, I'm quiet! From the abominations, from a field fouled by flies, let us pass to my tragedy, also a field fouled by flies, that is, by every kind of lowness. The thing is, you see, the old man lied about seducing innocents, but in essence, in my tragedy, that is just how it was, though it happened only once, and even then it didn't come off. The old man, who reproached me with a fable, doesn't know this particular business: I've never told anyone, I'll tell you now, the first, except Ivan, of course; Ivan knows everything. He's known it long before you. But Ivan is a grave."

"Ivan is a grave?"

"Yes."

Alyosha was listening extremely attentively.

"I was in that battalion, a line battalion, as an ensign, but all the same I was as if under surveillance, like some sort of exile. And the little town received me terribly well. I threw a lot of money around; they believed I was rich, and I believed it myself. But then I must have pleased them with something else too. They shook their heads, but, honestly, they loved me. My lieutenant colonel, an old man already, suddenly took a dislike to me. He found fault with me; but I had a hand to back me, and besides, the whole town stood up for me, so he couldn't find much fault. I was to blame myself; I deliberately didn't show him the proper respect. I was proud. This old stubborn fellow, not at all a bad man and a most good-natured host, had once had two wives; both had died. One, the first, was from some simple people and left him a daughter, also simple. In my time she was already a maiden of twenty-four or so and lived with her father together with her aunt, her late mother's sister. The aunt was a speechless simplicity, and the

niece, the lieutenant colonel's elder daughter, a lively simplicity. I like to say a good word when I remember: never, my dear, did I know a more charming feminine character than that girl's; her name was Agafya, imagine, Agafya Ivanovna. And she wasn't at all bad-looking either, in the Russian taste—tall, buxom, full-bodied, with beautiful eyes, her face, let's say, a bit coarse. She didn't marry, though two men proposed; she refused them and didn't lose her cheerfulness. I became close with her—not in that way, no, it was pure there, but just as friends. I've often become close with women quite sinlessly, as friends. I'd chatter to her about such candid things, whew!—and she only laughed. Many women love candor, mark that, and besides, she was a maiden, which amused me very much. And here's another thing: you couldn't possibly have called her a young lady. They lived at her father's, she and her aunt, somehow voluntarily lowering themselves, not putting themselves on a level with the rest of society. Everyone loved her and needed her, because she was a fine dressmaker: she had a talent, didn't ask money for her services, did it out of kindness, but when she was given presents, she didn't refuse them. As for the lieutenant colonel—my word! The lieutenant colonel was one of the very first persons in our parts. He lived in grand style, received the whole town, suppers, dances. When I arrived and joined the battalion, the whole little town began talking about how the lieutenant colonel's second daughter would soon be coming to us from the capital, a beauty of beauties, who had only just finished, they said, at one of the aristocratic institutes in the capital. This second daughter is this very Katerina Ivanovna, and from the lieutenant colonel's second wife. And this second wife, now deceased, was from a distinguished family, some great general's house, though, as I know for certain, she didn't bring the lieutenant colonel any money either. So she came with relations, and that was all, maybe some expectations, but nothing in hand. And

yet, when the institute girl arrived (for a visit, not for good), our whole little town seemed to be renewed; our most distinguished ladies—two generals' wives, a colonel's wife, and all, all the rest after them, at once took her up, snatched her up, began entertaining her; she was the queen of balls and picnics; they cooked up tableaux vivants for the benefit of some governesses. I keep quiet, I carry on, it was just then that I pulled off a stunt that set the whole town buzzing. I see her measure me with her eyes once, it was at the battery commander's, but I didn't go up to her then: I disdain, as it were, to make her acquaintance. I went up to her somewhat later, also at an evening party, started talking; she barely looked at me, pursed her contemptuous little lips, and I think: just wait, I'll have my revenge! I was a most appalling boor in most cases in those days, and I felt it myself. Above all, I felt that 'Katenka' was not just some innocent institute girl, but a person with character, proud and really virtuous, and above all with intelligence and education, and I had neither the one nor the other. You think I wanted to propose? Not at all; I simply wanted revenge, because I was such a fine fellow and she didn't feel it. Meanwhile, carousing and havoc. At last the lieutenant colonel put me under arrest for three days. It was just at that time that Father sent me six thousand, after I had sent him a formal renunciation of everything and anything, that is, saying we were 'quits' and I wouldn't demand anything more. I didn't understand anything then: right up to my coming here, brother, and even up to these very last days, and perhaps even up to today, I understood nothing about all these money disputes between me and Father. But to the devil with that, that's for later. And then, having received these six, I suddenly learned for certain, from a little letter from a friend, of something most curious for me, namely that they were dissatisfied with our lieutenant colonel, that they suspected him of irregularities, in a word, that his enemies were preparing a treat for him.

And sure enough, the division commander arrived and gave him a dressing-down for all he was worth. Then a little later he was ordered to send in his resignation. I won't tell you in detail how it all came about; he really did have enemies, only suddenly in the town there was an excessive coolness toward him and toward the whole family; everyone suddenly drew back, as it were. And that was when I pulled my first stunt: I meet Agafya Ivanovna, with whom I'd always kept up a friendship, and I say: 'You know, your papa is short four thousand five hundred rubles of government money.' 'What are you saying, why do you say that? The general was here not long ago, everything was there…' 'It was then, but now it isn't.' She was terribly frightened: 'Please don't frighten me; who did you hear it from?' 'Don't worry,' I say, 'I won't tell anyone, and you know I'm a grave in such matters, but here is what I wanted to add on this score, by way, so to speak, of "in case of anything": when they demand the four thousand five hundred from your papa and he doesn't have it, then rather than be put on trial and then end up a common soldier in his old age, you'd better send me your institute girl in secret; I've just had some money sent to me, and I might hand her the four thousand, I dare say, and keep the secret sacredly.' 'Ah, what a scoundrel you are,' she says (that's just what she said)! 'What a wicked scoundrel you are,' she says! 'How dare you!' She went off in terrible indignation, and I shouted after her once more that the secret would be kept sacred and inviolable. These two women, that is, Agafya and her aunt, I'll tell you in advance, turned out to be pure angels in this whole affair, and they truly adored this sister, the proud one, Katya, lowered themselves before her, were her maids… Only Agafya went and told her about that stunt, that is, our conversation. I found it all out later, as clear as my five fingers. She didn't hide it, and that, of course, was just what I wanted.

"Suddenly a new major arrives to take over the battalion. He takes it over. The old lieutenant colonel suddenly falls ill, can't move, stays at home for two days, doesn't hand over the government funds. Our doctor Kravchenko insisted that he really was ill. Only here's what I knew thoroughly, in secret, and had known for a long time: that the sum, each time after the authorities had inspected it, and this for four years running now, disappeared for a while. The lieutenant colonel lent it to a most reliable man, a merchant of ours, an old widower, Trifonov, a bearded fellow in gold spectacles. Trifonov would go to the fair, do whatever business he needed to there, and return the money intact to the lieutenant colonel at once, and along with it he would bring presents from the fair, and with the presents a little interest. Only this time (I learned all this then quite by chance from a youngster, Trifonov's slobbering little son, his son and heir, the most depraved boy the world ever produced), this time, I say, Trifonov, coming back from the fair, returned nothing. The lieutenant colonel rushed to him: 'I never received anything from you, and couldn't have received anything'—that was the answer. Well, so our lieutenant colonel sits at home, with a towel tied around his head, and all three of them are putting ice to his crown; suddenly an orderly arrives with the book and an order: 'Hand over the government funds at once, immediately, within two hours.' He signed, I saw that signature in the book later—got up, said he was going to put on his uniform, ran into his bedroom, took his double-barreled hunting gun, loaded it, rammed in a soldier's bullet, took the boot off his right foot, set the muzzle against his chest, and started groping for the trigger with his foot. But Agafya already suspected, she had remembered my words that time; she crept up and caught sight of him in time: she burst in, threw herself on him from behind, put her arms around him, the gun went off upward into the ceiling; no one was hurt; the others ran in, seized him, took the gun away, held him by

the arms... I learned all this later down to the last detail. I was sitting at home then, it was dusk, and I was just about to go out; I had dressed, combed my hair, scented my handkerchief, picked up my cap, when suddenly the door opens and—before me, in my own lodgings, is Katerina Ivanovna.

"Strange things do happen: nobody in the street noticed her coming to me that time, so that in the town it vanished without a trace. I was renting lodgings from two officials' widows, most ancient old women, who also waited on me, respectful women; they obeyed me in everything and at my order both of them were silent afterward, like cast-iron posts. Of course I understood everything at once. She came in and looked straight at me; her dark eyes looked resolute, insolent even, but in her lips and around her lips, I see, there is irresolution.

"'My sister told me that you would give four thousand five hundred rubles if I came for them... to you myself. I have come... give me the money!...' She couldn't hold out, she choked, she was frightened, her voice broke off, and the corners of her lips and the lines around her lips trembled. Alyoshka, are you listening, or are you asleep?"

"Mitya, I know you will tell the whole truth," Alyosha said in agitation.

"That is exactly what I'll tell. If the whole truth, then here is how it was; I won't spare myself. My first thought was—a Karamazov thought. Once, brother, I was bitten by a phalanga spider, and I lay in a fever from it for two weeks; well, now too, I feel, a phalanga suddenly bit me in the heart, a wicked insect, you understand? I measured her with my eye. Have you seen her? She's a beauty, after all. But it wasn't for that that she was beautiful then. She was beautiful at that moment because she was noble and I was a scoundrel, because she was in the grandeur of her magnanimity and of her sacrifice for her father, and I was a bedbug. And on me,

a bedbug and a scoundrel, she depends entirely, entirely, all around, both soul and body. Encircled. I'll tell you straight: that thought, the phalanga's thought, so seized my heart that it nearly bled away from sheer languishing. It would seem there could no longer be any struggle at all: just act like a bedbug, like a wicked tarantula, without any pity... It even took my breath away. Listen: of course I would have come the very next day to ask for her hand, so as to end it all in the noblest manner, so to speak, and so that nobody, therefore, would know of it or could know. Because, after all, though I'm a man of low desires, I am honest. And then suddenly, at that same second, someone whispered in my ear: 'But tomorrow a girl like that, when you come to propose, won't even come out to you, but will order the coachman to throw you out of the yard. Spread it all over town, she'll say, I'm not afraid of you!' I glanced at the girl, and my voice hadn't lied: of course, that's how it would be. They'd throw me out by the scruff of the neck; you could judge by her face already. Spite began to boil up in me; I felt like playing the vilest, piggish, shopkeeper's trick: to look at her with a sneer, and right there, while she stands before you, to stun her with the intonation that only a shopkeeper knows how to use:

"'Four thousand, is it? Why, I was joking, ma'am, what are you thinking? You counted on it too trustingly, madam. Two hundred or so I might, with real pleasure and readiness even, but four thousand, that's not the kind of money, miss, to throw away on such frivolity. You have been pleased to trouble yourself for nothing.'

"You see, of course I would have lost everything, she would have run away, but then it would have come out infernal, vengeful, it would have been worth all the rest. I'd have howled with remorse all my life afterward, but just to pull off that little stunt now! Would you believe it, it had never happened to me with any woman, not with a single one, that at such a moment I looked at

her with hatred—and here I cross myself: I looked at that one then for three seconds, or five, with terrible hatred—with that very hatred which is a single hair away from love, from the maddest love! I walked over to the window, pressed my forehead to the frozen glass, and I remember that the ice burned my forehead like fire. I didn't keep her long, don't worry; I turned around, went to the table, opened the drawer, and took out a five-thousand-ruble five-percent bearer bond (it was lying in my French dictionary). Then I showed it to her in silence, folded it, gave it to her, myself opened the door to the entryway for her, and, stepping back a pace, bowed to her from the waist with a most respectful, most heartfelt bow, believe me! She trembled all over, looked at me intently for a second, turned terribly pale, well, white as a tablecloth, and suddenly, also without saying a word, not impulsively but softly, deeply, quietly, she bent down all the way and right at my feet—her forehead to the ground, not like an institute girl, but in the Russian way! She jumped up and ran off. When she ran out, I was wearing my sword; I drew my sword and wanted to stab myself right there, what for I don't know; it was terrible foolishness, of course, but it must have been from rapture. Do you understand that one can kill oneself from a certain kind of rapture? But I didn't stab myself; I only kissed the sword and put it back in its sheath—which, however, I needn't even have mentioned to you. And it seems to me that even now, telling about all those struggles, I laid it on a bit thick to praise myself. But let it be, let it be so, and devil take all the spies of the human heart! That's the whole of my former 'incident' with Katerina Ivanovna. So now brother Ivan knows about it, and you—and that's all!"

Dmitri Fyodorovich stood up, took a step and then another in agitation, took out his handkerchief, wiped the sweat from his forehead, then sat down again, but not where he had been sitting

before; in another place, on the bench opposite, by the other wall, so that Alyosha had to turn all the way around toward him.

V. The Confession of an Ardent Heart. "Heels in the Air"

"Now," said Alyosha, "I know the first half of this business."

"The first half you understand: it's a drama, and it took place there. But the second half is a tragedy, and it will take place here."

"Of the second half I still understand nothing," said Alyosha.

"And I? Do I understand it, do you think?"

"Wait, Dmitri, there's one key word here. Tell me: you're engaged, you are still engaged now?"

"I became engaged not right then, but only three months after what happened that time. The very next day after it happened, I told myself that the incident was exhausted and finished, there would be no sequel. To come and ask for her hand seemed to me a baseness. For her part, too, for the whole six weeks she lived in our town afterward, she didn't let me hear a word from her. Except, it's true, for one occasion: the day after her visit their maid slipped in to see me and, without saying a word, handed me a packet. On the packet, the address: to so-and-so. I open it—the change from the five-thousand bond. Only four thousand five hundred had been needed, and on selling the five-thousand bond there had been a loss of two hundred rubles and more. She sent me two hundred and sixty little rubles in all, it seems, I don't remember exactly, and only the money—not a note, not a word, not an explanation. I searched the packet for some sign in pencil—n-nothing! Well, I went on a spree in the meantime with the rest of my rubles, so that even the new major was at last obliged to repri-

mand me. And the lieutenant colonel handed over the government funds—safely, and to everyone's surprise, because nobody supposed any longer that he had the money intact. He handed it over, and then fell ill, took to his bed, lay there for some three weeks, then suddenly a softening of the brain set in, and in five days he died. They buried him with military honors; he hadn't yet had time to receive his discharge. Katerina Ivanovna, her sister, and her aunt, having only just buried her father, set off for Moscow some ten days later. And then, just before they left, on the very day they went (I didn't see them or see them off), I receive a tiny little packet, a little blue one, a sheet of lace paper, and on it a single line in pencil: 'I shall write to you; wait. K.' That's all.

"I'll explain it to you now in two words. In Moscow their affairs took a turn with the speed of lightning and the unexpectedness of an Arabian tale. That general's widow, her chief relative, suddenly loses her two nearest heiresses all at once, her two nearest nieces —both die of smallpox in one and the same week. The shaken old woman was overjoyed at Katya as if she were her own daughter, as at a star of salvation, flung herself upon her, at once altered her will in her favor, but that was for the future, and for now, straight into her hands—eighty thousand: here, she says, is your dowry, do what you like with it. A hysterical woman; I observed her in Moscow later. Well, then suddenly I receive four thousand five hundred rubles by post; naturally I'm bewildered and struck dumb with surprise. Three days later the promised letter arrives too. I have it even now, it's always with me, and I'll die with it—shall I show it to you? You must read it: she offers herself as my bride, she offers herself, 'I love you madly,' she says, 'let it be that you don't love me, it's all the same, only be my husband. Don't be afraid —I won't hamper you in anything, I'll be your furniture, I'll be the carpet you walk on… I want to love you forever, I want to save you from yourself…' Alyosha, I'm not worthy even to repeat those lines

in my vile words and my vile tone, my everlasting vile tone that I have never been able to cure myself of! That letter has pierced me to this day, and do you think I'm at ease now, do you think I'm at ease today? I wrote an answer at once then (I couldn't possibly come to Moscow myself). I wrote it in tears; one thing I'll be ashamed of forever: I mentioned that she was rich now and had a dowry, and I was only a beggarly boor—I mentioned money! I ought to have borne it, but it slipped off my pen. At the same time, right away, I wrote to Ivan in Moscow and explained everything to him in the letter as far as possible, the letter ran to six sheets, and I sent Ivan to her. Why are you looking, why are you staring at me? Well, yes, Ivan fell for her, and he's still in love with her now, I know it; I did a stupid thing, by your lights, by worldly lights, but perhaps it's that very stupidity alone that will save us all now! Whew! Don't you see how she reveres him, how she respects him? Can she, comparing the two of us, love a man like me, and especially after all that has happened here?"

"But I'm sure that she loves a man like you, and not a man like him."

"It's her own virtue she loves, not me," broke suddenly from Dmitri Fyodorovich, involuntarily but almost spitefully. He laughed, but a second later his eyes flashed, he turned red all over, and he struck the table hard with his fist.

"I swear, Alyosha," he exclaimed with terrible and sincere anger at himself, "believe it or not, but as God is holy, and as Christ is the Lord, I swear that though I sneered just now at her higher feelings, I know that I am a million times more worthless in soul than she is, and that these finer feelings of hers are sincere, like a heavenly angel's! That's just where the tragedy is, that I know it for certain. What does it matter if a person declaims a little? Don't I declaim? And yet I'm sincere, I am sincere. As for Ivan, I do understand with what a curse he must look at nature now, and with his intelligence

at that! To whom, to what has preference been given? To a monster who, even here, already engaged, and with everyone watching him, couldn't restrain his debaucheries—and that with his fiancée right here, with his fiancée here! And a man like me is preferred, and he is rejected. But what for? Why, because a girl wants to violate her life and her fate out of gratitude! An absurdity! I've never said anything to Ivan in this sense, and Ivan, of course, has never said half a word to me about it either, not the slightest hint; but fate will be fulfilled, and the worthy man will take his place, and the unworthy one will vanish into his back lane forever—into his dirty back lane, his beloved back lane, the one that suits him, and there, in filth and stench, he will perish of his own free will and with delight. I'm talking a lot of rubbish, my words are all worn out, I'm putting them down at random, as it were, but as I have decided, so it shall be. I'll drown in the back lane, and she'll marry Ivan."

"Brother, wait," Alyosha interrupted again with extreme uneasiness, "there's still one thing here you haven't explained to me yet: you're engaged, after all you're still engaged? How can you want to break it off if she, your fiancée, doesn't want to?"

"I'm engaged, formally and with a blessing; it all took place in Moscow, after I arrived, with ceremony, with icons, and in the best style. The general's widow gave her blessing and—would you believe it—even congratulated Katya: you've chosen well, she says, I see right through him. And would you believe it, she took a dislike to Ivan and didn't congratulate him. In Moscow, too, I talked a great deal with Katya; I described the whole of myself to her, nobly, accurately, sincerely. She heard it all out:

"There was a sweet confusion,

There were tender words...

"Well, there were proud words too. She forced a great promise out of me then to reform. I gave the promise. And now…"

"What?"

"And now I've called you and dragged you here today, on this very date—remember it!—so as to send you, and again today, to Katerina Ivanovna, and…"

"What?"

"To tell her that I'll never come to her again; he sends you his bow, tell her."

"But is that possible?"

"That's just why I'm sending you instead of myself, because it's impossible; otherwise how could I tell her that myself?"

"But where will you go?"

"To the back lane."

"So it's to Grushenka!" Alyosha exclaimed sorrowfully, clasping his hands. "Can it be that Rakitin really told the truth? And I thought you had only been going to see her for a while and had finished with it."

"A man engaged, going to see her? Is that possible, and with such a fiancée, and in full view of people? I have some honor, I dare say. The moment I began going to Grushenka, I at once ceased to be engaged and to be an honest man, I understand that much. Why are you staring? You see, I went to her first of all to beat her. I learned, and I know now for certain, that this staff captain, Father's agent, had passed on an IOU of mine to this Grushenka, for her to collect on, so that I would calm down and give up. They wanted to frighten me. So I set off to beat Grushenka. I had seen her before, in passing. She isn't striking. I knew about the old merchant, who on top of everything is ill now, lying paralyzed, but who will leave her a tidy sum all the same. I knew too that she likes to make money, makes it, lends at wicked interest, a sly one, a rogue, without pity. I went to beat her, and I

stayed with her. The storm broke, the plague struck, I caught it and I'm infected to this day, and I know that it's all over, that there will never be anything else. The cycle of the ages is complete. That's my story. And then, as if on purpose, three thousand suddenly turned up in my pocket, a beggar's pocket. She and I went from here to Mokroye, that's twenty-five versts from here; I got gypsies there, gypsy girls, champagne, made all the peasants there drunk on champagne, all the women and girls, I sent the thousands flying. Three days later I was stripped bare, but a falcon still. You think the falcon got anywhere? She didn't show me a thing, not even from a distance. I tell you: a curve. Grushenka, the rogue, has a certain curve of the body; it shows in her little foot, it even echoes in the little toe of her left foot. I've seen it and kissed it, but that's all—I swear! She says: 'If you like, I'll marry you; you're a beggar, after all. Say you won't beat me and will let me do whatever I want, and then maybe I'll marry you'—she laughs. And she's laughing now!"

Dmitri Fyodorovich rose from his seat almost in a sort of fury; he suddenly became like a drunken man. His eyes suddenly filled with blood.

"And you really want to marry her?"

"If she's willing, then at once, and if she isn't, I'll stay anyway; I'll be the yard porter at her house. You… you, Alyosha…" He suddenly stopped in front of him and, seizing him by the shoulders, began suddenly to shake him hard. "Do you know, you innocent boy, that all this is delirium, unthinkable delirium, for here there is tragedy! Know, then, Alexei, that I may be a low man, with low and lost passions, but a thief, a pickpocket, a petty thief of entryways, Dmitri Karamazov can never be. Well, then, know now that I am a petty thief, a thief of pockets and entryways! Just before I went to beat Grushenka, that very morning, Katerina Ivanovna calls me in and, in terrible secrecy, so that nobody should know for the time being

(why, I don't know; evidently she needed it that way), asks me to go to the provincial capital and send three thousand by post from there to Agafya Ivanovna in Moscow; to the capital so that people here wouldn't even know. And it was with that three thousand in my pocket that I turned up at Grushenka's then, and on it we went to Mokroye. Afterward I pretended I had dashed off to the capital, but I didn't give her the postal receipt; I said I had sent it and would bring the receipt, and I still haven't brought it, I forgot, sir. Now, what do you think, you go to her today and say: 'He sends you his bow,' and she says to you: 'And the money?' You could still have said to her: 'He is a low sensualist and a vile creature with unbridled feelings. He didn't send your money that time, he squandered it, because he couldn't restrain himself, like an animal'—but still you could have added: 'But he is not a thief; here is your three thousand, he sends it back; send it to Agafya Ivanovna yourself, and he sends you his bow.' But now, suddenly, she says: 'And where is the money?'"

"Mitya, you are unhappy, yes! But still not as much as you think—don't kill yourself with despair, don't!"

"And what do you think, that I'll shoot myself if I don't get three thousand to pay her back? That's just the thing, I won't shoot myself. I haven't the strength now; later, perhaps, but now I'm going to Grushenka… Let my lard go to waste!"

"And then, at her place?"

"I'll be her husband, I'll be granted the honor of being her spouse, and if a lover comes, I'll go into the other room. I'll clean her friends' dirty galoshes, blow up the samovar, run errands…"

"Katerina Ivanovna will understand everything," Alyosha suddenly said solemnly. "She will understand the whole depth of all this grief, and she will be reconciled. She has the highest mind, because it isn't possible to be more unhappy than you are; she will see for herself."

"She won't be reconciled to everything," Mitya grinned. "There's something here, brother, that no woman can be reconciled to. And do you know what would be best of all to do?"

"What?"

"To give her back the three thousand."

"But where can we get it? Listen, I have two thousand, Ivan will give a thousand too, that makes three; take it and give it back."

"And when will it come, your three thousand? You're not even of age, on top of everything, and it's absolutely, absolutely necessary that you bow out to her for me today, with the money or without it, because I can't drag it out any longer; things have come to such a point. Tomorrow will be too late, too late. I'll send you to Father."

"To Father?"

"Yes, to Father, before her. Ask him for the three thousand."

"But, Mitya, he won't give it."

"As if he would; I know he won't. Do you know, Alexei, what despair means?"

"I do."

"Listen: legally he owes me nothing. I've drawn everything out of him, everything, I know that. But morally he does owe me, doesn't he? After all, he started out with my mother's twenty-eight thousand and made a hundred thousand out of it. Let him give me only three thousand out of the twenty-eight, only three, and he'll draw my soul out of hell, and it will be counted to him for many sins! And I'll finish with that three thousand, I give you my solemn word, and he'll never hear anything more about me at all. I'm giving him a chance to be a father for the last time. Tell him that God himself is sending him this chance."

"Mitya, he won't give it for anything."

"I know he won't give it, I know it perfectly. And especially now. More than that, here's what else I know: now, only the other day,

only perhaps yesterday, he found out seriously for the first time (underline it: seriously) that Grushenka may really not be joking and may want to take the leap and marry me. He knows that character, he knows that cat. So is he going to give me money on top of it, to help bring about such a thing, when he himself is out of his mind over her? But even that isn't all; I can tell you more: I know that for some five days now he has had three thousand rubles taken out, changed into hundred-ruble notes, and packed in a large envelope with five seals on it, tied crosswise with a little red ribbon. You see how thoroughly I know it! And on the envelope is written: 'To my angel Grushenka, if she will come'; he scrawled it himself, in quiet and in secret, and nobody knows that he has the money there except the lackey Smerdyakov, in whose honesty he believes as in his own. So for the third or fourth day now he's been waiting for Grushenka, hoping she'll come for the envelope; he let her know, and she let him know that 'maybe I'll come.' So if she comes to the old man, how can I marry her then? Do you understand now why I'm sitting here in secret and what exactly I'm watching for?"

"For her?"

"For her. Foma rents a little room from these sluts, the women who own the house. Foma is from our parts, our former soldier. He does odd jobs for them, keeps watch at night, and in the daytime goes shooting black grouse, and that's how he lives. I've settled in here with him; neither he nor the women know the secret, that is, that I'm keeping watch here."

"Only Smerdyakov knows?"

"He alone. And he'll let me know if she comes to the old man."

"Was it he who told you about the envelope?"

"He. The greatest secret. Even Ivan knows nothing about the money or anything. And the old man is sending Ivan off to Chermashnya for a two- or three-day trip: a buyer has turned up

for the grove, to cut it down for eight thousand, so the old man keeps begging Ivan: 'Help me out,' he says, 'go yourself,' for two or three days, that is. He wants Grushenka to come while Ivan is away."

"So he's expecting Grushenka today too?"

"No, she won't come today; there are signs. She certainly won't come!" Mitya suddenly shouted. "Smerdyakov thinks so too. Father is drinking now; he's sitting at the table with brother Ivan. Go, Alexei, ask him for that three thousand..."

"Mitya, dear, what's the matter with you!" exclaimed Alyosha, jumping up from his seat and peering at the frenzied Dmitri Fyodorovich. For a moment he thought his brother had gone out of his mind.

"What is it? I haven't lost my mind," said Dmitri Fyodorovich, looking at him intently and even somehow solemnly. "Never fear, I'm sending you to Father, and I know what I'm saying: I believe in a miracle."

"A miracle?"

"A miracle of God's providence. God knows my heart, he sees all my despair. He sees this whole picture. Will he really allow a horror to happen? Alyosha, I believe in a miracle; go!"

"I'll go. Tell me, will you wait here?"

"I will; I understand it won't be soon, that you can't just walk in like that and plop, straight out with it! He's drunk now. I'll wait three hours, and four, and five, and six, and seven, but only know that today, even if it's at midnight, you will appear at Katerina Ivanovna's, with the money or without it, and say: 'He sends you his bow.' I want you to say precisely that line: 'He sends his bow, he says.'"

"Mitya! And what if Grushenka comes today... or if not today, then tomorrow or the day after?"

"Grushenka? I'll spy her out, burst in, and stop it..."

“And if…”

“If it’s if, then I’ll kill. I won’t live through it.”

“Kill whom?”

“The old man. I won’t kill her.”

“Brother, what are you saying!”

“I don’t know, you see, I don’t know… Maybe I won’t kill, and maybe I will. I’m afraid that at that very moment his face will suddenly become hateful to me. I hate his Adam’s apple, his nose, his eyes, his shameless sneer. I feel a personal loathing. That’s what I’m afraid of. And then I won’t hold back…”

“I’ll go, Mitya. I believe that God will arrange things as he knows best, so that there will be no horror.”

“And I’ll sit and wait for a miracle. But if it doesn’t come to pass, then…”

Alyosha, deep in thought, set off to his father’s.

VI. Smerdyakov

He really did find his father still at the table. The table had been laid, as was the invariable custom, in the reception room, although there was a proper dining room in the house. This reception room was the largest room in the house, furnished with a sort of old-fashioned pretension. The furniture was very old, white, with shabby red upholstery of half silk. In the piers between the windows were set mirrors in elaborate frames of old-fashioned carving, also white and gold. On the walls, covered with white paper that had already cracked in many places, two large portraits made a show—one of some prince who had been governor-general of the region some thirty years before, and one of some bishop, also long since departed. In the front corner were several icons, before which an icon lamp was lit at night… not so much out of reverence as so that the room would be lighted at night. Fyodor Pavlovich went to bed very late at night, at three or four in the morning, and until then he would keep walking about the room or sitting in an armchair, thinking. He had got into this habit. He often spent the night entirely alone in the house, sending the servants off to the cottage, but for the most part the servant Smerdyakov stayed with him at night, sleeping in the front hall on a bench. When Alyosha came in, dinner was already quite over, but jam and coffee had been served. Fyodor Pavlovich liked sweets with a little cognac after dinner. Ivan Fyodorovich was there at the table too, also taking coffee. The servants Grigory and Smerdyakov were standing by the table. Both masters and servants were in visibly and unusually high spirits. Fyodor Pavlovich was guffawing and laughing loudly;

while still in the entryway Alyosha heard his shrill laugh, once so familiar to him, and at once concluded from the sound of the laughter that his father was still far from drunk, and for the time being only in a genial mood.

"Here he is, here he is!" Fyodor Pavlovich howled, suddenly terribly glad to see Alyosha. "Join us, sit down, have some coffee—it's Lenten, you know, Lenten, and hot, and splendid! I won't offer you cognac, you're fasting, but would you like some, would you? No, I'd better give you some liqueur, it's first-rate! Smerdyakov, off to the cupboard, second shelf, on the right; here are the keys, look sharp!"

Alyosha began to decline the liqueur.

"It will be served all the same; if not for you, then for us," Fyodor Pavlovich beamed. "But wait, have you had dinner or not?"

"I have," said Alyosha, who, to tell the truth, had eaten nothing but a slice of bread and drunk a glass of kvass in the abbot's kitchen. "But I'll gladly drink some hot coffee."

"My dear! Good boy! He'll have a little coffee. Shall we warm it up? No, it's boiling hot even now. First-rate coffee, Smerdyakov's. For coffee and fish pies Smerdyakov is an artist with me, and for fish soup too, that's true. Come for fish soup sometime, let me know beforehand... But wait, wait, didn't I tell you earlier to move in for good this very day, with your mattress and pillows? Did you drag your mattress along? Heh-heh-heh!..."

"No, I didn't bring it," Alyosha smiled too.

"But you were frightened, you were frightened all the same earlier, weren't you? Ah, my dear boy, how could I ever hurt you? Listen, Ivan, I can't see him looking into my eyes like that and laughing, I can't. My whole belly starts laughing at him; I love him! Alyoshka, let me give you a father's blessing."

Alyosha stood up, but Fyodor Pavlovich had thought better of it.

"No, no, I'll only make the sign of the cross over you now, like this; sit down. Well, now you're in for a treat, and on your very own subject. You'll laugh yourself sick. Our Balaam's ass has started talking, and how he talks, how he talks!"

Balaam's ass turned out to be the lackey Smerdyakov. Still a young man, only about twenty-four, he was terribly unsociable and taciturn. Not that he was shy or ashamed of something, no; on the contrary, he was haughty in character and seemed to despise everyone. But here it is impossible to pass on without saying at least two words about him, and precisely now. He had been brought up by Marfa Ignatyevna and Grigory Vasilyevich, but the boy grew up "without any gratitude," as Grigory put it, a wild boy, looking out at the world from a corner. As a child he was very fond of hanging cats and then burying them with ceremony. For this he would put on a sheet, which made a sort of vestment, as it were, and sing and wave something over the dead cat, as if swinging a censer. All this on the quiet, in the greatest secrecy. Grigory once caught him at this exercise and punished him painfully with the birch. The boy went off into a corner and glowered from there for a week. "He doesn't love us, you and me, this monster," Grigory would say to Marfa Ignatyevna, "and he doesn't love anyone. Are you a human being?" he would suddenly turn straight to Smerdyakov. "You're not a human being; you were bred from the slime of the bathhouse, that's what you are..." Smerdyakov, as it turned out later, never could forgive him those words. Grigory taught him his letters and, once he had turned twelve or so, began to teach him sacred history. But the matter came to nothing at once. One day, at only the second or third lesson, the boy suddenly smirked.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Grigory, looking at him menacingly from under his spectacles.

“Nothing, sir. The Lord God created light on the first day, and the sun, the moon, and the stars on the fourth day. Then where did the light shine from on the first day?”

Grigory was dumbfounded. The boy was looking at his teacher mockingly. There was even something supercilious in his look. Grigory could not contain himself. “Here’s where from!” he shouted, and struck his pupil furiously on the cheek. The boy took the slap without answering a word, but again hid himself away in a corner for several days. It so happened that a week later his falling sickness showed itself for the first time in his life, and it never left him afterward for the rest of his life. On learning of this, Fyodor Pavlovich seemed suddenly to change his view of the boy. Before, he had looked at him somehow with indifference, though he had never scolded him and, when he met him, always gave him a kopeck. When he was in a genial mood he sometimes sent the boy something sweet from the table. But now, learning of the illness, he decidedly began to look after him, called in a doctor, began trying to have him treated, but it turned out that a cure was impossible. On average the fits came once a month, and at varying intervals. The fits were of varying strength too—some mild, others very severe. Fyodor Pavlovich most strictly forbade Grigory to punish the boy bodily and began to let him come upstairs to his rooms. He also forbade him to be taught anything whatever for the time being. But once, when the boy was already about fifteen, Fyodor Pavlovich noticed him hanging about the bookcase and reading the titles through the glass. Fyodor Pavlovich had a fair number of books, a hundred volumes or more, but nobody ever saw him with a book himself. He at once handed the key of the bookcase over to Smerdyakov: “Well, go on and read; you’ll be the librarian; instead of loafing about the yard, sit down and read. Here, read this one,” and Fyodor Pavlovich took out for him *Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka*.

The lad read it, but was left dissatisfied; not once did he smile; on the contrary, he finished it frowning.

"Well? Isn't it funny?" asked Fyodor Pavlovich.

Smerdyakov was silent.

"Answer, you fool."

"It's all written about things that aren't true," Smerdyakov mumbled with a smirk.

"Then go to the devil, you lackey's soul. Wait, here's Smaragdov's *Universal History* for you; everything in it is true; read it."

But Smerdyakov did not read even ten pages of Smaragdov; it seemed boring to him. And so the bookcase was shut up again. Soon afterward Marfa and Grigory reported to Fyodor Pavlovich that a sort of terrible fastidiousness had little by little suddenly shown itself in Smerdyakov: he would sit over his soup, take his spoon, and search and search in the soup, bend over it, peer into it, scoop up a spoonful and hold it up to the light.

"A cockroach, is it?" Grigory would ask.

"A fly, maybe," Marfa would remark.

The cleanly youth never answered, but with bread, and with meat, and with every dish it turned out the same: he would hold up a morsel on his fork to the light, examine it as if under a microscope, take a long time making up his mind, and at last make up his mind to put it in his mouth. "Look what a little gentleman has turned up," Grigory would mutter, looking at him. Fyodor Pavlovich, hearing of this new quality in Smerdyakov, decided at once that he should be a cook, and sent him off to Moscow to be trained. He spent several years in training and came back much changed in face. He had suddenly aged in some extraordinary way, had become wrinkled quite out of proportion to his age, had turned yellow, had come to look like a eunuch. Morally, however, he came back almost exactly the same as before he went to

Moscow: he was just as unsociable and felt not the slightest need of anyone's company. In Moscow too, as was told afterward, he had kept silent all the time; Moscow itself had somehow interested him extremely little, so that he had found out only a thing or two about it and paid no attention to anything else. He had even been to the theater once, but had come back silent and displeased. On the other hand, he arrived back among us from Moscow nicely dressed, in a clean frock coat and clean linen, brushed his clothes himself very carefully, invariably twice a day, and was terribly fond of polishing his smart calfskin boots with a special English blacking so that they shone like a mirror. He turned out to be an excellent cook. Fyodor Pavlovich set him a wage, and Smerdyakov spent almost the whole of this wage on clothes, pomade, scent, and so on. But he seemed to despise the female sex as much as the male, and conducted himself with it sedately, almost unapproachably. Fyodor Pavlovich began to regard him from a certain other point of view as well. The fact was that his fits of the falling sickness had increased, and on those days the food was prepared by Marfa Ignatyevna, which did not suit Fyodor Pavlovich at all.

"Why are you having fits more often?" he would sometimes say, looking askance at the new cook and peering into his face. "If only you'd marry some girl; would you like me to marry you off?..."

But at such talk Smerdyakov only turned pale with vexation and answered nothing. Fyodor Pavlovich would walk away with a wave of his hand. The main thing was that he was certain of his honesty, and certain once and for all that he would take nothing and steal nothing. It happened once that Fyodor Pavlovich, a little drunk, dropped in the mud of his own yard three rainbow-colored hundred-ruble notes that he had only just received, and missed them only the next day: he had only just begun searching his pockets in alarm when suddenly he found all three notes already lying on his table. Where had they come from? Smerdyakov had picked them

up and had already brought them in the day before. “Well, brother, I’ve never seen the likes of you,” Fyodor Pavlovich snapped then, and gave him ten rubles. It must be added that he was not only certain of his honesty, but for some reason even loved him, although the lad looked at him just as sidelong as at everyone else and was always silent. He rarely spoke. If at that time it had occurred to anyone to ask, looking at him: what is this fellow interested in, and what is most often on his mind? then, really, it would have been impossible to decide by looking at him. And yet sometimes in the house, or else in the yard, or in the street, he would happen to stop, fall into thought, and stand like that even for ten minutes or so. A physiognomist, studying him, would have said that there was neither thought nor reflection here, but only a sort of contemplation. The painter Kramskoy has a remarkable picture called *The Contemplator*: it shows a forest in winter, and in the forest, on the road, in a ragged little caftan and little bast shoes, stands a peasant fellow, all alone, who has wandered off into the deepest solitude; he stands as though lost in thought, but he is not thinking; he is “contemplating” something. If you nudged him, he would start and look at you as if just waking up, but understanding nothing. True, he would come to himself at once, but if he were asked what he had been standing there thinking about, he would surely remember nothing, but he would surely keep hidden in himself the impression he had been under during his contemplation. These impressions are dear to him, and he is surely storing them up, imperceptibly and even without being aware of it—for what purpose and why, of course, he does not know either: perhaps, suddenly, having stored up impressions for many years, he will drop everything and go off to Jerusalem to wander and work out his salvation, or perhaps he will suddenly burn down his native village, or perhaps both will happen together. There are quite a few contemplators among the people. And Smerdyakov was

surely one of these contemplators, and he too was surely storing up his impressions greedily, almost without knowing himself as yet what for.

VII. The Controversion

But Balaam's ass had suddenly spoken. The subject happened to be a strange one: that morning Grigory, picking up goods at the shop of the merchant Lukyanov, had heard from him about a certain Russian soldier who, somewhere far away on the frontier, among the Asiatics, had been taken prisoner by them and, being forced by them under threat of an agonizing and immediate death to renounce Christianity and go over to Islam, had not agreed to betray his faith and had accepted torment, let them flay the skin off him, and died glorifying and praising Christ—of which feat an account had been printed in the very newspaper that had arrived that day. It was this that Grigory had begun to talk about at the table. Fyodor Pavlovich had always liked, every time after a meal, over dessert, to laugh and talk, even if only with Grigory. This time he was in a light and pleasantly expansive mood. Sipping his cognac and having listened to the news, he remarked that such a soldier ought to be made a saint at once and his flayed skin sent off to some monastery: "Then the people would come pouring in, and the money." Grigory frowned, seeing that Fyodor Pavlovich was not in the least moved but was beginning, as was his constant habit, to blaspheme. And suddenly Smerdyakov, who was standing by the door, smirked. Smerdyakov had very often before been permitted to stand by the table, toward the end of dinner, that is. And ever since Ivan Fyodorovich's arrival in our town he had started appearing at dinner almost every time.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Fyodor Pavlovich, noticing the smirk in an instant and understanding, of course, that it

referred to Grigory.

"It's about this, sir," Smerdyakov suddenly began loudly and unexpectedly, "that if this praiseworthy soldier's feat was very great, sir, then, all the same, in my opinion, there would have been no sin either if he had renounced, in this contingency, the name of Christ, for example, and his own baptism, so as to save his life thereby for good deeds, with which, in the course of years, to redeem his faintheartedness."

"How do you mean, no sin? You're lying; for that they'll send you straight to hell and roast you there like mutton," Fyodor Pavlovich chimed in.

And it was just then that Alyosha came in. Fyodor Pavlovich, as we have seen, was terribly glad to see Alyosha.

"On your subject, on your subject!" he giggled joyfully, sitting Alyosha down to listen.

"As regards the mutton, that is not so, sir, and nothing will happen there for that, sir, and there oughtn't to be anything of the kind, if in all justice," Smerdyakov remarked solidly.

"How do you mean, in all justice?" Fyodor Pavlovich cried still more merrily, nudging Alyosha with his knee.

"A scoundrel, that's what he is!" broke suddenly from Grigory. He looked Smerdyakov wrathfully straight in the eye.

"As regards the scoundrel, wait a while, sir, Grigory Vasilyevich," Smerdyakov parried calmly and with restraint, "and better judge for yourself that once I have been taken prisoner by the tormentors of the Christian race and they demand of me that I curse the name of God and renounce my holy baptism, then I am fully authorized in it by my own reason, for there will be no sin in it at all."

"But you've already said that; don't embroider it, prove it!" Fyodor Pavlovich shouted.

"Broth-boy!" Grigory whispered contemptuously.

"As regards the broth-boy, wait a while too, sir, and without swearing judge for yourself, Grigory Vasilyevich. For as soon as I say to the tormentors: 'No, I'm no Christian, and my true God I curse,' then straightaway, by the highest judgment of God, I immediately and specially become anathema, accursed, and am excommunicated from the holy church exactly like a heathenish foreigner, so much so that at that very instant, sir—not just as soon as I utter it, but as soon as I merely think of uttering it, so that not even a quarter of a second goes by, sir, before I am excommunicated—is that so or not, Grigory Vasilyevich?"

He was addressing Grigory with visible pleasure, though in essence he was answering only Fyodor Pavlovich's questions, and understanding this very well, but deliberately pretending that it was Grigory, as it were, who was asking him these questions.

"Ivan!" Fyodor Pavlovich suddenly cried. "Bend down to me, right to my ear. He's staged all this for you; he wants you to praise him. Go on, praise him."

Ivan Fyodorovich listened quite seriously to his papa's rapturous communication.

"Wait, Smerdyakov, be quiet for a while," Fyodor Pavlovich cried again. "Ivan, bend down to me, right to my ear again."

Ivan Fyodorovich bent down again with the most serious air.

"I love you just as much as Alyoshka. Don't think I don't love you. A little cognac?"

"Let me have some. 'You've loaded yourself up pretty well yourself, though.'" Ivan Fyodorovich looked intently at his father. But Smerdyakov he was watching with extreme curiosity.

"You're anathema, accursed, even now," Grigory suddenly burst out, "and how dare you reason after that, you scoundrel, if…"

"Don't swear, Grigory, don't swear!" Fyodor Pavlovich interrupted.

"You wait, Grigory Vasilyevich, if only for the very shortest time, sir, and listen further, because I have not finished everything. Because at the very time when I become immediately accursed by God, sir, at that very, that very highest moment, sir, I have already become, as it were, the same as a heathenish foreigner, and my baptism is taken off me and counts for nothing—is that so, at least, sir?"

"Conclude, brother, quickly, conclude," Fyodor Pavlovich urged, taking a sip from his glass with relish.

"And if I am no longer a Christian, then it follows that I did not lie to the tormentors when they asked: 'Am I a Christian or not a Christian,' for I had already been divested of my Christianity by God himself, by reason of my intention alone, and before I had even had time to say a word to the tormentors. And if I have already been stripped of my rank, then in what manner and by what justice will they call me to account in the other world as a Christian for having renounced Christ, when for my mere thought alone, even before the renunciation, I had already been divested of my baptism? If I am no longer a Christian, then it means I cannot renounce Christ either, for then I will have nothing to renounce. Who will call a filthy Tatar to account, Grigory Vasilyevich, even in heaven, because he wasn't born a Christian, and who will punish him for that, reasoning that you don't flay two hides off one ox? And even God Almighty himself, if he does call the Tatar to account when he dies, will do it, I suppose, with some very smallest punishment (since it is impossible not to punish him at all), considering that he is not to blame, after all, if he came into the world a heathen from heathen parents. The Lord God can't forcibly take a Tatar and say of him that he too was a Christian, can he? Why, that would mean that the Lord Almighty would be telling an outright untruth. And can the Lord Almighty of heaven and earth utter a lie, even in only one single word, sir?"

Grigory was dumbfounded and stared at the orator with bulging eyes. Although he did not understand well what was being said, he had suddenly understood something of all this drivel, and he stood still with the look of a man who has suddenly banged his forehead against a wall. Fyodor Pavlovich finished his glass and went off into shrill laughter.

"Alyoshka, Alyoshka, how about that! Ah, you casuist! He's been with the Jesuits somewhere, Ivan. Ah, you stinking Jesuit, who taught you this? But you're lying, casuist, you're lying, lying, and lying. Don't cry, Grigory, we'll smash him to dust and ashes this very minute. You tell me this, you ass: granted you're right before the tormentors, but still, within yourself, you did renounce your faith, and you say yourself that in that same hour you were anathema, accursed, and once you're anathema, they won't pat you on the head in hell for that anathema. What do you think about that, my fine Jesuit?"

"There is no doubtation, sir, that within myself I renounced it, but all the same there was no special sin here either, sir, and if there was a little sin, then a very ordinary one, sir."

"How do you mean, a very ordinary one, sir!"

"You're lying, you ac-c-cursed one," Grigory hissed.

"Judge for yourself, Grigory Vasilyevich," Smerdyakov went on, evenly and sedately, conscious of his victory, but as though being magnanimous with a defeated opponent, "judge for yourself, Grigory Vasilyevich: it is said in Scripture, after all, that if you have faith even as small as the very smallest seed, and then say to this mountain that it should move off into the sea, it will move off without the least delay, at your very first command. So then, Grigory Vasilyevich, if I am an unbeliever, and you are such a believer that you're even swearing at me without cease, then you try yourself, sir, telling this mountain to move off, not into the sea, say (because it's far to the sea from here, sir), but even just into

our stinking little river that flows there behind our garden, and you'll see for yourself at that same moment that nothing moves off, sir, but everything stays in its former order and intactness, however much you shout, sir. And that means that you don't believe in the proper manner either, Grigory Vasilyevich, but only swear at others for it in every way. Again, takin' also into account that nobody in our time, not only you, sir, but decidedly nobody, beginning with the very highest persons even down to the very last peasant, sir, can shove a mountain into the sea, except perhaps some one man on the whole earth, two at most, and even they, maybe, are working out their salvation in secret somewhere out there in the Egyptian desert, so that you won't find them at all—then if that is so, sir, if all the rest come out unbelievers, then will the Lord really curse all these rest, that is, the population of the whole earth, sir, except for some two hermits or so, and in his mercy, which is so well known, not forgive any one of them? And therefore I too trust that, having once doubted, I will be forgiven when I shed tears of repentance."

"Stop!" squealed Fyodor Pavlovich in an apotheosis of delight. "So you do suppose all the same that there are two such men who can move mountains? Ivan, make a notch of it, write it down: the whole Russian man has shown himself here!"

"You have remarked quite rightly that this is a trait of the people's faith," Ivan Fyodorovich agreed with an approving smile.

"You agree! Then it's so, if even you agree! Alyoshka, it's true, isn't it? It's an entirely Russian faith, isn't it?"

"No, Smerdyakov's faith is not Russian at all," Alyosha said seriously and firmly.

"I don't mean his faith, I mean this trait, these two hermits, just this one little trait: it's Russian, isn't it, Russian?"

"Yes, that trait is quite Russian," Alyosha smiled.

"Your word is worth a gold piece, you ass, and I'll send it to you this very day, but as for the rest, you're still lying, lying, and lying; know, you fool, that here all of us don't believe only out of thoughtlessness, because we have no time: in the first place, business has got the better of us, and in the second, God has given us too little time, he's fixed only twenty-four hours to the day, so that there's no time even to get enough sleep, let alone to repent. But you there renounced it before the tormentors, when you had nothing else to think about but faith, and when you precisely had to show your faith! So that, brother, constitutes something, I think?"

"Constitute it does constitute, but judge for yourself, Grigory Vasilyevich, that it makes it all the lighter, after all, by the very fact that it constitutes. Because if I had believed then in very truth, as one ought to believe, then it really would have been sinful if I had not accepted torment for my faith and had gone over to the filthy faith of Mohammed. But then it wouldn't even have come to torment, sir, because I would only have had to say at that same instant to this mountain: move and crush the tormentor, and it would have moved and crushed him at that same instant like a cockroach, and I would have walked off as if nothing had happened, singing and glorifying God. But if at that very same moment I had tried all this precisely and was already shouting on purpose to this mountain: crush these tormentors—and it didn't crush them, then how, tell me, could I not have doubted at that time, and in such a terrible hour of great mortal fear besides? As it is, I already know that I shan't attain the kingdom of heaven in its fullness (for the mountain didn't move at my word, so it means they don't much believe in my faith up there, and no very great reward awaits me in the other world), so why should I, on top of that, and without any benefit at all now, let them flay the skin off me? For even if they had already flayed my skin halfway off my

back, even then this mountain would not have moved at my word or my cry. And at such a moment not only might doubtation come over one, but one might even lose one's very reason from fear, so that it will be quite impossible even to reason. And so, how will I come out especially guilty here, if, seeing no profit or reward for myself either there or here, I at least save my skin? And therefore, trusting greatly in the Lord's mercy, I nourish the hope that I will be forgiven altogether, sir…"

VIII. Over the Cognac

The argument was over, but, strange to say, Fyodor Pavlovich, who had become so merry, suddenly frowned at the end. He frowned and tossed off a glass of cognac, and this was already a quite superfluous glass.

"Now clear out, you Jesuits," he shouted at the servants. "Off with you, Smerdyakov. I'll send you the promised gold piece today, but off with you now. Stop crying, Grigory, off to Marfa with you, she'll console you and tuck you in. The rascals don't let a man sit in peace after dinner," he suddenly snapped in vexation, when the servants had at once withdrawn at his order. "Smerdyakov pushes in here every time at dinner now; it's you he's so curious about; what have you done to make him so fond of you?" he added to Ivan Fyodorovich.

"Nothing whatever," Ivan answered. "He has taken it into his head to respect me; he's a lackey and a boor. Vanguard meat, though, when the time comes."

"Vanguard?"

"There will be others, better ones, but there will be ones like this too. First there will be ones like this, and after them better ones."

"And when will the time come?"

"The rocket will go up, and perhaps it won't burn all the way. The people don't much like listening to these broth-boys yet."

"That's just it, brother: a Balaam's ass like that thinks and thinks, and devil knows what he'll think his way to there by himself."

"He'll store up thoughts," Ivan grinned.

"You see, I know he can't stand me either, just as he can't stand anyone, and you just the same, though it seems to you that he 'has taken it into his head to respect you.' Alyoshka all the more; he despises Alyoshka. But he won't steal, that's the thing; he's not a gossip, he keeps quiet, he won't carry dirt out of the house, he bakes fish pies splendidly, and on top of all that, the devil take him, to tell the truth, so is he worth talking about?"

"Of course he isn't."

"And as for what he may think up there by himself, the Russian peasant, generally speaking, ought to be flogged. I've always maintained that. Our peasant is a swindler, he isn't worth pitying, and it's a good thing they still thrash him now and then even now. The Russian land is strong by the birch. Destroy the forests, and the Russian land will perish. I stand for intelligent people. We've stopped thrashing the peasants, out of great intelligence, but they go on flogging each other. And a good thing too. With what measure you mete, it shall be meted, or however it goes... In a word, it shall be meted. And Russia is a swinishness. My friend, if you only knew how I hate Russia... I mean, not Russia, but all these vices... and yet perhaps Russia too. *Tout cela c'est de la cochonnerie* (it's all swinishness). Do you know what I love? I love wit."

"You've had another glass. That should be enough for you."

"Wait, I'll have one more and one more again, and then I'll stop. No, wait, you interrupted me. Passing through Mokroye, I ask an old man, and he says to me: 'We do mighty love,' he says, 'to flog the girls by village sentence more than anything, and we always give the lads the flogging to do. And afterward the same girl the lad flogged today he takes for his bride tomorrow, so that the girls themselves, he says, take kindly to it here.' What Marquis de Sades, eh? But say what you like, it's witty. We ought to drive over and have a look ourselves, eh? Alyoshka, are you blushing? Don't be ashamed, child. It's a pity I didn't sit down to dinner at the abbot's

earlier and tell the monks about the Mokroye girls. Alyoshka, don't be angry that I offended your abbot earlier. I get spiteful, brother. After all, if there is a God, if he exists—well, then of course I'm guilty and I'll answer for it, but if there isn't one at all, then do we need them still, these Fathers of yours? Why, then it isn't enough just to cut their heads off, because they hold back progress. Would you believe it, Ivan, that this torments me in my feelings? No, you don't believe it, because I can see it in your eyes. You believe people who say I'm nothing but a buffoon. Alyosha, do you believe that I'm not nothing but a buffoon?"

"I believe that you're not nothing but a buffoon."

"And I believe that you believe it and are speaking sincerely. You look sincerely and you speak sincerely. But Ivan doesn't. Ivan is supercilious… But all the same, I'd finish off that little monastery of yours. Take all this mysticism and abolish it at one stroke all over the Russian land, so as to bring all the fools to reason once and for all. And how much silver, how much gold would go to the mint!"

"But why abolish it?" said Ivan.

"So that the truth may shine forth the sooner, that's why."

"But if that truth shines forth, you'll be the very first to be robbed, and then… abolished."

"Bah! Why, I dare say you're right. Ah, what an ass I am," Fyodor Pavlovich suddenly started up, striking himself lightly on the forehead. "Well, then, let your little monastery stand, Alyoshka, if that's how it is. And we intelligent people will sit in the warm and enjoy our cognac. Do you know, Ivan, that it must surely have been arranged so on purpose by God himself? Ivan, tell me: is there a God or not? Wait: tell me for certain, tell me seriously! Why are you laughing again?"

"I'm laughing at the witty remark you made yourself earlier about Smerdyakov's belief in the existence of two elders who can move mountains."

"Why, is it like that now?"

"Very much."

"Well, then, it means I'm a Russian man too, and I have a Russian trait, and you, a philosopher, can also be caught by a trait of your own of the same sort. Do you want me to catch you? Let's bet that I'll catch you tomorrow. But all the same, tell me: is there a God or not? Only seriously! I need seriousness now."

"No, there is no God."

"Alyoshka, is there a God?"

"There is a God."

"Ivan, and is there immortality, well, some sort, well, even just a little, a teeny-weeny one?"

"There is no immortality either."

"None at all?"

"None at all."

"That is, an absolute zero, or something? Maybe there is something or other? After all, it can't be nothing!"

"An absolute zero."

"Alyoshka, is there immortality?"

"There is."

"Both God and immortality?"

"Both God and immortality. In God is immortality too."

"Hm. It's more likely that Ivan is right. Lord, just to think how much faith, how much strength of every kind man has given for nothing to this dream, and for so many thousands of years now! Who is it that laughs at man like this? Ivan? For the last time, and decisively: is there a God or not? I'm asking for the last time!"

"And for the last time, no."

"Then who is laughing at people, Ivan?"

"The devil, it must be," Ivan Fyodorovich grinned.

"And is there a devil?"

"No, there's no devil either."

"A pity. Devil take it, what wouldn't I do after that to the man who first invented God! Hanging him on a bitter aspen would be too good for him."

"There would be no civilization at all then, if they hadn't invented God."

"There wouldn't be? Without God?"

"Yes. And there would be no cognac either. But I'll have to take the cognac away from you all the same."

"Wait, wait, wait, my dear, just one more little glass. I've insulted Alyosha. You're not angry, Alexei? My dear Alexeichik, my little Alexeichik!"

"No, I'm not angry. I know what you think. You have a better heart than head."

"I have a better heart than head? Lord, and who is saying that? Ivan, do you love Alyoshka?"

"I do."

"Love him." (Fyodor Pavlovich was getting very drunk.) "Listen, Alyosha, I was rude to your elder earlier. But I was agitated. And yet there's wit in that elder, what do you think, Ivan?"

"Perhaps there is."

"There is, there is, *il y a du Piron là-dedans* (there's some Piron in him). He's a Jesuit, a Russian one, that is. As in a noble creature, there's a hidden indignation seething in him that he has to pretend… put on holiness."

"But he believes in God, doesn't he?"

"Not a kopeck's worth. Didn't you know? Why, he says so to everyone himself, that is, not to everyone, but to all the intelligent people who come. He told Governor Schultz straight out: *credo*, but I don't know in what."

"Really?"

"Exactly so. But I respect him. There's something Mephistophelean in him, or, better, out of A *Hero of Our Time*…

Arbenin, or whatever his name is… that is, you see, he's a sensualist; he's such a sensualist that I'd be afraid even now for my daughter or my wife if she went to him for confession. You know, when he starts telling stories… Year before last he invited us to his place for a little tea, with a little liqueur (the ladies send him liqueur), and when he launched into describing the old days, we split our sides laughing… Especially how he cured a paralyzed woman. 'If my legs didn't ache, I'd dance you a dance,' he says. How about that? 'I've done plenty of Athos-ing in my time,' he says. He grabbed sixty thousand from the merchant Demidov."

"What, he stole it?"

"The man brought it to him as to a good man: 'Keep it for me, brother, they're searching my place tomorrow.' And he kept it all right. 'You donated it to the church, didn't you,' he says. I say to him: you're a scoundrel, I say. No, he says, I'm not a scoundrel, I'm broad… But then, that wasn't him… That was someone else. I got mixed up with someone else… and didn't notice. Well, one more little glass, and that's enough; take the bottle away, Ivan. I was lying; why didn't you stop me, Ivan… and tell me I was lying?"

"I knew you would stop yourself."

"You're lying; you did it out of spite against me, out of sheer spite. You despise me. You've come to me and you despise me in my own house."

"Then I'll leave; the cognac is getting the better of you."

"I begged you for Christ's sake to go to Chermashnya… for a day or two, and you won't go."

"I'll go tomorrow, if you insist so much."

"You won't go. You want to spy on me here, that's what you want, you wicked soul; that's why you won't go, isn't it?"

The old man would not calm down. He had reached that little line of drunkenness when some drunk men, quiet until then, suddenly feel they absolutely must get angry and show themselves.

"Why are you looking at me? What sort of eyes are those? Your eyes look at me and say to me: 'You drunken mug.' Suspicious eyes you have, contemptuous eyes... You came here with something up your sleeve. Now Alyoshka looks at me, and his eyes shine. Alyosha doesn't despise me. Alexei, don't love Ivan..."

"Don't be angry with my brother! Stop insulting him," Alyosha suddenly said insistently.

"Well, all right, I dare say I will. Ugh, my head aches. Take the cognac away, Ivan, I'm telling you for the third time." He fell to thinking and suddenly smiled a long, sly smile: "Don't be angry, Ivan, with an old runt. I know you don't love me, but still, don't be angry. There's nothing to love me for anyway. You'll go to Chermashnya, and I'll come to you there myself and bring you a present. I'll show you a certain little girl there; I spotted her there long ago. She's still a barefoot girl for now. Don't be afraid of barefoot girls, don't despise them—pearls!..."

And he kissed his own hand with a smack.

"For me," he suddenly came to life all over, as though sobering up for a moment, as soon as he had hit upon his favorite subject, "for me... Ah, you boys! My little children, my little piglets, for me... in all my life there has never even been an ugly woman, that's my rule! Can you understand that? But how could you understand it: you still have milk flowing in you instead of blood; you haven't hatched yet! By my rule, you can find in every woman something extremely, devil take it, interesting, which you won't find in any other—only you have to know how to find it, that's the trick! It's a talent! For me ugly little things did not exist: the mere fact that she is a woman is already half of everything... but how could you understand that! Even old maids, even in them you sometimes find something that makes you simply marvel at the other fools, how they let her grow old and haven't noticed it till now! A barefoot girl or an ugly little thing you must first of all surprise—that's how you

have to go about it. Didn't you know? You have to surprise her to the point of rapture, of being pierced through, of shame that such a gentleman has fallen in love with such a dark little drab as her. It's truly splendid that there always are and always will be boors and gentlemen in the world; then there will always be a little floor-scrubber like that, and always her master, and that's all that's needed for the happiness of life! Wait… listen, Alyoshka, I always used to surprise your late mother, only it came out in a different way. I would never caress her, as it used to be, and then suddenly, when the moment came—suddenly I would go all to pieces before her, crawl on my knees, kiss her little feet, and I would always, always bring her—I remember it as if it were now—to a little laugh like this, a tinkling, ringing, not loud, nervous, special little laugh. She was the only one who had it. I used to know that this was how her illness always began, that the very next day she would start shrieking like a shrieker, and that this present little laugh did not mean any rapture at all; well, but even if it was a deception, it was rapture all the same. That's what it means to know how to find one's own little trait in everything! Once Belyavsky—there was a handsome fellow here, a rich one, who was running after her and had taken to calling on me—suddenly up and slapped me in the face, in my own house, and in front of her. And she, such a lamb—why, I thought she would beat me for that slap, the way she went for me: 'You've been beaten now,' she says, 'beaten, you've had a slap in the face from him! You were selling me to him,' she says… 'How dared he strike you in front of me! And don't you dare come near me ever, ever! Run at once, challenge him to a duel…' So I took her to the monastery then to humble her; the holy Fathers read prayers over her. But, as God is my witness, Alyosha, I never wronged my little shrieker! Only once, perhaps, still in the first year: she was praying a great deal then, especially keeping the feasts of the Mother of God, and she used to drive me away from

her to my study then. I think: let me knock this mysticism out of her! 'You see,' I say, 'you see, here is your icon, here it is, now I'll take it down. Look, you consider it wonder-working, and I'm going to spit on it right now in front of you, and nothing will happen to me for it!...' When she saw it, Lord, I think: now she'll kill me, but she only jumped up, clasped her hands, then suddenly covered her face with her hands, trembled all over, and fell to the floor... just sank down... Alyosha, Alyosha! What's the matter with you, what's the matter!" The old man leaped to his feet in alarm. From the very moment he had begun talking about his mother, Alyosha's face had little by little begun to change. He flushed, his eyes blazed, his lips quivered... The drunken old man was spluttering saliva and noticed nothing until the very moment when something very strange suddenly happened to Alyosha, namely, exactly the same thing that he had just told about "the shrieker" suddenly repeated itself in him. Alyosha suddenly jumped up from the table, exactly as his mother had in the story, clasped his hands, then covered his face with them, fell on his chair as though cut down, and suddenly began shaking all over in a hysterical fit of sudden, convulsive, and silent tears. The extraordinary resemblance to his mother especially struck the old man.

"Ivan, Ivan! Water for him, quick. It's like her, exactly like her, like his mother then! Spray some water on him from your mouth; that's what I did with her. It's for his mother, for his mother..." he muttered to Ivan.

"But his mother was my mother too, I believe, wouldn't you say?" Ivan suddenly burst out with uncontrollable, wrathful contempt. The old man flinched at his flashing glance. But here something very strange happened, for one second, it is true: it really seems that the consideration that Alyosha's mother was also Ivan's mother had slipped out of the old man's mind...

“How do you mean, your mother?” he muttered, not understanding. “What are you talking about? Which mother do you mean?... Why, was she... Ah, the devil! Why, she was yours too! Ah, the devil! Well, brother, that was a blackout as never before, forgive me, and I thought, Ivan... Heh-heh-heh!” He stopped. A long, drunken, half-senseless grin spread across his face. And suddenly, at that very moment, a terrible noise and crash resounded in the entryway, frenzied shouts were heard, the door flew open, and Dmitri Fyodorovich flew into the room. The old man threw himself toward Ivan in fright:

“He’ll kill me, he’ll kill me! Don’t let him get me, don’t let him!” he kept crying out, clutching at the skirt of Ivan Fyodorovich’s frock coat.

IX. The Sensualists

Right behind Dmitri Fyodorovich, Grigory and Smerdyakov ran into the room too. It was they who had been struggling with him in the entryway, not letting him in (in accordance with instructions given by Fyodor Pavlovich himself several days before). Taking advantage of the fact that Dmitri Fyodorovich, having burst into the room, stopped for a moment to look around, Grigory ran around the table, shut both halves of the doors on the opposite side of the room from the entrance, which led into the inner rooms, and stood before the closed door, his arms spread out crosswise, ready to defend the way in, so to speak, to the last drop. Seeing this, Dmitri did not cry out but rather, as it were, shrieked, and rushed at Grigory.

"So she's in there! They've hidden her in there! Out of the way, scoundrel!" He made a lunge at Grigory, but Grigory pushed him back. Beside himself with rage, Dmitri swung and struck Grigory with all his might. The old man collapsed as though cut down, and Dmitri, jumping over him, broke through the door. Smerdyakov remained in the room, at the other end, pale and trembling, pressing close to Fyodor Pavlovich.

"She's here," Dmitri Fyodorovich was shouting. "I saw her myself just now, turning toward the house, only I couldn't catch up with her. Where is she? Where is she?"

This cry, "She's here!", produced an incomprehensible effect on Fyodor Pavlovich. All his fright leaped off him.

"Hold him, hold him!" he howled, and dashed after Dmitri Fyodorovich. Meanwhile Grigory had got up from the floor, but

was still, as it were, beside himself. Ivan Fyodorovich and Alyosha ran after their father to catch him. From the third room came the sound of something suddenly hitting the floor, smashing, and ringing: a big glass vase (not one of the costly ones) on a marble stand, which Dmitri Fyodorovich had caught in passing as he ran.

"Sic him!" howled the old man. "Help!"

Ivan Fyodorovich and Alyosha did catch up with the old man after all and forcibly brought him back to the room.

"Why are you chasing him! He really will kill you in there!" Ivan Fyodorovich shouted angrily at his father.

"Vanechka, Lyoshechka, so she's here, Grushenka is here, he says he saw her himself running past…"

He was choking. He had not been expecting Grushenka this time, and the sudden news that she was here at once drove him out of his mind. He was trembling all over; he seemed to have gone mad.

"But you saw for yourself that she didn't come!" Ivan was shouting.

"But maybe through the other entrance?"

"But it's locked, that entrance, and you have the key…"

Dmitri suddenly appeared in the room again. Naturally he had found that other entrance locked, and the key to it really was in Fyodor Pavlovich's pocket. All the windows in all the rooms were locked too; so there was nowhere Grushenka could have come in and nowhere she could have slipped out.

"Hold him!" Fyodor Pavlovich squealed as soon as he caught sight of Dmitri again. "He's stolen money from my bedroom in there!" And, tearing himself away from Ivan, he again rushed at Dmitri. But Dmitri raised both hands and suddenly seized the old man by the last two tufts of hair that had survived on his temples, pulled him, and threw him crashing to the floor. He managed to kick the man lying there two or three times more in the face with

his heel. The old man moaned piercingly. Ivan Fyodorovich, though not as strong as his brother Dmitri, threw his arms around him and with all his might tore him away from the old man. Alyosha, too, with all his slight strength, helped him, throwing his arms around his brother from in front.

"You madman, you've killed him!" cried Ivan.

"Serves him right!" Dmitri exclaimed, gasping. "And if I haven't killed him, I'll come back to kill him. You won't be able to guard him!"

"Dmitri! Get out of here at once!" Alyosha cried commandingly.

"Alexei! You tell me, you alone, I'll believe only you: was she here just now or not? I saw her myself just now, slipping past the fence from the lane in this direction. I shouted, she ran away…"

"I swear to you, she hasn't been here, and nobody here was expecting her at all!"

"But I saw her… So she… I'll find out at once where she is… Goodbye, Alexei! Not a word to Aesop about the money now, but go to Katerina Ivanovna right away and without fail: 'He sends his bow, he sends his bow, his bow! Precisely his bow, and he bows out!' Describe the scene to her."

Meanwhile Ivan and Grigory had lifted the old man up and sat him in an armchair. His face was covered with blood, but he was conscious and was listening greedily to Dmitri's shouts. It still seemed to him that Grushenka really was somewhere in the house. Dmitri Fyodorovich gave him a look of hatred as he left.

"I don't repent of your blood!" he exclaimed. "Beware, old man, guard your dream, because I have a dream too! I curse you myself and renounce you completely…"

He ran out of the room.

"She's here, she must be here! Smerdyakov, Smerdyakov," the old man wheezed barely audibly, beckoning Smerdyakov with his little finger.

“She’s not here, no, you mad old man,” Ivan shouted at him angrily. “There, he’s fainted! Water, a towel! Look sharp, Smerdyakov!”

Smerdyakov rushed off for water. At last they undressed the old man, carried him into the bedroom, and put him to bed. They tied a wet towel around his head. Weakened by the cognac, the violent sensations, and the beating, he rolled up his eyes the instant his head touched the pillow and sank into oblivion. Ivan Fyodorovich and Alyosha went back into the reception room. Smerdyakov was carrying out the fragments of the broken vase, and Grigory was standing by the table, looking down gloomily.

“Shouldn’t you wet your head too and go to bed as well?” Alyosha said, turning to Grigory. “We’ll look after him here; my brother struck you terribly hard… on the head.”

“He dared strike me!” Grigory said gloomily and distinctly.

“He ‘dared strike’ his father too, never mind you!” Ivan Fyodorovich remarked, twisting his mouth.

“I washed him in a tub… and he dared strike me!” Grigory kept repeating.

“Devil take it, if I hadn’t pulled him off, he might well have killed him then and there. How much does Aesop need?” Ivan Fyodorovich whispered to Alyosha.

“God forbid!” exclaimed Alyosha.

“And why ‘forbid’?” Ivan went on in the same whisper, his face twisted spitefully. “One viper will devour the other, and serve them both right!”

Alyosha shuddered.

“I won’t let a murder take place, of course, just as I didn’t let it now. Stay here, Alyosha; I’ll go out and walk about the yard; my head has begun to ache.”

Alyosha went into his father’s bedroom and sat by his pillow behind the screen for an hour or so. All at once the old man

opened his eyes and looked at Alyosha for a long time in silence, evidently remembering and reflecting. Suddenly an extraordinary agitation showed in his face.

"Alyosha," he whispered apprehensively, "where is Ivan?"

"In the yard; he has a headache. He's keeping watch over us."

"Give me the little mirror, it's standing over there, give it to me!"

Alyosha gave him a small, round, folding mirror that was standing on the chest of drawers. The old man studied himself in it: the nose had swollen up rather badly, and on his forehead, above the left eyebrow, there was a considerable crimson bruise.

"What is Ivan saying? Alyosha, dear boy, my one and only son, Ivan frightens me; Ivan frightens me more than the other one does. You're the only one I'm not afraid of..."

"Don't be afraid of Ivan either; Ivan is angry, but he will protect you."

"Alyosha, and the other one? He's run off to Grushenka! My dear angel, tell me the truth: was Grushenka here earlier or not?"

"Nobody saw her. It's a delusion; she wasn't here!"

"Mitka wants to marry her, you know, to marry her!"

"She won't marry him."

"She won't, she won't, she won't, she won't, not for anything will she marry him!..." The old man fairly fluttered all over with joy, as though nothing more comforting could have been said to him at that moment. In his delight he seized Alyosha's hand and pressed it hard to his heart. Tears even shone in his eyes. "That little icon, the Mother of God one, the one I told you about earlier, take it for yourself, carry it away with you. And I allow you to go back to the monastery... I was joking earlier, don't be angry. My head aches, Alyosha... Lyosha, ease my heart, be an angel, tell me the truth!"

"You keep on about the same thing: was she here or wasn't she?" Alyosha said sorrowfully.

"No, no, no, I believe you, but here's the thing: go to Grushenka yourself, or see her somehow; ask her quickly, as quickly as possible, guess with your own eye: whom does she want, me or him? Eh? What? Can you or can't you?"

"If I see her, I'll ask," Alyosha began to mutter in embarrassment.

"No, she won't tell you," the old man interrupted. "She's a fidget. She'll start kissing you and say it's you she wants to marry. She's a deceiver, she's shameless; no, you mustn't go to her, you mustn't!"

"And it wouldn't be good, Father; it wouldn't be good at all."

"Where was he sending you earlier, when he shouted 'Go' as he ran off?"

"He was sending me to Katerina Ivanovna."

"For money? To ask for money?"

"No, not for money."

"He has no money, not a drop. Listen, Alyosha, I'll lie here through the night and think it over, and you go along for now. Maybe you'll meet her too... Only be sure to come and see me tomorrow morning; be sure to. I'll tell you a certain little word tomorrow; will you come?"

"I'll come."

"If you come, pretend you came on your own, came to visit me. Don't tell anyone that I called you. Don't say a word to Ivan."

"All right."

"Goodbye, my angel; you stood up for me earlier, I'll never forget it as long as I live. I'll tell you a little word tomorrow... only I must think a bit more..."

"And how do you feel now?"

"Tomorrow, tomorrow I'll get up and go out, quite well, quite well, quite well!..."

Crossing the yard, Alyosha met his brother Ivan on the bench by the gate: he was sitting and writing something in pencil in his

notebook. Alyosha told Ivan that the old man had woken up and was in his right mind, and had let him go to spend the night at the monastery.

"Alyosha, I'd be very glad to meet you tomorrow morning," Ivan said cordially, rising a little—a cordiality quite unexpected even for Alyosha.

"Tomorrow I'll be at the Khokhlakovs'," Alyosha answered. "I may be at Katerina Ivanovna's tomorrow too, if I don't find her in now…"

"But now you're going to Katerina Ivanovna's all the same! This 'bowing out, bowing out' business?" Ivan suddenly smiled. Alyosha was embarrassed.

"I think I understood everything from the exclamations earlier and from one thing and another before. Dmitri must have asked you to go to her and tell her that he… well… well, in a word, that he 'bows out'?"

"Brother! How will all this horror between Father and Dmitri end?" exclaimed Alyosha.

"There's no guessing for certain. In nothing, perhaps: the business will fizzle out. That woman is a beast. In any case, the old man must be kept in the house and Dmitri must not be let into the house."

"Brother, let me ask you something more: does every man really have the right to decide, looking at other people, which of them is worthy to live and which is more unworthy?"

"Why bring a decision by worthiness into it? This question is most often decided in people's hearts not at all on the basis of worthiness but for other reasons, much more natural ones. And as for the right, who hasn't the right to wish?"

"Not for another's death, surely?"

"And what if even for death? Why lie to oneself, when all people live so, and perhaps cannot even live otherwise? Are you thinking of what I said earlier, that 'two vipers will devour each other'?

Then let me ask you too, in that case: do you consider me, like Dmitri, capable of shedding Aesop's blood, well, of killing him, eh?"

"What are you saying, Ivan! It never even entered my mind! And I don't consider Dmitri…"

"Thanks at least for that," Ivan grinned. "Know that I will always protect him. But in my wishes I reserve full latitude for myself in this case. Till tomorrow. Don't judge me, and don't look at me as if I were a villain," he added, smiling.

They shook hands firmly, as never before. Alyosha felt that his brother had been the first to take a step toward him, and that he had done it for some reason, certainly with some intention.

X. Both Together

Alyosha left his father's house in a state of mind even more broken and crushed than when he had gone in to his father earlier. His mind, too, seemed shattered and scattered, while at the same time he felt that he was afraid to put the scattered pieces together and draw a general idea out of all the tormenting contradictions he had lived through that day. Something bordered almost on despair, which had never happened in Alyosha's heart before. Over everything, like a mountain, stood the chief question, fatal and insoluble: how would it end between his father and his brother Dmitri over that dreadful woman? Now he had been a witness himself. He had been there himself and had seen them face to face. And yet only brother Dmitri could turn out to be unhappy, completely and terribly unhappy: unmistakable disaster lay in wait for him. Other people had turned up too whom all this concerned, and perhaps much more than Alyosha could have supposed before. Something even mysterious was coming out of it. Brother Ivan had taken a step toward him, which Alyosha had wished for so long, and now for some reason he felt that this step toward closeness had frightened him. And those women? A strange thing: earlier he had been on his way to Katerina Ivanovna in extraordinary embarrassment, and now he felt none at all; on the contrary, he was hurrying to her of his own accord, as though expecting to find guidance from her. And yet delivering the message to her was evidently harder now than before: the matter of the three thousand had been settled for good, and brother Dmitri, feeling himself dishonored now and past all hope, would of course stop at nothing any longer, at no fall

whatever. On top of that, he had been told to pass on to Katerina Ivanovna the scene that had just taken place at his father's as well.

It was already seven o'clock and growing dark when Alyosha set off for Katerina Ivanovna's; she occupied a very spacious and comfortable house on Bolshaya Street. Alyosha knew that she lived with two aunts. One of them, however, was an aunt only to her sister Agafya Ivanovna; this was that wordless person in her father's house who had looked after her there together with her sister when she came to them from the institute. The other aunt was a stylish and imposing Moscow lady, though one of the poor ones. It was said that both of them submitted to Katerina Ivanovna in everything and were attached to her solely for the sake of propriety. Katerina Ivanovna herself submitted only to her benefactress, the general's widow, who had stayed behind in Moscow on account of illness and to whom she was obliged to send two letters a week with detailed news of herself.

When Alyosha entered the front hall and asked the maid who had opened the door to announce him, in the drawing room they evidently knew of his arrival already (perhaps they had noticed him from the window), only Alyosha suddenly heard a commotion of some sort: someone's running female footsteps, rustling dresses; perhaps two or three women had run out. Alyosha thought it strange that his arrival could cause such a stir. He was, however, shown into the drawing room at once. It was a large room, furnished with elegant and abundant furniture, not at all in a provincial way. There were many sofas and couches, settees, tables large and small; the walls were hung with pictures, the tables held vases and lamps, a great many flowers, there was even an aquarium by the window. With the dusk the room was rather dark. Alyosha made out a silk mantilla flung down on a sofa where people had evidently just been sitting, and on the table in front of the sofa two unfinished cups of chocolate, biscuits, a crystal plate of blue

raisins and another of sweets. Someone was being entertained. Alyosha guessed that he had walked in on guests, and frowned. But at that very instant a portiere was raised, and with quick, hurried steps Katerina Ivanovna came in, stretching out both her hands to Alyosha with a joyful, rapturous smile. At the same moment a servant carried in two lit candles and put them down on the table.

"Thank God, you've come at last! You're the only one I've been praying God for all day! Sit down."

Katerina Ivanovna's beauty had struck Alyosha before, when brother Dmitri, some three weeks earlier, had brought him to her for the first time to introduce him and make them acquainted, at Katerina Ivanovna's own extraordinary wish. No conversation had got going between them at that meeting, however. Supposing that Alyosha was badly abashed, Katerina Ivanovna had, as it were, spared him and spent the whole time talking with Dmitri Fyodorovich. Alyosha had been silent, but he had made out a great deal very well. He had been struck by the imperiousness, the proud ease, the self-assurance of the haughty girl. And all this was beyond doubt. Alyosha felt that he was not exaggerating. He found that her large, black, burning eyes were beautiful and especially suited to her pale, even somewhat pale-yellow, oval face. But in those eyes, as in the outline of her lovely lips, there was something with which his brother could of course fall terribly in love, but which perhaps could not be loved for long. He had expressed this thought almost outright to Dmitri when, after the visit, Dmitri pestered him, begging him not to hide what impression he had carried away from seeing his fiancée.

"You'll be happy with her, but perhaps… not peacefully happy."

"That's just it, brother, women like that stay as they are, they don't humble themselves before fate. So you think I won't love her forever?"

“No, perhaps you will love her forever, but perhaps you won’t always be happy with her…”

Alyosha had given his opinion then, blushing and vexed with himself for having yielded to his brother’s entreaties and spoken such “stupid” thoughts. For his opinion had seemed terribly stupid to him himself the moment he had uttered it. And he was ashamed, too, to have pronounced so authoritatively on a woman. All the greater was his astonishment now to feel, at his first glance at Katerina Ivanovna as she ran out to him, that perhaps he had been very wrong that time. This time her face shone with unfeigned, simple-hearted kindness, with direct and ardent sincerity. Of all the former “pride and haughtiness” that had so struck Alyosha then, there could be seen now only a bold, noble energy and a kind of clear, mighty faith in herself. Alyosha understood from his first look at her, from her first words, that the whole tragedy of her position with regard to the man she loved so much was no secret to her at all, that she perhaps knew everything already, absolutely everything. And yet, in spite of that, there was so much light in her face, so much faith in the future. Alyosha suddenly felt himself seriously and deliberately guilty before her. He was conquered and drawn to her at once. Besides all this, he noticed from her very first words that she was in some strong excitement, perhaps very unusual in her, an excitement that almost resembled a kind of rapture.

“I was waiting for you so because it’s from you alone that I can learn the whole truth now—from no one else!”

“I’ve come…” Alyosha muttered, getting confused, “I… he sent me…”

“Ah, he sent you, well, I had a feeling he would. Now I know everything, everything!” exclaimed Katerina Ivanovna, her eyes suddenly flashing. “Wait, Alexei Fyodorovich, I’ll tell you beforehand why I was waiting for you so. You see, I perhaps know much

more than even you do yourself; it isn't news I need from you. What I need from you is this: I need to know your own, personal, latest impression of him, I need you to tell me in the most direct, unvarnished, even crude form (oh, as crude as you like!)—how do you yourself look at him now, and at his position, after your meeting with him today? That will perhaps be better than if I, whom he no longer wants to visit, had it out with him in person. Do you understand what I want from you? Now then, what did he send you to me with (I just knew he would send you!)—say it simply, say the very last word!…"

"He told me to… give you his bow, and that he will never come again… and to give you his bow."

"His bow? He said that, he put it just like that?"

"Yes."

"In passing, perhaps, by accident, he made a slip in the word, used the wrong word, not the one he should have?"

"No, he told me precisely to pass on that very word: 'his bow.' He asked me about three times not to forget to pass it on."

Katerina Ivanovna flushed.

"Help me now, Alexei Fyodorovich, it's now that I need your help: I'll tell you my thought, and you just tell me whether I'm thinking right or not. Listen, if he had told you to give me his bow in passing, without insisting that the word be passed on, without underlining the word, then that would be everything… That would be the end! But if he insisted on that word especially, if he charged you especially not to forget to pass on that bow to me, then he must have been excited, beside himself, perhaps? He made up his mind and took fright at his decision! He didn't walk away from me with a firm step, he went flying downhill. Underlining that word may mean nothing but bravado…"

"Yes, yes!" Alyosha warmly agreed. "That's how it seems to me myself now."

"And if that's so, then he isn't lost yet! He's only in despair, but I can still save him. Wait: didn't he tell you anything about money, about the three thousand?"

"He not only talked about it, but that was perhaps what was crushing him most of all. He said that he was deprived of his honor now and that now nothing mattered anymore," Alyosha answered with fervor, feeling with all his heart how hope was flowing into his heart and that there might in fact be a way out and salvation for his brother. "But do you... know about that money?" he added, and suddenly stopped short.

"I've known for a long time, and I know for certain. I asked in Moscow by telegram, and I've long known that the money never arrived. He didn't send the money, but I kept silent. In the last week I found out how much he still needed money... I set myself only one aim in all this: that he should know whom to come back to and who is his truest friend. No, he doesn't want to believe that I am his truest friend, he didn't want to know me, he looks at me only as a woman. All week I've been tormented by a terrible worry: how could I manage it so that he wouldn't be ashamed before me of squandering that three thousand? That is, let him be ashamed before everyone and before himself, but let him not be ashamed before me. After all, he tells God everything without being ashamed. Then why doesn't he know even now how much I can bear for him? Why, why doesn't he know me, how dare he fail to know me, after all that has passed between us? I want to save him forever. Let him forget me as his fiancée! And here he is afraid for his honor before me! After all, he wasn't afraid to open his heart to you, Alexei Fyodorovich, was he? Why haven't I deserved the same until now?"

She spoke these last words in tears; the tears gushed from her eyes.

"I must tell you," Alyosha said, his voice trembling too, "about what has just happened between him and his father." And he told her the whole scene, told her that he had been sent for money, that Dmitri had burst in, beaten his father, and after that had once more, especially and insistently, confirmed that he, Alyosha, was to go and "give his bow"... "He went to that woman..." Alyosha added quietly.

"And you think I won't endure that woman? He thinks I won't endure her? But he won't marry her," she suddenly laughed nervously. "Can a Karamazov burn with such a passion forever? It's passion, not love. He won't marry her, because she won't even marry him..." Katerina Ivanovna suddenly smiled strangely again.

"Perhaps he will marry her," Alyosha said sadly, lowering his eyes.

"He won't marry her, I'm telling you! That girl is an angel, do you realize that? Do you realize it!" Katerina Ivanovna suddenly exclaimed with extraordinary fervor. "She is the most fantastic of fantastic creatures! I know how seductive she is, but I know, too, how kind she is, how firm, how noble. Why are you looking at me like that, Alexei Fyodorovich? Perhaps my words surprise you, perhaps you don't believe me? Agrafena Alexandrovna, my angel!" she suddenly cried to someone, looking into the next room. "Come in to us, this is a dear man, this is Alyosha, he knows all about our affairs, show yourself to him!"

"And I was only waiting behind the curtain for you to call me," said a tender, even somewhat sugary, female voice.

The portiere was raised, and... Grushenka herself, laughing and glad, came up to the table. Something seemed to give a jolt in Alyosha. He fastened his eyes on her and could not tear them away. Here she was, that dreadful woman, the "beast," as brother Ivan had blurted out about her half an hour ago. And yet before him stood what seemed, to all appearances, the most ordinary and

simple creature, a kind, sweet woman, beautiful, granted, but so like all other beautiful but "ordinary" women! True, she was very good-looking, very much so even, a Russian beauty, of the kind so many love to the point of passion. She was a woman of rather tall stature, somewhat shorter, however, than Katerina Ivanovna (who was really very tall), full-figured, with soft, as it were even soundless movements of the body, which were as it were pampered, like her voice, to some peculiar sugary refinement. She did not come up as Katerina Ivanovna did, with a powerful, brisk stride; on the contrary, soundlessly. Her foot could not be heard on the floor at all. Softly she sank into an armchair, softly rustling her sumptuous black silk dress and luxuriously wrapping her full neck, white as foam, and her broad shoulders in a costly black woolen shawl. She was twenty-two years old, and her face expressed exactly that age. Her complexion was very white, with a high, pale-pink tint of color. The outline of her face was as it were too broad, and the lower jaw even jutted forward a tiny bit. The upper lip was thin, while the lower one, somewhat protruding, was twice as full and looked as if it were swollen. But her most wonderful, most abundant dark-blond hair, her dark sable brows, and her lovely gray-blue eyes with their long lashes would certainly have made the most indifferent and absent-minded man, even somewhere in a crowd, out walking, in a crush, suddenly stop before that face and remember it for a long time. What struck Alyosha most of all in that face was its childlike, simple-hearted expression. She looked like a child, she was glad of something like a child, she came up to the table precisely "glad," and as though expecting something at any moment, with the most childlike, impatient, and trusting curiosity. Her look made the soul glad; Alyosha felt it. And there was something more in her, which he could not, or would not have known how to, account for, but which perhaps spoke to him also without his being aware of it: namely, once again, that softness,

the tenderness of the movements of her body, the catlike soundlessness of those movements. And yet it was a powerful and ample body. Under the shawl one could make out broad full shoulders, a high, still quite youthful bosom. This body perhaps promised the forms of the Venus de Milo, though certainly, even now, in somewhat exaggerated proportion; that could be sensed. Connoisseurs of Russian female beauty could have predicted unerringly, looking at Grushenka, that by thirty this fresh, still youthful beauty would lose its harmony and spread, the face itself would grow flabby, that little wrinkles would appear extraordinarily fast around the eyes and on the forehead, the complexion would coarsen, turn florid perhaps; in a word, a beauty for a moment, a fleeting beauty, of the kind so often met with precisely in the Russian woman. Alyosha, of course, was not thinking about that, but, enchanted though he was, he asked himself, with some unpleasant sensation and as it were regretfully: why does she drawl her words like that and not speak naturally? She did it, evidently, because she found beauty in this drawling and in the studiedly sugary stressing of syllables and sounds. It was, of course, only a bad habit of bad taste, which testified to a low upbringing, to a notion of propriety vulgarly acquired from childhood. And yet this pronunciation and intonation seemed to Alyosha an almost impossible contradiction of that childishly simple-hearted and joyful expression of her face, of that quiet, happy, babylike radiance of her eyes! Katerina Ivanovna instantly sat her down in an armchair opposite Alyosha and rapturously kissed her several times on her laughing little lips. It was just as if she were in love with her.

"We are seeing each other for the first time, Alexei Fyodorovich," she said, enraptured. "I wanted to get to know her, to see her, I meant to go to her myself, but at my first wish she came of her own accord. I just knew that she and I would settle everything, everything! My heart had a feeling... They begged me

to give up this step, but I foresaw the outcome and I wasn't mistaken. Grushenka has explained everything to me, all her intentions; like a good angel she flew down here and brought peace and joy…"

"You didn't scorn me, dear, worthy young lady," Grushenka drawled in a singsong, still with the same sweet, joyful smile.

"Don't you dare say such words to me, you charmer, you enchantress! Scorn you? Here, I'll kiss your lower lip once more. It really does look swollen, so here, let it swell still more, and more, and more… Look how she laughs, Alexei Fyodorovich, it gladdens the heart to look at this angel…" Alyosha was blushing and trembling with a small, imperceptible trembling.

"You pamper me, dear young lady, and maybe I'm not worth your kindness at all."

"Not worth it! She isn't worth it!" Katerina Ivanovna exclaimed again with the same fervor. "Know, Alexei Fyodorovich, that we are a fantastic little head, that we are a willful but proud, oh so proud little heart! We are noble, Alexei Fyodorovich, we are magnanimous, do you know that? We were only unhappy. We were too quick to make every sacrifice for an unworthy man, perhaps, or a frivolous one. There was one man, an officer too, we fell in love with him, we gave him everything, it was long ago, five years ago, and he forgot us, he married. Now he is a widower, he has written, he is coming here, and know that we love him alone, him alone, to this day and have loved him all our life! He will come, and Grushenka will be happy again, and all these five years she has been unhappy. But who will reproach her, who can boast of her favor! Only that legless old man, the merchant, but he was more of a father to us, a friend, a protector. He found us then in despair, in torment, abandoned by the one we loved so… why, she wanted to drown herself then, why, that old man saved her, he saved her!"

“You do defend me so much, dear young lady, you do rush ahead in everything so,” Grushenka drawled again.

“Defend you? Is it for us to defend, and do we even dare to defend you here? Grushenka, angel, give me your hand, look at this plump little, small, lovely hand, Alexei Fyodorovich; do you see it, it brought me happiness and raised me from the dead, and now I’m going to kiss it, on the back and on the palm, there, there, and there!” And three times, as though enraptured, she kissed Grushenka’s truly lovely, perhaps too plump little hand. Grushenka, for her part, having held out that hand, followed the “dear young lady” with a nervous, ringing, lovely little laugh, and it was evidently pleasant to her to have her hand kissed like that. “Perhaps a little too much rapture,” flashed through Alyosha’s head. He blushed. His heart was somehow especially uneasy the whole time.

“You won’t put me to shame, will you, dear young lady, for kissing my hand like that in front of Alexei Fyodorovich?”

“But did I want to put you to shame by that?” Katerina Ivanovna said, somewhat surprised. “Ah, my dear, how badly you understand me!”

“And maybe you don’t understand me quite right either, dear young lady, maybe I’m much worse than I look to you. I have a wicked heart, I’m willful. I captured poor Dmitri Fyodorovich back then just to make fun of him.”

“But now you will save him. You gave your word. You’ll bring him to his senses, you’ll reveal to him that you love another, have loved him a long time, and that he is now offering you his hand…”

“Oh no, I didn’t give you any such word. You said all that to me yourself, but I didn’t give my word.”

“Then I must have misunderstood you,” Katerina Ivanovna said quietly, and as if turning a tiny bit pale. “You promised…”

"Oh no, angel young lady, I didn't promise you anything," Grushenka interrupted quietly and evenly, still with the same gay and innocent expression. "There, now you can see, worthy young lady, how nasty and headstrong I am compared with you. Whatever I take a fancy to, that's just what I do. Earlier maybe I did promise you something, but just now I'm thinking again: what if I suddenly take a liking to him again, to Mitya, I mean? I did like him a lot once, after all, I even liked him for almost a whole hour. So maybe I'll go and tell him right now to stay with me from this very day… That's how fickle I am…"

"Earlier you said… something quite different…" Katerina Ivanovna barely brought out.

"Ah, earlier! But I'm soft-hearted, stupid. Just think what he's been through on my account! And what if I come home and suddenly feel sorry for him, what then?"

"I didn't expect…"

"Ah, young lady, how kind and noble you turn out to be compared with me. And now, I dare say, you'll stop loving a fool like me, because of my character. Give me your dear little hand, angel young lady," she asked tenderly, and as though with reverence took Katerina Ivanovna's hand. "Look, dear young lady, I'm taking your little hand, and I'll kiss it the way you kissed mine. Three times you kissed mine, and to get even I ought to give yours three hundred kisses for that. Well, so be it, and after that let it be as God sends; maybe I'll be your slave entirely and want to please you like a slave in everything. As God decides, so let it be, without any agreements and promises between us. Your hand, your little hand, what a dear little hand! You dear young lady, you impossible beauty of mine!"

She slowly carried the little hand to her lips, with a strange aim, it is true: to "get even" with kisses. Katerina Ivanovna did not take her hand away: she had listened with timid hope to Grushenka's last promise, though it, too, was very strangely put, to please her

“like a slave”; she looked intently into her eyes: she saw in those eyes the same simple-hearted, trusting expression, the same clear gaiety… “Perhaps she’s too naive!” flashed with hope in Katerina Ivanovna’s heart. Meanwhile Grushenka, as though delighted with the “dear little hand,” was slowly raising it to her lips. But right at her lips she suddenly held the hand still for two, three moments, as though pondering something.

“And you know what, angel young lady,” she suddenly drawled in the very tenderest and most sugary little voice, “you know what, I think I just won’t kiss your hand after all.” And she laughed a merry little laugh.

“As you like… What’s the matter with you?” Katerina Ivanovna suddenly started.

“Just you keep that as a remembrance: that you kissed my hand, but I didn’t kiss yours.” Something suddenly flashed in her eyes. She was looking terribly intently at Katerina Ivanovna.

“Insolent creature!” Katerina Ivanovna suddenly said, as though she had suddenly understood something; she flushed all over and jumped up from her seat. Grushenka, without hurrying, got up too.

“So I’ll go and tell Mitya right now how you kissed my hand and I didn’t kiss yours at all. And won’t he laugh!”

“Vile slut, get out!”

“Oh, how shameful, young lady, oh, how shameful, it isn’t even proper for you at all, such words, dear young lady.”

“Get out, you creature for sale!” Katerina Ivanovna screamed. Every little feature quivered in her utterly distorted face.

“For sale, is it? You yourself used to go to gentlemen for money at dusk, as a girl, you brought your beauty to sell, I know all about it.”

Katerina Ivanovna cried out and was about to throw herself at her, but Alyosha held her back with all his strength:

“Not a step, not a word! Don’t speak, don’t answer anything, she’ll go, she’ll go right now!”

At that moment both of Katerina Ivanovna’s kinswomen ran into the room at the shout, and the maid ran in too. They all rushed to her.

“And I will go,” said Grushenka, snatching up her mantilla from the sofa. “Alyosha, sweetheart, you walk me home!”

“Go, go quickly!” Alyosha folded his hands before her, pleading.

“Darling Alyoshenka, walk me home! I’ll tell you one pretty, pretty little word on the way! It was for you, Alyoshenka, that I put on that scene. Walk me home, my dear, you’ll like it after.”

Alyosha turned away, wringing his hands. Grushenka, laughing a ringing laugh, ran out of the house.

Katerina Ivanovna had a fit. She was sobbing, spasms were choking her. Everyone was bustling around her.

“I warned you,” the elder aunt was saying to her, “I tried to hold you back from this step… you are too passionate… how could you bring yourself to such a step! You don’t know these creatures, and they say that this one is worse than all of them… No, you are too willful!”

“She’s a tiger!” Katerina Ivanovna screamed. “Why did you hold me back, Alexei Fyodorovich, I would have beaten her, beaten her!”

She was in no state to restrain herself before Alyosha; perhaps she did not even want to restrain herself.

“She should be flogged with a lash, on the scaffold, by the hangman, in front of everyone!…”

Alyosha backed toward the door.

“But my God!” Katerina Ivanovna suddenly cried out, throwing up her hands. “He! He could be so dishonorable, so inhuman! Why, he told that creature about what happened there, on that fatal, eternally cursed, cursed day! ‘You brought your beauty to sell,

dear young lady!' She knows! Your brother is a scoundrel, Alexei Fyodorovich!"

Alyosha wanted to say something, but he could not find a single word. His heart was wrung with pain.

"Go away, Alexei Fyodorovich! I'm ashamed, it's terrible for me! Tomorrow... I beg you on my knees, come tomorrow. Don't condemn me, forgive me, I don't know what I'll do with myself yet!"

Alyosha went out into the street as though staggering. He wanted to cry too, as she did. Suddenly the maid caught up with him.

"The young lady forgot to give you this little letter from Mrs. Khokhlakova, it's been lying here since dinner."

Alyosha mechanically took the small pink envelope and, almost without realizing it, thrust it into his pocket.

XI. Another Reputation Ruined

From the town to the monastery it was no more than a verst and a little over. Alyosha walked hurriedly along the road, deserted at that hour. It was almost night now, and at thirty paces it was already hard to make things out. Halfway there was a crossroads. At the crossroads, under a solitary willow, a figure of some sort came into view. No sooner had Alyosha stepped onto the crossroads than the figure tore itself from its place, rushed at him, and shouted in a furious voice:

"Your money or your life!"

"So it's you, Mitya!" said Alyosha in surprise, though he had started violently all the same.

"Ha-ha-ha! You didn't expect it? I thought: where shall I wait for you? At her house? Three roads go from there, and I might miss you. At last I hit on waiting here, because here he'll pass for certain, there's no other way to the monastery. Well, out with the truth, crush me like a cockroach... But what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, brother... it's just the fright. Ah, Dmitri! That blood of Father's earlier..." Alyosha began to cry; he had long wanted to cry, and now something seemed suddenly to snap in his soul. "You almost killed him... you cursed him... and here you are now... just now... playing jokes... 'your money or your life'!"

"Ah, well, what of it? Indecent, is it? Doesn't suit the situation?"

"No... I just..."

"Wait. Look at the night: you see what a gloomy night it is, the clouds, what a wind has come up! I hid here under the willow,

waiting for you, and suddenly I thought (God be my witness!): why go on suffering any longer, what is there to wait for? Here's a willow, I have a handkerchief, I have a shirt, a rope can be twisted right now, braces into the bargain, and—no more burdening the earth, no more dishonoring it with my base presence! And then I hear you coming. Lord, it was as if something had suddenly flown down on me: why, so there is a man after all whom even I love, why, there he is, there is that little fellow, my dear little brother, whom I love more than anyone in the world and whom alone I love! And I loved you so much, I loved you so at that moment, that I thought: I'll throw myself on his neck right now! But a stupid idea came to me: 'I'll amuse him, I'll give him a fright.' And I shouted like a fool: 'Your money!' Forgive the foolery, it's only nonsense, but in my soul… it's decent too… Well, devil take it, tell me, though, what happened there? What did she say? Crush me, strike me, don't spare me! Did she go into a frenzy?"

"No, not that… It was something quite different there, Mitya. There… I found the two of them there just now."

"What two of them?"

"Grushenka at Katerina Ivanovna's."

Dmitri Fyodorovich was dumbfounded.

"Impossible!" he cried. "You're raving! Grushenka at her house?"

Alyosha told everything that had happened to him from the very moment he had gone in to Katerina Ivanovna's. He told it for about ten minutes, not, it cannot be said, smoothly and coherently, but he conveyed it clearly, it seems, catching the most important words, the most important gestures, and vividly conveying, often with a single stroke, his own feelings. Brother Dmitri listened in silence, staring point-blank with a dreadful immobility, but it was clear to Alyosha that he had already understood everything, had grasped the whole fact. But the further the story went, the more his face became, not exactly gloomy, but somehow menacing. He

knit his brows, clenched his teeth, his fixed gaze grew as it were still more fixed, more stubborn, more terrible… All the more unexpected was it when suddenly, with incomprehensible swiftness, his whole face, until then wrathful and ferocious, changed at a stroke, his compressed lips parted, and Dmitri Fyodorovich suddenly dissolved in the most irrepressible, the most genuine laughter. He literally dissolved in laughter; for a long time he could not even speak for laughing.

"So she didn't kiss her hand! So she never kissed it, she just ran off!" he kept shouting in some sick rapture, an insolent rapture, one might also say, if this rapture had not been so artless. "So the other one screamed that she's a tiger! A tiger she is! So she ought to go to the scaffold? Yes, yes, she ought to, she ought, I'm of that opinion myself, she ought to, she ought to long ago! You see, brother, let it be the scaffold, but first I have to get well. I understand the queen of insolence, that's all of her, all of her came out in that little hand, the infernal woman! She's the queen of all the infernal women that can be imagined in the world! A rapture in its own way! So she ran off home? I'll go right now… ah… I'll just run over to her! Alyoshka, don't blame me, I do agree that strangling would be too good for her…"

"And Katerina Ivanovna!" Alyosha exclaimed sadly.

"Her too, I see her through and through, her too, and I see her as never before! It's a whole discovery of all four corners of the world, five, that is! What a step! That's exactly the same Katenka, the little institute girl, who wasn't afraid to run to an absurd, coarse officer out of a magnanimous idea of saving her father, at the terrible risk of being insulted! But our pride, but our need for risk, but our challenge to fate, a challenge to infinity! That aunt tried to stop her, you say? She's a headstrong one herself, that aunt, she's the own sister of that general's widow in Moscow, she used to turn up her nose even higher than the other, but her hus-

band was caught embezzling government funds and lost everything, the estate and everything, and the proud spouse suddenly lowered her tone and has never risen again since. So she tried to hold Katya back, but Katya wouldn't listen. 'I can conquer everything, says she, everything is in my power; if I want, I'll cast a spell on Grushenka too,' and she believed it herself, she was showing off to herself, so who's to blame? You think she kissed Grushenka's hand first on purpose, with a cunning calculation? No, she really did, she really fell in love with Grushenka, that is, not with Grushenka but with her own dream, her own delirium, because, you see, it's my dream, my delirium! Alyosha, my dear, how did you ever escape from them, from women like that? Ran away, did you, hitching up your cassock? Ha-ha-ha!"

"Brother, it seems you haven't even noticed how you insulted Katerina Ivanovna by telling Grushenka about that day, and she threw it in her face just now that she herself 'used to go to gentlemen secretly to sell her beauty!' Brother, what insult could be greater than that?" Alyosha was tormented most of all by the thought that his brother was actually glad of Katerina Ivanovna's humiliation, though of course that could not be.

"Bah!" Dmitri Fyodorovich suddenly frowned terribly and struck his forehead with his palm. He had only now noticed it, though Alyosha had told everything earlier all at once, the insult as well as the cry Katerina Ivanovna had let out, "Your brother is a scoundrel!" "Yes, in fact, perhaps I did tell Grushenka about that 'fatal day,' as Katya says. Yes, that's so, I told her, I remember! It was that same time, in Mokroye, I was drunk, the gypsy girls were singing... But I was sobbing, sobbing myself then, I was on my knees, I was praying to Katya's image, and Grushenka understood that. She understood everything then, I remember, she cried herself... Ah, the devil! But could it have been otherwise now? Then

she cried, and now… Now 'a dagger in the heart'! That's women for you."

He looked down and fell to thinking.

"Yes, I'm a scoundrel! An unquestionable scoundrel," he suddenly said in a gloomy voice. "Cried or didn't cry, it makes no difference, a scoundrel all the same! Tell them there that I accept the title, if that can be any comfort. Well, and enough, goodbye, what's the use of chattering! There's nothing cheerful in it. You go your way and I'll go mine. And I don't want to see you anymore, not until some very last minute. Goodbye, Alexei!" He firmly pressed Alyosha's hand and, still looking down and not raising his head, as though tearing himself loose, strode quickly off toward the town. Alyosha gazed after him, not believing that he would go away like that, so completely and suddenly.

"Wait, Alexei, one more confession, to you alone!" Dmitri Fyodorovich suddenly came back. "Look at me, look closely: you see, right here, right here—a terrible dishonor is being prepared." (As he said "right here," Dmitri Fyodorovich struck himself on the chest with his fist, and with as strange an air as if the dishonor lay and was kept precisely there on his chest, in some particular place, in a pocket perhaps, or hung sewn up around his neck.) "You know me already: a scoundrel, a confessed scoundrel! But know that whatever I have done before, now, or in the future, nothing, nothing can compare in baseness with the dishonor that precisely now, precisely at this moment, I carry here on my chest, right here, here, which is at work and being carried out, and which I am fully master to stop, I can stop it or carry it out, mark that! Well, know then that I will carry it out and not stop it. I told you everything earlier, but this I didn't tell, because even I hadn't a brazen enough face for that! I can still stop; by stopping, I could get back a whole half of my lost honor tomorrow, but I won't stop, I will carry out the base design, and be my witness beforehand that I say this in

advance and knowingly! Ruin and darkness! There's nothing to explain, you'll find out in due time. A stinking back alley and an infernal woman! Goodbye. Don't pray for me, I'm not worth it, and it isn't needed at all, not needed at all... I don't need it in the least! Away!..."

And suddenly he went off, this time for good. Alyosha went on toward the monastery. "How, how will I never see him, what is he saying?" came wildly into his mind. "Why, tomorrow I'll certainly see him and look for him, I'll look for him on purpose, what is he saying!..."

He went around the monastery and through the pine grove straight to the hermitage. They opened for him there, though at that hour no one was let in any longer. His heart was trembling when he entered the elder's cell: "Why, why did he go out, why did the elder send him 'into the world'? Here is quiet, here is holiness, and there—confusion, there is a darkness in which one is lost at once and goes astray..."

In the cell were the novice Porfiry and the hieromonk Father Paisy, who all day long had been coming in every hour to ask after the health of Father Zosima, who, as Alyosha learned with dread, was getting worse and worse. Even the usual evening talk with the brethren could not take place this time. Ordinarily, in the evening, after the service, every day, before going to sleep, the monastery brethren gathered in the elder's cell, and each of them confessed aloud to him the day's transgressions, sinful dreams, thoughts, temptations, even quarrels among themselves, if any such had occurred. Some confessed on their knees. The elder absolved, reconciled, instructed, imposed penance, blessed, and dismissed them. It was against these brotherly "confessions" that the opponents of the institution of elders rose up, saying that this was a profanation of confession as a sacrament, almost a blasphemy, though here it was something quite different. They even repre-

sented to the diocesan authorities that such confessions not only failed to reach a good end but really and deliberately led into sin and temptation. Many of the brethren, they said, found it a burden to go to the elder, and came against their will because everyone was going, so as not to be taken for proud and rebellious in their thoughts. It was told that some of the brethren, setting off for the evening confession, agreed among themselves beforehand: "I'll say, you see, that I got angry at you this morning, and you confirm it," this so that there would be something to say, just to get it over with. Alyosha knew that this really did happen sometimes. He also knew that there were some among the brethren who were highly indignant that, by custom, even letters from relatives received by the monks of the hermitage were first brought to the elder, so that he might unseal them before those to whom they were addressed. It was presumed, of course, that all this was to be done freely and sincerely, with all one's heart, in the name of free humility and saving edification, but in fact, as it turned out, it sometimes went on very insincerely as well, and, on the contrary, in an affected and false way. But the senior and most experienced of the brethren stood their ground, reasoning that "for those who have entered these walls sincerely, to be saved, all these obediences and feats will undoubtedly prove saving and will bring them great benefit; whereas he who finds it a burden and grumbles is as good as no monk at all and has come to the monastery for nothing; his place is in the world. And from sin and from the devil you cannot keep yourself safe, not only in the world but even in the church, and so there is no reason to indulge sin."

"He has grown weak, drowsiness has come over him," Father Paisy told Alyosha in a whisper, after blessing him. "It is even hard to wake him. But there is no need to wake him. He woke for about five minutes, asked that his blessing be carried to the brethren, and asked the brethren for their prayers for him in the night. In

the morning he intends to receive communion once more. He remembered you, Alexei, he asked whether you had gone; he was told that you were in town. 'That is why I blessed him; his place is there, and for the present not here': that is what he pronounced about you. He remembered you lovingly, with concern; do you understand what you have been granted? Only how is it that he has appointed you a term in the world for the present? It means he foresees something in your destiny! Understand, Alexei, that even if you return to the world, it must be as though to an obedience laid upon you by your elder, and not for vain frivolity and worldly merriment..."

Father Paisy went out. That the elder was dying there was no doubt for Alyosha, though he might live another day or two. Alyosha resolved firmly and ardently that, in spite of the promises he had given to see his father, the Khokhlakovs, his brother, and Katerina Ivanovna, tomorrow he would not leave the monastery at all and would stay by his elder until his very end. His heart was set on fire with love, and he bitterly reproached himself for having been able, for a moment, there in town, even to forget the one he had left in the monastery on his deathbed and whom he revered above everyone in the world. He went into the elder's little bedroom, knelt, and bowed down to the ground before the sleeping man. The elder slept quietly, without stirring, breathing evenly and barely perceptibly. His face was peaceful.

Going back into the other room, the very one in which the elder had received his guests that morning, Alyosha, hardly undressing and only taking off his boots, lay down on the hard, narrow little leather sofa on which he always slept, and had for a long time now, every night, bringing only a pillow. As for the mattress his father had shouted about earlier, he had long since forgotten to spread it for himself. He took off only his cassock and covered himself with it in place of a blanket. But before sleeping

he threw himself on his knees and prayed for a long time. In his ardent prayer he did not ask God to make his confusion clear to him, but only thirsted for joyful tenderness, the former tenderness that had always visited his soul after the praise and glorification of God, of which his prayer before sleep usually consisted entirely. This joy that visited him brought after it a light and peaceful sleep. Praying now as well, he suddenly happened to feel in his pocket that little pink envelope which Katerina Ivanovna's maid had given him when she caught up with him on the road. He was disconcerted, but he prayed to the end. Then, after hesitating a little, he unsealed the envelope. It held a little letter to him, signed Lise: that same young daughter of Mrs. Khokhlakova who had laughed at him so that morning in front of the elder.

"Alexei Fyodorovich," she wrote, "I am writing to you secretly from everyone, even from Mamma, and I know how wrong it is. But I cannot live any longer if I do not tell you what has been born in my heart, and no one but the two of us must know it until the time comes. But how am I to tell you what I so want to tell you? Paper, they say, doesn't blush; I assure you that this is not true and that it blushes exactly as I am blushing all over now. Dear Alyosha, I love you, I have loved you since childhood, since Moscow, when you were not at all the way you are now, and I will love you all my life. I have chosen you with my heart, to be united with you, and to end our life together in old age. On condition, of course, that you leave the monastery. As for our ages, we will wait as long as the law requires. By that time I will certainly be well, I will walk and dance. There can be no talk about that.

"You see how I have thought it all out; only one thing I cannot think out: what will you think of me when you read this? I am always laughing and being naughty, I made you angry earlier, but I assure you that just now, before I took up my pen, I prayed to the

icon of the Mother of God, and I am praying now too and almost crying.

"My secret is in your hands; tomorrow, when you come, I don't know how I will even look at you. Ah, Alexei Fyodorovich, what if I can't hold back again, like a fool, and laugh, as I did earlier, looking at you? You'll take me for a nasty mocker and won't believe my letter. And so I beg you, dear, if you have any compassion for me, when you come in tomorrow, don't look me too straight in the eyes, because when mine meet yours I will perhaps be sure to burst out laughing, and besides, you will be in that long dress... Even now I go all cold when I think of it, and so when you come in, don't look at me at all for a while, but look at Mamma or at the window...

"There, I have written you a love letter, my God, what have I done! Alyosha, don't despise me, and if I have done something very bad and upset you, forgive me. Now the secret of my reputation, ruined forever perhaps, is in your hands.

"I will certainly cry today. Goodbye until we meet, until our *terrible* meeting. Lise.

"P.S. Alyosha, only you must come, you must, you must! Lise."

Alyosha read it with surprise, read it twice, thought, and suddenly laughed softly and sweetly. He gave a start; this laughter seemed sinful to him. But a moment later he laughed again just as softly and just as happily. Slowly he put the letter back into the little envelope, crossed himself, and lay down. The turmoil in his soul suddenly passed. "Lord, have mercy on them all, the ones from today, keep them, the unhappy and the stormy ones, and guide them. All ways are yours: by the ways that you know, save them. You are love, you will send joy to all!" Alyosha murmured, crossing himself and falling into a serene sleep.

Part Two

Book Four: Strains

I. Father Ferapont

Early in the morning, before daylight, Alyosha was awakened. The elder had woken up and felt very weak, though he wished to move from his bed to his armchair. He was fully conscious; his face, though very tired, was clear, almost joyful, and his look was cheerful, kindly, beckoning. “Perhaps I shall not live through this day that has come,” he said to Alyosha; then he wished to make his confession and receive communion at once. His confessor had always been Father Paisy. After both sacraments had been performed, the unction began. The hieromonks gathered, and little by little the cell filled with the monks of the hermitage. Meanwhile day came. People began to arrive from the monastery as well. When the service was over, the elder wished to take leave of everyone, and he kissed them all. Because the cell was so cramped, those who had come first went out and made way for others. Alyosha stood beside the elder, who had again moved to his armchair. He talked and taught as much as he could; his voice, though weak, was still fairly firm. “I have taught you for so many years, and so for so many years I have been speaking aloud, that I seem to have formed the habit of speaking, and in speaking, of teaching you, and so much so that keeping silent would be almost harder for me than speaking, dear fathers and brothers, even now in my weakness,” he jested, gazing tenderly at those who crowded around him. Alyosha remembered afterward some of what he said then. But though he spoke distinctly, and though in a fairly firm voice, his speech was rather disconnected. He spoke of many things; it seemed he would have liked to say everything, to speak

out once more, before the moment of death, all that had been left unsaid in his life, and not only for the sake of teaching, but as though thirsting to share his joy and rapture with all and everything, to pour out his heart once more in this life…

"Love one another, fathers," the elder taught (as far as Alyosha remembered afterward). "Love God's people. We are not holier than those in the world because we have come here and shut ourselves up within these walls; on the contrary, everyone who has come here, by the very fact that he has come, has recognized in himself that he is worse than all those in the world and than all and everything on earth… And the longer a monk lives within his walls afterward, the more keenly he must be aware of this. For otherwise there was no reason for him to come here. But when he recognizes that he is not only worse than all those in the world, but is also guilty before all people, for everyone and for everything, for all human sins, the world's and each person's, only then will the aim of our union be attained. For know, dear ones, that each one of us is undoubtedly guilty for everyone and for everything on earth, not only through the common guilt of the world, but each one singly, for all people and for every person on this earth. This awareness is the crown of the monk's path, and of every person's on earth as well. For monks are not a different kind of people, but only such as all people on earth ought to be. Only then would our hearts be moved to a love that is infinite, universal, that knows no satiety. Then each of you will have the strength to win the whole world by love and to wash away the world's sins with your tears… Let each of you keep watch over his heart, let each of you confess to himself unceasingly. Do not be afraid of your sin, even when you have become aware of it, so long as there is repentance, but make no conditions with God. Again I say: do not be proud. Do not be proud before the little ones, do not be proud before the great ones either. Do not hate those who reject you, who disgrace you, who

revile you and slander you. Do not hate the atheists, the teachers of evil, the materialists, not only the good ones among them but even the wicked ones, for many of them too are good, especially in our time. Remember them in your prayers like this: save, O Lord, all those for whom there is no one to pray, save also those who do not want to pray to you. And add at once: it is not out of pride that I pray for this, O Lord, for I myself am more vile than all and everything… Love God's people, do not let strangers drive off your flock, for if you fall asleep in your sloth and your fastidious pride, and still more in your love of gain, they will come from every land and drive off your flock from you. Expound the Gospel to the people unceasingly… Do not be grasping… Do not love silver and gold, do not keep them… Believe, and hold up the banner. Raise it high…"

The elder, however, spoke more fragmentarily than has been set out here and than Alyosha wrote it down afterward. At times he broke off altogether, as though gathering his strength; he gasped for breath, but he was as it were in rapture. They listened to him with tender emotion, though many marveled at his words and found them obscure… Afterward all these words were remembered. When Alyosha happened to leave the cell for a minute, he was struck by the general agitation and expectancy of the brethren crowding in the cell and around it. Among some the expectancy was almost anxious, among others solemn. Everyone was expecting something immediate and great at once upon the elder's falling asleep in death. This expectancy was, from one point of view, almost as it were frivolous, but even the very strictest elders were subject to it. Strictest of all was the face of the elder hieromonk Paisy. Alyosha had left the cell only because he had been mysteriously called out, through a monk, by Rakitin, who had come from town with a strange letter to Alyosha from Mrs. Khokhlakova. She informed Alyosha of a curious piece of news that had come extraordinarily opportunely. The matter was this: yes-

terday, among the believing women of the common people who had come to bow to the elder and receive his blessing, there had been an old woman from town, Prokhorovna, a noncommissioned officer's widow. She had asked the elder whether she might remember her little son Vasenka, who had gone off far away into Siberia in the service, to Irkutsk, and from whom she had received no news for a year now, in church for the repose of his soul, as one dead. To which the elder had answered her sternly, forbidding it and calling that kind of remembrance akin to sorcery. But then, forgiving her for her ignorance, he had added, "as though looking into the book of the future" (as Mrs. Khokhlakova put it in her letter), a consolation as well, "that her son Vasya was undoubtedly alive, and that he would either come to her himself soon or send a letter, and that she should go home and wait for this. And what do you think?" Mrs. Khokhlakova added in rapture, "the prophecy was fulfilled even literally, and even more than that." The old woman had barely returned home when she was handed a letter from Siberia that was already waiting for her. But that was not all: in this letter, written on the road, from Yekaterinburg, Vasya informed his mother that he was coming back to Russia himself, returning with an official, and that some three weeks after she received this letter "he hoped to embrace his mother." Mrs. Khokhlakova insistently and fervently begged Alyosha to pass on this newly accomplished "miracle of prediction" at once to the abbot and to all the brethren: "Everyone, everyone must know of it!" she exclaimed, concluding her letter. Her letter had been written in haste, hurriedly; the writer's agitation echoed in every line. But Alyosha had nothing left to tell the brethren, for everyone already knew everything: Rakitin, in sending a monk for him, had also charged him "most respectfully to report to his Very Reverence Father Paisy as well that he, Rakitin, had a certain matter for him, but of such importance that he dared not put off telling it to him for a single minute,

and for his boldness he begged forgiveness with a bow to the ground." Since the little monk had conveyed Rakitin's request to Father Paisy before he did to Alyosha, all that was left for Alyosha, on arriving there, was to read the little letter and pass it on at once to Father Paisy, merely as a document. And even this stern and mistrustful man, having read the news of the "miracle" with a frown, could not wholly hold back a certain inner feeling. His eyes flashed, and his lips suddenly smiled gravely and with deep feeling.

"Shall we not see greater things?" burst from him, as it were, suddenly.

"We shall see greater things yet, we shall see greater things yet!" the monks around him repeated, but Father Paisy, frowning again, asked everyone not to tell anyone aloud about this, at least for the time being, "until it has been confirmed further, for there is much frivolity among worldly people, and besides, this case could have come about naturally," he added cautiously, as though to ease his conscience, but almost not believing his own reservation, which those listening perceived very well. Within that same hour, of course, the "miracle" became known to the whole monastery and even to many of the worldly people who had come to the monastery for the liturgy. More struck than anyone, it seemed, by the miracle that had taken place was the little monk who had come to the cloister yesterday "from St. Silvester," from a small monastery in Obdorsk in the far North. Yesterday he had bowed to the elder, standing near Mrs. Khokhlakova, and pointing to that lady's "healed" daughter, had asked him with deep feeling: "How do you dare to do such things?"

The thing was that by now he was in some perplexity and almost did not know what to believe. Only yesterday evening he had visited the monastery's Father Ferapont in his separate cell behind the apiary and had been struck by that meeting, which made an extraordinary and terrifying impression on him. This

elder, Father Ferapont, was that very aged monk, a great faster and keeper of silence, whom we have already mentioned as an opponent of the elder Zosima and, above all, of the institution of elders, which he considered a harmful and frivolous innovation. This opponent was an extremely dangerous one, in spite of the fact that, as a keeper of silence, he spoke hardly a word to anyone. He was dangerous chiefly because a great many of the brethren sympathized with him entirely, and very many of the worldly visitors revered him as a great righteous man and ascetic, in spite of the fact that they saw in him unmistakably a holy fool. But it was precisely the holy foolishness that captivated them. This Father Ferapont never went to the elder Zosima. Although he lived in the hermitage, he was not much bothered with the rules of the hermitage, again because he conducted himself as an outright holy fool. He was about seventy-five years old, if not more, and he lived behind the hermitage apiary, in a corner of the wall, in an old, almost crumbling wooden cell built there in the most ancient times, back in the last century, for another very great faster and keeper of silence, Father Iona, who had lived to a hundred and five and about whose feats many most curious stories went around even to this day in the monastery and the country around it. Father Ferapont had managed at last, some seven years ago, to be settled in this same solitary little cell as well, that is, simply a cottage, but one that looked very much like a chapel, for it held a great many donated icons with donated icon lamps glowing before them perpetually, as if Father Ferapont had been appointed to look after them and keep them lit. He ate, so it was said (and it was true), only two pounds of bread every three days, no more; the beekeeper who lived right there at the apiary brought them to him every three days, but even with this beekeeper who served him Father Ferapont seldom spoke a word. These four pounds of bread, together with the Sunday communion loaf, sent punctually to the

holy man by the abbot after the late liturgy, made up all his weekly food. His water was changed in its mug every day. He seldom appeared at the liturgy. Pilgrims who came saw how he sometimes stood all day in prayer, not rising from his knees and not looking around. And if he ever did enter into conversation with them, he was brief, abrupt, strange, and almost always rude. There were, however, very rare occasions when he would get talking with visitors, but for the most part he uttered just one strange word of some kind, which always set the visitor a great riddle, and then, in spite of any entreaties, would say nothing more by way of explanation. He did not hold the rank of priest; he was only a simple monk. There was a very strange rumor going around, though among the most ignorant people, that Father Ferapont had communication with heavenly spirits and conversed only with them, which was why he was silent with people. The little monk from Obdorsk, having made his way to the apiary on the directions of the beekeeper, also a very silent and morose monk, went to the corner where Father Ferapont's little cell stood. "Maybe he'll talk to you, since you're a stranger, and maybe you won't get anything out of him," the beekeeper warned him. The little monk approached, as he himself related afterward, in the greatest fear. The hour was already fairly late. Father Ferapont was sitting this time by the door of his little cell, on a low little bench. Above him a huge old elm rustled faintly. The evening chill was coming on. The little monk from Obdorsk prostrated himself before the holy man and asked for his blessing.

"Want me to fall flat before you too, monk?" said Father Ferapont. "Arise!"

The little monk got up.

"Bless and be blessed, sit down beside me. Where'd the wind blow you in from?"

What struck the poor little monk most of all was that Father Ferapont, for all his unquestionably great fasting and being of such advanced years, was still to look at a strong old man, tall, holding himself straight, unbowed, with a fresh face, thin but healthy. Unquestionably, too, considerable strength was still preserved in him. His build was an athlete's. For all his great age, he had not even gone entirely gray, with still very thick hair on his head and beard, once quite black. His eyes were gray, large, luminous, but extraordinarily bulging, which was even startling. He spoke with a strong stress on his o's. He was dressed in a long reddish peasant coat of coarse cloth, convict cloth as it used to be called, belted with a thick rope. His neck and chest were bare. A shirt of the thickest linen, almost completely blackened, not taken off for months, peeped out from under his coat. It was said that under the coat he wore thirty-pound chains. On his bare feet he wore old, almost crumbling shoes.

"From the little monastery in Obdorsk, from St. Selivester," the visiting little monk answered humbly, observing the hermit with his quick, curious little eyes, though they were somewhat frightened.

"I've been at your Selivester's. Lived there. Is Selivester keeping well, eh?"

The little monk hesitated.

"Muddle-headed folk you are! How d'you keep the fast?"

"Our refectory rule is so ordered according to the ancient rule of the hermitage: during the Forty Days, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday no meal is set out. On Tuesday and Thursday, for the brethren, white loaves, a stewed fruit drink with honey, cloudberries or salted cabbage, and oatmeal mixed with water. On Saturday white cabbage soup, pea noodles, porridge with hempseed juice, all with oil. On Sunday, with the soup, dried fish and porridge. And in Holy Week, from Monday even until Saturday evening, six days,

bread with water only is to be eaten, and herbs uncooked, and this with abstinence; and if it be possible, not to take food every day, but, as was said, as in the first week. And on Holy and Great Friday nothing at all is to be eaten, and likewise on Great Saturday we fast until the third hour, and then taste a little bread with water and drink a single cup of wine. And on Holy and Great Thursday we eat cooked food without oil, and drink wine, and otherwise eat dry food. For the council at Laodicea says thus of Great Thursday: 'That it is not fitting, in the last week of the Forty Days, to relax the fast on Thursday and so dishonor the whole of the Forty Days.' That is how it is with us. But what is this compared with you, great father," the little monk added, taking heart, "for the whole year round, even at holy Easter, you live on bread and water alone, and what bread we have for two days lasts you the whole week. Truly marvelous is such great abstinence of yours."

"And mushrooms?" Father Ferapont suddenly asked, breathing out the g of *gruzdi*, milk mushrooms, almost like an h.

"Mushrooms?" the surprised little monk asked again.

"That's it. I can walk away from their bread, I don't need it at all, I can go off into the forest if need be and live on mushrooms there or berries, but they can't walk away from their bread here, so they're bound to the devil. Nowadays the unclean ones say there's no point fasting so much. Arrogant and unclean, that's what their reasoning is."

"Oh, it's true," the little monk sighed.

"And did you see the devils among them?" asked Father Ferapont.

"Among whom?" the little monk inquired timidly.

"I went up to the abbot last year at holy Pentecost, and I haven't been since. I saw one sitting on one monk's chest, hiding under his robe, only his little horns peeping out; out of another one's pocket one was peering, quick eyes, afraid of me, he is; in another one's

belly one had settled, in his very unclean gut; and on someone else one was hanging around his neck, clinging on, and so he carries him about and doesn't see him."

"You… can see them?" the little monk inquired.

"I tell you I see, I see clean through. As I was coming out from the abbot's, I look, and one's hiding from me behind the door, and a big hulking one at that, an arshin and a half tall or more, with a great thick brown tail, a long one, and he got the end of his tail caught in the crack of the door, and me, I'm no fool, I suddenly slammed the door shut and pinched his tail in it. How he squealed, he started thrashing, and I crossed him with the sign of the cross, three times over, and crossed him to death. He croaked right there, like a squashed spider. By now he must have rotted in that corner, he stinks, and they don't see, they don't get a whiff of it. I haven't gone for a year. I reveal it only to you, as you're a foreigner."

"Terrible are your words! But tell me, great and blessed father," the little monk ventured more and more, "is it true, there is a great fame about you that goes even to faraway lands, that you are in constant communion with the Holy Spirit?"

"He flies down. It happens."

"How does he fly down? In what form?"

"As a bird."

"The Holy Spirit in the form of a dove?"

"There's the Holy Spirit, and then there's the Holyspirit. The Holyspirit is something else, he can come down as another bird too: now as a swallow, now as a goldfinch, and now even as a titmouse."

"But how do you tell him from a titmouse?"

"He talks."

"How does he talk, in what language?"

"Human."

"And what does he tell you?"

"Today, now, he announced that a fool would visit and ask unseemly things. You want to know too much, monk."

"Terrible are your words, most blessed and most holy father," the little monk said, shaking his head. In his timid little eyes, however, a certain mistrust could be seen as well.

"And do you see this tree?" Father Ferapont asked, after a silence.

"I see it, most blessed father."

"To you it's an elm, but to me it's another picture."

"What picture?" the little monk asked, after waiting in vain.

"It happens in the night. You see these two boughs? In the night, behold, it is Christ stretching out his arms to me and with those arms seeking me, I see it plainly and I tremble. It's terrible, oh, terrible!"

"What is there terrible in it, if it's Christ himself?"

"Why, he'll seize me and carry me up."

"Alive?"

"Why, in the spirit and glory of Elijah, haven't you heard? He'll embrace me and carry me off..."

Though after this conversation the little monk from Obdorsk returned to the little cell assigned to him, with one of the brethren, in fairly strong perplexity, his heart nonetheless unquestionably inclined more toward Father Ferapont than toward Father Zosima. The little monk from Obdorsk was above all for fasting, and for so great a faster as Father Ferapont it was no wonder "to see marvelous things." His words were, of course, as it were absurd, but then the Lord knows what was contained in them, in those words, and all those who are fools for Christ's sake say and do even stranger things. As for the devil's pinched tail, he was ready to believe in it with all his soul and with pleasure, not only in the figurative but also in the literal sense. Besides this, even

before, before coming to the monastery, he had been greatly prejudiced against the institution of elders, which he had known until then only from stories and which, following many others, he had taken resolutely for a harmful innovation. Having already spent a day in the monastery, he had managed to note the secret grumbling of some frivolous brethren who did not agree with the institution of elders. He was, besides, by nature a prying and nimble monk, with an enormous curiosity about everything. That was why the great news of a new "miracle" performed by the elder Zosima threw him into extraordinary perplexity. Alyosha remembered afterward how, among the monks crowding toward the elder and around his cell, there kept flitting before him the little figure of the curious visitor from Obdorsk, prying everywhere among all the little groups, listening to everything and questioning everyone. But at the time he paid little attention to him and only afterward remembered it all… Besides, he had no time for it: the elder Zosima, who had felt tired again and had lain down on his bed again, suddenly, as he was already closing his eyes, remembered him and called for him. Alyosha came running at once. Near the elder at that time were only Father Paisy, Father Iosif the hieromonk, and Porfiry the novice. The elder, opening his weary eyes and looking intently at Alyosha, suddenly asked him:

"Are your people expecting you, my son?"

Alyosha hesitated.

"Have they no need of you? Did you promise anyone yesterday to be there today?"

"I did promise… my father… my brothers… others too…"

"You see. Go without fail. Do not grieve. Know that I will not die without saying my last word on earth in your presence. To you I will say that word, my son, to you I will bequeath it. To you, my dear son, for you love me. And now, for the present, go to those you promised."

Alyosha obeyed at once, though it was hard for him to go. But the promise that he would hear his last word on earth and, above all, as though bequeathed to him, to Alyosha, shook his soul with rapture. He hurried, so as to finish everything in town and come back as soon as possible. And just then Father Paisy, too, spoke a parting word to him, which made a very strong and unexpected impression on him. This was when they had both come out of the elder's cell.

"Remember, young man, unceasingly," Father Paisy began, straight out and without any preface, "that worldly science, having united into a great force, has taken apart, especially in the last century, everything heavenly that has been bequeathed to us in the holy books, and after a cruel analysis the learned of this world have left of all that was formerly holy absolutely nothing. But they took it apart piece by piece and overlooked the whole, and it is even a marvel to what blindness. Whereas the whole stands before their very eyes as unshakably as before, and the gates of hell shall not overcome it. Has it not lived for nineteen centuries, does it not live now too, in the movements of individual souls and in the movements of the masses of the people? Even in the movements of the souls of those very atheists who have destroyed everything it lives, as before, unshakably! For even those who have renounced Christianity and rebel against it are themselves, in their essence, of the same image of Christ, and such they have remained, for until now neither their wisdom nor the ardor of their hearts has been able to create any other, higher image for man and his dignity than the image shown of old by Christ. And as for the attempts there have been, what came of them was nothing but monstrosities. Remember this especially, young man, for you are being appointed to the world by your departing elder. Perhaps, remembering this great day, you will not forget my words either, given as a heartfelt parting word to you, for you are young, and the

temptations in the world are heavy and beyond your strength to bear. Well, go now, orphan."

With this word Father Paisy blessed him. Coming out of the monastery and thinking over all these sudden words, Alyosha suddenly understood that in this monk, who until now had been strict and stern with him, he was meeting a new, unexpected friend and a new guide who loved him ardently, exactly as if the elder Zosima had bequeathed him to Paisy as he was dying. "And perhaps that is just what really did pass between them," Alyosha suddenly thought. And the unexpected and learned reasoning he had just heard, precisely this and not some other, testified only to the ardor of Father Paisy's heart: he was already hurrying to arm the young mind as quickly as possible for the struggle with temptations and to fence in the young soul bequeathed to him with a fence stronger than which he himself could not imagine.

II. At His Father's

First of all Alyosha went to his father. As he approached, he remembered that his father had insisted very much the day before that he should somehow come in without brother Ivan's knowing. "But why?" it now suddenly occurred to Alyosha. "If Father wants to tell me something by myself, secretly, why should I have to come in secretly? He must have wanted to say something else yesterday in his agitation, and didn't have time," he decided. Nonetheless he was very glad when Marfa Ignatyevna, who opened the gate for him (Grigory, it turned out, had fallen ill and was lying in the cottage), told him in answer to his question that Ivan Fyodorovich had gone out two hours ago, sir.

"And Father?"

"He's up, he's having his coffee," Marfa Ignatyevna answered somehow drily.

Alyosha went in. The old man sat by himself at the table, in slippers and an old little coat, looking over some accounts for amusement, without much attention, however. He was all alone in the whole house (Smerdyakov too had gone out to buy provisions for dinner). But it was not the accounts that occupied him. Though he had got out of bed early in the morning and was keeping his spirits up, he looked tired and weak all the same. His forehead, on which huge purple bruises had spread overnight, was bound with a red handkerchief. His nose, too, had swollen badly overnight, and on it as well several bruises had formed in blotches, insignificant, it is true, but decidedly giving his whole face a peculiarly spiteful and

irritated look. The old man knew this himself and looked with unfriendly eyes at Alyosha as he came in.

"The coffee's cold," he cried sharply, "I'm not offering you any. I myself, brother, am living on nothing but Lenten fish soup today, and I'm not inviting anyone. What have you come for?"

"To find out about your health," said Alyosha.

"Yes. And besides, I told you myself yesterday to come. It's all nonsense. You needn't have deigned to trouble yourself. I knew, though, that you'd come dragging yourself here at once..."

He said this with the most hostile feeling. Meanwhile he got up from his seat and anxiously looked at his nose in the mirror (perhaps for the fortieth time since morning). He also began arranging the red handkerchief on his forehead more becomingly.

"Red is better; in white it looks like a hospital," he remarked sententiously. "Well, what's new with you? How's your elder?"

"He is very bad, he may die today," Alyosha answered, but his father did not even catch it, and at once forgot his own question.

"Ivan has gone out," he said suddenly. "He's trying with all his might to steal Mitka's fiancée away from him, that's why he's living here," he added spitefully, and, twisting his mouth, looked at Alyosha.

"Can he really have told you so himself?" asked Alyosha.

"Yes, and he told me long ago. What do you think: some three weeks ago he told me. He didn't come here to cut my throat on the sly too, did he? He must have come for something, mustn't he?"

"What are you saying! Why do you talk like that?" Alyosha was terribly embarrassed.

"He doesn't ask for money, true, but all the same he won't get a fig from me. I, my dearest Alexei Fyodorovich, intend to live in this world as long as possible, be it known to you, and therefore I need every kopeck, and the longer I live, the more I'll need it," he went on, pacing the room from corner to corner, his hands in the pock-

ets of his wide, greasy coat of yellow summer linen. “For the moment I’m still a man, all the same, only fifty-five, but I want to go on standing in the ranks of men another twenty years or so; and when I get old I’ll be foul, they won’t come to me of their own free will then, well, and that’s just when I’ll need my little bit of money. So now I’m saving up more and more, for myself alone, sir, my dear son Alexei Fyodorovich, be it known to you, because I want to live in my filth to the very end, be it known to you. In filth it’s sweeter: everyone curses it, but everyone lives in it, only they all do it on the sly, and I do it openly. And it’s for this simplicity of mine that all the filthy ones have fallen on me. And I don’t want to go to that paradise of yours, Alexei Fyodorovich, be it known to you, and it isn’t even proper for a decent man to go to that paradise of yours, even if there is one. To my mind, you fall asleep and don’t wake up, and there’s nothing; remember me if you like, and if you don’t, the devil take you. That’s my philosophy. Yesterday Ivan talked well here, though we were all drunk. Ivan is a braggart, and there’s no such learning in him… and no special education either, he keeps quiet and grins at you without a word: that’s the only thing that carries him.”

Alyosha listened to him and was silent.

“Why doesn’t he talk to me? And when he does talk, he puts on airs; he’s a scoundrel, that Ivan of yours! And I’ll marry Grushka right now, if I only want to. Because with money you only have to want, sir, Alexei Fyodorovich, and everything will be yours. That’s just what Ivan is afraid of, and he’s guarding me so I won’t marry, and for that reason he’s pushing Mitka to marry Grushka: in that way he wants to keep me away from Grushka as well (as if I’d leave him money if I don’t marry Grushka!), and on the other hand, if Mitka marries Grushka, then Ivan will take his rich fiancée for himself, that’s his calculation! He’s a scoundrel, that Ivan of yours!”

"How irritable you are. It's from yesterday; you should go and lie down," said Alyosha.

"There, you say that," the old man suddenly remarked, as if it had come into his head for the first time, "you say it, and I'm not angry with you, but if Ivan had said that very thing to me, I'd have been angry. Only with you alone have I had my kindly little moments, otherwise I'm a wicked man, you know."

"You aren't a wicked man, you're a twisted one," Alyosha smiled.

"Listen, I was going to have that brigand Mitka locked up today, and even now I don't know how I'll decide. Of course, in these fashionable times it's the accepted thing to consider fathers and mothers a prejudice, but by the laws, I believe, even in our times it isn't permitted to drag old fathers by the hair and beat them in the face with your heels on the floor, in their own house, and to boast you'll come and kill them outright, all in front of witnesses, sir. If I wanted, I could bend him double and have him locked up right now for yesterday."

"So you don't want to lodge a complaint, no?"

"Ivan talked me out of it. I wouldn't give a spit for Ivan, but I know a trick myself..."

And bending toward Alyosha, he went on in a confidential half-whisper:

"If I have him locked up, the scoundrel, she'll hear that I had him locked up and run to him at once. But if she hears today that he beat me, a weak old man, half to death, then, I dare say, she'll drop him and come to visit me... That's the kind of characters we're endowed with: only to do the contrary. I know her through and through! What, won't you have a drop of cognac? Take a little cold coffee, and I'll pour you a quarter of a little glass into it, it's good for the taste, brother."

"No, thank you, I won't. I'll take this bread roll with me, if you'll let me," said Alyosha, and, taking a three-kopeck French roll, he

put it in the pocket of his cassock. “And you shouldn’t drink cognac either,” he advised warily, looking into the old man’s face.

“You’re right, it irritates, it gives no peace. But just one little glass… I’ll get it from the little cupboard…”

He unlocked the “little cupboard,” poured a little glass, drank it, then locked the little cupboard and put the key back in his pocket.

“And that’s enough, one glass won’t kill me.”

“There, now you’ve become kinder,” Alyosha smiled.

“Hm! I love you even without cognac, but with scoundrels I’m a scoundrel too. Vanka isn’t going to Chermashnya, and why? He has to spy: how much I’ll give Grushenka, if she comes. They’re all scoundrels! And I don’t acknowledge Ivan at all. Where did such a one come from? Not our kind of soul at all. As if I’d leave him anything! Why, I won’t even leave a will, be it known to you. And Mitka I’ll crush like a cockroach. I crush black cockroaches at night with my slipper: they go crack when you step on them. Your Mitka will go crack too. Your Mitka, because you love him. There, you love him, and I’m not afraid of your loving him. But if Ivan loved him, I’d be afraid for myself because of his loving him. But Ivan loves nobody, Ivan isn’t our kind of man, these people like Ivan, brother, aren’t our kind of people, they’re dust that’s been raised… The wind will blow, and the dust will pass… Yesterday a stupid idea came into my head when I told you to come today: I wanted to find out through you about Mitka, whether, if I counted him out a thousand now, well, maybe another, he’d agree, the beggar and blackguard, to clear out of here altogether, for five years, or better for thirty-five, and without Grushka, and give her up completely, eh?”

“I… I’ll ask him…” Alyosha muttered. “If it were the whole three thousand, perhaps he…”

“Liar! There’s no need to ask him now, no need for anything! I’ve changed my mind. That stupidity crept into my noggin yesterday

out of sheer stupidity. I won't give him anything, not a blessed thing, I need my little bit of money myself," the old man waved his hand. "I'll squash him like a cockroach without that anyway. Don't say anything to him, or he'll start hoping. And there's nothing at all for you to do here, off you go. That fiancée, that Katerina Ivanovna, whom he so carefully hid from me the whole time, is she marrying him or not? You went to see her yesterday, I believe?"

"She won't leave him for anything."

"That's just the kind these tender young ladies love, rakes and scoundrels! They're trash, I tell you, these pale young ladies; now, something else... Well! If I had his youth, and my face as it was then (because I was better-looking than he is at twenty-eight), I'd have made conquests exactly the way he does. The rascal! But he won't get Grushenka all the same, sir, he won't get her, sir... I'll turn him into dirt!"

He had flown into a rage again at these last words.

"You go too, there's nothing for you to do here today," he snapped sharply.

Alyosha went up to say goodbye and kissed him on the shoulder.

"What's that for?" the old man was a little surprised. "We'll see each other again, won't we? Or do you think we won't?"

"Not at all, I just did it, without thinking."

"Why, and me too, I just meant... nothing..." the old man was looking at him. "Listen, you, listen," he shouted after him, "come sometime, soon, and for fish soup, I'll cook a fish soup, a special one, not like today's, be sure to come! Come tomorrow, do you hear, tomorrow!"

And as soon as Alyosha had gone out the door, he went up to the little cupboard again and tossed off another half glass.

"No more!" he muttered, clearing his throat with a grunt, again locked the little cupboard, again put the key in his pocket, then

went into the bedroom, lay down on the bed in exhaustion, and in an instant fell asleep.

III. He Gets Mixed Up with Schoolboys

"Thank God he didn't ask me about Grushenka," Alyosha thought in his turn, as he left his father's and set off for Mrs. Khokhlakova's house, "or else I'd have had to tell him, I dare say, about yesterday's meeting with Grushenka." Alyosha felt painfully that overnight the combatants had gathered new strength, and with the coming of day their hearts had turned to stone again: "Father is irritated and spiteful, he has thought something up and is standing by it; and what about Dmitri? He too has hardened overnight, he too must be irritated and spiteful, and he too, of course, has thought something up… Oh, I absolutely must manage to find him today, whatever happens…"

But Alyosha was not able to think for long: on the way something suddenly happened to him, an incident not very important to look at, but one that struck him greatly. As soon as he had crossed the square and turned into a lane to come out onto Mikhailovskaya Street, which runs parallel to Bolshaya Street but is separated from it only by a ditch (our whole town is cut through with ditches), he saw below, in front of a little bridge, a small knot of schoolboys, all little children, from nine to twelve years old, no more. They were going home from class with their little satchels on their backs, others with leather bags on straps over their shoulders, some in short jackets, others in little coats, and some even in high boots with creases in the tops, the kind that little children whom well-to-do fathers spoil especially love to show off in. The whole group was eagerly discussing something, apparently holding a council. Alyosha could never pass by children without taking an interest; it

had been so with him in Moscow too, and though he loved three-year-olds or thereabouts best of all, schoolboys of ten or eleven also pleased him very much. And so, preoccupied as he was now, he suddenly felt like turning toward them and starting a conversation. As he approached, he looked into their rosy, animated little faces and suddenly saw that all the boys had a stone in their hands, and some even two. Beyond the ditch, about thirty paces from the group, another boy was standing by a fence, also a schoolboy, also with a bag at his side, about ten years old by his height, no more, or even less than that: a pale little thing, sickly, with flashing black little eyes. He was attentively and searchingly watching the group of six schoolboys, evidently his own classmates, who had just come out of school with him, but with whom he was evidently at war. Alyosha went up and, turning to a curly-haired, fair, rosy boy in a black jacket, looked him over and remarked:

"When I carried a bag like yours, we used to wear it on the left side, so as to get at it right away with the right hand; but you have your bag on the right side, it's awkward for you to get at."

Alyosha began straight off with this practical remark without any premeditated cunning, and yet a grown-up cannot begin otherwise if he needs to get straight into the confidence of a child, and especially of a whole group of children. One must begin precisely in a serious and practical way, and so as to be entirely on an equal footing; Alyosha understood this by instinct.

"But he's left-handed," another boy, a dashing and healthy one of about eleven, answered at once. All the other five boys fixed their eyes on Alyosha.

"He throws stones left-handed too," remarked a third boy. At that instant a stone flew right into the group, grazed the left-handed boy slightly, but flew past, though it had been thrown

deftly and with energy. It had been thrown by the boy beyond the ditch.

"Let him have it, give it to him, Smurov!" they all shouted. But Smurov (the left-handed boy) did not need to be told and at once paid him back: he threw a stone at the boy beyond the ditch, but without success: the stone hit the ground. The boy beyond the ditch at once let fly another stone into the group, this time straight at Alyosha, and hit him rather painfully on the shoulder. The boy beyond the ditch had his whole pocket full of stones he had got ready. One could see it from thirty paces by the bulging pockets of his little coat.

"That was at you, at you, he was aiming at you on purpose. You're Karamazov, aren't you, Karamazov?" the boys shouted, laughing loudly. "Well, all together at him, fire!"

And six stones flew out of the group at once. One hit the boy in the head, and he fell, but instantly jumped up and furiously began answering the group with stones. A continuous exchange of fire began on both sides; many in the group, too, turned out to have stones ready in their pockets.

"What are you doing! Aren't you ashamed, gentlemen! Six against one, why, you'll kill him!" Alyosha shouted.

He leaped out and stood facing the flying stones, so as to shield the boy beyond the ditch with his own body. Three or four of them stopped for a minute.

"He started it himself!" shouted a boy in a red shirt in an irritated childish little voice. "He's a scoundrel, earlier in class he stuck Krasotkin with a penknife, there was blood. Only Krasotkin didn't want to tell tales, but this one has to be beaten up..."

"But what for? You must be teasing him yourselves, surely?"

"There, he's sent another stone into your back. He knows you," the children shouted. "It's you he's throwing at now, not us. Well, all of you, at him again, don't miss, Smurov!"

And the exchange of fire began again, a very vicious one this time. The boy beyond the ditch was hit in the chest by a stone; he cried out, burst into tears, and ran up the hill toward Mikhailovskaya Street. In the group there was a hubbub: "Aha, he's a coward, he ran away, wisp of bast!"

"You don't know yet, Karamazov, how mean he is, killing would be too good for him," the boy in the jacket repeated, his little eyes burning; he was apparently the oldest of them all.

"What is he, then?" asked Alyosha. "A telltale, is that it?"

The boys exchanged glances, as though with a grin.

"Are you going the same way, to Mikhailovskaya?" the same boy went on. "Then catch up with him… Look, see, he's stopped again, he's waiting and looking at you."

"He's looking at you, he's looking at you!" the boys chimed in.

"So you just ask him whether he likes a bathhouse wisp of bast, a frayed one. Do you hear, ask him just that."

Everyone burst out laughing. Alyosha looked at them, and they at him.

"Don't go, he'll hurt you," Smurov shouted in warning.

"Gentlemen, I won't ask him about the wisp of bast, because you must be teasing him with it somehow, but I will find out from him why you hate him so…"

"Go on, find out, find out," the boys laughed.

Alyosha crossed the little bridge and went up the slope past the fence straight to the boy in disgrace.

"Watch out," they shouted after him in warning, "he won't be afraid of you, he'll suddenly stick you, on the sly… like Krasotkin."

The boy waited for him without moving from the spot. Coming right up to him, Alyosha saw before him a child of no more than nine years old, one of the weak and undersized ones, with a pale, thin, oval little face and large dark eyes that looked at him spitefully. He was dressed in a rather shabby old little coat, which he

had grown out of in an ugly way. His bare arms stuck out of the sleeves. On the right knee of his trousers was a large patch, and on his right boot, at the toe, where the big toe is, a large hole, which had evidently been heavily smeared over with ink. Both bulging little pockets of his coat were stuffed with stones. Alyosha stopped two paces in front of him, looking at him questioningly. The boy, guessing at once from Alyosha's eyes that he did not want to beat him, also lowered his bravado and even began speaking himself.

"I'm one, and they're six... I'll beat them all by myself," he suddenly said, his eyes flashing.

"One of the stones must have hurt you very badly," Alyosha remarked.

"And I hit Smurov in the head!" the boy cried.

"They told me there that you know me and threw a stone at me for some reason?" asked Alyosha.

The boy looked at him gloomily.

"I don't know you. Do you know me, then?" Alyosha questioned him.

"Leave me alone!" the boy suddenly cried irritably, yet not moving from the spot himself, as though waiting for something all the while, and again his little eyes flashed spitefully.

"All right, I'll go," said Alyosha, "only I don't know you and I'm not teasing you. They told me how they tease you, but I don't want to tease you, goodbye!"

"A monk in cotton pants!" the boy shouted, following Alyosha with the same spiteful and defiant look, and striking a pose into the bargain, reckoning that Alyosha would certainly throw himself at him now; but Alyosha turned, looked at him, and walked away. But he had not taken three steps when the biggest cobblestone the boy had in his pocket, thrown by him, hit him painfully in the back.

“So you do it from behind? Then what they say about you is true, that you attack on the sly?” Alyosha turned around again, but this time the boy furiously let fly another stone at Alyosha, and now straight at his face, but Alyosha managed to shield himself in time, and the stone hit him on the elbow.

“Aren’t you ashamed! What have I done to you?” he cried.

The boy was waiting silently and defiantly for only one thing: that now Alyosha would certainly throw himself at him; but seeing that even now he did not, he became utterly enraged, like a little wild animal: he tore from his place and threw himself at Alyosha, and before Alyosha could stir, the spiteful boy, ducking his head and seizing his left hand with both hands, bit his middle finger painfully. He sank his teeth into it and for about ten seconds would not let go. Alyosha cried out with pain, jerking his finger with all his might. At last the boy let go and leaped back to his former distance. The finger was painfully bitten through, right by the nail, deeply, to the bone; blood poured out. Alyosha took out his handkerchief and wrapped the wounded hand in it tightly. He spent almost a whole minute wrapping it. The boy stood and waited all this time. At last Alyosha raised his quiet gaze to him.

“Well, all right,” he said, “you see how badly you’ve bitten me, well, and that’s enough now, isn’t it? Now tell me, what have I done to you?”

The boy looked at him in surprise.

“Though I don’t know you at all and am seeing you for the first time,” Alyosha went on, just as calmly, “it can’t be that I haven’t done anything to you; you wouldn’t torment me like this for nothing. So what have I done, and how am I guilty before you, tell me?”

Instead of answering, the boy suddenly burst into loud tears, sobbing aloud, and suddenly ran away from Alyosha. Alyosha walked slowly after him toward Mikhailovskaya Street, and for a long time he could still see the boy running in the distance, not

slackening his pace, not looking back, and, no doubt, still sobbing aloud. He resolved that, as soon as he found the time, he would without fail look him up and clear up this riddle that had struck him so extraordinarily. But just now he had no time.

IV. At the Khokhlakovs'

He soon reached Mrs. Khokhlakova's house, a stone house, her own, of two stories, handsome, one of the best houses in our little town. Although Mrs. Khokhlakova lived for the most part in another province, where she had an estate, or in Moscow, where she had a house of her own, she had a house of her own in our little town as well, which had come down to her from her fathers and grandfathers. And her estate in our district was the largest of all her three estates, and yet until now she had come to our province very seldom. She ran out to meet Alyosha while he was still in the front hall.

"Did you get it, did you get my letter about the new miracle?" she began quickly, nervously.

"Yes, I got it."

"Did you spread it about, show it to everyone? He gave a mother back her son!"

"He will die today," said Alyosha.

"I heard, I know, oh, how I long to talk with you! With you or with someone about all this. No, with you, with you! And what a pity that I can't possibly see him! The whole town is excited, everyone is waiting. But now… do you know that Katerina Ivanovna is sitting here with us now?"

"Ah, that's lucky!" Alyosha exclaimed. "Then I'll see her here at your house; yesterday she told me to be sure to come to her today."

"I know everything, everything. I heard everything down to the details about what happened at her house yesterday… and about

all those horrors with that… creature. *C'est tragique*, and if I were in her place—I don't know what I would have done in her place! But your brother, too, your Dmitri Fyodorovich, what a man, oh God! Alexei Fyodorovich, I'm getting muddled, imagine: your brother is sitting there now, that is, not that one, not yesterday's dreadful one, but the other one, Ivan Fyodorovich, he's sitting and talking with her: they're having a solemn conversation… And if you would only believe what is going on between them now, it's dreadful, it's a strain, I tell you,[1] it's a dreadful fairy tale that can't possibly be believed: they are both ruining themselves for heaven knows what, they know it themselves and they revel in it themselves. I was waiting for you! I was thirsting for you! The main thing is, I can't bear it. I'll tell you everything in a minute, but now there's something else, and that's the most important thing; ah, I'd even forgotten that it's the most important thing: tell me, why is Lise having hysterics? The moment she heard you were coming, she went into hysterics at once!"

"*Maman*, it's you who are having hysterics now, not me," Lise's little voice suddenly chirped through a crack from the side room. The crack was the very smallest, and the little voice was strained, exactly the way it is when you terribly want to laugh but are fighting back the laughter with all your might. Alyosha noticed the crack at once, and Lise was surely peeping out at him through it from her chair, but that he could not make out.

"No wonder, Lise, no wonder… your caprices will give me hysterics too, but then, she's so ill, Alexei Fyodorovich, she was so ill all night, in a fever, moaning! I could barely wait for morning and Herzenstube. He says he can't understand anything and that we must wait. That Herzenstube always comes and says he can't understand anything. As soon as you came up to the house, she cried out and had a fit, and ordered herself moved here into her old room…"

"Mamma, I didn't know at all that he was coming, it wasn't at all because of him that I wanted to move into this room."

"Now that's not true, Lise, Yulia came running to tell you that Alexei Fyodorovich was coming, she was standing watch for you."

"Darling Mamma, my dear, that is terribly unwitty of you. And if you want to make amends and say something very clever right now, then tell, dear Mamma, our gracious sir Alexei Fyodorovich, who has just come in, that he has proved by this alone that he does not possess any wit: that he has ventured to come to us today after yesterday and in spite of everyone's laughing at him."

"Lise, you take too many liberties, and I assure you that I shall resort to strict measures at last. Who is laughing at him? I'm so glad he has come, I need him, he's absolutely necessary to me. Oh, Alexei Fyodorovich, I am extremely unhappy!"

"But what is the matter with you, Mamma darling?"

"Ah, these caprices of yours, Lise, your inconstancy, your illness, that dreadful night in a fever, that dreadful and eternal Herzenstube, eternal above all, eternal, eternal, and eternal! And, finally, everything, everything... And, finally, even this miracle! Oh, how this miracle has struck me, how it has shaken me, dear Alexei Fyodorovich! And then there's that tragedy in the drawing room now, which I cannot bear, I cannot, I declare to you beforehand that I cannot. A comedy, perhaps, not a tragedy. Tell me, will the elder Zosima live until tomorrow, will he? Oh my God! What's happening to me? Every minute I shut my eyes, and I see it's all nonsense, nothing but nonsense."

"I would very much like to ask you," Alyosha suddenly interrupted, "to give me some clean rag to bind up my finger. I've hurt it badly, and now it's aching terribly."

Alyosha unwrapped his bitten finger. The handkerchief was thickly stained with blood. Mrs. Khokhlakova screamed and shut her eyes tight.

"God, what a wound, it's dreadful!"

But Lise, as soon as she saw Alyosha's finger through the crack, at once flung the door wide open with all her might.

"Come in, come in here to me," she cried insistently and imperiously, "no more silliness now! Oh Lord, why did you stand there saying nothing all this time? He might have bled to death, Mamma! Where did you do it, how did you do it? Water first of all, water! The wound must be washed, just put it in cold water so the pain stops, and keep it there, keep it there... Quickly, quickly, water, Mamma, in a rinsing bowl. Hurry up, will you," she finished nervously. She was thoroughly frightened; Alyosha's wound had dreadfully shaken her.

"Shouldn't we send for Herzenstube?" Mrs. Khokhlakova was about to exclaim.

"Mamma, you're killing me. Your Herzenstube will come and tell us he can't understand! Water, water! Mamma, for God's sake, go yourself, hurry up Yulia, who has got stuck somewhere and can never come quickly! Hurry up, Mamma, or I'll die..."

"But it's nothing!" Alyosha exclaimed, frightened by their fright.

Yulia came running with the water. Alyosha put his finger in the water.

"Mamma, for God's sake, bring some lint; lint and that stinging cloudy water for cuts, what's it called! We have some, we have, we have... Mamma, you know yourself where the bottle is, in your bedroom in the little cupboard on the right, there's a big bottle there and lint..."

"I'll bring everything right away, Lise, only don't shout and don't fret. You see how firmly Alexei Fyodorovich bears his misfortune. And where could you have hurt yourself so dreadfully, Alexei Fyodorovich?"

Mrs. Khokhlakova hurried out. That was just what Lise had been waiting for.

“First of all, answer my question,” she began quickly to Alyosha, “where did you deign to hurt yourself like that? And after that I’ll talk to you about something quite different. Well!”

Alyosha, feeling by instinct that the time until her mamma came back was precious to her, hurriedly, leaving out and cutting a great deal, but still precisely and clearly, told her about his mysterious meeting with the schoolboys. When she had heard him out, Lise threw up her hands:

“Well, how can you, how can you, and in that dress too, get mixed up with little boys!” she cried angrily, as though she even had some sort of right over him. “Why, after that you’re a little boy yourself, the very littlest boy there could possibly be! Still, you absolutely must find out for me somehow about that nasty little boy and tell me everything, because there’s some secret here. Now the second thing, but first a question: can you, Alexei Fyodorovich, in spite of suffering from the pain, talk about perfect trifles, but talk sensibly?”

“I certainly can, and I don’t feel so much pain now anyway.”

“That’s because your finger is in the water. It has to be changed right away, because it will get warm in no time. Yulia, bring a piece of ice from the cellar this instant, and a new rinsing bowl with water. Well, now she’s gone, I’ll get down to business: this instant, dear Alexei Fyodorovich, kindly give me back my letter, the one I sent you yesterday, this instant, because Mamma may come in any moment, and I don’t want…”

“I don’t have the letter with me.”

“That’s not true, you have it with you. I just knew that you would answer like that. It’s in that pocket. I regretted that stupid joke so much all night. Give the letter back right now, give it to me!”

“It stayed back there.”

“But you can’t consider me a little girl, a little, little girl, after my letter with such a stupid joke! I beg your pardon for the stupid joke, but you absolutely must bring me the letter, if you really don’t have it with you; bring it today without fail, without fail!”

“Today I can’t possibly, because I’m going back to the monastery and won’t come to you for two days, three, four perhaps, because the elder Zosima…”

“Four days, what nonsense! Listen, did you laugh at me a lot?”

“I didn’t laugh one bit.”

“Why not?”

“Because I believed all of it completely.”

“You insult me!”

“Not at all. As soon as I read it, I thought at once that that is just how it will all be, because as soon as the elder Zosima dies, I shall have to leave the monastery at once. Then I’ll go on with my studies and pass the examination, and when the lawful time comes, we’ll get married. I will love you. Though I haven’t had time to think about it yet, I thought that I won’t find a better wife than you, and the elder tells me to marry…”

“But I’m a cripple, I’m wheeled about in a chair!” Liza laughed, the color flushing in her cheeks.

“I’ll wheel you in the chair myself, but I’m sure that you will be well by that time.”

“But you’re mad,” Liza said nervously, “to make such nonsense all of a sudden out of such a joke!… Ah, here is Mamma, perhaps very opportunely. Mamma, how late you always are, how can you take so long! And here’s Yulia bringing the ice!”

“Ah, Lise, don’t shout, the main thing is, don’t you shout. From that shouting I… What can I do, if you put the lint somewhere else yourself… I searched and searched… I suspect you did it on purpose.”

"But I couldn't have known that he would come with a bitten finger, or else maybe I really would have done it on purpose. Angel Mamma, you are beginning to say extraordinarily witty things."

"Witty, let them be, but what feelings, Lise, over Alexei Fyodorovich's finger and all this! Oh, dear Alexei Fyodorovich, what is killing me is not the particulars, not some Herzenstube or other, but everything together, everything as a whole, that is what I cannot bear."

"Enough, Mamma, enough about Herzenstube," Liza laughed gaily. "Give me the lint quickly, Mamma, and the water. It's simply lead lotion, Alexei Fyodorovich, I remember the name now, but it's an excellent lotion. Mamma, imagine, he got into a fight with little boys in the street on the way here, and it was a little boy who bit him; well, isn't he a little, little man himself, and can he, Mamma, get married after that, because, imagine, he wants to get married, Mamma. Just imagine him married, isn't it funny, isn't it dreadful?"

And Lise kept laughing her nervous little laugh, looking slyly at Alyosha.

"Well, what is this about marrying, Lise, and why on earth, and it's not at all the right time for you… when that boy may be rabid."

"Ah, Mamma! Are there such things as rabid boys?"

"Why shouldn't there be, Lise, as though I'd said something stupid. Your boy was bitten by a rabid dog, and he became a rabid boy, and now he'll bite someone near him in his turn. How well she has bandaged you, Alexei Fyodorovich, I could never have done it like that. Do you feel any pain now?"

"Very little now."

"And you aren't afraid of water?" asked Lise.

"Well, enough, Lise, perhaps I really did speak too hastily about the rabid boy, and you've already drawn your conclusion. Katerina Ivanovna has only just learned that you've come, Alexei

Fyodorovich, and she rushed straight to me, she's thirsting for you, thirsting"

"Ah, Mamma! Go in there by yourself, he can't go just now, he's suffering too much"

"I'm not suffering at all, I can perfectly well go," said Alyosha.

"What! You're leaving? So that's how you are? So that's how you are?"

"Why not? When I've finished there, I'll come back again, and we can talk again as much as you like. And I would very much like to see Katerina Ivanovna as soon as possible, because in any case I very much want to get back to the monastery today as soon as I can."

"Mamma, take him and lead him away quickly. Alexei Fyodorovich, don't trouble to come in to me after Katerina Ivanovna, but go straight back to your monastery, that's just where you belong! And I want to sleep, I didn't sleep all night."

"Ah, Lise, that's only joking on your part, but what if you really did fall asleep!" Mrs. Khokhlakova exclaimed.

"I don't know how I... I'll stay another three minutes, if you like, even five," Alyosha muttered.

"Even five! Do lead him away quickly, Mamma, he's a monster!"

"Lise, you've gone out of your mind. Let us go, Alexei Fyodorovich, she is too capricious today, I'm afraid of irritating her. Oh, the grief one has with a nervous woman, Alexei Fyodorovich! And really, perhaps she actually has begun to feel sleepy with you here. How did you bring sleep on her so quickly, and how fortunate it is!"

"Ah, Mamma, how sweetly you've begun to talk, I kiss you for it, Mammy dear."

"And I you too, Lise. Listen, Alexei Fyodorovich," Mrs. Khokhlakova began mysteriously and importantly in a rapid whisper, as she went out with Alyosha, "I don't want to suggest any-

thing to you, or to lift this veil, but go in and you'll see for yourself everything that is going on in there, it's horrible, it's the most fantastic comedy: she loves your brother Ivan Fyodorovich, and she is assuring herself with all her might that she loves your brother Dmitri Fyodorovich. It's horrible! I'll go in with you, and if they don't drive me out, I'll wait for the end."

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1. *Nadryv*, the word that gives Book Four its title, "Strains." Literally a tearing under too heavy a load (the verb *nadorvat'sya* means to rupture oneself lifting something too heavy); in common speech, a feeling or effort forced beyond its natural measure, often to the point of self-torment and display.

V. A Strain in the Drawing Room

But in the drawing room the conversation was already ending; Katerina Ivanovna was in great excitement, though she had a resolute air. At the moment when Alyosha and Mrs. Khokhlakova came in, Ivan Fyodorovich was getting up to leave. His face was somewhat pale, and Alyosha looked at him uneasily. The thing was that here one of Alyosha's doubts was now being resolved, an uneasy riddle that had been tormenting him for some time. As much as a month ago it had been suggested to him several times and from various sides that brother Ivan loved Katerina Ivanovna and, above all, really intended to "win her away" from Mitya. Until quite recently this had seemed monstrous to Alyosha, though it had troubled him greatly. He loved both his brothers and dreaded such a rivalry between them. Meanwhile Dmitri Fyodorovich himself had suddenly declared to him outright yesterday that he was even glad of brother Ivan's rivalry and that it would help him, Dmitri, in many ways. Help him in what? To marry Grushenka? But that Alyosha considered a desperate and last resort. Besides all this, Alyosha had believed without a doubt, right up to yesterday evening, that Katerina Ivanovna herself loved his brother Dmitri passionately and stubbornly, but he had believed it only up to yesterday evening. Besides, for some reason he kept imagining that she could not love a man like Ivan, but loved his brother Dmitri, and precisely such as he was, in spite of all the monstrousness of such a love. But yesterday, in the scene with Grushenka, something else had suddenly seemed to glimmer before him. The word "strain," just uttered by Mrs. Khokhlakova, almost made him start,

because precisely that night, half waking at dawn, he had suddenly said, probably in answer to his dream: "A strain, a strain!" All night he had been dreaming of yesterday's scene at Katerina Ivanovna's. Now Mrs. Khokhlakova's sudden, direct, and stubborn assurance that Katerina Ivanovna loved brother Ivan, and only of her own accord, on purpose, out of some sort of game, out of "strain," was deceiving herself and tormenting herself with her put-on love for Dmitri, out of some supposed gratitude, struck Alyosha: "Yes, perhaps the whole truth really does lie precisely in those words!" But in that case, what was brother Ivan's position? Alyosha felt by some instinct that a character like Katerina Ivanovna's needed to dominate, and she could dominate only someone like Dmitri, and by no means someone like Ivan. For only Dmitri could (granted, if only over a long time) humble himself before her at last, "to his own happiness" (which Alyosha would even have wished), but not Ivan; Ivan could not humble himself before her, and such humility would not have given him happiness either. Such was the notion of Ivan that Alyosha had for some reason involuntarily formed. And now all these hesitations and considerations flew and flashed through his mind at the instant he was entering the drawing room. Still another thought flashed through it, suddenly and irresistibly: "And what if she loves no one, neither the one nor the other?" I will note that Alyosha was as it were ashamed of such thoughts and reproached himself for them when they happened to come to him during the past month. "Well, what do I understand about love and women, and how can I come to such conclusions?" he thought reproachfully after each such thought or guess of his. And yet it was impossible not to think. He understood by instinct that now, for instance, in the destinies of his two brothers this rivalry was too important a question, and that too much depended on it. "One viper will devour the other," brother Ivan had said yesterday, speaking in irritation about their father and brother Dmitri. So,

then, brother Dmitri was a viper in his eyes, and perhaps had been a viper for a long time? Was it not ever since brother Ivan had come to know Katerina Ivanovna? Those words, of course, had escaped Ivan yesterday involuntarily, but all the more important for being involuntary. If so, what peace could there be here? Were these not, on the contrary, new occasions for hatred and enmity in their family? And above all, whom was he, Alyosha, to pity? And what was he to wish for each of them? He loved them both, but what was he to wish for each of them amid such terrible contradictions? One could get completely lost in this tangle, and Alyosha's heart could not bear uncertainty, because his love was always of an active character. He could not love passively; once he had come to love, he at once set about helping as well. And for that he had to set himself an aim, he had to know firmly what was good and needful for each of them, and once he was confirmed in the rightness of the aim, naturally, to help each of them. But instead of a firm aim, there was nothing in all of it but vagueness and tangle. "Strain" had been uttered now! But what could he understand even in this strain? He did not understand even the first word in all this tangle!

Seeing Alyosha, Katerina Ivanovna said quickly and joyfully to Ivan Fyodorovich, who had already got up from his seat to leave:

"Just a minute! Stay one more minute. I want to hear the opinion of this man here, whom I trust with my whole being. Katerina Osipovna, don't you go either," she added, turning to Mrs. Khokhlakova. She sat Alyosha down beside her, and Mrs. Khokhlakova sat opposite, next to Ivan Fyodorovich.

"Here are all my friends, all I have in the world, my dear friends," she began ardently, in a voice in which sincere tears of suffering trembled, and Alyosha's heart at once turned toward her again. "You, Alexei Fyodorovich, you were a witness yesterday of that… horror, and you saw what I was like. You didn't see it, Ivan

Fyodorovich, he did. What he thought of me yesterday I don't know; I know only one thing, that if the same thing were repeated today, now, I would express the same feelings as yesterday: the same feelings, the same words, and the same movements. You remember my movements, Alexei Fyodorovich, you yourself held me back in one of them…" (As she said this, she blushed, and her eyes flashed.) "I declare to you, Alexei Fyodorovich, that I cannot be reconciled to anything. Listen, Alexei Fyodorovich, I don't even know whether I love him now. I have come to pity him; that is poor evidence of love. If I loved him, if I went on loving him, then perhaps I would not pity him now, but, on the contrary, hate him…"

Her voice trembled, and little tears glistened on her lashes. Alyosha started inwardly. "This girl is truthful and sincere," he thought, "and… and she no longer loves Dmitri!"

"That's so! That's so!" Mrs. Khokhlakova was about to exclaim.

"Wait, dear Katerina Osipovna, I haven't said the main thing, I haven't said the final thing that I decided this night. I feel that my decision is perhaps terrible, for me, but I have a feeling that I will not change it for anything, for anything, all my life long; so it will be. My dear, my kind, my constant and magnanimous counselor and deep reader of hearts and my only friend, the only one I have in the world, Ivan Fyodorovich, approves of me in everything and praises my decision… He knows it."

"Yes, I approve of it," Ivan Fyodorovich said in a quiet but firm voice.

"But I want Alyosha too (ah, Alexei Fyodorovich, forgive me for calling you simply Alyosha), I want Alexei Fyodorovich too to tell me right now, in front of both my friends, whether I am right or not. I have an instinctive feeling that you, Alyosha, my dear brother (because you are my dear brother)," she said rapturously again, seizing his cold hand in her hot one, "I have a feeling that your decision, your approval, in spite of all my torments, will give me

peace, because after your words I will grow quiet and be reconciled; I have a feeling of it!"

"I don't know what you are going to ask me," Alyosha brought out, his face flushing, "I only know that I love you and wish you happiness at this moment more than I wish it for myself!... But I don't know anything about these matters..." for some reason he suddenly hastened to add.

"In these matters, Alexei Fyodorovich, in these matters the main thing now is honor and duty, and I don't know what else, but something higher, perhaps even higher than duty itself. My heart tells me of this irresistible feeling, and it draws me irresistibly. It all comes down to two words, though: I have already made up my mind. Even if he marries that... creature," she began solemnly, "whom I can never, never forgive, I will still not abandon him! From now on I will never, never abandon him!" she uttered with a kind of strain, a kind of pale, tortured rapture. "That is, not that I would trail after him, keep turning up before his eyes every minute, torment him; oh no, I will go away to another town, wherever you like, but all my life, all my life I will watch over him untiringly. And when he becomes unhappy with that woman, and that is certain to happen, and right away, then let him come to me, and in me he will meet a friend, a sister... A sister only, of course, and it will stay that way forever, but he will be convinced at last that this sister really is his sister, loving him and having sacrificed her whole life to him. I will achieve it, I will insist on it, that at last he will know me and tell me everything without being ashamed!" she exclaimed as though in a frenzy. "I will be his god, to whom he will pray, and that at the very least he owes me for his betrayal and for what I endured through him yesterday. And let him see all his life long that all my life I will be faithful to him and to the word I once gave him, in spite of his having been unfaithful and having betrayed me. I will... I will turn myself into nothing but a means to

his happiness (or how should I put it), an instrument, a machine for his happiness, and that for all my life, for all my life, and let him see it from now on all his life! That is my whole decision! Ivan Fyodorovich approves of me in the highest degree."

She was breathless. She would perhaps have liked to express her thought much more worthily, more skillfully, and more naturally, but it had come out too hastily and too nakedly. There was much youthful lack of restraint in it; much of it echoed only yesterday's irritation, the need to show her pride; she felt this herself. Her face somehow suddenly darkened, the expression of her eyes turned unpleasant. Alyosha noticed all this at once, and compassion stirred in his heart. And just then brother Ivan added to it.

"I have only expressed my own thought," he said. "In any other woman all this would have come out cracked, forced, but not in you. Another woman would be wrong, but you are right. I don't know how to give reasons for it, but I see that you are sincere in the highest degree, and therefore you are right…"

"But it's only for this moment… And what is this moment? Nothing but yesterday's insult, that is what this moment means!" Mrs. Khokhlakova suddenly could not hold back; she evidently had not wanted to interfere, but could not restrain herself and suddenly spoke a very true thought.

"Yes, yes," Ivan interrupted, with a kind of sudden heat, and visibly angered at being interrupted, "yes, but in another woman this moment would be only yesterday's impression and only a moment, whereas with Katerina Ivanovna's character this moment will stretch out over her whole life. What for others is only a promise is for her an everlasting, heavy, grim perhaps, but unflagging duty. And she will feed on the feeling of this fulfilled duty! Your life, Katerina Ivanovna, will now be passed in suffering contemplation of your own feelings, your own great deed, and your own grief, but afterward this suffering will soften, and your life will turn into the

sweet contemplation of a firm and proud design fulfilled once and for all, truly proud in its way, desperate in any case, but one you have mastered, and this awareness will at last give you the fullest satisfaction and reconcile you to everything else…"

He said this decidedly with a kind of spite, evidently on purpose, and perhaps even not wishing to hide his intention, that is, that he was speaking on purpose and in mockery.

"Oh God, how wrong all this is!" Mrs. Khokhlakova exclaimed again.

"Alexei Fyodorovich, you say something! I need so painfully to know what you will tell me!" exclaimed Katerina Ivanovna, and suddenly dissolved in tears. Alyosha got up from the sofa.

"It's nothing, nothing!" she went on, weeping. "It's from being upset, from last night, but next to two such friends as you and your brother I still feel strong… because I know… you will both never abandon me…"

"Unfortunately, I may have to leave for Moscow tomorrow and leave you for a long time… And that, unfortunately, cannot be changed…" Ivan Fyodorovich said suddenly.

"Tomorrow, to Moscow!" Katerina Ivanovna's whole face was suddenly contorted. "But… but my God, how fortunate that is!" she cried in an instant, in a completely changed voice, and in an instant driving away her tears, so that not a trace was left. Precisely in an instant an astonishing change took place in her, which amazed Alyosha extremely: instead of the poor insulted girl who had just been crying in a kind of strain of feeling, there suddenly appeared a woman in complete command of herself and even extremely pleased about something, as though she were suddenly glad of something.

"Oh, it isn't that it's fortunate that I'm losing you, of course not," she corrected herself, as it were, suddenly, with a charming society smile. "A friend like you cannot think that; on the contrary, I

am only too unhappy at losing you" (she suddenly rushed impetuously to Ivan Fyodorovich and, seizing him by both hands, pressed them with warm feeling); "but what is fortunate is that you yourself, in person, will be able now in Moscow to convey to my aunt and to Agasha my whole position, all my present horror, in complete frankness with Agasha and sparing my dear aunt, the way you yourself will know how to do it. You cannot imagine how unhappy I was yesterday and this morning, at a loss how to write them this dreadful letter... because in a letter there's no way, no way at all, to convey it... But now it will be easy for me to write, because you will be there with them in person and will explain everything. Oh, how glad I am! But I am glad only of that, again, believe me. You yourself, of course, are irreplaceable to me... I'll run and write the letter right now," she concluded suddenly, and even took a step to leave the room.

"And Alyosha? And Alexei Fyodorovich's opinion, which you wanted so absolutely to hear?" cried Mrs. Khokhlakova. A caustic and angry little note sounded in her words.

"I have not forgotten it," Katerina Ivanovna suddenly stopped short, "and why are you so hostile to me at such a moment, Katerina Osipovna?" she said with bitter, hot reproach. "What I said, I stand by. I need his opinion, and more than that: I need his decision! Whatever he says, so it will be: that is how much, on the contrary, I thirst for your words, Alexei Fyodorovich... But what is the matter with you?"

"I never thought it, I can't picture such a thing!" Alyosha suddenly exclaimed in sorrow.

"What, what?"

"He is going to Moscow, and you cried out that you're glad; you cried out on purpose! And then at once you began explaining that it's not that you're glad about, but that, on the contrary, you're

sorry that… you're losing a friend; but that too you played on purpose… you played it as in a comedy at the theater!…"

"At the theater? What?… What is this?" exclaimed Katerina Ivanovna in deep astonishment, flushing all over and knitting her brows.

"However much you assure him that you're sorry to lose a friend in him, all the same you insist to his face that it's fortunate he is leaving…" Alyosha said, somehow quite breathless by now. He was standing at the table and did not sit down.

"What are you talking about, I don't understand…"

"I don't know myself… It's as if a light suddenly dawned on me… I know that I'm saying it badly, but I'll say everything all the same," Alyosha went on in the same trembling and faltering voice. "What dawned on me is that perhaps you don't love brother Dmitri at all… and never did, from the very beginning… And Dmitri, too, perhaps doesn't love you at all either… and never did, from the very beginning… but only esteems you… I really don't know how I dare say all this now, but somebody has to tell the truth… because nobody here wants to tell the truth…"

"What truth?" cried Katerina Ivanovna, and something hysterical rang in her voice.

"This truth," Alyosha babbled, as though he were flying off a roof, "call Dmitri now, I'll find him, and let him come here and take you by the hand, then take brother Ivan by the hand and join your hands. Because you are tormenting Ivan only because you love him… and you torment him because you love Dmitri out of strain… love him untruly… because you have persuaded yourself so…"

Alyosha broke off and fell silent.

"You… you… you're a little holy fool, that's what you are!" Katerina Ivanovna suddenly snapped, her face already pale and her lips twisted with spite. Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly laughed and got up from his seat. His hat was in his hands.

"You are mistaken, my good Alyosha," he said, with an expression on his face that Alyosha had never seen in him before, an expression of a kind of youthful sincerity and of strong, irrepressibly candid feeling. "Katerina Ivanovna has never loved me! She knew all the time that I loved her, though I never said a word to her about my love; she knew, but she did not love me. Nor have I ever been her friend, not once, not for a single day: a proud woman had no need of my friendship. She kept me by her for continual revenge. She took her revenge on me, and through me, for all the insults she has been enduring constantly and every minute all this while from Dmitri, insults from their very first meeting... Because that very first meeting of theirs has stayed in her heart as an insult. That is the kind of heart she has! All this time I have done nothing but listen to her talk about her love for him. I am going away now, but know, Katerina Ivanovna, that you really do love only him. And the more he insults you, the more you love him. That is precisely your strain. You love him precisely as he is, you love him for insulting you. If he reformed, you would drop him at once and stop loving him altogether. But you need him in order to contemplate continually your own great deed of faithfulness and to reproach him with his unfaithfulness. And all this comes from your pride. Oh, there is much self-abasement and humiliation in it, but all of it comes from pride... I am too young, and I loved you too strongly. I know that I ought not to say this to you, that it would be more dignified on my part simply to walk out on you; it would also be less insulting to you. But I am going far away, and I will never come back. This is forever, after all... I don't want to sit beside a strain... But I no longer know how to talk, I've said everything... Goodbye, Katerina Ivanovna, you cannot be angry with me, because I am punished a hundred times more than you: punished by this alone, that I will never see you. Goodbye. I don't need your hand. You tormented me too knowingly for me to forgive you at

this moment. Later I will forgive you, but now I don't need your hand.

"*Den Dank, Dame, begehr ich nicht* (I want no thanks, lady)," he added with a twisted smile, proving, however, quite unexpectedly, that he too could read Schiller to the point of learning him by heart, which Alyosha would not have believed before. He went out of the room without even saying goodbye to the hostess, Mrs. Khokhlakova. Alyosha threw up his hands.

"Ivan," he shouted after him like a lost man, "come back, Ivan! No, no, now he won't come back for anything!" he exclaimed again in sorrowful insight. "But it's I, I am to blame, I began it! Ivan spoke spitefully, wrongly. Unjustly and spitefully…" Alyosha was exclaiming like a half-wit.

Katerina Ivanovna suddenly went out into the other room.

"You haven't done anything wrong, you acted charmingly, like an angel," Mrs. Khokhlakova whispered quickly and rapturously to the sorrowing Alyosha. "I shall make every effort to see that Ivan Fyodorovich doesn't leave…"

Joy shone on her face, to Alyosha's great distress; but Katerina Ivanovna suddenly came back. In her hands were two rainbow-colored banknotes.

"I have one big request to make of you, Alexei Fyodorovich," she began, turning straight to Alyosha in an apparently calm and even voice, exactly as if nothing had really happened just now. "A week ago, yes, a week ago, I believe, Dmitri Fyodorovich did a hot-tempered and unjust thing, a very ugly thing. There is a bad place here, a tavern. In it he met that retired officer, that staff captain, whom your father has been employing in some affairs of his. Getting angry for some reason at this staff captain, Dmitri Fyodorovich seized him by the beard and in front of everyone led him out into the street in that humiliating position, and in the street went on leading him for a long time, and they say that a boy,

this staff captain's son, who goes to the school here, still a child, seeing it, ran alongside the whole way crying aloud and begging for his father, and rushed up to everyone and begged them to protect him, and everyone laughed. Forgive me, Alexei Fyodorovich, I cannot recall this shameful act of his without indignation… one of those acts that only Dmitri Fyodorovich could bring himself to commit in his anger… and in his passions! I can't even tell it, I'm not able to. I'm getting my words mixed up. I made inquiries about this injured man and learned that he is a very poor man. Snegiryov is his name. He was at fault in some way in the service, he was dismissed, I can't tell you about it, and now he and his family, an unhappy family of sick children and a wife, who is insane, I believe, have fallen into terrible poverty. He has been here in town for a long time, he does something, he used to be a clerk somewhere, and now suddenly they aren't paying him anything. I cast my eyes on you… that is, I thought… I don't know, I'm somehow getting confused… you see, I wanted to ask you, Alexei Fyodorovich, my kindest Alexei Fyodorovich, to go to him, to find some pretext, to go in to them, that is, to this staff captain, oh God, how confused I'm getting, and delicately, carefully, just as only you will know how to do it" (Alyosha suddenly blushed), "to manage to give him this assistance, here, two hundred rubles. He will surely accept… that is, persuade him to accept… Or no, how should I put it? You see, it's not payment to him for a reconciliation, so that he won't lodge a complaint (because I believe he wanted to lodge a complaint), but simply sympathy, a wish to help, from me, from me, from Dmitri Fyodorovich's fiancée, and not from him himself… In a word, you'll know how… I would go myself, but you will know how to do it much better than I. He lives on Ozernaya Street, in the house of Kalmykova, a tradesman's widow… For God's sake, Alexei Fyodorovich, do this for me, and now… now I am a little… tired. Goodbye…"

She suddenly turned and disappeared again behind the portiere so quickly that Alyosha did not have time to say a word, and he wanted to say something. He wanted to ask forgiveness, to accuse himself, well, to say something, because his heart was full, and he decidedly did not want to leave the room without it. But Mrs. Khokhlakova seized him by the hand and led him out herself. In the front hall she stopped him again, as she had earlier.

"Proud, she struggles with herself, but kind, charming, magnanimous!" Mrs. Khokhlakova exclaimed in a half-whisper. "Oh, how I love her, especially at times, and how glad I am now of everything, everything, all over again! Dear Alexei Fyodorovich, you didn't know this: know, then, that all of us, all of us, I, both her aunts, well, everyone, even Lise, for a whole month now we have wished and prayed for nothing but that she should break with your favorite Dmitri Fyodorovich, who doesn't want to know her and doesn't love her in the least, and marry Ivan Fyodorovich, an educated and excellent young man, who loves her more than anything in the world. Why, we've formed a whole conspiracy here, and perhaps that is the only reason I'm not going away…"

"But she was crying, insulted again!" cried Alyosha.

"Don't believe a woman's tears, Alexei Fyodorovich; I am always against women in such cases, I am on the side of men."

"Mamma, you're spoiling him and ruining him," Lise's thin little voice was heard from behind the door.

"No, it's I who am the cause of it all, I am terribly to blame!" the inconsolable Alyosha kept repeating in a fit of tormenting shame for his outburst, and even covering his face with his hands for shame.

"On the contrary, you acted like an angel, like an angel, I'm ready to repeat it thousands and thousands of times."

"Mamma, why did he act like an angel?" Lise's little voice was heard again.

“Looking at all this, for some reason I suddenly imagined,” Alyosha went on, as if he had not heard Liza, “that she loves Ivan, and so I said that stupid thing… and what will happen now!”

“But with whom, with whom?” exclaimed Lise. “Mamma, you surely want to be the death of me. I ask you, and you don’t answer me.”

At that moment the maid ran in.

“Katerina Ivanovna is in a bad way… She’s crying… hysterics, she’s thrashing about.”

“What is it?” cried Lise, in an alarmed voice now. “Mamma, it’s I who will have hysterics, not she!”

“Lise, for God’s sake, don’t shout, don’t kill me. You are still at an age when you cannot know everything that grown-ups know; I’ll come running back and tell you everything that can be told you. Oh my God! I’m running, running… Hysterics are a good sign, Alexei Fyodorovich, it’s excellent that she’s having hysterics. That is just as it should be. In such cases I am always against women, against all these hysterics and women’s tears. Yulia, run and tell them I’m flying. And as for Ivan Fyodorovich’s walking out like that, she has only herself to blame. But he won’t leave. Lise, for God’s sake, don’t shout! Ah yes, you’re not shouting, it’s I who am shouting, forgive your mamma, but I’m in raptures, raptures, raptures! And did you notice, Alexei Fyodorovich, what a young man Ivan Fyodorovich turned out to be just now, he said all that and walked out! I thought he was so learned, an academic, and suddenly he was so hotly, hotly, candidly and youthfully, inexperiencedly and youthfully, and all so beautifully, beautifully, just like you… And he recited that little German verse, just exactly like you! But I’m running, running. Alexei Fyodorovich, hurry quickly on that errand and come back quickly. Lise, don’t you need anything? For God’s sake, don’t keep Alexei Fyodorovich a single minute, he’ll come back to you right away…”

Mrs. Khokhlakova ran off at last. Alyosha, before going, was about to open the door to Lise.

"Not for anything!" cried Lise. "Not for anything now! Talk like this, through the door. What did you do to get made an angel? That's the only thing I want to know."

"A terrible piece of stupidity, Lise! Goodbye."

"Don't you dare leave like that!" Lise was about to cry.

"Lise, I have a serious sorrow! I'll come back soon, but I have a great, great sorrow!"

And he ran out of the room.

VI. A Strain in the Cottage

He really did have a serious sorrow, of a kind he had seldom experienced until then. He had rushed in and "done something stupid," and in what a matter: in feelings of love! "Well, what do I understand about it, what can I make out in such matters?" he repeated to himself for the hundredth time, blushing. "Oh, the shame would be nothing, the shame is only the punishment I deserve; the trouble is that now I will undoubtedly be the cause of new misfortunes... And the elder sent me to reconcile and unite. Is that the way to unite?" Here he suddenly remembered again how he had "joined their hands," and again he felt terribly ashamed. "Though I did it all sincerely, I must be wiser in the future," he suddenly concluded, and did not even smile at his conclusion.

Katerina Ivanovna's errand was to Ozernaya Street, and brother Dmitri lived right on the way, not far from Ozernaya Street, in a lane. Alyosha decided to stop in on him in any case before going to the staff captain, though he had a feeling that he would not find his brother at home. He suspected that his brother would perhaps somehow be hiding from him on purpose now, but he had to find him whatever happened. And time was passing: the thought of the dying elder had not left him for a minute, for a second, since the hour he had left the monastery.

In Katerina Ivanovna's errand one circumstance had flashed by that had also interested him extremely: when Katerina Ivanovna mentioned the little boy, the schoolboy, the son of that staff captain, who had run alongside his father crying aloud, the thought had suddenly flashed through Alyosha's mind even then that this

boy was very likely the same schoolboy from earlier who had bitten his finger when he, Alyosha, was questioning him about how he had wronged him. Now Alyosha was almost certain of it, without yet knowing why himself. And so, carried away by these other considerations, he was distracted, and decided not to "think" about the "trouble" he had just made, not to torment himself with remorse, but to get on with the business, and whatever would come of it would come. At this thought he took heart completely. By the way, as he turned into the lane where brother Dmitri lived, feeling hungry, he took out of his pocket the roll he had taken from his father's and ate it on the way. It restored his strength.

Dmitri turned out not to be at home. The owners of the little house, an old carpenter, his son, and his old wife, even looked at Alyosha suspiciously. "It's the third day he hasn't slept here, maybe he's gone off somewhere," the old man answered Alyosha's insistent questions. Alyosha understood that he was answering according to instructions he had been given. To his question, "Isn't he at Grushenka's, or hiding at Foma's again?" (Alyosha deliberately brought these frank details into play), all the owners even looked at him in alarm. "So they love him, they're on his side," Alyosha thought. "That's good."

At last he found, on Ozernaya Street, the house of Kalmykova, a tradesman's widow: a decrepit, lopsided little house with only three windows on the street and a dirty yard, in the middle of which a cow stood solitary. The entrance was from the yard into the entryway; to the left of the entryway lived the old landlady with her old daughter, and both, it seemed, were deaf. To his question about the staff captain, repeated several times, one of them, understanding at last that he was asking about the lodgers, jabbed her finger across the entryway, pointing to the door into the clean part of the cottage. The staff captain's lodging did in fact turn out to be only a simple peasant room. Alyosha had taken hold

of the iron handle to open the door when suddenly the extraordinary silence behind it struck him. He knew, however, from Katerina Ivanovna's words, that the retired staff captain was a family man: "Either they're all asleep, or perhaps they heard me come and are waiting for me to open; I'd better knock again," and he knocked. An answer came, but not at once, rather some ten seconds later, perhaps.

"Who's there?" someone shouted in a loud and studiedly angry voice.

Alyosha then opened the door and stepped over the threshold. He found himself in a cottage room which, though fairly spacious, was extremely cluttered with people and with every sort of household belonging. To the left was a big Russian stove. From the stove to the left window a rope had been stretched across the whole room, on which various rags were hung. Against both walls, left and right, stood a bed, each covered with a knitted blanket. On one of them, the left one, a little hill of four calico pillows had been erected, each smaller than the last. On the other bed, on the right, only one very small pillow could be seen. Farther on, in the front corner, there was a small space screened off by a curtain or a sheet, also thrown over a rope stretched across the corner. Behind this curtain, at the side, one could also make out a bed made up on a bench with a chair set against it. A plain wooden four-cornered peasant table had been moved from the front corner to the middle window. All three windows, each of four small, green, moldy panes, were very dim and tightly shut, so that the room was rather stuffy and not very light. On the table stood a frying pan with the remains of fried eggs, a half-eaten slice of bread lay there, and, besides, there was a half bottle with the faint remains of earthly blessings only at the very bottom. By the left bed, on a chair, sat a woman who looked like a lady, dressed in a calico dress. Her face was very thin and yellow; her extremely sunken cheeks testified at

first sight to her sickly condition. But what struck Alyosha most of all was the poor lady's look: an extremely questioning and at the same time terribly haughty look. And until the lady began to speak herself, and while Alyosha was explaining himself to the master of the house, she kept turning her large brown eyes from one speaker to the other in the same haughty and questioning way. Next to this lady, by the left window, stood a young girl with a rather plain face and thin reddish hair, poorly though very neatly dressed. She was looking Alyosha over with distaste as he came in. On the right, also by a bed, sat still another female being. This was a very pitiful creature, also a young girl, about twenty, but hunchbacked and without the use of her legs, which were withered, as Alyosha was told later. Her crutches stood beside her, in the corner between the bed and the wall. The poor girl's remarkably beautiful and kind eyes looked at Alyosha with a kind of calm meekness. At the table, finishing the fried eggs, sat a gentleman of about forty-five, not tall, lean, of weak build, reddish, with a sparse little reddish beard that looked very like a frayed wisp of bast (this comparison, and especially the words "wisp of bast," for some reason flashed in Alyosha's mind at the very first glance; he remembered it afterward). Evidently it was this same gentleman who had shouted "Who's there?" from behind the door, since there was no other man in the room. But when Alyosha came in, he fairly leaped up from the bench on which he was sitting at the table and, hastily wiping himself with a napkin full of holes, flew up to Alyosha.

"A monk begging for the monastery, he knew where to come!" the girl standing in the left corner said loudly meanwhile. But the gentleman who had run up to Alyosha instantly spun around on his heels toward her and answered her in an agitated, somehow breaking voice:

"No, ma'am, Varvara Nikolavna, it's not that, ma'am, you haven't guessed, ma'am! Allow me to ask in my turn," he suddenly turned

to Alyosha again, “what moved you, sir, to visit… these depths, sir?”

Alyosha looked at him attentively; he was seeing this man for the first time. There was something angular in him, hurried and irritable. Though he had evidently just been drinking, he was not drunk. His face expressed a kind of extreme insolence and at the same time, strange as it was, an obvious cowardice. He looked like a man who had long submitted and suffered much, but who had suddenly jumped up and wanted to assert himself. Or, better still, like a man who would terribly like to hit you but is terribly afraid that you will hit him. In his speech and in the intonations of his rather piercing voice there was a kind of crack-brained humor, now spiteful, now timid, unable to keep up its tone and breaking off. He asked the question about the “depths” as though trembling all over, goggling his eyes and springing up so close to Alyosha that Alyosha mechanically stepped back. The gentleman was dressed in a dark, very poor coat of some sort of nankeen, darned and stained. The trousers he had on were extraordinarily light-colored, of a kind no one has worn for a long time, checked, and of some very thin material, crumpled at the bottom and so hitched up, as if he had outgrown them like a little boy.

“I am… Alexei Karamazov…” Alyosha began in reply.

“I am perfectly able to understand, sir,” the gentleman snapped at once, giving him to know that he was aware without being told who he was. “And I, sir, in my turn, am Staff Captain, sir, Snegiryov, sir; but all the same I should like to know what precisely moved…”

“Why, I just stopped in. In fact, I would like to say one word to you on my own behalf… If you will only allow me…”

“In that case here’s a chair, sir, kindly be seated, sir. In the old comedies, that’s how they said it: ‘Kindly be seated’…” and with a quick gesture the staff captain seized an empty chair (a plain peasant one, all wood, without any upholstery) and set it almost in the middle of the room; then, seizing another such chair for himself,

he sat down facing Alyosha, as close up to him as before, so that their knees were almost touching.

"Nikolai Ilyich Snegiryov, sir, former staff captain of the Russian infantry, sir, disgraced by his vices, it is true, but a staff captain all the same. Though one ought rather to say Staff Captain Snegiryov-sir, not plain Snegiryov, for it is only since the second half of my life that I have begun saying 'sir.' The little 'sir' is acquired in humiliation."

"That's quite true," Alyosha grinned, "only is it acquired involuntarily or on purpose?"

"God knows, involuntarily. I never used to say it, all my life I never said 'sir,' and suddenly I fell down and got up with 'sirs.' It is done by a higher power. I see that you are interested in contemporary questions. How, though, could I have aroused so much curiosity, for I live in surroundings that make hospitality impossible?"

"I have come… about that very matter…"

"About that very matter?" the staff captain interrupted impatiently.

"About that meeting of yours with my brother Dmitri Fyodorovich," Alyosha blurted out awkwardly.

"What meeting would that be, sir? Not that very one, sir? So it's about the wisp of bast, the bathhouse wisp of bast?" he suddenly moved so close that this time he positively knocked his knees against Alyosha. His lips were pressed together in a peculiar way, into a thread.

"What wisp of bast?" Alyosha muttered.

"He's come to complain to you about me, Papa!" cried the little voice, already familiar to Alyosha, of the boy from earlier, from behind the curtain in the corner. "It was me who bit his finger earlier!"

The curtain was pulled aside, and Alyosha saw his enemy of earlier, in the corner, under the icons, on the little bed fitted up on the bench and the chair. The boy lay covered with his little coat and an old little quilted blanket besides. He was evidently unwell and, judging by his burning eyes, in a feverish heat. He was looking at Alyosha fearlessly now, not as he had earlier: "I'm at home now, you can't get at me here."

"Bit what finger?" The staff captain half jumped up from his chair. "Was it your finger he bit, sir?"

"Yes, mine. Earlier he was throwing stones in the street with some boys; six of them were throwing at him, and he was alone. I went up to him, and he threw a stone at me too, then another one at my head. I asked what I had done to him. He suddenly rushed at me and bit my finger badly, I don't know what for."

"I'll whip him right away, sir! I'll whip him this very minute, sir," and the staff captain jumped clean off his chair.

"But I'm not complaining at all, I was only telling you. I don't want you to whip him at all. Besides, he seems to be ill now..."

"And you thought I would whip him, sir? That I would take Ilyushechka and whip him right now in front of you for your complete satisfaction? You need it soon, sir?" said the staff captain, suddenly turning to Alyosha with a gesture as if he meant to throw himself at him. "I'm sorry, sir, about your little finger, but wouldn't you like me, before I whip Ilyushechka, to chop off four fingers of my own, right now, before your eyes, for your just satisfaction, with this very knife? Four fingers, I should think, will be enough for you, sir, to quench your thirst for revenge, sir, you won't demand the fifth?..." He suddenly stopped and seemed to choke. Every little feature of his face was moving and twitching, and he was looking with extraordinary defiance. He was as if in a frenzy.

"I think I understand everything now," Alyosha answered quietly and sadly, still sitting. "So your boy is a good boy who loves his

father, and he flew at me as the brother of the man who insulted you… Now I understand it," he repeated, reflecting. "But my brother Dmitri Fyodorovich repents of what he did, I know that, and if only it is possible for him to come to you, or, best of all, to meet you again in that same place, he will ask your forgiveness in front of everyone… if you wish it."

"That is, he tore out my little beard and then asked to be excused… That finishes it all and gives satisfaction, he'll say, is that it, sir?"

"Oh no, on the contrary, he will do whatever you wish and however you wish!"

"So that if I asked his lordship to get down on his knees before me in that very tavern, sir, the Metropolis it's called, or in the square, sir, he would get down?"

"Yes, he will even get down on his knees."

"You've pierced me, sir. You've moved me to tears and pierced me, sir. I'm too inclined to feel. Allow me, then, to introduce myself fully: my family, my two daughters and my son, my litter, sir. When I die, who will love them, sir? And while I live, who, besides them, will love me, nasty little man that I am? A great thing the Lord has arranged for every man of my sort, sir. For a man of my sort, too, needs somebody, at least, to be able to love him, sir…"

"Ah, that is perfectly true!" Alyosha exclaimed.

"Oh, do stop playing the clown at last; some fool comes in, and you put us to shame!" the girl at the window suddenly cried, turning to her father with a squeamish and contemptuous grimace.

"Wait a little, Varvara Nikolavna, allow me to keep to my course," her father shouted to her, though in a commanding tone, yet looking at her very approvingly. "That's just the kind of character we have, sir," he turned to Alyosha again.

"And nothing in all of nature
Would he consent to bless.

"That is, it ought to be in the feminine: she would not consent to bless, sir. But allow me to introduce you to my spouse as well: here, sir, is Arina Petrovna, a lady without legs, sir, forty-three years old, her legs do walk, but just a little, sir. Of simple folk, sir. Arina Petrovna, smooth your features: here is Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov. Stand up, Alexei Fyodorovich," he took him by the hand and, with a strength one could not even have expected of him, suddenly raised him up. "You are being introduced to a lady, you must stand up, sir. Not that Karamazov, Mamma, who… hm, and so on, but his brother, shining with humble virtues. Allow me, Arina Petrovna, allow me, Mamma, allow me first to kiss your hand."

And he kissed his spouse's hand respectfully, even tenderly. The girl at the window indignantly turned her back on the scene; the haughty, questioning face of the spouse suddenly expressed an extraordinary affability.

"How do you do, sit down, Mr. Chernomazov,"[1] she said.

"Karamazov, Mamma, Karamazov (we're of simple folk, sir)," he prompted in a whisper again.

"Well, Karamazov or whatever it is, but to me it's always Chernomazov… Do sit down, and why did he lift you up? A lady without legs, he says; the legs are there all right, only they're swollen like buckets, and the rest of me has dried up. Before, how fat I used to be, and now look, it's as if I'd swallowed a needle…"

"We're of simple folk, sir, of simple folk," the captain prompted once more.

"Papa, oh, Papa!" the hunchbacked girl, who had been silent until now on her chair, suddenly said, and suddenly covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Buffoon!" blurted the girl at the window.

"You see what news we have here," the mamma spread out her hands, pointing to her daughters. "It's just like clouds passing; the clouds will pass, and then our music again. Before, when we were

military people, we used to have many such visitors. I don't compare it to anything, dear man. Let whoever loves whom go on loving them. The deacon's wife comes along then and says: 'Alexander Alexandrovich is a man of the most excellent soul, but Nastasya Petrovna,' she says, 'is a fiend out of hell.' 'Well,' I answer, 'that depends on who adores whom, but you're a little heap, and a smelly one.' 'And you,' she says, 'ought to be kept in obedience.' 'Oh, you black sword, you,' I say to her, 'and who have you come to teach?' 'I,' she says, 'let in clean air, and you let in unclean.' 'Then you ask,' I answer her, 'all the officers whether the air in me is unclean or some other kind.' And it's been sitting on my soul like that ever since that very time, so that the other day I'm sitting here just as I am now, and I see that same general come in who came here at Easter: 'Tell me, Your Excellency,' I say to him, 'may a noble lady let in free air?' 'Yes,' he answers, 'you ought to open a window or a door here, for the very reason that your air isn't fresh.' Well, and they're all like that! And what is my air to them? The dead smell worse than that. 'I'm not spoiling your air,' I say, 'I'll order some shoes and go away.' My dears, my darlings, don't reproach your own mother! Nikolai Ilyich, my dear, haven't I pleased you? Only all I have is Ilyushechka coming home from class and loving me. Yesterday he brought me a little apple. Forgive, my dears, forgive, my darlings, your own mother, forgive me, all alone as I am, and why has my air become so loathsome to you!"

And the poor woman suddenly burst into sobs, the tears streamed down. The staff captain impetuously sprang to her.

"Mamma, Mamma, my dear, enough, enough! You're not alone. Everyone loves you, everyone adores you!" and again he started kissing both her hands and stroking her face tenderly with his palms; and seizing the napkin, he suddenly began wiping the tears from her face. It even seemed to Alyosha that tears were glistening

in his own eyes. “Well, sir, did you see, sir? Did you hear, sir?” he suddenly turned to him somehow furiously, pointing with his hand at the poor feeble-minded woman.

“I see and I hear,” Alyosha muttered.

“Papa, Papa! Are you really going to… with him… Drop him, Papa!” the boy suddenly cried, half rising on his little bed and looking at his father with a burning gaze.

“Do stop your clowning at last, showing off your stupid antics, which never lead to anything!” Varvara Nikolaevna shouted from her corner, quite enraged by now, and even stamped her foot.

“This time you are perfectly right, ma’am, to lose your temper, Varvara Nikolavna, and I will satisfy you impetuously. Put on your hat, Alexei Fyodorovich, and I’ll take my cap here, and let us go, sir. I must say one serious little word to you, only outside these walls. This girl sitting here is my daughter, sir, Nina Nikolaevna, sir, I forgot to introduce her to you, an angel of God in the flesh… flown down to mortals… if you can only understand that…”

“He’s shaking all over, you know, as if he had convulsions,” Varvara Nikolaevna went on indignantly.

“And this one, the one who is stamping her little foot at me now and exposed me as a clown just now, is also an angel of God in the flesh, sir, and she called me that justly, sir. Let us go, then, Alexei Fyodorovich, we must have done with it, sir…”

And, seizing Alyosha by the hand, he led him out of the room straight into the street.

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1. The mother garbles the name: *Karamazov* contains the Turkic *kara*, “black,” while *chernomazy* is plain Russian for “black-smeared, swarthy.”

VII. And in the Open Air

"The air is clean, sir, and in my mansion it really isn't fresh, in every sense even. Let us walk slowly, sir. I should very much like to interest you, sir."

"I too have an extraordinary matter to see you about…" Alyosha remarked, "only I don't know how to begin."

"How could I not know that you have a matter with me, sir? Without a matter you would never have looked in on me. Or did you really come only to complain about the boy, sir? Now that's unbelievable, sir. And speaking of the boy, sir: I couldn't explain everything to you in there, sir, but here and now I will describe that scene to you, sir. You see, the wisp of bast was thicker, sir, only a week ago; I'm talking about my little beard, sir; it's my little beard they've nicknamed the wisp of bast, the schoolboys mainly, sir. Well, sir, so there, sir, your brother Dmitri Fyodorovich is pulling me by my little beard that time, he's dragged me out of the tavern into the square, and just then the schoolboys are coming out of school, and Ilyusha with them. As soon as he saw me in such a state, sir, he rushed to me: 'Papa,' he cries, 'Papa!' He grabs hold of me, hugs me, wants to pull me free, cries to the man who was insulting me: 'Let go, let go, it's my papa, my papa, forgive him'; that's just what he cries: 'Forgive him'; and he took hold of him too with his little hands, and his hand, that very hand of his, he kisses it, sir… I remember what his little face was like at that moment, sir; I haven't forgotten, sir, and I won't forget, sir!…"

"I swear," Alyosha exclaimed, "my brother will express his repentance to you in the most sincere way, the fullest, even on his

knees in that very square… I will make him, or else he is no brother of mine!"

"Aha, so it's still only at the planning stage. Not straight from him, but proceeding only from the nobility of your own ardent heart, sir. You should have said so, sir. No, in that case allow me to finish telling you about your brother's most exalted knightly and officerly nobility as well, for he expressed it that time, sir. When he had finished dragging me by the wisp of bast, he set me free, sir: 'You,' he says, 'are an officer, and I am an officer; if you can find a second, a decent man, then send him, I'll give you satisfaction, scoundrel though you are!' That's what he said, sir. A truly knightly spirit! We went away then, Ilyusha and I, and that family genealogical picture was imprinted forever in Ilyusha's soul's memory. No, how can we go on being gentlefolk, sir. And judge for yourself, sir; you were just now in my mansion yourself, sir, what did you see there, sir? Three ladies sitting there, sir, one without legs and feeble-minded, another without legs and hunchbacked, and the third with legs, but much too clever, a student of the women's courses, sir, she's itching to go back to Petersburg, to seek out the rights of the Russian woman there on the banks of the Neva. I don't speak of Ilyusha, sir, only nine years old, sir, alone in the world, for if I die, what will become of all these depths, that is the only thing I will ask you, sir? And if that's so, then suppose I challenge him to a duel and he kills me on the spot, well, what then? What will become of all of them then, sir? Worse still if, instead of killing me, he only cripples me: then I can't work, but the mouth remains all the same, so who will feed it then, my mouth, and who will feed all of them then, sir? Or am I to send Ilyusha out every day to beg instead of going to school? So that is what it means for me, sir, to challenge him to a duel, sir; it's a stupid word, sir, and nothing more, sir."

"He will ask you to forgive him; in the middle of the square he will bow down at your feet," Alyosha cried again, his eyes alight.

"I wanted to take him to court," the staff captain went on, "but open our code: how much satisfaction will I get from the offender for the personal insult to me, sir? And then suddenly Agrafena Alexandrovna summons me and shouts: 'Don't you dare think of it! If you take him to court, I'll fix it so that the whole world learns publicly that he beat you for your own swindling, and then they'll put you yourself on trial.' But God alone sees from whom that swindling came, sir, and on whose orders I acted in it as a small fry, sir: wasn't it by her own instructions and Fyodor Pavlovich's? 'And besides,' she adds, 'I'll drive you away forever, and you'll never earn anything from me again. And I'll tell my merchant too' (that's what she calls him, the old man: my merchant), 'and he'll drive you away too.' So I think: if the merchant drives me away too, then what, from whom will I earn anything? Why, those two are the only ones I have left, since your papa Fyodor Pavlovich has not only stopped trusting me, for an extraneous reason, sir, but, having got hold of my promissory notes, wants to drag me into court himself. In consequence of all this I've kept quiet, sir, and you have seen the depths, sir. And now allow me to ask: did he bite your little finger badly earlier, Ilyusha did? In the mansion I didn't dare go into this particular in front of him."

"Yes, very badly, and he was very irritated. He took revenge on me, as a Karamazov, for you; that's clear to me now. But if you had seen how he was exchanging stones with his schoolmates! It's very dangerous, they might kill him; they're children, they're foolish, a stone flies and can break his head."

"Why, he's been hit already, sir; not in the head, but in the chest, sir, above the heart, sir; today, a blow from a stone, a bruise, sir; he came home crying, groaning, and now he's fallen ill."

"And you know, it's he who attacks them all first there; he's grown spiteful on your account; they say that earlier he stuck one boy, Krasotkin, in the side with a penknife…"

"I heard about that too; it's dangerous, sir: Krasotkin is an official here, there may yet be trouble over it, sir…"

"I would advise you," Alyosha went on with fervor, "not to send him to school at all for a while, until he calms down… and this anger in him passes…"

"Anger, sir!" the staff captain took up. "Precisely anger, sir. In a little creature, but a great anger, sir. You don't know all this, sir. Allow me to explain this story particularly. The thing is that after that event all the schoolboys at school began teasing him with 'wisp of bast.' Children in schools are a merciless lot: one by one they're angels of God, but together, especially in schools, they are very often merciless. They began teasing him, and a noble spirit rose up in Ilyusha. An ordinary boy, a weak son, would have humbled himself, would have been ashamed of his father, but this one rose up alone against them all for his father. For his father and for the truth, sir, for justice, sir. For what he endured then, when he kissed your brother's hands and cried to him, 'Forgive Papa, forgive Papa,' that God alone knows, and I, sir. And that is how our children, that is, not yours, but ours, sir, the children of despised but noble paupers, sir, learn the truth on earth at nine years old, sir. How could the rich? They never fathom such depths in their whole lives, but my Ilyushka, at that very moment in the square, sir, when he was kissing his hands, at that very moment he took in the whole truth, sir. That truth entered into him, sir, and struck him down forever, sir," the staff captain uttered hotly and again as if in a frenzy, and at the same time struck his left palm with his right fist, as though wishing to show visibly how the "truth" had struck down his Ilyusha. "That same day he came down with a fever, sir, he was delirious all night. All that day he spoke little to me, he was even completely silent, only I noticed: he keeps looking, looking at me from the corner, but more and more he presses himself to the window and pretends to be doing his lessons, but I

can see it isn't lessons on his mind. The next day I drank, sir, and I don't remember much, sir, sinful man that I am, from grief, sir. Mamma began crying here too, sir (I love Mamma very much, sir), well, from grief I had a nip with the last of the money, sir. Don't despise me, sir: in Russia our drunken people are the kindest. The kindest people we have are also the most drunken. So there I lie, and I didn't take much notice of Ilyusha that day, but it was precisely on that day that the boys laughed at him at school too, from the morning on, sir: 'Wisp of bast,' they shout at him, 'your father was dragged out of the tavern by his wisp of bast, and you ran alongside asking forgiveness.' On the third day he came home from school again, and I look, and he's white as a sheet, he's gone pale. What's the matter with you, I say? He says nothing. Well, in the mansion there was no talking, or Mamma and the girls would join in at once; besides, the girls had already found out everything, even on the first day. Varvara Nikolavna had already started grumbling: 'Buffoons, clowns, can anything sensible ever come from you?' 'Quite so,' I say, 'Varvara Nikolavna, can anything sensible ever come from us?' That's how I got off that time. So, sir, toward evening I took the boy out for a walk. For he and I, you should know, sir, used to go out walking every evening before that too, along exactly the same way we are walking now, from our gate to that great big stone over there, lying like an orphan by the wattle fence on the road, where the town common begins: a deserted place and a beautiful one, sir. Ilyusha and I walk along, his little hand in mine, as usual; he has a tiny little hand, thin little fingers, cold little fingers; he suffers in his chest, you know. 'Papa,' he says, 'Papa!' 'What?' I say to him; his little eyes, I see, are flashing. 'Papa, the way he treated you then, Papa!' 'What can we do, Ilyusha,' I say. 'Don't make it up with him, Papa, don't make it up. The boys at school say he gave you ten rubles for it.' 'No,' I say, 'Ilyusha, I won't take money from him now for anything.' So then he began trem-

bling all over, seized my hand in both his little hands, and kisses it again. 'Papa,' he says, 'Papa, challenge him to a duel, at school they tease me that you're a coward and won't challenge him to a duel, but you'll take ten rubles from him.' 'I can't challenge him to a duel, Ilyusha,' I answer, and I set out for him briefly everything I have just set out to you on this score. He heard me out. 'Papa,' he says, 'Papa, all the same, don't make it up with him: I'll grow up, I'll challenge him myself and kill him!' His little eyes flashing and burning. Well, for all that, I am his father, after all, I had to tell him a word of truth. 'It's a sin,' I say to him, 'to kill, even in a duel.' 'Papa,' he says, 'Papa, I'll knock him down when I'm big, I'll knock his saber out of his hand with my saber, I'll throw myself at him, knock him down, raise my saber over him, and say to him: I could kill you now, but I forgive you, so there!' You see, you see, sir, what a little process went on in his little head in those two days; it was day and night that he was thinking precisely of this revenge with the saber, and at night, it must be, he was raving about it, sir. Only he began coming home from school badly beaten, it was the day before yesterday that I found it all out, and you are right, sir; I won't send him to that school anymore, sir. I find out that he's going alone against the whole class and challenging them all himself, he's grown spiteful himself, his heart is on fire; I got frightened for him then. Again we walk, we stroll. 'Papa,' he asks, 'Papa, the rich are the strongest of all in the world, aren't they?' 'Yes,' I say, 'Ilyusha, there is no one in the world stronger than a rich man.' 'Papa,' he says, 'I'll get rich, I'll become an officer and defeat everybody, the tsar will reward me, I'll come back, and then nobody will dare...' Then he was silent awhile and says, his little lips still trembling as before: 'Papa,' he says, 'what a nasty town this town of ours is, Papa!' 'Yes,' I say, 'Ilyushechka, it isn't all that good, our town.' 'Papa, let's move to another town, a good one,' he says, 'a town where nobody knows about us.' 'We'll move,' I say, 'we'll move,

Ilyusha, as soon as I save up some money.' I was glad of the chance to turn him from his dark thoughts, and we began dreaming together of how we would move to another town and buy a horse of our own and a cart. We'll seat Mamma and your sisters, cover them up, and we'll walk alongside, now and then I'll give you a lift, and I'll walk beside, because we must spare our horse, we can't all ride, and so we'll set off. He was delighted with this, and most of all that we would have our own horse and he would drive it himself. Why, it's well known that a Russian boy is simply born together with a horse. We chattered for a long time; thank God, I think, I've distracted him, comforted him. That was the evening before last, and yesterday evening it turned out something else. In the morning he went to that school again and came back gloomy, very gloomy indeed. In the evening I took him by the little hand, took him out for a walk; he's silent, he doesn't talk. A little wind had begun then, the sun had clouded over, there was a breath of autumn, and it was already getting dark; we walk along, and we're both sad. 'Well, my boy,' I say, 'how are we going to get ready for the road, you and I?' I'm thinking of leading him back to yesterday's talk. He's silent. Only I feel his little fingers give a start in my hand. 'Eh,' I think, 'it's bad, there's something new.' We came, just as now, to this very stone; I sat down on the stone, and up in the sky kites were flying everywhere, humming and rattling, some thirty kites to be seen. It's the kite season now, you know, sir. 'Look,' I say, 'Ilyusha, it's time we flew our last year's kite too. I'll mend it, where have you hidden it?' My boy is silent, looking off to the side, standing sideways to me. And just then the wind suddenly howled, sand came blowing... He suddenly threw himself on me, all of him, put both his little arms around my neck, squeezed me tight. You know, when children are silent and proud, and have been holding back their tears a long time, and suddenly they break through, when a great grief comes, then it isn't just that the tears flow, sir, they

gush out, like streams, sir. With those warm gushes he suddenly wet my whole face. He burst into sobs as if in a convulsion, he shook, pressed me to him; I'm sitting on the stone. 'Papa dear,' he cries out, 'Papa dear, dear Papa, how he humiliated you!' And I burst into sobs then too, sir; we sit there hugging and shaking. 'Papa dear,' he says, 'Papa dear!' 'Ilyusha,' I say to him, 'Ilyushechka!' No one saw us then, sir, God alone saw, perhaps he'll enter it in my service record, sir. Thank your brother, Alexei Fyodorovich. No, sir, I will not whip my boy for your satisfaction, sir!"

He finished again with his crack-brained, spiteful twist of earlier. Alyosha felt, however, that the man trusted him by now, and that had someone else been in his place, this man would not have "talked" like this with that other person and would not have told him what he had just told Alyosha. This encouraged Alyosha, whose soul was trembling with tears.

"Ah, how I would like to make peace with your boy!" he exclaimed. "If you would arrange it."

"Just so, sir," the staff captain muttered.

"But not about that now, not about that at all; listen," Alyosha went on exclaiming, "listen. I have an errand to you: this same brother of mine, this Dmitri, has also insulted his fiancée, a most noble girl, of whom you have surely heard. I have the right to reveal her insult to you, I even ought to, because when she learned of the wrong done you and learned all about your unhappy situation, she charged me just now... earlier... to bring you this assistance from her... but only from her alone, not from Dmitri, who has abandoned her too, not at all, and not from me, his brother, and not from anyone else, but from her, from her alone! She begs you to accept her help... you have both been insulted by one and the same man... And she thought of you only when she had suffered from him the same kind of insult (in the force of the insult) as you have! That means a sister is coming to a brother with help... She

charged me precisely to persuade you to accept these two hundred rubles from her, as from a sister. No one will ever know of it, no unjust gossip can come of it; here are the two hundred rubles, and, I swear, you must accept them, otherwise… otherwise it would mean that everyone in the world must be enemies to one another! But there are brothers in the world, too… You have a noble soul, you must understand this, you must!"

And Alyosha held out to him two brand-new rainbow-colored hundred-ruble notes. They were both standing just then precisely by the big stone, by the fence, and there was no one around. The notes seemed to make a tremendous impression on the staff captain: he started, but at first as if from surprise alone: nothing of the kind had even glimmered in his imagination, and he had not expected such an outcome at all. Help from anyone, and such considerable help besides, he had not even dreamed of in his sleep. He took the notes, and for almost a minute he could not even answer; something altogether new flashed across his face.

"This is for me, sir, for me, so much money, two hundred rubles! Good heavens! Why, I haven't seen such money for four years, Lord! And she says, a sister… and is it true, is it really true?"

"I swear to you that everything I have told you is true!" cried Alyosha. The staff captain turned red.

"Listen, sir, my dear fellow, listen, sir, if I do accept, I won't be a scoundrel, will I? In your eyes, Alexei Fyodorovich, I won't be, I won't be a scoundrel? No, sir, Alexei Fyodorovich, you hear me out, hear me out, sir," he hurried on, touching Alyosha every minute with both hands, "here you are persuading me to accept on the ground that a 'sister' is sending it, but inside, to yourself, won't you feel contempt for me if I accept, sir, eh?"

"But no, no! I swear to you by my salvation that I won't! And no one will ever know, only we: I, you, and she, and one other lady, a great friend of hers…"

"Never mind the lady! Listen, Alexei Fyodorovich, hear me out, sir, for now such a moment has come, sir, that you must hear me out, for you can't even understand what these two hundred rubles may mean to me now," the poor man went on, gradually passing into a kind of disordered, almost wild rapture. He seemed thrown off his balance, and he was talking in an extreme hurry and rush, as though afraid he would not be allowed to say everything. "Besides its being honestly come by, from so respected and saintly a 'sister,' sir, do you know that now I can have Mamma and Ninochka, my little hunchbacked angel, my daughter, treated? Dr. Herzenstube came to me, out of the kindness of his heart, he examined them both for a whole hour: 'I don't understand anything,' he says, and yet the mineral water they have at the pharmacy here (he prescribed it) will undoubtedly do her good, and he prescribed medicinal footbaths for her too. The mineral water costs thirty kopecks, and maybe forty jugs of it have to be drunk. So I took the prescription and put it on the shelf under the icons, and there it lies. And Ninochka he prescribed bathing in some solution, in hot baths of some sort, every day, morning and evening; so how could we ever have managed such a treatment, sir, here at our place, in our mansion, without a servant, without help, without the vessels and the water, sir? And Ninochka is full of rheumatism, I haven't even told you that yet; at night her whole right side aches, she suffers, and, would you believe it, the angel of God holds out so as not to disturb us, she doesn't moan, so as not to wake us. We eat whatever comes along, whatever turns up, and she will take the very last piece, the kind you could only throw to a dog: 'I'm not worth this piece, I'm taking it from you, I sit here as a burden to you.' That is what her angelic look wants to say. We wait on her, and it's a burden to her: 'I'm not worth it, I'm not worth it, I'm an unworthy cripple, useless.' And how could she not be worth it, sir, when by her angelic meekness she has won all of us from

God with her prayers; without her, without her quiet word, we would have hell here, sir; she has softened even Varya. And don't condemn Varvara Nikolavna either, sir, she's an angel too, she's been wronged too. She came to us in the summer, and she had sixteen rubles with her, she earned them by giving lessons and put them aside for her journey, to go back to Petersburg on them in September, that is, now. And we took her bit of money and lived on it, and now she has nothing to go back on, that's how it is, sir. And she can't go back anyway, because she works for us like a convict; why, we've harnessed and saddled her like a nag; she waits on everybody, mends, does the washing, sweeps the floor, gets Mamma into bed, and Mamma is capricious, sir, and Mamma is tearful, sir, and Mamma is mad, sir!... And now with these two hundred rubles I can hire a servant, sir, do you understand, Alexei Fyodorovich, I can undertake the treatment of these dear creatures, sir, I can send the student off to Petersburg, sir, buy beef, sir, introduce a new diet, sir. Lord, why, it's a dream!"

Alyosha was terribly glad that he had brought so much happiness and that the poor man had agreed to be made happy.

"Wait, Alexei Fyodorovich, wait," the staff captain seized again on a new dream that had suddenly presented itself to him, and again began rattling on in a frenzied patter, "why, do you know that Ilyushka and I may perhaps really make our dream come true now: we'll buy a horse and a covered cart, and a black horse, he asked that it be a black one without fail, and we'll set off, just as we were picturing it the day before yesterday. I have a lawyer I know in K. province, sir, a friend from childhood, sir; they told me through a reliable person that if I come, he would supposedly give me a place as a clerk in his office, sir; so, who knows, maybe he will give it to me. Well, then, I'd seat Mamma, seat Ninochka, I'll put Ilyushechka in the driver's seat, and I'd go on foot, on foot, and I'd

take them all away, sir. Lord, if only I could collect one bad little debt here, then maybe there'd be enough even for that, sir!"

"There will be enough, there will be enough!" Alyosha exclaimed. "Katerina Ivanovna will send you more, as much as you like, and you know, I have money too, take as much as you need, as from a brother, as from a friend, you'll repay me later... (You'll get rich, you'll get rich!) And you know what, you could never even think up anything better than this move to another province! In it is your salvation, and above all for your boy; and you know, it should be soon, before winter, before the cold, and you would write to us from there, and we would remain brothers... No, it isn't a dream!"

Alyosha was about to embrace him, he was so pleased. But glancing at him, he suddenly stopped: the man was standing with his neck stretched out, his lips stretched out, his face frenzied and gone pale, and he was whispering something with his lips, as though wanting to bring something out; there was no sound, yet he kept on whispering with his lips; it was somehow strange.

"What is it?" Alyosha suddenly started for some reason.

"Alexei Fyodorovich... I... you..." the staff captain muttered, breaking off, looking point-blank at him strangely and wildly, with the air of a man who has decided to go flying downhill, and at the same time as though smiling with his lips, "I, sir... you, sir... How would you like me to show you a little trick right now, sir!" he suddenly whispered in a quick, firm whisper; his speech no longer broke off.

"What little trick?"

"A little trick, a hocus-pocus sort of thing," the staff captain kept whispering; his mouth twisted to the left, his left eye narrowed, and he kept looking at Alyosha without tearing his eyes away, as though riveted to him.

“But what’s the matter with you, what trick?” Alyosha shouted, now thoroughly frightened.

“This kind, look!” the staff captain suddenly shrieked.

And, showing him both the rainbow-colored notes, which all this time, all through the conversation, he had been holding together by a corner between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, he suddenly, with a kind of fury, seized them, crumpled them, and squeezed them tight in his right fist.

“Did you see, sir, did you see, sir!” he shrieked at Alyosha, pale and frenzied, and suddenly, raising his fist, with all his might he flung both crumpled notes down on the sand. “Did you see, sir?” he shrieked again, pointing at them with his finger. “Well, then, there you are, sir!...”

And suddenly, lifting his right foot, he fell to trampling them with his heel in wild fury, exclaiming and gasping for breath at each stamp of his foot.

“There’s your money, sir! There’s your money, sir! There’s your money, sir! There’s your money, sir!” Suddenly he sprang back and drew himself up before Alyosha. His whole appearance expressed an inexplicable pride.

“Report to those who sent you that the wisp of bast does not sell its honor, sir!” he cried, stretching his arm out into the air. Then he quickly turned and started to run; but he had not run five steps when, turning all the way around again, he suddenly waved his little hand at Alyosha. But again, before he had run five steps, he turned around for the last time, this time without the twisted laugh on his face; on the contrary, it was all shaking with tears. In a weeping, breaking, choking patter he cried out:

“And what would I have said to my boy if I had taken money from you for our shame?” And having said this, he started running, this time without turning around. Alyosha gazed after him with inexpressible sadness. Oh, he understood that until the very last

moment the man himself had not known that he would crumple and fling down the notes. The running man did not turn around once, and Alyosha knew that he would not turn around. He did not want to pursue him and call to him; he knew why. And when the man had disappeared from sight, Alyosha picked up both notes. They were only very crumpled, flattened, and pressed into the sand, but perfectly whole, and they even crackled like new ones when Alyosha unfolded them and smoothed them out. Having smoothed them out, he folded them, put them into his pocket, and set off to Katerina Ivanovna's to report how her errand had succeeded.

Book Five: Pro and Contra

I. An Understanding

Mrs. Khokhlakova was again the first to meet Alyosha. She was in a hurry: something important had occurred: Katerina Ivanovna's fit of hysterics had ended in a swoon, followed by "a terrible, dreadful weakness, she lay down, her eyes rolled back, and she began to be delirious. Now she has a fever, they've sent for Herzenstube, they've sent for the aunts. The aunts are here already, but Herzenstube isn't yet. Everyone is sitting in her room, waiting. Something is going to happen, and she's unconscious. What if it's brain fever!"

As she exclaimed this, Mrs. Khokhlakova had a look of serious alarm: "This is serious now, serious!" she added to every word, as though everything that had happened to her before had not been serious. Alyosha listened to her with sorrow; he began to tell her of his own adventures, but she cut him off at the first words: she had no time, she asked him to sit with Lise and wait for her at Lise's.

"Lise, dearest Alexei Fyodorovich," she whispered to him almost in his ear, "Lise has just surprised me strangely, but she touched me too, and so my heart forgives her everything. Imagine, the moment you left, she suddenly began sincerely repenting that she had supposedly been laughing at you yesterday and today. But she wasn't laughing, she was only joking. But she repented so seriously, almost to tears, that I was surprised. She has never before seriously repented when she laughed at me, it was always in jest. And you know she laughs at me every minute. But now she's serious, now everything has turned serious. She values your opinion

extremely, Alexei Fyodorovich, and if you can, don't be offended with her and don't hold it against her. I myself do nothing but spare her, because she's such a clever little thing—would you believe it? She was saying just now that you were the friend of her childhood, 'the most serious friend of my childhood,' imagine that, the most serious, and what about me? She has extremely serious feelings on that score, and even memories, and above all these phrases and little words, the most unexpected little words, so that you never expect it, and suddenly out it pops. Just recently, for instance, about a pine tree: there was a pine tree standing in our garden in her earliest childhood, perhaps it still stands there, so there's no call for the past tense. Pines aren't people, they don't change for a long time, Alexei Fyodorovich. 'Mama,' she says, 'I remember that pine as if I'd pined for it in a dream,' that is, 'pine, pined for in a dream,' she put it somehow differently, because there's a muddle here, 'pine' is a silly word, only she told me something so original on that subject that I definitely won't undertake to repeat it. Besides, I've forgotten it all. Well, goodbye, I'm very shaken and I'm surely going out of my mind. Ah, Alexei Fyodorovich, I've gone out of my mind twice in my life, and they treated me for it. Go to Lise. Cheer her up, as you always know how to do so charmingly. Lise," she cried, going up to her door, "here, I've brought you Alexei Fyodorovich, whom you insulted so, and he isn't the least bit angry, I assure you; on the contrary, he's amazed that you could think so!"

"*Merci*, *maman*; come in, Alexei Fyodorovich."

Alyosha went in. Lise looked somehow embarrassed and suddenly blushed all over. She was evidently ashamed of something and, as always happens in such cases, began talking very, very fast about something quite unrelated, exactly as if that unrelated thing were the only thing that interested her at the moment.

“Mama has just suddenly told me, Alexei Fyodorovich, the whole story about those two hundred rubles and that errand of yours… to that poor officer… and she told me that whole terrible story of how he was insulted, and, you know, although Mama tells things very muddle-headedly… she keeps skipping about… I listened and cried. Well, what then, how did it go, did you give him that money, and how is the unhappy man now?…”

“That’s just it, I didn’t give it to him, and there’s a whole story there,” answered Alyosha, as if for his part he too were concerned above all precisely with not having given the money, and yet Lise noticed perfectly well that he too was looking aside and evidently trying to talk about something unrelated. Alyosha sat down at the table and began telling, but from the first words he stopped being embarrassed altogether and carried Lise away in her turn. He was speaking under the influence of strong feeling and of an extraordinary recent impression, and he managed to tell it well and in detail. Even before, back in Moscow, in Lise’s early childhood, he had loved to come to her and tell her now about something that had just happened to him, now about something he had read, or to recall things from his own childhood. Sometimes they even dreamed together and made up whole stories between the two of them, mostly merry and funny ones. Now they both seemed suddenly carried back to the old Moscow days, some two years before. Lise was extraordinarily moved by his story. Alyosha, with warm feeling, managed to paint for her the image of “Ilyushechka.” And when he had finished, in every detail, the scene of how that unhappy man had trampled the money, Lise clasped her hands and cried out in irrepressible feeling:

“So you didn’t give him the money, so you just let him run away! My God, you might at least have run after him yourself and caught up with him…”

“No, Lise, it’s better this way, that I didn’t run,” said Alyosha, getting up from his chair and pacing the room with a worried air.

“How better, why better? Now they’re without bread and they’ll perish!”

“They won’t perish, because those two hundred rubles won’t pass them by all the same. He’ll take them tomorrow anyway. Tomorrow he’ll surely take them,” said Alyosha, pacing in thought. “You see, Lise,” he went on, suddenly stopping in front of her, “I made a mistake myself in this, but even the mistake turned out for the better.”

“What mistake, and why for the better?”

“Here’s why: he’s a cowardly man and weak in character. He’s so worn out and very kind. I keep thinking now: what was it that suddenly offended him so that he trampled the money, because, I assure you, until the very last moment he didn’t know he was going to trample it. And it seems to me that many things offended him here… and it couldn’t have been otherwise in his position… In the first place, he was offended simply because he was too glad of the money in front of me and didn’t hide it from me. If he’d been glad, but not very, and hadn’t shown it, if he’d started putting on airs, the way others do when they accept money, making faces, well, then he might still have borne it and accepted, but he was too truthfully glad, and that’s just what hurts. Ah, Lise, he’s a truthful and kind man, and that’s the whole trouble in such cases! All the while he was talking then, his voice was so weak, so faint, and he talked so fast, so fast, kept giggling with a sort of little laugh, or else he was crying… really, he was crying, he was in such raptures… and he spoke of his daughters… and about the post he would be given in another town… And the moment he had poured out his soul, he suddenly felt ashamed of having shown me his whole soul like that. And so right away he hated me. And he’s one of those terribly bashful poor people. Above all, he was offended

because he took me for his friend too soon and gave in to me too soon; first he was flying at me, trying to frighten me, and then suddenly, the moment he saw the money, he began embracing me. Because he did embrace me, he kept touching me with his hands. It was precisely in that state that he was bound to feel the whole humiliation of it, and just then I made that mistake, a very important one: I suddenly up and told him that if he didn't have enough money to move to another town, he would be given more, and that I myself would even give him as much as he liked out of my own money. That is what suddenly struck him: why, he thinks, did I have to jump in and help him too? You know, Lise, it's terribly hard for an injured man when everyone starts looking at him as his benefactors... I've heard that, the elder told me so. I don't know how to put it, but I've often seen it myself. Why, I feel exactly the same way myself. And the main thing is that although he didn't know until the very last moment that he would trample the notes, he still had a presentiment of it, that's certain. That's why his rapture was so strong, because he had a presentiment... And so, though all this is so bad, it's still for the better. I even think it's for the very best, it couldn't have been better..."

"Why, why couldn't it have been better?" exclaimed Lise, looking at Alyosha in great surprise.

"Because, Lise, if he hadn't trampled the money but had taken it, then, coming home, within an hour or so he would have wept over his humiliation, that's what would surely have happened. He would have wept and very likely come to me at daybreak tomorrow and thrown the notes at me, perhaps, and trampled them as he did just now. But now he's gone away terribly proud and triumphant, though he knows he has 'ruined himself.' And so, now nothing could be easier than to make him accept those same two hundred rubles no later than tomorrow, because he has already proved his honor, he has flung the money down, trampled it... He

couldn't have known, when he was trampling it, that I would bring it to him again tomorrow. And meanwhile he needs that money terribly, you know. Though he's proud now, still, even today he'll be thinking of the help he has lost. At night he'll think of it even harder, he'll see it in his dreams, and by tomorrow morning he may well be ready to run to me and ask forgiveness. And that's just when I'll appear: 'Here,' I'll say, 'you are a proud man, you have proved it, well, now take it, forgive us.' And that's when he'll take it!"

Alyosha uttered with a kind of rapture: "And that's when he'll take it!" Lise clapped her hands.

"Oh, that's true, oh, I've suddenly understood it terribly! Oh, Alyosha, how do you know all this? So young, and he already knows what's in the soul... I would never have thought of it..."

"The main thing now is to convince him that he's on an equal footing with all of us, in spite of taking money from us," Alyosha went on in his rapture, "and not only on an equal footing, but even on a higher footing..."

"'On a higher footing,' that's lovely, Alexei Fyodorovich, but go on, go on!"

"That is, I didn't put it right... about the higher footing... but it doesn't matter, because..."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter, of course it doesn't matter! Forgive me, Alyosha, dear... You know, until now I hardly respected you... that is, I respected you, but on an equal footing, and now I'll respect you on a higher one... Dear, don't be angry that I'm 'being witty,'" she took up at once with strong feeling. "I'm silly and little, but you, you... Listen, Alexei Fyodorovich, isn't there in all this reasoning of ours, that is, of yours... no, better, of ours... isn't there contempt for him, for that unhappy man... in our taking his soul apart like this now, as if from above, eh? In our having decided so surely now that he'll accept the money, eh?"

"No, Lise, there's no contempt," Alyosha answered firmly, as though he had been prepared for this question already. "I thought about it myself on the way here. Consider, what contempt can there be, when we ourselves are just like him, when everyone is just like him. Because we're just the same, you know, no better. And even if we were better, in his place we'd still be just the same… I can't speak for you, Lise, but for my part I think that in many ways I have a petty soul. And his isn't petty at all; on the contrary, it's very delicate… No, Lise, there's no contempt for him in it at all! You know, Lise, my elder said once: people must all be looked after like children, and some of them like the sick in hospitals…"

"Oh, Alexei Fyodorovich, oh, my dear, let's look after people like the sick!"

"Let's, Lise, I'm ready, only I'm not quite ready myself; sometimes I'm very impatient, and other times I have no eye for it at all. Now with you it's different."

"Oh, I don't believe it! Alexei Fyodorovich, how happy I am!"

"How good that you say so, Lise."

"Alexei Fyodorovich, you're wonderfully good, but sometimes you seem like a pedant… and yet, look again, and you're not a pedant at all. Go and look at the door, open it quietly and see whether Mamma is eavesdropping," Lise suddenly whispered in a sort of nervous, hurried whisper.

Alyosha went, opened the door a little, and reported that no one was eavesdropping.

"Come here, Alexei Fyodorovich," Lise went on, blushing more and more, "give me your hand, like this. Listen, I must make you a great confession: I didn't write you yesterday's letter as a joke, but seriously…"

And she covered her eyes with her hand. It was plain that she was very ashamed to make this confession. Suddenly she seized his hand and impetuously kissed it three times.

"Oh, Lise, that's wonderful," Alyosha exclaimed joyfully. "And I was perfectly sure, you know, that you wrote it seriously."

"Sure, imagine that!" she suddenly pushed his hand away, without letting go of it, though, blushing terribly and laughing a small, happy little laugh. "I kiss his hand, and he says, 'That's wonderful.'" But her reproach was unjust: Alyosha too was in great confusion.

"I would like always to please you, Lise, but I don't know how to do it," he muttered somehow, blushing too.

"Alyosha, dear, you are cold and impertinent. You see, sir. He has deigned to choose me for his spouse and rests content with that! He was already sure I wrote it seriously, how do you like that! Why, that's impertinence—that's what it is!"

"But is it so bad that I was sure?" Alyosha suddenly laughed.

"Oh, Alyosha, on the contrary, it's terribly good," Lise looked at him tenderly and happily. Alyosha stood, still holding his hand in hers. Suddenly he bent down and kissed her right on her little lips.

"What's this now? What's the matter with you?" cried Lise. Alyosha was utterly at a loss.

"Well, forgive me if it was wrong… Perhaps I did something terribly stupid… You said I was cold, so I up and kissed you… Only I see it came out stupid…"

Lise laughed and covered her face with her hands.

"And dressed like that!" broke from her in the midst of her laughter, but suddenly she stopped laughing and became all serious, almost stern.

"Well, Alyosha, we'll wait a while yet with kisses, because neither of us knows how to do it yet, and we still have a very long time to wait," she concluded suddenly. "Tell me instead, why are you taking me, such a fool, a sick little fool, you, so clever, so thoughtful, so observant? Oh, Alyosha, I'm terribly happy, because I'm not worthy of you at all!"

"You are, Lise. In a few days I'll be leaving the monastery for good. Once out in the world, one must marry, that much I know. That's what he told me to do, too. Whom could I take who is better than you... and who would take me, except you? I've already thought it over. In the first place, you've known me since childhood, and in the second, you have a great many abilities that I don't have at all. Your soul is merrier than mine; above all, you are more innocent than I am, while I have already touched on many, many things... Oh, you don't know, but I'm a Karamazov too! What does it matter that you laugh and joke, and at me too; on the contrary, laugh, I'm so glad of it... But you laugh like a little girl, and inside yourself you think like a martyr..."

"Like a martyr? How so?"

"Yes, Lise, your question just now: isn't there contempt in us for that unhappy man, because we anatomize his soul like that: that is a martyr's question... you see, I just can't put it, but whoever has such questions is capable of suffering himself. Sitting in your chair, you must already have thought a great deal..."

"Alyosha, give me your hand, why are you taking it away," Lise said softly, in a little voice weakened by happiness, a sort of sinking voice. "Listen, Alyosha, what will you wear when you leave the monastery, what sort of clothes? Don't laugh, don't be angry, it's very, very important to me."

"I haven't thought about clothes yet, Lise, but I'll wear whatever you like."

"I want you to have a dark blue velvet jacket, a white piqué waistcoat, and a soft, fluffy gray hat... Tell me, did you really believe earlier that I didn't love you, when I disowned yesterday's letter?"

"No, I didn't."

"Oh, unbearable man, incorrigible!"

“You see, I knew that you… it seems, love me, but I pretended to believe you, that you didn’t love me, so that it would be… more comfortable for you…”

“Even worse! Worse and best of all. Alyosha, I love you terribly. Before you came earlier, I made a wish: I’ll ask him for yesterday’s letter, and if he calmly takes it out and gives it back to me (as one can always expect of him), that means he doesn’t love me at all, doesn’t feel anything, and is simply a stupid, unworthy boy, and I am lost. But you left the letter in your cell, and that cheered me up: isn’t it true that you left it in your cell because you had a presentiment that I would demand the letter back, so as not to give it back? Isn’t that so? It is so, isn’t it?”

“Oh, Lise, it isn’t so at all, the letter is with me now, and it was earlier too, right here in this pocket, here it is.”

Alyosha, laughing, took out the letter and showed it to her from a distance.

“Only I won’t give it to you; look at it from my hands.”

“What? So you lied earlier, you, a monk, you lied?”

“I dare say I lied,” Alyosha laughed too, “I lied so as not to give you the letter. It’s very dear to me,” he added suddenly with strong feeling, blushing again, “it’s forever now, and I’ll never give it to anyone!”

Lise looked at him in delight.

“Alyosha,” she babbled again, “look at the door, isn’t Mamma eavesdropping?”

“All right, Lise, I’ll look, only wouldn’t it be better not to, eh? Why suspect your mother of such baseness?”

“What baseness? Baseness how? If she eavesdrops on her daughter, that’s her right, not baseness,” Lise flared up. “You may be sure, Alexei Fyodorovich, that when I am a mother myself and have a daughter just like me, I shall certainly eavesdrop on her.”

“Really, Lise? That isn’t good.”

"Oh, my God, what baseness is there in it? If it were some ordinary society conversation and I eavesdropped, that would be baseness, but here her own daughter has locked herself in with a young man… Listen, Alyosha, you should know that I'll be spying on you too, as soon as we're married, and you should know besides that I'll open all your letters and read everything… So consider yourself forewarned…"

"Yes, of course, if that's how it is…" Alyosha muttered, "only it isn't good…"

"Oh, what contempt! Alyosha, dear, let's not quarrel the very first time; I'd better tell you the whole truth: of course, it's very bad to eavesdrop, and of course I'm wrong and you're right, but all the same I'll eavesdrop."

"Go ahead. You won't spy out anything of that sort about me," Alyosha laughed.

"Alyosha, and will you obey me? That must be decided beforehand too."

"With great pleasure, Lise, and certainly, only not in the most important things. In the most important things, if you disagree with me, I will still do as my duty bids me."

"That's as it should be. Then know that I, on the contrary, am ready not only to obey in the most important things, but to give way to you in everything, and I swear it to you now—in everything and for my whole life," Lise cried ardently, "and with happiness, with happiness! What's more, I swear to you that I will never eavesdrop on you, not once and never, I won't read a single letter of yours, because you are right and I am not. And though I'll want terribly to eavesdrop, I know that, I still won't, because you consider it ignoble. You are like my providence now… Listen, Alexei Fyodorovich, why have you been so sad all these days, both yesterday and today; I know you have troubles, misfortunes, but I see

that besides that you have some special sadness, a secret one perhaps, eh?"

"Yes, Lise, there is a secret one too," Alyosha said sadly. "I see that you love me, since you've guessed it."

"What sadness, then? About what? Can you tell me?" Lise said with timid entreaty.

"I'll tell you later, Lise… afterward…" Alyosha was embarrassed. "Now perhaps it wouldn't even be understood. And perhaps I couldn't even put it into words myself."

"I know, besides, that your brothers are tormenting you, your father?"

"Yes, my brothers too," said Alyosha, as if in thought.

"I don't like your brother Ivan Fyodorovich, Alyosha," Lise suddenly remarked.

Alyosha noted this remark with some surprise, but did not take it up.

"My brothers are ruining themselves," he continued, "and Father too. And they ruin others together with themselves. Here is 'the earthy Karamazov force,' as Father Paisy put it the other day, earthy and frenzied, unhewn… I don't even know whether the spirit of God moves above that force. I only know that I myself am a Karamazov too… I'm a monk, a monk? Am I a monk, Lise? Didn't you say a moment ago that I was a monk?"

"Yes, I did."

"And maybe I don't even believe in God."

"You don't believe, what's the matter with you?" Lise said quietly and cautiously. But Alyosha did not answer this. There was something here, in these too sudden words of his, something too mysterious and too subjective, perhaps unclear even to himself, but already undoubtedly tormenting him.

"And now, on top of everything, my friend is going away, the first man in the world is leaving the earth. If you only knew, if you

only knew, Lise, how bound I am, how welded in soul to that man! And now I shall be left alone… I'll come to you, Lise… From now on we'll be together…"

"Yes, together, together! From now on always together, for our whole lives. Listen, kiss me, I allow it."

Alyosha kissed her.

"Well, go now, Christ be with you!" (And she blessed him with the sign of the cross.) "Go quickly to him while he's alive. I see I've kept you cruelly. I'll pray for him and for you today. Alyosha, we shall be happy! We shall be happy, shall we?"

"It seems we shall, Lise."

Coming out from Lise's, Alyosha did not see fit to go in to Mrs. Khokhlakova and, without taking leave of her, was making his way out of the house. But the moment he opened the door and stepped out onto the stairs, out of nowhere there before him was Mrs. Khokhlakova herself. From her first word Alyosha guessed that she had been lying in wait for him there on purpose.

"Alexei Fyodorovich, this is terrible. This is childish nonsense and all rubbish. I hope you won't take it into your head to dream… Foolishness, foolishness, and foolishness!" she fell upon him.

"Only don't tell her that," said Alyosha, "or she'll be upset, and that's bad for her now."

"I hear the sensible word of a sensible young man. Am I to understand that you agreed with her only because, out of compassion for her sickly condition, you did not want to anger her by contradicting her?"

"Oh no, not at all, I was talking with her perfectly seriously," Alyosha declared firmly.

"Seriousness is impossible here, unthinkable, and in the first place I shall never receive you again, not once, and in the second place I shall go away and take her with me, you should know that."

"But why," said Alyosha, "it's still such a long way off; perhaps we'll have to wait a year and a half yet."

"Ah, Alexei Fyodorovich, that's true, of course, and in a year and a half you'll quarrel with her and part a thousand times. But I am so unhappy, so unhappy! Let it all be nonsense, but it has struck me down. Now I'm like Famusov in the last scene, you are Chatsky, she is Sofya,[1] and imagine, I ran out here to the stairs on purpose to meet you, and there too, you know, the whole fatal thing happened on the stairs. I heard everything, I could barely stay on my feet. So this is the explanation of the horrors of this whole night and of all the hysterics today! Love for the daughter, and death for the mother. Lie down in your coffin. Now the second and most important thing: what is this letter she wrote you, show it to me at once, at once!"

"No, there's no need. Tell me, how is Katerina Ivanovna's health, I very much need to know."

"She is still lying in delirium, she hasn't come to; her aunts are here and only gasp and are haughty with me, and Herzenstube came and was so frightened that I didn't know what to do with him or how to save him, I even wanted to send for a doctor. They took him away in my carriage. And suddenly, to crown it all, you suddenly come with this letter. True, all this is still a year and a half off. In the name of everything great and holy, in the name of your dying elder, let me see that letter, Alexei Fyodorovich, me, her mother! If you like, hold it in your fingers, and I'll read it from your hands."

"No, I won't show it, Katerina Osipovna, even if she allowed it, I won't show it. I'll come tomorrow and, if you like, I'll talk over many things with you, but now—goodbye!"

And Alyosha ran down the stairs and out into the street.

1. In the last act of Alexander Griboyedov's verse comedy *Woe from Wit* (1824), Famusov comes upon his daughter Sofya at night in the entrance hall by the staircase, where Chatsky has just learned the truth about her.

II. Smerdyakov with a Guitar

Besides, he had no time. A thought had flashed through his mind while he was still saying goodbye to Lise. The thought was this: how could he, by the slyest possible means, catch brother Dmitri right now, since he was evidently hiding from him? It was no longer early, it was about three o'clock in the afternoon. With his whole being Alyosha was straining toward the monastery, to his "great one," who was dying, but the need to see brother Dmitri overpowered everything: with every hour the conviction was growing in Alyosha's mind that a terrible catastrophe was inevitable and ready to happen. What exactly the catastrophe consisted of, and what he would have wanted to say to his brother at that moment, perhaps he himself could not have defined. "Let my benefactor die without me, but at least I shall not reproach myself all my life that perhaps I could have saved something and did not, that I passed by, in a hurry to get to my own home. In doing this, I shall be doing according to his great word…"

His plan was to catch brother Dmitri unawares, namely: to climb over that wattle fence as he had yesterday, go into the garden, and settle himself in that summerhouse. "And if he isn't there," thought Alyosha, "then, without saying a word to Foma or to the women of the house, I'll hide and wait in the summerhouse, even until evening. If he's still keeping watch for Grushenka to come, it's very likely that he'll come to the summerhouse…" Alyosha did not, however, reason very much over the details of the plan, but he resolved to carry it out, even if it meant not getting to the monastery today…

Everything went off smoothly: he climbed over the fence at almost the very spot where he had yesterday and stole unseen into the summerhouse. He did not want to be noticed: both the landlady and Foma (if he was there) might be on his brother's side and obey his orders, and so might either not let Alyosha into the garden or warn his brother in time that someone was looking and asking for him. There was no one in the summerhouse. Alyosha sat down in his place of yesterday and began to wait. He looked around the summerhouse; for some reason it seemed to him much more dilapidated than yesterday, and so shabby this time. The day, however, was just as clear as yesterday. On the green table was the imprint of a ring left by yesterday's glass of cognac, which must have been spilled. Empty thoughts of no use whatever crept into his head, as always during a tedious wait: for instance, why, coming in here now, had he sat down in precisely the same spot where he had sat yesterday, and why not in another? At last he felt very sad, sad from anxious uncertainty. But he had not been sitting there a quarter of an hour when suddenly, somewhere very close, the chord of a guitar was heard. Someone had been sitting, or had just sat down, some twenty paces from him, no farther, somewhere in the bushes. A memory suddenly flashed through Alyosha's mind that yesterday, as he was leaving his brother in the summerhouse, he had seen, or something like a glimpse had flickered before him, of a low, old green garden bench to the left by the fence, among the bushes. So it was on it that the visitors had now settled. But who? A man's voice suddenly began singing a couplet in a sugary falsetto, accompanying itself on the guitar:

By a force invincible

I am bound to my dear one.

Lord, have me-e-ercy

On her and on me!

On her and on me!

On her and on me!

The voice stopped. A lackey's tenor, and a lackey's flourish to the song. Another voice, a woman's this time, suddenly spoke caressingly and as if timidly, but with a great deal of affectation, though:

"Why haven't you come to see us in so long, Pavel Fyodorovich, why do you keep despising us?"

"Not at all, ma'am," answered the man's voice, politely enough, but above all with insistent and firm dignity. Evidently the man had the upper hand, and the woman was the one doing the flirting. "The man, it seems, is Smerdyakov," thought Alyosha, "by the voice at least, and the lady must be the daughter of the woman who owns the little house here, the one who came from Moscow, who wears a dress with a train and goes to Marfa Ignatyevna for soup…"

"I terribly love any verse, if it's smooth," the woman's voice went on. "Why don't you go on?"

The voice began to sing again:

What's a royal crown to me

If only my dear one keeps well.

Lord, have me-e-ercy

On her and on me!

On her and on me!

On her and on me!

"It came out even better last time," the woman's voice remarked. "You sang about the crown: 'If only my darling keeps well.' That came out more tender; you must have forgotten today."

"Verse is rubbish, ma'am," Smerdyakov snapped.

"Oh no, I love a little verse very much."

"When it comes to verse, ma'am, it's essential rubbish, ma'am. Judge for yourself: who in the world talks in rhyme? And if we all started talking in rhyme, even by order of the authorities, how much would we get said, ma'am? Verse is no business, Marya Kondratyevna."

"How clever you are in everything, how did you come to be so in everything?" the woman's voice fawned more and more.

"I could have done more than that, ma'am, I could have known more than that, ma'am, if it weren't for my lot ever since from my childhood. I would have shot dead in a duel, with a pistol, any man who told me that I was a scoundrel because I came from Stinking Lizaveta without a father, and they threw that in my face even in Moscow; it crept over there from here, thanks to Grigory Vasilyevich. Grigory Vasilyevich reproaches me that I rebel against my birth: 'You,' he says, 'opened her womb.' As for the womb, let it be, but I would have allowed myself to be killed while still in the womb, just so as not to come into the world at all, ma'am. They used to say in the market, and your mamma too took it into her head to tell me, out of her great indelicacy, that she went about with her hair all matted, and was only two arshins and a bi-it in height. Why 'a bi-it,' when one can simply say 'a bit,' the way all people pronounce it? She wanted to say it tearfully, but that is a peasant's tear, so to speak, ma'am, the most peasant feelings. Can a Russian peasant have feelings to compare with an educated man? Owing to his lack of education he can't have any feeling at all. Ever since from my childhood, whenever I used to hear 'a bi-it,' I could

have dashed myself against the wall. I hate all of Russia, Marya Kondratyevna."

"If you were a little army cadet or a young little hussar, you wouldn't talk like that, but you'd draw your saber and start defending all Russia."

"Not only do I not wish to be an army hussar, Marya Kondratyevna, but on the contrary I wish for the abolition of all soldiers, ma'am."

"But when the enemy comes, who's going to defend us?"

"There's no need at all, ma'am. In the year twelve there was a great invasion of Russia by the Emperor Napoleon of France, the first, the father of the present one, and it would have been a good thing if those same Frenchmen had conquered us then: an intelligent nation would have conquered a very stupid one, ma'am, and annexed it. There would even have been quite a different order of things, ma'am."

"Are they really so much better over there than ours? I wouldn't swap one of our young dandies for three of the youngest Englishmen," Marya Kondratyevna said tenderly, no doubt accompanying her words at that moment with the most languishing of glances.

"That's according to each one's fancy, ma'am."

"And you yourself are just like a foreigner, just like a most noble foreigner, I tell you that though it makes me blush."

"If you wish to know, then when it comes to depravity, the people over there and ours are all alike. They're all rogues, ma'am, only the one over there walks about in patent-leather boots, while our scoundrel stinks in his poverty and sees nothing wrong in it. The Russian people need flogging, ma'am, as Fyodor Pavlovich rightly said yesterday, though he is a madman, he and all his children, ma'am."

"But you said yourself you respect Ivan Fyodorovich so much."

“And he referred to me as a stinking lackey. He considers me someone who might rebel; there he is mistaken, ma’am. If I had a certain sum in my pocket, I’d have been gone from here long ago. Dmitri Fyodorovich is worse than any lackey, in his conduct, and his mind, and his poverty, ma’am, and he doesn’t know how to do anything at all, and yet, on the contrary, he’s respected by everyone. I, let’s say, am only a broth-boy, but with luck I could open a café-restaurant in Moscow on Petrovka Street. Because I cook specially, and not one of them in Moscow, except the foreigners, can serve anything specially. Dmitri Fyodorovich is a beggar without pants to his name, ma’am, and yet let him challenge the very first count’s son to a duel, and that one will go out with him, ma’am, and how is he better than me, ma’am? Because he’s incomparably stupider than me. How much money he’s whistled away without any use whatever, ma’am.”

“I think a duel must be very nice,” Marya Kondratyevna suddenly remarked.

“How so, ma’am?”

“It’s so frightening and brave, especially when young little officers with pistols in their hands fire away at each other over some girl or other. A perfect picture. Oh, if only they let girls watch, I’d terribly like to see one.”

“It’s fine when he’s the one aiming, but when they aim right at his own snout, then it’s the stupidest feeling, ma’am. You’d run from the spot, Marya Kondratyevna.”

“Would you really run away?”

But Smerdyakov did not deign to answer. After a minute’s silence a chord rang out again, and the falsetto poured forth the last couplet:

However much I try,

I will take myself away,

To enjo-o-oy my life

And live in the capital!

I will not grieve.

I won't grieve at all,

I don't even intend to grieve at all!

Here something unexpected happened: Alyosha suddenly sneezed; on the bench they instantly fell silent. Alyosha stood up and went toward them. It was indeed Smerdyakov, all dressed up, pomaded, and very nearly curled, in patent-leather boots. The guitar lay on the bench. The lady was Marya Kondratyevna, the landlady's daughter; she had on a pale blue dress with a train two arshins long; the girl was still quite young and would not have been bad-looking, but her face was just too round, and she had dreadful freckles.

"Will brother Dmitri be back soon?" said Alyosha as calmly as he could.

Smerdyakov slowly rose from the bench; Marya Kondratyevna rose too.

"And why should I be apprised of Dmitri Fyodorovich; it would be another matter if I were employed as his watchman?" Smerdyakov answered quietly, distinctly, and disdainfully.

"But I only asked whether you knew," Alyosha explained.

"I know nothing of his whereabouts, sir, and I don't wish to know."

"But my brother told me precisely that it's you who let him know about everything that goes on in the house, and that you promised to let him know when Agrafena Alexandrovna comes."

Slowly and imperturbably Smerdyakov raised his eyes to him.

"And how did you deign to get in this time, since the gate here has been on the latch for an hour?" he asked, looking intently at Alyosha.

"I came in from the lane, over the fence, straight into the summerhouse. I hope you'll forgive me for it," he turned to Marya Kondratyevna. "I had to catch my brother quickly."

"Oh, how could we take offense at you," drawled Marya Kondratyevna, flattered by Alyosha's apology, "since Dmitri Fyodorovich often comes to the summerhouse that way too, we don't even know it, and there he is already sitting in the summerhouse."

"I'm looking for him very hard just now, I would very much like to see him or learn from you where he is now. Believe me, it's on a matter very important to him himself."

"He doesn't tell us where he goes," babbled Marya Kondratyevna.

"Although I come here merely as an acquaintance," Smerdyakov began again, "he has been inhumanly pressing me even here with ceaseless questions about the master: what, he says, how are things with him, who comes and who goes, and can't I tell him anything else? Twice he even threatened me with death."

"With death, how so?" Alyosha was surprised.

"Why, what would that amount to for him, sir, with his character, which you yourself deigned to observe yesterday, sir? If, he says, I let Agrafena Alexandrovna in and she spends the night here, you'll be the first one dead. I'm very much afraid of him, sir, and if I weren't even more afraid, I ought to report him to the town authorities. God knows what he may be capable of, sir."

"The other day he told him, 'I'll pound you to bits in a mortar,'" added Marya Kondratyevna.

"Well, if it's in a mortar, then that's perhaps only talk..." remarked Alyosha. "If I could meet him right now, I might say

something to him about that too…"

"Here is the only thing I can tell you," Smerdyakov said, as though he had suddenly thought better of it. "I come here by way of our longstanding neighborly acquaintance, and why shouldn't I come, sir? On the other hand, Ivan Fyodorovich sent me at daybreak today to Dmitri Fyodorovich's lodgings on Ozernaya Street, without a letter, sir, so that Dmitri Fyodorovich should without fail come to the tavern here on the square, sir, so that they could dine together. I went, sir, but I didn't find Dmitri Fyodorovich at his lodgings, sir, and it was already eight o'clock. 'He was in,' they say, 'but he's all gone out': that's in so many words what the people he lodges with told me. It's exactly as if there were some sort of conspiracy between them, sir, a mutual one, sir. And now, perhaps, at this very minute he's sitting in that tavern with his brother Ivan Fyodorovich, since Ivan Fyodorovich didn't come home to dinner, and Fyodor Pavlovich dined alone an hour ago and has now gone to lie down for a nap. I most earnestly beg you, though, not to say anything to him about me and about what I have told you, sir, for he'll kill me for nothing, sir."

"Brother Ivan invited Dmitri to the tavern today?" Alyosha asked again quickly.

"That is exactly so, sir."

"To the Metropolis tavern, on the square?"

"That very one, sir."

"That's very possible!" exclaimed Alyosha in great excitement. "Thank you, Smerdyakov, that's important news, I'll go there at once."

"Don't give me away, sir," Smerdyakov said after him.

"Oh no, I'll turn up at the tavern as if by chance, don't worry."

"But where are you going, I'll unlock the gate for you," Marya Kondratyevna cried out.

"No, it's shorter this way, I'll go over the fence again."

The news shook Alyosha terribly. He set off for the tavern. It was unseemly for him to go into a tavern in his clothes, but to inquire on the stairs and call them out, that was possible. But just as he came up to the tavern, a window suddenly opened and brother Ivan himself shouted down to him from it:

"Alyosha, can you come in here to me right now or not? You'd do me a tremendous favor."

"I certainly can, only I don't know how it will be in my clothes."

"I happen to be in a private room, go round to the front steps, I'll run down to meet you..."

A minute later Alyosha was seated next to his brother. Ivan was alone and having his dinner.

III. The Brothers Get Acquainted

Ivan, however, was not in a private room. It was only a place by the window, partitioned off by screens, but those sitting behind the screens still could not be seen by outsiders. This room was the front one, the first as you came in, with a sideboard along the side wall. Waiters were scurrying through it every minute. Of the customers there was only one little old man, a retired military man, drinking tea in a corner. In the other rooms of the tavern, on the other hand, all the usual tavern bustle was going on: calls for the waiter could be heard, the uncorking of beer bottles, the click of billiard balls; an organ was droning. Alyosha knew that Ivan almost never went to this tavern and was no lover of taverns in general; so, he thought, he had ended up here precisely for this reason alone, to meet brother Dmitri as arranged. And yet brother Dmitri was not there.

"Shall I order you some fish soup or something? You don't live on tea alone, after all," cried Ivan, apparently terribly pleased to have lured Alyosha in. He himself had already finished his dinner and was drinking tea.

"Let's have fish soup, and then tea too, I'm hungry," Alyosha said cheerfully.

"And cherry jam? They have it here. Do you remember how, when you were little, you loved cherry jam at Polenov's?"

"You remember that? Let's have the jam too, I still love it."

Ivan rang for the waiter and ordered fish soup, tea, and jam.

"I remember everything, Alyosha, I remember you up to the age of eleven, I was going on fifteen then. Fifteen and eleven, that is

such a difference that brothers at those ages are never companions. I don't know whether I even loved you. When I went off to Moscow, for the first few years I didn't even think of you at all. Then, when you yourself came to Moscow, we met only once somewhere, it seems. And here I've been living for over three months now, and up to now you and I haven't said a word to each other. Tomorrow I'm leaving, and I was just thinking, sitting here: how can I see him to say goodbye, and there you were, passing by."

"And did you want very much to see me?"

"Very much. I want to get acquainted with you once and for all, and to acquaint you with me. And with that, to say goodbye. In my view, it's best of all to get acquainted before parting. I saw how you were looking at me all these three months; there was a sort of ceaseless expectation in your eyes, and that is just what I can't stand, that's why I didn't come near you. But in the end I learned to respect you: the little fellow stands firm, I thought. Mind you, though I'm laughing now, I'm speaking seriously. You do stand firm, don't you? I love people who stand firm like that, whatever it is they stand on, even if they're such little lads as you. Toward the end your expectant look stopped being repugnant to me altogether; on the contrary, I came to love your expectant look at last… You seem to love me for some reason, Alyosha?"

"I do love you, Ivan. Brother Dmitri says about you: Ivan is a tomb. I say about you: Ivan is a riddle. You are a riddle to me even now, but I've already grasped something in you, and only since this morning!"

"And what is that?" laughed Ivan.

"You won't be angry?" Alyosha laughed too.

"Well?"

"That you are just exactly as young a man as all other young men of twenty-three, just as young, youthful, fresh, and nice a boy,

well, a boy still wet behind the ears, in fact! Did I offend you much?"

"On the contrary, you struck me by a coincidence!" Ivan cried gaily and with heat. "Would you believe that ever since our meeting at her house earlier, I've been thinking only of that to myself, of this greenness of mine at twenty-three, and now you suddenly guess it exactly and start with that very thing. I was sitting here just now, and do you know what I was saying to myself: if I didn't believe in life, if I lost faith in a woman I cherish, lost faith in the order of things, were even convinced that everything, on the contrary, is a disorderly, damned, and perhaps devilish chaos, if all the horrors of human disillusionment struck me—I would still want to live, and once I have set my lips to this cup, I won't tear myself away from it until I have drained it all! However, by the time I'm thirty I shall probably throw down the cup, even if I haven't emptied it, and walk away... I don't know where. But until I'm thirty, I know this firmly, my youth will overcome everything—every disillusionment, every aversion to life. I've asked myself many times: is there such despair in the world as would overcome this frenzied and, perhaps, indecent thirst for life in me, and I've decided that, it seems, there is none, that is, again, until I'm thirty, and after that I won't want it myself, so it seems to me. This thirst for life is often called base by certain consumptive, snot-nosed moralists, especially poets. It's a Karamazov trait in part, that's true, this thirst for life in spite of everything; it is surely in you too, but why is it base? There is still a terrible amount of centripetal force on our planet, Alyosha. One wants to live, and I live, even if it goes against logic. Though I don't believe in the order of things, still the sticky little leaves that open in spring are dear to me, the blue sky is dear to me, some people are dear to me, whom, would you believe, you sometimes love without knowing why, some human deed of greatness is dear to me, in which one may perhaps have long since

stopped believing, but which one still honors in one's heart from old habit. Here, they've brought your fish soup, eat and enjoy it. The fish soup is excellent, they cook well here. I want to go to Europe, Alyosha, I'll go straight from here; and I know, of course, that I shall be going only to a graveyard, but to the most, the most precious graveyard, that's what! Precious are the dead who lie there, every stone over them speaks of such ardent past life, of such passionate faith in their deed, in their truth, in their struggle and their science, that I know beforehand I shall fall to the ground and kiss those stones and weep over them, while at the same time convinced with all my heart that it has all long been a graveyard and nothing more. And I shall weep not from despair, but simply because I shall be happy in my shed tears. I shall get drunk on my own tender feeling. The sticky little spring leaves, the blue sky, I love them, that's what! It isn't intellect here, it isn't logic, here one loves with one's insides, with one's belly, one loves one's first young strength… Do you understand anything of my drivel, Alyoshka, or not?" Ivan suddenly laughed.

"I understand it only too well, Ivan: one wants to love with one's insides and one's belly—you put that beautifully, and I'm terribly glad that you want so much to live," exclaimed Alyosha. "I think everyone should love life before everything else in the world."

"Love life more than its meaning?"

"Certainly so, love it before logic, as you say, it must certainly be before logic, and only then will I understand its meaning too. That's what I've been dimly seeing for a long time now. Half of your work is done, Ivan, and won: you love to live. Now you must take pains over your second half, and you are saved."

"You're saving me already, and perhaps I wasn't even perishing! And what does it consist in, this second half of yours?"

"In this: that your dead must be raised, those who perhaps never died. Well, let's have tea. I'm glad we're talking, Ivan."

"You're in some sort of inspiration, I see. I terribly love such *professions de foi* from such… novices. You are a firm man, Alexei. Is it true that you want to leave the monastery?"

"It's true. My elder is sending me into the world."

"So we'll see each other again in the world, we'll meet before I'm thirty, when I begin tearing myself away from the cup. Now Father doesn't want to tear himself away from his cup until he's seventy, he even dreams of eighty, he said so himself; with him it's all too serious, though he is a buffoon. He has planted himself on his sensuality as though on a rock too… though after thirty, it's true, perhaps there's nothing to plant oneself on except that… But until seventy is base, better until thirty: one can keep up 'a touch of nobility' while deceiving oneself. Have you seen Dmitri today?"

"No, I haven't, but I saw Smerdyakov." And Alyosha told his brother, hastily but in detail, about his meeting with Smerdyakov. Ivan suddenly began to listen with great concern, and even asked him to repeat a few things.

"Only he asked me not to tell brother Dmitri what he had said about him," Alyosha added.

Ivan frowned and fell to thinking.

"Is it because of Smerdyakov that you're frowning?" asked Alyosha.

"Yes, because of him. To hell with him. I did want to see Dmitri, but now there's no need…" Ivan said reluctantly.

"And are you really leaving so soon, brother?"

"Yes."

"But what about Dmitri and Father? How will it end between them?" Alyosha said anxiously.

"You and your same old tune! What have I got to do with it? Am I my brother Dmitri's keeper, or what?" Ivan snapped irritably, but suddenly smiled somehow bitterly. "Cain's answer to God about his murdered brother, eh? Perhaps that's what you're thinking this

minute? But, damn it, I can't really stay here as their keeper, can I? I've finished my business and I'm going. You don't think, do you, that I'm jealous of Dmitri, that all these three months I've been trying to win his beauty, Katerina Ivanovna, away from him? Eh, devil take it, I had my own business. I've finished my business and I'm going. I finished my business earlier today, you were a witness."

"You mean earlier, at Katerina Ivanovna's?"

"Yes, at hers, and I got free of it all at once. And so what? What business is Dmitri of mine? Dmitri has nothing to do with it. I had only my own business with Katerina Ivanovna. You know yourself that, on the contrary, Dmitri behaved as if he were in a conspiracy with me. I never asked him at all, and he himself made a solemn handing-over of her to me, with his blessing. The whole thing is a joke. No, Alyosha, no, if you knew how light I feel now! I was sitting here eating my dinner, and, would you believe it, I almost asked for champagne to celebrate my first hour of freedom. Pah, nearly half a year—and suddenly, all at once, I've thrown it all off at once. Well, did I even suspect yesterday that, if one wanted to, it would cost nothing to end it!"

"Are you speaking of your love, Ivan?"

"Love, if you like, yes, I fell in love with a young lady, an institute girl. I suffered over her, and she made me suffer. I sat over her… and suddenly it all flew off. Earlier I spoke with inspiration, but I came out and burst out laughing—would you believe it? No, I mean it literally."

"You're saying it so cheerfully even now," remarked Alyosha, studying his face, which had indeed suddenly grown cheerful.

"But how was I to know that I didn't love her at all! Heh-heh! And it turned out I don't. And yet how I liked her! How I liked her even earlier, when I was making my speech. And do you know, I like her terribly even now, and yet how easy it is to leave her. Do you think I'm bragging?"

"No. Only perhaps it wasn't love."

"Alyoshka," Ivan laughed, "don't go launching into discussions about love! It isn't proper for you. Earlier, though, earlier you jumped in, ay! I even forgot to kiss you for it... And how she tormented me! Truly, I sat keeping watch over a strain. Oh, she knew I loved her! She loved me, not Dmitri," Ivan insisted cheerfully. "Dmitri is only a strain. Everything I told her earlier is the very truth. But the whole point, the main thing, is that she will need perhaps fifteen or twenty years to realize that she doesn't love Dmitri at all, but loves only me, whom she torments. And perhaps she'll never realize it, even in spite of today's lesson. Well, so much the better: I got up and left forever. By the way, how is she now? What happened there after I left?"

Alyosha told him about the hysterics and that she was now, it seemed, unconscious and delirious.

"Isn't Khokhlakova lying?"

"It seems not."

"I must find out. Though no one has ever died of hysterics. And let her have hysterics, God sent woman hysterics out of love. I won't go there at all. Why push myself in again."

"But earlier you told her that she had never loved you."

"I did that on purpose. Alyoshka, what if I order some champagne, let's drink to my freedom. No, if you only knew how glad I am!"

"No, brother, better not drink," Alyosha said suddenly, "besides, I feel sad somehow."

"Yes, you've been sad for a long time, I've seen it for a long time."

"So you're certainly going tomorrow morning?"

"In the morning? I didn't say in the morning... But then, perhaps in the morning. Would you believe it, I dined here today solely so as not to dine with the old man, he has become so repulsive to me.

I'd have left long ago on his account alone. But why are you so worried that I'm leaving? You and I still have God knows how much time before I go. A whole eternity of time, immortality!"

"If you're leaving tomorrow, what kind of eternity is that?"

"But what has that to do with you and me?" Ivan laughed. "We'll still have time to talk over our own business, our own, the thing we came here for, won't we? Why are you staring in surprise? Answer: why did we meet here? To talk about love for Katerina Ivanovna, about the old man and Dmitri? About going abroad? About Russia's fatal situation? About the Emperor Napoleon? Is that it, is that what we came for?"

"No, not for that."

"So you understand yourself what for. Others have one thing, but we greenhorns have another; first of all we must resolve the questions that are before all time, that is our concern. All young Russia is talking now about nothing but the everlasting questions. Precisely now, when the old men have all suddenly gone in for practical questions. Why did you spend all three months looking at me in expectation? To interrogate me: 'What is your faith, or have you none at all?' That is what your three months of looks came down to, Alexei Fyodorovich, isn't that so?"

"Perhaps that is so," Alyosha smiled. "You aren't laughing at me now, are you, brother?"

"Me, laughing? I don't want to grieve my little brother, who has looked at me for three months in such expectation. Alyosha, look straight at me: I am exactly the same little boy as you, after all, except perhaps not a novice. How do Russian boys go about things up to now? Some of them, that is? Here, for instance, is this stinking tavern; they come together here, sit down in a corner. All their lives before they didn't know each other, and when they walk out of the tavern they won't know each other again for forty years, well, and so what, what will they discuss while they've snatched a

moment in the tavern? The universal questions, nothing less: is there a God, is there immortality? And those who don't believe in God, well, they'll start talking about socialism and anarchism, about remaking all mankind on a new pattern, but that comes to the same devil, the very same questions, only from the other end. And a great many, a great many of the most original Russian boys do nothing but talk about the everlasting questions in our day. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, for real Russians the questions of whether there is a God and whether there is immortality, or, as you say, the questions from the other end, of course they come first and before everything, and that is how it should be," said Alyosha, still gazing at his brother with the same quiet, searching smile.

"Here's the thing, Alyosha: being a Russian is sometimes not at all clever, but still nothing more foolish can be imagined than what Russian boys busy themselves with now. But there is one Russian boy, Alyoshka, whom I love terribly."

"How neatly you brought that round," Alyosha suddenly laughed.

"Well, tell me, then, where to begin, give your orders yourself: with God? Does God exist, or what?"

"Begin wherever you like, even from 'the other end.' You proclaimed yesterday at Father's that there is no God, you know," Alyosha looked searchingly at his brother.

"Yesterday at dinner at the old man's I teased you with that on purpose, and I saw how your little eyes lit up. But now I'm not at all against talking it over with you, and I say so very seriously. I want to become friends with you, Alyosha, because I have no friends; I want to try. Well, imagine, then, perhaps I too accept God," laughed Ivan. "That's unexpected for you, eh?"

"Yes, of course, if you aren't joking even now."

"'Joking.' Yesterday at the elder's they said I was joking. You see, my dear, in the eighteenth century a certain old sinner pronounced that if God did not exist, one would have to invent him: *s'il n'existait pas Dieu il faudrait l'inventer*. And in fact man did invent God. And it isn't that which is strange, it wouldn't be so marvelous that God really exists; what is marvelous is that such an idea—the idea of the necessity of God—could creep into the head of such a savage and wicked animal as man, so holy is it, so touching, so wise, and so much does it do honor to man. As for me, I resolved long ago not to think about whether man created God or God created man. Of course, I won't go through all the modern axioms of Russian boys on this score, all of them derived from European hypotheses; because what is a hypothesis there becomes at once an axiom for a Russian boy, and not only for the boys but perhaps for their professors too, because Russian professors here nowadays are very often the same Russian boys. And so I bypass all the hypotheses. What is our task now, yours and mine? The task is for me to explain to you as quickly as possible my essence, that is, what sort of man I am, what I believe in and what I hope for, isn't that so, isn't it? And so I declare that I accept God plainly and simply. But here is something that must be noted, however: if God exists and if he really created the earth, then, as we know perfectly well, he created it according to Euclidean geometry, and the human mind with a conception of only three dimensions of space. Yet there have been and there are even now geometers and philosophers, and even among the most remarkable, who doubt that the whole universe, or, more broadly still—all being, was created only according to Euclidean geometry; they even make so bold as to dream that two parallel lines, which by Euclid cannot possibly meet on earth, might perhaps come together somewhere in infinity. I have decided, my dear, that if I can't understand even that, then how am I to understand about

God. I humbly confess that I have no ability to resolve such questions, I have a Euclidean mind, an earthly one, and so how can we decide about what is not of this world. My advice to you, Alyosha my friend, is never to think about it either, and least of all about God: does he exist or not? All these are questions entirely unsuited to a mind created with a conception of only three dimensions. And so I accept God, and not only willingly, but, what's more, I accept his wisdom too, and his purpose, which are utterly unknown to us; I believe in order, in life having a meaning, I believe in an eternal harmony into which we are all supposedly to flow together; I believe in the Word, toward which the universe strives and which itself 'was with God' and is itself God, well, and so on and so on, and so forth to infinity. A great many words have been made on this score. It seems I'm already on the right road—eh? Well, then, imagine that in the final result I do not accept this world of God's—and though I know that it exists, I don't admit it at all. It isn't God that I don't accept, understand that, it is the world created by him, God's world, that I don't accept and cannot agree to accept. Let me make a reservation: I am convinced, like a babe, that the sufferings will heal and be smoothed over, that the whole offensive comedy of human contradictions will vanish like a pitiful mirage, like the vile invention of a feeble and puny, atom-small human Euclidean mind, that, at last, in the finale of the world, at the moment of eternal harmony, there will occur and appear something so precious that it will suffice for all hearts, for the quenching of all indignation, for the atonement of all men's villainies, of all the blood they have shed; it will suffice so that it will be possible not only to forgive but even to justify everything that has happened with men; let it, let it all be and appear, but I do not accept it and do not want to accept it! Even if the parallel lines meet and I see it myself: I shall see and say that they have met, and still I shall not accept it. That is my essence, Alyosha, that is my thesis. This I have

told you seriously. I deliberately began this conversation of ours as stupidly as it could possibly be begun, but I have brought it round to my confession, because that is all you need. It wasn't God that you needed to hear about, you only needed to know what this brother whom you love lives by. And I have told you."

Ivan concluded his long tirade suddenly with a kind of special and unexpected feeling.

"And why did you begin 'as stupidly as it could possibly be begun'?" asked Alyosha, looking at him thoughtfully.

"Well, in the first place, if only for the sake of Russianism: Russian conversations on these subjects are all carried on as stupidly as they possibly can be. And in the second place, again, the stupider, the closer to the point. The stupider, the clearer. Stupidity is brief and artless, while intelligence twists and hides. Intelligence is a scoundrel, but stupidity is straight and honest. I have brought the matter round to my despair, and the more stupidly I present it, the better for me."

"Will you explain to me why you 'do not accept the world'?" said Alyosha.

"Of course I'll explain, it's no secret, that's what I was leading up to. My dear little brother, it isn't you I want to corrupt and push off your foundation; perhaps I would like to heal myself by you," Ivan suddenly smiled, just like a meek little boy. Never before had Alyosha seen such a smile on his face.

IV. Rebellion

"There is a confession I must make to you," Ivan began. "I have never been able to understand how a person can love his neighbors. It is precisely one's neighbors, in my view, that one cannot possibly love; only those far off, perhaps. I read once, somewhere or other, about 'John the Merciful' (a saint), that when a hungry and frozen passerby came to him and asked to be warmed, he lay down with him in his bed, put his arms around him, and began breathing into his mouth, which was festering and foul-smelling from some terrible disease. I am convinced that he did it with the strain of a lie, out of love ordered by duty, out of a penance he had dragged onto himself. For anyone to love a man, the man must hide himself; the moment he shows his face—love is gone."

"The elder Zosima spoke of that more than once," Alyosha remarked. "He also said that a man's face often hinders many people still inexperienced in love from loving. But there is a great deal of love in mankind, you know, and almost like the love of Christ; I know that myself, Ivan…"

"Well, I don't know it yet, and I can't understand it, and countless numbers of people are with me in that. The question, you see, is whether this comes from people's bad qualities or whether it is simply their nature. In my view, Christ's love for people is a miracle of its own kind, impossible on earth. True, he was God. But we aren't gods. Suppose, for instance, I can suffer deeply, but another can never know to what degree I suffer, because he is another and not I, and, besides that, a man will seldom agree to acknowledge another as a sufferer (as if it were a rank). Why won't he agree,

what do you think? Because, for instance, I smell bad, because I have a stupid face, because I once stepped on his foot. Besides, there is suffering and suffering: a humiliating suffering, one that degrades me, hunger for instance, my benefactor will still allow me, but a suffering a little higher, for an idea for instance, no, that he will allow only in rare cases, because he will look at me, for instance, and suddenly see that I don't have the sort of face at all that, according to his fancy, a man suffering for such and such an idea ought to have. And so he deprives me at once of his benefactions, and not even out of a wicked heart. Beggars, especially noble beggars, ought never to show themselves in public, but should ask for alms through the newspapers. One can still love one's neighbor in the abstract, and even sometimes from a distance, but up close almost never. If everything were as it is on the stage, in a ballet, where beggars, when they appear, come in silk rags and torn lace and ask for alms dancing gracefully, well, then one could still admire them. Admire them, but still not love them. But enough of that. I only needed to put you at my point of view. I wanted to speak about the suffering of mankind in general, but we'd better stop at the sufferings of children alone. That reduces the scope of my argument by some ten times, but still, better children alone. So much the worse for me, of course. But, in the first place, little children can be loved even up close, even dirty ones, even ugly ones (though it seems to me that little children are never ugly). In the second place, I won't speak of grown-ups also because, besides being disgusting and undeserving of love, they have a retribution: they ate the apple and knew good and evil and became 'like gods.' They go on eating it even now. But the little children haven't eaten anything and so far are guilty of nothing. Do you love little children, Alyosha? I know you do, and you will understand why I want to speak only of them now. If they too suffer terribly on earth, it is, of course, for their fathers, they are punished for their fathers,

who ate the apple—but that is reasoning from another world; to the human heart here on earth it is incomprehensible. An innocent one must not suffer for another, and such an innocent one at that! Marvel at me, Alyosha, I too love little children terribly. And note this: cruel people, passionate, carnivorous, Karamazovian, sometimes love children very much. Children, while they are children, up to seven, for instance, stand terribly far from people: just as if they were a different creature with a different nature. I knew a robber in prison: in the course of his career it had happened that, while slaughtering whole families in the houses he broke into at night to rob, he had cut the throats of several children as well. But sitting in prison, he loved them to a strange degree. From the prison window he did nothing but watch the children playing in the prison yard. One little boy he taught to come to him under his window, and the boy became great friends with him… You don't know why I'm saying all this, Alyosha? My head aches somehow, and I feel sad."

"You speak with a strange look," Alyosha remarked uneasily, "as if you were in some sort of madness."

"By the way, a Bulgarian in Moscow told me recently," Ivan Fyodorovich went on, as though not listening to his brother, "how the Turks and Circassians there, in Bulgaria, are committing atrocities everywhere, fearing a general uprising of the Slavs—that is, they burn, they cut throats, they rape women and children, they nail prisoners to fences by the ears and leave them like that until morning, and in the morning they hang them—and so on, it's impossible even to imagine it all. Indeed, people sometimes speak of man's 'bestial' cruelty, but that is terribly unjust and insulting to the beasts: no beast could ever be as cruel as man, so artfully, so artistically cruel. A tiger simply gnaws, tears, and that is all it knows how to do. It would never even enter its head to nail people by the ears overnight, even if it could do it. These Turks, among

other things, tortured children too with sensual pleasure, beginning with cutting them out of the mother's womb with a dagger, down to tossing nursing infants up in the air and catching them on a bayonet before their mothers' eyes. Doing it before the mothers' eyes was the chief delight. But here, though, is a little picture that interested me very much. Imagine: a nursing infant in the arms of its trembling mother, and around them the Turks who have come in. They have thought up an amusing little trick: they pet the baby, they laugh to get it laughing, they manage it, the baby has laughed. That instant a Turk aims a pistol at it, four vershoks, some seven inches, from its face. The little boy laughs joyfully, stretches out his little hands to grab the pistol, and suddenly the artist pulls the trigger right in his face and shatters his little head. Artistic, isn't it? By the way, the Turks, they say, are very fond of sweets."

"Brother, what is all this for?" asked Alyosha.

"I think that if the devil doesn't exist and, therefore, man has created him, then he has created him in his own image and likeness."

"In that case, just as he did God."

"Ah, you're wonderfully good at turning little words around, as Polonius says in *Hamlet*," laughed Ivan. "You've caught me at my word; so be it, I'm glad. A fine God yours is, then, if man created him in his own image and likeness. A moment ago you wanted to know what all this is for: I am, you see, a lover and collector of certain little facts, and, would you believe it, I write down and collect from newspapers and stories, from wherever I happen on them, a certain sort of little anecdote, and I already have a good collection. The Turks, of course, have gone into the collection, but they are all foreigners. I have some home-grown items too, even better than the Turkish ones. You know, with us it is more beating, more the birch and the lash, and that is national: with us ears nailed to fences are unthinkable, we are Europeans after all, but the birch,

the lash—that is something of our own and cannot be taken from us. Abroad they seem to have stopped beating altogether now; whether morals have been purified, or laws have been so arranged that one man doesn't seem to dare flog another anymore, but to make up for it they have rewarded themselves with something else, and also purely national, as with us, and so national that with us it seems almost impossible, though, it seems, it is taking root here too, especially since the religious movement in our high society. I have a charming little pamphlet, translated from the French, about how in Geneva, very recently, only some five years ago, they executed a villain and murderer, Richard, a lad of twenty-three, it seems, who repented and turned to the Christian faith right at the foot of the scaffold. This Richard was somebody's illegitimate child, whom his parents, when he was still a babe of about six, made a present of to some Swiss mountain shepherds, and they raised him in order to use him for work. He grew up among them like a little wild animal; the shepherds taught him nothing; on the contrary, at seven they were already sending him out to graze the flock, in the wet and the cold, almost without clothes and almost without feeding him. And of course, in doing so, none of them stopped to think or repented; on the contrary, each considered himself fully within his rights, for Richard had been given to them as a thing, and they did not even find it necessary to feed him. Richard himself testifies that in those years, like the prodigal son in the Gospel, he wanted terribly to eat at least some of the mash that was given to the pigs being fattened for sale, but they did not give him even that and beat him when he stole from the pigs; and so he spent his whole childhood and his whole youth, until he grew up and, having gained strength, went out stealing on his own. The savage began earning money by day labor in Geneva, drank what he earned, lived like a monster, and ended by killing some old man and robbing him. He was caught, tried, and condemned to

death. They don't go in for sentimentality over there. And so in prison he is immediately surrounded by pastors and members of various Christian brotherhoods, charitable ladies, and so on. In prison they taught him to read and write, began expounding the Gospel to him, appealed to his conscience, persuaded him, pressed him, nagged him, crushed him, and so at last he solemnly confesses his crime himself. He was converted; with his own hand he wrote to the court that he was a monster and that at last he had been found worthy of having the Lord illumine him too and send him grace. All Geneva was in a stir, all charitable and pious Geneva. All that was highest and best bred rushed to him in prison; they kiss Richard, embrace him: 'You are our brother, grace has descended upon you!' And Richard himself only weeps with emotion: 'Yes, grace has descended upon me! Before, all my childhood and my youth, I was glad of the pigs' food, but now grace has descended upon me too, I die in the Lord!' 'Yes, yes, Richard, die in the Lord; you have shed blood, and in the Lord you must die. Though you are not guilty of not knowing the Lord at all when you envied the pigs their food and when you were beaten for stealing their food from them (which was very wrong of you, for stealing is not permitted)—still, you have shed blood and must die.' And so the last day comes. Richard, gone weak, weeps and does nothing but repeat every minute: 'This is the best of my days, I go to the Lord!' 'Yes,' the pastors cry, the judges, and the charitable ladies, 'this is your happiest day, for you are going to the Lord!' All of them move toward the scaffold after the shameful cart in which Richard is being taken, in carriages, on foot. Now they have reached the scaffold: 'Die, our brother,' they cry to Richard, 'die in the Lord, for grace has descended upon you too!' And so, covered with his brothers' kisses, brother Richard was dragged up onto the scaffold, laid on the guillotine, and they went and chopped off his head in a brotherly way, because grace had descended upon him too. No, it

is characteristic. The pamphlet was translated into Russian by certain Russian philanthropists of high society with Lutheran leanings and sent out free with newspapers and other publications for the enlightenment of the Russian people. The business with Richard is good because it is national. With us, though it is absurd to chop off a brother's head only because he has become our brother and grace has descended upon him, still, I repeat, we have our own, which is very nearly as good. With us there is a historical, direct, and most intimate delight in torture by beating. Nekrasov has some lines about a peasant flogging a horse across the eyes with a knout, 'across its gentle eyes.' Who hasn't seen that, it is a Russianism. He describes how a feeble little nag, overloaded, has got stuck with its cart and can't pull it out. The peasant beats it, beats it furiously, beats it at last without understanding what he is doing; drunk with beating, he lashes it painfully, countless times: 'You may not have the strength, but pull, die, but pull!' The little nag strains, and then he begins lashing it, defenseless as it is, across its weeping, its 'gentle eyes.' Beside itself, it gave a heave and pulled the cart out and went on, trembling all over, not breathing, somehow sideways, with a kind of hopping gait, somehow unnaturally and shamefully—in Nekrasov it is horrible. But that is only a horse, and God himself gave us horses to be flogged. So the Tatars explained to us, and they made us a present of the knout to remember them by. But people, too, can be flogged, you know. And so an intelligent, educated gentleman and his lady flog their own little daughter, a babe of seven, with birch rods—I have it written down in detail. Papa is glad that the switches have knots in them, 'it'll sting the better,' he says, and so he starts 'stinging' his own daughter. I know for certain that there are floggers who grow more heated with every stroke, to the point of sensual pleasure, of literal sensual pleasure, more and more with each successive stroke, progressively. They flog for a minute, they flog, finally, for

five minutes, they flog for ten minutes, on and on, more, faster, stinging harder. The child screams, the child at last cannot scream, she gasps: 'Papa, Papa, Papa dear, Papa dear!' Through some damned indecent chance the affair gets to court. A lawyer is hired. The Russian people long ago gave the lawyer a name among us: 'the abvocate, a hired conscience.' The lawyer shouts in his client's defense. 'The case,' he says, 'is such a simple one, a family matter, an ordinary one: a father flogged his daughter, and now, to the shame of our times, it has come to court!' The convinced jurors withdraw and bring in a verdict of not guilty. The public roars with happiness that the torturer has been acquitted. Ee-ekh, I wasn't there, I would have bellowed out a proposal to found a scholarship in honor of the torturer's name! Charming pictures. But about little children I have still better ones; I have collected a great, great deal about Russian children, Alyosha. A little girl, a five-year-old, was hated by her father and mother, 'most honorable people of official rank, educated and well brought up.' You see, I positively assert once more that there is a peculiar quality in many people in mankind—a love of torturing children, but children only. Toward all other subjects of the human race these same torturers behave even benevolently and meekly, like educated and humane European people, but they are very fond of tormenting children, they even love children themselves in this sense. It is precisely the defenselessness of these creatures that tempts the tormentors, the angelic trustfulness of a child, who has nowhere to go and no one to go to—that is just what inflames the vile blood of the torturer. In every man, of course, a beast lies hidden, a beast of rage, a beast of sensual inflammation at the cries of the tortured victim, a beast let off the chain without restraint, a beast of diseases contracted in debauchery, gout, bad livers, and so on. This poor five-year-old girl was subjected to every possible torture by those educated parents. They beat her, flogged her, kicked her, not knowing

why themselves, turned her whole body into bruises; at last they arrived at the highest refinement: in the cold, in the frost, they locked her up all night in the privy, and because she did not ask at night to be taken to relieve herself (as if a five-year-old child, sleeping its angelic sound sleep, could have learned to ask at that age)—for that they smeared her whole face with her excrement and made her eat that excrement, and it was the mother, the mother who made her! And this mother could sleep when the groans of the poor little child, locked in that vile place, could be heard at night! Do you understand that, when a little creature, who cannot even make sense yet of what is being done to her, beats her strained little breast in that vile place, in the dark and the cold, with her tiny fist, and weeps her bloody, unresentful, meek little tears to 'dear God' to protect her—do you understand this drivel, my friend and my brother, my meek and humble novice of God, do you understand why this drivel is so needed and has been created! Without it, they say, man could not even have stayed on earth, for he would not have known good and evil. What need is there to know this damned good and evil, when it costs so much? Why, then the whole world of knowledge is not worth those little tears of the child to 'dear God.' I'm not speaking of the sufferings of grown-ups, they ate the apple, and to hell with them, and let the devil take them all, but these, these! I'm tormenting you, Alyoshka, you don't seem yourself. I'll stop if you like."

"Never mind, I want to be tormented too," muttered Alyosha.

"One, just one more little picture, and that out of curiosity, it's so very characteristic, and the main thing is, I have only just read it in one of our collections of antiquities, in the *Archive*, or *Antiquity*, or whichever, I must look it up, I've even forgotten where I read it. It was in the darkest time of serfdom, back at the start of the century, and long live the liberator of the people! At that time, at the start of the century, there lived a general, a general with great

connections and a very wealthy landowner, but one of those (true, even then there were, it seems, very few of them) who, retiring from the service, were all but convinced that they had earned the right of life and death over their subjects. There were such men then. Well, so the general lives on his estate of two thousand souls, puts on airs, treats his smaller neighbors as his hangers-on and buffoons. He has kennels with hundreds of hounds and nearly a hundred handlers, all in uniform, all mounted. And then a house serf's boy, a little boy, only eight years old, somehow, while playing, threw a stone and injured the leg of the general's favorite hound. 'Why has my favorite dog gone lame?' It is reported to him that this very boy, they say, threw a stone at it and injured its leg. 'So it was you,' the general looked him over. 'Take him!' They took him, took him from his mother, he spent the whole night in the lockup, and in the morning, at daybreak, the general rides out in full dress for the hunt, mounts his horse, around him his hangers-on, his dogs, his handlers, his huntsmen, all on horseback. Around them the house serfs have been assembled for their edification, and in front of them all the mother of the guilty boy. The boy is led out of the lockup. A gloomy, cold, misty autumn day, a splendid day for hunting. The general orders the boy undressed, the little child is stripped stark naked, he trembles, he is out of his mind with fear, he dares not make a sound... 'Drive him!' commands the general. 'Run, run!' the handlers shout to him, and the boy runs... 'Sic him!' howls the general, and he looses the whole pack of borzoi hounds on him. He hunted him down before his mother's eyes, and the dogs tore the child to pieces!... The general, it seems, was placed under trusteeship. Well... what should be done with him? Shoot him? Shoot him to satisfy our moral feeling? Speak, Alyoshka!"

"Shoot him!" Alyosha said quietly, raising his eyes to his brother with a pale, somehow twisted smile.

"Bravo!" Ivan howled in a sort of rapture. "Since you have said it, then… Well done, schema-monk! So that is the kind of little demon sitting in your little heart, Alyoshka Karamazov!"

"What I said was absurd, but…"

"That's just it, that 'but'…" Ivan was shouting. "Know, novice, that absurdities are all too necessary on earth. The world stands on absurdities, and without them perhaps nothing at all would have happened in it. We know what we know!"

"What do you know?"

"I understand nothing," Ivan went on as though in delirium, "and I don't want to understand anything now. I want to stay with the fact. I decided long ago not to understand. If I want to understand anything, I shall at once betray the fact, and I have decided to stay with the fact…"

"Why are you testing me?" Alyosha exclaimed sorrowfully, with strain. "Will you tell me at last?"

"Of course I'll tell you, that's what I was leading up to, to tell you. You are dear to me, I don't want to let you slip away, and I won't give you up to your Zosima."

Ivan was silent for a minute; his face suddenly became very sad.

"Listen to me: I took children only so as to make it more obvious. Of the other human tears with which the whole earth is soaked from its crust to its center, I won't say a single word; I have narrowed my theme on purpose. I am a bedbug, and I acknowledge in all humility that I cannot understand why everything is arranged as it is. People themselves are to blame, then: they were given paradise, they wanted freedom, and they stole fire from heaven, knowing themselves that they would become unhappy, so there is no reason to pity them. Oh, by my mind, my pitiful, earthly Euclidean mind, I know only that there is suffering, that no one is to blame, that one thing follows from another straight and simply, that everything flows and finds its balance—but that is only

Euclidean nonsense, I know that, after all, and I can't agree to live by it, can I! What is it to me that no one is to blame and that I know it—I need retribution, or else I shall destroy myself. And retribution not in infinity somewhere, sometime, but here, on earth, and so that I see it myself. I have believed, I want to see for myself, and if I am already dead by that hour, then let them raise me up, for if it all takes place without me, it will be too galling. I did not suffer, surely, just so that I, with my villainies and my sufferings, should manure some future harmony for somebody. With my own eyes I want to see the hind lie down beside the lion, and the slain man rise up and embrace the one who killed him. I want to be there when everyone suddenly learns what it has all been for. All the religions on earth are founded on this desire, and I believe. But here, though, are the children, and what am I to do with them then? That is a question I cannot resolve. For the hundredth time I repeat—there are a multitude of questions, but I have taken only the children, because here what I need to say is irresistibly clear. Listen: if everyone must suffer in order to buy eternal harmony with suffering, what have children to do with it, tell me, please? It is entirely incomprehensible why they too should have to suffer, and why they should buy harmony with their sufferings. Why should they too have gone into the material and manured some future harmony for somebody with themselves? I understand solidarity in sin among people, I understand solidarity in retribution as well, but surely not solidarity in sin with little children, and if the truth really is that they share in their fathers' solidarity in all their fathers' villainies, then, of course, that truth is not of this world, and it is incomprehensible to me. Some joker will say, perhaps, that the child will grow up all the same and have time to sin, but there you are, he didn't grow up, at eight years old he was run down by dogs. Oh, Alyosha, I am not blaspheming! I do understand what a shaking of the universe it must be when everything in

heaven and under the earth merges into one voice of praise, and everything that lives and has lived cries out: 'You are just, O Lord, for your ways have been revealed!' When the mother embraces the torturer who had her son torn apart by his dogs, and all three proclaim with tears: 'You are just, O Lord,' then, of course, knowledge will have reached its crown, and all will be explained. But that is just where the snag is, that is just what I cannot accept. And while I am on earth, I hasten to take my own measures. You see, Alyosha, perhaps it really will happen that when I myself live to that moment, or rise again to see it, I myself, perhaps, will cry out with all the rest, looking at the mother embracing her child's torturer: 'You are just, O Lord!' But I don't want to cry out then. While there is still time, I make haste to fence myself off, and so I give up the higher harmony entirely. It is not worth a child's tear, the little tear of even that one tormented child who beat her breast with her little fist and prayed in her stinking hole with her unatoned little tears to 'dear God'! It is not worth it, because those little tears remained unatoned. They must be atoned for, or else there can be no harmony. But with what, with what will you atone for them? Is it possible? Can it be by their being avenged? But what do I want with their being avenged, what do I want with hell for the torturers, what can hell set right here, when those children have already been tortured? And what sort of harmony is it, if there is hell: I want to forgive, and I want to embrace, I don't want there to be more suffering. And if the sufferings of children went to make up the sum of suffering that was necessary for buying truth, then I assert beforehand that all of truth is not worth such a price. I don't want, finally, the mother to embrace the torturer who had her son torn apart by dogs! She dare not forgive him! If she wants to, let her forgive him for herself, let her forgive the torturer her own immeasurable mother's suffering; but the sufferings of her child, torn to pieces, she has no right to forgive those; she dare not for-

give the torturer, not even if the child himself forgave him! And if that is so, if they dare not forgive, where then is harmony? Is there in the whole world a being who could forgive and would have the right to? I don't want harmony; out of love for mankind I don't want it. I would rather remain with sufferings unavenged. I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and my unquenched indignation, even if I am wrong. Besides, they have put too high a price on harmony; it is not within our means at all to pay so much for admission. And so I hasten to give back my ticket of admission. And if I am an honest man, then I am bound to give it back as far in advance as possible. And that is what I am doing. It isn't God that I don't accept, Alyosha, I am only most respectfully returning him the ticket."

"That is rebellion," Alyosha said quietly, with lowered eyes.

"Rebellion? I wouldn't want that word from you," Ivan said with feeling. "Can one live by rebellion? And I want to live. Tell me yourself, straight out, I call on you—answer: imagine that you yourself are building the edifice of human destiny with the aim of making people happy in the end, of giving them peace and rest at last, but for that it would be necessary and unavoidable to torture to death only one tiny little creature, that very little child who beat her breast with her little fist, and to found that edifice on her unavenged tears; would you agree to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me, and don't lie!"

"No, I would not agree," Alyosha said quietly.

"And can you admit the idea that the people for whom you are building would themselves agree to accept their happiness on the unjustified blood of a little tortured child, and, having accepted it, remain happy forever?"

"No, I can't admit it. Brother," Alyosha suddenly said, his eyes flashing, "you said just now: is there in the whole world a being who could forgive and would have the right to? But there is such a

being, and he can forgive everything, everyone and all, and for everything, because he himself gave his innocent blood for all and for everything. You have forgotten him, and it is on him that the edifice will be founded, and it is to him that they will cry out: 'You are just, O Lord, for your ways have been revealed.'"

"Ah, that is 'the only sinless one' and his blood! No, I haven't forgotten him; on the contrary, I have been wondering all the while why you didn't bring him out for so long, for in arguments all your people usually put him forward first of all. You know, Alyosha, don't laugh, about a year ago I once made up a poem. If you can spare me another ten minutes or so, shall I tell it to you?"

"You wrote a poem?"

"Oh no, I didn't write it," laughed Ivan, "and never in my life have I composed even two lines of verse. But I made this poem up and remembered it. I made it up with passion. You will be my first reader, that is, listener. Why indeed should an author lose even a single listener?" Ivan grinned. "Shall I tell it or not?"

"I'm listening hard," said Alyosha.

"My poem is called 'The Grand Inquisitor'; it's an absurd thing, but I want to share it with you."

V. The Grand Inquisitor

"Why, even here one can't do without a preface, a literary preface, that is, pah!" laughed Ivan. "And what sort of author am I! You see, my action takes place in the sixteenth century, and back then—you must know this from your schooldays, by the way—back then it was just the custom in poetic works to bring the powers on high down to earth. I won't even speak of Dante. In France the law clerks, and the monks in the monasteries as well, put on whole performances in which they brought the Madonna, angels, saints, Christ, and God himself onto the stage. In those days it was all very simple-hearted. In Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris*, in honor of the birth of the French dauphin, in Paris, under Louis XI, an edifying performance is given free to the people in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville, under the title *Le bon jugement de la très sainte et gracieuse Vierge Marie* (The Good Judgment of the Most Holy and Gracious Virgin Mary), in which she appears in person and pronounces her *bon jugement*. In Moscow too, in the old days before Peter, almost the same sort of dramatic performances, especially from the Old Testament, were given from time to time; but besides dramatic performances there circulated all over the world at that time many tales and 'verses' in which the saints, the angels, and all the powers of heaven took part as required. In our monasteries too they busied themselves with translating, copying, and even composing such poems, and at what a time—under the Tatars. There is, for instance, one little monastery poem (from the Greek, of course), 'The Mother of God's Journey Through the Torments,' with scenes and a boldness not inferior to Dante's. The

Mother of God visits hell, and the archangel Michael guides her 'through the torments.' She sees the sinners and their torments. Among other things there is a most entertaining class of sinners there, in a burning lake: those of them who sink into that lake so deep that they can never swim up again, 'these God already forgets'—an expression of extraordinary depth and force. And so the Mother of God, stricken and weeping, falls down before the throne of God and begs mercy for all in hell, for all whom she has seen there, without distinction. Her conversation with God is colossally interesting. She implores, she will not go away, and when God points out to her the nail-pierced hands and feet of her son and asks: how can I forgive his tormentors—then she commands all the saints and all the martyrs, all the angels and the archangels, to fall on their faces together with her and beg mercy for everyone, making no distinctions. It ends with her winning from God a respite from the torments every year from Good Friday to Trinity Day, and the sinners in hell at once thank the Lord and cry out to him: 'You are just, O Lord, to judge so.' Well, my little poem would have been of the same sort if it had appeared at that time. In my poem he appears on the stage; true, he says nothing in the poem, he only appears and passes by. Fifteen centuries have already gone by since he gave the promise to come in his kingdom, fifteen centuries since his prophet wrote: 'Behold, I am coming soon.' 'Of that day and that hour not even the Son knows, but only my heavenly Father,' as he himself declared while still on earth. But mankind awaits him with the same faith as before and the same tender emotion. Oh, with even greater faith, for fifteen centuries have now gone by since heaven stopped giving pledges to man:

"Trust in what the heart may tell you,
There are no pledges from the heavens.

"And nothing but faith in what the heart has told! True, there were many miracles then as well. There were saints who worked miraculous cures; to certain righteous men, according to their lives, the Queen of Heaven herself came down. But the devil does not slumber, and in mankind doubt had already begun about the truth of these miracles. Just then, in the north, in Germany, a terrible new heresy appeared. A great star, 'burning like a lamp' (that is, the church), 'fell upon the springs of the waters, and they became bitter.' These heresies began blasphemously to deny miracles. But those who remained faithful believe all the more ardently. The tears of mankind rise up to him as before, they wait for him, love him, hope in him, thirst to suffer and die for him as before. And for so many centuries mankind had prayed with faith and with fire, 'O Lord God, appear to us,' for so many centuries had it called out to him, that he, in his immeasurable compassion, desired to come down to those who prayed. He had come down before this too, he had visited certain righteous men, martyrs, and holy hermits while they were still on earth, as is written in their 'lives.' Among us, Tyutchev,[1] who believed deeply in the truth of his words, proclaimed that

"Bowed beneath the burden of the cross,
All of you, my native land,
In the form of a slave the King of Heaven
Has walked through, blessing as he went.

"That it certainly was so, I can tell you that. And so he desired to appear, if only for a moment, to the people—to the tormented, suffering, foully sinful people, who yet love him like little children. My action is set in Spain, in Seville, in the Inquisition's most terrible days, when to the glory of God bonfires blazed daily in the land and

"In magnificent autos-da-fé
They burned the wicked heretics.

"Oh, this, of course, was not that descent in which, as he promised, he will come at the end of time in all the glory of heaven, the descent that will be sudden, 'as the lightning that shines from the east to the west.' No, he desired, if only for a moment, to visit his children, and precisely there where the bonfires of the heretics had just begun to crackle. In his boundless mercy he passes once more among people in that same human form in which he walked among people for three years fifteen centuries ago. He comes down to the 'hot squares' of the southern city, the very city in which only the day before, in a 'magnificent auto-da-fé,' with the king present, and the court, the knights, the cardinals, and the loveliest ladies of the court, before the numerous population of all Seville, very nearly a whole hundred heretics had been burned at one time by the cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor, *ad majorem gloriam Dei* (to the greater glory of God). He appeared quietly, unnoticed, and yet everyone—strange as it is—recognizes him. That could have been one of the best places in the poem, I mean, why exactly they recognize him. The people are drawn to him with an invincible force, surround him, throng around him, follow him. He passes silently among them with a quiet smile of boundless compassion. In his heart burns the sun of love, rays of Light, of Enlightenment, and of Power stream from his eyes and, pouring out over the people, shake their hearts with answering love. He stretches out his hands to them, blesses them, and from touching him, even only his garments, a healing power goes forth. Now an old man, blind from childhood, cries out from the crowd: 'Lord, heal me, that I too may see you,' and lo, it is as if scales fell from his eyes, and the blind man sees him. The people weep and kiss the ground he walks on. Children throw flowers before him, sing and cry out to him: 'Hosanna!' 'It is he, it is he himself,' every-

one repeats, 'it must be he, it can be no one but he.' He stops on the porch of the Seville cathedral at the very moment when a child's little open white coffin is being carried into the church amid weeping: in it is a girl of seven, the only daughter of a distinguished citizen. The dead child lies all in flowers. 'He will raise up your child,' people in the crowd cry to the weeping mother. The cathedral priest, who has come out to meet the coffin, looks on in perplexity and knits his brows. But now the wail of the dead child's mother rings out. She throws herself at his feet: 'If it is you, then raise up my child!' she cries, stretching out her hands to him. The procession halts, the little coffin is lowered onto the porch at his feet. He looks with compassion, and his lips softly pronounce once more: 'Talitha cumi'—'and the maiden arose.' The girl rises up in the coffin, sits up, and looks around, smiling, with astonished, wide-open little eyes. In her hands is a bouquet of white roses with which she had lain in the coffin. Among the people there is confusion, shouts, sobbing, and then, at that very moment, the cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor himself, suddenly passes by the cathedral across the square. He is an old man of nearly ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, but from them a gleam still shines like a fiery spark. Oh, he is not in his magnificent cardinal's vestments, in which he paraded before the people yesterday when the enemies of the Roman faith were being burned—no, at this moment he is only in his old, coarse monk's robe. Behind him at a certain distance follow his grim assistants and slaves and the 'holy' guard. He stops in front of the crowd and watches from a distance. He has seen everything, he saw them set the coffin down at his feet, saw the maiden rise, and his face darkened. He knits his thick gray brows, and his eyes flash with an ominous fire. He stretches out his finger and orders the guards to take him. And so great is his power, and so well trained, submissive, and tremblingly obedient to him are the people by now, that

the crowd immediately parts before the guards, and they, amid the deathly silence that has suddenly fallen, lay their hands on him and lead him away. The crowd instantly, all as one man, bows its head to the ground before the old Inquisitor; silently he gives the people his blessing and walks on. The guard brings the prisoner to a narrow and gloomy vaulted prison in the ancient building of the Holy Tribunal and locks him in it. The day passes, the dark, hot, and 'breathless' Seville night comes on. The air 'is fragrant with laurel and lemon.' In the deep darkness the iron door of the prison suddenly opens, and the old man himself, the Grand Inquisitor, slowly comes into the prison with a lamp in his hand. He is alone, the door is locked behind him at once. He stops at the entrance and for a long time, a minute or two, gazes into his face. At last he quietly comes up, sets the lamp on the table, and says to him: 'Is it you? You?' But, receiving no answer, he quickly adds: 'Do not answer, be silent. And what could you say? I know too well what you would say. And you have no right to add anything to what you have already said before. Why, then, have you come to hinder us? For you have come to hinder us, and you know it yourself. But do you know what will happen tomorrow? I do not know who you are, and I do not want to know: whether it is you or only his likeness; but tomorrow I shall condemn you and burn you at the stake as the most wicked of heretics, and the very people who today kissed your feet will tomorrow, at a single wave of my hand, rush to rake up the coals for your bonfire, do you know that? Yes, perhaps you do know it,' he added in deep reflection, not taking his eyes off his prisoner for an instant."

"I don't quite understand, Ivan, what this is?" smiled Alyosha, who had been listening in silence all the while. "Is it simply boundless fantasy, or some mistake of the old man's, some impossible *qui pro quo* (one taken for another)?"

"Take it as the latter, if you like," laughed Ivan, "if modern realism has spoiled you so that you can't bear anything fantastic—if you want a *qui pro quo*, then let it be so. It's true," he laughed again, "the old man is ninety, and he could long ago have gone mad over his idea. And the prisoner could have struck him by his appearance. It could, finally, have been simply delirium, the vision of a ninety-year-old man before death, and heated besides by yesterday's auto-da-fé of a hundred burned heretics. But isn't it all the same to you and me whether it's a *qui pro quo* or boundless fantasy? The only thing that matters here is that the old man has to speak his mind, that at last, after all his ninety years, he speaks his mind and says aloud what he has kept silent about for all of ninety years."

"And the prisoner is silent too? He looks at him and doesn't say a word?"

"But that's how it must be in any case," Ivan laughed again. "The old man himself remarks to him that he has no right to add anything to what has been said before. If you like, that is the most fundamental trait of Roman Catholicism, in my opinion at least: 'Everything, you see, has been handed over by you to the Pope, and so everything now belongs to the Pope, and you may as well not come at all now, at least don't hinder us before the time.' They not only talk in that sense, they write it too, the Jesuits at least. I have read it myself in their theologians. 'Have you the right to reveal to us even one of the mysteries of that world from which you have come?' my old man asks him, and he answers him himself, for him: 'No, you have not, so that you may not add to what has been said before, and so as not to take away from people the freedom you stood up for so when you were on earth. Everything you might reveal anew would encroach on people's freedom of faith, for it would come as a miracle, and their freedom of faith was dearer to you than anything even then, fifteen hundred years

ago. Was it not you who said so often then, "I want to make you free"? But now you have seen these "free" people,' the old man suddenly adds with a pensive smile. 'Yes, this business has cost us dearly,' he goes on, looking at him sternly, 'but we have finished this business at last in your name. For fifteen centuries we have been tormented by this freedom, but now it is finished, and finished firmly. You do not believe it is finished firmly? You look at me meekly and do not deign even to be indignant with me? But know that now, and precisely now, these people are more certain than ever that they are completely free, and yet they themselves have brought us their freedom and laid it humbly at our feet. But it was we who did this, and was this what you wanted, this sort of freedom?'"

"Again I don't understand," Alyosha interrupted. "Is he being ironic, is he laughing?"

"Not in the least. He counts it precisely as a merit for himself and his people that at last they have overcome freedom and have done so in order to make people happy. 'For only now' (he is speaking of the Inquisition, of course) 'has it become possible to think for the first time of people's happiness. Man was made a rebel; can rebels be happy? You were warned,' he says to him, 'you had no lack of warnings and indications, but you did not heed the warnings, you rejected the only way by which people could be made happy, but, fortunately, on departing you handed the work over to us. You promised, you established it by your word, you gave us the right to bind and to loose, and of course you cannot even think of taking that right from us now. Why, then, have you come to hinder us?'"

"And what does it mean, 'had no lack of warnings and indications'?" asked Alyosha.

"Why, that is just the main thing the old man has to speak out about."

"The terrible and intelligent spirit, the spirit of self-annihilation and nonbeing," the old man goes on, "the great spirit spoke with you in the wilderness, and it has been handed down to us in the books that he supposedly 'tempted' you. Is that so? And could anything truer be said than what he proclaimed to you in the three questions, and what you rejected, and what the books call 'temptations'? And yet if ever a real, thundering miracle was performed on earth, it was on that day, the day of those three temptations. It was precisely in the appearance of those three questions that the miracle lay. If it were possible to imagine, just as a trial and an example, that those three questions of the terrible spirit had been lost from the books without a trace, and that they had to be restored, thought up and composed anew, to be put back into the books, and to that end all the wise men of the earth were gathered together—rulers, high priests, scholars, philosophers, poets—and given the task: think up, compose three questions, but such as would not only correspond to the scale of the event, but would express besides, in three words, in three human phrases only, the whole future history of the world and of mankind—do you think that all the wisdom of the earth, united together, could think up anything even remotely like in force and depth to those three questions that were actually put to you then by the mighty and intelligent spirit in the wilderness? From those questions alone, simply from the miracle of their appearance, one can understand that one is dealing not with a human, transient mind, but with an everlasting and absolute one. For in those three questions all of mankind's later history is, as it were, gathered up into a single whole and predicted, and three images are revealed in which all the insoluble historical contradictions of human nature over the whole earth will converge. At that time it could not yet be so evident, for the future was unknown, but now, fifteen centuries later, we see that everything in those three questions was so accurately

guessed and predicted, and has been so fully borne out, that nothing more can be added to them or taken away.

"Judge for yourself, then, who was right: you, or the one who questioned you then? Remember the first question; not word for word, but its meaning was this: 'You want to go into the world, and you are going empty-handed, with some promise of freedom which they, in their simplicity and their innate unruliness, cannot even comprehend, which they fear and dread—for nothing has ever been more unbearable for man and for human society than freedom! But do you see these stones in this bare, scorching desert? Turn them into bread, and mankind will run after you like a flock, grateful and obedient, though forever trembling that you will withdraw your hand and your bread will cease for them.' But you did not want to deprive man of freedom, and you rejected the offer, for what sort of freedom is it, you reasoned, if obedience is bought with loaves? You replied that man does not live by bread alone, but do you know that in the name of this very earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against you, and will do battle with you, and will defeat you, and all will follow him, crying out: 'Who is like this beast? He has given us fire from heaven!' Do you know that centuries will pass, and mankind will proclaim through the mouth of its wisdom and its science that there is no crime, and therefore no sin either, but only the hungry. 'Feed them, and then ask virtue of them!'—that is what they will write on the banner they will raise against you, and with which your temple will be destroyed. In place of your temple a new building will be raised, the terrible Tower of Babel will be raised again, and though this one will not be finished either, any more than the first, still you could have spared people this new tower and cut their sufferings short by a thousand years, for it is to us, after all, that they will come, after tormenting themselves for a thousand years with their tower! They will seek us out then, once again under the earth, in

the catacombs, where we shall be hiding (for we shall be persecuted and tortured again); they will find us and cry out to us: 'Feed us, for those who promised us fire from heaven have not given it.' And then it is we who shall finish their tower, for he who feeds them will finish it, and only we shall feed them, in your name, and we shall lie that it is in your name. Oh, never, never will they feed themselves without us! As long as they stay free, no science will give them bread, but it will end with their bringing their freedom to our feet and saying to us: 'Better that you enslave us, but feed us.' They will understand at last of themselves that freedom and earthly bread enough for everyone are unthinkable together, for never, never will they manage to share among themselves! They will be convinced, too, that they can never be free, because they are feeble, depraved, worthless, and rebellious. You promised them heavenly bread, but, I say again, can it be compared, in the eyes of the weak, forever depraved, and forever ignoble human race, with earthly bread? And if thousands and tens of thousands follow you for the sake of the bread of heaven, what will become of the millions and the tens of thousands of millions of creatures who will not have the strength to forgo the bread of earth for the bread of heaven? Or are only the tens of thousands of the great and strong dear to you, while the remaining millions, numerous as the sand of the sea, the weak who yet love you, must serve only as material for the great and strong? No, the weak are dear to us too. They are depraved and rebels, but in the end it is they who will become obedient. They will marvel at us and will look on us as gods, because we, standing at their head, have consented to endure freedom and to rule over them—so terrible will it become for them in the end to be free! But we shall say that we are obedient to you and rule in your name. We shall deceive them again, for we shall not let you come to us anymore. In this deception our suffering will lie, for we shall have to lie. That is what the first

question in the wilderness meant, and that is what you rejected in the name of freedom, which you set above everything. And yet in that question lay the great secret of this world. Had you accepted the 'loaves,' you would have answered the universal and everlasting anguish of man, of each individual being and of all mankind together, namely: 'Before whom shall I bow down?' There is no care more ceaseless or more tormenting for man, once he is left free, than to find as quickly as possible someone to bow down before. But man seeks to bow down before what is already beyond dispute, so beyond dispute that all people at once would agree to a universal bowing down before it. For the care of these pitiful creatures is not only to find something before which I or another may bow down, but to find something such that everyone will believe in it and bow down before it, and that it must be *all together*. It is this need for *community* in bowing down that has been the chief torment of every man individually and of mankind as a whole since the beginning of the ages. For the sake of universal bowing down they have destroyed one another with the sword. They have made gods and called out to one another: 'Abandon your gods and come and worship ours, or else death to you and to your gods!' And so it will be until the end of the world, even when the gods too have vanished from the world: they will fall down before idols just the same. You knew, you could not but know, this fundamental secret of human nature, but you rejected the one absolute banner that was offered you, by which you could have made everyone bow down before you beyond dispute—the banner of earthly bread; and you rejected it in the name of freedom and the bread of heaven. Look, then, at what you did next. And all again in the name of freedom! I tell you that man has no care more tormenting than to find someone to whom he can hand over as quickly as possible that gift of freedom with which the unhappy creature is born. But only he takes possession of people's freedom who sets their conscience at

ease. With bread you were given a banner beyond dispute: give bread, and man will bow down, for nothing is more indisputable than bread; but if at the same time someone other than you takes possession of his conscience—oh, then he will even throw down your bread and follow the one who seduces his conscience. In that you were right. For the secret of human existence lies not in merely living, but in what one lives for. Without a firm notion of what he is to live for, man will not consent to live and will sooner destroy himself than remain on earth, though there be loaves all around him. That is so, but what came of it? Instead of taking possession of people's freedom, you increased it still more for them! Or did you forget that peace, and even death, is dearer to man than free choice in the knowledge of good and evil? There is nothing more seductive for man than the freedom of his conscience, but nothing more tormenting either. And so, instead of firm foundations for setting the human conscience at ease once and for all—you took everything that is extraordinary, enigmatic, and indefinite, you took everything that was beyond people's strength, and so you acted as though you did not love them at all—and who did this? He who came to give his life for them! Instead of taking possession of human freedom, you multiplied it and burdened the spiritual kingdom of man with its torments forever. You desired man's free love, that he should follow you freely, enticed and captivated by you. In place of the firm ancient law—man was henceforth to decide for himself, with a free heart, what is good and what is evil, having only your image before him as his guide—but did you not think that he would at last reject and dispute even your image and your truth, if he were oppressed by so terrible a burden as freedom of choice? They will cry out at last that the truth is not in you, for it was impossible to leave them in more confusion and torment than you did, leaving them so many cares and insoluble problems. Thus you yourself laid the foundation for the destruc-

tion of your own kingdom, and you must blame no one else for it. And yet was this what was offered you? There are three powers, only three powers on earth, that can conquer and captivate forever the conscience of these feeble rebels, for their happiness—these powers are miracle, mystery, and authority. You rejected the first, the second, and the third, and yourself set the example for doing so. When the terrible and most wise spirit set you on the pinnacle of the temple and said to you: 'If you would know whether you are the Son of God, then cast yourself down, for it is written of him that the angels will catch him up and bear him, and he will not fall or be dashed to pieces, and then you will know whether you are the Son of God, and will prove then how great is your faith in your Father,' you heard him out, rejected the offer, did not give in, and did not throw yourself down. Oh, of course, you acted proudly and magnificently there, like God, but people, this weak, rebellious race—are they gods? Oh, you understood then that by taking only one step, by making only one movement to throw yourself down, you would at once have tempted the Lord and lost all faith in him, and would have been dashed to pieces against the earth you had come to save, and the intelligent spirit who tempted you would have rejoiced. But, I repeat, are there many like you? And could you really have supposed for even a moment that people too would be equal to such a temptation? Is human nature so made that it can reject the miracle and, at such terrible moments of life, moments of its most terrible, fundamental, and tormenting spiritual questions, remain with only the free decision of the heart? Oh, you knew that your deed would be preserved in the books, would reach the depths of the ages and the farthest ends of the earth, and you hoped that, following you, man too would remain with God, without needing a miracle. But you did not know that as soon as man rejects the miracle, he will at once reject God as well, for man seeks not so much God as mira-

cles. And since man is not strong enough to remain without the miracle, he will create new miracles for himself, his own now, and will bow down to a sorcerer's miracle, to old wives' sorcery, though he be a hundred times a rebel, a heretic, and an atheist. You did not come down from the cross when they shouted to you, mocking and taunting you: 'Come down from the cross, and we will believe that it is you.' You did not come down because, once again, you did not want to enslave man by a miracle, and you thirsted for faith that was free, not miraculous. You thirsted for free love, not for the servile raptures of a slave before a might that has terrified him once and for all. But here too you judged people too highly, for of course they are slaves, though they were created rebels. Look around and judge: fifteen centuries have passed; go and look at them: whom have you raised up to yourself? I swear, man is created weaker and baser than you thought him! Can he, can he do what you did? Respecting him so much, you acted as though you had ceased to have compassion for him, because you demanded too much of him—and who did this? He who loved him more than himself! Had you respected him less, you would have demanded less of him, and that would have been closer to love, for his burden would have been lighter. He is weak and base. What does it matter that he now rebels everywhere against our authority and is proud of rebelling? It is a child's pride, a schoolboy's. These are little children who have rioted in the classroom and driven out the teacher. But the children's rapture will come to an end too; it will cost them dearly. They will overthrow the temples and drench the earth with blood. But at last the foolish children will realize that though they are rebels, they are feeble rebels, who cannot endure their own rebellion. Pouring out their foolish tears, they will confess at last that he who created them rebels no doubt meant to mock them. They will say this in despair, and what they say will be blasphemy, which will make them more unhappy still,

for human nature cannot bear blasphemy and in the end always takes revenge for it itself. And so, restlessness, confusion, and unhappiness—such is people's lot today, after you endured so much for their freedom! Your great prophet says in a vision and an allegory that he saw all who had a share in the first resurrection, and that from every tribe there were twelve thousand of them. But if there were so many of them, they too were not, as it were, people, but gods. They endured your cross, they endured scores of years in the hungry and barren wilderness, feeding on locusts and roots—and of course you can point with pride to these children of freedom, of free love, of their free and magnificent sacrifice in your name. But remember that there were only a few thousand of them, and those gods, and what of the rest? And how are the other weak people to blame for not being able to endure what the mighty endured? How is the weak soul to blame for not having the strength to receive such terrible gifts? Can it be that you truly came only to the elect and for the elect? But if so, then there is a mystery here, and we cannot understand it. And if it is a mystery, then we too had the right to preach a mystery and to teach them that it is not the free decision of their hearts that matters, nor love, but the mystery, which they must obey blindly, even against their conscience. And so we did. We corrected your deed and founded it on *miracle*, *mystery*, and *authority*. And people rejoiced that they were once again led like a flock, and that the gift so terrible, which had brought them so much torment, was at last lifted from their hearts. Were we right in teaching and doing so, tell me? Did we not love mankind, when we so humbly recognized its powerlessness, lovingly lightened its burden, and permitted its feeble nature even sin, so long as it was by our leave? Why, then, have you come to hinder us now? And why do you look at me in silence, so penetratingly, with your meek eyes? Be angry; I do not want your love, because I myself do not love you. And what should I hide

from you? Do I not know with whom I am speaking? What I have to say to you is all known to you already, I read it in your eyes. And is it for me to hide our secret from you? Perhaps it is precisely from my lips that you want to hear it; listen, then: we are not with you, but with *him*, that is our secret! We have long been not with you but with *him*, eight centuries now. Exactly eight centuries ago we took from him what you rejected with indignation, that last gift which he offered you when he showed you all the kingdoms of the earth: from him we took Rome and Caesar's sword and proclaimed ourselves alone the kings of the earth, the only kings, though to this day we have not yet managed to bring our work to its full completion. But who is to blame for that? Oh, this work is still only at its beginning, but it has begun. Its completion is still a long way off, and the earth has much yet to suffer, but we shall attain it and shall be Caesars, and then we shall take thought for the universal happiness of people. And yet even then you could have taken Caesar's sword. Why did you reject that last gift? Had you accepted that third counsel of the mighty spirit, you would have supplied everything that man seeks on earth, that is: someone to bow down before, someone to entrust his conscience to, and a way for all at last to unite into an indisputable, common, and harmonious anthill, for the need for universal union is the third and last torment of people. Mankind as a whole has always striven to organize itself on a universal scale without fail. There have been many great peoples with great histories, but the higher these peoples stood, the more unhappy they were too, for they were more keenly aware than others of the need for the universal union of people. The great conquerors, the Tamerlanes and Genghis Khans, swept like a whirlwind over the earth, striving to conquer the universe, but even they, though unconsciously, expressed the same great need of mankind for universal and general union. Had you accepted the world and Caesar's purple, you would have founded a

universal kingdom and given universal peace. For who should rule over people if not those who rule over their conscience and in whose hands are their loaves? And so we took Caesar's sword, and, having taken it, we of course rejected you and followed *him*. Oh, centuries more will pass of the unruliness of free reason, of their science and of anthropophagy, for those who began building their Tower of Babel without us will finish with anthropophagy. But then the beast will come crawling to us, and will lick our feet, and will sprinkle them with bloody tears from its eyes. And we shall sit upon the beast and raise up the cup, and on it will be written: 'Mystery!' But then, and only then, will the kingdom of peace and happiness come for people. You are proud of your elect, but you have only the elect, while we shall give rest to all. And is even that so? How many of those elect, of the mighty who could have become elect, have grown weary at last of waiting for you, and have carried and will yet carry the powers of their spirit and the ardor of their hearts to another field, and will end by raising their *free* banner against you. But you yourself raised that banner. With us, though, everyone will be happy, and they will no longer rebel or destroy one another, as they do everywhere under your freedom. Oh, we shall convince them that they will become free only when they renounce their freedom for us and submit to us. And what then, shall we be right, or shall we be lying? They themselves will be convinced that we are right, for they will remember to what horrors of slavery and confusion your freedom brought them. Freedom, free reason, and science will lead them into such thickets and confront them with such marvels and unsolvable mysteries that some among them, the unruly and fierce, will destroy themselves; others, unruly but feeble, will destroy one another; and the rest, those who are left, the feeble and unhappy, will crawl to our feet and cry out to us: 'Yes, you were right, you alone possessed his mystery, and we are coming back to you; save us from our-

selves.' Receiving loaves from us, they will of course see clearly that we take from them the very loaves they have won with their own hands, in order to give them out to them again, without any miracle; they will see that we have not turned stones into bread, but in truth they will be more glad of receiving it from our hands than of the bread itself! For they will remember all too well that before, without us, the very loaves they had won turned to stones in their hands, and that when they came back to us, the very stones turned to loaves in their hands. All too well, all too well they will appreciate what it means to submit once and for all! And until people understand this, they will be unhappy. Who did most to bring about this lack of understanding, tell me? Who broke up the flock and scattered it over unknown paths? But the flock will gather again and submit again, and this time once and for all. Then we shall give them a quiet, humble happiness, the happiness of feeble creatures, such as they were created. Oh, we shall persuade them at last not to be proud, for you raised them up and thereby taught them to be proud; we shall prove to them that they are feeble, that they are only pitiful children, but that a child's happiness is sweeter than any other. They will grow timid and will look to us and press close to us in fear, like chicks to the hen. They will marvel at us and be in awe of us and be proud that we are so mighty and so clever that we could tame such a turbulent flock of a thousand millions. They will tremble feebly before our wrath, their minds will grow timid, their eyes will be quick to tears, like those of children and women, but just as easily, at a sign from us, they will pass over to gaiety and laughter, to bright joy and a happy children's song. Yes, we shall make them work, but in their hours free from labor we shall arrange their life like a children's game, with children's songs, in chorus, with innocent dances. Oh, we shall permit them sin too, they are weak and powerless, and they will love us as children love, for letting them sin. We shall tell them

that any sin will be redeemed if it is done by our leave; we let them sin because we love them, and as for the penalty for those sins, so be it, we shall take it on ourselves. And take it on ourselves we shall, and they will worship us as benefactors who have carried their sins before God. And there will be nothing they keep secret from us. Whether they may live with their wives and their mistresses, whether they may have children or not, we shall permit or forbid—all according to their obedience—and they will submit to us with gaiety and joy. The most tormenting secrets of their conscience—all, all they will bring to us, and we shall resolve everything, and they will trust our decision with joy, because it will deliver them from the great care and the terrible present torments of personal and free decision. And all will be happy, all the millions of creatures, save the hundred thousand who govern them. For only we, the keepers of the mystery, only we shall be unhappy. There will be a thousand million happy babes, and a hundred thousand sufferers who have shouldered the curse of knowing good and evil. Quietly they will die, quietly they will fade away in your name, and beyond the grave they will find only death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their own happiness we shall lure them with the reward of heaven and eternity. For even if there were anything in the other world, it would certainly not be for such as they. It is said and prophesied that you will come and conquer again, will come with your elect, with your proud and mighty ones, but we shall say that they have saved only themselves, while we have saved everyone. It is said that the harlot who sits upon the beast and holds the *mystery* in her hands will be put to shame, that the feeble will rebel again, will tear her purple and lay bare her 'loathsome' body. But then I shall stand up and point out to you the thousands of millions of happy babes who have not known sin. And we, who have taken their sins upon ourselves for their happiness, we shall stand before you and say: 'Judge us if you can and if you

dare.' Know that I do not fear you. Know that I too was in the wilderness, that I too fed on locusts and roots, that I too blessed the freedom with which you have blessed people, and I was preparing to stand among your elect, among the mighty and strong, with a thirst to 'make up the number.' But I came to my senses and did not want to serve madness. I went back and joined the host of those who *have corrected your deed*. I went away from the proud and returned to the humble for the happiness of these humble ones. What I am telling you will come to pass, and our kingdom will be built. I repeat to you, tomorrow you will see that obedient flock which at the first wave of my hand will rush to rake up the hot coals to your bonfire, on which I shall burn you for having come to hinder us. For if anyone has ever deserved our bonfire more than all others, it is you. Tomorrow I shall burn you. *Dixi* (I have spoken)."

Ivan stopped. He had grown heated as he talked and had spoken with passion; but when he finished, he suddenly smiled.

Alyosha, who had listened to him all the while in silence, though toward the end, in extreme agitation, he had tried many times to interrupt his brother's speech but had evidently restrained himself, suddenly began to speak, as if he had broken loose.

"But… that's absurd!" he cried, reddening. "Your poem is praise of Jesus, not blame… as you meant it to be. And who will believe you about freedom? Is that how, is that how it should be understood! Is that the idea of it in Orthodoxy… That is Rome, and not even all of Rome, that's not true—it's the worst of Catholicism, the inquisitors, the Jesuits!… And there could never be such a fantastic person as your inquisitor. What are these sins of people taken upon themselves? Who are these bearers of the mystery who have taken some sort of curse upon themselves for people's happiness? When has anyone seen them? We know the Jesuits, bad things are said of them, but are they what they are in your poem? They're not

that at all, not that at all… They are simply the Roman army for the future universal earthly kingdom, with an emperor, the Roman pontiff, at their head… that is their ideal, but without any mysteries or lofty sadness… The simplest lust for power, for filthy earthly goods, for enslavement… like a future serfdom, with them as the landowners… that is all they have. Perhaps they don't even believe in God. Your suffering inquisitor is nothing but a fantasy…"

"Wait, wait," Ivan was laughing, "how heated you've got. A fantasy, you say, so be it! Of course it's a fantasy. But allow me, though: do you really think that this whole Catholic movement of the last centuries is in fact nothing but a lust for power for the sake of filthy goods alone? It isn't Father Paisy who teaches you that, is it?"

"No, no, on the contrary, Father Paisy did once say something even rather like yours… but of course not that, not that at all," Alyosha suddenly caught himself.

"A precious piece of information, though, in spite of your 'not that at all.' What I'm asking you is precisely why your Jesuits and inquisitors have joined together for nothing but vile material goods. Why can there not be among them a single sufferer, tormented by great sorrow and loving mankind? You see: suppose that among all those who desire nothing but material and filthy goods there were found even one—just one like my old inquisitor, who himself ate roots in the wilderness and raged against his flesh to subdue it, in order to make himself free and perfect, but who had nevertheless loved mankind all his life, and who suddenly had his eyes opened and saw that it is no great moral bliss to attain perfection of the will only to become convinced at the same time that millions of God's other creatures have been made merely as a mockery, that they will never be able to cope with their freedom, that pitiful rebels will never turn into giants who could finish the tower, that the great idealist did not dream his harmony for geese

like these. Having understood all this, he went back and joined… the clever people. Could that really not have happened?"

"Joined whom, what clever people?" Alyosha exclaimed, almost in a passion. "They have no such intelligence, and no such mysteries and secrets… Unless it's simply godlessness, that's their whole secret. Your inquisitor doesn't believe in God, that's his whole secret!"

"And what if that is so! At last you've guessed it. And it really is so, that really is the whole secret, but isn't that suffering, even for a man like him, who has spent his whole life on a great ascetic feat in the wilderness and has not been cured of his love for mankind? In the sunset of his days he becomes clearly convinced that only the counsels of the great, terrible spirit could in any way arrange the feeble rebels in some tolerable order, 'unfinished, experimental creatures, created in mockery.' And so, having become convinced of this, he sees that one must follow the guidance of the intelligent spirit, the terrible spirit of death and destruction, and to that end accept lies and deception and lead people consciously now to death and destruction, and deceive them besides all the way, so that they somehow won't notice where they are being led, so that at least on the road these pitiful blind creatures may consider themselves happy. And note this: deception in the name of him in whose ideal the old man had believed so passionately all his life! Isn't that a misfortune? And if even one such man found himself at the head of that whole army 'thirsting for power only for the sake of filthy goods,' wouldn't even one such man be enough to make a tragedy? More than that: one such man standing at the head is enough for there to be found at last the real guiding idea of the whole Roman cause, with all its armies and Jesuits, the highest idea of that cause. I tell you straight out that I firmly believe this one man has never been lacking among those standing at the head of the movement. Who knows, perhaps there have been such sin-

gle men even among the Roman pontiffs. Who knows, perhaps this accursed old man, who loves mankind so stubbornly and in his own way, exists even now in the form of a whole host of many such single old men, and not at all by chance, but exists as an accord, as a secret alliance, formed long ago for keeping the mystery, for keeping it from weak and unhappy people, so as to make them happy. That surely exists, and it must be so. I fancy that even the Masons have something like this same mystery at their foundation, and that this is why the Catholics hate the Masons so, because they see them as competitors, a splitting of the unity of the idea, whereas there must be one flock and one shepherd… However, in defending my idea I look like an author who couldn't stand up to your criticism. Enough of this."

"Perhaps you are a Mason yourself!" suddenly broke from Alyosha. "You don't believe in God," he added, but now with extreme sorrow. It seemed to him besides that his brother was looking at him mockingly. "How does your poem end?" he asked suddenly, looking at the ground. "Or is it finished already?"

"I meant to end it like this: when the inquisitor falls silent, he waits for some time for his prisoner to answer him. The prisoner's silence weighs on him. He saw how the captive listened to him all the while intently and quietly, looking him straight in the eye and evidently not wishing to object to anything. The old man would like the other to say something to him, even something bitter, terrible. But he suddenly, in silence, approaches the old man and quietly kisses him on his bloodless, ninety-year-old lips. That is the whole answer. The old man shudders. Something stirred at the corners of his mouth; he goes to the door, opens it, and says to him: 'Go, and do not come again… do not come at all… never, never!' And he lets him out into 'the dark squares of the city.' The prisoner goes away."

"And the old man?"

"The kiss burns in his heart, but the old man holds to his former idea."

"And you along with him, you too?" Alyosha exclaimed sorrowfully. Ivan laughed.

"Why, this is all nonsense, Alyosha, it's only the muddle-headed poem of a muddle-headed student who never wrote two lines of verse. Why take it so much to heart? You don't imagine, do you, I'll go straight off now to the Jesuits, to join the host of people correcting his deed? Oh, Lord, what do I care! I told you: if I can only last till thirty, and then—dash the cup to the floor!"

"And the sticky little leaves, and the precious graves, and the blue sky, and the woman you love! How are you going to live, what will you love them with?" Alyosha exclaimed sorrowfully. "With such a hell in your breast and in your head, is it possible? No, that is just why you are going, to join them… and if not, you will kill yourself, you won't be able to bear it!"

"There is a force that can bear anything!" said Ivan, with a cold smirk now.

"What force?"

"The Karamazov… the force of the Karamazov baseness."

"That means drowning in depravity, crushing your soul in corruption, yes, yes?"

"Perhaps that too… only until I'm thirty perhaps I'll escape it, and then…"

"How will you escape it? By what means? It's impossible with your ideas."

"Again, in the Karamazov way."

"You mean 'everything is permitted'? Everything is permitted, is that it, is that it?"

Ivan frowned and suddenly turned somehow strangely pale.

"Ah, you've picked up the little word from yesterday that offended Miusov so… and that brother Dmitri jumped in and

repeated so naively?" he grinned crookedly. "Yes, perhaps: 'everything is permitted,' since the word has been spoken. I don't renounce it. And Mitenka's version isn't bad."

Alyosha looked at him in silence.

"Going away, brother, I thought that in the whole world I had at least you," Ivan suddenly said with unexpected feeling, "but now I see that there is no place for me in your heart either, my dear hermit. I won't renounce the formula 'everything is permitted,' so what then, will you renounce me for it, yes, yes?"

Alyosha stood up, went over to him, and silently, gently kissed him on the lips.

"Literary theft!" cried Ivan, passing suddenly into a sort of rapture. "You've stolen it from my poem! Thanks all the same. Up you get, Alyosha, let's go, it's time for both of us."

They went out, but stopped at the front steps of the tavern.

"Here's the thing, Alyosha," Ivan said in a firm voice. "If I really do have it in me to love the sticky little leaves, I shall love them only remembering you. It's enough for me that you are here somewhere, and I won't lose the wish to live. Is that enough for you? If you like, take it as a declaration of love. And now you go to the right, I'll go to the left—and enough, do you hear, enough. That is, even if I didn't leave tomorrow (it seems I'll certainly leave) and we were somehow to meet again, then not another word to me on all these subjects. I earnestly ask you. And about brother Dmitri too, I especially ask you, don't even bring him up with me ever again," he suddenly added irritably. "It's all been exhausted, all been talked over, hasn't it? And I, for my part, will give you one promise in return: when at thirty I want to 'dash the cup to the floor,' then, wherever you may be, I'll still come once more to talk things over with you… even from America, know that. I'll come on purpose. It will be very interesting to have a look at you by that time, too: what will you be like then? You see, a rather solemn promise. And

in fact we may be saying goodbye for seven years, or ten. Well, go now to your *Pater Seraphicus*, he's dying, after all; if he dies without you, you may well be angry with me for having kept you. Goodbye, kiss me once more, like that, and go…"

Ivan suddenly turned and went his own way, without looking back anymore. It was like the way brother Dmitri had left Alyosha yesterday, though yesterday it had been in quite another mood. This strange little observation flashed like an arrow through Alyosha's sad mind, sad and sorrowful at that moment. He waited a little, looking after his brother. For some reason he suddenly noticed that brother Ivan walked with a sort of sway and that his right shoulder, seen from behind, seemed lower than his left. He had never noticed this before. But suddenly he too turned and almost ran toward the monastery. It was already getting quite dark, and he felt almost frightened; something new was growing in him for which he could not have given an answer. The wind rose again as it had yesterday, and the ancient pines soughed gloomily around him as he entered the hermitage wood. He was almost running. "*Pater Seraphicus*—where did he get that name—from where?" flashed through Alyosha's mind. "Ivan, poor Ivan, and when shall I see you now… Here is the hermitage, Lord! Yes, yes, it is he, it is *Pater Seraphicus*, he will save me… from him, and forever!"

Several times later in his life he recalled with great perplexity how he could, after parting with Ivan, so utterly forget about brother Dmitri, whom that morning, only a few hours before, he had resolved to seek out without fail, not leaving until he had found him, even if it meant not returning to the monastery that night.

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1. Fyodor Tyutchev (1803–1873), Russian poet; the four lines that follow close his poem "These Poor Villages" (1855).

VI. A Very Obscure One, for Now

And Ivan Fyodorovich, having parted with Alyosha, went home, to Fyodor Pavlovich's house. But a strange thing: an unbearable anguish suddenly came over him, and, what was more, it kept growing with every step as he drew nearer to the house. The strangeness was not in the anguish but in the fact that Ivan Fyodorovich could not possibly define what the anguish consisted of. He had often been subject to anguish before, and it would have been no wonder if it had come at such a moment, when tomorrow, having suddenly broken with everything that had drawn him here, he was preparing to make another sharp turn aside and to set out on a new, utterly unknown path, and again quite alone, as before, hoping for much, but not knowing for what, expecting much, far too much, from life, but unable himself to define anything either in his expectations or even in his desires. And yet at that moment, though the anguish of the new and unknown really was in his soul, that was not at all what was tormenting him. "Can it be a loathing for my father's house?" he thought to himself. "It looks like it, I'm so sick of it, and though today I shall cross this nasty threshold for the last time, still it's loathsome…" But no, that wasn't it either. Could it be the parting with Alyosha and the conversation he had had with him: "For so many years I kept silent with the whole world and did not deign to speak, and then suddenly I piled up such a heap of drivel." Indeed, it might have been the youthful vexation of youthful inexperience and youthful vanity, vexation at not having managed to express himself, and with such a being as Alyosha, too, on whom he undoubtedly had great designs in his

heart. Of course, that was there too, that is, that vexation; it was even bound to be there, but that wasn't it either, it wasn't it at all. "Anguish to the point of nausea, and I can't define what I want. Perhaps not to think..."

Ivan Fyodorovich tried "not to think," but even that did not help. The main thing that made this anguish so vexing, so irritating, was that it had a sort of accidental, completely external character; that could be felt. Some being or object was standing, sticking up somewhere, the way something will sometimes stick up before one's eye, and for a long time, while busy or in heated conversation, one does not notice it, and yet one is evidently irritated, almost tormented, until at last one thinks of removing the offending object, often a very trivial and ridiculous one, some thing left lying in the wrong place, a handkerchief fallen on the floor, a book not put back in the bookcase, and so on, and so on. At last, in the nastiest and most irritated state of mind, Ivan Fyodorovich reached his father's house, and suddenly, some fifteen paces from the wicket gate, glancing at the gates, he guessed at once what had been tormenting and troubling him so.

On the bench by the gates the lackey Smerdyakov sat taking the cool evening air, and at the first glance at him Ivan Fyodorovich understood that the lackey Smerdyakov was sitting in his soul too, and that it was precisely this man his soul could not bear. Everything was suddenly lit up and became clear. Earlier, ever since Alyosha's account of his meeting with Smerdyakov, something gloomy and repulsive had suddenly pierced his heart and at once roused an answering malice in him. Then, during the conversation, Smerdyakov had been forgotten for a while, but he had remained in his soul all the same, and the moment Ivan Fyodorovich parted with Alyosha and set off alone toward the house, the forgotten sensation at once quickly began to surface

again. “Can that wretched scoundrel really trouble me to such a degree!” he thought with unbearable malice.

The fact was that Ivan Fyodorovich had really come to dislike this man very much of late, and especially in the very last few days. He had even begun to notice in himself this growing feeling, almost hatred, for the creature. Perhaps the process of hatred had grown so acute precisely because at first, when Ivan Fyodorovich had only just arrived among us, something quite different had taken place. Then Ivan Fyodorovich had suddenly taken a sort of special interest in Smerdyakov, had even found him very original. He himself had got him used to talking with him, always marveling, however, at a certain muddle-headedness, or, better to say, a certain restlessness of his mind, and not understanding what it was that could so constantly and persistently trouble “this contemplator.” They talked about philosophical questions too, and even about why there was light on the first day when the sun, the moon, and the stars were made only on the fourth day, and how this should be understood; but Ivan Fyodorovich soon became convinced that the point was not in the sun, the moon, and the stars at all, that the sun, the moon, and the stars, though an interesting subject, were of quite third-rate importance to Smerdyakov, and that he wanted something else entirely. Be that as it may, at any rate a boundless vanity began to show and betray itself, and a wounded vanity at that. Ivan Fyodorovich disliked this very much. That was where his aversion began. Later, troubles began in the house, Grushenka appeared, the stories with brother Dmitri began, there was a lot of bother—they talked about that too, but though Smerdyakov always conducted these conversations with great excitement, again it was impossible to find out what he himself wanted in it all. One could even marvel at the illogicality and disorder of some of his desires, which involuntarily came out and were always equally vague. Smerdyakov kept questioning, putting

some sort of oblique, obviously premeditated questions, but what for—he did not explain, and usually, at the very hottest moment of his own questioning, he would suddenly fall silent or pass on to something quite different. But the main thing that finally irritated Ivan Fyodorovich for good and filled him with such aversion was a sort of loathsome and peculiar familiarity that Smerdyakov had begun to show him strongly, and the further it went, the more. It was not that he allowed himself to be impolite; on the contrary, he always spoke extremely respectfully; but things had somehow come to such a pass that Smerdyakov evidently began to consider himself, God knows why, as somehow in solidarity at last with Ivan Fyodorovich in something, always spoke in such a tone as though there were already something agreed upon between the two of them and somehow secret, something once uttered on both sides, known only to the two of them, and even incomprehensible to the other mortals swarming around them. Ivan Fyodorovich, however, for a long time did not understand this real cause of his growing aversion either, and only quite recently had he managed to guess what the matter was. With a feeling of squeamishness and irritation he wanted to go through the wicket gate now in silence, without looking at Smerdyakov, but Smerdyakov rose from the bench, and from this gesture alone Ivan Fyodorovich instantly guessed that he wished to have a special talk with him. Ivan Fyodorovich looked at him and stopped, and the fact that he had stopped so suddenly and had not passed by, as he had wanted to a minute before, enraged him to the point of trembling. With anger and loathing he looked at Smerdyakov's eunuch-like, sunken face, with the little hair at the temples combed back and the little tuft fluffed up on top. His left eye, slightly screwed up, winked and smirked, exactly as if saying: "Why go on, you won't get past, you see that the two of us, two intelligent men, have something to talk over." Ivan Fyodorovich began to shake:

"Get away, scoundrel, what company am I for you, you fool!" was about to fly off his tongue, but, to his very great surprise, something quite different flew off it:

"Is Father asleep or has he woken up?" he said quietly and humbly, unexpectedly to himself, and suddenly, just as unexpectedly, sat down on the bench. For a moment he was almost afraid; afterward he remembered it. Smerdyakov stood facing him, his hands behind his back, and looked at him with assurance, almost sternly.

"He is still resting, sir," he brought out unhurriedly. ("He spoke first himself, as much as to say, not I.") "I'm surprised at you, sir," he added after a pause, lowering his eyes somehow affectedly, putting his right foot forward and playing with the toe of his patent-leather boot.

"Why are you surprised at me?" Ivan Fyodorovich said abruptly and sternly, restraining himself with all his might, and suddenly realized with disgust that he was feeling the keenest curiosity and that he would not leave here for anything without satisfying it.

"Why don't you go to Chermashnya, sir?" Smerdyakov suddenly raised his eyes and smiled familiarly. "And why I smiled, you must understand yourself, if you're an intelligent man," his screwed-up left eye seemed to say.

"Why should I go to Chermashnya?" Ivan Fyodorovich was surprised.

Smerdyakov was silent again.

"Fyodor Pavlovich himself begged you so to do it, sir," he said at last, without haste and as though he himself set no value on his answer: I am putting you off with a third-rate reason, as much as to say, just to say something.

"Eh, devil take it, speak more plainly, what do you want?" Ivan Fyodorovich cried at last angrily, passing from humility to rudeness.

Smerdyakov drew his right foot up to his left, straightened himself, but went on looking with the same calm and the same little smile.

"Nothing of substance, sir... just so, sir, for the sake of conversation..."

Again there was silence. They were silent for almost a minute. Ivan Fyodorovich knew that he ought to get up at once and be angry, but Smerdyakov stood before him and seemed to be waiting: "Now I'll see whether you get angry or not." So at least it seemed to Ivan Fyodorovich. At last he swayed forward to get up. Smerdyakov seemed to catch the moment.

"My position is terrible, sir, Ivan Fyodorovich, I don't even know how to help myself," he said suddenly, firmly and distinctly, and with his last word he sighed. Ivan Fyodorovich at once sat down again.

"They're both quite crazed, sir, they've both come down to the merest childishness, sir," Smerdyakov went on. "I'm speaking of your parent and your brother, sir, Dmitri Fyodorovich. Now Fyodor Pavlovich will get up and start pestering me every minute: 'Why hasn't she come? Why hasn't she come?' and so on right up till midnight, and even past midnight. And if Agrafena Alexandrovna doesn't come (because perhaps she has no intention whatever of ever coming at all, sir), then he'll fall on me again tomorrow morning: 'Why hasn't she come? Why didn't she come, when will she come?' as if I were somehow to blame before him in this. On the other hand, there's this item, sir: as soon as it gets dark, and even before, your brother will turn up next door with a weapon in his hands: 'Look here,' he says, 'you rogue, you broth-boy: if you miss her on me and don't let me know she's come—I'll kill you before anyone else.' The night passes, and in the morning he too, like Fyodor Pavlovich, starts tormenting me torturously: 'Why hasn't she come, will she show up soon?' and as though again I'm to

blame before him too that his lady hasn't appeared, sir. And with every day and every hour they both get angrier, sir, so that some hours I think of taking my own life, sir, from fear. I can't rely on them, sir."

"Then why did you get mixed up in it! Why did you start carrying tales to Dmitri Fyodorovich?" Ivan Fyodorovich said irritably.

"And how could I not get mixed up in it, sir? Why, I didn't get mixed up in it at all, if you wish to know with complete accuracy, sir. From the very beginning I kept silent, not daring to object, but he himself appointed me to serve him as his servant Lichard. Ever since, he knows only one word: 'I'll kill you, you rogue, if you miss her!' I suppose for certain, sir, that tomorrow I shall have a long falling fit."

"What sort of long falling fit?"

"A long fit like that, sir, an extremely long one, sir. It lasts several hours, sir, or maybe a day or two, sir. Once with me it went on for about three days; I fell from the attic that time. It stops beating me, and then it starts again; and for all three days I couldn't come to my senses. Fyodor Pavlovich sent for Herzenstube then, the doctor here, sir, and he put ice to the crown of my head and used one other remedy as well... I might have died, sir."

"But they say, you know, that a falling fit can't be foretold, that it will come at such and such an hour. How can you say it will come tomorrow?" Ivan Fyodorovich inquired with a peculiar and irritable curiosity.

"That is exactly so, it can't be foretold, sir."

"Besides, you fell from the attic that time."

"I climbs up to the attic every day, sir, I could fall from the attic tomorrow too. And if not from the attic, then I'll fall into the cellar, sir; I go to the cellar every day too, sir, on my business, sir."

Ivan Fyodorovich gave him a long look.

"You're spinning something, I see, and I don't quite understand you," he said quietly, but somehow menacingly. "Do you mean to pretend tomorrow that you're in a falling fit for three days? Eh?"

Smerdyakov, who had been looking at the ground and again playing with the toe of his right foot, set his right foot back in place, put his left forward instead, raised his head, and, with a smirk, said:

"Even if I could do that very trick, sir, that is, pretend, sir, and since it isn't at all hard for an experienced man to do it, then even so I would be fully within my rights to use that means to save my life from death; for when I'm lying ill, then even if Agrafena Alexandrovna comes to his parent, he can't demand of a sick man then: 'Why didn't you report it?' He'd be ashamed himself."

"Eh, devil take it!" Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly flared up, his face twisted with malice. "Why are you always so afraid for your life! All these threats of brother Dmitri's are only hotheaded words and nothing more. He won't kill you; he'll kill, but not you!"

"He'll kill me like a fly, sir, and me first of all, sir. And I'm more afraid still of something else: that they'll count me as his accomplice, when he does something absurd to his parent."

"Why would they count you as an accomplice?"

"They'll count me as an accomplice because I told him those very signals in great secrecy, sir."

"What signals? Told whom? Devil take you, speak more plainly!"

"I must confess entirely," Smerdyakov drawled with pedantic calm, "that there is a certain secret here between me and Fyodor Pavlovich. As you yourself deign to know (if only you deign to know it), for some days now, as soon as it's night, or even evening, he locks himself in from the inside straightaway. Toward the end you've taken to going back upstairs to your room early every time, and yesterday you didn't go out anywhere at all, sir, and so perhaps you don't know how carefully he has begun locking himself in

for the night now. And even if Grigory Vasilyevich himself came, he would open to him only after making sure of him by his voice, sir. But Grigory Vasilyevich doesn't come, sir, because now I alone wait on him in the rooms, sir—so he himself arranged it from the very moment he started this business with Agrafena Alexandrovna, and for the night, now, by his orders, I too withdraw and sleep in the cottage, on condition that I'm not to sleep till midnight but keep watch, get up and go round the yard, and wait for Agrafena Alexandrovna to come, sir, since for some days now he's been waiting for her like a madman. And he reasons like this, sir: she, he says, is afraid of him, of Dmitri Fyodorovich, that is (he calls him Mitka, sir), and so she'll come to me late at night by the back way; and you, he says, watch out for her till midnight and longer. And if she comes, you run up to the door and knock on my door, or on the window from the garden, with your hand, the first two times softly, like this: one-two, and then right away three times faster: knock-knock-knock. Then, he says, I'll understand at once that it's she who has come, and I'll open the door to you quietly. He told me another signal, for the case of something extraordinary happening: first two times quickly, knock-knock, and then, after waiting, one more time, much harder. Then he'll understand that something sudden has happened and that I need very much to see him, and he'll open to me too, and I'll go in and report. All this in case Agrafena Alexandrovna doesn't come herself, but sends word about something; 'sides that, Dmitri Fyodorovich may also come, so I'm to let him know that he is near. He's awful afraid of Dmitri Fyodorovich, so that even if Agrafena Alexandrovna had already come and he had locked himself in with her, and Dmitri Fyodorovich turned up somewhere near in the meantime, even then I am bound without fail to report it to him at once, with three knocks, so that the first signal, the five knocks, stands for 'Agrafena Alexandrovna has come,' and the second signal, of three

knocks, 'very much needful,' as much as to say; he himself taught me several times by example and explained it. And since in the whole universe nobody knows about these signals except me and him, sir, he'll open without any doubtation and without calling out at all (he's very afraid of calling out aloud). And now these very signals have become known to Dmitri Fyodorovich."

"How have they become known? You passed them on? How did you dare pass them on?"

"From that very fear, sir. And how could I have dared keep silent before him, sir? Dmitri Fyodorovich pressed me every day: 'You're deceiving me, you're hiding something from me? I'll break both your legs!' So then I told him those very secret signals, so that at least he might see my servility and thereby be assured that I'm not deceiving him but reporting to him in every way."

"If you think he'll use those signals and want to get in, then don't let him in."

"But when I'm lying in a fit myself, sir, how can I not let him in then, sir, even if I could make bold not to let him in, sir, knowing how desperate he is, sir?"

"Eh, devil take it! Why are you so sure there'll be a falling fit, devil take you? Are you laughing at me or not?"

"How could I dare laugh at you, and is this any time for laughing, when there's such fear? I have a presentiment there'll be a falling fit, I have such a presentiment; it'll come from the fear alone, sir."

"Eh, devil take it! If you're lying ill, Grigory will keep watch. Warn Grigory beforehand; he certainly won't let him in."

"I dare not by any means tell Grigory Vasilyevich about the signals without the master's orders, sir. And as for Grigory Vasilyevich hearing him and not letting him in, why, just today, since yesterday, he's been taken ill, and Marfa Ignatyevna means to treat him tomorrow. That's what they agreed earlier. And this

treatment of theirs is a very curious one, sir: Marfa Ignatyevna knows a certain infusion, sir, and always keeps it, a strong one, on some herb—she possesses that sort of secret, sir. And with this secret medicine she treats Grigory Vasilyevich some three times a year, sir, when his lower back gives out entirely, sir, like a sort of paralysis with him, sir, some three times a year, sir. Then she takes a towel, sir, soaks it in that infusion, and Marfa Ignatyevna rubs his whole back for half an hour, sir, till it's dry, sir, till it even goes quite red and swells up, sir, and then what's left in the little bottle she gives him to drink, sir, with a certain prayer, sir; not all of it, though, because on this rare occasion she keeps a small part for herself, sir, and drinks it too, sir. And both of them, I can tell you, not being drinkers, just drop down on the spot, sir, and sleep very soundly for a very long time, sir; and when Grigory Vasilyevich wakes up, he is almost always well after it, sir, but when Marfa Ignatyevna wakes up, she always has a headache after it, sir. So, if tomorrow Marfa Ignatyevna carries out this intention of hers, sir, they'll hardly hear anything, sir, or keep Dmitri Fyodorovich out, sir. They'll be asleep, sir."

"What drivel! And all this will just come together, as if on purpose, all at once: you with a falling fit, and those two both unconscious!" cried Ivan Fyodorovich. "And aren't you yourself trying to arrange it so that it does come together?" broke from him suddenly, and he knit his brows menacingly.

"How could I arrange it, sir... and why should I arrange it, when everything here depends on Dmitri Fyodorovich alone, sir, and on his thoughts alone, sir... If he wants to do something—he'll do it, sir, and if not, then surely I won't bring him on purpose to push him in on his parent."

"And why should he get in to Father, and on the quiet at that, if, by your own account, Agrafena Alexandrovna won't come at all," Ivan Fyodorovich went on, turning pale with malice. "You say so

yourself, and all the while I've lived here I've been sure too that the old man is only fantasizing and that this creature won't come to him. Why should Dmitri burst in on the old man if she doesn't come? Speak! I want to know your thoughts."

"You yourself deign to know why he'll come, what have my thoughts to do with it? He'll come out of sheer malice, or out of his suspiciousness in case of my illness, say; he'll have his doubts and go out of impatience to search in the rooms, like that time yesterday: hasn't she somehow slipped past him on the quiet, he'll think. He knows perfectly well, too, that Fyodor Pavlovich has a big envelope ready, and in it three thousand sealed up, under three seals, sir, tied with a ribbon and inscribed in his own hand: 'To my angel Grushenka, if she will come,' and then, some three days later, he added: 'and to my little chick.' So that's what is doubtful, sir."

"Nonsense!" shouted Ivan Fyodorovich, almost in a frenzy. "Dmitri won't go to rob money, and to kill his father into the bargain. He might have killed him yesterday over Grushenka, like a frenzied, spiteful fool, but he won't go robbing!"

"He needs money awful badly now, sir, he needs it to the last extremity, Ivan Fyodorovich. You don't even know how badly," Smerdyakov explained extremely calmly and with remarkable distinctness. "Besides, he considers those very three thousand, sir, as good as his own, and he explained it to me himself like this: 'My parent,' he says, 'still owes me exactly three thousand.' And on top of all that, Ivan Fyodorovich, consider a certain plain truth too, sir: why, it's almost certainly so, it must be said, sir, that Agrafena Alexandrovna, if only she wishes it herself, will certainly make him marry her, the master himself, that is, Fyodor Pavlovich, sir, if only she wishes it, sir; well, and perhaps she will wish it, sir. I only say she won't come, but perhaps she'll want more than that, sir, that is, to become the mistress outright. I know myself that her merchant Samsonov told her quite frankly that it would be no stupid busi-

ness at all, and laughed as he said it. And she herself is very far from stupid in her mind, sir. It wouldn't suit her to marry a pauper like Dmitri Fyodorovich, sir. So now, takin' that into account, judge for yourself, Ivan Fyodorovich: then neither Dmitri Fyodorovich nor even you, sir, with your brother Alexei Fyodorovich, will have anything at all left after your parent's death, not a ruble, sir, because Agrafena Alexandrovna will marry him precisely in order to have everything made over to her and to transfer whatever capital there is to herself, sir. But if your parent were to die now, while there's nothing of the sort yet, sir, then each of you would get a sure forty thousand at once, sir, even Dmitri Fyodorovich, whom he hates so, sir, since he hasn't made any will, you know, sir... Dmitri Fyodorovich knows all this extremely well..."

Something seemed to twist and quiver in Ivan Fyodorovich's face. He suddenly flushed.

"Then why," he suddenly interrupted Smerdyakov, "after all this, do you advise me to go to Chermashnya? What did you mean by that? I'll leave, and this is what will happen here." Ivan Fyodorovich was breathing with difficulty.

"Perfectly correct, sir," Smerdyakov said quietly and reasonably, watching Ivan Fyodorovich intently, however.

"What do you mean, perfectly correct?" Ivan Fyodorovich asked again, restraining himself with an effort, his eyes flashing menacingly.

"I spoke out of pity for you. In your place, if it were only me here, I'd throw it all up right away... rather than sit by such a business, sir..." answered Smerdyakov, looking with the most candid air at Ivan Fyodorovich's flashing eyes. They were both silent.

"You seem to be a great idiot and, of course... a terrible scoundrel!" Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly rose from the bench. Then he wanted to go through the wicket gate at once, but suddenly stopped and turned to Smerdyakov. Something strange happened:

Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly, as if in a spasm, bit his lip, clenched his fists, and—another instant, and of course he would have thrown himself on Smerdyakov. The other at least noticed it in that same instant, gave a start, and jerked his whole body back. But the instant passed safely for Smerdyakov, and Ivan Fyodorovich turned in silence, though as if in some sort of perplexity, toward the wicket gate.

"I'm leaving for Moscow tomorrow, if you want to know, early tomorrow morning—and that's all!" he suddenly said with malice, distinctly and loudly, wondering at himself afterward why he had needed to say it to Smerdyakov then.

"That's the very best thing, sir," the other took up, as though he had been waiting for it, "except perhaps that you might be troubled from here by telegraph in Moscow, sir, in some such case, sir."

Ivan Fyodorovich stopped again and again turned quickly to Smerdyakov. But something seemed to have happened to the other too. All his familiarity and nonchalance had vanished in an instant; his whole face expressed extraordinary attention and expectation, but timid and obsequious now: "Won't you say something more, won't you add something," as much as to say, could be read in his intent gaze, which had fairly fastened itself on Ivan Fyodorovich.

"And wouldn't they send for me from Chermashnya too… in some such case?" Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly howled, for some unknown reason suddenly raising his voice terribly.

"From Chermashnya too, sir… they'd trouble you, sir…" Smerdyakov muttered almost in a whisper, as though at a loss, but continuing to look intently, intently, straight into Ivan Fyodorovich's eyes.

"Only Moscow is farther, and Chermashnya is nearer, so is it the fare you begrudge, insisting on Chermashnya, or is it me you pity, that I'll be going a long way round?"

“Perfectly correct, sir…” Smerdyakov muttered, his voice breaking now, smiling vilely and again convulsively getting ready to leap back in time. But Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly, to Smerdyakov’s surprise, laughed and went quickly through the wicket gate, still laughing. Anyone who had glanced at his face would surely have concluded that he was laughing not at all because he was so merry. And he himself could not for anything have explained what was happening to him at that moment. He moved and walked as if in a spasm.

VII. “Even Talking with a Clever Man Is Worth It”

And he said so, too. Meeting Fyodor Pavlovich in the hall the moment he came in, he suddenly shouted at him, waving his arms: “I’m going upstairs to my room, not to you, goodbye,” and walked past, even trying not to look at his father. It may very well be that the old man was too hateful to him at that minute, but so unceremonious a display of hostility was unexpected even for Fyodor Pavlovich. And the old man evidently really had wanted to tell him something in a hurry, and had come out into the hall on purpose to meet him; hearing such a courtesy, he stopped without a word and, with a mocking look, followed his dear son with his eyes up the stairs to the mezzanine until he was out of sight.

“What’s the matter with him?” he quickly asked Smerdyakov, who had come in after Ivan Fyodorovich.

“He’s angry about something, sir, who can make him out,” the other muttered evasively.

“Oh, devil take him! Let him be angry! Bring the samovar and clear out yourself, quick, look sharp. Anything new?”

Here began questions of precisely the sort Smerdyakov had just been complaining of to Ivan Fyodorovich, that is, all about the visitor he was expecting, and we shall leave those questions out here. Half an hour later the house was locked, and the crazed little old man was pacing alone through the rooms, in trembling expectation that any moment now the five agreed knocks would sound,

glancing now and then into the dark windows and seeing nothing in them but the night.

It was already very late, and Ivan Fyodorovich was still not asleep, still turning things over. He went to bed late that night, at about two o'clock. But we shall not set down the whole course of his thoughts, and besides, it is not yet time for us to enter into that soul: that soul will have its turn. And even if we did try to convey something of it, it would be a very hard thing to do, because what was there was not thoughts but something very indefinite and, above all, far too agitated. He himself felt that he had lost every thread. He was tormented, too, by various strange and almost wholly unexpected desires; for instance, well after midnight he suddenly felt an urgent and unbearable wish to go downstairs, unlock the door, walk over to the cottage, and give Smerdyakov a beating, but had you asked him what for, he himself would decidedly not have been able to state a single reason precisely, except perhaps that this lackey had become hateful to him, as the most grievous offender one could possibly find in the world. On the other hand, more than once that night some inexplicable and humiliating timidity seized his soul, under which he—he felt it—even seemed suddenly to lose his physical strength. His head ached and swam. Something hateful gnawed at his soul, as though he were about to take revenge on someone. He hated even Alyosha, remembering the conversation he had had with him earlier, and at moments he very much hated himself. Of Katerina Ivanovna he had almost forgotten even to think, and he wondered a great deal at this afterward, all the more because he himself remembered firmly how only yesterday morning, when he had boasted so grandly at Katerina Ivanovna's that he would leave for Moscow the next day, he had then and there whispered to himself in his soul: "But that's nonsense, you won't go, and it won't be as easy for you to tear yourself away as you're bragging now."

Recalling that night long afterward, Ivan Fyodorovich remembered with particular disgust how he would suddenly get up from the sofa and quietly, as though terribly afraid that someone might be spying on him, open the door, go out onto the stairs, and listen down below, into the rooms underneath, to Fyodor Pavlovich stirring and pacing about down there—he listened for a long time, five minutes at a stretch, with a sort of strange curiosity, holding his breath, with his heart pounding, and why he was doing all this, why he was listening, he of course did not know himself. That "act" he called "vile" all the rest of his life, and all the rest of his life, deep within himself, in the secret places of his soul, he considered it the basest act of his whole life. Toward Fyodor Pavlovich himself he felt not even any hatred at those minutes, but was only for some reason curious with all his might: how he was walking about down there, what he must be doing just about now in his rooms; he guessed and pictured how he must be glancing down there into the dark windows and suddenly stopping in the middle of the room and waiting, waiting, to hear whether anyone was knocking. Ivan Fyodorovich went out onto the stairs for this occupation a couple of times. When everything had grown quiet and Fyodor Pavlovich, too, had gone to bed, at around two o'clock, Ivan Fyodorovich also lay down, with the firm intention of falling asleep as quickly as possible, for he felt terribly worn out. And so it was: he fell suddenly into a sound, dreamless sleep, but woke early, at about seven, when it was already light. Opening his eyes, he suddenly, to his own amazement, felt a surge of some extraordinary energy in himself; he jumped up quickly and quickly dressed, then dragged out his trunk and without delay began hurriedly packing it. As it happened, all his linen had come back from the laundress only the morning before. Ivan Fyodorovich even smiled at the thought that everything had fallen out so neatly, that there was nothing whatever to hold up a sudden departure. And the depar-

ture was turning out to be sudden indeed. Although Ivan Fyodorovich had said yesterday (to Katerina Ivanovna, to Alyosha, and then to Smerdyakov) that he would leave the next day, still, going to bed last night, he remembered very well that at that minute he had not even been thinking of leaving, at least had not in the least imagined that on waking in the morning his first impulse would be to rush to pack his trunk. At last the trunk and the bag were ready: it was already nearly nine o'clock when Marfa Ignatyevna came up to him with her usual daily question: "Where will you be pleased to take your tea, sir, up here or will you come down?" Ivan Fyodorovich came down looking almost cheerful, though there was something in him, in his words and gestures, scattered, as it were, and hurried. Greeting his father affably and even inquiring particularly after his health, he did not, however, wait for his parent to finish answering, but announced all at once that he was leaving for Moscow in an hour, for good, and asked that the horses be sent for. The old man heard the news without the slightest surprise, forgetting most improperly to look sorry at his dear son's departure; instead he suddenly became extraordinarily busy, having remembered, just in time, a pressing affair of his own.

"Oh, you! What a one you are! Not a word yesterday... well, never mind, we'll settle it right now. Do me a great kindness, my own dear boy, stop by Chermashnya. Why, from the Volovya station you only have to turn left, only some twelve little versts or so, and there it is, Chermashnya."

"Excuse me, I can't: it's eighty versts to the railway, and the train leaves the station for Moscow at seven in the evening; that's barely enough time to make it."

"You'll make it tomorrow, or else the day after, but today turn off to Chermashnya. What does it cost you to set your parent's mind at ease! If I didn't have business here, I'd have flown over

myself long ago, because the matter there is urgent and out of the ordinary, but here my time just now is not such… You see, I have that grove of mine there, in two plots, at Begichevo and at Dyachkino, on the waste lands. The Maslovs, the old man and his son, merchants, are offering only eight thousand for the timber, and only last year a buyer turned up and offered twelve, but he wasn't from these parts, that's the rub. Because there's no selling to anyone local now: the Maslovs, father and son, are running it like moneylenders, they're worth a hundred thousand: whatever they set, you take it, and nobody local dares go up against them. But the Father at Ilyinskoye suddenly wrote here last Thursday that Gorstkin has come, another little merchant, I know him, only the precious thing about him is that he's not from here but from Pogrebovo, which means he's not afraid of the Maslovs, because he's not from here. 'I'll give eleven thousand for the grove,' he says, do you hear? And he'll be staying here, the Father writes, only another week at the most. So if you'd just go and come to terms with him…"

"Well, write to the Father, then, and he'll come to terms with him."

"He can't, that's the thing. That Father has no eye for it. He's a golden man, I'd hand him twenty thousand this minute to keep for me without a receipt, but he has no eye for anything at all, as if he weren't a man at all, a crow could fool him. And a learned man, too, just imagine. This Gorstkin looks like a peasant, in a blue coat, only by character he's a downright scoundrel, and that's the trouble for all of us: he lies, that's the rub. Sometimes he tells such lies you can only wonder why he does it. Two years ago he lied that his wife had died and that he'd already married another, and nothing of the sort had happened, just imagine: his wife never died at all, she's alive to this day and beats him once every three days. So now

too we need to find out: is he lying or telling the truth when he says he wants to buy and give eleven thousand?"

"But I can't do anything there either, I don't have an eye for it."

"Wait, hold on, you'll do too, because I'll tell you all his signs, Gorstkin's, I've had dealings with him for a long time now. You see: you have to watch his beard; he has a little red beard, a nasty, scraggly little one. If his little beard shakes while he talks and gets angry, then all's well, he's telling the truth, he means business; but if he's stroking his beard with his left hand and chuckling away, well, then he means to cheat you, he's up to tricks. Never look him in the eyes, you can't make out anything from his eyes, murky water, a rogue; look at the beard. I'll give you a note for him, and you show it to him. He's Gorstkin, only he's not Gorstkin, he's Lyagavy, the Bird Dog, but don't you tell him he's Lyagavy, he'll take offense. If you come to terms with him and see that it's all right, write here at once. Just write this much: 'He's not lying,' that's all. Hold out for eleven, you can come down a thousand, but no more. Think of it: eight and eleven, that's a difference of three thousand. It's just as if I'd found those three thousand, and who knows how soon I'll find a buyer, and I need the money desperately. Let me know it's serious, and then I'll fly over myself from here and close it, I'll snatch the time somehow. But why should I go galloping out there now, if it's all something the Father dreamed up? Well, are you going or not?"

"Oh, I have no time, spare me."

"Ah, oblige your father, I'll remember it! You're all heartless, that's what! What's a day or two to you? Where are you off to now, Venice? Your Venice won't fall to pieces in two days. I'd send Alyoshka, but what good is Alyoshka in such matters? I'm asking you solely because you're a clever man, do you think I don't see it? You don't deal in timber, but you have an eye. The only thing is to

see whether the man is speaking in earnest or not. I tell you, look at the beard: if the little beard shakes, he's in earnest."

"So you yourself are pushing me off to that cursed Chermashnya, eh?" Ivan Fyodorovich cried, with a spiteful smirk.

Fyodor Pavlovich did not notice the spite, or did not want to notice it, but he seized on the smirk:

"So you're going, you're going? I'll dash off the note for you right now."

"I don't know if I'll go, I don't know, I'll decide on the way."

"Why on the way, decide now. My dear boy, decide! Come to terms, write me two lines, hand them to the Father, and he'll send me your little note in a flash. And after that I won't keep you, off you go to Venice. The Father will take you back to the Volovya station with his own horses..."

The old man was simply in raptures; he dashed off the note, the horses were sent for, a snack and cognac were served. When the old man was glad he always began to grow expansive, but this time he seemed to be holding himself back. About Dmitri Fyodorovich, for instance, he did not utter a single little word. And he was not touched by the parting at all. He even seemed not to find anything to talk about; and Ivan Fyodorovich took good note of it: "He's sick of me, all the same," he thought to himself. Only when he was seeing his son off from the porch did the old man seem to grow a little flustered, and he made a move to kiss him. But Ivan Fyodorovich quickly held out his hand to be shaken, evidently warding off the kisses. The old man understood at once and instantly checked himself.

"Well, God be with you, God be with you!" he kept repeating from the porch. "You'll come again sometime in your life, won't you? Well, do come, I'll always be glad. Well, Christ be with you!"

Ivan Fyodorovich climbed into the carriage.

“Goodbye, Ivan, don’t curse me too much!” his father shouted for the last time.

The whole household came out to see him off: Smerdyakov, Marfa, and Grigory. Ivan Fyodorovich gave each of them ten rubles. When he was already seated in the carriage, Smerdyakov sprang forward to straighten the rug.

“You see… I’m going to Chermashnya…” somehow suddenly broke from Ivan Fyodorovich; again, as yesterday, it slipped out all by itself, and with a sort of nervous little laugh besides. He remembered it for a long time afterward.

“So it’s true what people say, that even talking with a clever man is worth it,” Smerdyakov answered firmly, with a penetrating look at Ivan Fyodorovich.

The carriage started and raced off. The traveler’s soul was troubled, but he gazed greedily about him: at the fields, the hills, the trees, at a flock of geese passing high overhead across the clear sky. And suddenly he felt so good. He tried to strike up a conversation with the driver, and something in the peasant’s answer interested him terribly, but a minute later he realized that it had all gone in one ear and out the other, and that, to tell the truth, he had not even understood what the peasant had answered. He fell silent; it was good even so: the air clean, fresh, a little chilly, the sky clear. The images of Alyosha and Katerina Ivanovna flickered for a moment in his mind; but he smiled quietly and quietly blew at the dear phantoms, and they flew away: “Their time will come,” he thought. They covered the first stage quickly, changed horses, and raced on to Volovya. “Why is it worth talking with a clever man, what did he mean by that?” it suddenly took his breath away. “And why did I report to him that I was going to Chermashnya?” They galloped up to the Volovya station. Ivan Fyodorovich got out of the carriage, and the drivers crowded around him. They bargained over Chermashnya, twelve versts by a country road, with private

horses. He told them to harness up. He went into the station house, looked around, glanced at the stationmaster's wife, and suddenly went back out onto the porch.

"Never mind Chermashnya. Will I make the railway by seven, lads?"

"Just about. Shall we harness up, then?"

"Harness up this minute. Will any of you be in town tomorrow?"

"Sure, there's Mitry here, he will."

"Could you do me a favor, Mitry? Go to my father, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, and tell him that I didn't go to Chermashnya. Can you or not?"

"Why not, I'll go; we've known Fyodor Pavlovich a very long time."

"And here's something for tea, because he very likely won't give you anything..." Ivan Fyodorovich laughed merrily.

"That he won't, sure enough," Mitry laughed too. "Thank you, sir, we'll be sure to do it..."

At seven in the evening Ivan Fyodorovich boarded the train and flew off to Moscow. "Away with everything past, I am done with the old world forever, and let there be no news from it, no echo; to a new world, to new places, and no looking back!" But instead of rapture, such darkness suddenly descended on his soul, and such sorrow ached in his heart, as he had never felt before in all his life. He thought all night long; the train flew on, and only at daybreak, as it was already entering Moscow, did he suddenly seem to come to himself.

"I am a scoundrel!" he whispered to himself.

And Fyodor Pavlovich, having seen his dear son off, was left very pleased. For two whole hours he felt almost happy and sipped at his cognac; but suddenly an event occurred in the house that was most vexing and most unpleasant for everyone, and that instantly threw Fyodor Pavlovich into great confusion: Smerdyakov

went down into the cellar for something and fell from the top step to the bottom. It was lucky that Marfa Ignatyevna happened to be in the yard at the time and heard it in time. She did not see the fall, but she heard the cry, a peculiar, strange cry, but one long known to her: the cry of an epileptic falling in a fit. Whether the fit had come upon him at the moment he was going down the steps, so that he must of course have tumbled straight down senseless, or whether, on the contrary, it was from the fall and the shock that Smerdyakov, a known epileptic, had his fit, there was no telling, but they found him already at the bottom of the cellar, writhing and convulsed, thrashing about and foaming at the mouth. At first they thought he had surely broken something, an arm or a leg, and hurt himself badly, but nevertheless "the Lord preserved him," as Marfa Ignatyevna put it: nothing of the kind had happened, only it was hard to get him out and carry him up from the cellar into God's daylight. But they asked the neighbors for help and somehow managed it. Fyodor Pavlovich himself was present through the whole of this ceremony, helping with his own hands, visibly frightened and as if at a loss. The sick man, however, did not come to: the fits stopped for a while but then began again, and everyone concluded that the same thing would happen as last year, when he had also fallen by accident, from the attic. They remembered that ice had been put on the crown of his head then. There was still some ice left in the cellar, and Marfa Ignatyevna saw to it, and toward evening Fyodor Pavlovich sent for Doctor Herzenstube, who arrived at once. Having examined the patient carefully (he was the most careful and attentive doctor in the whole province, an elderly and most estimable little old man), he concluded that the fit was an extraordinary one and "might threaten danger," that for the time being he, Herzenstube, did not yet understand it all, but that tomorrow morning, if the present remedies did not help, he would decide on taking others. The sick man was put to bed in

the cottage, in a little room next to Grigory and Marfa Ignatyevna's quarters. After that Fyodor Pavlovich suffered nothing but misfortune upon misfortune all day: it was Marfa Ignatyevna who made the dinner, and the soup, next to what Smerdyakov would have made, came out "like dishwater," and the chicken proved so dried out that there was no possibility of chewing it at all. To her master's bitter, though just, reproaches Marfa Ignatyevna objected that the chicken had been a very old one to begin with, and that she herself had never trained as a cook. Toward evening another worry arose: Fyodor Pavlovich was informed that Grigory, who had been feeling poorly since the day before yesterday, had now all but taken to his bed altogether: his lower back had given out. Fyodor Pavlovich finished his tea as early as he could and shut himself in the house alone. He was in terrible and anxious expectation. The fact was that on this very evening he expected Grushenka to come almost for certain; at least he had received from Smerdyakov, early that morning, an almost firm assurance that "they've promised to come without fail, sir." The restless little old man's heart beat anxiously; he walked through his empty rooms and listened. He had to keep his ears pricked: Dmitri Fyodorovich might be lying in wait for her somewhere, and when she knocked at the window (Smerdyakov had assured Fyodor Pavlovich two days before that he had told her where and how to knock), the door had to be unlocked as quickly as possible and she must on no account be kept waiting a single needless second in the entryway, lest, God forbid, she should take fright at something and run away. It was a fretful business for Fyodor Pavlovich, but never yet had his heart bathed in sweeter hope: why, it could be said almost for certain that this time she would come without fail!...

Book Six: The Russian Monk

I. The Elder Zosima and His Visitors

When Alyosha, with alarm and with pain in his heart, entered the elder's cell, he stopped almost in amazement: instead of a dying man, perhaps already unconscious, as he had feared to find him, he suddenly saw him sitting in his armchair, his face worn with weakness but bright and cheerful, surrounded by visitors and holding a quiet and radiant conversation with them. He had, however, got up from his bed no more than a quarter of an hour before Alyosha arrived; the visitors had gathered in his cell earlier and were waiting for him to wake, on the firm assurance of Father Paisy that "the teacher will without doubt rise, to converse once more with those dear to his heart, as he himself declared and as he himself promised this very morning." In this promise, and indeed in every word of the dying elder, Father Paisy believed firmly, so much so that had he seen him wholly unconscious and even no longer breathing, but had he had his promise that he would rise once more and take leave of him, he would perhaps not have believed even death itself, but would have kept waiting for the dying man to come to himself and fulfill what he had promised. And that morning, as he lay down to sleep, the elder Zosima had positively declared to him: "I shall not die before I have once more drunk my fill of converse with you, beloved of my heart, and looked upon your dear faces, and poured out my soul to you once more." Those who had gathered for this, probably the elder's last conversation, were the friends most devoted to him over many years. There were four of them: the hieromonks Father Iosif and Father Paisy; the hieromonk Father Mikhail, the head of the her-

mitage, a man not yet very old, far from being as learned, of simple origin, but firm in spirit, of unshakable and simple faith, stern in appearance but deeply moved and tender in his heart, though he evidently hid this tenderness even to the point of a sort of shame. The fourth visitor was a quite aged, simple little monk of the poorest peasant origin, Brother Anfim, very nearly unlettered even, silent and quiet, who rarely even spoke with anyone, the humblest among the most humble, and who had the look of a man frightened forever, as it were, by something great and terrible, beyond the reach of his mind. This man, who seemed always to tremble, the elder Zosima loved very much, and all his life he treated him with extraordinary respect, although perhaps with no one in all his life had he spoken fewer words than with him, even though at one time he had spent many years wandering with him, the two of them together, all over holy Russia. That was very long ago now, some forty years before, when the elder Zosima had first begun his monastic labor in a poor, little-known monastery in Kostroma, and when, soon after that, he had gone to accompany Father Anfim on his wanderings to collect donations for their poor little Kostroma monastery. Everyone, host and visitors alike, had settled in the elder's second room, where his bed stood, a room, as was pointed out before, very cramped, so that all four of them (besides Porfiry the novice, who remained standing) barely found room around the elder's armchair, on chairs brought in from the first room. It was already beginning to grow dark; the room was lit by the icon lamps and the wax candles before the icons. Seeing Alyosha, who was embarrassed on entering and had stopped in the doorway, the elder smiled at him joyfully and held out his hand.

"Greetings, my quiet one, greetings, my dear, here you are. I knew you would come."

Alyosha went up to him, bowed down to the ground before him, and wept. Something was bursting from his heart, his soul was

trembling, he wanted to sob.

"Come now, wait a while before you mourn me," the elder said with a smile, and laid his right hand on his head. "You see, here I sit and talk; perhaps I shall live another twenty years yet, as that kind, dear woman from Vyshegorye wished me yesterday, the one with the little girl Lizaveta in her arms. Remember, O Lord, both the mother and the little girl Lizaveta! (He crossed himself.) Porfiry, that gift of hers, did you carry it where I told you?"

He was recalling the sixty kopecks given yesterday by the cheerful pilgrim woman, to be handed on to "some woman poorer than me." Offerings of this kind are made as penances, taken upon oneself voluntarily for one reason or another, and always from money earned by one's own labor. The elder had sent Porfiry the evening before to a townswoman of ours, a widow with children, who had lately been burned out and had taken to begging after the fire. Porfiry hastened to report that the thing was already done and that he had given it, as he had been told, "from an unknown benefactress."

"Get up, my dear," the elder went on to Alyosha, "let me look at you. Have you been to your family, and did you see your brother?"

It seemed strange to Alyosha that he asked so firmly and precisely about only one of his brothers—but which one? It must be, then, that it was for this brother's sake, perhaps, that he had sent him away from himself both yesterday and today.

"I saw one of my brothers," Alyosha answered.

"I mean that one from yesterday, the eldest, to whom I bowed down to the ground."

"Him I saw only yesterday, and today I could not find him anywhere," said Alyosha.

"Make haste to find him, go again tomorrow and make haste, leave everything and make haste. Perhaps you will still be in time

to prevent something terrible. Yesterday I bowed down before his great future suffering."

He suddenly fell silent and seemed to be lost in thought. The words were strange. Father Iosif, who had witnessed the elder's bow to the ground the day before, exchanged glances with Father Paisy. Alyosha could not contain himself.

"Father and teacher," he said in extraordinary agitation, "your words are too obscure… What suffering is it that awaits him?"

"Do not be curious. Yesterday I seemed to see something terrible… as though his look yesterday expressed his whole destiny. There was a certain look of his… such that I was instantly horrified in my heart at what this man is preparing for himself. Once or twice in my life I have seen the same expression on certain faces… as if it pictured the whole destiny of those people, and their destiny, alas, came true. I sent you to him, Alexei, because I thought that your brotherly face would help him. But all things are from the Lord, and all our destinies too. 'If a grain of wheat falls into the earth and does not die, it remains a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.' Remember this. And you, Alexei, I have many times blessed in my thoughts during my life for your face, know this," the elder said with a quiet smile. "This is my thought of you: you will go forth from these walls, and yet you will abide in the world as a monk. You will have many adversaries, but even your very enemies will love you. Life will bring you many misfortunes, but through them you will be happy, and you will bless life and make others bless it, which is the most important thing of all. Well, that is what you are like. My fathers and teachers," he turned to his visitors, smiling tenderly, "never until this day have I told, not even him, why the face of this young man was so dear to my soul. Only now will I tell it: his face was to me as it were a reminder and a prophecy. At the dawn of my days, when I was still a small child, I had an elder brother who died as a youth, before my eyes, only

seventeen years old. And afterward, as I went through my life, I gradually became convinced that this brother of mine had been in my destiny as it were a sign and a foreordaining from on high, for had he not appeared in my life, had he not been at all, I would never perhaps, so I think, have taken monastic orders and entered upon this precious path. That first appearance was still in my childhood, and now, toward the close of my journey, there has appeared to me before my very eyes something like its repetition. It is a wonderful thing, fathers and teachers, that, without being so very like him in face, but only somewhat, Alexei seemed to me so much like him in spirit that many times I took him as it were for that very youth, my brother, who had come to me mysteriously at the end of my journey, for a certain remembrance and insight, so that I even wondered at myself and at such a strange dream of mine. Do you hear this, Porfiry?" he turned to the novice who was attending him. "Many times I have seen on your face something like distress that I love Alexei more than you. Now you know why it was so, but I love you too, know that, and many times I grieved that you were distressed. And to you, dear visitors, I wish to tell of this youth, my brother, for there has been nothing in my life more precious than this, more prophetic and more moving. My heart is touched, and at this moment I behold my whole life, as though living it all through again..."

Here I must remark that this last conversation of the elder with the visitors who came to him on the last day of his life has been preserved in part in writing. Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov wrote it down from memory some time after the elder's death. But whether this was wholly the conversation of that evening, or whether he added to it in his notes from earlier conversations with his teacher as well, that I can no longer decide; besides, in these notes the elder's whole speech runs on as if without a break, as though he were setting out his life in the form of a tale, addressing

his friends, whereas, without doubt, judging by later accounts, in reality it went somewhat differently, for the conversation that evening was a general one, and although the visitors interrupted their host little, still they spoke from themselves as well, joining in the conversation, perhaps even telling and relating something of their own; besides, there could not have been such an unbroken flow in this narrative, for the elder sometimes gasped for breath, lost his voice, and even lay down on his bed to rest, though he did not fall asleep, and the visitors did not leave their places. Once or twice the conversation was interrupted by a reading from the Gospel; Father Paisy read. It is remarkable, too, that none of them, however, supposed that he would die that very night, all the more since on this last evening of his life, after his deep sleep during the day, he suddenly seemed to have found a new strength in himself, which sustained him all through this long conversation with his friends. It was as it were a last tenderness of heart, which sustained an incredible animation in him, but only for a short time, for his life broke off suddenly… But of that later. For now I wish to inform the reader that, rather than setting out all the details of the conversation, I have preferred to confine myself only to the elder's story according to the manuscript of Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov. It will be shorter, and not so tiring, although, of course, I repeat this, Alyosha took much from earlier conversations as well and put it all together.

II. From the Life of the Hieroschemamonk the Elder Zosima, Departed in God, Compiled from His Own Words by Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov

Biographical Information

(a) About the Elder Zosima's Young Brother

Beloved fathers and teachers, I was born in a distant northern province, in the town of V., to a father who was of the nobility, but not of a distinguished family and of no very high rank. He died when I was only two years old, and I do not remember him at all. He left my mother a small wooden house and some capital, not great, but enough to live on with her children without want. There were only two of us children: I, Zinovy, and my elder brother, Markel. He was about eight years older than I, of a hot-tempered and irritable character, but kind, not given to mockery, and strangely silent, especially at home, with me, with our mother, and with the servants. He did well at the gymnasium but did not make friends with his schoolfellows, though he did not quarrel with them either; so at least our mother remembered him. Half a year before his death, when he was already past seventeen, he took to visiting a certain man in our town who lived in solitude, a political exile of sorts, sent away from Moscow to our town for freethinking. This exile was no small scholar and a distinguished philosopher at the university. For some reason he took a liking to Markel and began to receive him. The youth would sit with him whole evenings, and so it went all winter, until the exile was summoned

back to government service in Petersburg, at his own request, for he had patrons. Lent began, and Markel would not keep the fast; he cursed and laughed at it: "It's all nonsense," he said, "and there is no God at all," so that he horrified our mother and the servants, and me too, little as I was, for although I was only nine, when I heard these words I too was very frightened. Our servants were all serfs, four of them, all bought in the name of a landowner we knew. I remember, too, how our mother sold one of these four, the cook Afimya, lame and elderly, for sixty rubles in paper money, and hired a free woman in her place. And then in the sixth week of Lent my brother suddenly grew worse; he had always been sickly, weak in the chest, of a frail constitution and inclined to consumption; he was quite tall, but thin and puny, and very fine of face. Perhaps he caught cold, but the doctor came and soon whispered to our mother that it was galloping consumption and that he would not live through the spring. Our mother began to weep, and began to ask my brother, cautiously (more so as not to frighten him), to fast and take communion of the holy mysteries of God, for he was still on his feet then. When he heard this he grew angry and cursed the church of God, yet he became thoughtful: he guessed at once that he was dangerously ill and that this was why his mother was sending him, while he still had the strength, to fast and take communion. However, he himself already knew that he had long been unwell, and a year before that he had once said coolly at table to me and our mother: "I am not long for this world among you; perhaps I won't live another year," and it was as though he had foretold it. Three days or so went by, and Holy Week came. And from Tuesday morning my brother began to fast and go to the services. "I am really doing this for you, Mother, to make you glad and set your mind at ease," he said to her. Our mother wept for joy, and from grief as well: "His end must be near, if such a change has come over him all at once." But he did not go

to church for long; he took to his bed, so that they heard his confession and gave him communion at home. Bright, clear, fragrant days came; Easter was late that year. All night long, I remember, he would cough and sleep badly, and in the morning he would always dress and try to sit in the soft armchair. That is how I shall always remember him: he sits there quiet and meek, smiling, ill as he is, but his face cheerful and joyful. He was changed altogether in his soul, such a wonderful change had suddenly begun in him! The old nurse would come into his room: "Let me light the lamp before the icon in your room too, my dear." Before, he would not allow it, he even used to blow it out. "Light it, dear, light it, I was a monster to forbid you before. You pray to God as you light the lamp, and I pray as I rejoice over you. So we are praying to the one God." These words seemed strange to us, and our mother would go off to her room and weep and weep, and only when she went in to him would she wipe her eyes and put on a cheerful look. "Mother, don't cry, my dear," he would say, "I have a long time yet to live, a long time to make merry with you, and life, life is merry, joyful!" "Ah, my dear, what merriment is there for you, when you burn with fever all night and cough so that your chest is nearly torn apart?" "Mama," he answered her, "don't cry, life is paradise, and we are all in paradise, but we do not want to know it, and if we wanted to know it, tomorrow there would be paradise all over the world." And everyone wondered at his words, he said it so strangely and so decidedly; they were moved and wept. Acquaintances came to see us: "My dear ones," he would say, "my precious ones, and what have I done to deserve your love, why do you love such a one as me, and how is it I did not know it before, did not value it?" To the servants who came in he kept saying: "My dear ones, my precious ones, why do you serve me, and am I even worth being served? If God had mercy and left me alive, I would serve you myself, for all of us must serve one another." Our

mother, listening, would shake her head: “My precious one, it’s your illness that makes you talk this way.” “Mama, my joy,” he said, “there cannot help but be masters and servants, but let me too be the servant of my servants, the same as they are to me. And I will tell you this too, Mother: each of us is guilty before everyone in everything, and I more than all.” Our mother even smiled at that, weeping and smiling: “Well, and how is it,” she said, “that you are guilty before everyone, more than all? There are murderers, robbers, and what sins have you had time to commit, that you accuse yourself more than all?” “Mother, my own lifeblood,” he said (he had begun to use such fond, unexpected words then), “my dear lifeblood, my joy, know that truly each of us is guilty before everyone, for everyone and for everything. I do not know how to explain it to you, but I feel that it is so, to the point of torment. And how is it we lived, and were angry, and knew nothing then?” So he would rise from sleep, every day more and more touched and joyful and all trembling with love. The doctor would come, an old German, Eisenschmidt, used to come: “Well, Doctor, shall I live another little day in this world?” he would joke with him. “Not just a day, you will live many days,” the doctor would answer, “and months and years too.” “But what are years, what are months!” he would exclaim. “Why count the days, even one day is enough for a man to know all happiness. My dear ones, why do we quarrel, boast before one another, remember each other’s offenses? Let us go straight out into the garden and walk and frolic, and love and praise one another, and kiss, and bless our life.” “He is not long for this world, your son,” the doctor said to our mother when she saw him out to the porch. “The illness is making him lose his mind.” The windows of his room looked out on the garden, and our garden was a shady one, with old trees; the spring buds had swelled on the trees, the early birds had come, chattering and singing to him at the windows. And all at once, looking at them and admiring them, he

began to ask their forgiveness too: “Birds of God, joyful birds, forgive me too, for I have sinned against you as well.” None of us at home could understand this at all then, and he was weeping with joy: “Yes,” he said, “there was such glory of God all around me: the birds, the trees, the meadows, the skies, and I alone lived in disgrace, I alone dishonored everything, and never noticed the beauty and the glory at all.” “You are taking too many sins upon yourself,” our mother would say, weeping. “Mother, my joy, I am weeping from gladness, not from grief; I want to be guilty before them myself, only I cannot explain it to you, for I do not know how to love them. Let me be a sinner before everyone, but then everyone will forgive me too, and that is paradise. Am I not in paradise now?”

And there was much more that I cannot remember or write down. I remember once going in to him alone, when there was no one with him. It was an evening hour, clear; the sun was setting and lit up the whole room with a slanting ray. Seeing me, he beckoned to me; I went up to him, he took me by the shoulders with both hands and looked into my face tenderly, lovingly; he said nothing, only looked at me like that for a minute or so: “Well,” he said, “run along now, play, live for me!” I went out then and went to play. And later in life I recalled many times, with tears now, how he bade me live for him. He said many more such wonderful and beautiful words, though we did not understand them then. He died in the third week after Easter, fully conscious, and although he had stopped speaking, he did not change until his very last hour: he looked about joyfully, gladness in his eyes, seeking us with his glances, smiling at us, calling us. Even in the town there was much talk of his death. All this shook me then, but not too much, though I wept a great deal when they buried him. I was young, a child, but everything remained in my heart indelibly, the feeling lay hidden.

In its own time it all had to rise up and respond. And so it happened.

(b) About Holy Scripture in the Life of Father Zosima

My mother and I were left alone then. Soon kind acquaintances advised her: here you have only one son left, they said, and you are not poor, you have capital, so why not follow the example of others and send your son to Petersburg? If he stays here, you may be depriving him of a distinguished career. And they put it into my mother's head to take me to Petersburg, to the Cadet Corps, so that I might afterward enter the Imperial Guard. My mother hesitated a long time: how could she part with her last son? But she made up her mind all the same, though not without many tears, thinking to further my happiness. She took me to Petersburg and placed me there, and from that time I never saw her again; for three years later she herself died, having grieved and trembled for us both all those three years. From my parents' house I brought away only precious memories, for there are no memories more precious to a man than those of his earliest childhood in his parents' house, and this is almost always so, if there is even a little love and harmony in the family. And even from the very worst family precious memories may be kept, if only your own soul is capable of seeking what is precious. Among my memories of home I count also my memories of sacred history, which, though only a child, I was very eager to know in my parents' house. I had a book then, a sacred history with beautiful pictures, called *A Hundred and Four Sacred Stories from the Old and New Testaments*, and from it I learned to read. It lies here on my shelf even now; I keep it as a precious remembrance. But even before I learned to read, I remember how a certain spiritual insight first visited me, when I was only eight years old. My mother took me alone (I do not remember where my brother was then) to the Lord's church on the Monday of Holy Week, to the liturgy. It was a clear day, and as I

remember it now I seem to see again how the incense rose from the censer and slowly went upward, and from above, in the dome, through a narrow little window, God's rays poured down upon us in the church, and the incense, rising to them in waves, seemed to melt into them. I watched with tender emotion, and for the first time in my life I received into my soul, consciously, the first seed of the word of God. A youth came out into the middle of the church with a big book, so big that it seemed to me then he could hardly even carry it, and he laid it on the lectern, opened it, and began to read, and suddenly then for the first time I understood something; for the first time in my life I understood what is read in the church of God. There was a man in the land of Uz, upright and God-fearing, and he had such-and-such riches, so many camels, so many sheep and asses, and his children made merry, and he loved them very much and prayed to God for them: perhaps they had sinned in their merrymaking. And now the devil goes up to God together with the sons of God and says to the Lord that he has gone all over the earth and under the earth. "And have you seen my servant Job?" God asks him. And God boasted to the devil, pointing to his great and holy servant. And the devil smiled at God's words: "Give him over to me, and you will see that your servant will murmur and curse your name." And God gave his righteous one, whom he loved so much, over to the devil, and the devil struck his children and his cattle and scattered his riches, all at once, as though by God's thunder, and Job tore his clothes and threw himself on the ground and cried out: "Naked I came out of my mother's womb, and naked I shall return to the earth; God gave, and God has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord from now and forever!" Fathers and teachers, bear with my tears now, for all my childhood seems to rise up again before me, and I breathe now as I breathed then with my little eight-year-old child's breast, and I feel, as I did then, wonder and confusion and

joy. And the camels so took hold of my imagination then, and Satan, who talks like that with God, and God, who gave up his servant to ruin, and his servant crying out: "Blessed be your name, although you punish me," and then the quiet, sweet singing in the church: "Let my prayer rise up like incense," and again the incense from the priest's censer, and the prayer on bended knees! Ever since then (I took it up only yesterday) I cannot read this most holy story without tears. And how much there is in it that is great, mysterious, beyond imagining! Afterward I heard the words of mockers and blasphemers, proud words: how could the Lord give up the most beloved of his saints to the devil for sport, take his children from him, strike him himself with sickness and sores, so that he scraped the pus from his wounds with a potsherd, and what for? Only to boast before Satan: "See what my saint can endure for my sake!" But that is the greatness of it, that there is a mystery here, that the passing earthly face and eternal truth have touched each other here. In the face of earthly justice an act of eternal justice is accomplished. Here the Creator, just as in the first days of creation, when he ended each day with praise, "What I have created is good," looks on Job and again boasts of his creation. And Job, praising the Lord, serves not only him but will serve all his creation, from generation to generation and forever and ever, for to this he was destined. Lord, what a book it is, and what lessons! What a book is this holy scripture, what a miracle and what a power are given to man with it! Like a sculpture of the world and of man and of human characters, and everything is named and shown forth forever and ever. And how many mysteries resolved and revealed: God restores Job again, gives him riches again, many years go by again, and now he has new children, different ones, and he loves them. Lord! "But how could he, it would seem, love these new ones, when those former ones are no more, when he has lost them? Remembering those, can he be fully happy, as

before, with the new ones, however dear the new ones may be to him?" But he can, he can: by the great mystery of human life the old grief passes little by little into a quiet, tender joy; in place of young, seething blood comes a meek, serene old age: I bless the rising of the sun each day, and my heart sings to it as before, but now I love its setting more, its long slanting rays, and with them quiet, meek, tender memories, dear images from all my long and blessed life, and over all of it the justice of God, moving the heart, reconciling, forgiving all! My life is ending, I know it and hear it, but I feel, with every day that is left to me, how my earthly life already touches a new, infinite, unknown, but swiftly approaching life, at the foretaste of which my soul trembles with rapture, my mind shines, and my heart weeps for joy... Friends and teachers, I have heard more than once, and now of late it is heard more loudly still, how our priests of God, and above all the village priests, complain tearfully and everywhere of their meager income and their humiliation, and declare outright, even in print (I have read it myself), that they can no longer, it seems, interpret the scriptures to the people, for their income is meager, and if Lutherans and heretics now come and begin to lure away the flock, then let them lure it away, for our income, they say, is meager. Lord! I think, God grant them more of this income that is so precious to them (for their complaint too is just), but truly I say: if anyone is to blame for this, half the blame is ours! For granted that he has no time, granted that he says rightly that he is weighed down all the time by work and by the services he must perform, still it is not all the time; surely he has at least one hour in the whole week to remember God as well. And besides, the work does not go on the whole year round. Let him gather at his house once a week, in the evening hour, only the children at first; the fathers will hear of it, and the fathers too will begin to come. And there is no need to build mansions for this work; simply take them into your cottage;

do not be afraid, they will not foul your cottage, you are gathering them for only one hour. Let him open this book to them and begin to read, without learned words and without conceit, without lording it over them, but tenderly and meekly, rejoicing himself that he is reading to them and that they are listening to him and understanding him, loving these words himself; only now and then let him stop and explain some word a simple man would not understand; do not worry, they will understand everything, the Orthodox heart will understand it all! Read to them about Abraham and Sarah, about Isaac and Rebecca, about how Jacob went to Laban and wrestled in a dream with the Lord and said: "How fearful is this place," and you will strike the pious mind of the simple man. Read to them, and especially to the children, about how the brothers sold their own brother into slavery, the dear boy Joseph, the dreamer and great prophet, and told their father that a wild beast had torn his son to pieces, showing him his blood-stained garment. Read how the brothers afterward came to Egypt for grain, and Joseph, by then a great courtier, unrecognized by them, tormented them, accused them, detained his brother Benjamin, and all the while loving them: "I love you, and loving you I torment you." For all his life he had remembered unceasingly how they had sold him to merchants somewhere out there in the scorching steppe, by a well, and how he, wringing his hands, had wept and begged his brothers not to sell him as a slave into a foreign land, and now, seeing them after so many years, he loved them again beyond measure, but he harried and tormented them, all the while loving them. At last he goes away from them, unable himself to bear the torment of his heart, throws himself on his bed and weeps; then he wipes his face and comes out shining and radiant and announces to them: "Brothers, I am Joseph, your brother!" Let him read further about how the aged Jacob rejoiced on learning that his dear boy was still alive, and set out for Egypt, leaving

even his homeland, and died in a foreign land, pronouncing forever and ever in his testament the greatest word, which had been mysteriously held all his life in his meek and timid heart, that from his line, from Judah, would come the great hope of the world, its reconciler and savior! Fathers and teachers, forgive me and do not be angry that like a little child I am speaking of what you have long known and could teach me yourselves a hundred times more skillfully and more fittingly. I say it only out of rapture, and forgive my tears, for I love this book! Let him weep too, the priest of God, and he will see that the hearts of those who listen to him will be shaken in answer. Only a little seed is needed, a tiny one: let him cast it into the soul of the simple man, and it will not die; it will live in his soul all his life, hidden in him amid the darkness, amid the stench of his sins, like a point of light, like a great reminder. And there is no need, no need to explain and teach much; he will understand everything simply. Do you think the simple man will not understand? Try reading to him next the touching and moving tale of the beautiful Esther and the haughty Vashti; or the wonderful story of the prophet Jonah in the belly of the whale. Do not forget, too, the Lord's parables, chiefly from the Gospel of Luke (that is what I did), and then from the Acts of the Apostles the conversion of Saul (that without fail, without fail!), and finally from the *Lives of the Saints*, if only the life of Alexis, the Man of God, and of the greatest of the great, the joyful sufferer, the beholder of God and bearer of Christ, Mother Mary of Egypt, and you will pierce his heart with these simple tales, and all for only an hour a week, in spite of your meager income, just one little hour. And he will see for himself that our people are merciful and grateful and will repay him a hundredfold; remembering the priest's zeal and his tender words, they will help him in his field of their own will, they will help him in his house too, and they will repay him with more respect than before, and there his income will have grown already.

The thing is so simple-hearted that sometimes we are even afraid to say it aloud, for they will laugh at you for it, and yet how true it is! He who does not believe in God will not believe in God's people either. But he who has come to believe in God's people will behold their holiness as well, even if he did not believe in it at all before. Only the people and their spiritual power to come will convert our atheists, who have torn themselves away from their native soil. And what is Christ's word without an example? Without the word of God the people perish, for their soul thirsts for the word and for every beautiful thing it can receive. In my youth, long ago now, nearly forty years since, Father Anfim and I went all over Russia collecting alms for the monastery, and one night we stayed on the bank of a great navigable river, with some fishermen, and with us sat a comely youth, a peasant, eighteen or so to look at; he was hurrying to his place, to haul a merchant's barge by towrope the next day. And I see him looking before him, tenderly and serenely. It was a bright, quiet, warm July night, the river broad, a mist rising from it, refreshing us, now and then a fish splashing softly, the birds had fallen silent, all was quiet, seemly, all was praying to God. And only the two of us were not asleep, I and this youth, and we fell to talking about the beauty of this world of God's and about its great mystery. Every blade of grass, every little bug, the ant, the golden bee, all of them know their path to an amazing degree, without having reason; they bear witness to the mystery of God, they accomplish it ceaselessly themselves, and I saw that the dear youth's heart was kindled. He told me that he loved the forest, the forest birds; he was a bird catcher, he understood every whistle of theirs, he knew how to lure every bird; I know nothing better than being in the forest, he said, though everything is good. "Truly," I answered him, "everything is good and glorious, because everything is truth. Look," I said to him, "at the horse, a great animal that stands close to man, or at the ox, that feeds him and labors for

him, downcast and pensive; look at their faces: what meekness, what attachment to man, who often beats him mercilessly, what gentleness, what trustfulness, and what beauty in his face. It is touching even to know that there is no sin on him, for everything is perfect, everything except man is sinless, and Christ is with them even before us." "Can it really be," the youth asks, "that Christ is with them too?" "How could it be otherwise," I said to him, "for the Word is for all; all creation and every creature, every little leaf strives toward the Word, sings glory to God, weeps to Christ, unknown to itself, accomplishes this by the mystery of its sinless life. Over there," I said to him, "in the forest roams the fearsome bear, terrible and fierce, and guilty of nothing in it." And I told him how a bear once came to a great saint who was working out his salvation in the forest, in a little cell, and the great saint was moved with tenderness over him, went out to him fearlessly, and gave him a piece of bread: "Go your way," he said, "Christ be with you," and the fierce beast went away obediently and meekly, without doing any harm. And the youth was moved that it had gone away without doing harm, and that Christ was with it too. "Ah," he said, "how good that is, how good and wonderful everything of God's is!" He sat there lost in thought, quietly and sweetly. I saw that he understood. And he fell asleep beside me in a light, sinless sleep. Lord, bless youth! And I prayed for him myself, before I went to sleep. Lord, send peace and light to your people!

(c) Memories of the Elder Zosima's Youth and Young Manhood, Still in the World. The Duel

In Petersburg, in the Cadet Corps, I stayed a long time, almost eight years, and with my new education I stifled many of my childhood impressions, though I forgot none of them. In their place I took on so many new habits and even opinions that I turned into a creature almost savage, cruel, and absurd. I acquired a polish of courtesy and worldly manners together with the French language,

and the soldiers who served us in the Corps we all regarded as utter brutes, and I did too. I more than anyone, perhaps, for of all my comrades I was the most impressionable in everything. When we came out as officers, we were ready to shed our blood for the insulted honor of our regiment, but as for true honor, almost none of us even knew what it is, and had he come to know it, he would have been the very first to ridicule it at once. We were almost proud of drunkenness, debauchery, and swagger. I will not say that we were wicked; all these young men were good, but they behaved wickedly, and I most of all. The main thing was that I had come into my own capital, and so I threw myself into living for my own pleasure, with all the impetuousness of youth, without restraint; I sailed off under full canvas. But here is the wonderful thing: I read books then too, and even with great pleasure; the Bible alone I almost never opened at that time, yet I never parted with it either, but carried it everywhere with me: truly I was keeping that book, without knowing it myself, "for the day and the hour, for the month and the year." After serving in this way for some four years, I found myself at last in the town of K., where our regiment was stationed then. The society of the town was varied, numerous, and gay, hospitable and rich, and I was well received everywhere, for I was cheerful by nature, and besides I was reputed to be not poor, which in society counts for a good deal. And then a certain circumstance occurred that was the beginning of everything. I became attached to a young and beautiful girl, intelligent and worthy, of a bright, noble character, the daughter of respected parents. They were people of no small standing, with wealth, influence, and power, and they received me kindly and cordially. And it seemed to me that the girl was disposed toward me in her heart, and my heart was kindled by such a dream. Afterward I myself perceived and fully understood that perhaps I had not loved her with such force at all, but only honored her mind and her lofty

character, as I could not fail to do. Selfishness, however, kept me from offering her my hand at that time: it seemed hard and frightening, at so young an age, and with money besides, to part with the temptations of a dissolute, free bachelor's life. I did, however, drop hints. In any case, I put off every decisive step for a short while. And just then I happened to be sent off on duty to another district for two months. I come back after two months and suddenly learn that the girl is already married, to a rich landowner from near the town, a man older than I in years but still young, with connections in the capital and in the best society, which I did not have, a very amiable man and educated besides, and education was a thing I did not have at all. I was so struck by this unexpected event that my very mind was clouded. The main thing was that, as I learned at the time, this young landowner had been her betrothed for a long while, and I myself had met him many times in their house but had noticed nothing, blinded by my own merits. And it was this above all that offended me: how was it that almost everyone knew, and I alone knew nothing? And suddenly I felt an unbearable spite. With a flush in my face I began to remember how many times I had almost declared my love to her, and since she had not stopped me or warned me, it followed, I concluded, that she had been laughing at me. Afterward, of course, I realized and recalled that she had not been laughing at all; on the contrary, she herself would break off such conversations jokingly and begin others in their place; but at the time I could not see this and burned for revenge. I recall with surprise that this revenge and my anger were extremely burdensome and repugnant to me myself, for, having an easy character, I could not stay angry with anyone for long, and so I as it were fanned the flame in myself artificially and became at last outrageous and absurd. I bided my time, and once, in a large company, I managed suddenly to insult my "rival," supposedly over a matter quite unconnected, by mocking an opin-

ion of his about a certain event that was important at the time (it was in the year twenty-six), and I managed to mock it, people said, wittily and adroitly. Then I forced him to have it out with me, and in having it out I was so rude to him that he took up my challenge, despite the enormous difference between us, for I was younger than he, insignificant, and of low rank. Later I learned for certain that he had accepted my challenge as it were out of a jealous feeling toward me as well: he had been a little jealous of me before, over his wife, then still his bride; and now he thought that if she learned he had endured an insult from me and had not resolved to challenge me to a duel, she might involuntarily come to despise him and her love might waver. I soon found a second, a comrade, a lieutenant of our own regiment. In those days, although duels were cruelly prosecuted, there was even a sort of fashion for them among military men, so savage do prejudices sometimes grow and take root. It was the end of June, and our meeting was set for the next day, outside the town, at seven in the morning, and truly something as it were fateful happened to me then. Returning home in the evening, ferocious and outrageous, I grew angry with my orderly, Afanasy, and struck him twice in the face with all my strength, so that his face was bloodied. He had not been in my service long, and it had happened before that I struck him, but never with such bestial cruelty. And would you believe it, my dear ones, forty years have passed since then, and I still recall it with shame and torment. I went to bed, slept about three hours, and when I got up, the day was already beginning. I suddenly rose, I had no wish to sleep any longer; I went to the window and opened it (it gave onto the garden), and I see the sun rising, it is warm and beautiful, the birds have begun to ring out. What is it, I think, that I feel in my soul, something as it were shameful and base? Is it not because I am going to shed blood? No, I think, it does not seem to be that. Is it not because I am afraid of death, afraid of being

killed? No, not that at all, not that at all… And suddenly, right then, I guessed what the matter was: it was that I had beaten Afanasy the evening before! Everything suddenly stood before me again, as though it were happening over again: he stands before me, and I strike him with a full swing right in the face, and he keeps his arms at his sides, his head erect, his eyes staring as if on parade, flinching at each blow and not even daring to raise his hands to shield himself; and this is what a man has been brought to, and this is a man beating a man! What a crime! It was as if a sharp needle had gone right through my soul. I stand there as if dazed, and the sun is shining, the little leaves are rejoicing, glittering, and the birds, the birds are praising God… I covered my face with both palms, fell onto the bed, and burst into sobs. And then I remembered my brother Markel and his words to the servants before his death: "My dear ones, my precious ones, why do you serve me, why do you love me, and am I even worth being served?" "Yes, am I worth it?" suddenly leapt into my head. Indeed, what am I worth, that another man, just like me, the image and likeness of God, should serve me? So this question pierced my mind for the first time in my life then. "Mother, my lifeblood, truly each of us is guilty before everyone, for everyone, only people do not know it, and if they knew it, there would be paradise at once!" "Lord, can it be that this too is untrue?" I weep and think. "Truly I, perhaps, am more guilty than all, for all, and worse than all the people in the world!" And suddenly the whole truth stood before me in all its light: what am I going to do? I am going to kill a man who is good, intelligent, noble, who has done me no wrong in anything, and thereby I will deprive his wife of happiness forever, torment her and kill her. I lay like that on the bed, face down, my face in the pillow, and did not even notice how the time went by. Suddenly my comrade the lieutenant comes in for me, with the pistols: "Ah," he says, "good, you're up already, it's time, let's go." I began rushing about then, I

was quite at a loss, but we went out all the same to get into the carriage: “Wait here a moment,” I say to him, “I’ll run back in a flash, I’ve forgotten my purse.” And I ran back alone into the apartment, straight to Afanasy’s little room: “Afanasy,” I say, “yesterday I struck you twice in the face, forgive me,” I say. He simply started, as if frightened, and stared, and I see that this is not enough, not enough, and suddenly, just as I was, in my epaulets, I flung myself down at his feet with my forehead to the ground: “Forgive me!” I say. At that he was utterly dumbfounded: “Your Honor, master, sir, how can you… am I even worth…” and suddenly he himself burst into tears, just as I had a little while before; he covered his face with both palms, turned to the window, and shook all over with sobbing, and I ran out to my comrade, flew into the carriage, “Drive on!” I shout. “Have you ever seen a conqueror?” I shout to him. “Here he is, before you!” There is such rapture in me, I laugh, I talk and talk all the way, I no longer remember what I said. He looks at me: “Well, brother, you’re a fine fellow, I can see you’ll uphold the uniform.” So we arrived at the place, and they were already there, waiting for us. They placed us twelve paces apart; his was the first shot; I stand before him cheerful, face to face, without blinking an eye, looking at him with love; I know what I will do. He fired, and it only grazed my cheek a tiny bit and nicked my ear. “Thank God,” I cry, “no man has been killed!” and I seized my own pistol, turned around, and flung it up into the trees: “That’s the place for you!” I cry. I turned to my adversary: “My dear sir,” I say, “forgive me, a foolish young man, for offending you through my own fault and now making you fire at me. I myself am ten times worse than you, and perhaps even more than that. Tell this to the person whom you honor above all in the world.” No sooner had I said this than all three of them began to shout: “Good heavens,” says my adversary, even getting angry, “if you did not want to fight, why did you trouble me?” “Yesterday,” I say to him, “I

was still a fool, but today I have grown wiser," I answer him cheerfully like that. "I believe you about yesterday," he says, "but about today it is hard to agree with your opinion." "Bravo," I cry to him, and I clapped my hands, "I agree with you in that too, I have deserved it!" "Will you fire, my dear sir, or not?" "I will not," I say, "but you, if you like, fire again, only it would be better for you not to fire." The seconds are shouting too, especially mine: "How can you disgrace the regiment, begging forgiveness when you are standing at the barrier; if I had only known!" Then I stood before them all and I am no longer laughing: "Gentlemen," I say, "is it really so astonishing in our day to meet a man who would himself repent of his foolishness and publicly confess his fault where he is at fault?" "But not at the barrier!" my second shouts again. "That is just it," I answer them, "that is what is astonishing, for I ought to have confessed my fault as soon as we arrived here, even before his shot, and not have led him into a great and mortal sin, but we have arranged ourselves in the world so outrageously," I say, "that to act so was almost impossible, for only after I had stood up to his shot at twelve paces could my words mean anything to them now, and if I had spoken before the shot, as soon as we arrived, they would simply have said: a coward, frightened of the pistol, and no use listening to him. Gentlemen," I suddenly exclaimed from the bottom of my heart, "look about you at God's gifts: the sky so clear, the air so pure, the grass so tender, and the birds, and all of nature, beautiful and sinless, and we, we alone, are godless and foolish and do not understand that life is paradise, for we have only to want to understand, and at once it will come in all its beauty, and we shall embrace and weep..." I wanted to go on, but I could not, my breath was even taken away, so sweetly, so youthfully, and in my heart there was such happiness as I had never felt in all my life. "All this is very sensible and pious," my adversary says to me, "and in any case you are an original man." "Laugh," I laugh

back at him, “and later you will praise me yourself.” “But I am ready to praise you now,” he says. “If you please, I will hold out my hand to you, for it seems you really are a sincere man.” “No,” I say, “not now, but later, when I have become better and deserve your respect, then hold it out, and you will do well.” We returned home; my second grumbled the whole way, and I kept kissing him. At once my comrades heard of it and gathered to judge me that same day: “He has soiled the uniform,” they said, “let him resign his commission.” Defenders turned up too: “He did stand up to the shot, all the same,” they said. “Yes, but he was afraid of the other shots and asked forgiveness at the barrier.” “But if he had been afraid of the shots,” the defenders objected, “he would have fired his own pistol first, before asking forgiveness, and he flung it into the woods still loaded; no, something else has happened here, something original.” I listen, looking at them cheerfully. “My dearest friends and comrades,” I say, “do not worry about my resigning my commission, because I have already done so, I have already sent in my resignation, today, at the office, this morning, and when I get my discharge I shall go straight into a monastery; that is why I am resigning.” As soon as I said this, every one of them burst out laughing: “Why didn’t you let us know from the start? Well, now everything is explained, a monk can’t be judged.” They laugh and cannot stop, and not mockingly at all, but kindly, merrily; all of them suddenly came to love me, even the fiercest of my accusers, and afterward, all that month, until my discharge came through, they all but carried me in their arms: “Ah, you monk,” they say. And everyone has a kind word for me; they set about talking me out of it, even pitying me: “What are you doing to yourself?” “No,” some said, “he’s a brave one, he stood up to the shot and could have fired his own pistol, only the night before he dreamed he was to go and be a monk, and that’s the reason.” Almost exactly the same thing happened in the society of the town. Before, they had not particularly

noticed me, but only received me cordially, and now suddenly they all vied with one another to get to know me and invite me to their homes: they themselves laugh at me, and yet they love me. I will remark here that, although everyone was talking openly about our duel then, the authorities hushed up the affair, for my adversary was a close relative of our general, and since the matter had passed off without bloodshed, as if in jest, and since I had, after all, resigned my commission, they did indeed turn it into a jest. And then I began to speak aloud and without fear, in spite of their laughter, because the laughter, after all, was not spiteful but good-natured. All these conversations took place mostly in the evenings, in the company of ladies; the women came to like listening to me more then, and they made the men listen too. “But how can it be that I am guilty for everyone?” everyone laughs in my face. “Well, can I be guilty for you, for instance?” “But how,” I answer them, “could you even come to know it, when the whole world has long since taken another road and we take the downright lie for truth and demand the same lie from others? Here I have once in my life up and acted sincerely, and what then? I have become a sort of holy fool to all of you: though you have come to love me, still you laugh at me,” I say. “But how could anyone help loving such a man as you?” the hostess laughs aloud to me, and there was a large gathering at her house. Suddenly I look, and from among the ladies rises that very young woman over whom I had issued my challenge then, and whom only so recently I had been intending as my bride, and I had not even noticed that she had now arrived for the evening. She rose, came up to me, held out her hand: “Allow me,” she says, “to tell you that I am the first not to laugh at you, but, on the contrary, I thank you with tears and declare my respect for you for what you did then.” Then her husband too came up, and suddenly everyone began to crowd toward me, all but kissing me. I felt so joyful, but more than anyone else I suddenly noticed then a

certain gentleman, a man already elderly, who was also coming up to me; though I had known him by name before, I had never been acquainted with him and until that evening had not even exchanged a word with him.

(d) The Mysterious Visitor

He had been in government service in our town for a long time already, and held a prominent post; he was a man respected by everyone, rich, renowned for his charity; he had donated a considerable capital to the almshouse and the orphanage, and besides that he did many good deeds secretly, without publicity, all of which came to light after his death. He was about fifty years old, and his look was almost stern; he was a man of few words; he had been married no more than ten years, to a wife who was still young, by whom he had three children, still small. And so the next evening I am sitting at home when suddenly my door opens and in walks this very gentleman.

I must remark that I was no longer living in my former lodgings then; as soon as I sent in my resignation, I moved to others and rented rooms from an old woman, the widow of an official, with her servant to wait on me, for the very reason I moved to these lodgings was that on the same day I returned from the duel I had sent Afanasy back to his company, because I was ashamed to look him in the eye after the way I had treated him that day; so inclined is the unprepared man of the world to be ashamed even of some most just deed of his own.

"I," says the gentleman who had come in to me, "have been listening to you for several days now in various houses with great curiosity, and I have wished at last to become personally acquainted, so as to talk with you in still greater detail. Can you do me, my dear sir, so great a service?" "I can," I say, "with the greatest pleasure, and I shall consider it a special honor," I say this to him, but I myself am almost frightened, so struck was I by him from the

very first then. For though people had listened to me and been curious about me, no one had yet come up to me with such a serious and stern inward look. And this one had even come to my lodgings himself. He sat down. “I see a great strength of character in you,” he goes on, “for you were not afraid to serve the truth in a matter in which you risked, for your truth, bearing the general contempt of everyone.” “Perhaps you praise me far too highly,” I say to him. “No, not too highly,” he answers me. “Believe me, to commit such an act is much harder than you think. That is really,” he goes on, “the one thing that struck me, and it is for this that I have come to you. Describe to me, if you will not disdain what is perhaps a most improper curiosity of mine, what precisely you felt at the moment when you decided at the duel to ask forgiveness, if only you remember it? Do not take my question for frivolity; on the contrary, in asking such a question I have a secret purpose of my own, which I shall probably explain to you later, if it pleases God to bring us closer still.”

All the while he was saying this, I looked him straight in the face, and suddenly I felt the strongest trust in him, and besides that an extraordinary curiosity on my part as well, for I sensed that he had some special secret of his own in his soul.

“You ask what precisely I felt at the moment when I asked my adversary’s forgiveness,” I answer him, “but I had better tell you from the very beginning what I have not yet told anyone else,” and I told him everything that had happened between me and Afanasy, and how I had bowed down to the ground before him. “From this you can see for yourself,” I concluded to him, “that at the duel itself it was already easier for me, for I had begun at home, and once I had set out on this road, everything further went not only without difficulty but even joyfully and gladly.”

He heard me out and looked at me so kindly: “All this,” he says, “is extraordinarily interesting; I shall come to you again and again.”

And from then on he began to visit me almost every evening. And we would have become great friends, if he had talked to me about himself as well. But about himself he said almost not a word, and kept asking me about myself instead. In spite of this I came to love him very much and trusted him completely with all my feelings, for I thought: what do I need his secrets for? I can see even without them that he is a righteous man. Besides, he was so serious a man, and so far from my equal in years, and yet he came to me, a youth, and did not disdain me. And I learned much that was useful from him, for he was a man of lofty mind. "That life is paradise," he says to me suddenly, "I have been thinking about that for a long time," and suddenly he added: "That is all I think about." He looks at me and smiles. "I am more convinced of it than you are," he says. "Later you will learn why." I listen to this and think to myself: "He surely wants to reveal something to me." "Paradise," he says, "lies hidden in each of us; here it is concealed in me too, now, and if I wish it, it will come for me in very truth tomorrow, and for the rest of my life." I look: he is speaking with tender feeling and looking at me mysteriously, as though questioning me. "And as for every man being guilty for everyone and for everything, apart from his own sins," he goes on, "you reasoned about that quite rightly, and it is astonishing how you could suddenly embrace this thought so fully. And it is truly so, that when people understand this thought, the kingdom of heaven will come for them, no longer in a dream but in very truth." "But when," I exclaimed to him then with sorrow, "will this come to pass, and will it ever come to pass? Is it not only a dream?" "There, now you do not believe," he says. "You preach it, and you yourself do not believe. Know, then, that this dream, as you call it, will without doubt come to pass, believe that, but not now, for every action has its own law. It is a matter of the soul, a psychological matter. In order to remake the world anew, people themselves must turn psychologically onto another road. Until you

have in very truth become a brother to everyone, brotherhood will not come. Never will people, by any science or by any advantage, be able to share out their property and their rights among themselves without offense. Everything will be too little for each, and they will all murmur, envy, and destroy one another. You ask when this will come to pass. It will come to pass, but first the period of human *isolation* must come to its end." "What isolation is that?" I ask him. "Why, the kind that reigns everywhere now, and especially in our age, but it has not yet run its whole course, and its time has not yet come. For everyone now strives to set his own person apart as much as he can, wants to experience the fullness of life in himself alone, and meanwhile all his efforts lead not to the fullness of life but only to full self-destruction, for instead of the full definition of their being they fall into complete isolation. For in our age all have split up into units, each withdraws into his own burrow, each keeps away from the others, hides, and hides what he has, and ends by being repelled by people himself and repelling people from himself. He amasses wealth in isolation and thinks: how strong I am now, and how secure; and the madman does not know that the more he amasses, the deeper he sinks into a self-destroying impotence. For he has grown used to relying on himself alone and has split off from the whole as a unit; he has taught his soul not to believe in human help, in people and in mankind, and only trembles lest he lose his money and the rights he has acquired. Everywhere now the human mind is beginning, mockingly, not to understand that the true security of the person lies not in his own isolated effort but in the general wholeness of mankind. But it will surely come about that the time will come for this terrible isolation too to end, and all will understand at once how unnaturally they have separated themselves from one another. Such will be the spirit of the time, and they will be astonished that they sat so long in darkness and did not see the light.

And then the sign of the Son of Man will appear in heaven… But until then the banner must still be kept, and every now and then, even if only alone, a man must suddenly set an example and draw his soul out of isolation into a great deed of brotherly communion, even if it be in the guise of a holy fool. This is so that the great thought may not die…"

It was in such fiery and rapturous conversations that our evenings passed, one after another. I even gave up society and began to appear at people's houses much more rarely, besides which the fashion for me was beginning to pass. I say this not in reproach, for they went on loving me and treating me cheerfully; but that fashion really is no small queen in society, this must be admitted all the same. My mysterious visitor I came at last to regard with admiration, for, besides delighting in his mind, I began to sense that he was nursing some design within himself and preparing for a great deed, perhaps. Perhaps he liked it, too, that I showed no outward curiosity about his secret and did not question him either directly or by hints. But I noticed at last that he himself seemed to be beginning to languish with the wish to reveal something to me. At least this had become very noticeable about a month after he began visiting me. "Do you know," he asked me once, "that people in town are very curious about the two of us and wonder that I come to see you so often? But let them, for *soon everything will be explained*." Sometimes an extraordinary agitation would suddenly come over him, and almost always in such cases he would get up and leave. And sometimes he would look at me for a long time, and piercingly, as it were, and I would think: "He is going to say something any moment now," but he would suddenly break off and begin to talk about something familiar and ordinary. He also began to complain often of headaches. And then once, quite unexpectedly even, after he had been talking long and

ardently, I see that he has suddenly turned pale, his face is all twisted, and he is staring right at me, point-blank.

"What is the matter with you?" I say. "Are you feeling unwell?"

He had, in fact, been complaining of a headache.

"I… do you know… I… killed a man."

He said it and smiled, and he was white as chalk. "Why is he smiling?" the thought suddenly pierced my heart before I had grasped anything else. I myself turned pale.

"What are you saying?" I cry to him.

"You see," he answers me, still with a pale smile, "how dearly it cost me to say the first word. Now I have said it, and it seems I have set out on the road. I shall go on."

For a long time I did not believe him, and I did not believe him all at once, but only after he had come to me three days running and told me everything in detail. I took him for a madman, but ended by being convinced at last, plainly, with very great sorrow and astonishment. He had committed a great and terrible crime, fourteen years before, against a rich lady, young and beautiful, a widowed landowner who kept a house of her own in our town for her visits. Conceiving a great love for her, he declared his love to her and began urging her to marry him. But her heart already belonged to another, a distinguished military man of no low rank, who was away on campaign at the time and whom she was expecting back soon, however. She rejected his proposal and asked him not to call on her. Having stopped calling, he, knowing the layout of her house, made his way to her one night from the garden across the roof, with very great daring, at the risk of being discovered. But, as very often happens, crimes committed with extraordinary daring succeed more often than others. Entering the attic of the house through a dormer window, he went down into the living rooms by the little attic staircase, knowing that the door at the bottom of the staircase was not always locked, through the care-

lessness of the servants. He counted on this negligence this time too, and found it just so. Having made his way into the living quarters, he went in the dark into her bedroom, where an icon lamp was burning. And, as if on purpose, both her maids had slipped out quietly without leave, to a name-day party in the neighborhood, on the same street. The rest of the servants, men and women, were asleep in the servants' quarters and in the kitchen, on the ground floor. At the sight of her sleeping, passion flared up in him, and then a vengeful, jealous fury seized his heart, and, beside himself, as if drunk, he went up and plunged a knife straight into her heart, so that she did not even cry out. Then, with a hellish and most criminal calculation, he arranged things so that the servants would be suspected: he did not disdain to take her purse; with the keys he took from under her pillow he opened her chest of drawers and took some things from it, exactly as an ignorant servant would have done, that is, he left the securities and took only the money; he took a few of the larger gold things, and passed over small things ten times more precious. He took something else, too, as a keepsake for himself, but of that later. Having done this terrible deed, he left by the same way he had come in. Not the next day, when the alarm went up, and not ever afterward in all his life did it enter anyone's head to suspect the real villain! And no one knew of his love for her either, for he had always been of a silent and uncommunicative character, and had no friend to whom he confided his soul. They considered him simply an acquaintance of the murdered woman, and not even so close a one, for in the last two weeks he had not visited her. Suspicion fell at once on her serf manservant Pyotr, and all the circumstances came together just so as to confirm this suspicion, for this servant knew, and the dead woman herself had made no secret of it, that she intended to give him up as a soldier, to count against the recruit due from her peasants, since he was without family and badly behaved besides.

He had been heard threatening, drunk and in a rage, in a drinking house, to kill her. Two days before her death he had run away and was living somewhere in the town, no one knew where. The day after the murder they found him on the road, at the edge of town, dead drunk, a knife in his pocket and, for some reason, blood on his right palm besides. He insisted that the blood had come from his nose, but they did not believe him. The maids confessed that they had been at the party and that the front door from the porch had remained unlocked until their return. And a great many other signs of the same kind turned up, on account of which the innocent servant was seized. They arrested him and began the trial, but just a week later the arrested man fell ill with a fever and died in the hospital without regaining consciousness. With that the case was closed; it was left to the will of God, and everyone, the judges and the authorities and all of society, remained convinced that the crime had been committed by none other than the dead servant. And after that the punishment began.

The mysterious visitor, and now my friend, told me that at first he had not even suffered any pangs of conscience at all. He suffered for a long time, but not from that, only from grief at having killed the woman he loved, at her being gone, at having killed his love by killing her, while the fire of passion still burned in his blood. But of the innocent blood that had been shed, of the killing of a human being, he hardly thought at all then. The thought that his victim might have become another man's wife seemed impossible to him, and so for a long while his conscience told him he could have done nothing else. In the beginning the arrest of the servant troubled him somewhat, but the swift illness and then the death of the prisoner set his mind at rest, for the man had died, by every evidence (so he reasoned then), not from the arrest or from fright but from a chill he had caught precisely during the days of his running away, when he had lain dead drunk all night on the

damp ground. The stolen things and the money troubled him little, for (so he reasoned still) the theft had been done not for gain but to turn suspicion elsewhere. The sum stolen was insignificant, and soon afterward he donated the whole of it, and even a much greater sum, to the almshouse that was being founded in our town. He did it deliberately, to quiet his conscience over the theft, and, remarkably, for a time, and even a long time, he really was at rest; he told me so himself. He threw himself then into great activity in his service, himself asked for a troublesome and difficult assignment that occupied him for some two years, and, being of a strong character, he almost forgot what had happened; and when he did remember, he tried not to think about it at all. He threw himself into charity too, set up much and donated much in our town, made a name for himself in the capitals as well, was elected in Moscow and in Petersburg a member of the charitable societies there. But all the same he began at last to brood, with a torment beyond his strength. Then he took a liking to a beautiful and sensible girl and soon married her, dreaming that marriage would drive away his solitary anguish, and that, by setting out on a new road and zealously fulfilling his duty toward his wife and children, he would get away from the old memories altogether. But precisely the opposite of this expectation happened. In the very first month of the marriage a ceaseless thought began to trouble him: "Here my wife loves me, but what if she found out?" When she became pregnant with their first child and told him of it, he was suddenly troubled: "I am giving life, and I myself took a life." Children came: "How dare I love them, teach and bring them up, how will I speak to them of virtue: I have shed blood." The children are growing up beautiful, he wants to caress them: "But I cannot look at their innocent, bright faces; I am unworthy of it." At last the blood of his murdered victim began to haunt him, menacingly and bitterly, her ruined young life, the blood crying out for vengeance. He began to

have terrible dreams. But, being firm of heart, he endured the torment for a long time: "I shall atone for everything by this secret torment of mine." But this hope too was vain: the further it went, the stronger the suffering grew. In society he came to be respected for his charitable activity, though everyone was afraid of his stern and gloomy character, but the more they came to respect him, the more unbearable it became for him. He confessed to me that he had thought of killing himself. But instead another dream began to haunt him, a dream which at first he considered impossible and mad, but which at last fastened so on his heart that there was no tearing it away. This was his dream: to rise up, go out before the people, and announce to everyone that he had killed a man. For three years or so he went about with this dream; it kept haunting him in different forms. At last he came to believe with all his heart that by declaring his crime he would without doubt heal his soul and be at peace once and for all. But having come to believe it, he felt horror in his heart, for how was he to carry it out? And suddenly this incident at my duel occurred. "Looking at you, I have now made up my mind." I look at him.

"And can it really be," I exclaimed to him, throwing up my hands, "that so small an incident could give birth to such resolve in you?"

"My resolve was three years being born," he answers me, "and your incident only gave it a push. As I looked at you, I reproached myself and envied you," he said to me, even sternly.

"But they will not believe you," I observed to him. "Fourteen years have passed."

"I have proofs, great ones. I shall present them."

And I wept then, and kissed him.

"Decide one thing for me, one thing!" he said to me (as though everything now depended on me). "My wife, my children! My wife will die of grief, perhaps, and my children, though they will not

lose their rank of nobility and their estate, will be the children of a convict, and forever. And the memory, the memory of myself I shall leave in their hearts!"

I am silent.

"And to part with them, to leave them forever? It is forever, forever!"

I sit there, silently whispering a prayer to myself. At last I stood up; I was frightened.

"Well?" he looks at me.

"Go," I say, "and declare it to the people. Everything will pass; only the truth will remain. Your children will understand, when they grow up, how much magnanimity there was in your great resolve."

He left me then as if he really had made up his mind. But all the same, for more than two weeks after that he kept coming to me, every evening in a row, still preparing himself, still unable to make up his mind. He wore my heart out. One time he comes in firm and speaks with tender feeling:

"I know that paradise will come for me, it will come at once, as soon as I declare it. For fourteen years I have been in hell. I want to suffer. I shall accept suffering and begin to live. You can go through the world on a lie, but there is no going back. Now it is not only my neighbor that I dare not love, but my own children as well. Lord, but surely my children will understand, perhaps, what my suffering cost me, and will not condemn me! God is not in might but in truth."

"Everyone will understand your great deed," I say to him, "if not now, then later they will understand, for you have served the truth, the higher truth, not of this earth..."

And he would leave me as if consoled, and the next day suddenly he comes again, spiteful, pale, and speaks mockingly:

"Every time I come in to you, you look at me with such curiosity: 'So he hasn't declared it again?' Wait, don't despise me too much. It isn't as easy to do as it seems to you. Perhaps I won't do it at all yet. You won't go and inform on me then, will you, eh?"

And I, it used to be, far from looking at him with foolish curiosity, was afraid even to glance at him. I was worn out to the point of illness, and my soul was full of tears. I even lost my sleep at night.

"I have just come from my wife," he goes on. "Do you understand what a wife is? When I was leaving, the children called out to me: 'Goodbye, Papa, come back soon and read *Children's Reading* with us.' No, you don't understand this! Another man's trouble doesn't teach you sense."

His eyes began to flash, his lips to twitch. Suddenly he struck the table with his fist, so that the things on the table jumped—such a gentle man, it was the first time it had happened to him.

"But is it necessary?" he exclaimed. "Must I? After all, no one was condemned, no one was sent to hard labor on my account, the servant died of illness. And for the blood I shed I have been punished with torments. And they will not believe me at all, they will not believe any of my proofs. Must I declare it, must I? For the blood I shed I am ready to go on suffering all my life, only so as not to strike down my wife and children. Will it be just to ruin them along with myself? Are we not mistaken? Where is the truth here? And will people even recognize this truth, will they value it, will they honor it?"

"Lord!" I think to myself. "He is thinking of people's esteem at such a moment!" And I felt so sorry for him then that I would, I think, have shared his lot myself, only to relieve him. I see that he is like a man in a frenzy. I was horrified, understanding now not with my mind alone but with my living soul what such a resolve costs.

"Decide my fate, then!" he exclaimed again.

"Go and declare it," I whispered to him. I did not have the voice for it, but I whispered firmly. Then I took the Gospel from the table, the Russian translation, and showed him John, chapter XII, verse 24:

"Truly, truly, I say to you, if a grain of wheat falls into the earth and does not die, it remains a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit." I had read this verse just before he came.

He read it.

"True," he says, but he smiled bitterly. "Yes, in these books," he says, after a silence, "you come across terrible things. It's easy to shove them under a man's nose. And who wrote them, can it really have been men?"

"The Holy Spirit wrote them," I say.

"It's easy for you to chatter," he smiled again, but now almost with hatred. I took the book again, opened it at another place, and showed him Hebrews, chapter X, verse 31. He read: "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

He read it and simply flung the book away. He even trembled all over.

"A terrible verse," he says. "There's no denying it, you picked a good one." He got up from the chair. "Well," he says, "goodbye, perhaps I won't come again... we shall meet in paradise. So it is fourteen years now since I 'fell into the hands of the living God'; so that is what these fourteen years are called. Tomorrow I shall ask those hands to let me go..."

I wanted to embrace him and kiss him, but I did not dare, his face was so twisted and he looked so heavily. He went out. "Lord," I thought, "where has the man gone!" Then I threw myself on my knees before the icon and wept for him to the most holy Mother of God, the swift intercessor and helper. Half an hour or so went by as I stood in tears at prayer, and it was already late at night, about

twelve o'clock. Suddenly I look, and the door opens, and he comes in again. I was astonished.

"Where have you been?" I ask him.

"I," he says, "I think I forgot something… my handkerchief, I think… Well, even if I didn't forget anything, let me sit down…"

He sat down on a chair. I stand over him. "Sit down too," he says. I sat down. We sat for two minutes or so; he looks at me intently and suddenly smiled (I remembered this), then he got up, embraced me tightly, and kissed me…

"Remember," he says, "how I came to you the second time. Do you hear, remember it!"

It was the first time he had said the familiar *you* to me. And he left. "Tomorrow," I thought.

And so it came to pass. And I did not know that evening that the next day was precisely his birthday. I myself had not gone out anywhere in the last few days, and so I could not have learned it from anyone. On that day there was a large gathering at his house every year; the whole town came. They came now too. And then, after the dinner, he comes out into the middle of the room, and in his hands is a paper, a formal report to his superiors. And since his superiors were right there, he read the paper aloud then and there to everyone assembled, and in it was a full description of the whole crime in every detail: "As a monster I cast myself out from among men; God has visited me," he concluded the paper. "I want to suffer!" Then and there he brought out and laid on the table everything by which he thought to prove his crime and which he had kept for fourteen years: the gold things of the murdered woman, which he had stolen, thinking to divert suspicion from himself; her locket and her cross, taken from her neck (in the locket a portrait of her betrothed); her notebook; and finally two letters: her betrothed's letter to her announcing his speedy arrival, and her answer to this letter, which she had begun and not fin-

ished and had left on the table, to send to the post the next day. Both letters he had taken away with him—why? Why had he kept them afterward for fourteen years, instead of destroying them as evidence? And what happened then? Everyone was astonished and horrified, and no one wanted to believe it, though everyone listened with extraordinary curiosity, but as one listens to a sick man, and a few days later it was quite decided and pronounced in every house that the unfortunate man had gone mad. The authorities and the court could not help taking up the case, but they too held back: although the things and letters he presented did give them pause, it was decided here too that even if these documents proved genuine, still a final accusation could not be pronounced on the basis of these documents alone. And besides, he might have had all the things from her herself, as her acquaintance and in trust. I heard, however, that the genuineness of the things was later verified through many acquaintances and relatives of the murdered woman, and that there was no doubt about it. But this case, again, was not destined to be concluded. Some five days later everyone learned that the sufferer had fallen ill and that his life was feared for. What illness it was he fell ill with I cannot explain; it was said to be a disorder of the heartbeat, but it became known that a council of doctors, at the insistence of his wife, had examined his state of mind as well, and had come to the conclusion that madness was already present. I gave nothing away, though people rushed to question me, but when I wished to visit him, for a long time I was forbidden, chiefly by his wife: "It is you," she says to me, "who unsettled him; he was gloomy before, and in the last year everyone noticed an extraordinary agitation in him and strange behavior, and then you came along and ruined him; it was you who read him out of his wits, he never left your place for a whole month." And what then? Not only his wife but everyone in town fell upon me and blamed me: "It's all your doing," they say. I am silent,

and glad in my soul, for I beheld the undoubted mercy of God toward one who had risen up against himself and punished himself. And as for his madness, I could not believe in it. At last they let me in to see him too; he himself insistently demanded it, in order to say farewell to me. I went in and saw at once that it was no longer days he had left but hours. He was weak and yellow, his hands shook, he was gasping for breath, but he looked tender and joyful.

"It is finished!" he said to me. "I have long been thirsting to see you; why didn't you come?"

I did not tell him that I had not been allowed to see him.

"God has had pity on me and is calling me to himself. I know that I am dying, and yet after so many years I feel joy and peace for the first time. All at once I felt paradise in my soul, as soon as I had done what had to be done. Now I dare to love my children and kiss them. They do not believe me, and no one believed me, neither my wife nor my judges; my children will never believe it either. I see the mercy of God to my children in this. I shall die, and my name will be unstained for them. And now I have a foretaste of God, my heart rejoices as in paradise... I have done my duty..."

He cannot speak, he is gasping, he presses my hand warmly, gazes at me ardently. But we did not talk for long; his wife kept looking in on us. But he did manage to whisper to me:

"And do you remember how I came to you that time, the second time, at midnight? And told you to remember it? Do you know why I came in? Why, I came to kill you!"

I simply shuddered.

"I went out from you then into the darkness, I wandered the streets and struggled with myself. And suddenly I hated you so much that my heart could hardly bear it. 'Now,' I think, 'he alone has bound me, and he is my judge; I can no longer back out of my punishment tomorrow, for he knows everything.' And it was not

that I was afraid you would inform on me (there was not even the thought of it), but I think: 'How shall I look at him if I don't inform on myself?' And even if you were at the ends of the earth, but alive, it would be all the same: unbearable, this thought that you were alive and knew everything and were judging me. I hated you as though you were the cause of it all and to blame for it all. I came back to you then; I remember a dagger was lying on your table. I sat, and asked you to sit, and for a whole minute I was thinking. If I had killed you, I would have perished for that murder all the same, even if I had not declared the earlier crime. But I did not think of that at all, and I did not want to think of it at that minute. I only hated you and wanted with all my might to take revenge on you for everything. But my Lord overcame the devil in my heart. Know, though, that you were never closer to death."

A week later he died. The whole town followed his coffin to the grave. The archpriest gave a heartfelt sermon. They mourned the terrible illness that had cut short his days. But the whole town rose up against me when they had buried him, and people even stopped receiving me. True, some, few at first, and then more and more, began to believe in the truth of his testimony and took to visiting me often and questioning me with great curiosity and joy: for man loves the fall of the righteous and his disgrace. But I fell silent, and soon left the town altogether, and five months later I was vouchsafed by the Lord God to set out on the firm and seemly path, blessing the unseen finger that had shown me this path so plainly. And the much-suffering servant of God Mikhail I remember in my prayers to this very day, every day.

III. From the Talks and Teachings of the Elder Zosima

(e) Something About the Russian Monk and His Possible Significance

Fathers and teachers, what is a monk? In the enlightened world this word is now uttered by some with mockery, and by others even as a term of abuse. And the further it goes, the worse. It is true, oh, it is true, that in monasticism too there are many idlers, gratifiers of the flesh, lovers of pleasure, and insolent vagabonds. Educated people of the world point to this: "You are lazy," they say, "and useless members of society, you live off other people's labor, you are shameless beggars." And yet how many there are in monasticism who are humble and meek, who thirst for solitude and for ardent prayer in silence. These are pointed to less, and are even passed over in silence altogether, and how amazed people would be if I said that from these meek ones, who thirst for solitary prayer, the salvation of the Russian land will perhaps come forth once again! For truly they are being made ready in silence "for the day and the hour, and the month and the year." For the present, in their solitude, they preserve Christ's image seemly and undistorted, in the purity of God's truth, as they received it from the most ancient fathers, apostles, and martyrs, and when the time comes they will reveal it to the wavering truth of the world. This is a great thought. From the East this star will shine forth.

So I think of the monk, and can it be false, can it be arrogant? Look at the worldly, at the whole world that exalts itself above the

people of God: has not the image of God and his truth been distorted in it? They have science, and in science only what is subject to the senses. But the spiritual world, the higher half of man's being, is rejected altogether, driven out with a kind of triumph, even with hatred. The world has proclaimed freedom, especially of late, and what do we see in this freedom of theirs? Slavery alone, and suicide! For the world says: "You have needs, and therefore satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the noblest and richest of men. Do not be afraid to satisfy them, but even multiply them"—that is the present teaching of the world. And in this they see freedom. And what comes of this right to multiply one's needs? Among the rich, *isolation* and spiritual suicide, and among the poor, envy and murder, for they have been given the rights, but have not yet been shown the means to satisfy their needs. They assure us that the world, the further it goes, the more it is united and built up into a brotherly communion, because it shortens distances and sends thoughts through the air. Alas, do not believe in such a union of men. Taking freedom to mean the multiplying and the swift quenching of needs, they distort their own nature, for they breed in themselves a host of senseless and foolish desires, habits, and the most absurd inventions. They live only for envy of one another, for the pleasures of the flesh, and for show. To have dinners, carriages and horses, rank, and slaves to wait on them is already held to be such a necessity that for its sake, to satisfy this necessity, they sacrifice even life, honor, and the love of mankind, and they even kill themselves if they cannot satisfy it. Among those who are not rich we see the same thing, while among the poor the unquenched needs and the envy are drowned for the time being in drink. But soon, instead of wine, they will drink their fill of blood as well; that is where they are being led. I ask you: is such a man free? I knew one "fighter for an idea" who told me himself that when they took his tobacco from him in prison, he was so tormented by

this deprivation that he very nearly went and betrayed his "idea," only so that they would give him tobacco. And yet a man like that says: "I am going to fight for mankind." Well, where will such a man go, and what is he capable of? Of some quick deed, perhaps, but he will not hold out for long. And it is no wonder that instead of freedom they have fallen into slavery, and instead of serving brotherly love and human unity they have fallen, on the contrary, into *separation* and isolation, as my mysterious visitor and teacher told me in my youth. And therefore in the world the thought of serving mankind, of the brotherhood and wholeness of men, is dying out more and more, and truly this thought is now met even with mockery, for how is he to give up his habits, where is this slave to go, if he is so used to quenching the countless needs that he himself has invented? He is in isolation, and what is the whole to him? And they have come to this, that they have heaped up more things, and there is less joy.

The monastic way is another matter. People even laugh at obedience, fasting, and prayer, and yet in them alone lies the way to real, to true freedom: I cut away from myself needs that are superfluous and unnecessary, I humble my self-loving and proud will and scourge it with obedience, and by this, with God's help, I reach freedom of the spirit, and spiritual gladness along with it! Which of them is more able to lift up a great thought and go to serve it: the rich man in his isolation, or this one who has been *set free* from the tyranny of things and habits? The monk is reproached with his isolation: "You have isolated yourself to save your own soul within the monastery walls, and forgotten the brotherly service of mankind." But we shall see yet who will be the more zealous for brotherly love. For the isolation is not with us but with them, only they do not see it. And from among us men of action for the people came forth in olden times, so why should there not be such men now as well? The same humble and meek ones, the fasters

and keepers of silence, will rise up and go forth to the great work. The salvation of Russia is from the people. And the Russian monastery has been with the people from of old. If the people are in isolation, then we are in isolation too. The people believe as we do, and an unbelieving man of action will accomplish nothing here in Russia, even if he is sincere in heart and a genius in mind. Remember this. The people will confront the atheist and overcome him, and there will be one Orthodox Russia. Cherish the people, then, and guard their heart. Bring them up in quiet. That is your monastic feat, for this people is a bearer of God.

(f) Something About Masters and Servants, and Whether It Is Possible for Masters and Servants to Become Brothers to One Another in Spirit

Lord, who denies it, there is sin among the people too. And the flame of corruption is spreading even visibly, by the hour, and it comes from above. Isolation is setting in among the people too: kulaks and commune-eaters are appearing; already the merchant wants honors more and more, strives to show himself educated while having no education whatever, and for this he basely scorns ancient custom and is ashamed even of the faith of his fathers. He calls on princes, and yet all he is himself is a spoiled peasant. The people have festered with drunkenness and can no longer give it up. And how much cruelty toward the family, toward the wife, even toward the children; all from drunkenness. I have seen in factories children even ten years old: sickly, wasted, stooped, and already depraved. A stifling workroom, a pounding machine, work the whole God-given day, foul words and drink, drink, and is that what the soul of so small a child needs? He needs the sun, children's games, and everywhere a bright example, and at least a drop of love for him. Let this not be, monks, let there be no torturing of children; rise up and preach this, quickly, quickly. But God will save Russia, for though the common man is depraved and can

no longer deny himself his stinking sin, still he knows that his stinking sin is cursed by God and that he does wrong in sinning. So that our people still believe tirelessly in righteousness, acknowledge God, weep with tender feeling. Not so the higher ones. They, following science, want to arrange themselves justly by their own minds alone, but now without Christ, as before, and they have already declared that there is no crime, there is no sin any longer. And by their lights that is right: for if you have no God, then what crime can there be? In Europe the people are rising against the rich by force already, and the people's leaders everywhere lead them to blood and teach them that their wrath is just. But "cursed be their wrath, for it is cruel." But the Lord will save Russia, as he has saved her many times already. Salvation will come from the people, from their faith and their humility. Fathers and teachers, guard the faith of the people, and this is no dream: all my life I have been struck by the true and seemly dignity of our great people; I have seen it myself, I can bear witness myself, I have seen it and marveled, seen it in spite of the very stench of the sins and the beggarly look of our people. They are not servile, and that after two centuries of slavery. Free in look and manner, but without giving any offense. And not vengeful, and not envious. "You are high-born, you are rich, you are clever and talented—so be it, God bless you. I honor you, but I know that I too am a man. In that I honor you without envy, in that very thing I show you my human dignity." Truly, if they do not say this (for they do not yet know how to say it), then they *act* so; I have seen it myself, I have tried it myself, and would you believe it: the poorer and lower our Russian man is, the more this seemly truth can be seen in him, for the rich among them, the kulaks and commune-eaters, are in great numbers already corrupted, and much, much of this has come from our own negligence and lack of care! But God will save his own, for great is Russia in her humility. I dream of seeing, and as it were already see

clearly, our future: for it will come to pass that even the most corrupted of our rich men will end by being ashamed of his riches before the poor man, and the poor man, seeing this humility, will understand and give way to him with joy, and will answer his seemly shame with kindness. Believe that it will end so: that is where it is going. Only in man's spiritual dignity is there equality, and this will be understood only among us. Let there be brothers, and there will be brotherhood, but until there is brotherhood they will never share among themselves. The image of Christ is in our keeping, and it will shine out to all the world like a precious diamond… So be it, so be it!

Fathers and teachers, a thing once happened to me that moved me deeply. In my wanderings I once met, in the provincial town of K., my former orderly Afanasy, and by then eight years had already gone by since I had parted from him. He caught sight of me by chance in the marketplace, knew me, ran up to me, and, God, how glad he was, he simply rushed at me: "Father, sir, is it you? Can it really be you I see?" He took me home with him. He was already out of the service, had married, and had already had two babes. He and his spouse lived by petty trade from a stall in the market. His little room was poor, but clean and cheerful. He sat me down, put on the samovar, sent for his wife, as though I had made some holiday for him by appearing at his house. He brought his little ones to me: "Bless them, Father." "Is it for me to bless?" I answer him. "I am a simple and humble monk; I will pray to God for them, and for you, Afanasy Pavlovich, I pray to God always, every day, ever since that very day, for it was from you," I say, "that everything came." And I explained it to him as best I could. And what does the man do? He looks at me and still cannot picture to himself that I, his former master, an officer, am before him now in such a state and in such clothes: he even began to weep. "Why are you weeping," I say to him, "you unforgettable man, you had better rejoice for me

in your soul, my dear, for my path is joyful and bright." He said little, but kept sighing and shaking his head at me tenderly. "Where is your fortune, then?" he asks. I answer him: "I gave it to the monastery, and we live in common." After tea I began to take leave of them, and suddenly he brought me out a fifty-kopeck piece, an offering for the monastery, and another fifty-kopeck piece, I see, he is pressing into my hand, in a hurry: "This one is for you," he says, "a wanderer, a traveler; it may come in handy for you, Father." I accepted his fifty kopecks, bowed to him and to his spouse, and went away gladdened, and thought on the road: "Here we both are now, he at home and I on my way, sighing, no doubt, and smiling joyfully, in the gladness of our hearts, shaking our heads and remembering how God brought us to meet." And I never saw him again from that day on. I was his master and he was my servant, and now, as we kissed each other lovingly and in spiritual tenderness, a great human union had come about between us. I have thought much about this, and now I think thus: is it so beyond the reach of the mind that this great and simple-hearted union might come about in its own time, and everywhere, among our Russian people? I believe that it will come about, and the time is near.

And about servants I will add the following: as a youth I used to be very angry with servants: "the cook served it too hot, the orderly did not brush my clothes." But then a thought of my dear brother's suddenly shone upon me, one I had heard from him in my childhood: "Am I worth it, such as I am, that another should serve me, and that I should order him about for his poverty and his ignorance?" And I marveled then and there that the simplest thoughts, plain to the eye, come so late into our minds. Without servants there is no managing in the world, but so act that your servant is freer in spirit than if he were not a servant. And why can I not be a servant to my servant, and in such a way that he even sees it, and without any pride on my part, or disbelief on his? Why

should my servant not be like my own kin, so that I take him at last into my family and rejoice at it? Even now this is quite possible to accomplish, and it will serve as the foundation for the future, already magnificent union of men, when man will not seek servants for himself, and will not wish to turn people like himself into servants, as he does now, but on the contrary will wish with all his might to become himself the servant of all, according to the Gospel. And can it be a dream that in the end man will find his joys only in deeds of enlightenment and mercy, and not in cruel joys as now—in gluttony, fornication, swagger, boasting, and the envious lording of one over another? I firmly believe that it is not, and that the time is near. People laugh and ask: when will this time come, and does it look as though it will come? But I think that with Christ we shall settle this great matter. And how many ideas have there been on earth, in human history, that were unthinkable even ten years before and that suddenly appeared when their mysterious hour had come, and swept over the whole earth? So it will be with us as well, and our people will shine out upon the world, and all people will say: "The stone that the builders rejected has been made the head of the corner." And the mockers themselves ought to be asked: if ours is a dream, then when will you put up your building and arrange yourselves justly by your minds alone, without Christ? And if they themselves assert that they, on the contrary, are the ones moving toward union, then truly only the most simple-hearted of them believe it, so that one may even marvel at such simple-heartedness. Truly they have more of dreamy fantasy than we do. They mean to arrange themselves justly, but, having rejected Christ, they will end by flooding the world with blood, for blood calls to blood, and he who has drawn the sword will perish by the sword. And were it not for Christ's promise, they would destroy one another even to the last two men on earth. And even these last two would not, in their pride, be able to hold each other

back, so that the last would destroy the next to last, and then himself as well. And so it would come to pass, were it not for Christ's promise that for the sake of the meek and humble this thing shall be cut short. Back then, still in an officer's uniform, after my duel, I began to speak about servants in society, and everyone, I remember, wondered at me: "What, then," they said, "are we to sit our servant on the sofa and serve him tea?" And I answered them then: "And why not, if only now and then?" Everyone laughed at the time. Their question was frivolous and my answer unclear, but I think there was some truth in it all the same.

(g) About Prayer, About Love, and About Contact with Other Worlds

Young man, do not forget prayer. Each time in your prayer, if it is sincere, a new feeling will flash forth, and in it a new thought as well, one you did not know before and that will encourage you afresh; and you will understand that prayer is an education. And remember this: each day, and whenever you are able, say over to yourself: "Lord, have mercy on all who have come before you today." For every hour and every moment thousands of people leave their life on this earth and their souls come to stand before the Lord—and how many of them have parted from the earth cut off from all, known to no one, in sadness and anguish that no one will grieve for them or even know of them at all: whether they lived or not. And so, perhaps, from the other end of the earth your prayer too will rise up to the Lord for his repose, though you did not know him at all, nor he you. How moving it is for his soul, standing in fear before the Lord, to feel at that moment that someone is praying for him too, that there remains on earth a human being who loves him as well. And God, too, will look more mercifully on you both, for if you have pitied him so, how much more will he pity him, he who is infinitely more merciful and loving than you. And he will forgive him for your sake.

Brothers, do not be afraid of men's sin, love man even in his sin, for that is already a likeness of divine love and is the height of love on earth. Love all of God's creation, the whole of it and every grain of sand. Love each little leaf, each ray of God's light. Love the animals, love the plants, love every thing. If you love every thing, you will perceive the mystery of God in things. Once you have perceived it, you will begin to know it ceaselessly, further and further, more and more, every day. And in the end you will love the whole world with a love that is entire and universal. Love the animals: God has given them the beginnings of thought and a joy untroubled. Do not trouble it, then, do not torment them, do not take their joy from them, do not go against God's thought. Man, do not exalt yourself above the animals: they are without sin, while you with your grandeur make the earth fester by your coming upon it and leave your festering trail behind you—alas, almost all of us! Love children above all, for they too are without sin, like the angels, and they live to move us to tenderness, to purify our hearts, and as a kind of guidance for us. Woe to him who offends a little child. And it was Father Anfim who taught me to love children: he, dear and silent in our wanderings, would buy them gingerbread and sugar candy with the coppers given us as alms and hand them out; he could not pass by children without his soul being shaken: such a man he was.

Before some thoughts you will stand perplexed, especially when you see men's sin, and you will ask yourself: "Shall I take it by force, or by humble love?" Always decide: "I will take it by humble love." If you resolve on this once and for all, you may be able to conquer the whole world. Loving humility is a terrible power, the strongest of all, and there is nothing like it. Every day and hour, every minute, walk round yourself and watch over yourself, that your image may be seemly. You have passed by a little child, say, passed by in spite, with a foul word, with a wrathful soul; you may

not even have noticed the child, but he saw you, and your image, unsightly and ungodly, may have stayed in his defenseless little heart. You did not know it, but you may already have cast a bad seed into him by this, and it may grow, I dare say, and all because you did not guard yourself before the child, because you had not nurtured in yourself a heedful, active love. Brothers, love is a teacher, but one must know how to gain it, for it is hard to gain, it is dearly bought, by long labor and over a long time, for one must love not only for a chance moment but for all time. Anyone can love by chance; even a villain can love. My young brother asked forgiveness of the birds: it seems senseless, as it were, and yet it is true, for all is like an ocean, all flows and touches; touch it in one place, and it echoes at the other end of the world. Let it be madness to ask forgiveness of the birds, but it would be easier for the birds, and for the child, and for every animal around you, if you yourself were more seemly than you are now, if only by a single drop. All is like an ocean, I tell you. Then you would begin to pray to the birds too, tormented by an all-embracing love, as if in some kind of rapture, and you would pray that they too might forgive you your sin. Treasure this rapture, however senseless it may seem to people.

My friends, ask God for gladness. Be glad like children, like the birds of heaven. And do not let men's sin confuse you in your labors; do not fear that it will wear away your work and keep it from being accomplished; do not say: "Sin is strong, ungodliness is strong, our foul surroundings are strong, and we are alone and powerless; the foul surroundings will wear us down and keep our good labor from being accomplished." Flee this despondency, children! There is only one salvation for you here: take yourself and make yourself answerable for all the sin of men. Friend, this is truly so, for the moment you sincerely make yourself answerable for everything and for everyone, you will see at once that it really

is so, and that it is you who are guilty for everyone and for everything. But by throwing your own laziness and your own powerlessness onto others, you will end by sharing in Satan's pride and murmuring against God. Of Satan's pride I think thus: it is hard for us on earth even to comprehend it, and therefore how easy it is to fall into error and share in it, and that while supposing that we are doing something great and beautiful. And many of the strongest feelings and impulses of our nature we cannot comprehend while we are on earth; do not be led astray by this either, and do not think that it can serve you in any way as a justification, for the eternal judge will ask of you what you could comprehend, and not what you could not; you will be convinced of it yourself, for then you will see all things rightly and will no longer dispute. On earth, truly, we are as it were wandering, and were it not for the precious image of Christ before us, we would perish and lose our way altogether, like mankind before the Flood. Much on earth is concealed from us, but in return we have been given a secret, hidden sense of our living bond with another world, with a world on high, a higher world; and our thoughts and feelings have their roots not here but in other worlds. That is why philosophers say that the essence of things cannot be comprehended on earth. God took seeds from other worlds and sowed them on this earth and grew his garden, and everything that could come up came up, but what has grown lives and is alive only through its sense of contact with mysterious other worlds; if this sense grows weak or is destroyed in you, then what has grown in you dies as well. Then you will become indifferent to life and even come to hate it. So I think.

(h) Can One Be the Judge of One's Fellow Men? About Faith to the End

Remember above all that you cannot be anyone's judge. For there can be no judge of a criminal on earth until the judge himself knows that he too is just such a criminal as the one standing

before him, and that he, for the crime of the one standing before him, is perhaps more guilty than anyone. When he has grasped this, then he will be able to be a judge as well. However mad it may seem, this is the truth. For if I myself were righteous, perhaps there would be no criminal standing before me. If you are able to take upon yourself the crime of the criminal who stands before you and whom your heart is judging, then take it upon yourself at once and suffer for him yourself, and release him without reproach. Even if the law itself has appointed you his judge, act even then in this spirit, as far as you possibly can, for he will go off and pass a harsher sentence on himself than yours would have been. And if he goes away from your kiss unmoved and laughing at you, do not be led astray by this either: it means that his time has not yet come, but it will come in its own time; and if it does not come, it is all the same: if not he, then another in his place will come to know, and will suffer, and will condemn and accuse himself, and the truth will be made complete. Believe this, believe it without a doubt, for in this very thing lies all the hope and all the faith of the saints.

Act without tiring. If, lying down to sleep at night, you recall: "I did not fulfill what I ought to have done," then rise at once and fulfill it. If those about you are spiteful and unfeeling and do not want to listen to you, fall down before them and ask their forgiveness, for truly you too are guilty in this, that they will not listen to you. And if you can no longer speak with the embittered, serve them in silence and in self-abasement, never losing hope. And if all abandon you and even drive you out by force, then, left alone, fall upon the earth and kiss it, water it with your tears, and the earth will bring forth fruit from your tears, though no one has seen you or heard you in your solitude. Believe to the end, though it should even come about that all on earth went astray and you alone remained faithful: bring your offering even then and praise God,

you who alone remain. And if two of you such come together, then there is the whole world already, a world of living love; embrace one another with tender feeling and praise the Lord: for, if only in the two of you, his truth has been made complete.

If you sin yourself and grieve even to death over your sins, or over your sudden sin, then rejoice for another, rejoice for the righteous one, rejoice that if you have sinned, he, for his part, is righteous and has not sinned.

But if the villainy of men stirs you to indignation and to a sorrow past all overcoming, even to the desire for vengeance on the evildoers, then fear that feeling most of all; go at once and seek torments for yourself, as though you yourself were guilty of that villainy of men. Take these torments upon yourself and endure them, and your heart will be appeased, and you will understand that you too are guilty, for you could have been a light to the evildoers, even as the only sinless one, and you were not a light. Had you been a light, you would have lit the path for others too with your light, and the one who did the villainy would perhaps not have done it in your light. And even if you were a light, but you see that people are not saved even by your light, then remain steadfast and do not doubt the power of the heavenly light; believe that if they have not been saved now, they will be saved later. And if they are not saved later either, their sons will be saved, for your light does not die, even though you have died. The righteous one goes away, but his light stays behind. And it is always after the death of the one who saves that men are saved. The human race does not receive its prophets and slays them, but men love their martyrs and honor those whom they have tortured to death. You, though, are working for the whole, you are acting for the time to come. Never seek a reward, for great is your reward on this earth already without it: your spiritual joy, which only the righteous man finds. Fear neither the great nor the mighty, but be wise and always

seemly. Know the measure, know the times, learn this. And when you remain in solitude, pray. Love to fall down upon the earth and kiss it. Kiss the earth and love it ceaselessly, insatiably, love all men, love all things, seek this rapture and this ecstasy. Drench the earth with the tears of your joy, and love these tears of yours. And do not be ashamed of this ecstasy, treasure it, for it is a gift of God, a great gift, and it is not given to many, but to the chosen.

(i) About Hell and Hellfire: A Mystical Discourse

Fathers and teachers, I ponder: "What is hell?" And I reason thus: "The suffering of being no longer able to love." Once, in infinite existence, measureless by time or by space, a certain spiritual being was given, through his appearance on earth, the power to say to himself: "I am, and I love." Once, only once, was it granted him to have a moment of active, *living* love, and for this earthly life was given him, and with it times and seasons, and what then? This fortunate being rejected the priceless gift, did not prize it, did not come to love it, looked upon it with mockery, and remained unfeeling. Such a one, having departed from the earth, sees Abraham's bosom and speaks with Abraham, as we are shown in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and beholds paradise, and may go up to the Lord, but he is tormented precisely by this, that he will go up to the Lord, he who did not love, and come into contact with those who loved, he who scorned their love. For he sees clearly and says to himself now: "Now I have knowledge, and though I have come to thirst to love, there will be no feat in my love now, nor any sacrifice, for earthly life is over, and Abraham will not come with even a drop of living water (that is, with the gift of earthly life again, the former, active life) to cool the flame of the thirst for spiritual love with which I burn now, having scorned it on earth; there is no more life, and there will be no more time! Though I would gladly give my very life for others, it is no longer possible, for that life is past which could have been brought as a

sacrifice to love, and now there is an abyss between that life and this existence." People speak of the material fire of hell: I do not search into this mystery, and I fear it, but I think that if there were material fire, then truly they would be glad of it, for, as I imagine it, in material torment they would forget, if only for a moment, the more terrible spiritual torment. And this spiritual torment cannot be taken from them, for this torment is not outside them but within. And if it could be taken away, then, I think, they would be made still more bitterly unhappy by it. For though the righteous in paradise, seeing their torments, might forgive them and call them to themselves, loving them infinitely, by that very thing they would multiply their torments still more, for they would kindle in them still more strongly the flame of thirst for an answering, active, and grateful love, which is no longer possible. In the timidity of my heart I think, however, that the very awareness of this impossibility would serve them at last as a relief, for, accepting the love of the righteous with no possibility of repaying it, in this submission and in the working of this humility they will find at last a kind of semblance of that active love which they scorned on earth, and something like an action akin to it... I am sorry, my brothers and friends, that I do not know how to say this clearly. But woe to those who have destroyed themselves on earth, woe to the suicides! I think that there can be none more unhappy than they. It is a sin, we are told, to pray to God for them, and outwardly the church seems to reject them, but in the secret of my soul I think that one might pray even for them. For Christ will surely not be angry at love. For such as these I have prayed inwardly all my life, I confess it to you, fathers and teachers, and I pray for them every day even now.

Oh, there are some in hell too who remain proud and fierce, despite indisputable knowledge and the contemplation of irresistible truth; there are terrible ones who have given themselves

wholly to Satan and to his proud spirit. For them hell is voluntary and insatiable; they are martyrs of their own free will. For they have cursed themselves, having cursed God and life. They feed on their own spiteful pride, as if a starving man in the desert should begin to suck his own blood from his own body. But they are insatiable forever and ever, and they reject forgiveness, they curse the God who calls them. Without hatred they cannot look upon the living God, and they demand that there be no God of life, that God destroy himself and all his creation. And eternally they will burn in the fire of their own wrath, and thirst for death and nonbeing. But they will not obtain death.

Here ends the manuscript of Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov. I repeat: it is incomplete and fragmentary. The biographical information, for instance, covers only the elder's earliest youth. And from his teachings and opinions, things said evidently at different times and on different promptings have been brought together, as if into a single whole. As for what the elder said precisely in these last hours of his life, it is not set down exactly; only an idea is given of the spirit and character of this last talk as well, if one compares it with what is given in Alexei Fyodorovich's manuscript from his earlier teachings. The elder's death came truly quite unexpectedly. For although all who had gathered around him that last evening fully understood that his death was near, still no one could have imagined it would come so suddenly; his friends, quite the contrary, as I noted above already, seeing him that night so cheerful, it would seem, and so talkative, were even convinced that a marked improvement had taken place in his health, if only for a short time. Even five minutes before his death, as was related afterward with astonishment, nothing could yet be foreseen. He suddenly felt what seemed a most violent pain in his chest, turned pale, and pressed his hands tightly to his heart. Everyone then rose from their places and rushed to him; but he, though suffering, still look-

ing at them with a smile, quietly let himself down from the armchair to the floor and knelt, then bowed with his face to the ground, spread out his arms, and, as if in joyful rapture, kissing the earth and praying (as he himself had taught), gave up his soul to God, quietly and joyfully. Word of his death at once spread through the hermitage and reached the monastery. Those closest to the newly departed, and those whose rank required it, began to lay out his body according to the ancient rite, and all the brethren gathered in the cathedral church. And even before dawn, as was related afterward by rumor, the news of the newly departed reached the town. By morning nearly the whole town was talking of the event, and a multitude of townspeople streamed to the monastery. But of this we shall speak in the next book, and for now we shall only add in advance that before the day was out, something came to pass that was so unexpected for everyone, and, by the impression it made among the monks and in the town, so strange, as it were, so disturbing and confusing, that even to this day, after so many years, the most vivid memory of that day, so disturbing for so many, is preserved in our town…

Part Three

Book Seven: Alyosha

I. The Odor of Corruption

The body of the departed hieroschemamonk Father Zosima was prepared for burial according to the established rite. Deceased monks and schema-monks, as is well known, are not washed. “When one of the monks departs to the Lord (it says in the Great Book of Needs), the appointed monk (that is, the one designated for this) wipes his body with warm water, first tracing with the sponge (that is, a Greek sponge) a cross on the brow of the deceased, on the breast, on the hands and on the feet and on the knees, and nothing beyond that.” All this Father Paisy performed over the deceased himself. After the wiping he dressed him in the monastic habit and wrapped him in his mantle, which for this purpose, according to the rule, he slit a little, so as to wrap it crosswise. On his head he put the cowl with the eight-pointed cross. The cowl was left open, but the face of the deceased was covered with a black veil. In his hands they placed an icon of the Savior. In this state, toward morning, they laid him in the coffin (which had been made ready long before). The coffin they intended to leave in the cell (in the first, large room, the very one in which the late elder used to receive the brethren and visitors from the world) for the whole day. Since the deceased was by rank a hieroschemamonk, it was proper for hieromonks and hierodeacons to read over him, and to read not the Psalter but the Gospel. Father Iosif began the reading directly after the memorial service; as for Father Paisy, who had himself wished to read afterward all day and all night, for the moment he was very busy and anxious, together with the father superior of the hermitage, for suddenly there had

begun to appear, and more and more as time went on, both among the monastery brethren and among the laymen who kept arriving in crowds from the monastery guesthouses and from town, something unusual, an agitation unheard of and even "unseemly," and an impatient expectation. Both the superior and Father Paisy did all they could to calm, as far as possible, those who were stirring so fussily. When the day was well advanced, people even began arriving from town who had brought their sick with them, especially children—as if they had been waiting on purpose for this moment, evidently hoping for an immediate power of healing, which, according to their faith, could not be slow to show itself. And only then did it become apparent to what degree everyone among us had grown used to regarding the departed elder, even in his lifetime, as an indisputable and great saint. And those arriving were by no means only common people. This great expectation of the faithful, displayed so hastily and so nakedly, and even impatiently and almost as a demand, seemed to Father Paisy an undoubted temptation, and though he had foreseen it long before, in fact it went beyond what he had expected. Meeting those of the monks who were most agitated, Father Paisy even began to reprove them: "Such an immediate expectation of something great," he said, "is a frivolity possible only among worldly people, and unseemly for us." But they paid him little heed, and Father Paisy noted this with uneasiness, even though he himself (if everything is to be recalled truthfully), while he was indignant at these too impatient expectations and found frivolity and vanity in them, was secretly, to himself, in the depths of his soul, expecting almost the same thing as these agitated ones, which he could not help admitting to himself. Nevertheless, certain encounters were particularly unpleasant to him, rousing in him, by some presentiment, great misgivings. In the crowd pressing into the dead man's cell he noticed with an inward revulsion (for which he at once reproached himself) the

presence, for instance, of Rakitin, or of the guest from afar, the monk from Obdorsk, who was still staying at the monastery, and for some reason Father Paisy suddenly took them both for suspicious—though they were not the only ones who might have been noticed in this sense. Of all the agitated, the monk from Obdorsk stood out as the most bustling; he could be seen everywhere, in every spot: everywhere he was asking questions, everywhere listening, everywhere whispering with a peculiar, mysterious air. The expression of his face was most impatient, and as if already irritated that what had been so long awaited was not coming to pass. As for Rakitin, he, as it turned out later, had appeared so early at the hermitage on a special commission from Mrs. Khokhlakova. That kind but weak-willed woman, who could not herself be admitted to the hermitage, had no sooner woken up and learned of the death than she was seized with so headlong a curiosity that she at once dispatched Rakitin to the hermitage in her place, so that he might observe everything and report to her in writing without delay, roughly every half hour, about *everything that happened*. She considered Rakitin a most pious and believing young man—so well did he know how to get along with everyone and present himself to each according to that person's wishes, if only he saw in it the slightest advantage for himself. The day was clear and bright, and many of the pilgrims who had come were crowding around the graves of the hermitage, which were clustered most thickly around the church, though they were scattered all over the hermitage as well. Going around the hermitage, Father Paisy suddenly remembered Alyosha, and that he had not seen him for a long while, almost since the night. And no sooner had he remembered him than he caught sight of him in the farthest corner of the hermitage, by the wall, sitting on the gravestone of a monk long since departed and famous for his ascetic feats. He was sitting with his back to the hermitage, facing the wall, as though

he were hiding behind the monument. Coming right up to him, Father Paisy saw that he had covered his face with both palms and, though without a sound, was weeping bitterly, his whole body shaking with sobs. Father Paisy stood over him a little while.

"Enough, dear son, enough, my friend," he said at last, with feeling, "what is the matter? Rejoice, and do not weep. Or do you not know that this day is the greatest of *his* days? Only think where he is now, at this very moment!"

Alyosha did look up at him, uncovering his face, swollen with tears like a small child's, but at once, without uttering a word, he turned away and covered his face with both palms again.

"And yet, perhaps it is so," said Father Paisy thoughtfully, "perhaps you had better weep; Christ has sent you these tears." "Your tender little tears are only a respite for the soul, and will serve for the gladdening of your dear heart," he added, now to himself, as he walked away from Alyosha, thinking of him lovingly. He walked away rather quickly, however, for he felt that, looking at him, he too might, I dare say, begin to weep. Time meanwhile went by; the monastery services and the memorial services for the departed went on in due order. Father Paisy again relieved Father Iosif at the coffin and again took over from him the reading of the Gospel. But it was not yet three o'clock in the afternoon when something came to pass that I mentioned at the very end of the last book, something so unexpected by any of us and so contrary to the general hope that, I repeat, the detailed and fussy tale of this occurrence is remembered with extraordinary vividness to this day in our town and all through our surrounding district. Here I will add once more, speaking for myself: I find it almost repugnant to recall this fussy and scandalous event, which was in essence most trivial and natural, and I would of course have left it out of my story altogether, without a mention, had it not influenced in the strongest and a certain particular way the soul and heart of the chief, *though*

future, hero of my story, Alyosha, forming in his soul a kind of crisis and upheaval, which shook his reason but also strengthened it once and for all, for his whole life and toward a definite goal.

And so, to the story. When, still before dawn, they had placed the elder's body, made ready for burial, in the coffin and carried it out into the first room, the former reception room, a question did arise among those at the coffin: should the windows in the room be opened? But this question, voiced by someone in passing and offhandedly, went unanswered and almost unnoticed—unless it was noticed, and even then only to themselves, by some of those present, and only in the sense that to expect corruption and the odor of corruption from the body of one who had departed thus was utter absurdity, deserving even of pity (if not of a smile) for the little faith and frivolity of whoever had uttered the question. For what they expected was quite the opposite. And then, soon after noon, something began that at first those coming in and going out received only silently and to themselves, and even with an evident fear, each of them, of communicating to anyone the thought that was beginning in him, but that by three o'clock in the afternoon had shown itself so clearly and irrefutably that the news of it instantly flew around the whole hermitage and all the pilgrims visiting it, at once made its way into the monastery as well and threw all the monastery folk into amazement, and finally, in the shortest time, reached the town too and stirred up everyone in it, believers and unbelievers alike. The unbelievers exulted, and as for the believers, there turned out to be some among them who exulted even more than the unbelievers themselves, for "men love the fall of the righteous and his disgrace," as the late elder himself had said in one of his teachings. The fact was that from the coffin there began to come, little by little, but more and more perceptibly as time went on, an odor of corruption, which by three o'clock in the afternoon had become all too evident and was steadily

growing stronger. And not for a long time had there been, nor could anyone even recall from the whole past life of our monastery, such a scandal, so coarsely unbridled, and in any other circumstances even impossible, as broke out directly after this event among the very monks themselves. Afterward, even after many years, certain sensible monks of ours, recalling that whole day in detail, wondered and were horrified at how the scandal could have reached such a pitch then. For it had happened before that monks of most righteous life had died, whose righteousness was in plain view of all, God-fearing elders, and yet from their humble coffins too there had come the odor of corruption, appearing naturally, as with all the dead, but this had produced no scandal, not even the slightest stir of any kind. Of course, there were some among us too, of those departed long ago, whose memory was still kept alive in the monastery and whose remains, according to tradition, had shown no corruption, which had a touching and mysterious effect on the brethren and was preserved in their memory as something seemly and miraculous and as a promise of still greater glory from their tombs in the future, if only by God's will the time for it should come. Of these, the memory especially cherished was that of the elder Job, who had lived to a hundred and five, a famous ascetic, a great faster and keeper of silence, who had departed long ago, back in the second decade of the present century, and whose grave was shown with special and extraordinary reverence to all pilgrims arriving for the first time, with mysterious mention, as they showed it, of certain great hopes. (This was the very grave on which Father Paisy had found Alyosha sitting in the morning.) Besides this elder who had departed long ago, a memory of the same kind was alive of one who had departed comparatively recently, the great father hieroschemamonk, the elder Varsonofy—the very one from whom Father Zosima had taken over the eldership, and whom, in his life-

time, all the pilgrims coming to the monastery took for nothing less than a holy fool. Of both of them it had been preserved in tradition that they had lain in their coffins as if alive and had been buried entirely incorrupt, and that even their faces had as it were grown radiant in the coffin. And some even insisted on recalling that a fragrance had been distinctly perceptible from their bodies. But despite even such impressive recollections, it would still be hard to explain the direct cause by which so frivolous, absurd, and spiteful a phenomenon could have occurred at the coffin of the elder Zosima. As for me personally, I suppose that a great deal else came together here at the same time, many different causes acting all at once. Among them, for instance, was that same inveterate hostility toward the institution of elders, as a pernicious innovation, which still lay deeply hidden in the minds of many monks in the monastery. And then, of course, and chiefly, there was envy of the departed's holiness, which had been so firmly established in his lifetime that to object to it seemed all but forbidden. For although the late elder had drawn many to himself, and not so much by miracles as by love, and had raised up around himself, as it were, a whole world of those who loved him, still, and all the more for that, by this very thing he had bred envious people too, and after them bitter enemies, both open and secret, and not only among the monks but even among the laity. He had never done anyone harm, for instance, and yet, there it was: "Why, now, do they think him so holy?" And this one question alone, repeated over and over, bred at last a whole abyss of the most insatiable spite. That is why I think that many, catching the odor of corruption from his body, and that so soon—for not even a day had passed since his death—were glad beyond measure; just as among those devoted to the elder, who had revered him until then, there were at once found some who were all but insulted and personally

offended by this event. The affair proceeded, step by step, in the following way.

As soon as the corruption began to reveal itself, one could already tell from the very look of the monks going into the departed's cell why they were going in. One would go in, stand there a little while, and come out to confirm the news quickly to the others waiting outside in a crowd. Some of those waiting shook their heads mournfully, but others no longer even cared to hide their joy, which shone plainly in their spiteful glances. And no one reproached them any longer, no one raised a kind voice, which was even a wonder, for those devoted to the departed elder were after all the majority in the monastery; but evidently the Lord himself allowed the minority to gain the upper hand for a time on this occasion. Soon laymen too began coming into the cell as the same sort of spies, mostly from among the educated visitors. Of the simple folk few came in, though many of them had crowded at the hermitage gates. It is beyond doubt that precisely after three o'clock the influx of lay visitors grew much greater, and precisely because of the scandalous news. People who perhaps would not have come at all that day, and had no intention of coming, now arrived on purpose, among them some persons of considerable rank. Outward decorum, however, was not yet broken, and Father Paisy, firmly and distinctly, with a stern face, went on reading the Gospel aloud, as if he did not notice what was happening, though he had long since noticed something out of the ordinary. But now voices began to reach even him, at first very quiet, but gradually growing firmer and bolder. "So God's judgment isn't the same as man's!" Father Paisy suddenly heard. The first to let this fall was a layman, an official from town, a man already elderly and, as far as was known of him, most devout; but in saying it aloud he only repeated what the monks had long been repeating into one another's ears. They had let fall this hopeless word long before,

and worst of all, a kind of triumph showed itself and grew with almost every minute at this word. Soon, however, even decorum itself began to be broken, and it was as though everyone felt they had a kind of right to break it. "And why should *this* have happened," some of the monks were saying, at first as if with regret, "he had a small body, dry, nothing but skin on bone, where would an odor come from?" "It means God meant to give a sign," others hastily added, and their opinion was accepted beyond dispute and at once, for again they pointed out that even if an odor were bound to come naturally, as from any departed sinner, it would still have come out later, not with such glaring haste, at least after a full day, but "this one has run ahead of nature," and so here it was none other than God and his deliberate finger. He meant to give a sign. This reasoning struck home irresistibly. The meek Father Iosif, the hieromonk, the librarian, a favorite of the deceased, began to object to some of the slanderers that "it is not so everywhere, after all," and that this necessity of the incorruption of the bodies of the righteous is no dogma of Orthodoxy, but only an opinion, and that in the most Orthodox countries, on Athos for instance, they are not so troubled by the odor of corruption, and that there it is not bodily incorruption that is held to be the chief mark of the glorification of the saved, but the color of their bones, when their bodies have lain many years in the earth and have even decayed in it, "and if the bones are found yellow as wax, then that is the chief sign that the Lord has glorified the righteous departed; but if they are found not yellow but black, it means the Lord has not deemed him worthy of such glory—that is how it is on Athos, a great place, where from of old Orthodoxy has been kept inviolate and in the brightest purity," Father Iosif concluded. But the humble father's words passed by without effect and even provoked a mocking rebuff: "That's all learning and novelties, no need to listen," the monks decided among themselves. "With us it's the old

way; there's no end of novelties coming out nowadays, are we to copy them all?" others added. "We've had no fewer holy fathers than they have. They sit there under the Turk and have forgotten everything. Their Orthodoxy has long since gone muddy, and they haven't even got bells," the most mocking ones joined in. Father Iosif walked away in sorrow, the more so as he himself had stated his opinion not very firmly, as though he had little faith in it himself. But he foresaw with dismay that something very unseemly was beginning and that even disobedience itself was raising its head. Little by little, after Father Iosif, all the voices of reason fell silent too. And somehow it came about that all who loved the late elder and had accepted the institution of elders with tender obedience suddenly grew terribly afraid of something, and, meeting one another, only glanced timidly into each other's faces. The enemies of the institution of elders, as of an innovation, proudly raised their heads. "From the late elder Varsonofy there was not only no odor, but a fragrance flowed," they reminded people, gloating, "but he earned that not by being an elder, but because he was righteous himself." And after this, censures and even outright accusations rained down on the newly departed elder: "He taught wrongly; he taught that life is a great joy and not tearful humility," said some, of the most muddle-headed. "He believed in the fashionable way, he didn't accept material fire in hell," others added, still more muddle-headed than they. "He wasn't strict about fasting, he allowed himself sweet things, he ate cherry jam with his tea, he was very fond of it, the ladies used to send it to him. Is it for a schema-monk to go drinking tea?" could be heard from some of the envious. "He sat there in his pride," the most gloating recalled cruelly, "he thought himself a saint, people fell on their knees before him, and he took it as his due." "He misused the sacrament of confession," the fiercest foes of the institution of elders added in a spiteful whisper, and these were even some of the oldest monks, the strictest

in their devotions, true fasters and keepers of silence, who had kept silent while the deceased was alive but had now suddenly opened their lips, which was dreadful, for their words had a strong influence on the young monks, who were not yet settled. The guest from Obdorsk, the little monk from St. Silvester's, listened to it all most attentively, sighing deeply and nodding his head: "No, Father Ferapont judged rightly yesterday, it seems," he was thinking to himself, and just then Father Ferapont himself appeared; as if precisely to make the upheaval worse, he came out.

I have mentioned already that he seldom came out of his little wooden cell by the apiary, that he did not appear even in church for long stretches, and that this was tolerated in him as in a supposed holy fool, without binding him by the rule common to all. But to tell the whole truth, all this was tolerated in him even out of a certain necessity. For it would somehow have been even shameful to burden so great a faster and keeper of silence, who prayed day and night (he even fell asleep on his knees), with the common rule against his will, if he himself did not wish to submit to it. "He is holier than all of us and does what is harder than the rule," the monks would have said then, "and if he doesn't go to church, that means he knows himself when to go; he has his own rule." It was for fear of this likely grumbling and scandal that Father Ferapont was left in peace. Father Ferapont, as was already known to everyone, disliked the elder Zosima extremely; and now even to him, in his little cell, the news suddenly came that "God's judgment, it seems, is not the same as men's, and that he has even run ahead of nature." One must suppose that among the first to run to him with the news was the guest from Obdorsk, who had visited him the day before and had left him the day before in horror. I have also mentioned that Father Paisy, standing firm and unshaken and reading over the coffin, though he could not hear or see what was going on outside the cell, had unerringly divined in his heart

everything essential, for he knew his surroundings through and through. He was not troubled, but awaited without fear all that might still happen, following with a piercing gaze the outcome of the agitation, which already presented itself to his mind's eye. When suddenly an unusual noise in the entryway, one that already plainly broke all decorum, struck his ears. The door flew wide open, and on the threshold appeared Father Ferapont. Behind him, as could be observed, and even clearly seen from the cell, many monks who had come with him had crowded at the foot of the little porch, and among them laymen too. Those who had come with him, however, did not come in and did not go up onto the porch, but stopped and waited to see what Father Ferapont would say and do next, for they had a presentiment, and even a somewhat fearful one, for all their boldness, that he had not come for nothing. Stopping on the threshold, Father Ferapont raised his arms, and from under his right arm peeped the sharp and curious little eyes of the guest from Obdorsk, the only one who had not been able to restrain himself and had run up the little stairs after Father Ferapont out of his exceeding great curiosity. The rest, on the contrary, the moment the door flew noisily open, crowded back still farther in sudden fear. Raising his hands on high, Father Ferapont suddenly howled:

"Casting out, I cast out!" and at once, turning to each of the four quarters in turn, he began to make the sign of the cross with his hand over the walls and all four corners of the cell. Those who had come with Father Ferapont understood this action of his at once; for they knew that he always did so wherever he went in, and that he would not sit down or say a word before he had driven out the unclean powers.

"Satan, begone, Satan, begone!" he repeated with each sign of the cross. "Casting out, I cast out!" he howled again. He was in his coarse robe, girt with a rope. From under his hempen shirt peeped

his bare chest, overgrown with gray hair. His feet were entirely bare. As soon as he began waving his arms, the cruel chains he wore under his robe began to shake and clank. Father Paisy broke off the reading, stepped forward, and stood before him, waiting.

"Why have you come, honorable father? Why do you break decorum? Why do you trouble the humble flock?" he said at last, looking at him sternly.

"For what cause have you come? What do you ask? What is your faith?" shouted Father Ferapont, playing the holy fool. "I've come running to drive out your guests here, the foul devils. I'm looking to see how many of them you've stocked up without me. I mean to sweep them out with a birch broom."

"You drive out the unclean one, and perhaps you serve him yourself," Father Paisy continued without fear, "and who is there that can say of himself, 'I am holy'? Is it you, father?"

"I am unclean, not holy. I will not sit in an armchair, nor will I wish to be bowed down to like an idol!" thundered Father Ferapont. "Nowadays people are destroying the holy faith. The deceased, that saint of yours," he turned to the crowd, pointing his finger at the coffin, "rejected the devils. He gave out purges against devils. So they've bred here among you like spiders in the corners. And this day he himself has gone and stunk. In this we see a great sign from the Lord."

And this had in fact once happened in Father Zosima's lifetime. One of the monks began to dream of the unclean powers, and in the end to see them while awake. When, in the greatest fear, he disclosed this to the elder, the elder advised him to pray without ceasing and to fast more strictly. But when this too did not help, he advised him, without giving up the fasting and prayer, to take a certain medicine. Many were scandalized by this at the time and talked about it among themselves, shaking their heads—and Father Ferapont most of all, for certain detractors had at once hurried to

report to him this “extraordinary” prescription of the elder’s in so special a case.

“Begone, father!” Father Paisy said commandingly. “It is not men who judge, but God. Perhaps here we see such a ‘sign’ as neither you nor I nor anyone has the strength to understand. Begone, father, and do not trouble the flock!” he repeated insistently.

“He didn’t keep the fasts as befits his schema, and that’s why the sign came. That much is plain, and it’s a sin to hide it!” the fanatic would not be quieted, worked up as he was in his zeal that was not according to reason. “He was tempted by candy, the ladies brought it to him in their pockets, he sweetened himself with tea, he made sacrifices to his belly, filling it with sweets, and his mind with arrogant notions… And that’s why he has suffered shame…”

“Your words are frivolous, father!” Father Paisy raised his voice too. “I marvel at your fasting and your asceticism, but your words are frivolous, as if a youth in the world had uttered them, fickle and feeble-minded. Begone, father, I command you,” Father Paisy thundered in conclusion.

“I’ll go, all right!” said Father Ferapont, as though somewhat taken aback, but not giving up his spite. “You learned men! With your great reason you’ve exalted yourselves above my nothingness. I came here barely able to read, and here I forgot even what I knew; the Lord God himself has protected me, little me, from your great wisdom…”

Father Paisy stood over him and waited firmly. Father Ferapont was silent for a while and then suddenly, growing mournful and resting his right palm against his cheek, said in a singsong voice, gazing at the coffin of the departed elder:

“Over him tomorrow they’ll sing ‘Helper and Protector,’ a most glorious canon, but over me, when I croak, nothing but ‘What Earthly Sweetness,’ a little sticheron,”[1] he said tearfully and plaintively. “You have grown proud and puffed up, this place shall be

desolate!" he suddenly howled like a madman and, with a wave of his hand, quickly turned and quickly went down the steps from the porch. The crowd waiting below wavered; some followed him at once, but some lingered, for the cell was still open, and Father Paisy, having come out onto the porch after Father Ferapont, stood watching. But the wild old man had not quite finished: having gone some twenty paces, he suddenly turned toward the setting sun, raised both arms above his head and—as though someone had cut him down—crashed to the ground with a great cry:

"My Lord has conquered! Christ has conquered to the setting sun!" he shouted frenziedly, raising his arms to the sun, and, falling face down on the ground, he sobbed aloud like a little child, his whole body shaking with his tears, his arms spread out upon the earth. Then everyone rushed to him, exclamations rang out, answering sobs… A kind of ecstasy took hold of them all.

"That's who is holy! That's who is righteous!" cries rang out, no longer fearfully. "That's who should be an elder," others added, spitefully now.

"He won't be an elder… He'll refuse it himself… He won't serve the cursed innovation… He won't copy their foolery," other voices at once took up, and how far it might have gone is hard even to imagine, but just at that moment the bell rang, calling to the service. Everyone suddenly began crossing themselves. Father Ferapont too got up and, shielding himself with the sign of the cross, went off to his cell without looking back, still exclaiming, but something quite incoherent now. A few people started to stream after him, a small number, but most began to disperse, hurrying to the service. Father Paisy handed the reading over to Father Iosif and came down. The frenzied shouts of fanatics could not shake him, but his heart suddenly grew sad and heavy over something in particular, and he felt it. He stopped and suddenly asked himself: "Why is this sadness of mine so great, even to faint-

ness of spirit?" and grasped at once, with surprise, that this sudden sadness of his came, apparently, from a very small and particular cause: the fact was that in the crowd that had just been thronging at the entrance to the cell he had noticed, among the other agitated people, Alyosha too, and he remembered that on seeing him he had at once felt something like a pain in his heart. "Can it be that this youth means so much to my heart now?" he suddenly asked himself in surprise. At that moment Alyosha was just passing by him, as though hurrying somewhere, but not toward the church. Their eyes met. Alyosha quickly looked away and lowered his eyes to the ground, and from the young man's look alone Father Paisy guessed what a powerful change was taking place in him at that moment.

"Or have you too fallen into temptation?" Father Paisy suddenly exclaimed. "Are you, too, with those of little faith?" he added sorrowfully.

Alyosha stopped and looked at Father Paisy somehow vaguely, but again quickly turned his eyes away and again lowered them to the ground. He was standing side-on and did not turn his face toward his questioner. Father Paisy watched him closely.

"Where are you hurrying to? They are ringing for the service," he asked again, but again Alyosha gave no answer.

"Or are you leaving the hermitage? How can you, without asking leave, without a blessing?"

Alyosha suddenly gave a crooked smile, and cast a strange, a very strange look up at the father who questioned him, at the man to whom his former guide, the former ruler of his heart and mind, his beloved elder, had entrusted him as he was dying, and suddenly, still without answering, he waved his hand, as if he did not care even about respect, and with rapid steps walked toward the gates and out of the hermitage.

“You will come back yet!” whispered Father Paisy, looking after him in sorrowful surprise.

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1. “Helper and Protector” opens the long canon sung at the burial of monks in holy orders; “What earthly sweetness” begins a short hymn of the funeral service for laymen and ordinary monks.

II. Such a Moment

Father Paisy, of course, was not mistaken when he decided that his "dear boy" would come back again, and perhaps he even saw into (not entirely, but still with insight) the true meaning of Alyosha's state of soul. Nevertheless, I confess frankly that I myself would find it very hard now to convey clearly the precise meaning of this strange and indefinite moment in the life of the hero of my story, so dearly loved by me and still so young. To Father Paisy's sorrowful question, directed at Alyosha: "Are you, too, with those of little faith?" I might, of course, answer firmly on Alyosha's behalf: "No, he is not with those of little faith." More than that, it was even quite the opposite: all his confusion came precisely from the fact that he believed so much. But the confusion was there all the same, it did happen all the same, and it was so tormenting that even afterward, long afterward, Alyosha counted that sorrowful day as one of the most painful and fateful days of his life. And if I am asked straight out: "Could all this anguish and such alarm really have arisen in him only because the body of his elder, instead of at once beginning to work healings, had on the contrary undergone early corruption?" I will answer without beating about the bush: "Yes, that is indeed how it was." I would only ask the reader not to be in too great a hurry to laugh at my young man's pure heart. As for me, not only do I not intend to ask forgiveness for him, or to excuse and justify his simple faith by his youth, for instance, or by the little progress he had made in the subjects he had studied before, and so on and so forth, but I will do just the opposite and declare firmly that I feel a sincere respect for the nature of his

heart. No doubt some other young man, one who takes in the heart's impressions cautiously, who already knows how to love not ardently but only warmly, with a mind that is sound enough but, for his age, much too sensible (and therefore cheap), such a young man, I say, would have avoided what happened to my young man; but in some cases, truly, it is more honorable to give way to some passion, however unreasonable, so long as it springs from a great love, than not to give way to it at all. And in youth all the more, for a young man who is too constantly sensible is not to be relied on, and his price is cheap—that is my opinion! "But," sensible people will perhaps exclaim at this point, "not every young man can believe in such a superstition, and your young man is no rule for the rest." To this I will answer once again: yes, my young man believed, believed sacredly and unshakably, but all the same I do not ask forgiveness for him.

You see: though I declared above (and perhaps too hastily) that I would not explain, excuse, or justify my hero, I see that something must all the same be made clear for the further understanding of the story. This is what I will say: it was not exactly a matter of miracles here. It was not an expectation of miracles frivolous in its impatience. And it was not for the triumph of any convictions that Alyosha needed miracles then (that least of all), not for any former, preconceived idea that might the sooner triumph over another—oh no, not at all: here, in all of this, and above all, in the first place, there stood before him a face, and only a face—the face of his beloved elder, the face of that righteous man whom he had revered to the point of adoration. The thing is precisely that all the love concealed in his young and pure heart for "everyone and everything," at that time and during the whole year before it, had at times, as it were, become concentrated wholly, and perhaps even wrongly, on one being chiefly, at least in the strongest impulses of his heart—on his beloved elder, now deceased. True,

this being had stood before him so long as an indisputable ideal that all his young strength and all its striving could not but turn exclusively toward this ideal, and at moments even to the point of forgetting "everyone and everything." (He remembered himself afterward that on this heavy day he had completely forgotten his brother Dmitri, over whom he had worried and grieved so much the day before; it had also slipped his mind to take the two hundred rubles to Ilyushechka's father, which only the day before he had so ardently meant to do.) But again, it was not miracles he needed, but only "a higher justice," which, as he believed, had been violated, and by which his heart had been wounded so cruelly and so suddenly. And what does it matter that this "justice," in Alyosha's expectations, by the very course of things, had taken the form of miracles expected at once from the remains of his adored former guide? But then, everyone in the monastery thought and expected the same, even those before whose minds Alyosha bowed, Father Paisy himself, for instance, and so Alyosha, not troubling himself with any doubts, clothed his own dreams too in the same form in which everyone had clothed theirs. And besides, this had long been so arranged in his heart, through the whole year of his life in the monastery, and his heart had already acquired the habit of expecting it so. But it was justice he thirsted for, justice, and not merely miracles! And now the one who should have been, by his hopes, exalted above everyone in the whole world—that very one, instead of the glory that was his due, was suddenly cast down and disgraced! What for? Who had judged? Who could have decided so?—these were the questions that at once tormented his inexperienced and virginal heart. He could not endure without offense, without even bitterness of heart, that the most righteous of the righteous had been given over to such mocking and spiteful derision by so frivolous a crowd, standing so far below him. Well, let there have been no miracles at all, let

nothing wonderful have appeared and let what was immediately expected not have come true; but why had disgrace appeared, why had shame been permitted, why this hasty corruption, which had "outstripped nature," as the spiteful monks said? Why this "sign," which they now so triumphantly deduced together with Father Ferapont, and why did they believe they had even gained the right to deduce it? Where, then, was providence and its finger? Why had it hidden its finger "at the most needful moment" (thought Alyosha), and as if it had itself chosen to submit to blind, dumb, pitiless natural laws?

This is what made Alyosha's heart run with blood, and of course, as I have said already, there stood here above all a face, beloved by him more than anything in the world, and that same face "put to shame," that same face "dishonored"! Granted that this murmuring of my young man's was frivolous and unreasonable, but again, for the third time I repeat (and agree beforehand that perhaps this too is said frivolously): I am glad that my young man turned out not so reasonable at such a moment, for reason will always come in its time to a man who is not stupid, but if even at such an exceptional moment there is no love in a young man's heart, then when will it come? I will not, however, pass over in silence on this occasion a certain strange phenomenon, which, though only for an instant, still did reveal itself in Alyosha's mind at this fateful and confused moment. This new something that appeared and flashed by consisted of a certain tormenting impression from his conversation of the day before with his brother Ivan, which Alyosha now kept recalling incessantly. Precisely now. Oh, not that anything among the fundamental, the elemental, so to speak, beliefs of his soul had been shaken. His God he loved, and in him he believed unshakably, though he had suddenly begun to murmur against him. And yet some vague but tormenting and evil impression from the recollection of yesterday's conversation with

his brother Ivan suddenly stirred again now in his soul and kept asking more and more to come up to the surface. When it had already begun to grow quite dark, Rakitin, passing through the pine grove from the hermitage to the monastery, suddenly noticed Alyosha lying under a tree with his face to the ground, motionless and as if asleep. He went up and called to him.

"You here, Alexei? Can it be that you…" he began in surprise, but stopped without finishing. He had meant to say: "Can it be that you've come to this?" Alyosha did not look at him, but from a certain movement of his Rakitin guessed at once that he heard and understood him.

"But what's the matter with you?" he went on in surprise, but the surprise was already beginning to give way on his face to a smile that took on a more and more mocking expression.

"Listen, I've been looking for you for over two hours. You suddenly vanished from there. What are you doing here? What sort of pious nonsense is this? At least look at me…"

Alyosha lifted his head, sat up, and propped his back against the tree. He was not crying, but his face expressed suffering, and irritation showed in his eyes. He was not looking at Rakitin, however, but somewhere off to the side.

"You know, your face has completely changed. None of that famous meekness of yours from before. Angry with somebody, or what? Did someone hurt you?"

"Leave me alone!" Alyosha said suddenly, still not looking at him, and waved his hand wearily.

"Oho, so that's how we are now! Shouting at people just like the rest of us mortals. And this from one of the angels! Well, Alyoshka, you've surprised me, you know that, I'm telling you sincerely. It's a long time since anything here surprised me. And I did take you for an educated man, after all…"

Alyosha looked at him at last, but somehow absently, as though still understanding him poorly.

"Can it really be only because your old man's begun to stink? Did you seriously believe he was going to start pulling off miracles?" exclaimed Rakitin, passing again into the most sincere amazement.

"I believed, I believe, and I want to believe, and I will believe, what more do you want!" Alyosha shouted irritably.

"Nothing at all, my dear fellow. Pfoo, damn it, a thirteen-year-old schoolboy doesn't believe that nowadays. But then, damn it... So now you've gone and got angry with that God of yours, you've rebelled: passed over for promotion, they say, no medal for the holiday! Oh, you people!"

Alyosha looked at Rakitin long, and with his eyes somehow narrowed, and something suddenly flashed in his eyes... but not bitterness against Rakitin.

"I'm not rebelling against my God, I simply 'do not accept his world,'" Alyosha suddenly said with a crooked smile.

"What do you mean, you don't accept the world?" Rakitin thought over his answer for a tiny moment. "What's this gibberish?"

Alyosha did not answer.

"Well, enough of these trifles, now to business: have you eaten today?"

"I don't remember... I did eat, I think."

"You need to keep your strength up, to judge by your face. It makes one feel sorry, looking at you. You didn't sleep all night either, I heard, there was some sort of session among you there. And then all this fuss and smearing... Most likely you chewed nothing but a little bit of antidoron. I've got some sausage with me in my pocket, I picked it up in town earlier on the way here, just in case, only you won't touch sausage, of course..."

"Give me some sausage."

"Aha! So that's how it is with you! So it's outright rebellion, barricades! Well, brother, that's not a thing to be sniffed at. Let's go to my place… I could do with a drop of vodka myself now, I'm dead tired. Vodka, I suppose, you won't dare… or will you have some?"

"Give me vodka too."

"Well, look at that! That's a wonder, brother!" Rakitin looked at him wildly. "Well, one way or another, vodka or sausage, this is a bold, fine business and not to be missed, come on!"

Alyosha rose from the ground in silence and followed Rakitin.

"If your brother Vanechka could see this, how amazed he'd be! By the way, your brother Ivan Fyodorovich went rolling off to Moscow this morning, did you know?"

"I know," Alyosha said indifferently, and suddenly the image of his brother Dmitri flashed through his mind, but only flashed, and though it reminded him of something, of some urgent business that could not be put off a minute longer, some duty, a terrible obligation, this recollection too made no impression on him, did not reach his heart, and in the same instant flew out of his memory and was forgotten. But long afterward Alyosha remembered this.

"Your brother Vanechka once pronounced that I was a 'talentless liberal sack.' And you too, once, couldn't hold back and gave me to understand that I was 'dishonorable'… So be it! Now let me have a look at your talent and honor" (this Rakitin finished to himself, in a whisper). "Pfoo, listen!" he began again aloud. "Let's skip the monastery and take the path straight into town… Hm. I ought to drop in on Khokhlakova, by the way. Imagine: I wrote her about everything that happened, and, just think, she answers me in a flash with a note, in pencil (that lady is terribly fond of writing notes), that 'she never expected *such conduct* from so venerable an elder as Father Zosima!' That's exactly what she wrote: 'conduct'!

She's angry too, you see; oh, all of you! Wait!" he suddenly shouted again, stopped short, and, holding Alyosha by the shoulder, stopped him too.

"You know, Alyoshka," he looked searchingly into his eyes, wholly under the impression of a sudden new thought that had suddenly lit him up, and though he was laughing outwardly, he was evidently afraid to say this new sudden thought of his aloud, so little could he still believe in the mood, so wonderful to him and so utterly unexpected, in which he now saw Alyosha, "Alyoshka, do you know where it would be best of all for us to go now?" he brought out at last, timidly and ingratiatingly.

"It's all the same… wherever you like."

"Let's go to Grushenka's, eh? Will you come?" Rakitin pronounced at last, trembling all over with timid expectation.

"Let's go to Grushenka's," Alyosha answered calmly and at once, and this was so unexpected for Rakitin, that is, such quick and calm consent, that he almost jumped back.

"W-well!… There!" he began to shout in amazement, but suddenly, seizing Alyosha firmly by the arm, he drew him quickly along the path, still terribly afraid that his resolve would vanish. They walked in silence; Rakitin was even afraid to speak.

"And how glad she'll be, how glad…" he began to mutter, but fell silent again. And it was not at all for Grushenka's gladness that he was drawing Alyosha to her; he was a serious man and undertook nothing without an aim advantageous to himself. His aim now was twofold: first, vengeful, that is, to see "the disgrace of the righteous" and Alyosha's probable "fall" "from the saints to the sinners," which he was already relishing in advance; and second, he had in view here a certain material aim as well, a very advantageous one for him, of which more will be said below.

"So such a moment has come along," he thought to himself, gaily and spitefully, "and so we'll seize it by the scruff of the neck,

this little moment, for it suits us very well."

III. An Onion

Grushenka lived in the busiest part of town, near Cathedral Square, in the house of the merchant's widow Morozova, from whom she rented a small wooden cottage in the yard. Morozova's house itself was large, of stone, two-storied, old, and very unsightly to look at; in it the owner herself, an old woman, lived in seclusion with her two nieces, also maiden ladies well on in years. She had no need to let the cottage in her yard, but everyone knew that she had taken Grushenka in as a lodger (some four years ago now) solely to oblige her relative, the merchant Samsonov, Grushenka's open protector. It was said that the jealous old man, in placing his "favorite" with Morozova, had at first had in mind the old woman's sharp eye, to watch over the conduct of the new lodger. But the sharp eye very soon proved unnecessary, and it ended with Morozova even rarely meeting Grushenka and in the end not bothering her at all with any supervision. True, four years had passed already since the old man had brought into this house from the provincial capital an eighteen-year-old girl, timid, shy, slender, thin, pensive, and sad, and since then much water had flowed by. The life story of this girl, however, was known among us in town only slightly and confusedly; nor was more learned of late, and that even when a great many people had begun to take an interest in the "great beauty" into whom Agrafena Alexandrovna had turned in four years. There were only rumors that as a girl of barely seventeen she had been deceived by someone, by some officer supposedly, and then at once abandoned by him. The officer, it was said, had gone away and later married somewhere, and

Grushenka had been left in disgrace and poverty. It was also said, however, that though Grushenka had indeed been taken out of poverty by her old man, she was of an honest family and somehow came from the clergy, was the daughter of some supernumerary deacon or something of the sort. And so in four years the sensitive, injured, and pitiful little orphan had turned into a rosy, full-bodied Russian beauty, a woman of bold and decisive character, proud and brazen, who understood money, an acquirer, stingy and cautious, who by fair means or foul had already managed, as was said of her, to scrape together a little capital of her own. Only on one point was everyone convinced: that Grushenka was hard of access, and that apart from the old man, her protector, there was not one single man, in all the four years, who could boast of her favor. The fact was firm, because quite a few hunters had sprung up to win that favor, especially in the last two years. But all attempts proved in vain, and some of the suitors were forced to retreat even with a comic and shameful outcome, thanks to the firm and mocking rebuff on the part of the young person of character. It was known, too, that the young person, especially in the last year, had gone in for what is called "gesheft," sharp dealing, and that in this line she had proved to have extraordinary abilities, so that in the end many called her a regular Yid. Not that she lent money at interest, but it was known, for instance, that in company with Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov she had for some time really been engaged in buying up promissory notes for next to nothing, at ten kopecks on the ruble, and later had made on some of those notes a ruble for every ten kopecks. The sick Samsonov, who in the last year had lost the use of his swollen legs, a widower, the tyrant of his grown-up sons, worth a good hundred thousand, a man miserly and implacable, had nevertheless fallen under the strong influence of his protégée, whom at first he had kept on a tight rein and on short commons, "on Lenten oil," as the scoffers said then. But Grushenka had man-

aged to emancipate herself, while inspiring in him, all the same, a boundless trust as to her faithfulness to him. This old man, a great man of business (long since dead now), was also of a remarkable character, chiefly stingy and hard as flint, and though Grushenka had struck him so that he could not live without her (in the last two years, for instance, that was just how it was), still he did not settle a large, substantial capital on her, and even if she had threatened to leave him altogether, he would have remained implacable even then. But he did settle a small capital on her instead, and when this became known, it too was a wonder to everyone. "You're a sharp woman yourself," he said to her, settling some eight thousand on her, "so manage it yourself, but know that apart from your yearly allowance as before, until my very death, you'll get nothing more from me, and in my will I won't leave you anything more either." And he was as good as his word: at his death everything went to his sons, whom all his life he had kept by him on the footing of servants, with their wives and children, and did not even mention Grushenka in his will at all. All this became known afterward. But with advice on how to manage "her own capital" he helped Grushenka not a little, and pointed out "deals" to her. When Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, who had first become involved with Grushenka over some chance "gesheft," ended, quite unexpectedly for himself, by falling madly in love with her and as if even losing his mind, old Samsonov, who by then already had one foot in the grave, laughed at him heartily. It is remarkable that Grushenka, during the whole time of their acquaintance, was completely and even, as it were, heartily frank with her old man, and this, it seems, with him alone of anyone in the world. Most recently, when Dmitri Fyodorovich too had suddenly appeared with his love, the old man stopped laughing. On the contrary, he once advised Grushenka seriously and sternly: "If you're going to choose between the two, the father or the son, then choose the

old man, but on condition, mind, that the old scoundrel marries you without fail, and signs over at least some capital beforehand. And don't take up with the captain, nothing will come of it." These were the very words to Grushenka of the old voluptuary, who already sensed then that his death was near, and who did in fact die five months after this advice. I will note further in passing that, though many people in our town knew at the time about the absurd and monstrous rivalry of the Karamazovs, father and son, the object of which was Grushenka, few then understood the real meaning of her relations with either of them, with the old man and with the son. Even both of Grushenka's maids (after the catastrophe had already broken out, of which more is still to come) testified later in court that Agrafena Alexandrovna had received Dmitri Fyodorovich solely out of fear, because, it would seem, "he threatened to kill her." She had two maids, one a very old cook, from her parents' household still, sickly and almost deaf, and the cook's granddaughter, a lively young girl of about twenty, Grushenka's housemaid. Grushenka lived very stingily, and in a setting not at all rich. She had in all three rooms in the cottage, furnished by the landlady with ancient mahogany furniture in the fashion of the twenties. When Rakitin and Alyosha came in, it was already full dusk, but the rooms had not yet been lit. Grushenka herself was lying in her drawing room on her big clumsy sofa with a mock-mahogany back, hard and covered with leather that had long since worn through and had holes in it. Under her head were two white down pillows from her bed. She lay on her back, stretched out motionless, both hands behind her head. She was dressed up as though expecting someone, in a black silk dress and a light lace headdress, which became her very well; around her shoulders was thrown a lace kerchief, pinned with a massive gold brooch. She was in fact expecting someone, and lay as if in anguish and impatience, her face somewhat pale, her lips and eyes burning, the tip

of her right foot drumming impatiently on the arm of the sofa. The moment Rakitin and Alyosha appeared there was a small commotion: from the front hall they could hear Grushenka jump up quickly from the sofa and suddenly cry out in fright: "Who's there?" But the girl met the visitors and at once called back to her mistress:

"It isn't them, ma'am, it's others, these are all right."

"What could be the matter with her?" Rakitin muttered, leading Alyosha by the hand into the drawing room. Grushenka was standing by the sofa as if still frightened. A thick strand of her dark-brown braid had suddenly slipped out from under her headdress and fallen onto her right shoulder, but she did not notice and did not put it right until she had peered at her visitors and recognized them.

"Ah, it's you, Rakitka? You frightened the life out of me. Who's that with you? Who have you brought? Lord, look who he's brought!" she exclaimed, making out Alyosha.

"Well, have them bring some candles!" said Rakitin, with the offhand manner of the closest of acquaintances, an intimate friend who even has the right to give orders in the house.

"Candles... of course, candles... Fenya, bring him a candle... Well, you found a fine time to bring him!" she exclaimed again, nodding at Alyosha, and, turning to the mirror, she quickly began with both hands to pin up her braid. She seemed displeased.

"Didn't I please you?" asked Rakitin, almost instantly offended.

"You frightened me, Rakitka, that's what," Grushenka said, turning to Alyosha with a smile. "Don't you be afraid of me, Alyosha, my dear, I'm awfully glad to see you, my unexpected guest. But you frightened me, Rakitka: I thought it was Mitya breaking in. You see, I fooled him earlier today and made him give me his word of honor to believe me, and I lied. I told him I was going to Kuzma Kuzmich's, to my old man, for the whole evening and would be

counting money with him till late. I go to him every week, you know, for a whole evening to settle accounts. We lock ourselves in: he clicks away on the abacus, and I sit—writing it in the books—he trusts no one but me. And Mitya believed I'd be there, while here I am at home, locked in—sitting and waiting for a certain piece of news. How did Fenya come to let you in! Fenya, Fenya! Run to the gate, open it, and look all around, is the captain anywhere about? Maybe he's hiding and spying, I'm scared to death!"

"There's no one, Agrafena Alexandrovna, I looked all around just now, and I keep going up to the crack and looking every minute, I'm all in a fright and a tremble myself."

"Are the shutters closed, Fenya? And we ought to let down the curtains—like that!" She let down the heavy curtains herself. "Or else he'll come flying straight at the light. I'm afraid of Mitya, your brother, today, Alyosha." Grushenka spoke loudly, though in alarm, yet also as though in a kind of near rapture.

"Why are you so afraid of Mitenka today?" inquired Rakitin. "I thought you weren't timid with him, he dances to your pipe."

"I tell you, I'm waiting for news, a golden little piece of news, so that I don't need Mitenka now at all. And he didn't believe me, I feel it, that I went to Kuzma Kuzmich's. He must be sitting over there now, in Fyodor Pavlovich's garden out back, keeping watch for me. And if he's settled himself there, it means he won't come here, so much the better! And I really did run over to Kuzma Kuzmich's, Mitya himself walked me there, I said I'd stay till midnight and that he must be sure to come at midnight and see me home. He went away, and I sat ten minutes or so with the old man and then back here again, ooh, I was afraid—I ran so as not to meet him."

"And what are you dressed up for? Look what a curious cap you've got on!"

"And what a curious one you are yourself, Rakitin! I tell you, I'm waiting for a certain piece of news. When the news comes, I'll

jump up—and fly, and that's the last you'll see of me. That's why I'm dressed up, so as to sit here ready."

"And where will you fly to?"

"Curiosity killed the cat."

"Just look at you. All joy… I've never seen you like this before. Decked out as if for a ball," Rakitin looked her over.

"A lot you know about balls."

"And you know a lot?"

"I've seen a ball, I have. The year before last Kuzma Kuzmich married off his son, and I watched from the gallery. But why should I be talking with you, Rakitka, when there's such a prince standing here. Now that's a guest! Alyosha, my dear, I look at you and I don't believe it; Lord, how did you come to turn up at my place! To tell you the truth, I never expected it, never dreamed it, and before this I never believed you could come. Though this isn't the moment for it now, still I'm awfully glad to see you! Sit down on the sofa, here, like that, my young moon. Really, I still can't seem to take it in… Oh, Rakitka, if only you'd brought him yesterday or the day before!… Well, I'm glad even so. Maybe it's better that it's now, at such a moment, and not the day before yesterday…"

She sat down playfully beside Alyosha on the sofa, right next to him, and looked at him in downright delight. And her gladness was real; she had told no lie in saying so. Her eyes were shining, her lips were laughing, but laughing good-naturedly, merrily. Alyosha had not even expected such a kind expression in her face… Until yesterday he had met her little, had formed a frightening notion of her, and yesterday he had been so terribly shaken by her spiteful and treacherous attack on Katerina Ivanovna, and he was very surprised to see in her now, all of a sudden, as it were a quite different and unexpected being. And however crushed he was by his own grief, his eyes rested on her with attention in spite of himself.

All her manners too seemed to have changed since yesterday, altogether for the better: there was almost none of yesterday's sugariness in her speech, none of those pampered and affected movements… everything was simple, artless, her movements were quick, direct, trusting, but she was very excited.

"Lord, what things keep coming true today, really," she began to babble again. "And why I'm so glad to see you, Alyosha, I don't know myself. Ask me, and I don't know."

"Come now, you don't know why you're glad?" Rakitin grinned. "Before, you kept pestering me for some reason, bring him, bring him, so you did have an aim."

"Before, I had a different aim, but now that's passed, it isn't the moment for it. I'm going to treat you both, that's what. I've turned kind now, Rakitka. Sit down, you too, Rakitka, why are you standing? Or have you sat down already? I bet Rakitushka won't forget himself. Look at him now, Alyosha, sitting there across from us and taking offense: why didn't I ask him to sit down before you. Ooh, my Rakitka is touchy, so touchy!" Grushenka laughed. "Don't be cross, Rakitka, today I'm kind. But why are you sitting there so sad, Alyoshechka, or are you afraid of me?" She looked into his eyes with merry mockery.

"He has a grief. They didn't give him his promotion," Rakitin boomed in a bass voice.

"What promotion?"

"His elder has begun to stink."

"Begun to stink? You're grinding out some nonsense, you want to say something nasty. Hush, you fool. Will you let me sit on your knee, Alyosha, like this!" And suddenly, in an instant, she sprang up and, laughing, jumped onto his knee like a fondling kitten, tenderly putting her right arm around his neck. "I'll cheer you up, my pious boy! No, really, will you actually let me sit on your knee, you won't be angry? Tell me to, and I'll jump off."

Alyosha was silent. He sat afraid to move; he heard her words, "Tell me to, and I'll jump off," but he did not answer, as though he had frozen. But what was in him was not what anyone might have expected or imagined in him now, Rakitin, for instance, who was watching lustfully from his place. The great grief of his soul swallowed up all sensations that could possibly arise in his heart, and if only he could have given himself a full account at this moment, he would himself have guessed that he was now in the strongest armor against any temptation and seduction. Nevertheless, in spite of all the vague unaccountability of his state of soul and of all the grief that oppressed him, he still could not help wondering at one new and strange sensation arising in his heart: this woman, this "terrible" woman, not only did not frighten him now with his former fear, the fear that used to arise in him at any dream of a woman, if such a dream ever flitted through his soul, but, on the contrary, this woman, whom he had feared more than any other, sitting on his knee and embracing him, aroused in him suddenly now a quite different, unexpected, and peculiar feeling, a feeling of an extraordinary, very great, and most pure-hearted curiosity about her, and all this now without any fear, without the slightest of his former terror—that was the main thing, and that was what surprised him in spite of himself.

"That's enough of your babbling nonsense," Rakitin shouted, "you'd better serve the champagne, you owe it, you know you do!"

"It's true, I owe it. You see, Alyosha, on top of everything I promised him champagne for you, if he brought you. Bring on the champagne, I'll drink too! Fenya, Fenya, bring us champagne, that bottle Mitya left, run quickly. Stingy as I am, I'll serve a bottle, not for you, Rakitka, you're a mushroom, but he's a prince! And though that isn't what my soul is full of now, so be it, I'll drink with you too, I feel like carousing!"

"But what sort of moment is it you're having, and what is this 'news,' may one ask, or is it a secret?" Rakitin put in again with curiosity, trying with all his might to pretend he took no notice of the fillips that kept flying at him without a pause.

"Oh, it's no secret, and you know it yourself," Grushenka said suddenly with a preoccupied air, turning her head toward Rakitin and leaning back a little from Alyosha, though still going on sitting on his knee with her arm around his neck. "The officer is coming, Rakitin, my officer is coming!"

"I heard he was coming, but is he really that close?"

"He's in Mokroye now, he'll send a courier here from there, he wrote so himself, I got a letter earlier today. I'm sitting and waiting for the courier."

"Well, well! Why in Mokroye?"

"It's a long story, and you've heard enough."

"So that's what it means for Mitenka now—oh, oh! Does he know or doesn't he?"

"Know what! He doesn't know at all! If he found out, he'd kill me. But I'm not afraid of that at all now, I'm not afraid of his knife now. Hush, Rakitka, don't remind me of Dmitri Fyodorovich: he's crushed my heart to pieces. And I don't want to think about any of that at this moment. Now, Alyoshechka I can think about, I'm looking at Alyoshechka… Smile at me, my dear, cheer up, smile at my foolishness, at my joy… Why, he did smile, he smiled! Look how kindly he's looking. You know, Alyosha, I kept thinking you were angry with me for the day before yesterday, for that young lady. I was a dog, that's what… Only it's good all the same that it happened like that. It was bad and it was good," Grushenka suddenly smiled pensively, and some cruel little line suddenly flashed in her smile. "Mitya told me she screamed: 'She ought to be flogged!' I really did insult her badly that time. She invited me over, wanted to conquer me, to seduce me with her chocolate… No, it's good

that it happened like that," she smiled again. "Only I keep being afraid you're angry..."

"But it's true, you know," Rakitin suddenly put in with serious surprise. "She really is afraid of you, Alyosha, a little chick like you."

"It's for you, Rakitka, that he's a little chick, that's what... because you have no conscience, that's what! I, you see, I love him with my soul, that's what! Do you believe, Alyosha, that I love you with all my soul?"

"Oh, you shameless woman! She's declaring her love to you, Alexei!"

"Well, what of it, I do love him."

"And the officer? And the golden little news from Mokroye?"

"That's one thing, and this is another."

"That's how it works out, woman-fashion!"

"Don't make me angry, Rakitka," Grushenka took him up hotly, "that's one thing, and this is another. I love Alyosha in a different way. It's true, Alyosha, I did have a sly thought about you before. But then, I'm low, I'm violent, and yet at other moments, Alyosha, I used to look on you as my conscience. I keep thinking: 'How a man like that must despise me now, vile as I am.' I thought it the day before yesterday too, as I was running here from the young lady. I noticed you that way long ago, Alyosha, and Mitya knows, I told him. Now Mitya understands that. Would you believe it, sometimes, really, Alyosha, I look at you and I'm ashamed, ashamed of my whole self... And how I came to think about you, and since when, I don't know and don't remember..."

Fenya came in and set a tray on the table, with an uncorked bottle on it and three glasses already poured.

"The champagne's here!" cried Rakitin. "You're excited, Agrafena Alexandrovna, and beside yourself. You drink a glass and you'll be off dancing. Ah, they couldn't even manage that," he added, examining the champagne. "The old woman poured it out

in the kitchen, and they brought the bottle without a cork, and it's warm. Well, let's have it even so."

He stepped over to the table, picked up a glass, drained it in one gulp, and poured himself another.

"It isn't often you stumble on champagne," he said, licking his lips. "Come on, Alyosha, take a glass, show what you're made of. What shall we drink to? To the gates of paradise? Take a glass, Grusha, you drink to the gates of paradise too."

"What gates of paradise?"

She took a glass. Alyosha took his, sipped a little, and put the glass back.

"No, I'd better not after all!" he smiled quietly.

"And you boasted!" cried Rakitin.

"Well, if that's how it is, I won't either," Grushenka chimed in, "and I don't feel like it anyway. Drink the whole bottle yourself, Rakitka. If Alyosha drinks, then I'll drink too."

"Now the calf-love begins!" Rakitin teased. "And sitting on his knee herself! He, let's say, has a grief, but what's the matter with you? He's rebelled against his God, he was all set to gobble sausage…"

"How so?"

"His elder died today, the elder Zosima, the saint."

"So the elder Zosima has died!" exclaimed Grushenka. "Lord, and I didn't even know!" She crossed herself devoutly. "Lord, what am I doing, here I am sitting on his knee now!" she started up suddenly as if in fright, instantly jumped off his knee, and moved over onto the sofa. Alyosha gave her a long look of surprise, and something seemed to light up in his face.

"Rakitin," he said suddenly, loudly and firmly, "don't taunt me that I've rebelled against my God. I don't want to bear you any malice, so be kinder yourself too. I have lost a treasure such as you never had, and you cannot judge me now. Look over here at her

instead: did you see how she spared me? I came here to find a wicked soul—I was drawn to that myself, because I was base and wicked, and I found a true sister, I found a treasure—a loving soul… She spared me just now… Agrafena Alexandrovna, it's you I'm speaking of. You have just now raised up my soul again."

Alyosha's lips began to tremble and his breath caught. He stopped.

"As if she'd gone and saved you!" Rakitin laughed spitefully. "Why, she wanted to swallow you up, do you know that?"

"Stop, Rakitka!" Grushenka suddenly jumped up. "Be quiet, both of you. Now I'll tell everything: you, Alyosha, be quiet, because such words of yours make me ashamed, because I'm wicked and not good—that's what I am. And you, Rakitka, be quiet because you're lying. There was such a vile thought, that I wanted to swallow him up, but now you're lying, now it's not that at all… and don't let me hear another word out of you, Rakitka!" Grushenka said all this with extraordinary agitation.

"Just look at them, both raving!" hissed Rakitin, examining them both with surprise. "Like lunatics, as if I'd landed in a madhouse. They've both gone soft, they'll start crying in a minute!"

"And I will start crying, I will start crying!" Grushenka kept saying. "He called me his sister, and I'll never forget that, ever! Only here's the thing, Rakitka, wicked as I am, still, I did give away an onion."

"What onion's that? Pfoo, damn it, they really have gone mad!"

Rakitin was surprised at their exaltation and was offended and angry, though he might have realized that for both of them everything had just come together that could shake their souls, as happens not often in life. But Rakitin, who was very sensitive in understanding everything that concerned himself, was very crude in understanding the feelings and sensations of his neighbors—

partly from his youthful inexperience, and partly from his great egoism.

"You see, Alyoshechka," Grushenka suddenly laughed nervously, turning to him, "I was boasting to Rakitka that I gave away an onion, but to you I won't boast, I'll tell it to you with another aim. It's only a fable, but it's a good fable, I heard it when I was still a child from my Matryona, who's my cook now. You see, it goes like this: 'Once upon a time there was a peasant woman, as wicked as wicked could be, and she died. And not one good deed was left behind her. The devils seized her and threw her into the lake of fire. And her guardian angel stood there and thought: what good deed of hers can I remember, to tell God? He remembered one and said to God: she once pulled up an onion in her garden, he says, and gave it to a beggar woman. And God answers him: then take that very onion, he says, and hold it out to her in the lake, let her catch hold of it and be pulled, and if you pull her out of the lake, let her go to paradise, but if the onion breaks, then the woman stays where she is now. So the angel ran off to the woman and reached the onion out to her: here, woman, he says, catch hold and be pulled. And he began pulling her carefully, and he had almost pulled her all the way out, but the other sinners in the lake, when they saw her being pulled out, all began clutching at her so they'd be pulled out along with her. And the woman was as wicked as wicked could be, and she started kicking them with her feet: "It's me that's being pulled, not you, it's my onion, not yours." No sooner had she said it than the onion broke. And the woman fell into the lake and is burning to this day. And the angel wept and went away.' That's the fable, Alyosha, I learned it by heart, because I myself am that very woman, as wicked as can be. I boasted to Rakitka that I gave away an onion, but to you I'll put it differently: in my whole life I've given away just one little onion or so, and that's all the good deeds there are on me. So don't praise me after

that, Alyosha, don't take me for a good woman, I'm wicked, as wicked as wicked can be, and if you praise me you'll put me to shame. Oh, I may as well confess everything. Listen, Alyosha: I wanted so badly to lure you to my place, and pestered Rakitka so much, that I promised him twenty-five rubles if he'd bring you to me. Wait, Rakitka, hold on!" She went with quick steps to the table, opened a drawer, took out a purse, and from it a twenty-five-ruble note.

"What nonsense! What nonsense!" Rakitin kept exclaiming, nonplussed.

"Take your debt, Rakitka, I bet you won't refuse, you asked for it yourself." And she flung the note at him.

"As if I'd refuse," Rakitin boomed, visibly embarrassed but covering his shame with a swagger. "That will come in very handy for us; fools exist for the profit of the clever man."

"And now be quiet, Rakitka, now everything I'm going to say won't be for your ears. Sit here in the corner and be quiet, you don't love us, so be quiet."

"And what should I love you for?" Rakitin snapped, no longer hiding his spite. He had stuffed the twenty-five-ruble note in his pocket, and before Alyosha he was decidedly ashamed. He had counted on receiving his payment later, so that Alyosha would not even find out, and now he was angry from shame. Until this moment he had found it very politic not to contradict Grushenka much, in spite of all her fillips, for it was evident that she had some sort of power over him. But now he too got angry:

"People love for something, and what have either of you done for me?"

"Then love for nothing, the way Alyosha loves."

"And how does he love you, and what has he shown you that you go making such a fuss?"

Grushenka was standing in the middle of the room, she spoke hotly, and hysterical notes could be heard in her voice.

"Be quiet, Rakitka, you don't understand anything about us! And don't you dare call me by the familiar *you* from now on, I won't allow it, and where did you get such boldness, that's what I'd like to know! Sit in the corner and be quiet, like my lackey. And now, Alyosha, I'll tell the whole pure truth to you alone, so you'll see what a creature I am! Not to Rakitka, to you I'm telling it. I wanted to ruin you, Alyosha, that's the great truth, I had quite made up my mind to; I wanted it so much that I bribed Rakitka with money to bring you. And what made me want it so? You, Alyosha, didn't know anything, you turned away from me, you'd pass by and lower your eyes, but I'd looked at you a hundred times before this, I started asking everyone about you. Your face stayed in my heart: 'He despises me,' I think, 'he won't even want to look at me.' And such a feeling came over me in the end that I wonder at myself: why am I afraid of a boy like that? I'll swallow him whole and laugh. I got really furious. Would you believe it: there's no one here who dares say or even think that he could come to Agrafena Alexandrovna for that nasty business; there's only the old man here, I'm bound to him and sold to him, Satan married us, but of the others—no one. But looking at you, I made up my mind: I'll swallow him. I'll swallow him and laugh. You see what a wicked dog I am, the one you called your sister! And now that offender of mine has come, now I'm sitting and waiting for news. And do you know what that offender was to me? Five years ago, when Kuzma carried me off here—I'd sit hiding from people, so they wouldn't see me or hear me, a thin little silly thing, I'd sit and sob, I wouldn't sleep whole nights through—I'd think: 'And where is he now, my offender? Laughing at me with another woman, I suppose, and oh, I'll show him,' I think, 'if only I could see him, meet him some time: oh, I'll pay him back, oh, I'll pay him back!' At night in the dark I'd

sob into my pillow and think it all over and over, tearing my heart on purpose, soothing it with spite: 'Oh, I'll pay him, I'll pay him back!' That's how I used to cry out in the dark. And when I'd suddenly remember that I'd never do anything to him, and that he was laughing at me now, or maybe had forgotten me altogether and didn't remember, then I'd throw myself from the bed onto the floor, flood myself with helpless tears, and shake and shake till dawn. In the morning I'd get up wickeder than a dog, ready to swallow the whole world. Then, what do you think: I started saving up capital, I became pitiless, I grew fat—you think I grew wiser, eh? Well, I didn't, no one sees it or knows it in the whole universe, but when the dark of night comes down, I lie there sometimes, just as I did as a girl, five years ago, gnashing my teeth and crying all night: 'Oh, I'll pay him, oh, I'll pay him back,' I think! Did you hear all that? Well, so now how do you understand me: a month ago suddenly this very letter comes to me: he's coming, he's been widowed, he wants to see me. It took my breath away then, Lord, and suddenly I thought: and if he comes and whistles to me, calls me, I'll crawl to him like a little dog, beaten, guilty! I think it and I don't believe myself: 'Am I vile or not vile, will I run to him or won't I?' And such fury came over me against my own self this whole month that it's worse even than five years ago. Do you see now, Alyosha, how violent I am, how furious I am, I've told you the whole truth! I played with Mitya so as not to run to that one. Be quiet, Rakitka, it isn't for you to judge me, I wasn't speaking to you. Before you came I was lying here, waiting, thinking, deciding my whole fate, and you'll never know what was in my heart. No, Alyosha, tell your young lady not to be angry about the day before yesterday!... And no one in the whole world knows what it's like for me now, and no one can know... Because maybe today I'll take a knife with me there, I haven't decided that yet..."

And having uttered this "pitiful" word, Grushenka suddenly could not hold out, did not finish, covered her face with her hands, threw herself on the sofa into the pillows, and sobbed like a little child. Alyosha got up from his place and went over to Rakitin.

"Misha," he said, "don't be angry. She has offended you, but don't be angry. Did you hear her just now? One cannot ask so much of a person's soul, one must be more merciful…"

Alyosha said this in an irrepressible impulse of the heart. He needed to speak out, and he turned to Rakitin. If Rakitin had not been there, he would have begun exclaiming alone. But Rakitin looked at him mockingly, and Alyosha suddenly stopped.

"They loaded you up with that elder of yours earlier, and now you've fired your elder off at me, Alyoshenka, you little man of God," said Rakitin with a hate-filled smile.

"Don't laugh, Rakitin, don't smirk, don't talk about the dead man: he is higher than anyone who has ever been on earth!" Alyosha cried with tears in his voice. "I didn't stand up to speak to you as a judge, but as the lowest of the accused myself. What am I compared with her? I came here to be ruined, and I said, 'Let it be, let it be!'—and that out of my own faintheartedness, while she, after five years of torment, as soon as someone came for the first time and said a sincere word to her—she forgave everything, forgot everything, and is weeping! Her offender has come back, he's calling her, and she forgives him everything, and hurries to him in joy, and she won't take a knife, she won't! No, I am not like that. Whether you are like that, Misha, I don't know, but I am not! Today, just now, I was given this lesson… She is higher than we are in love… Had you heard from her before what she has told us now? No, you hadn't; if you had, you would have understood everything long ago… and the other one too, the one insulted the day before yesterday, let her forgive her too! And she will forgive, if she finds

out… and she will find out… This soul is not yet reconciled, it must be spared… there may be a treasure in this soul…"

Alyosha fell silent, because his breath failed him. Rakitin, in spite of all his spite, was looking at him with surprise. Never had he expected such a tirade from the quiet Alyosha.

"Look at the lawyer who's turned up! Have you fallen in love with her, or what? Agrafena Alexandrovna, why, our faster really has fallen in love with you, you've won!" he shouted with an insolent laugh.

Grushenka lifted her head from the pillow and gazed at Alyosha with a melting smile, which shone on her face, somehow suddenly swollen from the tears she had just shed.

"Leave him alone, Alyosha, my cherub, you see what he is, you found someone to talk to. I, Mikhail Osipovich," she turned to Rakitin, "was going to ask your forgiveness for abusing you, but now I don't want to again. Alyosha, come to me, sit here," she beckoned him with a joyful smile, "like that, sit here, and tell me" (she took him by the hand and, smiling, peered into his face), "tell me: do I love that man or not? My offender, do I love him or not? Before you came I was lying here in the dark, I kept questioning my heart: do I love that man or not? Settle it for me, Alyosha, the time has come; whatever you decide, so it shall be. Shall I forgive him or not?"

"But you've already forgiven him," Alyosha said, smiling.

"And really I have forgiven him," Grushenka said pensively. "What a vile heart! To my vile heart!" She suddenly snatched a glass from the table, drank it at one gulp, raised it, and with a full swing hurled it to the floor. The glass broke with a ringing crash. Some cruel little line flashed in her smile.

"And yet maybe I haven't forgiven him yet," she said somehow menacingly, lowering her eyes to the ground, as though she were talking alone to herself. "Maybe my heart is still only getting ready

to forgive. I'll struggle with my heart some more. You see, Alyosha, I've grown terribly fond of my five years of tears… Maybe it's only my injury I've grown fond of, and not him at all!"

"Well, I wouldn't want to be in his skin!" hissed Rakitin.

"And you won't be, Rakitka, you'll never be in his skin. You'll be making my shoes, Rakitka, that's the job I'll put you to, but you'll never set eyes on a woman like me… And maybe he won't either…"

"He won't? Then what did you dress up for?" Rakitin teased venomously.

"Don't reproach me with my finery, Rakitka, you don't know all my heart yet! If I want, I'll tear off my finery, I'll tear it off right now, this minute," she cried in a ringing voice. "You don't know what this finery is for, Rakitka! Maybe I'll go out to him and say: 'Have you ever seen me like this or not yet?' He left me, after all, a thin, consumptive, seventeen-year-old crybaby. And I'll sit down beside him, and I'll seduce him, and I'll set him on fire: 'Have you seen what I'm like now?' I'll say. 'Well then, be content with that, my dear sir: it ran down your mustache, but none went in your mouth!'—that's what this finery may be for, Rakitka," Grushenka finished with a spiteful little laugh. "I'm violent, Alyosha, I'm furious. I'll tear off my finery, I'll maim myself, my beauty, I'll burn my face and slash it with a knife, I'll go begging for alms. If I want, I won't go anywhere now or to anyone, if I want—tomorrow I'll send back to Kuzma everything he's given me, and all his money, and I'll go and work as a day laborer all my life!… You think I won't do it, Rakitka, won't dare do it? I will, I will, I can do it right now, only don't provoke me… and that one I'll drive away, I'll give that one the fig, that one will never set eyes on me!"

She shouted the last words hysterically, but again could not hold out, covered her face with her hands, threw herself into the pillow, and again shook with sobs. Rakitin got up from his place.

"It's time," he said, "it's late, they won't let us into the monastery."

Grushenka simply leaped up from her place.

"Can you really mean to leave, Alyosha!" she exclaimed in sorrowful amazement. "What are you doing to me now: you've called me all to life, torn me to pieces, and now there's this night again, and again I'm to be left alone!"

"He can hardly spend the night at your place, can he? But if he wants to—let him! I'll go alone!" Rakitin joked venomously.

"Be quiet, you wicked soul," Grushenka shouted at him furiously, "you never said such words to me as he came to say to me."

"What has he said to you?" Rakitin grumbled irritably.

"I don't know, I can't tell, I can't tell at all what it was he said to me, it spoke to my heart, he turned my heart over... He was the first to pity me, the only one, that's what! Why didn't you come before, my cherub?" She suddenly fell on her knees before him, as if in ecstasy. "All my life I've been waiting for someone like you, I knew that someone like that would come and forgive me. I believed that someone would love me too, nasty as I am, and not only for my shame!..."

"What have I done for you?" Alyosha answered with a tender smile, bending down to her and taking her gently by the hands. "I gave you an onion, one very little onion, that's all, that's all!..."

And having said it, he wept himself. At that moment there was a sudden noise in the entryway, someone came into the front hall; Grushenka leaped up as if in terrible fright. Fenya ran into the room, noisily, shouting.

"Mistress, dear, mistress, the courier has galloped up!" she cried merrily and out of breath. "A carriage from Mokroye for you, Timofei the coachman with a troika, they're changing to fresh horses this minute... A letter, a letter, mistress, here's the letter!"

The letter was in her hand, and all the while she was shouting she kept waving it in the air. Grushenka snatched the letter from her and held it to the candle. It was only a little note, a few lines; she read it in an instant.

"He's called!" she cried, all pale, her face twisted with a painful smile. "He's whistled! Crawl, little dog!"

But for only a single instant did she stand as if in indecision; suddenly the blood rushed to her head and flooded her cheeks with fire.

"I'm going!" she exclaimed suddenly. "My five years! Goodbye! Goodbye, Alyosha, my fate is decided... Go, go, go away from me now, all of you, so that I won't see you anymore!... Grushenka has flown off into a new life... Don't think ill of me either, Rakitka. Maybe I'm going to my death! Ooh! It's as if I were drunk!"

She suddenly left them and ran into her bedroom.

"Well, she's got no time for us now!" Rakitin grumbled. "Let's go, or else, I dare say, that womanish screaming will start up again; I'm sick of these tearful screams already..."

Alyosha let himself be led out mechanically. In the yard stood the carriage; they were unharnessing the horses, walking about with a lantern, bustling. Through the open gates a fresh troika was being led in. But no sooner had Alyosha and Rakitin come down from the porch than the window of Grushenka's bedroom suddenly opened, and she cried after Alyosha in a ringing voice:

"Alyoshechka, give my bow to your brother Mitenka, and tell him not to think ill of me, his villainess. And give him this from me too, in my own words: 'Grushenka has gone to a scoundrel, and not to you, the noble one!' And add this too, that Grushenka loved him for one little hour, only one little hour in all she loved him—so let him remember that little hour all his life from now on, Grushenka, tell him, bids you do it for the rest of your life!..."

She finished in a voice full of sobs. The window slammed shut.

"Hm, hm!" Rakitin mumbled, laughing. "She's butchered brother Mitenka, and now she orders him to remember it all his life. What carnivorousness!"

Alyosha made no answer, as if he had not even heard; he walked beside Rakitin quickly, as if in a terrible hurry; he was as if in oblivion, walking mechanically. Something suddenly stung Rakitin, as if someone had touched his fresh wound with a finger. This was not at all what he had expected earlier, when he brought Grushenka and Alyosha together; something quite different had happened, and not what he had wanted so much.

"That officer of hers is a Pole," he started up again, keeping himself in check, "and he isn't an officer at all now, he served as an official in the customs in Siberia, somewhere out there on the Chinese border, some puny little Pole, I suppose. Lost his post, they say. Now he's heard that Grushenka has got some capital, so he's come back—and that's all the miracle there is."

Again Alyosha seemed not to hear. Rakitin could not hold out:

"Well, so you've converted a sinner?" he laughed spitefully at Alyosha. "Turned a harlot onto the path of truth? Cast out seven devils, eh? So there they are, our miracles from earlier on, the ones we were waiting for, they've come to pass!"

"Stop it, Rakitin," Alyosha responded, with suffering in his soul.

"So now you 'despise' me for that twenty-five rubles earlier? Sold his true friend, you think. But you're not Christ, you know, and I'm not Judas."

"Ah, Rakitin, I assure you, I'd forgotten all about it," exclaimed Alyosha. "You reminded me yourself just now…"

But Rakitin was now angry beyond recall.

"Devil take you all, every one of you!" he suddenly yelled. "And why the devil did I ever get mixed up with you! I don't want to know you from now on. Go on alone, there's your road!"

And he turned sharply into another street, leaving Alyosha alone in the darkness. Alyosha walked out of town and went across the fields toward the monastery.

IV. Cana of Galilee

It was already very late by monastery standards when Alyosha came to the hermitage; the gatekeeper let him in by a special way. It had already struck nine—the hour of general rest and repose after a day so troubling for everyone. Alyosha timidly opened the door and stepped into the elder's cell, where his coffin now stood. Apart from Father Paisy, who was reading the Gospel over the coffin in solitude, and the young novice Porfiry, who was worn out from the previous night's talk and the day's bustle and was sleeping on the floor in the other room the sound sleep of youth, there was no one in the cell. Father Paisy, though he heard Alyosha come in, did not even look in his direction. Alyosha turned to the right of the door, into the corner, knelt down, and began to pray. His soul was overflowing, but somehow confusedly, and no single sensation stood out and made itself felt too strongly; on the contrary, one displaced another in a kind of quiet, even rotation. But there was sweetness in his heart, and, strangely, Alyosha was not surprised at it. Again he saw before him this coffin, this dead man, so precious to him, covered all over, but there was no weeping, aching, tormenting pity in his soul, as there had been that morning. On coming in just now he had fallen down before the coffin as before a holy thing, but joy, joy was shining in his mind and in his heart. One of the cell's windows stood open, and the air was fresh and coolish—"so the smell has grown still stronger, if they've decided to open the window," thought Alyosha. But even this thought of the odor of corruption, which only a little while ago had seemed to him so terrible and inglorious, did not stir up in him now the

anguish and indignation of earlier. He began quietly to pray, but soon felt himself that he was praying almost mechanically. Fragments of thoughts flashed through his soul, flared up like little stars and went out at once, giving way to others, but in return something whole, firm, assuaging reigned in his soul, and he was aware of it himself. At times he would begin a prayer ardently, he so wanted to give thanks and to love… But having begun the prayer, he would suddenly pass on to something else, fall to thinking, forget both the prayer and what had interrupted it. He began to listen to what Father Paisy was reading, but, being very tired, little by little he began to doze…

"*And on the third day a marriage took place in Cana of Galilee*," Father Paisy was reading, "*and the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus too was invited to the marriage, and his disciples.*"

"A marriage? What is that… a marriage…" it swept like a whirlwind through Alyosha's mind. "She has happiness too… she has gone off to the feast… No, she didn't take the knife, she didn't take the knife… That was only a 'pitiful' word… Well… pitiful words must be forgiven, without fail. Pitiful words comfort the soul… without them grief would be too heavy for people. Rakitin went off down the side street. As long as Rakitin thinks about his grievances, he will always be going off down a side street… But the road… the road is broad, straight, bright, crystal, and the sun is at the end of it… Eh?… What are they reading?"

"…*And when the wine ran short, the mother of Jesus said to him: They have no wine…*" Alyosha heard.

"Ah yes, I missed something there, and I didn't want to miss it, I love this place: this is Cana of Galilee, the first miracle… Ah, that miracle, ah, that lovely miracle! Not grief but human joy Christ visited when he worked a miracle for the first time, he helped human joy… 'Whoever loves people loves their joy too…' The dead man used to repeat that every minute, it was one of his chief thoughts…

One cannot live without joy, says Mitya… Yes, Mitya… Everything that is true and beautiful is always full of all-forgiveness—that again he used to say…"

"*…Jesus said to her: Woman, what is that to me and to you? My hour has not yet come. His mother said to the servants: Whatever he tells you, do it.*"

"Do it… Joy, the joy of some poor, very poor people… Of course poor, if there wasn't even enough wine for a wedding… The historians write, you know, that around the Lake of Gennesaret and in all those parts there lived at that time the very poorest population one can imagine… And that other great heart of that other great being who was there too, his mother, knew that he had come down then not only for his great and terrible feat, but that his heart was open even to the simple, artless merriment of some dark, dark and guileless beings, who had kindly invited him to their poor marriage. 'My hour has not yet come,' he says with a quiet smile (he surely smiled at her meekly)… Really, can it be that he came down to earth to multiply the wine at poor weddings? And yet he went and did it at her request… Ah, he's reading again."

"*…Jesus said to them: Fill the water jars with water. And they filled them to the brim.*

"*And he said to them: Now draw some out and carry it to the steward of the feast. And they carried it.*

"*When the steward of the feast had tasted the wine that had been water, and did not know where it came from (but the servants who had drawn the water knew), the steward of the feast called the bridegroom*

"*And said to him: Every man sets out the good wine first, and when the guests have drunk their fill, then the poorer; but you have kept the good wine until now.*"

"But what is this, what is this? Why are the walls moving apart… Ah yes… why, this is the marriage, a wedding… yes, of course.

There are the guests, there sit the newlyweds, and the merry crowd, and… but where is the most wise steward of the feast? But who is that? Who? The walls have moved apart again… Who is that getting up there from the great table? What… He is here too? But he is in the coffin… Yet he is here too… he has got up, he has seen me, he is coming this way… Lord!…

"Yes, to him, he has come up to him, the dried-up little old man, with fine little wrinkles on his face, joyful and quietly laughing. There is no coffin anymore, and he is in the same clothes as yesterday when he sat with them, when the visitors had gathered around him. His face is all uncovered, his eyes are shining. How can this be, so he too is at the feast, he too has been invited to the marriage in Cana of Galilee…

"'I too, my dear, I too am invited, invited and called,' a quiet voice sounds above him. 'Why have you hidden yourself here, so that no one can see you… you come and join us too.'

"His voice, the voice of the elder Zosima… And how could it not be he, if he is calling? The elder raised Alyosha with his hand, and Alyosha rose from his knees.

"'We are making merry,' the dried-up little old man goes on, 'we are drinking new wine, the wine of a new, great joy; do you see how many guests there are? Here are the bridegroom and the bride, here is the most wise steward of the feast, tasting the new wine. Why do you wonder at me? I gave away an onion, and so I am here too. And many here only gave away an onion each, only one little onion each… What are our deeds? And you too, my quiet one, you too, my meek boy, you too were able today to give an onion to a woman who hungered. Begin, my dear, begin, my meek one, your work!… And do you see our sun, do you see him?'

"'I am afraid… I dare not look…' whispered Alyosha.

"'Do not be afraid of him. He is terrible in his greatness before us, awful in his loftiness, but infinitely merciful, out of love he

became like us and is making merry with us, he is turning water into wine so that the guests' joy may not be cut short, he is waiting for new guests, he is ceaselessly calling new ones, and now forever and ever. See, they are bringing the new wine, do you see, they are bringing the vessels…'"

Something was burning in Alyosha's heart, something suddenly filled it to the point of pain, tears of rapture were bursting from his soul… He stretched out his arms, cried out, and woke up…

Again the coffin, the open window, and the quiet, grave, distinct reading of the Gospel. But Alyosha was no longer listening to what was being read. Strange, he had fallen asleep on his knees, and now he was standing on his feet, and suddenly, as if tearing himself from the spot, he went up close to the coffin with three firm, rapid steps. He even brushed Father Paisy with his shoulder and did not notice it. Father Paisy raised his eyes from the book to him for an instant, but at once looked away again, realizing that something strange had happened to the young man. For half a minute Alyosha gazed at the coffin, at the dead man lying stretched out in it, covered, motionless, with the icon on his breast and the cowl with the eight-pointed cross on his head. Only a moment ago he had heard his voice, and it still sounded in his ears. He was still listening, he was still waiting for the sounds… but suddenly, turning sharply, he went out of the cell.

He did not stop even on the porch, but went quickly down the steps. His soul, full of rapture, thirsted for freedom, space, breadth. Above him the vault of heaven, full of quiet shining stars, was spread wide and boundless. From the zenith to the horizon the Milky Way, still faint, ran double. The night, fresh and still to the point of motionlessness, lay over the earth. Against the sapphire sky shone the white towers and the golden domes of the cathedral. The luxuriant autumn flowers in the beds around the house had fallen asleep till morning. The silence of the earth

seemed to be merging with the silence of the heavens, the mystery of the earth was touching the mystery of the stars… Alyosha stood, gazed, and suddenly, as if his legs had been cut from under him, threw himself down upon the earth.

He did not know why he was embracing it, he did not give himself any account of why he so irresistibly longed to kiss it, to kiss all of it, but he kissed it weeping, sobbing, and drenching it with his tears, and vowed ecstatically to love it, to love it forever and ever. "Drench the earth with the tears of your joy, and love these tears of yours…" rang out in his soul. What was he weeping about? Oh, in his rapture he was weeping even over those stars that shone on him from the abyss, and he "was not ashamed of this ecstasy." It was as if threads from all those countless worlds of God had come together all at once in his soul, and it was all trembling, "in contact with other worlds." He wanted to forgive everyone and for everything and to ask forgiveness, oh! not for himself, but for everyone, for all and for everything, "and others are asking for me," it rang out again in his soul. But with every moment he felt clearly and as if tangibly how something firm and unshakable, like that vault of heaven, was descending into his soul. Some sort of idea, as it were, was coming to reign in his mind—and now for his whole life and forever and ever. He had fallen upon the earth a weak youth, and he rose up a fighter, steadfast for the rest of his life, and he knew and felt this suddenly, in that same moment of his rapture. And never, never in all his life afterward could Alyosha forget that moment. "Someone visited my soul in that hour," he would say afterward, with firm faith in his words…

Three days later he left the monastery, which was in accord with the word of his late elder, who had bidden him to "abide in the world."

Book Eight: Mitya

I. Kuzma Samsonov

And Dmitri Fyodorovich, to whom Grushenka, flying off into a new life, had "bidden" them convey her last greeting and had charged him to remember forever the little hour of her love, was at that moment, knowing nothing of what had happened to her, also in terrible turmoil and bustle. For the last two days he had been in such an unimaginable state that he really might have come down with brain fever, as he himself said later. Alyosha had been unable to find him the morning before, and his brother Ivan had been unable that same day to arrange a meeting with him at the tavern. The owners of the little lodging where he lived had, on his orders, covered his tracks. And he, during those two days, had literally been rushing about in all directions, "struggling with his fate and saving himself," as he put it himself afterward, and had even flown out of town for a few hours on a certain urgent business, in spite of the fact that he dreaded going away and leaving Grushenka even for a minute without an eye on her. All this was later established in the most detailed and documented form, but for now we shall set down, as fact, only what is most necessary from the history of those two terrible days in his life that preceded the dreadful catastrophe which broke so suddenly over his fate.

Grushenka, though she had loved him truly and sincerely for one little hour, that is true, at the same time also tormented him at times, really cruelly and mercilessly. The main thing was that he could make out nothing of her intentions; and to coax it out of her by kindness or by force was not possible either: she would not have given in for anything, but would only have got angry and

turned away from him altogether, that he clearly understood at the time. He suspected then, quite rightly, that she herself was in some kind of struggle, in some extraordinary indecision, was making up her mind to something and kept on being unable to make it up, and therefore he supposed, not without grounds, his heart sinking, that at moments she must simply hate him and his passion. So, perhaps, it was, but what exactly Grushenka was anguishing over, that he still did not understand. For him, properly speaking, the whole question that tormented him came down to just two alternatives: "Either he, Mitya, or Fyodor Pavlovich." Here, by the way, one firm fact must be noted: he was completely certain that Fyodor Pavlovich would without fail offer Grushenka (if he had not already offered) lawful marriage, and he did not believe for a minute that the old sensualist hoped to get off with only three thousand. Mitya had deduced this, knowing Grushenka and her character. That is why it could sometimes seem to him that all Grushenka's torment and all her indecision also came only from her not knowing which of them to choose and which of them would be more profitable for her. As for the imminent return of "the officer," that is, of that fateful man in Grushenka's life, whose arrival she was awaiting with such agitation and fear, he, strange to say, did not even think of thinking about it in those days. True, in the very last days Grushenka had been very silent with him on that subject. Nevertheless he knew perfectly well from her own lips of the letter she had received a month before from this former seducer of hers, and he knew in part the contents of the letter as well. At the time, in a spiteful little moment, Grushenka had shown him this letter, but, to her surprise, he attached almost no value to it. And it would be very hard to explain why: perhaps simply because, oppressed himself by all the ugliness and horror of his struggle with his own father for this woman, he could not imagine anything more terrible and dangerous for himself, at least at that

time. As for a suitor who had suddenly popped up from somewhere after vanishing for five years, he simply did not even believe in him, and especially not that he would arrive soon. And in that very first letter of "the officer's," which had been shown to Mitenka, the arrival of this new rival was spoken of very vaguely: the letter was very foggy, very high-flown, and filled only with sentimentality. It must be noted that Grushenka had on that occasion hidden from him the last lines of the letter, in which the return was spoken of somewhat more definitely. Besides, Mitenka remembered later that at that moment he had caught on Grushenka's own face a kind of involuntary and proud contempt for this missive from Siberia. After that Grushenka told Mitenka nothing more of any further dealings with this new rival. And so, little by little, he even completely forgot about the officer. He thought only that whatever might come of it and however matters might turn out, the final clash with Fyodor Pavlovich bearing down on him was too close and must be resolved before anything else. With a sinking soul he waited every minute for Grushenka's decision, and kept believing that it would come as if suddenly, by inspiration. Suddenly she would say to him, "Take me, I am yours forever," and everything would be over: he would seize her and carry her off to the ends of the earth at once. Oh, at once he would carry her off as far, as far as possible, if not to the ends of the earth, then somewhere to the far end of Russia, marry her there, and settle with her incognito, so that no one would know about them at all, not here, not there, not anywhere. Then, oh, then a completely new life would begin at once! Of this other, renewed, and now "virtuous" life ("without fail, without fail virtuous") he dreamed every minute and ecstatically. He thirsted for this resurrection and renewal. The vile slough in which he had stuck of his own will weighed on him too heavily, and he, like very many people in such cases, believed most of all in a change of place: if only not these

people, if only not these circumstances, if only he could get away, fly out of this cursed place, and—everything would be reborn, would go on in a new way! That was what he believed in and what he languished for.

But that was only in case of the first, *happy* solution of the question. There was another solution too, another outcome presented itself, but this time a terrible one. Suddenly she would say to him: "Go away, I have just settled it with Fyodor Pavlovich and am marrying him, and I don't need you," and then... but then... Mitya, however, did not know what would happen then, did not know until the very last hour, and in this he must be justified. He had no definite intentions, no crime had been thought out. He only watched, spied, and suffered, but all the same he prepared himself only for the first, happy outcome of his fate. He even drove away every other thought. But here an altogether different torment began, an altogether new and extraneous, but also fateful and insoluble, circumstance arose.

Namely, in case she said to him, "I am yours, take me away," how was he to take her away? Where were his means for it, his money? It was precisely by this time that all his income from Fyodor Pavlovich's handouts, which had never ceased in all those many years, had run dry. Of course, Grushenka had money, but on this score a terrible pride suddenly turned up in Mitya: he wanted to take her away himself and begin a new life with her on his own means, not on hers; he could not even imagine taking her money from her, and suffered at the thought to the point of tormenting revulsion. I do not enlarge on this fact here, I do not analyze it, but only note it: such was the cast of his soul at that moment. All this might have come indirectly and even as if unconsciously from the secret torments of his conscience over Katerina Ivanovna's money, which he had appropriated like a thief: "A scoundrel before one, and before the other I'll at once turn out a scoundrel again," he

thought then, as he himself confessed afterward, "and if Grushenka finds out, she won't want such a scoundrel herself." And so where was he to get the means, where was he to get that fateful money? Otherwise everything would be lost and nothing would come to pass, "and solely because there wasn't enough money, oh, the shame!"

I am running ahead: the thing is precisely that he, perhaps, did know where to get that money, knew, perhaps, where it was even lying. I will say nothing more detailed this time, for later everything will be explained; but here is what his chief trouble consisted of, and though it is unclear, I will state it: in order to take those means that were lying somewhere, in order *to have the right* to take them, he first had to return the three thousand to Katerina Ivanovna—otherwise, "I am a pickpocket, I am a scoundrel, and a new life is not something I want to begin as a scoundrel," Mitya resolved, and therefore he decided to turn the whole world upside down, if need be, but without fail to give those three thousand back to Katerina Ivanovna, at whatever cost and *before anything else*. The final process of this decision had taken place in him, so to speak, in the very last hours of his life, namely since his last meeting with Alyosha, two days before in the evening, on the road, after Grushenka had insulted Katerina Ivanovna, and Mitya, having heard the story of it from Alyosha, had admitted that he was a scoundrel and had told him to pass this on to Katerina Ivanovna, "if it can relieve her in any way." Then, that same night, having parted from his brother, he felt in his frenzy that it would be better even "to kill and rob someone, but pay back the debt to Katya." "Better that I should stand as a murderer and a thief before the one I killed and robbed, and before all people, and go off to Siberia, than give Katya the right to say I betrayed her, and stole her money, and ran off on her money with Grushenka to begin a virtuous life! That I cannot do!" So Mitya pronounced, gnashing his

teeth, and really could imagine at times that he would end up with brain fever. But meanwhile he struggled on…

A strange thing: it would seem that with such a decision there was nothing left for him but despair; for where could he suddenly get such money, and a pauper like him at that? And yet all that time, to the very end, he hoped that he would get those three thousand, that they would come, would fly down to him somehow of themselves, even from heaven. But that is just how it is with those who, like Dmitri Fyodorovich, all their lives know only how to spend and squander inherited money for nothing, and have no notion of how money is obtained. The most fantastic whirlwind rose in his head immediately after he had parted from Alyosha two days before, and confused all his thoughts. Thus it came about that he began with the wildest of undertakings. And perhaps it is precisely in such situations that to such people the most impossible and fantastic undertakings present themselves first as the most possible. He suddenly resolved to go to the merchant Samsonov, Grushenka's protector, and propose to him a certain "plan," and on the strength of this "plan" get from him the whole required sum at once; of his plan from the commercial side he had not the slightest doubt, but he doubted only how Samsonov himself would look on his escapade, if he chose to look at it not only from the commercial side. Mitya, though he knew this merchant by sight, was not acquainted with him and had never even once spoken with him. But for some reason a conviction had become settled in him, and long ago at that, that this old debaucher, who now had one foot in the grave, would perhaps not at all object at the present moment if Grushenka were to arrange her life somehow honestly and marry "a reliable man." And that not only would he not object, but he himself wished it and, if only an occasion turned up, would himself help it along. Whether from some rumors or from some words of Grushenka's, he had concluded too that the old man would per-

haps prefer him to Fyodor Pavlovich for Grushenka. Perhaps to many readers of our tale this reliance on such help, and this plan of receiving his bride, so to speak, out of her protector's hands, will seem too coarse and unfastidious on Dmitri Fyodorovich's part. I can only remark that Grushenka's past seemed to Mitya already finally past. He looked on that past with infinite compassion and resolved, with all the flame of his passion, that once Grushenka told him that she loved him and would marry him, a completely new Grushenka would begin at once, and together with her a completely new Dmitri Fyodorovich as well, now without any vices, with nothing but virtues: they would both forgive each other and begin their life in a completely new way. As for Kuzma Samsonov, he regarded him, in that former, sunken past of Grushenka's, as a fateful man in her life, whom, however, she had never loved, and who, this was the main thing, had also already "passed," was finished, so that he too no longer existed at all now. Besides, Mitya could not even regard him as a man now, for it was known to each and every person in town that he was merely a sick wreck, who had kept up relations with Grushenka that were, so to speak, merely fatherly, and not at all on the footing of before, and that this had been so for a long time already, for almost a year now. In any case there was much simple-heartedness on Mitya's part in all this, for with all his vices he was a very simple-hearted man. As a consequence of this simple-heartedness, by the way, he was seriously convinced that old Kuzma, getting ready to depart for the other world, felt sincere repentance for his past with Grushenka, and that she had no more devoted protector and friend now than this old man, harmless by now.

On the very next day after his conversation with Alyosha in the fields, after which Mitya hardly slept all night, he appeared at Samsonov's house at about ten o'clock in the morning and asked to be announced. The house was old, gloomy, very spacious, two-

storied, with outbuildings and a cottage. On the lower floor lived Samsonov's two married sons with their families, his aged sister, and one unmarried daughter. In the cottage were lodged two of his clerks, one of whom also had a large family. Both children and clerks were crowded in their quarters, but the upper floor of the house was occupied by the old man alone, and he would not let even his daughter live there with him, though she looked after him and had to run up to him from below at fixed hours and at his unfixed summonses every time, in spite of her long-standing shortness of breath. This "upstairs" consisted of a great many large state rooms, furnished in the old merchant style, with long dull rows of clumsy mahogany armchairs and chairs along the walls, with crystal chandeliers in covers, with sullen mirrors between the windows. All these rooms stood completely empty and uninhabited, because the sick old man huddled in only one little room, in his remote little bedroom, where he was waited on by an old woman servant with her hair in a kerchief, and by "the lad," who lived on the bench in the front hall. Because of his swollen legs the old man could hardly walk at all anymore, and only occasionally got up from his leather armchair, and the old woman, holding him under the arms, would walk him once or twice around the room. He was stern and taciturn even with this old woman. When "the captain's" arrival was announced to him, he at once ordered that he be refused. But Mitya insisted and had himself announced again. Kuzma Kuzmich questioned the lad in detail: what did he look like, was he drunk? Was he making a row? And received the answer that he was "sober, but won't go away." The old man again ordered that he be refused. Then Mitya, who had foreseen all this and had purposely brought paper and pencil with him for the occasion, wrote one line clearly on a scrap of paper: "On a most urgent matter closely concerning Agrafena Alexandrovna," and sent it to the old man. After some thought, the old man told the

lad to show the visitor into the reception hall, and sent the old woman downstairs with an order to his youngest son to come up to him at once. This youngest son, a man a good twelve vershoks over two arshins, well over six feet, and of enormous strength, who shaved his face and dressed in the German fashion (Samsonov himself went about in a caftan and with a beard), appeared at once and without a word. They all trembled before their father. The father had summoned this strapping fellow not so much out of fear of the captain, for he was of a far from timid character, but just in case, more to have a witness. Escorted by his son, who took him under the arm, and by the lad, he at last sailed into the hall. One must suppose he felt a certain rather strong curiosity. This hall, in which Mitya was waiting, was a huge, gloomy room that killed the soul with tedium, two stories high, with a gallery, with walls painted "to look like marble," and with three huge crystal chandeliers in covers. Mitya was sitting on a little chair by the entrance door, waiting in nervous impatience for his fate. When the old man appeared at the opposite entrance, some ten sazhens from Mitya's chair, Mitya suddenly jumped up and went to meet him with his firm, military, yard-long strides. Mitya was decently dressed, in a buttoned frock coat, with a round hat in his hands and in black gloves, exactly as he had been some three days before at the monastery, at the elder's, at the family meeting with Fyodor Pavlovich and his brothers. The old man stood waiting for him gravely and sternly, and Mitya felt at once that while he was coming up, the other had looked him over thoroughly. Mitya was also extremely struck by the face of Kuzma Kuzmich, which had grown very swollen of late: his lower lip, which was thick enough as it was, now looked like some sort of sagging flat cake. Gravely and silently he bowed to his guest, pointed him to an armchair beside the sofa, and himself slowly, leaning on his son's arm and groaning painfully, began to settle himself on the sofa opposite Mitya, so

that Mitya, seeing his painful efforts, at once felt in his heart remorse and a delicate shame for his present insignificance before so important a person whom he had troubled.

"What is it you wish of me, sir?" said the old man, having seated himself at last, slowly, distinctly, sternly, but politely.

Mitya gave a start, began to jump up, but sat down again. Then at once he began to speak loudly, rapidly, nervously, with gestures and in a positive frenzy. It was evident that the man had reached the limit, was lost, and was seeking a last way out, and if it failed, then he might as well go and drown himself this minute. All this old Samsonov probably understood in an instant, though his face remained unchanged and cold as an idol's.

"The most noble Kuzma Kuzmich has probably heard more than once of my disputes with my father, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, who robbed me of my inheritance from my own mother… since the whole town is already buzzing with it… because here everyone buzzes about what they shouldn't… And besides, it might have reached you from Grushenka… I beg your pardon: from Agrafena Alexandrovna… from Agrafena Alexandrovna, whom I so greatly respect and so deeply esteem…" So Mitya began, and broke off at the very first word. But we shall not reproduce his whole speech word for word, and shall give only a summary of it. The matter, he said, was this: that he, Mitya, three months ago had expressly consulted (he said precisely "expressly," and not "on purpose") a lawyer in the provincial capital, "a famous lawyer, Kuzma Kuzmich, Pavel Pavlovich Korneplodov, you have probably been pleased to hear of him? A vast brow, almost a statesman's mind… he knows you too… spoke of you in the highest terms…" Mitya broke off a second time. But the breaks did not stop him, he leaped over them at once and rushed on further and further. This same Korneplodov, he said, having questioned him in detail and examined the documents Mitya could produce for him (about the documents Mitya

expressed himself vaguely and in particular haste at this point), had given his opinion that as regards the village of Chermashnya, which ought, he said, to have belonged to him, Mitya, through his mother, a suit really could be started and the old disgraceful creature thereby flabbergasted… "because not all doors are locked, and justice knows where to slip through." In a word, one might even hope, he said, for some six thousand more from Fyodor Pavlovich, even seven, since Chermashnya was worth no less than twenty-five thousand after all, that is, surely twenty-eight, "thirty, thirty, Kuzma Kuzmich, and, imagine, I haven't got even seventeen out of that cruel man!…" So I, Mitya, he said, dropped the matter then, because I don't know how to deal with the law, and on coming here I was struck dumb by a counterclaim (here Mitya got muddled again and again leaped abruptly ahead): so, he said, wouldn't you be willing, most noble Kuzma Kuzmich, to take over all my rights against that monster, and give me just three thousand yourself… You can't lose in any case, I swear it on my honor, on my honor, but quite the contrary, you can make six or seven thousand instead of three… And the main thing is to finish it "even today." "I'll do it for you there at a notary's, or whatever it is… In a word, I'm ready for anything, I'll hand over all the documents you require, I'll sign everything… and we could draw up that paper right now, and if possible, if only possible, then this very morning… You would hand me those three thousand… since who is a capitalist to compare with you in this little town… and thereby you would save me from… in a word, you would save my poor head for a most noble cause, for a most lofty cause, one may say… for I cherish the noblest feelings toward a certain person whom you know only too well and whom you watch over like a father. Otherwise I wouldn't even have come, if it weren't like a father. And, if you like, three heads have knocked together here, for fate is a monster, Kuzma Kuzmich! Realism, Kuzma Kuzmich, realism! And since you have

long since had to be excluded, two heads remain, as I have put it, perhaps awkwardly, but I am not a literary man. That is, one head is mine, and the other is that monster's. So choose: either me or the monster? Everything is in your hands now—three fates and two lots… Forgive me, I've lost my way, but you understand… I see by your venerable eyes that you have understood… And if you haven't understood, then into the water today, so there!"

Mitya broke off his absurd speech with this "so there" and, jumping up from his seat, waited for an answer to his foolish proposal. With the last phrase he had suddenly and hopelessly felt that everything had burst, and above all that he had piled up a terrible heap of drivel. "It's a strange thing, while I was on my way here everything seemed fine, and now look, it's drivel!" suddenly swept through his hopeless head. The whole time he was speaking, the old man had sat motionless, following him with an icy expression in his eyes. Having kept him waiting, however, for a moment or so, Kuzma Kuzmich pronounced at last in a most decisive and cheerless tone:

"Excuse me, sir, we don't engage in that sort of business."

Mitya suddenly felt his legs growing weak under him.

"What am I to do now, Kuzma Kuzmich?" he muttered, smiling palely. "I'm done for now, don't you think?"

"Excuse me, sir…"

Mitya kept standing and kept staring at him point-blank, motionless, and suddenly noticed that something had stirred in the old man's face. He gave a start.

"You see, sir, such business isn't in our line," the old man said slowly. "There'll be courts, lawyers, sheer misery! But if you like, there is a certain man here, you might apply to him…"

"My God, who is it!… You are bringing me back to life, Kuzma Kuzmich," Mitya suddenly began to babble.

"He's not from here, this man, and he isn't here now either. He's of peasant stock, he deals in timber, goes by the nickname Lyagavy. He's been bargaining with Fyodor Pavlovich for a year now over that grove of yours in Chermashnya, but they don't agree on the price, you may have heard. Now he's just come again and is staying with the priest at Ilyinskoye, some twelve versts or so from the Volovya station, in the village of Ilyinskoye. He wrote here, to me as well, about this very business, that is, about the grove, asked my advice. Fyodor Pavlovich means to go to him himself. So if you were to get ahead of Fyodor Pavlovich and offer Lyagavy that very same thing you told me, then he might perhaps..."

"A brilliant idea!" Mitya interrupted rapturously. "He's the very man, it's just the thing for him! He's bargaining, they're asking a lot of him, and here he gets the very document to the property itself, ha-ha-ha!" And Mitya suddenly burst into his short wooden laugh, quite unexpectedly, so that even Samsonov's head twitched.

"How can I thank you, Kuzma Kuzmich?" Mitya was seething.

"Not at all, sir," Samsonov inclined his head.

"But you don't know, you've saved me, oh, a presentiment drew me to you... So, to this priest!"

"No need for thanks, sir."

"I hasten, I fly. I have abused your health. I'll never forget it as long as I live, it's a Russian who says this to you, Kuzma Kuzmich, a R-Russian!"

"Ve-ry well, sir."

Mitya was about to seize the old man's hand to shake it, but something malicious flashed in the old man's eyes. Mitya drew back his hand, but at once reproached himself for his suspiciousness. "It's that he's tired..." flashed through his mind.

"For her! For her, Kuzma Kuzmich! You understand that it's for her!" he suddenly bellowed through the whole hall, bowed, turned sharply, and with the same rapid, yard-long strides, without look-

ing back, made for the exit. He was trembling with rapture. "Everything was perishing, and now a guardian angel has saved me," swept through his mind. "And if a man of business like this old man (a most noble old man, and what a bearing!) has pointed out this way, then… then of course the way is won. I must fly at once. I'll be back before night, I'll be back at night, but the thing is won. Could the old man possibly have been laughing at me?" So Mitya exclaimed, striding to his lodging, and of course it could not have presented itself to his mind otherwise, that is: either sound advice (from such a man of business)—with knowledge of the matter, with knowledge of this Lyagavy (a strange name!), or—or the old man had been laughing at him! Alas! the latter thought was the only right one. Later, long afterward, when the whole catastrophe had already taken place, old Samsonov himself admitted, laughing, that he had made a fool of "the captain" that time. He was a spiteful, cold, and mocking man, and with morbid antipathies besides. Whether it was the captain's rapturous look, or the stupid conviction of this "spendthrift and squanderer" that he, Samsonov, could be taken in by such nonsense as his "plan," or a jealous feeling about Grushenka, in whose name "this ne'er-do-well" had come to him with some nonsense to get money—I do not know what exactly moved the old man then, but at the moment when Mitya stood before him, feeling his legs grow weak, and senselessly exclaiming that he was done for—at that moment the old man looked at him with infinite spite and devised a way of making a fool of him. When Mitya had gone out, Kuzma Kuzmich, pale with spite, turned to his son and told him to see to it that from now on there should be not so much as a whiff of this ragamuffin, and that he was not to be let even into the yard, or else…

He did not finish saying what he threatened, but even his son, who had often seen him in a rage, shuddered with fear. A whole

hour later the old man was still shaking all over with spite, and toward evening he fell ill and sent for the “leech.”

II. Lyagavy

And so he had to "gallop off," and still there was not a kopeck for horses, that is, there were two twenty-kopeck pieces, and that was all—all that remained of so many years of former prosperity! But at home he had an old silver watch, which had long since stopped going. He seized it and took it to a Jewish watchmaker who kept a little shop in the market. The man gave him six rubles for it. "I didn't even expect that much!" cried the delighted Mitya (he still went on being delighted), seized his six rubles, and ran home. At home he made up the sum by borrowing three rubles from his landlords, who gave them to him with pleasure, though it was the last money they had, so fond were they of him. Mitya, in his rapturous state, revealed to them then and there that his fate was being decided, and told them, in a terrible hurry, of course, almost his whole "plan," which he had just presented to Samsonov, then Samsonov's decision, his future hopes, and so on and so forth. The landlords had been initiated into many of his secrets even before this, which was why they looked on him as *one of their own*, not a proud gentleman at all. Having thus got together nine rubles, Mitya sent for post horses to the Volovya station. But in this way the fact was remembered and noted that "on the eve of a certain event, at noon, Mitya had not a kopeck, and that to get money he sold his watch and borrowed three rubles from his landlords, and all before witnesses."

I note this fact in advance; why I do so will become clear later.

Galloping off to the Volovya station, Mitya, though he was beaming with a joyful presentiment that at last he would finish and

untangle “all these affairs,” was nevertheless trembling with fear as well: what would become of Grushenka now in his absence? What if it was precisely today that she would at last decide to go to Fyodor Pavlovich? That was why he had left without telling her and had charged his landlords on no account to reveal where he had gone if anyone came from anywhere asking for him. “I must be back without fail, without fail, by this evening,” he kept repeating, jolting along in the cart, “and as for this Lyagavy, I may even drag him back here… to draw up the deed…” So, with a sinking soul, Mitya dreamed, but alas, his dreams were very far from destined to come true according to his “plan.”

In the first place, he was late, having set out from the Volovya station by a country road. The country road turned out to be not twelve but eighteen versts. In the second place, he did not find the Ilyinskoye priest at home; he had gone off to a neighboring village. By the time Mitya tracked him down there, having driven to this neighboring village with the same horses, already exhausted, it was almost night. The priest, a timid little man, kindly in appearance, explained to him at once that this Lyagavy, though he had stopped at his place at first, was now at Sukhoi Posyolok, spending the night there in the forest warden’s cottage, because he was bargaining for timber there too. To Mitya’s urgent entreaties to take him to Lyagavy at once and “thereby, so to speak, save him,” the priest, though he hesitated at first, agreed nevertheless to accompany him to Sukhoi Posyolok, evidently feeling curious; but, as ill luck would have it, he advised going “on foot,” since it was only a verst or so, “and a little bit over.” Mitya, of course, agreed and set off at his yard-long stride, so that the poor priest had almost to run to keep up. He was a little man, not yet old, and very cautious. Mitya at once began talking to him too about his plans, hotly and nervously demanded advice about Lyagavy, and talked the whole way. The priest listened attentively but gave little advice. To

Mitya's questions he answered evasively: "I don't know, oh, I don't know, how should I know that," and so on. When Mitya began speaking of his disputes with his father over the inheritance, the priest even took fright, because he stood in some sort of dependence on Fyodor Pavlovich. He inquired with surprise, however, why Mitya called this trading peasant Gorstkin "Lyagavy," and obligingly explained to Mitya that though the man really was Lyagavy, he was not Lyagavy, because he was cruelly offended by that name, and that he must be called Gorstkin without fail, "otherwise you'll get nothing done with him, he won't even listen," the priest concluded. Mitya was somewhat and hastily surprised, and explained that Samsonov himself had called him so. On hearing of this circumstance the priest at once let the subject drop, though he would have done well to explain to Dmitri Fyodorovich then and there his own surmise: that if Samsonov himself had sent him to this peasant as to Lyagavy, had he not done so for some reason as a joke, and was there not something wrong here? But Mitya had no time to stop "over such trifles." He hurried, strode on, and only on reaching Sukhoi Posyolok realized that they had walked not one verst or one and a half but surely three; this vexed him, but he put up with it. They went into the cottage. The forest warden, an acquaintance of the priest's, lived in one half of the cottage, and in the other, the clean half, across the entryway, Gorstkin had settled himself. They went into this clean half and lit a tallow candle. The room was heavily overheated. On the pine table stood a samovar that had gone out, and with it a tray with cups, an empty bottle of rum, a quart of vodka not quite finished, and the remains of a wheaten loaf. The visitor himself lay stretched out on the bench, with his outer coat crumpled up under his head instead of a pillow, and he was snoring heavily. Mitya stopped, at a loss. "He has to be woken, of course: my business is too important, I hurried so, I'm in a hurry to get back today," Mitya grew anxious; but the priest and

the warden stood in silence, not expressing their opinion. Mitya went up and began to wake him himself, began energetically, but the sleeper did not wake. "He's drunk," Mitya decided, "but what am I to do, Lord, what am I to do!" And suddenly, in terrible impatience, he began pulling the sleeper by the arms, by the legs, rocking him by the head, lifting him up and sitting him on the bench, and still, after very long efforts, he achieved only that the man began to mumble absurdly and to swear vigorously, though indistinctly.

"No, you'd better wait a while," the priest pronounced at last, "because he's evidently not in a fit state."

"He's been drinking all day," the warden responded.

"God!" Mitya kept crying out. "If only you knew how necessary it is for me and in what despair I am now!"

"No, you'd better wait till morning," the priest repeated.

"Till morning? Have mercy, that's impossible!" And in despair he was about to rush at the drunkard again to wake him, but at once gave it up, understanding the full uselessness of his efforts. The priest was silent; the sleepy warden was gloomy.

"What terrible tragedies realism arranges for people!" Mitya said in utter despair. Sweat was pouring down his face. Seizing the moment, the priest set out very reasonably that even if they did manage to wake the sleeper, being drunk he would still be incapable of any conversation, "and your business is important, so it would be surer to leave it till the morning..." Mitya spread his hands and agreed.

"I'll stay here, Father, with the candle, and wait to catch the moment. When he wakes up, then I'll begin... I'll pay you for the candle," he turned to the warden, "and for the lodging too, you'll remember Dmitri Karamazov. Only I don't know what to do about you now, Father: where will you sleep?"

"No, I'll go home, sir. I'll ride back on his mare," he pointed to the warden. "And so goodbye, sir, I wish you complete satisfaction."

So it was decided. The priest set off on the mare, glad to be rid of him at last, but still shaking his head in confusion and pondering whether he ought not to inform his benefactor Fyodor Pavlovich of this curious incident tomorrow in good time, "or else, as like as not, he'll find out, get angry, and stop his favors." The warden, scratching himself, went silently off to his half of the cottage, and Mitya sat down on the bench to catch, as he had put it, the moment. A deep anguish settled on his soul like a heavy fog. A deep, terrible anguish! He sat, he thought, but could think nothing through. The candle burned down, a cricket began to chirp, in the overheated room it was growing unbearably stuffy. Suddenly he pictured the garden, the passage behind the garden, at his father's house a door mysteriously opening, and Grushenka running in through the door… He jumped up from the bench.

"Tragedy!" he said, gnashing his teeth, went mechanically up to the sleeper, and began to look at his face. He was a lean peasant, not yet old, with a very elongated face, light-brown curls, and a long, thin, reddish little beard, in a cotton shirt and a black waistcoat, with a silver watch chain peeping out of its pocket. Mitya examined this physiognomy with terrible hatred, and for some reason it was especially hateful to him that the man had curls. What was unbearably offensive above all was that here was he, Mitya, standing over him with his urgent business, having sacrificed so much, having thrown up so much, utterly worn out, while this parasite, "on whom my whole fate depends now, snores as if nothing were the matter, as if he were from another planet." "Oh, the irony of fate!" exclaimed Mitya, and suddenly, completely losing his head, rushed again to wake the drunken peasant. He tried to wake him with a kind of fury, tugged at him, shoved him, even beat him, but after struggling with him for some five minutes and

again achieving nothing, he went back to his bench in helpless despair and sat down.

"Stupid, stupid!" Mitya kept exclaiming. "And… how dishonorable all this is!" he suddenly added for some reason. His head began to ache terribly: "Shall I give it up, then? Go away altogether?" flashed through his mind. "No, I'll stay till morning. I'll stay on purpose now, on purpose! Why did I come, then, after that? And there's nothing to leave on anyway, how is one to get away from here now, oh, what nonsense!"

His head, however, ached more and more. He sat motionless and no longer remembered how he dozed off and suddenly fell asleep sitting up. Apparently he slept for two hours or more. He came to from an unbearable headache, unbearable to the point of screaming. His temples were throbbing, the crown of his head ached; on coming to, he could not for a long time collect himself completely and grasp what had happened to him. At last he realized that the overheated room was full of fumes from the stove and that he might have died. And the drunken peasant still lay there snoring; the candle had guttered and was about to go out. Mitya shouted and rushed, staggering, across the entryway into the warden's half. The warden woke quickly, but on hearing that there were fumes in the other room, though he went to see to it, he took the fact with strange indifference, which surprised Mitya offensively.

"But he's dead, he's dead, and then… what then?" Mitya kept exclaiming before him in a frenzy.

They opened the doors wide, opened the window, opened the flue; Mitya dragged in a bucket of water from the entryway, first wetted his own head, and then, finding some rag or other, dipped it in the water and laid it on Lyagavy's head. The warden, however, went on treating the whole event even somewhat contemptuously, and, having opened the window, said gloomily, "It'll do as it is," and

went back to sleep, leaving Mitya a lit iron lantern. Mitya fussed over the fume-sick drunkard for half an hour or so, wetting his head all the while, and seriously intended not to sleep all night, but, worn out, he sat down somehow for just one minute to catch his breath, and instantly closed his eyes, then at once unconsciously stretched out on the bench and fell asleep like the dead.

He woke terribly late. It was already about nine o'clock in the morning. The sun was shining brightly through the two little windows of the cottage. The curly-headed peasant of the night before was sitting on the bench, already dressed in his coat. Before him stood a fresh samovar and a fresh quart. The old one of last night had already been finished, and the new one was more than half emptied. Mitya jumped up and at once realized that the cursed peasant was drunk again, deeply and irretrievably drunk. He stared at him for a minute with bulging eyes. The peasant, for his part, kept looking at him silently and slyly, with a kind of insulting calm, even with a kind of contemptuous haughtiness, as it seemed to Mitya. He rushed up to him.

"Excuse me, you see... I... you have probably heard from the warden here in the other room: I am Lieutenant Dmitri Karamazov, the son of old Karamazov, whose grove you are pleased to be bargaining for..."

"That's a lie!" the peasant suddenly rapped out firmly and calmly.

"What do you mean, a lie? You are acquainted with Fyodor Pavlovich, I believe?"

"I'm not acquainted with any Fyodor Pavlovich of yours," said the peasant, moving his tongue somehow heavily.

"The grove, you are bargaining with him for the grove; wake up, come to your senses. Father Pavel of Ilyinskoye brought me here... You wrote to Samsonov, and he sent me to you..." Mitya was gasping.

"Y-you're lying!" Lyagavy rapped out again.

Mitya's feet went cold.

"Have mercy, this is no joke! You are tipsy, perhaps. But surely you can speak, understand… otherwise… otherwise I don't understand anything!"

"You're a dyer!"

"Have mercy, I am Karamazov, Dmitri Karamazov, I have a proposal for you… a profitable proposal… very profitable… precisely about the grove."

The peasant was stroking his beard importantly.

"No, you took on a contract and turned out a scoundrel. You're a scoundrel!"

"But I assure you that you are mistaken!" Mitya was wringing his hands in despair. The peasant kept stroking his beard and suddenly narrowed his eyes slyly.

"No, you show me this: you show me a law that allows dirty tricks to be played, do you hear! You're a scoundrel, do you understand that?"

Mitya stepped back gloomily, and suddenly it was as if "something struck him on the forehead," as he himself put it afterward. In an instant a kind of illumination took place in his mind, "a lamp was lit, and I grasped everything." He stood dumbfounded, at a loss to understand how he, a man of some intelligence after all, could have given in to such foolishness, got himself mixed up in such an adventure, and kept it all up for almost a whole day and night, fussing over this Lyagavy, wetting his head… "Well, the man is drunk, drunk out of his mind, and he'll go on drinking for another week—what is there to wait for? And what if Samsonov sent me here on purpose? And what if she… Oh God, what have I done!…"

The peasant sat looking at him and chuckling. On another occasion Mitya might perhaps have killed this fool out of anger, but now all his strength had gone out of him, as out of a child. Quietly

he walked over to the bench, took his coat, put it on in silence, and went out of the cottage. In the other half he did not find the warden; there was no one there. He fished fifty kopecks in small coins from his pocket and left them on the table, for the night's lodging, for the candle, and for the trouble. On coming out of the cottage he saw that all around there was only forest and nothing else. He walked at random, not even remembering which way to turn from the cottage—right or left; last night, hurrying here with the priest, he had not noticed the road. There was no vengefulness toward anyone in his soul, not even toward Samsonov. He strode along the narrow forest path senselessly, lost, with a "lost idea," and not caring at all where he was going. A child coming the other way could have overpowered him, so drained had he suddenly become in soul and body. Somehow, however, he made his way out of the forest: suddenly there appeared reaped, bare fields over a boundless expanse. "What despair, what death all around!" he kept repeating, striding on and on.

He was saved by some travelers: a driver was taking some little old merchant along the country road. When they drew level, Mitya asked about the road, and it turned out that they too were going to Volovya. They came to terms and took Mitya along as a fellow traveler. Some three hours later they arrived. At the Volovya station Mitya at once ordered post horses to town, and suddenly realized that he was impossibly hungry. While the horses were being harnessed, they fixed him some fried eggs. He ate them all in an instant, ate the whole big hunk of bread, ate the sausage that turned up, and drank three glasses of vodka. Having refreshed himself, he cheered up, and his soul grew clear again. He flew along the road, urged on the driver, and suddenly formed a new, and this time "unalterable," plan for getting "that cursed money" this very day before evening. "And to think, only to think, that a man's fate is being ruined because of a paltry three thousand!" he

exclaimed contemptuously. “I’ll settle it today!” And if it had not been for the incessant thought of Grushenka and of whether something had happened to her, he might perhaps have become quite cheerful again. But the thought of her pierced his soul every minute like a sharp knife. They arrived at last, and Mitya ran straight to Grushenka’s.

III. Gold Mines

This was precisely that visit of Mitya's which Grushenka had described to Rakitin with such fear. She was then expecting her "courier" and was very glad that Mitya had not come either yesterday or today, and hoped that, God willing, he would not come before her departure, and then suddenly he descended on her. What followed we know: to get him off her hands, she at once persuaded him to see her to Kuzma Samsonov's, where she supposedly had a terrible need to go "to count money," and when Mitya immediately saw her there, she took leave of him at Kuzma's gate and made him promise to come for her after eleven to see her back home. Mitya was glad of this arrangement too: "She'll sit at Kuzma's, so she won't go to Fyodor Pavlovich's… unless she's lying," he added at once. But to his eye, it seems, she was not lying. He was a jealous man of precisely that kind who, when parted from the woman he loves, at once invents God knows what horrors about what is happening to her and how she is "betraying" him there, but who, running back to her again, shaken, crushed, already irrevocably sure that she has managed to betray him after all, at the very first glance at her face, at the laughing, merry, and affectionate face of this woman—at once revives in spirit, at once loses all suspicion, and with joyful shame scolds himself for his jealousy. Having seen Grushenka there, he rushed home. Oh, he still had so much to get done today! But at least his heart was eased. "Only I must find out quickly from Smerdyakov whether anything happened there last night, whether she, God forbid, went to Fyodor Pavlovich, ugh!" swept through his head. So that before

he had even reached his lodging, jealousy was already stirring again in his restless heart.

Jealousy! "Othello is not jealous, he is trusting," Pushkin remarked, and this remark alone testifies to the extraordinary depth of mind of our great poet. Othello's soul is simply crushed and his whole view of the world is clouded, because *his ideal has perished*. But Othello will not hide, spy, peep: he is trusting. On the contrary, he had to be led, prodded, inflamed with extraordinary efforts before he so much as guessed at the betrayal. The true jealous man is not like that. It is impossible even to imagine all the disgrace and moral degradation with which a jealous man is capable of getting along without any pangs of conscience. And it is not that these are all vulgar and dirty souls. On the contrary, with a lofty heart, with a pure love, full of self-sacrifice, one may at the same time hide under tables, bribe the vilest of people, and get along with the foulest filth of spying and eavesdropping. Othello could never in the world have reconciled himself to betrayal—not that he could not have forgiven it, but he could not have reconciled himself to it—though his soul is as guileless and innocent as a babe's. With the real jealous man it is otherwise: you can hardly imagine what a jealous man of a certain sort can get along with and reconcile himself to, and what he can forgive! It is jealous men who forgive quickest of all, and all women know it. A jealous man can very quickly (after a terrible scene at the start, of course) and is quite capable of forgiving, for instance, an all but proven betrayal, embraces and kisses he has seen with his own eyes, if, for instance, he could at the same time somehow be assured that it was "the last time," and that his rival would from that hour disappear, go away to the ends of the earth, or that he himself would carry her off somewhere to a place where that terrible rival would never come again. Of course, the reconciliation will last only an hour, because even if the rival really did disappear, the very next

day he would invent another, a new one, and be jealous of the new one. And one would think: what is there in a love that has to be spied on like that, and what is a love worth that has to be guarded so strenuously? But that is just what the real jealous man will never understand, and yet among them, truly, there are even men with lofty hearts. What is remarkable, too, is that these very men with lofty hearts, standing in some closet, eavesdropping and spying, though they clearly understand "with their lofty hearts" all the shame into which they have voluntarily crawled, still, at that moment at least, while they are standing in that closet, never feel any pangs of conscience. In Mitya, at the sight of Grushenka, jealousy vanished, and for a moment he became trusting and noble, even despised himself for his bad feelings. But that only meant that in his love for this woman there was something much higher than he himself supposed, and not only passion, not only that "curve of the body" he had talked about to Alyosha. But on the other hand, as soon as Grushenka disappeared, Mitya at once began again to suspect her of all the baseness and treachery of betrayal. And he felt no pangs of conscience about it. And so jealousy boiled up in him again. In any case, he had to hurry. The first thing was to get hold of at least a little money to tide him over. The nine rubles of yesterday had almost all gone on the journey, and without any money at all, as everyone knows, you cannot take a step anywhere. But together with his new plan he had thought out, already earlier in the cart, where to get something to tide him over as well. He had a pair of good dueling pistols with cartridges, and if he had not pawned them until now, it was because he loved that thing more than anything he owned. In the tavern called the Metropolis he had long ago become slightly acquainted with a certain young official, and had somehow learned, also in the tavern, that this bachelor official, a man of quite sufficient means, was passionately fond of weapons, bought pistols, revolvers, daggers, hung them on his

walls, showed them to his acquaintances, boasted of them, was a master at explaining the mechanism of a revolver, how to load it, how to fire it, and so on. Without thinking long, Mitya went to him at once and offered him the pistols in pawn for ten rubles. The official was delighted and began to persuade him to sell them outright, but Mitya would not agree, and the other gave him ten rubles, declaring that he would not take interest for anything. They parted friends. Mitya was in a hurry; he rushed off to the back of Fyodor Pavlovich's place, to his summerhouse, to call out Smerdyakov as soon as possible. But in this way the fact again emerged that only three or four hours before a certain incident, of which I shall speak below, Mitya had not a kopeck of money and pawned a beloved possession for ten rubles, whereas suddenly, three hours later, there turned out to be thousands in his hands… But I am running ahead.

At Marya Kondratyevna's (Fyodor Pavlovich's neighbor) he was met by news of Smerdyakov's illness, which struck and confounded him extremely. He heard the story of the fall into the cellar, then of the falling fit, the doctor's visit, Fyodor Pavlovich's concern; he learned with curiosity, too, that his brother Ivan Fyodorovich had already rolled off to Moscow that morning. "He must have passed through Volovya before me," thought Dmitri Fyodorovich, but Smerdyakov worried him terribly: "What now, who will keep watch, who will pass things on to me?" He began greedily questioning these women whether they had noticed anything last night. They understood very well what he was trying to find out, and reassured him completely: there had been no one, Ivan Fyodorovich had spent the night there, "everything was in perfect order." Mitya fell to thinking. No doubt he must keep watch today too, but where: here, or at Samsonov's gate? He decided both here and there, all as he saw fit, but for the present, for the present… The thing was that before him now stood that "plan," the

new and now sure plan of earlier, invented by him in the cart, and its execution could no longer be put off. Mitya decided to sacrifice an hour to it: "In an hour I'll settle everything, find out everything, and then, then, first of all, to Samsonov's house, find out whether Grushenka is there, and back here in a flash, and here till eleven o'clock, and then to Samsonov's again for her, to see her back home." That was what he decided.

He flew home, washed, did his hair, brushed his clothes, put them on, and set off to Mrs. Khokhlakova's. Alas, his "plan" lay here. He had decided to borrow three thousand from this lady. And the main thing was that suddenly, somehow unexpectedly, he had acquired an extraordinary certainty that she would not refuse him. People may wonder why, if there was such a certainty, he had not gone here first, to his own society, so to speak, but had gone to Samsonov, a man of an alien cast, with whom he did not even know how to talk. But the fact was that during the last month he had almost entirely dropped his acquaintance with Mrs. Khokhlakova, and even before that had known her little, and besides, he knew very well that she herself could not stand him. This lady had hated him from the very beginning simply because he was Katerina Ivanovna's fiancé, whereas she had for some reason suddenly wanted Katerina Ivanovna to throw him over and marry "the dear, chivalrously educated Ivan Fyodorovich, who has such beautiful manners." Mitya's manners she hated. Mitya even laughed at her and once said of her that this lady was "as lively and free and easy as she is uneducated." And then, that morning, in the cart, the most brilliant idea had dawned on him: "Why, if she so much doesn't want me to marry Katerina Ivanovna, and doesn't want it to such a degree (he knew it was almost to the point of hysterics), then why should she refuse me these three thousand now, precisely so that with this money I can leave Katya and roll off from here forever? These spoiled high-society ladies, once they

want something to the point of caprice, will spare nothing to have it their way. And besides, she is so rich," Mitya reasoned. As for the "plan" proper, it was all the same as before, that is, the offer of his rights to Chermashnya, but no longer with a commercial aim, as with Samsonov yesterday, not tempting this lady, as he had tempted Samsonov yesterday, with the possibility of knocking together a sum twice as large instead of three thousand, some six or seven thousand, but simply as a noble guarantee for the debt. Developing this new idea of his, Mitya reached the point of rapture, but that was how it always went with him in every undertaking, every sudden decision. To each new idea of his he surrendered with passion. Nevertheless, when he stepped onto the porch of Mrs. Khokhlakova's house, he suddenly felt a chill of horror down his back: only in that second did he realize fully, and now with mathematical clarity, that here, after all, was his very last hope, that beyond this there was nothing left in the world if this broke down, "except to cut someone's throat and rob him for three thousand, and nothing else…" It was about half past seven when he rang the bell.

At first the thing seemed to smile on him: as soon as he was announced, he was received at once with extraordinary promptness. "As if she'd been expecting me," flashed through Mitya's mind, and then suddenly, as soon as he had been shown into the drawing room, the hostess almost ran in and declared to him straight out that she had been expecting him…

"I was expecting you, I was! Why, I couldn't even think that you would come to see me, you'll agree yourself, and yet I was expecting you, marvel at my instinct, Dmitri Fyodorovich, all morning I was sure you would come today."

"That is indeed amazing, madam," said Mitya, sitting down clumsily, "but… I have come on an extremely important matter…

the most important of the important, for me, that is, madam, for me alone, and I am in a hurry…"

"I know it's on a most important matter, Dmitri Fyodorovich, it isn't a matter of some presentiments here, of some retrograde leanings toward miracles (have you heard about the elder Zosima?), this, this is mathematics: you could not help coming, after all that happened with Katerina Ivanovna, you couldn't, you couldn't, it's mathematics."

"The realism of actual life, madam, that is what it is! But allow me, nevertheless, to set forth…"

"Realism precisely, Dmitri Fyodorovich. I'm all for realism now, I've been taught too good a lesson about miracles. Have you heard that the elder Zosima has died?"

"No, madam, this is the first I've heard," said Mitya, slightly taken aback. Alyosha's image flashed through his mind.

"Last night, and just imagine…"

"Madam," Mitya interrupted, "I can imagine only that I am in the most desperate position and that if you do not help me, everything will collapse, and I will collapse first. Forgive the triviality of the expression, but I am in a fever, I am in a fever heat…"

"I know, I know that you are in a fever, I know everything, you couldn't be in any other state of mind, and whatever you may say, I know it all in advance. I took your fate into consideration long ago, Dmitri Fyodorovich, I am following it and studying it… Oh, believe me, I am an experienced doctor of souls, Dmitri Fyodorovich."

"Madam, if you are an experienced doctor, then I in return am an experienced patient," Mitya forced himself to be gallant, "and I have a presentiment that if you are following my fate so closely, you will help it in its ruin as well, but for that allow me at last to set before you the plan with which I have ventured to appear… and what I expect from you… I have come, madam."

"Don't set it forth, that's of secondary importance. And as for help, you are not the first I have helped, Dmitri Fyodorovich. You have probably heard of my cousin Belmesova, her husband was perishing, he had collapsed, as you so characteristically put it, Dmitri Fyodorovich, and what do you think, I pointed him toward horse breeding, and now he is flourishing. Have you any notion of horse breeding, Dmitri Fyodorovich?"

"Not the slightest, madam—oh, madam, not the slightest!" cried Mitya in nervous impatience, and even started to get up from his seat. "I only beg you, madam, to hear me out, give me only two minutes of free conversation, so that I may first set forth everything to you, the whole project with which I have come. Besides, I need time, I am in a terrible hurry!" Mitya shouted hysterically, feeling that she was about to start talking again, and in the hope of outshouting her. "I have come in despair… in the last degree of despair, to ask you for a loan of money, three thousand, a loan, but on sure, on the surest security, madam, on the surest guarantee! Only allow me to set it forth."

"You'll tell me all that later, later!" Mrs. Khokhlakova in her turn waved her hand at him. "And anyway, whatever you may say, I know it all in advance, I've told you so already. You are asking for some sum, you need three thousand, but I will give you more, immeasurably more, I will save you, Dmitri Fyodorovich, but you must do as I say!"

Mitya simply leaped up from his seat again.

"Madam, can you really be so kind!" he cried with extraordinary feeling. "Lord, you have saved me. You are saving a man, madam, from a violent death, from the pistol… My eternal gratitude…"

"I will give you infinitely, infinitely more than three thousand!" cried Mrs. Khokhlakova, looking with a radiant smile at Mitya's rapture.

"Infinitely? But I don't even need that much. All that is necessary is those three thousand, so fateful for me, and I for my part have come to guarantee you that sum with infinite gratitude, and I propose to you a plan which..."

"Enough, Dmitri Fyodorovich, no sooner said than done," Mrs. Khokhlakova cut him short with the chaste triumph of a benefactress. "I have promised to save you, and I will save you. I will save you, as I did Belmesov. What do you think of gold mines, Dmitri Fyodorovich?"

"Of gold mines, madam! I have never thought anything about them."

"But I have thought for you! Thought and thought it over! I have been watching you for a whole month now with this aim. I looked at you a hundred times when you passed by and said to myself: there is an energetic man who ought to go to the mines. I even studied your gait and decided: that man will find a great many mines."

"By my gait, madam?" Mitya smiled.

"Well, why not, by your gait too. Why, surely you don't deny that one can tell character by the gait, Dmitri Fyodorovich? The natural sciences confirm the very same thing. Oh, I am a realist now, Dmitri Fyodorovich. From today on, after that whole business at the monastery, which upset me so, I am a complete realist, and I want to throw myself into practical activity. I am cured. Enough! as Turgenev said."

"But, madam, those three thousand which you so generously promised to lend me..."

"You won't miss them, Dmitri Fyodorovich," Mrs. Khokhlakova cut him off at once. "Those three thousand are as good as in your pocket, and not three thousand but three million, Dmitri Fyodorovich, in the shortest time! I'll tell you your idea: you will find mines, make millions, come back and become a man of action,

and you'll move us too, directing us toward the good. Surely we aren't going to leave everything to the Yids? You will build buildings and various enterprises. You will help the poor, and the poor will bless you. Ours is the age of railways, Dmitri Fyodorovich. You will become known and indispensable to the Ministry of Finance, which is in such need now. The fall of our paper ruble keeps me awake at night, Dmitri Fyodorovich, people know little of that side of me…"

"Madam, madam!" Dmitri Fyodorovich interrupted again, with a kind of uneasy presentiment. "I may very, very well follow your advice, your clever advice, madam, and go, perhaps, out there… to those mines… and come again to talk to you about it… even many times… but now those three thousand which you so generously… Oh, they would free my hands, and if it were possible today… That is, you see, I have not an hour now, not an hour of time…"

"Enough, Dmitri Fyodorovich, enough!" Mrs. Khokhlakova interrupted insistently. "The question is: are you going to the mines or not, have you completely made up your mind, answer mathematically."

"I am going, madam, later… I will go wherever you like, madam… but now…"

"Wait, then!" cried Mrs. Khokhlakova, jumped up, and rushed to her magnificent bureau with its countless little drawers, and began pulling out one drawer after another, searching for something in a terrible hurry.

"Three thousand!" thought Mitya, his heart sinking. "And right now, without any papers, without a deed… oh, that's gentlemanly! A magnificent woman, if only she weren't so talkative…"

"Here!" Mrs. Khokhlakova cried out joyfully, coming back to Mitya. "Here is what I was looking for!"

It was a tiny silver icon on a cord, of the kind that is sometimes worn together with a baptismal cross.

"This is from Kiev, Dmitri Fyodorovich," she went on reverently, "from the relics of the Great Martyr Barbara. Allow me to put it around your neck myself, and thereby bless you for a new life and for new deeds."

And she actually slipped the little icon over his head and began trying to tuck it in. Mitya, in great embarrassment, bent down a little and began to help her, and at last tucked the little icon in under his tie and shirt collar onto his chest.

"Now you can go!" Mrs. Khokhlakova pronounced, solemnly sitting down again in her place.

"Madam, I am so touched... and I don't even know how to thank you... for such feelings, but if you only knew how precious time is to me now!... That sum which I so look forward to from your generosity... Oh, madam, if you are really this kind, this touchingly generous toward me," Mitya suddenly exclaimed in inspiration, "allow me to reveal to you... what, however, you have long known already... that I love a certain being here... I have betrayed Katya... Katerina Ivanovna, I mean to say. Oh, I have been inhuman and dishonorable toward her, but here I have come to love another... a certain woman, madam, whom you perhaps despise, because you know everything already, but whom I cannot possibly leave, not possibly, and therefore now, those three thousand..."

"Leave everything, Dmitri Fyodorovich!" Mrs. Khokhlakova interrupted in the most decisive tone. "Leave it, and women especially. Your goal is the mines, and there is no point in taking women there. Later, when you come back in wealth and glory, you will find yourself a companion of your heart in the very highest society. She will be a contemporary girl, with knowledge and without prejudices. By that time the woman question that has now begun will just have ripened, and the new woman will appear..."

"Madam, that's not it, not it..." Dmitri Fyodorovich began, folding his hands in entreaty.

"It is exactly it, Dmitri Fyodorovich, precisely what you need, what you thirst for without knowing it yourself. I am not at all averse to the present woman question, Dmitri Fyodorovich. The development of women and even the political role of women in the very near future—that is my ideal. I have a daughter myself, Dmitri Fyodorovich, and people know little of that side of me. I wrote to the writer Shchedrin on that subject. That writer has shown me so much, so much about the vocation of woman, that last year I sent him a two-line letter, unsigned: 'I embrace and kiss you, my writer, for the contemporary woman, go on.' And I signed it: 'A mother.' I was going to sign it 'A contemporary mother,' and hesitated, but settled simply on 'mother': there is more moral beauty in it, Dmitri Fyodorovich, and besides, the word 'contemporary' would have reminded them of *The Contemporary*—a bitter memory for them in view of the present censorship… Ah, my God, what is the matter with you?"

"Madam," Mitya jumped up at last, pressing his palms together before her in helpless supplication, "you will make me weep, madam, if you keep putting off what you so generously…"

"Then weep, Dmitri Fyodorovich, weep! Those are beautiful feelings… such a road lies before you! Tears will relieve you, later you will come back and rejoice. You will gallop to me from Siberia on purpose to rejoice with me…"

"But allow me too," Mitya suddenly howled, "for the last time I implore you, tell me, can I receive this promised sum from you today? And if not, then when exactly should I come for it?"

"What sum, Dmitri Fyodorovich?"

"The three thousand you promised… which you so generously…"

"Three thousand? Rubles, you mean? Oh no, I don't have three thousand," Mrs. Khokhlakova said with a kind of calm surprise. Mitya was stunned…

"But how can you... just now... you said... you even put it that they were as good as in my pocket..."

"Oh no, you misunderstood me, Dmitri Fyodorovich. If that's so, then you didn't understand me. I was speaking of the mines... It's true that I promised you more, infinitely more than three thousand, it all comes back to me now, but I had only the mines in mind."

"And the money? And the three thousand?" Dmitri Fyodorovich exclaimed absurdly.

"Oh, if you meant money, I haven't any. I have no money at all now, Dmitri Fyodorovich, I'm at war with my steward just now, and only the other day I borrowed five hundred rubles from Miusov myself. No, no, I have no money. And you know, Dmitri Fyodorovich, even if I had any, you wouldn't get it from me. First of all, I never lend to anyone. To lend means to quarrel. But you, you especially I wouldn't give it to, because I am fond of you I wouldn't give it, to save you I wouldn't give it, because you need only one thing: mines, mines, and mines!..."

"Oh, the devil take...!" Mitya suddenly roared, and struck the table with his fist with all his might.

"A-ah!" Mrs. Khokhlakova screamed in fright and flew off to the other end of the drawing room.

Mitya spat and with rapid steps strode out of the room, out of the house, out into the street, into the dark! He walked on like a madman, beating himself on the breast, on the very spot of his breast on which he had beaten himself two days before in front of Alyosha, when he had seen him for the last time, in the evening, in the dark, on the road. What this beating of himself on the breast *on that spot* meant, and what he meant to indicate by it—that was for the present still a secret, which no one in the world knew, which he had not revealed even to Alyosha then, but in that secret there lay for him more than disgrace, there lay ruin and suicide, so

he had decided, if he did not get those three thousand to pay Katerina Ivanovna and thereby remove from his breast, "*from that spot of his breast*," the disgrace he carried on it and which so weighed on his conscience. The reader will have all this fully explained later, but now, after his last hope had vanished, this man, so strong physically, having only just gone a few steps from Mrs. Khokhlakova's house, suddenly burst into tears like a little child. He walked along, unaware, wiping away his tears with his fist. Thus he came out onto the square and suddenly felt that he had collided with something with his whole body. There was a squealing wail from some little old woman whom he had almost knocked over.

"Lord, you nearly killed me! Why are you stomping along like that, you rascal!"

"What, is it you?" cried Mitya, making out the little old woman in the dark. It was that same old servant who waited on Kuzma Samsonov, and whom Mitya had noticed only too well yesterday.

"And who might you be yourself, my dear sir?" the old woman said in quite a different voice. "I can't make you out in the dark."

"You live at Kuzma Kuzmich's, you wait on him?"

"Just so, my dear sir, I only just ran over to Prokhorych's... But why is it I still can't make you out?"

"Tell me, my good woman, is Agrafena Alexandrovna at your place now?" Mitya said, beside himself with expectation. "I saw her there myself earlier."

"She was, my dear sir, she came, sat a while, and left."

"What? Left?" cried Mitya. "When did she leave?"

"Why, she left right then, she was only with us a minute, told Kuzma Kuzmich some story, made him laugh, and ran off."

"You're lying, curse you!" Mitya howled.

"A-ah!" screamed the old woman, but Mitya had already vanished without a trace; he ran with all his might to Morozova's house. This was precisely the time when Grushenka had rolled off

to Mokroye; not more than a quarter of an hour had passed since her departure. Fenya was sitting with her grandmother, the cook Matryona, in the kitchen, when suddenly "the captain" ran in. Seeing him, Fenya screamed at the top of her lungs.

"You scream?" howled Mitya. "Where is she?" But before the terror-stricken Fenya could answer a word, he suddenly fell down at her feet:

"Fenya, for the sake of our Lord Christ, tell me, where is she?"

"Master, I don't know anything, Dmitri Fyodorovich, dear, I don't know anything, kill me if you like, I don't know anything," Fenya swore and called God to witness. "You went with her yourself earlier."

"She came back!..."

"Dear, she didn't come back, I swear to God, she didn't come back!"

"You're lying," cried Mitya, "I can tell by your fright alone where she is!..."

He rushed out. The frightened Fenya was glad she had got off cheaply, but understood very well that he simply had no time, or else things might have gone badly for her. But as he ran out, he still surprised both Fenya and old Matryona with one most unexpected escapade: on the table stood a brass mortar, and in it a pestle, a small brass pestle, only a quarter of an arshin long, some seven inches. Mitya, running out, and having already opened the door with one hand, with the other suddenly snatched the pestle out of the mortar in passing and thrust it into his side pocket, and off he went with it.

"Oh, Lord, he wants to kill somebody!" Fenya threw up her hands.

IV. In the Dark

Where did he run? Obviously: “Where could she be but at Fyodor Pavlovich’s? She ran straight to him from Samsonov’s, that’s clear now. The whole intrigue, the whole deception is obvious now…” All this went flying like a whirlwind through his head. He did not run into Marya Kondratyevna’s yard: “No need to go there, no need at all… so there’s not the slightest alarm… they’d pass it on at once and betray me… Marya Kondratyevna is obviously in the plot, Smerdyakov too, he too, they’ve all been bought!” Another intention had taken shape in him: he ran around Fyodor Pavlovich’s house by a long detour, through a side street, ran down Dmitrovskaya Street, then across the little bridge, and came straight into a secluded lane at the back, empty and uninhabited, fenced on one side by the wattle fence of a neighbor’s kitchen garden, and on the other by the strong high fence that ran all around Fyodor Pavlovich’s garden. Here he chose a spot, and, it seems, the very one where, according to the tradition known to him, Stinking Lizaveta had once climbed over the fence. “If she could climb over,” God knows why it flashed through his head, “then how could I not climb over?” And indeed, he leaped up and in a flash managed to catch hold of the top of the fence with his hand, then hoisted himself up energetically, climbed up in one go, and sat astride the fence. Close by, in the garden, stood the little bathhouse, but from the fence the lighted windows of the house could also be seen. “Just as I thought, there’s a light in the old man’s bedroom, she’s there!” And he jumped down from the fence into the garden. Though he knew that Grigory was ill, and that perhaps

Smerdyakov too really was ill, and that there was no one to hear him, he instinctively hid, froze on the spot, and began to listen. But everywhere there was dead silence and, as if on purpose, complete stillness, not the slightest breath of wind.

"'And only the silence whispers,'" this little line of verse flashed for some reason through his head. "If only no one heard me jump over; I think not." After standing for a minute, he went quietly through the garden, over the grass; going around the trees and bushes, he walked a long time, stealing every step, listening himself to each of his steps. It took him some five minutes to reach the lighted window. He remembered that there, right under the windows, were several big, tall, thick bushes of elder and guelder rose. The door from the house into the garden, on the left side of the front, was locked, and he had purposely and carefully looked to see this as he passed. At last he reached the bushes and hid behind them. He was not breathing. "I must wait now," he thought, "if they heard my steps and are listening now, so that they'll be reassured... if only I don't cough or sneeze..."

He waited a couple of minutes, but his heart was beating terribly, and at moments he was almost suffocating. "No, the palpitations won't pass," he thought, "I can't wait any longer." He stood in shadow behind a bush; the front half of the bush was lit up from the window. "Guelder rose, the berries, how red they are!" he whispered, not knowing why. Quietly, with separate, inaudible steps, he went up to the window and rose on tiptoe. Fyodor Pavlovich's whole little bedroom lay before him as plain as the palm of his hand. It was a small room, divided all the way across by a little red screen, "a Chinese one," as Fyodor Pavlovich called it. "Chinese," swept through Mitya's mind, "and behind the screen, Grushenka." He began to examine Fyodor Pavlovich. The old man had on his new little striped silk dressing gown, one Mitya had never yet seen him in, belted with a silk cord with tassels. From

under the collar of the dressing gown peeped clean, foppish linen, a fine Holland shirt with gold studs. On Fyodor Pavlovich's head was the same red bandage that Alyosha had seen on him. "All dressed up," thought Mitya. Fyodor Pavlovich stood near the window, seemingly deep in thought; all at once he jerked his head up, listened for a moment, and, hearing nothing, went to the table, poured half a glass of cognac from the decanter, and drank it. Then he sighed with his whole chest, stood still again, went absently to the mirror between the windows, lifted the red bandage a little from his forehead with his right hand, and began to examine his bruises and scabs, which had not yet gone. "He's alone," thought Mitya, "in all probability alone." Fyodor Pavlovich moved away from the mirror, suddenly turned to the window and looked out of it. Mitya instantly leaped back into the shadow.

"She may be behind the screen with him, perhaps she's asleep already," stabbed at his heart. Fyodor Pavlovich moved away from the window. "He was looking out of the window for her, so she isn't there: why else would he look into the dark?... it means impatience is devouring him..." Mitya at once leaped up and began looking through the window again. The old man was already sitting at the little table, evidently grieving. At last he leaned on his elbow and laid his right palm against his cheek. Mitya gazed greedily.

"Alone, alone!" he repeated again. "If she were here, he'd have a different face." A strange thing: in his heart there suddenly boiled up a kind of senseless and odd vexation that she was not there. "Not that she isn't here," Mitya grasped and answered himself at once, "but that I can't possibly find out for certain whether she's here or not." Mitya himself recalled afterward that his mind at that moment was extraordinarily clear and took in everything to the last detail, grasped every little feature. But anguish, the anguish of not knowing and of indecision, was growing in his heart with immeasurable speed. "Is she here, after all, or isn't she?" boiled up

spitefully in his heart. And suddenly he made up his mind, stretched out his hand, and softly tapped on the window frame. He tapped out the signal agreed on between the old man and Smerdyakov: the first two times rather softly, and then three times faster: knock-knock-knock—the signal that meant "Grushenka has come." The old man gave a start, jerked up his head, jumped up quickly, and rushed to the window. Mitya leaped back into the shadow. Fyodor Pavlovich opened the window and thrust his whole head out.

"Grushenka, is it you? Is it you?" he said in a kind of trembling half-whisper. "Where are you, my little mother, my little angel, where are you?" He was in terrible agitation, he was gasping.

"Alone!" Mitya decided.

"Where are you, then?" the old man cried again, and thrust his head out still further, thrust it out with his shoulders, looking around in all directions, right and left. "Come here; I've got a little present ready, come, I'll show you!..."

"He means the envelope with the three thousand," flashed through Mitya's mind.

"But where are you?... At the door, maybe? I'll open it right away..."

And the old man almost climbed out of the window, peering to the right, toward the side where the door into the garden was, and trying to make things out in the dark. A second more, and he would surely have run to unlock the door without waiting for Grushenka to answer. Mitya was watching from the side and did not stir. The whole profile of the old man, so loathsome to him, his whole sagging Adam's apple, his hooked nose, his lips smiling in voluptuous expectation, all this was brightly lit by the slanting light of the lamp from the left, from inside the room. A terrible, frenzied fury suddenly boiled up in Mitya's heart: "There he is, his rival, his tormentor, the tormentor of his life!" It was a surge of

that very sudden, vengeful, and frenzied fury of which, as if foreseeing it, he had spoken to Alyosha in their conversation in the summerhouse four days before, when he answered Alyosha's question, "How can you say that you'll kill our father?"

"I don't know, you see, I don't know," he had said then. "Maybe I won't kill, and maybe I will. I'm afraid that *at that very moment his face* will suddenly become hateful to me. I hate his Adam's apple, his nose, his eyes, his shameless sneer. I feel a personal loathing. That's what I'm afraid of, and then I won't hold back..."

The personal loathing was growing unbearable. Mitya was no longer in possession of himself, and suddenly he pulled the brass pestle out of his pocket...

"God," as Mitya himself said afterward, "was watching over me then": precisely at that very time the sick Grigory Vasilyevich woke up on his bed. Toward evening of that same day he had performed on himself the well-known treatment of which Smerdyakov had told Ivan Fyodorovich, that is, with his wife's help he had rubbed himself all over with vodka mixed with some secret, very strong infusion, and drunk the rest with "a certain prayer" whispered over him by his wife, and had lain down to sleep. Marfa Ignatyevna had partaken too, and, being no drinker, had fallen into a dead sleep beside her husband. But then, quite unexpectedly, Grigory suddenly woke in the night, considered for a minute, and though he at once felt a burning pain in the small of his back again, he sat up in bed. Then he thought something over again, got up, and dressed hastily. Perhaps a pang of conscience pricked him because he was sleeping while the house was without a watchman "at such a dangerous time." Smerdyakov, shattered by his falling fit, lay motionless in the other little room. Marfa Ignatyevna did not stir. "The woman's all worn out," thought Grigory Vasilyevich, glancing at her, and, groaning, went out onto the porch. Of course he meant only to take a look from the porch, because he was in no condition

to walk; the pain in the small of his back and in his right leg was unbearable. But just then he suddenly remembered that he had not locked the garden gate that evening. He was a most punctilious and exact man, a man of an order once established and of habits of many years' standing. Limping and writhing with pain, he went down from the porch and made for the garden. Just as he thought: the gate was wide open. Mechanically he stepped into the garden: perhaps he imagined something, perhaps he heard some sound, but, glancing to the left, he saw the master's window open, an empty window now, no one was looking out of it anymore. "Why is it open, it isn't summer now!" thought Grigory, and suddenly, at that very instant, something extraordinary flitted right before him in the garden. Some forty paces ahead of him a man seemed to be running in the dark; some shadow was moving very fast. "Lord!" said Grigory, and beside himself, forgetting the pain in the small of his back, he set off to cut across the runner's path. He took a shorter way; the garden was evidently better known to him than to the runner; the runner was making for the bathhouse, ran behind the bathhouse, rushed to the wall... Grigory followed him, not losing sight of him, and ran beside himself. He reached the fence just at the moment when the fugitive was already climbing over it. Beside himself, Grigory yelled, rushed at him, and seized his leg with both hands.

Just as he thought, his presentiment had not deceived him; he recognized him, it was he, "the monster, the parricide"!

"Parricide!" the old man shouted for the whole neighborhood to hear, but that was all he managed to shout; he suddenly fell as if struck by lightning. Mitya jumped back down into the garden and stooped over the man he had felled. The brass pestle was in Mitya's hands, and he mechanically flung it into the grass. The pestle fell two paces from Grigory, but not into the grass, onto the path instead, in the most conspicuous place. For a few seconds he

examined the man lying before him. The old man's head was all covered with blood; Mitya stretched out his hand and began to feel it. He clearly remembered afterward that he had wanted terribly at that moment "to make quite sure" whether he had broken the old man's skull or only "stunned" him with the pestle on the crown of his head. But the blood was flowing, flowing terribly, and in an instant drenched Mitya's trembling fingers in a hot stream. He remembered that he had snatched out of his pocket the new white handkerchief he had provided himself with on going to Mrs. Khokhlakova's, and pressed it to the old man's head, trying senselessly to wipe the blood off his forehead and face. But the handkerchief too was instantly soaked through with blood. "Lord, what am I doing this for?" Mitya suddenly came to himself. "If I've broken it, how can I find out now… And what does it matter now anyway!" he suddenly added hopelessly. "If I've killed him, I've killed him… The old man's caught it, so lie there!" he said aloud, and suddenly rushed at the fence, jumped over into the lane, and took to his heels. He had the blood-soaked handkerchief crumpled in his right fist, and on the run he stuffed it into the back pocket of his frock coat. He ran headlong, and a few rare passersby who met him in the dark, in the streets of the town, remembered afterward that they had met a frenziedly running man that night. He was flying again to Morozova's house. Earlier, as soon as he had gone, Fenya had rushed to the head yard porter, Nazar Ivanovich, and begun begging him "for Christ God's sake" "not to let the captain in again either today or tomorrow." Nazar Ivanovich, having heard her out, agreed, but as ill luck would have it went off upstairs to the mistress, where he was suddenly called, and on the way, meeting his nephew, a lad of about twenty only recently arrived from the country, told him to stay in the yard, but forgot to tell him about the captain. Having run up to the gate, Mitya knocked. The lad recognized him at once: Mitya had more than once given him

tips. He opened the wicket gate for him immediately, let him in, and, smiling cheerfully, hastened obligingly to inform him that "Agrafena Alexandrovna isn't at home now, you know, sir."

"Where is she, then, Prokhor?" Mitya suddenly stopped.

"She left earlier, two hours ago or so, with Timofei, for Mokroye."

"What for?" Mitya shouted.

"That I can't know, sir, to some officer, someone called her from there and sent horses…"

Mitya left him and ran in to Fenya like a man half out of his mind.

V. A Sudden Decision

She was sitting in the kitchen with her grandmother; both were getting ready for bed. Relying on Nazar Ivanovich, they had once again not locked themselves in from inside. Mitya ran in, threw himself at Fenya, and seized her tightly by the throat.

"Tell me now, where is she, who is she with now in Mokroye?" he howled in a frenzy.

Both women shrieked.

"Oh, I'll tell, oh, Dmitri Fyodorovich, dear, I'll tell everything right now, I won't hide a thing," Fenya, frightened to death, cried out in a patter. "She's gone to Mokroye, to the officer."

"What officer?" Mitya howled.

"To her first officer, that very one, her first one, who was here five years ago, who threw her over and went away," Fenya rattled off in the same patter.

Dmitri Fyodorovich took away the hands with which he had been squeezing her throat. He stood before her, pale as a corpse and speechless, but it could be seen by his eyes that he had understood everything at once, everything, everything, at half a word he had understood it all at once, to the last little detail, and had guessed it all. It was not for poor Fenya, of course, to observe at that second whether he had understood or not. Just as she had been, sitting on a trunk when he ran in, so she remained now, all trembling, and, holding her hands out in front of her as if wishing to defend herself, she froze in that position. With frightened eyes, their pupils dilated with fear, she fixed him with a motionless stare. And as it happened, both his hands were smeared with blood

besides. Running here, he must have put them to his forehead along the way to wipe the sweat off his face, so that both on his forehead and on his right cheek there were red spots of smeared blood. Fenya might go into hysterics at any moment, while the old cook had jumped up and was staring like a madwoman, almost losing consciousness. Dmitri Fyodorovich stood for a minute and suddenly sank mechanically onto a chair beside Fenya.

He sat, not so much reflecting as in a kind of fright, as if in some sort of stupor. But everything was as clear as day: this officer —he knew about him, why, he knew everything perfectly well, knew it from Grushenka herself, knew that a month ago he had sent a letter. So for a month, a whole month, this affair had been carried on in deep secrecy from him, right up to the present arrival of this new man, and he hadn't even thought about him! But how could he, how could he not have thought about him? Why had he so completely forgotten about this officer that time, forgotten him the moment he learned of him? That was the question that stood before him like some sort of monster. And he contemplated this monster really in fright, gone cold with fright. But suddenly he began talking to Fenya quietly and meekly, like a quiet and affectionate child, as if he had completely forgotten that he had just frightened, hurt, and tormented her so. He suddenly began questioning Fenya with an extraordinary precision, astonishing even, in his position. And Fenya, though she looked wildly at his blood-stained hands, also began, with astonishing readiness and haste, to answer his every question, as if even in a hurry to lay out before him all "the truest truth." Little by little, even with a kind of joy, she began to set out all the details, not at all wishing to torment him, but as if hurrying with all her might to serve him from her heart. To the last detail she told him all about that day too, Rakitin's and Alyosha's visit, how she, Fenya, had stood on watch, how the mistress had gone off, and how she had cried out of the window to

Alyosha her bow to him, to Mitenka, and that he should "remember forever how she loved him for one little hour." On hearing about the bow, Mitya suddenly smiled, and a flush flared up on his pale cheeks. At that same moment Fenya said to him, no longer the least bit afraid for her curiosity:

"Look at your hands, Dmitri Fyodorovich, they're all covered with blood!"

"Yes," Mitya answered mechanically, looked absently at his hands, and at once forgot about them and about Fenya's question. He sank into silence again. Some twenty minutes had already passed since he had run in. His earlier fright had passed, but some new, inflexible resolve had evidently taken complete possession of him. He suddenly got up from his seat and smiled pensively.

"Master, what happened to you?" said Fenya, pointing again at his hands; she said it with pity, as if she were now the being closest to him in his grief.

Mitya looked at his hands again.

"It's blood, Fenya," he said, with a strange look at her, "human blood, it is, and, God, what was it spilled for! But… Fenya… there's a fence here, one particular fence" (he was looking at her as if setting her a riddle), "a certain high fence, and terrible to look at, but… tomorrow at dawn, when 'the sun soars up,' Mitenka will jump over that fence… You don't understand, Fenya, what fence, well, never mind… it doesn't matter, tomorrow you'll hear and understand everything… and now goodbye! I won't stand in the way, I'll step aside, I'll manage to step aside. Live, my joy… for one hour you loved me, so remember Mitenka Karamazov forever… She always called me Mitenka, didn't she, remember?"

And with these words he suddenly went out of the kitchen. And Fenya was frightened by this exit almost more than when he had run in earlier and thrown himself at her.

Exactly ten minutes later Dmitri Fyodorovich walked in on that young official, Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin, with whom he had pawned his pistols earlier. It was already half past eight, and Pyotr Ilyich, having had his tea at home, had only just put on his frock coat again to go to the Metropolis tavern to play billiards. Mitya caught him on his way out. On seeing him and his blood-smeared face, Pyotr Ilyich simply cried out:

"Lord! What's the matter with you?"

"Why, here," Mitya said quickly, "I've come for my pistols and brought you your money. With my thanks. I'm in a hurry, Pyotr Ilyich, please be quick."

Pyotr Ilyich was more and more surprised: in Mitya's hands he suddenly made out a heap of money, and, above all, he was holding this heap and had come in with it as nobody holds money and nobody comes in with it: he was carrying all the notes in his right hand, as if for show, holding his hand straight out in front of him. The boy, the official's servant, who had met Mitya in the front hall, said afterward that he had come into the front hall like that, with the money in his hand, so he must have carried it in the street, too, the same way, before him in his right hand. The notes were all hundred-ruble ones, rainbow-colored, and he was holding them with bloodstained fingers. Later, to the questions of interested persons, how much money there was, Pyotr Ilyich declared that it had been hard to count by eye at the time, perhaps two thousand, perhaps three, but the wad was a big one, "nice and thick." As for Dmitri Fyodorovich himself, as he also testified later, "he was as if not quite himself either, but not drunk, rather as if in some sort of rapture, very absentminded, and at the same time as if concentrated, as if he were thinking about something and trying to get to the bottom of it and couldn't decide. He was in a great hurry, answered sharply, very strangely, and at moments seemed not to be in grief at all, but even cheerful."

“But what’s the matter with you, what’s the matter with you now?” Pyotr Ilyich cried again, examining his guest wildly. “How did you get yourself so bloody, did you fall or something, look!”

He seized him by the elbow and stood him in front of the mirror. Mitya, seeing his blood-smeared face, gave a start and frowned angrily.

“Eh, damn it! That’s all I needed,” he muttered spitefully, quickly shifted the notes from his right hand to his left, and convulsively pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket. But the handkerchief too turned out to be all bloody (it was with this very handkerchief that he had wiped Grigory’s head and face): there was hardly a single little spot of white left on it, and it had not so much begun to dry as somehow stiffened into a lump and would not unfold. Mitya flung it spitefully on the floor.

“Eh, damn it! Haven’t you got some rag… to wipe myself…”

“So you’ve only got yourself dirty, you’re not wounded? Then you’d better wash,” answered Pyotr Ilyich. “Here’s the washstand, I’ll pour for you.”

“The washstand? That’s good… only where am I to put this?” In a kind of quite strange perplexity he pointed out his wad of hundred-ruble notes to Pyotr Ilyich, looking at him questioningly, as if Pyotr Ilyich had to decide where he should put his own money.

“Stick it in your pocket, or put it on the table here, it won’t get lost.”

“In my pocket? Yes, in my pocket. That’s good… No, you see, this is all nonsense!” he cried, as if suddenly coming out of his absentmindedness. “You see: first we’ll finish this business, the pistols, you give them back to me, and here is your money… because I need them very, very much… and time, there’s not a drop of time…”

And taking the top hundred-ruble note from the wad, he held it out to the official.

"But I won't have change for that," the latter remarked. "Haven't you anything smaller?"

"No," said Mitya, looking at the wad again, and, as if uncertain of his words, he tried two or three notes on top with his fingers. "No, they're all the same," he added, and again looked questioningly at Pyotr Ilyich.

"But where did you get so rich?" asked Pyotr Ilyich. "Wait, I'll send my boy to run over to the Plotnikovs'. They close late—maybe they'll change it. Hey, Misha!" he shouted into the front hall.

"To the Plotnikovs' shop—a most magnificent idea!" Mitya shouted too, as if struck by some thought. "Misha," he turned to the boy who had come in, "look, run to the Plotnikovs' and say that Dmitri Fyodorovich sends his bow and will be there himself in a moment… And listen, listen: have them get champagne ready for when he comes, three dozen or so, and pack it the way they did that time when I went to Mokroye… I took four dozen from them that time," he suddenly turned to Pyotr Ilyich. "They know, don't worry, Misha," he turned again to the boy. "And listen: so there's cheese, Strasbourg pies, smoked whitefish, ham, caviar, well, and everything, everything they've got, about a hundred rubles' worth or a hundred and twenty, the way it was before… And listen: they're not to forget the treats, candy, pears, two watermelons or three, or four—no, well, one watermelon is enough, and chocolate, sugar candies, fruit drops, toffees—well, everything they packed with me that time for Mokroye, about three hundred rubles' worth with the champagne… Well, now it's to be exactly the same. And remember, Misha, if you are Misha… His name is Misha, isn't it?" he turned again to Pyotr Ilyich.

"Wait a moment," Pyotr Ilyich interrupted, listening to him and examining him uneasily, "you'd better go yourself and tell them then, he'll garble it."

"He'll garble it, I see he'll garble it! Eh, Misha, and I was going to kiss you for the errand… If you don't garble it, ten rubles for you, gallop off quick… Champagne, the main thing is to have them roll out the champagne, and some cognac too, and red, and white, and all of that, like that time… They know how it was that time."

"Will you listen!" Pyotr Ilyich interrupted, impatient by now. "I'm saying: let him just run and change it and tell them not to close, and you'll go and tell them yourself… Give me your note. March, Misha, one foot there and the other back here!" Pyotr Ilyich, it seems, chased Misha off as quickly as possible on purpose, because, as soon as the boy had come to stand before the guest, staring with bulging eyes at his bloody face and blood-stained hands with a bunch of money in their trembling fingers, he had just stood there with his mouth open in surprise and fear, and had probably understood little of all that Mitya was telling him.

"Well, now let's go and wash," Pyotr Ilyich said sternly. "Put the money on the table or stick it in your pocket… That's it, come on. And take off your frock coat."

And he began helping him take off his frock coat, and suddenly cried out again:

"Look, your frock coat is bloody too!"

"That… that isn't the frock coat. Only a little here by the sleeve… And this is only here, where the handkerchief was. It soaked through from the pocket. I sat down on the handkerchief at Fenya's, and the blood soaked through," Mitya explained at once with a kind of astonishing trustfulness. Pyotr Ilyich listened, frowning.

"Well, you've managed it; you must have been in a fight with someone," he muttered.

They began to wash. Pyotr Ilyich held the jug and poured the water. Mitya was in a hurry and soaped his hands badly. (His hands were trembling, as Pyotr Ilyich remembered later.) Pyotr Ilyich at

once told him to soap more and rub more. He seemed to be gaining a kind of upper hand over Mitya at that moment, more and more as it went on. Let us note, by the way: the young man was not of a timid character.

"Look, you haven't washed under your nails; well, now rub your face, here: on the temples, by the ear... Are you going to go in that shirt? Where is it you're going? Look, the whole cuff of your right sleeve is bloody."

"Yes, it's bloody," Mitya observed, examining the cuff of his shirt.

"Then change your linen."

"No time. But look, here, you see..." Mitya went on with the same trustfulness, already wiping his face and hands with the towel and putting on his frock coat. "I'll turn back the edge of the sleeve here, and it won't be seen under the frock coat... You see!"

"Tell me now, where did you manage to get into this? Were you in a fight with someone, or what? Not in the tavern again, like that time? Not with the captain again, like that time, when you beat him and dragged him about?" Pyotr Ilyich recalled, as if reproachfully. "Whom else have you beaten up... or killed, maybe?"

"Nonsense!" said Mitya.

"What do you mean, nonsense?"

"Never mind," said Mitya, and suddenly grinned. "I just ran over a little old woman on the square."

"Ran over? A little old woman?"

"An old man!" cried Mitya, looking Pyotr Ilyich straight in the face, laughing and shouting at him as if he were deaf.

"Eh, damn it, an old man, an old woman... Have you killed somebody, or what?"

"We made it up. We grappled—and made it up. In a certain place. We parted friends. A certain fool... he's forgiven me, he has surely forgiven me by now... If he'd got up, he wouldn't have for-

given me," Mitya suddenly winked. "Only you know, the devil take him, do you hear, Pyotr Ilyich, the devil take him, never mind! I don't want to this minute!" Mitya cut him off decisively.

"I only mean, why should you get mixed up with every sort of person... like that time over nothing with that staff captain... You've been in a fight, and now you're rushing off to carouse—that's your whole character. Three dozen champagne—where do you want so much?"

"Bravo! Now give me the pistols. By God, I have no time. And I'd like to have a talk with you, my dear fellow, but there's no time. And there's no need for it at all, it's too late to talk. Ah! where's the money, where did I put it?" he cried out, and began thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"You put it on the table... yourself... there it is. Forgot? Truly, money is like rubbish or water to you. Here are your pistols. It's strange, after five o'clock you pawned them for ten rubles, and now look, there are thousands in your hands. Two or three, I bet?"

"Three, I bet," laughed Mitya, stuffing the money into the side pocket of his trousers.

"You'll lose it that way. Have you got gold mines, or what?"

"Mines? Gold mines!" Mitya shouted with all his might and burst out laughing. "Would you like to go to the mines, Perkhotin? There's a lady here who'll pour out three thousand for you at once, just so you go. She poured it out for me, she loves the mines so! Do you know Khokhlakova?"

"I don't know her, but I've heard about her and seen her. Can it be that she gave you three thousand? Just poured it out like that?" Pyotr Ilyich looked at him incredulously.

"Tomorrow, when the sun soars up, when ever-youthful Phoebus soars up, praising and glorifying God, you go to her tomorrow, to Khokhlakova, and ask her yourself: did she pour out three thousand for me or not? Just inquire."

"I don't know what your relations are... if you say so positively, then she gave it... And you, with the cash in your paws, instead of Siberia, off at a gallop on all three... But where are you really off to now, eh?"

"To Mokroye."

"To Mokroye? But it's night!"

"Mastryuk had all he could want, now Mastryuk hasn't a thing!" Mitya said suddenly.

"What do you mean, hasn't a thing? With all those thousands, not a thing?"

"I don't mean the thousands. To the devil with the thousands! I'm talking about woman's nature:

"Woman's nature is credulous,
And fickle, and depraved.

"I agree with Ulysses, he's the one who says it."

"I don't understand you!"

"Drunk, or what?"

"Not drunk, but worse than that."

"I'm drunk in spirit, Pyotr Ilyich, drunk in spirit, and enough, enough..."

"What's that you're doing, loading a pistol?"

"I'm loading a pistol."

Mitya had indeed opened the pistol case, unstopped the powder horn, carefully poured in the charge, and rammed it home. Then he took a bullet and, before rolling it in, held it up in two fingers before him over the candle.

"Why are you looking at the bullet?" Pyotr Ilyich watched him with uneasy curiosity.

"Just so. Imagination. Now, if you took it into your head to put this bullet into your brain, would you look at it while loading the pistol, or not?"

"Why look at it?"

"It'll go into my brain, so it's interesting to have a look at it, see what it's like... But anyway, nonsense, a moment's nonsense. There, that's done," he added, having rolled in the bullet and rammed it down with tow. "Pyotr Ilyich, my dear, nonsense, it's all nonsense, and if only you knew to what a degree it's nonsense! Give me a little piece of paper now."

"Here's some paper."

"No, smooth, clean paper, the kind you write on. That's it." And Mitya, snatching a pen from the table, quickly wrote two lines on the paper, folded it in four, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. He laid the pistols back in their case, turned the little key in the lock, and took the case in his hands. Then he looked at Pyotr Ilyich and smiled a long, thoughtful smile.

"Now let's go," he said.

"Go where? No, wait... It's into your own brain, I dare say, that you want to send it, the bullet..." Pyotr Ilyich said uneasily.

"The bullet is nonsense! I want to live, I love life! Know that. I love golden-haired Phoebus and his hot light... Dear Pyotr Ilyich, do you know how to step aside?"

"What do you mean, step aside?"

"To make way. To make way for a dear being and for a hateful one. And so that the hateful one too should become dear—that's how to make way! And to say to them: God be with you, go on, pass by, and I..."

"And you?"

"Enough, let's go."

"By God, I'll tell somebody," Pyotr Ilyich looked at him, "so they won't let you go there. Why should you go to Mokroye now?"

"There's a woman there, a woman, and that's enough for you, Pyotr Ilyich, and basta!"

"Listen, though you're wild, I've always somehow liked you… that's why I'm worried."

"Thank you, brother. I'm wild, you say. Savages, savages! That's all I keep saying: savages! Ah, yes, here's Misha, and I'd forgotten all about him."

Misha came in in a great hurry with a wad of changed money and reported that at the Plotnikovs' "they've all got moving" and are hauling out bottles, and fish, and tea—everything will be ready in a minute. Mitya seized a ten-ruble note and handed it to Pyotr Ilyich, and flung another ten-ruble note to Misha.

"Don't you dare!" cried Pyotr Ilyich. "Not in my house, and besides, it's bad spoiling. Put your money away, put it here, why scatter it about? Tomorrow it'll come in handy, you'll be coming to me, of all people, to ask for ten rubles. Why do you keep stuffing it into your side pocket? Hey, you'll lose it!"

"Listen, my dear man, let's go to Mokroye together?"

"What should I go there for?"

"Listen, if you like I'll uncork a bottle right now, and we'll drink to life! I want to drink, and most of all to drink with you. I've never drunk with you, eh?"

"All right, we can in the tavern, let's go, I'm on my way there myself now."

"No time for the tavern, but at the Plotnikovs' shop, in the back room. If you like, I'll ask you a riddle now."

"Ask away."

Mitya took his piece of paper out of his waistcoat, unfolded it, and showed it. On it was written in a clear, large hand:

"I execute myself for my whole life; my whole life I punish!"

"Really, I'll tell somebody, I'll go right now and tell," Pyotr Ilyich said, having read the paper.

"You won't have time, my dear fellow, come and let's drink, march!"

The Plotnikovs' shop was almost just one house away from Pyotr Ilyich's, on the corner of the street. It was the very chief grocery in our town, belonging to rich merchants, and quite a decent one in itself. There was everything there that there is in any shop in the capital, every sort of grocery: wines "bottled by the Eliseev Brothers," fruit, cigars, tea, sugar, coffee, and so on. Three clerks were always sitting there, and two errand boys always running about. Though our region had grown poorer, the landowners had gone away, trade had slackened, the grocery business flourished as before, and even better and better every year: there was no lack of buyers for these articles. Mitya was awaited in the shop with impatience. They remembered too well how three or four weeks before he had bought up, exactly like this, every sort of goods and wines at one go to the tune of several hundred rubles in cash (on credit, of course, they would not have trusted him with anything), remembered that, just as now, a whole wad of rainbow-colored notes had stuck out of his hand, and that he had thrown them about at random, without bargaining, without considering and without wishing to consider what he needed so many goods, so much wine, and so on for. All over town it was said afterward that, having rolled off with Grushenka to Mokroye that time, he "ran through three thousand at one go in a single night and the day after, and came back from the spree without a kopeck, as naked as the day he was born." He had roused a whole camp of Gypsies then (who were roaming about our parts at the time), who in two days, it was said, pulled no end of money out of him while he was drunk and drank no end of expensive wine. People told, laughing at Mitya, how in Mokroye he had plied the clodhopping peasants with champagne and stuffed the village girls and women with candy and Strasbourg pies. People among us laughed too, especially in the tavern, at Mitya's own frank and public admission at the time (not to his face, of course; to laugh in his face was some-

what dangerous) that from Grushenka, for that whole "escapade," he had got nothing except that "she let him kiss her little foot, and allowed him nothing more."

When Mitya and Pyotr Ilyich came up to the shop, they found at the entrance a troika already waiting, with a cart covered with a rug, with bells and harness bells, and with the coachman Andrei, waiting for Mitya. In the shop they had almost finished "fixing up" one crate of goods and were only waiting for Mitya to appear, to nail it shut and load it on the cart. Pyotr Ilyich was surprised.

"Well, and where'd you get a troika so fast?" he asked Mitya.

"I was running to you and met him, Andrei here, and told him to drive right on to the shop here. Not a moment to lose! Last time I went with Timofei, but Timofei is now fft, gone, rolled off ahead of me with a certain enchantress. Andrei, will we be very late?"

"They'll only get there an hour ahead of us at most, and not even that, they'll be ahead by an hour at most!" Andrei responded hastily. "It was me who fitted Timofei out, I know how they'll go. Their driving isn't ours, Dmitri Fyodorovich, they're nowhere near us. They won't make it even an hour sooner!" Andrei, a coachman not yet old, a lean, reddish-haired fellow in a long-waisted coat, with a peasant overcoat over his left arm, broke in hotly.

"Fifty rubles for vodka, if you fall only an hour behind."

"We guarantee the hour, Dmitri Fyodorovich, eh, they won't be half an hour ahead, let alone an hour!"

Mitya, though he bustled about giving orders, spoke and ordered somehow strangely, in a jumble, not in order. He would begin one thing and forget the end of it. Pyotr Ilyich found it necessary to step in and help.

"Four hundred rubles' worth, no less than four hundred, so that it's exactly as it was that time," Mitya commanded. "Four dozen champagne, not a bottle less."

“What do you want so much for, what’s it for? Stop!” Pyotr Ilyich howled. “What’s this crate? What’s in it? Can there really be four hundred rubles’ worth here?”

The bustling clerks explained to him at once, in sugary speech, that in this first crate there was only half a dozen champagne and “all sorts of articles needed for a start,” in the way of hors d’oeuvres, candy, fruit drops, and so on. But that the main “consumables” would be packed and sent off separately this very minute, as on that previous occasion, in a separate cart, also with a troika, and would be in time, “arriving at the spot no more than an hour after Dmitri Fyodorovich.”

“No more than an hour, mind, no more than an hour, and put in as many fruit drops and toffees as possible; the girls there love them,” Mitya insisted hotly.

“Toffees—fine. But what do you want four dozen for? One is enough,” said Pyotr Ilyich, almost angry by now. He began to bargain, he demanded the bill, he would not calm down. He saved, however, only one hundred rubles. They settled on delivering no more than three hundred rubles’ worth of goods in all.

“Ah, the devil take you!” cried Pyotr Ilyich, as if suddenly thinking better of it. “What is it to me, anyway? Throw your money away, if you came by it for nothing!”

“This way, my economist, this way, don’t be angry,” Mitya dragged him into the back room of the shop. “They’ll bring us a bottle here in a minute, and we’ll have a swig. Eh, Pyotr Ilyich, come along with me, because you’re a dear man, I love that kind.”

Mitya sat down on a little wicker chair before a tiny table covered with a most filthy napkin. Pyotr Ilyich perched opposite him, and the champagne appeared in a flash. They asked whether the gentlemen would not care for oysters, “the finest oysters, the very latest delivery.”

"To the devil with oysters, I don't eat them, and I don't want anything," Pyotr Ilyich snapped almost spitefully.

"No time for oysters," Mitya remarked, "and no appetite either. You know, friend," he suddenly said with feeling, "I never liked all this disorder."

"And who likes it! Three dozen, for pity's sake, for peasants, that would make anyone explode."

"That's not what I mean. It's a higher order I mean. I haven't got order in me, the higher order... But... all that is finished, there's nothing to grieve about. It's too late, and to the devil with it! My whole life has been disorder, and order must be put into it. Am I punning, eh?"

"You're raving, not punning."

"Glory to the Highest in the world,
Glory to the Highest in me!

"That little verse burst out of my soul once, not a verse, but a tear... I made it up myself... not, however, when I was dragging the staff captain by his little beard..."

"Why do you suddenly bring him up?"

"Why do I suddenly bring him up? Nonsense! Everything comes to an end, everything is evened out, a line is drawn—and there's the sum."

"Really, I keep seeing those pistols of yours."

"The pistols are nonsense too! Drink and don't fantasize. I love life, I've come to love life too much, so much that it's even vile. Enough! To life, my dear fellow, let's drink to life, I propose a toast to life! Why am I pleased with myself? I am base, but pleased with myself. And yet I am tormented that I am base, but pleased with myself. I bless creation, I am ready right now to bless God and his creation, but... one stinking insect must be exterminated, so that it won't crawl about and spoil life for others... Let's drink to life, dear

brother! What is dearer than life! Nothing is, nothing! To life, and to one queen among queens."

"Let's drink to life, and, I dare say, to your queen too."

They each drank a glass. Mitya, though rapturous and lavish, was somehow sad. It was as though some insurmountable and heavy care stood behind him.

"Misha... is that your Misha who's come in? Misha, my dear, Misha, come here, drink this glass for me, to golden-haired Phoebus, tomorrow's..."

"What are you giving it to him for!" Pyotr Ilyich cried irritably.

"Oh, let me, oh, just so, oh, I want to."

"Eh-h!"

Misha drank the glass, bowed, and ran off.

"He'll remember it longer," Mitya remarked. "I love woman, woman! What is woman? The queen of the earth! I'm sad, sad, Pyotr Ilyich. Remember Hamlet: 'I am so sad, so sad, Horatio... Ah, poor Yorick!' Maybe that's me, Yorick. Precisely now I am Yorick, and the skull comes later."

Pyotr Ilyich listened and was silent; Mitya too was silent for a while.

"What little dog is that you have?" he suddenly asked the clerk absently, noticing in the corner a pretty little lapdog with black eyes.

"That's Varvara Alexeevna's little lapdog, our mistress's," answered the clerk. "She brought it in herself earlier and forgot it here. It'll have to be taken back."

"I saw one just like it... in the regiment..." Mitya said pensively, "only that one had a broken hind leg... Pyotr Ilyich, I wanted to ask you, by the way: have you ever stolen anything in your life or not?"

"What sort of question is that?"

"No, I just wondered. You see, from someone's pocket, something not yours? I'm not talking about the treasury, everyone

fleeces the treasury, and you too, of course…"

"Go to the devil."

"I mean something not yours: right out of a pocket, out of a purse, eh?"

"I stole twenty kopecks from my mother once, when I was nine, off the table. I took it quietly and clutched it in my hand."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, nothing. I kept it three days, got ashamed, confessed, and gave it back."

"Well, and then?"

"Naturally, I got a whipping. But what's with you, did you steal something yourself?"

"I did," Mitya winked slyly.

"What did you steal?" Pyotr Ilyich grew curious.

"Twenty kopecks from my mother, when I was nine, I gave it back after three days." Having said this, Mitya suddenly got up from his seat.

"Dmitri Fyodorovich, shouldn't we be hurrying?" Andrei suddenly shouted at the door of the shop.

"Ready? Let's go!" Mitya started up in a flurry. "One last word more and… A glass of vodka for Andrei for the road, right now! And a glass of cognac for him besides the vodka! This case" (with the pistols) "under my seat. Goodbye, Pyotr Ilyich, don't think ill of me."

"But you'll be back tomorrow?"

"Without fail."

"Would you be pleased to settle the little bill now?" a clerk sprang up.

"Ah, yes, the bill! Without fail!"

He again snatched his wad of notes out of his pocket, peeled off three rainbow-colored ones, threw them on the counter, and hurried out of the shop. Everyone followed him and, bowing, saw him

off with greetings and good wishes. Andrei grunted from the cognac he had just drunk and jumped up onto the box. But no sooner had Mitya begun to get in than suddenly, quite unexpectedly, Fenya appeared before him. She had come running all out of breath, and with a cry she clasped her hands before him and flopped down at his feet:

"Master, Dmitri Fyodorovich, dear, don't ruin my mistress! And I told you everything!... And don't ruin him, he's her first one, after all, her own! He's going to marry Agrafena Alexandrovna now, that's what he came back from Siberia for... Master, Dmitri Fyodorovich, don't destroy another's life!"

"Tut-tut-tut, so that's it! Well, you'll make a fine mess of things there now!" Pyotr Ilyich muttered to himself. "Now everything's clear, now how could one not understand. Dmitri Fyodorovich, give me the pistols this minute, if you want to be a man," he exclaimed loudly to Mitya. "Do you hear, Dmitri!"

"The pistols? Wait, my dear fellow, I'll throw them into a puddle on the way," answered Mitya. "Fenya, get up, don't lie there in front of me. Mitya won't ruin anyone, from now on this stupid man won't ruin anyone anymore. And here's the thing, Fenya," he shouted to her, already seated, "I hurt you earlier, so forgive me and have mercy, forgive a scoundrel... And if you won't forgive me, it doesn't matter! Because now it doesn't matter anymore! Off we go, Andrei, fly away, quick!"

Andrei started off; the bell began to jingle.

"Goodbye, Pyotr Ilyich! My last tear is for you!..."

"He isn't even drunk, and what drivel he spouts!" Pyotr Ilyich thought, looking after him. He had meant to stay and keep an eye on how they loaded the cart (with a troika too) with the rest of the provisions and wines, sensing that they would cheat and overcharge Mitya, but suddenly, getting angry with himself, he spat and went off to his tavern to play billiards.

"A fool, though a good fellow..." he muttered to himself on the way. "I've heard about some officer of Grushenka's, her 'first' one. Well, if he's arrived, then... Eh, those pistols! Ah, the devil, what am I, his nanny or something? Let them be! And nothing will happen. Loudmouths, and nothing more. They'll get drunk and fight, fight and make up. Are they men of action? What's all this 'I'll step aside,' 'I execute myself'—nothing will happen! A thousand times he's shouted in that style, drunk in the tavern. Now he isn't drunk. 'Drunk in spirit'—scoundrels love that style. Am I his nanny or something? And he can't have kept out of a fight, his whole mug was bloody. Who with? I'll find out at the tavern. And the handkerchief was bloody... Pfoo, damn it, it's left on my floor... to hell with it!"

He arrived at the tavern in the foulest of moods and at once began a game. The game cheered him up. He played another and suddenly began telling one of his partners that Dmitri Karamazov had money again, up to three thousand, he had seen it himself, and that he had rolled off again to carouse in Mokroye with Grushenka. This was received by his listeners with an almost unexpected curiosity. And they all began talking, not laughing, but somehow strangely seriously. They even interrupted the game.

"Three thousand? But where would he get three thousand?"

They began to question him further. The news about Khokhlakova was received with doubt.

"And mightn't he have robbed the old man, that's the question? Three thousand! Something's not right."

"He did boast out loud that he'd kill his father, everyone here heard it. He was talking about three thousand precisely..."

Pyotr Ilyich listened, and suddenly began answering their questions drily and sparingly. About the blood that had been on Mitya's face and hands he did not say a word, though on his way here he had meant to tell about it. They began a third game; little by little

the talk about Mitya died down; but, having finished the third game, Pyotr Ilyich did not want to play anymore, put down his cue, and, without having supper as he had intended, left the tavern. On coming out onto the square, he stood still in perplexity, even wondering at himself. He suddenly realized that what he wanted was to go now to Fyodor Pavlovich's house and find out whether something had happened. "Over some nonsense, as it'll turn out, I'll wake up somebody else's house and make a scandal. Pfoo, damn it, am I their nanny or something?"

In the foulest of moods he set off straight home, and suddenly remembered Fenya: "Eh, damn it, I should have questioned her earlier," he thought in vexation, "I'd have known everything." And such a most impatient and stubborn desire suddenly flared up in him to talk to her and find out, that halfway home he turned sharply toward Morozova's house, where Grushenka lodged. Going up to the gate, he knocked, and the knock that resounded in the silence of the night again, as it were, suddenly sobered and angered him. Besides, no one answered; everyone in the house was asleep. "And here too I'll make a scandal!" he thought, with a kind of suffering in his soul by now, but instead of leaving for good, he suddenly began knocking again, and this time with all his might. A din arose through the whole street. "Well, no, I'll knock till they open, I'll knock till they open!" he muttered, with every sound growing furious with himself to the point of frenzy, but at the same time redoubling his blows on the gate.

VI. Here I Come Myself!

And Dmitri Fyodorovich was flying along the road. It was a little over twenty versts to Mokroye, but Andrei's troika was galloping so hard that it could make it in an hour and a quarter. The fast ride seemed suddenly to refresh Mitya. The air was fresh and chilly, and large stars shone in the clear sky. It was that same night, and perhaps that same hour, when Alyosha, falling to the earth, "vowed ecstatically to love it forever and ever." But it was murky, very murky in Mitya's soul, and though much was tormenting his soul now, at this moment his whole being was drawn irresistibly toward her alone, toward his queen, to whom he was flying in order to look at her for the last time. I will say only one thing: his heart did not argue even for a minute. I may not be believed, perhaps, if I say that this jealous man felt not the slightest jealousy toward this new man, this new rival who had sprung up out of the ground, this "officer." Toward anyone else, had such a man appeared, he would have been jealous at once and perhaps would again have soaked his terrible hands in blood; but toward this one, toward this "first one of hers," he felt now, flying along in his troika, not only no jealous hatred but not even a hostile feeling—true, he had not seen him yet. "Here it's indisputable, here it's her right and his; here is her first love, which she hasn't forgotten in five years: so she has loved only him these five years, and me, why did I turn up here? What have I got to do with it? Step aside, Mitya, and make way! And what am I now, anyway? Now it's all over even without the officer; even if he hadn't shown up at all, it would all be over just the same…"

Those, roughly, are the words in which he might have set out his feelings, if only he had been able to reason. But by then he was no longer able to reason. His whole present resolve had been born without reasoning, in a single instant; it had been felt all at once and accepted entire, with all its consequences, earlier that evening, at Fenya's, from her very first words. And all the same, in spite of the whole resolve he had taken, it was murky in his soul, murky to the point of suffering: even resolve had not given him peace. Too much stood behind him and tormented him. And at moments this seemed strange to him: after all, the sentence had already been written by himself upon himself, with a pen on paper: "I execute myself and I punish"; and the slip of paper lay right here, in his pocket, ready; after all, the pistol was already loaded, after all, he had already decided how he would meet tomorrow the first hot ray of "golden-haired Phoebus"; and meanwhile he still could not settle accounts with the past, with everything that stood behind him and tormented him; he felt this to the point of torment, and the thought of it dug into his soul with despair. There was one moment on the road when he suddenly wanted to stop Andrei, jump out of the cart, take out his loaded pistol, and end it all, without even waiting for dawn. But that moment flew past like a spark. And besides, the troika was flying, "devouring space," and as they drew nearer to the goal, again the thought of her, of her alone, took his breath away more and more and drove all the other terrible phantoms from his heart. Oh, how he wanted to have a look at her, even a glimpse, even from a distance! "She's with *him* now, well, so I'll see how she is with him now, with her first sweetheart, and that's all I need." And never yet had there risen from his breast so much love for this woman, so fateful in his destiny, so much new feeling, never yet experienced by him, a feeling unexpected even to himself, a feeling tender to the point of prayer, to

the point of vanishing before her. “And I will vanish!” he said suddenly, in a fit of some hysterical rapture.

They had been galloping for almost an hour. Mitya was silent, and Andrei, though he was a talkative peasant, had not yet uttered a word either, as though he were afraid to start talking, and only briskly urged on his “nags,” his bay troika, lean but spirited. When suddenly Mitya exclaimed in terrible anxiety:

“Andrei! What if they’re asleep?”

It had suddenly come into his head, and until then he had not even thought of it.

“You’d have to think they’ve gone to bed by now, Dmitri Fyodorovich.”

Mitya frowned painfully: and really, here he would come flying… with such feelings… and they would be asleep… she too would be asleep, perhaps, right there… An angry feeling boiled up in his heart.

“Drive on, Andrei, roll on, Andrei, quick!” he shouted in a frenzy.

“And maybe they haven’t all turned in yet,” Andrei reasoned, after a silence. “Timofei was saying earlier that a lot of them had gathered there…”

“At the station?”

“Not at the station, at the Plastunovs’, at the inn, a free station, that is.”

“I know; so how can you say there are a lot of them? A lot of whom? Who are they?” Mitya started up in terrible alarm at the unexpected news.

“Well, Timofei was saying, they’re all gentlefolk: two from town, who they are I don’t know, only Timofei was saying, two of the gentlemen from around here, and those two, visitors from somewhere, it seems, and maybe there’s somebody else too, I didn’t ask him properly. They’ve started playing cards, he said.”

“Cards?”

"So, there, maybe they're not asleep, if they've got going at cards. You'd have to think it's not past eleven yet, it's just coming on to eleven, no more than that."

"Drive on, Andrei, drive on!" Mitya cried out nervously again.

"Here's something, if I might ask you, sir," Andrei began again after a silence, "only I wouldn't want to make you angry, I'm afraid, master."

"What is it?"

"Earlier Fedosya Markovna lay down at your feet, she begged you not to ruin her mistress, and somebody else besides... so here, sir, I'm taking you there... Forgive me, sir, it's just, from my conscience, maybe I said something stupid."

Mitya suddenly seized him from behind by the shoulders.

"Are you a coachman? A coachman?" he began in a frenzy.

"A coachman..."

"Do you know that a man has to give way? So you're a coachman, and so you won't give way to anybody, run them down, that's the idea, here I come! No, coachman, don't run them down! You mustn't run a man down, you mustn't spoil people's lives; and if you've spoiled a life, punish yourself... if only you've spoiled, if only you've ruined someone's life, execute yourself and go away."

All this burst out of Mitya as if in utter hysterics. Andrei, though he marveled at the master, kept up the conversation.

"That's true, Dmitri Fyodorovich, my dear sir, you're right there, that you mustn't run a man down, and torment him neither, same as with any creature, because every creature, it's a created creature, take a horse even, because there's some that drive it hard for nothing, even our coachmen... And there's no holding him, he just goes barreling along, just goes barreling right on along."

"Into hell?" Mitya interrupted suddenly, and burst out in his unexpected short laugh. "Andrei, you simple soul," he again seized

him tight by the shoulders, "tell me: will Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov go to hell or not, what do you think?"

"I don't know, my dear man, it depends on you, because you're to us... You see, sir, when the Son of God was crucified on the cross and died, he came down from the cross straight into hell and set free all the sinners who were in torment. And hell groaned over it, that now, it thought, nobody's ever going to come to it anymore, no sinners. And then the Lord said to hell: 'Do not groan, O hell, for there shall come to you from now on all manner of grandees, rulers, chief judges, and rich men, and you shall be filled up exactly as you have been forever and ever, until the time when I come again.' That's right, that was the word that was said..."

"A folk legend, magnificent! Whip up the left one, Andrei!"

"So that's who hell is meant for, sir," Andrei whipped up the left one, "but you, sir, you're just the same as a little child to us... that's how we regard you... And though you're hot-tempered, sir, that you are, the Lord will forgive you for your simple heart."

"And you, will you forgive me, Andrei?"

"What have I got to forgive you for, you've done nothing to me."

"No, for everyone, for everyone, you alone, now, this minute, here, on the road, will you forgive me for everyone? Speak, you soul of the common folk!"

"Oh, sir! It's frightening even to drive you, the way you're talking, it's strange somehow..."

But Mitya did not hear. He was praying ecstatically and whispering wildly to himself.

"Lord, receive me in all my lawlessness, but do not judge me. Let me pass by without your judgment... Do not judge, because I have condemned myself; do not judge, because I love you, Lord! I am vile myself, but I love you: if you send me to hell, I will love you there too, and from there I will cry out that I love you forever and ever... But let me, too, finish loving... here, now, finish loving, only

five hours till your hot ray… For I love the queen of my soul. I love, and I cannot not love. You see all of me yourself. I'll gallop up, I'll fall down before her: you were right to pass me by… Farewell, and forget your victim, never trouble yourself!"

"Mokroye!" shouted Andrei, pointing ahead with his whip.

Through the pale murk of the night a solid mass of buildings, spread out over a huge space, suddenly showed black. The village of Mokroye had two thousand souls, but at this hour all of it was already asleep, and only here and there a few rare lights still flickered out of the dark.

"Drive, drive, Andrei, here I come!" Mitya exclaimed, as if in a fever.

"They're not asleep!" Andrei said again, pointing with his whip at the Plastunovs' inn, which stood right at the entrance to the village, and in which all six windows on the street were brightly lit.

"They're not asleep!" Mitya joyfully took up. "Make a racket, Andrei, drive at a gallop, jingle, roll up with a crash. So that everyone knows who has come! Here I come! Here I come myself!" Mitya kept exclaiming ecstatically.

Andrei let his exhausted troika go at a gallop and really did roll up with a crash to the high porch, and reined in his steaming, half-winded horses. Mitya jumped down from the cart, and just at that moment the owner of the inn, who was, true, already on his way to bed, was curious enough to look out from the porch to see who had rolled up like that.

"Trifon Borisych, is that you?"

The owner bent down, peered, rushed headlong down from the porch, and in obsequious rapture threw himself toward the guest.

"Dmitri Fyodorych, my dear sir! Is it you we see again?"

This Trifon Borisych was a thickset and healthy peasant, of medium height, with a somewhat fattish face, of a stern and implacable look, especially with the Mokroye peasants, but having

the gift of rapidly changing his face to the most obsequious expression when he scented a profit to be had. He went about in Russian dress, in a shirt with a side-buttoned collar and a long-waisted coat; he had a tidy bit of money, considerable in fact, but dreamed tirelessly of a higher role as well. More than half the peasants were in his clutches; everyone was deep in debt to him. He rented land from the landowners and bought some himself, and the peasants worked this land for him against their debts, which they could never get out of. He was a widower and had four grown daughters; one was already a widow, lived with him with two little ones, his granddaughters, and worked for him like a day laborer. Another daughter, a peasant girl, was married to an official, some little clerk who had worked his way up, and in one of the rooms of the inn, on the wall, among the family photographs, of the tiniest size, one could see a photograph of this little official too, in uniform and with an official's shoulder straps. The two youngest daughters, on the church's feast day or when setting off somewhere on a visit, put on blue or green dresses made in the fashion, tight at the back and with a train an arshin long, but the very next morning, as on any other day, they got up at first light and, with birch brooms in their hands, swept out the rooms, carried out the slops, and cleared away the litter after the lodgers. In spite of the thousands he had already acquired, Trifon Borisych was very fond of fleecing a carousing lodger, and remembering that not a month had passed since he had profited by Dmitri Fyodorovich, in a single day and night, during his spree with Grushenka, to the tune of two hundred rubles and more, if not all three, he greeted him now joyfully and impetuously, already scenting prey again from the mere way Mitya had rolled up to his porch.

"Dmitri Fyodorovich, my dear sir, is it you we find again?"

"Stop, Trifon Borisych," Mitya began, "first of all, the most important thing: where is she?"

"Agrafena Alexandrovna?" the owner understood at once, peering sharply into Mitya's face. "Why, she's staying right here too."

"With whom, with whom?"

"Travelers passing through, sir... One of them's an official, must be one of the Poles, judging by his talk, he's the one who sent horses for her from here; and the other one with him is his comrade or a fellow traveler, who can tell; dressed in civilian clothes..."

"Well, are they carousing? Rich?"

"Carousing, what an idea! They don't amount to much, Dmitri Fyodorovich."

"Don't amount to much? Well, and the others?"

"From town, those ones, two gentlemen... They were coming back from Cherni and stayed on... One of them, the young one, must be a relation of Mr. Miusov, only I forget what he's called... and the other one, I should think you know him too: the landowner Maximov, he's been on a pilgrimage, he says, stopped at your monastery there, and so he's traveling around with this young relation of Mr. Miusov..."

"And that's all of them?"

"That's all."

"Stop, be quiet, Trifon Borisych, tell me now the most important thing: what about her, how is she?"

"Why, she arrived a while ago and is sitting with them."

"Is she cheerful? Is she laughing?"

"No, she's not laughing much, seems like... She's even sitting there quite dull, she was combing the young man's hair."

"The Pole's, the officer's?"

"Why, he's not young at all, and he's no officer at all; no, sir, not his, but this nephew of Miusov's, the young one... only I forget his name."

"Kalganov?"

"Kalganov exactly."

"All right, I'll decide myself. Are they playing cards?"

"They were playing, but they stopped, they've finished their tea, the official asked for some liqueur."

"Stop, Trifon Borisych, stop, my dear soul, I'll decide myself. Now answer the most important thing: are there no Gypsies?"

"You don't hear of the Gypsies at all now, Dmitri Fyodorovich, the authorities drove them off, but there are Yids here, they play the cimbalom and the fiddle, in Rozhdestvenskaya, so a person could send for them, even now. They'd come."

"Send for them, by all means send for them!" cried Mitya. "And can the girls be roused, like that time, Marya especially, Stepanida too, Arina? Two hundred rubles for the chorus!"

"Why, for that kind of money I'll rouse the whole village for you, though they've all turned in now to snore. And are they worth it, Dmitri Fyodorovich, my dear sir, the peasants here, worth such kindness, or the girls either? To fix such a sum for that kind of vileness and coarseness! Is it for the likes of our peasant to be smoking cigarettes? And you handed them out. Why, he stinks, the brigand. And the girls, all of them, every last one, are lousy. Why, I'll rouse my own daughters for you for nothing, never mind such a sum; they've only just gone to bed, so I'll kick them in the back with my foot and make them sing for you. The other day you were giving the peasants champagne to drink, e-ekh!"

Trifon Borisych pitied Mitya in vain: that time he had himself hidden away a half dozen bottles of champagne from him, and had picked up a hundred-ruble note under the table and clenched it in his fist. And so it had stayed in his fist.

"Trifon Borisych, that time I shook out more than one little thousand here. Remember?"

"You shook them out, my dear man, how could we not remember you, you left a good three thousand with us, I dare say."

"Well, I've come with the same now, see?"

And he took out his wad of banknotes and held it up to the owner's very nose.

"Now listen and understand: in an hour the wine will come, the hors d'oeuvres, pies, and candies, all of it straight up there at once. This crate that Andrei has, up there too, right now, open it and serve the champagne at once… And the main thing, girls, girls, and Marya without fail…"

He turned to the cart and pulled his case of pistols out from under the seat.

"Settling up, Andrei, take it! Here are fifteen rubles for the troika, and here's fifty for vodka… for your readiness, for your love… Remember the master Karamazov!"

"I'm afraid, master…" Andrei hesitated. "Give me five rubles for tea, if you please, but I won't take more. Trifon Borisych is my witness. Do forgive my stupid word…"

"What are you afraid of?" Mitya measured him with a look. "Well, the devil take you, then!" he shouted, throwing him five rubles. "Now, Trifon Borisych, take me in quietly and let me first of all get a peep at them all, so that they don't notice me. Where are they, in the blue room?"

Trifon Borisych looked warily at Mitya, but at once obediently did what was required: he carefully led him into the entryway, went himself into the big first room next to the one where the guests were sitting, and carried the candle out of it. Then he quietly led Mitya in and stood him in the corner, in the dark, from where he could freely look over the company without being seen by them. But Mitya did not look long, and in any case he could not make anything out: he saw her, and his heart began to pound, and his eyes went dim. She was sitting at the table, at the side, in an armchair, and next to her, on the sofa, was Kalganov, good-looking and still very young; she was holding his hand and, it seems, laughing, while he, without looking at her, was saying something

loudly, as if in vexation, to Maximov, who was sitting across the table opposite Grushenka. Maximov for his part was laughing very much at something. On the sofa sat *he*, and beside the sofa, on a chair, by the wall, some other stranger. The one who sat sprawled on the sofa was smoking a pipe, and all that flashed through Mitya's mind was that he was a fattish, broad-faced little man, probably not tall, and seemingly angry at something. His comrade, though, the other stranger, struck Mitya as somehow extraordinarily tall; but beyond that he could make out nothing. His breath caught. He could not stand there even a minute; he set the case down on a chest of drawers and, going cold and his heart sinking, walked straight into the blue room to the company.

"Ai!" Grushenka shrieked in fright, noticing him first.

VII. The First and Indisputable One

With his long, quick strides Mitya walked right up to the table.

"Gentlemen," he began loudly, almost shouting, but stammering at every word, "I… I'm nothing! Don't be afraid," he exclaimed, "I'm nothing, really, nothing," he turned suddenly to Grushenka, who had leaned away in her armchair toward Kalganov and was clutching his hand tight. "I… I'm traveling too. I'll stay till morning. Gentlemen, a traveler passing through… may I stay with you until morning? Just until morning, one last time, in this very room?"

This last he finished addressing the plump little man who sat on the sofa with the pipe. The man gravely took the pipe from his lips and pronounced sternly:

"*Panie*, sir, we are here in private. There are other rooms."

"Why, it's you, Dmitri Fyodorovich, what are you saying?" Kalganov responded suddenly. "Sit down with us, hello!"

"Hello, my dear man… my priceless man! I've always respected you…" Mitya responded joyfully and impetuously, at once holding out his hand to him across the table.

"Ow, what a grip you have! You've quite broken my fingers," laughed Kalganov.

"That's how he always squeezes, always like that!" Grushenka responded gaily, still smiling timidly; it seems she had suddenly become convinced by Mitya's look that he was not going to make a row, and she was peering at him with terrible curiosity and still with uneasiness. There was something in him that struck her extraordinarily, and she had not at all expected that at such a moment he would come in like this and speak like this.

"How do you do, sir," the landowner Maximov too responded sweetly from the left. Mitya rushed over to him as well:

"How do you do, you're here too, how glad I am that you're here too! Gentlemen, gentlemen, I..." He turned again to the pan with the pipe, evidently taking him for the chief person here. "I came flying... I wanted to spend my last day and my last hour in this room, in this very room... where I, too, worshiped... my queen!... Forgive me, panie!" he cried ecstatically. "I came flying and I took a vow... Oh, don't be afraid, it's my last night! Let's drink to peace, panie! They'll bring the wine in a moment... I've brought this..." For some reason he suddenly pulled out his wad of banknotes. "Allow me, panie! I want music, thunder, racket, everything like before... But the worm, the useless worm, will crawl across the earth, and will be no more! I'll remember my day of joy on my last night!..."

He was almost choking; he wanted to say much, much, but only strange exclamations came leaping out. The pan looked at him without moving, at his wad of banknotes, looked at Grushenka, and was in visible perplexity.

"If my *królowa* will permit..." he was about to begin.

"What's this *królowa*, is that a queen, or what?" Grushenka suddenly interrupted. "It makes me laugh, the way you all talk. Sit down, Mitya, and what's that you're saying? Don't scare us, please. You won't scare us, will you? If you won't, then I'm glad to see you..."

"Me, me scare you?" Mitya suddenly cried, flinging up his hands. "Oh, go your way, pass by, I won't hinder you!..." And suddenly, quite unexpectedly for everyone and, of course, for himself, he threw himself onto a chair and burst into tears, turning his head away toward the opposite wall and clasping the back of the chair tight in his arms, as if embracing it.

"Well now, well now, what a man you are!" Grushenka exclaimed reproachfully. "That's exactly how he used to come to

see me: he'll suddenly start talking, and I don't understand a thing. And once he cried just like that, and now here's a second time—what a shame! What are you crying for? *As if there were anything to cry for*!" she added suddenly, enigmatically, and with a kind of irritation pressing on her little phrase.

"I… I'm not crying… Well, hello!" He turned around on the chair in an instant and suddenly laughed, but not his wooden, abrupt laugh; it was some sort of inaudible, long, nervous, shaking laughter.

"There, again… Come, cheer up, cheer up!" Grushenka coaxed him. "I'm so glad you came, so glad, Mitya, do you hear, I'm so glad? I want him to sit here with us," she addressed everyone, as it were, imperiously, though her words were evidently meant for the man sitting on the sofa. "I want it, I want it! And if he leaves, I'll leave too, so there!" she added, her eyes suddenly blazing.

"What my queen wishes is law!" pronounced the pan, gallantly kissing Grushenka's little hand. "I invite the pan to our company!" he turned courteously to Mitya. Mitya again half jumped up, with the visible intention of bursting into another tirade, but something else came out.

"Let's drink, panie!" he broke off suddenly instead of a speech. Everyone laughed.

"Lord! And I thought he wanted to make a speech again," Grushenka exclaimed nervously. "Listen, Mitya," she added insistently, "don't jump up anymore, and it's splendid that you brought champagne. I'll drink some myself, I can't stand the liqueur. And best of all is that you rolled up yourself, it was so dreary otherwise… But have you come to go on a spree again, or what? Put that money away in your pocket! Where did you get so much?"

Mitya, in whose hand the banknotes were still crumpled, very much noticed by everyone and especially by the *panowie*, quickly and in confusion thrust them into his pocket. He blushed. At that

very moment the innkeeper brought in an uncorked bottle of champagne on a tray, and glasses. Mitya grabbed the bottle, but was so flustered that he forgot what had to be done with it. It was Kalganov who took it from him and poured out the wine for him.

"Another, another bottle!" Mitya shouted to the innkeeper and, forgetting to clink glasses with the pan whom he had so solemnly invited to drink to peace with him, he suddenly drank off his whole glass alone, without waiting for anyone. His whole face suddenly changed. Instead of the solemn and tragic expression with which he had come in, something almost babyish appeared in it. He suddenly seemed to grow all humble and small. He looked at everyone timidly and joyfully, giggling often and nervously, with the grateful look of a guilty little dog that has been petted again and let in again. He seemed to have forgotten everything and looked around at everyone with delight, with a child's smile. He kept looking at Grushenka, laughing incessantly, and moved his chair right up against her armchair. Little by little he made out both panowie as well, though without yet much grasping what they were. The pan on the sofa struck him by his bearing, his Polish accent, and, above all, his pipe. "Well, what of it, it's fine that he smokes a pipe," Mitya contemplated. The pan's somewhat flabby face, the face of a man nearly forty, with a very small little nose, under which could be seen two extremely thin, pointed little mustaches, waxed and insolent, likewise did not arouse the slightest questions in Mitya for the time being. Even the pan's very shabby little wig, made in Siberia, with its sidelocks combed forward most stupidly, did not particularly strike Mitya: "So that's how it should be, if it's a wig," he went on contemplating blissfully. The other pan, though, who sat by the wall, younger than the pan on the sofa, who looked at the whole company insolently and defiantly and listened to the general conversation with silent contempt, again struck Mitya only by his very great height, terribly out of proportion with the pan

sitting on the sofa. “If he stands up, he’ll be eleven vershoks over the two arshins, well over six feet,” flashed through Mitya’s head. It flashed through his mind too that this tall pan was probably the friend and henchman of the pan on the sofa, his “bodyguard,” so to speak, and that the little pan with the pipe was of course in command of the tall pan. But all this too seemed to Mitya terribly fine and indisputable. In the little dog all rivalry had died away. In Grushenka and in the enigmatic tone of several of her phrases he had as yet understood nothing; he understood only, trembling with his whole heart, that she was kind to him, that she had “forgiven” him and seated him beside her. He was beside himself with delight on seeing her take a sip of wine from her glass. The silence of the company, however, suddenly seemed to strike him, and he began looking around at everyone with eyes that expected something: “But why are we just sitting here, why aren’t you starting anything, gentlemen?” his grinning gaze seemed to say.

“Why, he keeps telling lies, and we’ve been laughing all along,” Kalganov began suddenly, as though he had guessed his thought, and pointed at Maximov.

Mitya impetuously stared at Kalganov and then at once at Maximov.

“Lies?” he laughed his short wooden laugh, at once delighted by something. “Ha-ha!”

“Yes. Imagine, he claims that supposedly our whole cavalry in the twenties married Polish women; but that’s terrible nonsense, isn’t it?”

“Polish women?” Mitya took up again, by now in positive delight.

Kalganov understood very well how matters stood between Mitya and Grushenka, and he guessed about the pan too, but all this did not interest him very much, perhaps even did not interest him at all; what interested him most of all was Maximov. He had

landed here with Maximov by chance and it was here at the inn that he had met the panowie, for the first time in his life. Grushenka, though, he had known before and had even been at her house once with someone; she had not liked him then. But here she kept glancing at him very kindly; before Mitya's arrival she had even been caressing him, but he had somehow remained unmoved. He was a young man of no more than twenty, dressed like a dandy, with a very sweet, fair little face and beautiful thick light-brown hair. But in that fair little face were lovely light-blue eyes whose expression was intelligent and at times even deep, deeper even than his years, although the young man sometimes spoke and looked just like a child and was not in the least embarrassed by it, even being aware of it himself. On the whole he was a great original, even capricious, though always kind. At times something fixed and stubborn flashed in the expression of his face: he would look at you, listen, and yet seem to be stubbornly dreaming of something of his own. Now he would grow listless and lazy, now he would suddenly begin to get excited, sometimes, apparently, for the emptiest of reasons.

"Imagine, I've been taking him around with me for four days now," he went on, drawing out his words a little lazily, as it were, but without any foppishness, quite naturally. "Remember, ever since your brother pushed him out of the carriage that time and he went flying. He interested me very much by that at the time, and I took him to the country, but now he keeps telling lies, so that it's embarrassing to be with him. I'm taking him back..."

"The pan has not seen Polish *pani* and says what could not have been," the pan with the pipe remarked to Maximov.

The pan with the pipe spoke Russian passably, at least much better than he made out. Russian words, when he did use them, he twisted after the Polish fashion.

"Why, I was married to a Polish pani myself, sir," Maximov tittered in reply.

"Well, so did you serve in the cavalry, then? It was the cavalry you were talking about. So are you a cavalryman?" Kalganov at once joined in.

"Yes, of course, is he a cavalryman? Ha-ha!" cried Mitya, who was listening greedily and quickly shifting his questioning look to whoever spoke, as though God knows what he expected to hear from each.

"No, sir, you see, sir," Maximov turned to him, "what I mean, sir, is that those young *panienki* there... pretty ones, sir... once they've danced the mazurka with one of our uhlans... once she's danced the mazurka with him, she jumps right up on his knees, like a little kitten, sir... a little white one, sir... and the pan-father and the pani-mother see it and allow it... and allow it, sir... and the uhlan, the next day, he goes and offers his hand... there, sir... and he offers his hand, hee-hee!" Maximov tittered as he finished.

"The pan is a *łajdak*!" the tall pan on the chair growled suddenly, and crossed his legs. All that caught Mitya's eye was his huge greased boot with its thick and dirty sole. And in general both panowie were dressed rather greasily.

"Well, now, a *łajdak*! What's he swearing for?" Grushenka suddenly got angry.

"Pani Agrippina, the pan saw in the Polish land peasant wenches, not ladies of the gentry," the pan with the pipe remarked to Grushenka.

"You may count on that!" the tall pan on the chair snapped contemptuously.

"Well, I never! Let him talk! People are talking, why interfere? It's fun with them," Grushenka retorted.

"I do not interfere, pani," the pan in the little wig remarked significantly, with a prolonged look at Grushenka, and, falling gravely

silent, began sucking his pipe again.

"No, no, the pan has told the truth now," Kalganov got heated again, as though God knows what were at stake. "He's never been in Poland, so how can he talk about Poland? You didn't get married in Poland, did you, now?"

"No, sir, in Smolensk province, sir. Only an uhlan had carried her off before that, sir, my spouse, sir, my future one, sir, along with her pani-mother, and her *tante*, and another relation with a grown son, this was from Poland itself, from Poland itself… and he passed her on to me. He was one of our lieutenants, a very fine young man. At first he wanted to marry her himself, but he didn't, because she turned out to be lame…"

"So you married a lame woman?" exclaimed Kalganov.

"A lame one, sir. The two of them deceived me a little bit then and concealed it. I thought she was skipping… she kept skipping, and I thought she was doing it out of gaiety…"

"Out of joy that she was marrying you?" Kalganov yelled in a kind of childishly ringing voice.

"Yes, sir, out of joy, sir. But it turned out to be from quite another cause, sir. Afterward, when we were married, after the wedding, that same evening, she confessed it to me and begged my forgiveness very feelingly; once in her young days, she says, she jumped over a puddle and hurt her little foot doing it, hee-hee!"

Kalganov simply dissolved in the most childish laughter and almost fell over on the sofa. Grushenka laughed too. And Mitya was at the height of happiness.

"You know, you know, this time he's telling the truth, now he isn't lying!" Kalganov kept exclaiming, turning to Mitya. "And, you know, he was married twice—this is his first wife he's talking about—and his second wife, you know, ran away and is alive to this day, did you know that?"

"Really?" Mitya turned quickly to Maximov, expressing extraordinary astonishment in his face.

"Yes, sir, she ran away, sir, I had that unpleasantness," Maximov confirmed modestly. "With a certain *monsieur*, sir. And the main thing was, first of all she had my whole little estate signed over to herself alone beforehand. You're an educated man, she says, you'll find a crust for yourself. And with that she left me sitting there. A venerable bishop once remarked to me: one of your spouses was lame, and the other altogether too light on her feet, hee-hee!"

"Listen, listen!" Kalganov was simply boiling over. "If he lies—and he lies often—then he lies solely to give everyone pleasure: that isn't base, is it, not base? You know, I love him sometimes. He's very base, but he's naturally base, eh? What do you think? Another man acts basely for some reason, to get some profit, but he simply, he does it by nature... Imagine, for instance, he claims (he argued about it the whole way yesterday) that Gogol wrote about him in *Dead Souls*. Remember, there's a landowner Maximov there, whom Nozdryov flogged and was brought to trial 'for inflicting a personal insult on the landowner Maximov with birch rods while in a drunken state'—well, do you remember? Well, what do you think, imagine, he claims that it was him, and that it was he who was flogged! Now can that be? Chichikov was traveling about in the twenties at the latest, at the beginning, so the years don't match at all. They couldn't have flogged him then. They couldn't have, could they, could they?"

It was hard to imagine what Kalganov was getting so heated about, but he was heated sincerely. Mitya entered into his interests without reserve.

"Well, but if they did flog him!" he cried, roaring with laughter.

"Not that they flogged me exactly, sir, but just so," Maximov suddenly put in.

"Just so how? Either they flogged you or they didn't."

"*Która godzina, panie?* (What time is it?)" the pan with the pipe turned with a bored look to the tall pan on the chair. The other answered with a shrug: neither of them had a watch.

"Why not talk? Let other people talk too. If you're bored, that doesn't mean the others mustn't talk," Grushenka flared up again, evidently picking a quarrel on purpose. Something seemed to flash through Mitya's mind for the first time. This time the pan answered with visible irritability:

"*Pani, ja nic nie mówię przeciw, nic nie powiedziałem.* (I am not contradicting, I said nothing.)"

"Well, all right, and you go on with your story," Grushenka cried to Maximov. "Why have you all gone quiet?"

"Why, there's nothing really to tell, sir, because it's all just foolishness," Maximov took up at once with visible pleasure and a tiny bit of affectation, "and in Gogol it's all only in an allegorical form, because he made all the names allegorical: Nozdryov, you know, wasn't Nozdryov, he was Nosov, and Kuvshinnikov, that isn't even anything like it, because he was Shkvornev. And Fenardi really was Fenardi, only not an Italian but a Russian, Petrov, sir, and Mamzelle Fenardi was a pretty one, sir, and pretty little legs in tights, sir, a short little skirt with spangles, and she was the one who did the spinning, only not for four hours, but only for four little minutes, sir… and she bewitched everyone…"

"But what were you flogged for, what were you flogged for?" yelled Kalganov.

"For Piron, sir," answered Maximov.

"What Piron?" cried Mitya.

"The famous French writer, Piron, sir. We were all drinking wine then in a big company, in a tavern, at that very same fair. They invited me, and first of all I started reciting epigrams: 'Is that you, Boileau, what a funny getup.' And Boileau answers that he's getting ready to go to a masquerade, that is, to the bathhouse, sir,

hee-hee, and they took it as meant for them. And I quickly recited another one, very well known to all educated people, a caustic one, sir:

You are Sappho, I am Phaon, I don't dispute it,
But, to my sorrow, you
Do not know the way to the sea.

They took still greater offense and began abusing me indecently for it, and I, just then, to my misfortune, to set matters right, went and told a very educated anecdote about Piron, how they didn't accept him into the French Academy, and how, for revenge, he wrote his own epitaph for his tombstone:

Ci-gît Piron qui ne fut rien,
Pas même académicien. (Here lies Piron, who was nothing, not even an academician.)

And they went and flogged me."

"But what for, what for?"

"For my education. People can flog a man for all sorts of reasons," Maximov concluded meekly and sententiously.

"Eh, enough, it's all nasty, I don't want to listen, I thought it was going to be something cheerful," Grushenka broke off suddenly. Mitya started in alarm and at once stopped laughing. The tall pan got up from his seat and, with the haughty air of a man bored in company not his own, began pacing the room from corner to corner, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Look at him pacing!" Grushenka glanced at him contemptuously. Mitya grew uneasy; besides, he noticed that the pan on the sofa was glancing at him with an irritable air.

"Pan," cried Mitya, "let's drink, panie! And with the other pan too: let's drink, panowie!" In a flash he pushed three glasses

together and poured champagne into them.

"To Poland, panowie, I drink to your Poland, to the Polish land!" exclaimed Mitya.

"*Bardzo mi to miło, panie, wypijemy* (That is very pleasant to me, panie, we shall drink)," the pan on the sofa said gravely and graciously, and took his glass.

"And the other pan, what's his name, hey, *jaśniewielmożny*, take a glass!" Mitya bustled.

"Pan Vrublevsky," the pan on the sofa prompted.

Pan Vrublevsky, swaying, came up to the table and, standing, received his glass.

"To Poland, panowie, *hurrah*!" Mitya shouted, raising his glass.

All three drank. Mitya seized the bottle and at once poured three glasses again.

"Now to Russia, panowie, and let's be brothers!"

"Pour some for us too," said Grushenka. "I want to drink to Russia too."

"So do I," said Kalganov.

"And I would too, sir... to dear little Rasseya, the dear old granny," Maximov tittered.

"Everyone, everyone!" Mitya kept exclaiming. "Innkeeper, more bottles!"

They brought all three remaining bottles of the ones Mitya had brought. Mitya poured.

"To Russia, *hurrah*!" he proclaimed again. Everyone except the panowie drank, and Grushenka drank off her whole glass at once. The panowie, though, did not even touch theirs.

"What's this, panowie?" exclaimed Mitya. "So that's how you are?"

Pan Vrublevsky took his glass, raised it, and said in a booming voice:

"To Russia within her borders before seventeen seventy-two!"[1]

"*Oto bardzo piękne!* (Now that is fine!)" cried the other pan, and both at once drained their glasses.

"What fools you are, panowie!" suddenly broke from Mitya.

"Pa-nie!!" both panowie shouted menacingly, squaring up to Mitya like roosters. Pan Vrublevsky especially boiled over.

"*Ale nie można nie mieć słabości do swego kraju*?" he declared. (Can one not love one's own land?)

"Silence! No quarreling! I won't have any quarrels!" Grushenka cried imperiously and stamped her little foot on the floor. Her face flushed, her eyes flashed. The glass she had just drunk was telling. Mitya was terribly frightened.

"Panowie, forgive me! It's my fault, I won't do it again. Vrublevsky, Pan Vrublevsky, I won't do it again!..."

"Oh, you at least be quiet, sit down, you silly thing!" Grushenka snapped at him with spiteful vexation.

Everyone sat down, everyone fell silent, everyone looked at one another.

"Gentlemen, I'm the cause of it all!" Mitya began again, having understood nothing of Grushenka's exclamation. "Well, why are we sitting here? Well, what shall we do... so that it's cheerful, cheerful again?"

"Ah, it really is terribly uncheerful," Kalganov mumbled lazily.

"A little game of faro, sir, maybe, sir, like before..." Maximov tittered suddenly.

"Faro? Magnificent!" Mitya took up. "If only the panowie..."

"*Późno, panie!*" the pan on the sofa responded, as if reluctantly...

"That is true," Pan Vrublevsky chimed in.

"*Późno*? What is this *późno*?" asked Grushenka.

"That means late, pani, late, the hour is late," the pan on the sofa explained.

"It's always too late for them, and nothing is ever allowed!" Grushenka almost shrieked in vexation. "They sit there being dull

themselves, so others have to be bored too. Before you came, Mitya, they were silent like this the whole time, and puffing themselves up at me…"

"My goddess!" cried the pan on the sofa. "What you say shall come to pass. *Widzę niełaskę, i jestem smutny.* (I see disfavor, that is why I am sad.) *Jestem gotów* (I am ready), panie," he finished, turning to Mitya.

"Start, panie!" Mitya took up, snatching his banknotes out of his pocket and laying two of the hundred-ruble notes on the table.

"I want to lose a lot to you, pan. Take the cards, set up the bank!"

"The cards must be from the innkeeper, panie," the little pan said insistently and seriously.

"*To najlepszy sposób* (the very best way)," Pan Vrublevsky chimed in.

"From the innkeeper? All right, I understand, let them be from the innkeeper, that's good of you, panowie! Cards!" Mitya commanded the innkeeper.

The innkeeper brought an unopened pack of cards and announced to Mitya that the girls were already gathering, that the Yids with the cimbaloms would also probably arrive soon, but that the troika with the provisions had not yet managed to arrive. Mitya leaped up from the table and dashed into the next room to give his orders at once. But only three girls had come in all, and Marya was not there yet. And he himself did not know what orders to give or why he had run out: he only told them to take presents out of the crate, fruit drops and toffees, and hand them round to the girls. "And vodka for Andrei, vodka for Andrei!" he ordered hastily. "I hurt Andrei!" Here he was suddenly touched on the shoulder by Maximov, who had run after him.

"Give me five rubles," he whispered to Mitya. "I'd like to risk a little at faro too, hee-hee!"

"Excellent, magnificent! Take ten, here!" He again pulled all the banknotes out of his pocket and found ten rubles. "And if you lose, come again, come again…"

"Very well, sir," Maximov whispered joyfully and ran off into the main room. Mitya too came back at once and apologized for having kept them waiting. The panowie had already taken their seats and unsealed the pack. They looked much more amiable, almost kindly. The pan on the sofa lit a new pipe and prepared to deal; a certain solemnity even showed in his face.

"To your places, panowie!" proclaimed Pan Vrublevsky.

"No, I won't play anymore," Kalganov responded. "I already lost fifty rubles to them earlier."

"The pan was unlucky, the pan may be lucky again," the pan on the sofa remarked in his direction.

"How much is in the bank? Unlimited?" Mitya got heated.

"As you say, panie: perhaps a hundred, perhaps two hundred, however much you will stake."

"A million!" Mitya roared with laughter.

"The pan captain has perhaps heard of Pan Podvysotsky?"

"What Podvysotsky?"

"In Warsaw a bank is set up unlimited for whoever comes. Podvysotsky comes, sees a thousand zlotys, stakes: *va-banque*. The banker says: 'Panie Podvysotsky, do you stake gold, or on *honor*?' 'On *honor*, panie,' says Podvysotsky. 'So much the better, panie.' The banker deals, Podvysotsky takes the thousand zlotys. 'Wait, panie,' says the banker, takes out a box and gives him a million, 'take it, panie, *oto jest twój rachunek*' (here is your account)! The bank had been a million. 'I did not know that,' says Podvysotsky. 'Panie Podvysotsky,' says the banker, 'you staked on *honor*, and we on *honor*.' Podvysotsky took the million."

"That isn't true," said Kalganov.

"Panie Kalganov, *w szlacheckiej kompanii tak mówić nie przystoi* (in decent society one does not speak so)."

"As if a Polish gambler would hand you a million!" exclaimed Mitya, but at once caught himself. "Forgive me, panie, guilty, guilty again, he would, he would hand over a million, on *honor*, on Polish honor! See how I speak Polish, ha-ha! Here, I stake ten rubles, on the jack."

"And I a little ruble on the little queen, the queen of hearts, the pretty one, on the little panienka, hee-hee!" Maximov tittered, pushing out his queen, and as if wishing to hide it from everyone, he moved right up against the table and hastily crossed himself under the table. Mitya won. The little ruble won too.

"A corner!" cried Mitya.

"And I another little ruble, I'll go a simple one, a little one, a little simple stake," Maximov muttered blissfully, in terrible joy at having won a little ruble.

"Beaten!" cried Mitya. "The seven on *pe*!"

It was beaten on *pe* too.

"Stop it," Kalganov said suddenly.

"On *pe*, on *pe*," Mitya kept doubling his stakes, and whatever he staked on *pe*, it was all beaten. But the little rubles kept winning.

"On *pe*!" Mitya bellowed in a fury.

"Two hundred you have lost, panie. You stake another two hundred?" the pan on the sofa inquired.

"What, I've lost two hundred already? Then another two hundred! All two hundred on *pe*!" And snatching the money out of his pocket, Mitya was about to throw two hundred rubles on the queen, when suddenly Kalganov covered it with his hand.

"Enough!" he cried in his ringing voice.

"What's the matter with you?" Mitya stared at him.

"Enough, I won't have it! You're not going to play anymore."

"Why?"

"Just because. Spit on it and walk away, that's why. I won't let you play anymore!"

Mitya looked at him in amazement.

"Drop it, Mitya, maybe he's telling the truth; you've lost a lot as it is," Grushenka too said, with a strange note in her voice. Both panowie suddenly rose from their seats with a terribly offended air.

"*Żartujesz* (you are joking), panie?" said the little pan, sternly looking Kalganov over.

"*Jak się poważasz to robić, panie*! (How dare you do this!)" Pan Vrublevsky too bellowed at Kalganov.

"Don't you dare, don't you dare shout!" cried Grushenka. "Ah, you turkey-cocks!"

Mitya looked at them all in turn; but something suddenly struck him in Grushenka's face, and in the same instant something quite new flashed through his mind as well—a strange new thought!

"Pani Agrippina!" the little pan was about to begin, all red with pugnacity, when suddenly Mitya went up to him and clapped him on the shoulder.

"*Jaśniewielmożny*, a couple of words."

"*Czego chcesz, panie?* (What do you wish?)"

"In that room, in that chamber, I'll say two little words to you, good ones, the very best, you'll be pleased."

The little pan was surprised and looked warily at Mitya. He agreed at once, however, but on the absolute condition that Pan Vrublevsky should go with him.

"The bodyguard? Let him come too, we need him too! We positively must have him!" exclaimed Mitya. "March, panowie!"

"Where are you going?" Grushenka asked anxiously.

"We'll be back in an instant," answered Mitya. A kind of boldness, a kind of unexpected cheerfulness sparkled in his face; it was not at all with this face that he had come into the room an hour

before. He led the panowie into a little room to the right, not the big one where the girls' chorus was gathering and the table was being laid, but a bedroom, which held trunks and boxes and two large beds with calico pillows piled up like a mountain on each. Here, on a little deal table in the very corner, a candle was burning. The pan and Mitya took their places at this little table opposite each other, and the enormous Pan Vrublevsky at their side, his hands behind his back. The panowie looked stern, but with visible curiosity.

"How can I serve the pan?" the little pan lisped.

"Here's how, panie, I won't talk much: here's money for you," he pulled out his banknotes. "If you want three thousand, take it and go away wherever you like."

The pan looked searchingly, with all his eyes, simply fastened his gaze on Mitya's face.

"*Trzy tysiące*, panie?" He exchanged glances with Vrublevsky.

"*Trzy*, panowie, *trzy*! Listen, panie, I see you're a reasonable man. Take three thousand and clear off to all the devils, and take Vrublevsky with you—do you hear? But right away, this very minute, and it's forever, you understand, panie, forever, out through this very door you go. What have you got out there, an overcoat, a fur coat? I'll bring it out to you. They'll harness a troika for you this very second, and—*do widzenia*, panie! Eh?"

Mitya waited confidently for the answer. He had no doubt. Something extraordinarily decisive flashed in the pan's face.

"And the rubles, panie?"

"The rubles, panie, here's how: five hundred rubles this minute for the coachman and as a deposit, and two thousand five hundred tomorrow in town—I swear on my honor, you'll have them, I'll get them from under the ground!" cried Mitya.

The Poles exchanged glances again. The pan's face began to change for the worse.

"Seven hundred, seven hundred, not five hundred, now, this minute, into your hands!" Mitya raised the offer, sensing something wrong. "What's the matter, pan? Don't you believe me? I can't hand you the whole three thousand at once, can I? I'll give it, and you'll go back to her tomorrow... Besides, I haven't got the whole three thousand on me now, I've got it in town, at home," Mitya babbled, losing his nerve and his spirits sinking with every word, "by God, I have, hidden away..."

In an instant a feeling of extraordinary personal dignity shone forth in the little pan's face:

"Would you not require something more?" he asked ironically. "*Pfe*! A *pfe*! (Shame, disgrace!)" And he spat. Pan Vrublevsky spat too.

"You're spitting, panie," said Mitya, like a desperate man, understanding that it was all over, "because you think you'll grab more from Grushenka. Capons, the pair of you, that's what you are!"

"*Jestem do żywego dotknięty*! (I am offended to the last degree.)" The little pan suddenly turned as red as a crayfish and briskly, in terrible indignation, as if not wishing to hear anything more, walked out of the room. After him, swaying, followed Vrublevsky, and after them Mitya too, abashed and taken aback. He was afraid of Grushenka; he had a presentiment that the pan would start shouting at once. And so it happened. The pan went into the main room and stood theatrically before Grushenka.

"Pani Agrippina, *jestem do żywego dotknięty*!" he was about to exclaim, but Grushenka seemed suddenly to lose all patience, as though she had been touched on her sorest spot.

"In Russian, speak in Russian, not a single word of Polish!" she shouted at him. "You used to speak Russian before, can you have forgotten it in five years?" She went all red with anger.

"Pani Agrippina..."

"I'm Agrafena, I'm Grushenka, speak Russian, or I won't listen!" The pan puffed with *honor* and, mangling the Russian speech, pronounced quickly and pompously:

"Pani Agrafena, I have come to forget the old and to forgive it, to forget what was before today…"

"Forgive? You've come to forgive *me*?" Grushenka interrupted, and jumped up from her seat.

"*Tak jest, pani* (just so, pani), I am not small-souled, I am great-souled. But *byłem zdziwiony* (I was surprised) when I saw your lovers. Pan Mitya in that room offered me three thousand so that I should leave. I spat in the pan's physiognomy."

"What? He offered you money for me?" Grushenka cried hysterically. "Is that true, Mitya? How could you dare! Am I something for sale?"

"Panie, panie," Mitya wailed, "she is pure and shining, and I was never her lover! That's a lie you've told…"

"How dare you defend me before him?" Grushenka was wailing. "It wasn't out of virtue that I kept pure, and not because I was afraid of Kuzma, but so as to be proud before him and to have the right to call him a scoundrel when I met him. But do you mean he didn't take money from you?"

"But he did take it, he did!" exclaimed Mitya. "Only he wanted the whole three thousand at once, and I was only offering a deposit of seven hundred."

"Well, it's clear enough: he heard I had money, and that's why he came to get married!"

"Pani Agrippina," shouted the pan, "I am a knight, I am a nobleman, and not a *łajdak*! I have come to take you as a wife, and I see a new pani, not the one that was before, but *upartą i bez wstydu* (willful and shameless)."

"Then clear off back where you came from! I'll have you thrown out this minute, and they'll throw you out!" Grushenka cried in a

frenzy. “A fool, a fool I was, to torment myself for five years! And it wasn’t even for him I tormented myself at all, I tormented myself out of spite! And it isn’t even him at all! Was he like this? This is his father or somebody! Where did you get that wig made? That one was a falcon, and this is a drake. That one laughed and sang songs to me… And I, I drowned myself in tears for five years, I’m a damned fool, I’m low, I’m shameless!”

She fell into her armchair and covered her face with her palms. At that moment, in the next room on the left, the chorus of the Mokroye girls, gathered at last, suddenly struck up—a rollicking dance song.

“This is Sodom!” Pan Vrublevsky suddenly roared. “Innkeeper, drive out the shameless ones!”

The innkeeper, who had long since been peering in at the door with curiosity, hearing the shouting and sensing that the guests had quarreled, at once appeared in the room.

“What are you shouting for, tearing your throat?” he addressed Vrublevsky with a sort of incomprehensible rudeness even.

“Swine!” Pan Vrublevsky started to bawl.

“Swine? And what cards were you playing with just now? I gave you a pack, and you hid mine! You were playing with false cards! For false cards I can have you put away in Siberia, do you know that, because it’s all the same as false banknotes…” And stepping over to the sofa, he pushed his fingers in between the back and the cushion of the sofa and pulled out from there an unopened pack of cards.

“Here it is, my pack, unopened!” He held it up and showed it to everyone around. “I saw from over there how he shoved my pack into the crack and switched his own for it—a sharper is what you are, not a pan!”

“And I saw that pan cheat twice,” cried Kalganov.

“Ah, how shameful, ah, how shameful!” exclaimed Grushenka, throwing up her hands, and truly blushed with shame. “Lord, what, what a man he’s become!”

“I thought so too,” cried Mitya. But before he had time to get it out, Pan Vrublevsky, abashed and enraged, turning to Grushenka and shaking his fist at her, shouted:

“Public strumpet!” But before he had even finished the cry, Mitya rushed at him, seized him in both arms, lifted him into the air, and in an instant carried him out of the main room into the room on the right, where he had just taken them both.

“I laid him on the floor in there!” he announced, returning at once and gasping with agitation. “He’s fighting, the rascal; he won’t come out of there, I bet!...” He shut one half of the double door and, holding the other wide open, exclaimed to the little pan:

“*Jaśniewielmożny*, would you care to go in there too? *Przepraszam!*”

“Mitri Fyodorovich, my dear sir,” Trifon Borisych proclaimed, “take back the money from them, what you lost to them! It’s the same as if they’d stolen it from you.”

“I don’t want my fifty rubles back,” Kalganov responded suddenly.

“And I don’t want my two hundred either!” exclaimed Mitya. “Not for anything will I take it back; let him keep it for his consolation.”

“Splendid, Mitya! Good for you, Mitya!” cried Grushenka, and a terribly spiteful note rang in her exclamation. The little pan, crimson with rage but not in the least losing his dignity, started toward the door, but stopped and suddenly said, turning to Grushenka:

“*Pani, jeżeli chcesz iść za mną, idźmy, jeśli nie—bywaj zdrowa!* (Pani, if you want to go with me, let us go, and if not—farewell!)”

And gravely, puffing with indignation and self-esteem, he walked through the door. He was a man of character: even after all

that had happened he did not lose hope that the pani would follow him—so highly did he value himself. Mitya slammed the door after him.

"Lock them in," said Kalganov. But the lock clicked on their side; they had locked themselves in.

"Splendid!" Grushenka cried again, spitefully and mercilessly. "Splendid! Good riddance!"

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1. In 1772 Russia, Prussia, and Austria made the first partition of Poland; a toast to Russia "before 1772" is a toast to a Russia without the Polish lands.

VIII. Delirium

What began was almost an orgy, a feast for the whole world. Grushenka was the first to shout for wine: "I want to drink, I want to get quite drunk, like before, remember, Mitya, remember how we first got acquainted here that time!" Mitya himself was as if in delirium and had a presentiment of "his happiness." Grushenka, however, kept driving him away from her incessantly: "Go on, enjoy yourself, tell them to dance, tell everyone to make merry, 'dance, cottage, dance, stove,' like that time, like that time!" she went on exclaiming. She was terribly excited. And Mitya rushed off to give orders. The chorus gathered in the next room. The room where they had sat until now was cramped besides, and was divided in two by a calico curtain, behind which, again, stood an enormous bed with a plump feather mattress and the same calico pillows piled up in a heap. And besides, in all four of the "clean" rooms of this house there were beds everywhere. Grushenka settled herself right in the doorway; Mitya brought her an armchair here: she had sat exactly like this "that time," too, on the day of their first spree here, and watched the chorus and the dancing from this spot. The girls who gathered were all the same ones as then; the little Yids with their fiddles and zithers had come too, and at last the long-awaited cart drawn by a troika, with the wines and provisions, had arrived as well. Mitya bustled about. Outsiders came into the room to look too, peasant men and women who had already been asleep but had woken up and scented an unheard-of treat, as a month before. Mitya greeted and embraced acquaintances, recalled faces, uncorked bottles, and poured for everyone,

whoever came along. It was only the girls who had a great eye for the champagne; the peasant men liked the rum and cognac better, and especially the hot punch. Mitya ordered chocolate to be made for all the girls, and three samovars to be kept going and boiling all night for tea and punch for anyone who came in: whoever wanted, let him help himself. In a word, something disorderly and absurd began, but Mitya was, as it were, in his native element, and the more absurd everything became, the more his spirits rose. Had some peasant asked him for money at those moments, he would at once have pulled out his whole wad and begun handing it out right and left without counting. That is probably why, to look after Mitya, the innkeeper, Trifon Borisych, kept darting around him almost without leaving his side; he had quite given up, it seems, the idea of going to bed that night, though he drank little (he partook of only one little glass of punch) and kept a sharp watch, in his own way, over Mitya's interests. At the right moments he would stop him kindly and obsequiously and talk him round, would not let him treat the peasants, as he had "that time," to "cigarettes and Rhenish wine" and, God forbid, to money, and was very indignant that the girls were drinking liqueur and eating candy: "Nothing but lousiness, Mitri Fyodorovich," he would say, "I'd give every one of them a kick with my knee, and order them to count it an honor besides—that's the kind they are!" Mitya remembered Andrei once more and ordered punch to be sent out to him. "I hurt him earlier," he kept repeating in a weakened and tender voice. Kalganov had not wanted to drink at first, and he did not like the girls' chorus much at the beginning either, but after drinking another two glasses of champagne he grew terribly merry, strode through the rooms, laughed, and praised everything and everyone, both the songs and the music. Maximov, blissful and tipsy, did not leave his side. Grushenka, who was beginning to get tipsy too, kept pointing Kalganov out to Mitya: "What a sweet little thing he is, what a

wonderful boy!" And Mitya ran in rapture to kiss Kalganov and Maximov. Oh, he had a presentiment of much; she had not yet said anything of the kind to him, and was even evidently putting off saying it on purpose, only now and then glancing at him with a kind but ardent little eye. At last she suddenly seized him tightly by the hand and pulled him to her with force. She was sitting at the time in the armchair by the door.

"How you came in just now, eh? How you came in!... I was so frightened. So you wanted to give me up to him, eh? Did you really want to?"

"I didn't want to ruin your happiness!" Mitya babbled to her in bliss. But she did not even need his answer.

"Well, go on... enjoy yourself," she drove him away again. "And don't cry, I'll call you again."

And he would run off, and she would start listening to the songs again and watching the dancing, following him with her eyes wherever he was, but a quarter of an hour later she would call him over again, and again he would come running.

"Well, sit down beside me now, tell me how you heard about me yesterday, that I'd come here; who was the first one you heard it from?"

And Mitya would begin to tell everything, incoherently, in no order, ardently, but he told it strangely, all the same, often frowning suddenly and breaking off.

"What are you frowning for?" she would ask.

"Nothing... I left a sick man there. If only he gets well, if only I knew he'd get well, I'd give ten years of my life right now!"

"Well, God be with him, if he's sick. So did you really mean to shoot yourself tomorrow, you silly thing, and what for? I love reckless ones like you, I do," she babbled to him, her tongue a little heavy. "So you'd go to any lengths for me? Eh? And did you really, you little fool, really mean to shoot yourself tomorrow! No, wait a

while, tomorrow maybe I'll tell you one little word... I won't tell it today, but tomorrow. And you'd like it today? No, I don't want to today... Well, go on, go on now, enjoy yourself."

Once, however, she called him over as if in perplexity, and with concern.

"Why are you sad? I can see you're sad... No, I can see it," she added, peering sharply into his eyes. "Though you're kissing the peasants there and shouting, I can see something. No, you enjoy yourself, I'm merry, and you be merry too... I love someone here, guess who?... Ai, look: my boy's fallen asleep, he's gotten tipsy, the poor dear."

She was speaking of Kalganov: he really had gotten tipsy and had fallen asleep for a moment, sitting on the sofa. And it was not only from drink that he had fallen asleep; he had suddenly for some reason become sad, or, as he put it, "bored." He had also been greatly disheartened toward the end by the girls' songs, which, gradually, as the drinking went on, were beginning to turn into something altogether too smutty and unbridled. And their dances too: two girls dressed up as bears, and Stepanida, a lively girl with a stick in her hand, playing the bear leader, began "showing" them. "Livelier, Marya," she shouted, "or you'll get the stick!" The bears at last tumbled to the floor in a way that was quite indecent, to the loud guffaws of the audience of peasant men and women, who had packed in beyond all measure. "Well, let them, well, let them," Grushenka said sententiously, with a blissful look on her face, "once in a while a day comes along for them to have some fun, so shouldn't people enjoy themselves?" Kalganov, though, looked as if he had gotten himself dirty on something. "It's all swinishness, all this folksiness," he remarked, walking away. "These are their spring games, when they keep watch over the sun all through the summer night." But what he especially disliked was

one “new” little song with a lively dance tune, sung about how a gentleman came riding along and tried the girls out:

The gentleman tried the girls out:
Will the girls love him or not?

But the girls decided that one could not love a gentleman:

The gentleman will beat me hard,
And I won’t go loving him.

Then a Gypsy came riding along (it was pronounced *tsýgan*), and he too:

The Gypsy tried the girls out:
Will the girls love him or not?

But the Gypsy could not be loved either:

The Gypsy will go stealing,
And I will go grieving.

And many more people rode by like this and tried the girls out, even a soldier:

The soldier tried the girls out:
Will the girls love him or not?

But the soldier was rejected with contempt:

The soldier will carry his knapsack,
And I behind him…

Here followed the most unprintable couplet, sung quite openly and producing a furor among the listening audience. At last the

business ended with a merchant:

The little merchant tried the girls out:
Will the girls love him or not?

And it turned out that they loved him very much, because, so to speak,

The little merchant will go trading,
And I will go queening.

Kalganov even got angry:

"That song's brand-new, from yesterday," he remarked aloud, "and who makes these up for them! All that's missing is for a railwayman or a Yid to ride by and try the girls out: they'd have won them all." And, almost offended, he declared then and there that he was bored, sat down on the sofa, and suddenly dozed off. His pretty little face had grown somewhat pale and had fallen back against the cushion of the sofa.

"Look how pretty he is," Grushenka was saying, leading Mitya up to him. "I was combing his little head earlier; his hair is just like flax, and thick…"

And bending over him tenderly, she kissed his forehead. Kalganov opened his eyes in an instant, looked at her, raised himself, and with the most worried look asked: where was Maximov?

"So that's who he wants," laughed Grushenka. "Oh, sit with me a minute. Mitya, run and fetch his Maximov."

It turned out that Maximov had not left the girls at all, only now and then running off to pour himself a little liqueur; and he had drunk two cups of chocolate. His little face had flushed red, and his nose had turned crimson, his eyes had grown moist and sweet. He ran up and announced that he wanted to dance the *sabotière* now, "to one little tune."

"Why, when I was little they taught me all these well-bred society dances, sir..."

"Well, go on, go on with him, Mitya, and I'll watch from here how he dances there."

"No, I'll go too, I'll go and watch too," exclaimed Kalganov, in the most naive way declining Grushenka's offer to sit with her. And they all went to watch. Maximov really did dance his dance, but apart from Mitya he produced no particular delight in almost anyone. The whole dance consisted of some sort of hops with the feet twisted out to the sides, soles up, and with every jump Maximov slapped the sole with his palm. Kalganov did not like it at all, but Mitya even kissed the dancer.

"Well, thank you, you're tired, maybe; what are you looking over here for: do you want a candy, eh? Maybe you'd like a little roll-up?"

"A cigarette, sir."

"Wouldn't you like a drink?"

"I've been having a little liqueur, sir... And you haven't got any little chocolate candies, sir?"

"Why, there's a whole cartload on the table, pick whichever you like, you dove of a soul!"

"No, sir, I'd like the kind, sir, with vanilla... for old men, sir... Hee-hee!"

"No, brother, there aren't any of that special kind."

"Listen!" the little old man suddenly bent to Mitya's very ear. "That girl there, sir, little Marya, sir, hee-hee, how might I, if it were possible, make her acquaintance, by your kindness..."

"Look what you've taken into your head! No, brother, nothing doing."

"But I don't do anyone any harm, sir," Maximov whispered dejectedly.

"Well, all right, all right. Here, brother, they only sing and dance; but, then, the devil! wait… Eat for now, eat, drink, and be merry. Don't you need money?"

"Later, maybe, sir," Maximov smiled.

"All right, all right…"

Mitya's head was burning. He went out through the entryway onto the wooden upper gallery that ran around part of the whole building on the inside, facing the yard. The fresh air revived him. He stood alone, in the dark, in a corner, and suddenly seized his head with both hands. His scattered thoughts suddenly came together, his sensations merged into one, and everything gave light. A terrible, dreadful light! "If I'm to shoot myself, then when if not now?" swept through his mind. "Go and get the pistol, bring it here, and right in this very dirty and dark corner, end it." For almost a minute he stood undecided. Earlier, as he flew here, behind him stood disgrace, the theft he had committed, accomplished already, and that blood, blood!… But then it had been easier, oh, easier! For then everything had already been ended: he had lost her, given her up, she was lost to him, had vanished—oh, the sentence had been easier for him then; at least it had seemed inevitable, necessary, for why stay on in the world? But now! Was it now what it had been then? Now at least one phantom, one monster, had been done away with: this "first one" of hers, her indisputable, fatal man, had vanished without a trace. The terrible phantom had suddenly turned into something so small, so comic; it had been carried by hand into the bedroom and locked in. It would never come back. She was ashamed, and from her eyes he could see clearly now whom she loved. Well, now was the time to live, and… and it was impossible to live, impossible, oh, damnation! "God, bring the man struck down by the fence back to life! Let this terrible cup pass from me! You have worked miracles, Lord, for sinners just like me! What then, what then if the old man is alive?

Oh, then I'll wipe out the shame of the rest of my disgrace, I'll return the stolen money, I'll give it back, I'll get it from under the ground… No traces of disgrace will remain, except in my heart forever! But no, no, oh, impossible, fainthearted dreams! Oh, damnation!"

But all the same something like a ray of bright hope gleamed for him in the darkness. He tore himself from the spot and rushed back into the rooms—to her, to her again, to his queen forever! "Is it possible that one hour, one minute of her love is not worth all the rest of life, even in the torments of disgrace?" This wild question seized his heart. "To her, to her alone, to see her, to listen to her, and think of nothing, forget everything, even if only for this night, for an hour, for an instant!" Right before the entrance to the entryway, still on the gallery, he ran into the innkeeper, Trifon Borisych. The man struck him as somehow gloomy and worried and, it seems, was coming to look for him.

"What's up, Borisych, weren't you looking for me?"

"No, sir, not for you," the innkeeper seemed suddenly taken aback. "Why should I look for you? But you… where were you, sir?"

"Why are you so glum? You're not angry, are you? Wait, you'll go to bed soon… What time is it?"

"Why, it must be three o'clock. Must be, even, going on four."

"We'll finish, we'll finish."

"Not at all, it's nothing, sir. Even as long as you please, sir…"

"What's the matter with him?" Mitya thought in passing, and ran into the room where the girls were dancing. But she was not there. Nor was she in the blue room; only Kalganov was dozing on the sofa. Mitya looked behind the curtains—she was there. She was sitting in the corner on a trunk and, leaning with her arms and head against the bed that stood beside it, was weeping bitterly, holding herself back with all her might and stifling her voice so as

not to be heard. On seeing Mitya, she beckoned him to her and, when he ran up, gripped him tight by the hand.

"Mitya, Mitya, I did love him, you know!" she began in a whisper. "I loved him so, all five years, all, all this time! Was it him I loved, or only my own spite? No, him! Oh, him! I'm lying when I say I loved only my spite and not him! Mitya, I was only seventeen then, he was so kind to me then, so merry, he sang songs to me… Or else he only seemed so then to me, a fool, a little girl… And now, Lord, it isn't the same man, it isn't him at all. And it isn't his face, not him at all. I didn't even know him by his face. I was driving here with Timofei and kept thinking, I kept thinking the whole way: 'How will I meet him, what will I say, how will we look at each other?…' My whole soul was sinking, and then here he poured slops over me as if out of a tub. He talks like a schoolmaster: everything so learned, so important, he greeted me so importantly, I was just at a loss. No way to get a word in. At first I thought he was ashamed in front of that long Pole of his. I sit and look at them and think: why don't I know how to talk to him at all now? You know, it was his wife that spoiled him, the one he left me for that time and married… It was she who remade him there. Mitya, what a shame it is! Oh, I'm ashamed, Mitya, ashamed, oh, ashamed for my whole life! Cursed, cursed be those five years, cursed!" And she dissolved in tears again, but did not let go of Mitya's hand, held on to it tight.

"Mitya, darling, wait, don't go away, I want to tell you one little word," she whispered, and suddenly raised her face to him. "Listen, you tell me, whom do I love? I love one man here. Which man is it? That's what you tell me." A smile lit up her face, swollen with tears; her eyes shone in the half dark. "A certain falcon came in earlier, and my heart just sank in me. 'You fool, that's the one you love,' my heart whispered to me right away. You came in and lit everything up. 'But what is he afraid of?' I think. And you were afraid, you know, quite afraid, you couldn't speak. It isn't them he's afraid of, I

think—as if you could be frightened of anyone! It's me he's afraid of, I think, only me. Why, Fenya told you, you little fool, how I shouted to Alyosha through the window that I'd loved Mitenka for one little hour, and now I was going to love… another. Mitya, Mitya, how could I, a fool, think I loved another after you! Do you forgive me, Mitya? Do you forgive me or not? Do you love me? Do you love me?"

She jumped up and seized him by the shoulders with both hands. Mitya, speechless with rapture, looked into her eyes, at her face, at her smile, and all at once, holding her tight, began kissing her.

"And will you forgive me for tormenting you? It was out of spite, you know, that I tormented all of you. It was out of spite, on purpose, that I drove that wretched old man out of his mind… Remember how you were drinking at my place once and broke a glass? I remembered that, and today I broke a glass too, I drank to 'my vile heart.' Mitya, falcon, why aren't you kissing me? One kiss and he pulled away, he looks, he listens… What's there to listen to me for! Kiss me, kiss me harder, like that. If it's love, then let it be love! I'll be your slave now, your slave for my whole life! It's sweet to be a slave!… Kiss me! Beat me, torment me, do something to me… Oh, and I really do need to be tormented… Stop! Wait, later, I don't want it like this…" she suddenly pushed him away. "Go away, Mitka, I'll go and drink some wine now, I want to be drunk, I'll go and dance drunk now, I want to, I want to!"

She tore herself away from him, out from behind the curtains. Mitya came out after her like a drunk man. "Let it be, then, let it be, whatever happens now—I'd give the whole world for one minute," flashed through his head. Grushenka really did drink another glass of champagne at a gulp and suddenly got very tipsy. She settled into the armchair, in her old place, with a blissful smile. Her cheeks were blazing, her lips burned, her sparkling eyes had

gone languid; her passionate look beckoned. Even Kalganov seemed to feel something bite at his heart, and he went up to her.

"And did you hear me kiss you just now, while you were asleep?" she babbled to him. "I'm drunk now, that's what… And aren't you drunk? And why isn't Mitya drinking? Why aren't you drinking, Mitya? I've had a drink, and you're not drinking…"

"I'm drunk! I'm drunk as it is… drunk on you, and now I want to be drunk on wine too." He drank another glass and—this seemed strange to himself—it was only from this last glass that he got drunk, suddenly got drunk, whereas until then he had been sober all along; he remembered that himself. From that moment everything began spinning around him, as in delirium. He walked about, laughed, talked to everyone, and all this as if no longer aware of himself. Only one fixed and burning feeling made itself known in him every minute, "like a hot coal in my soul," he recalled afterward. He would go up to her, sit beside her, look at her, listen to her… She, though, had become terribly talkative; she called everyone over to her, would suddenly beckon some girl from the chorus to her; the girl would come up, and she would either kiss her and let her go, or sometimes make the sign of the cross over her. One minute more and she might burst into tears. She was also greatly amused by the "wretched old man," as she called Maximov. He kept running up every minute to kiss her little hands "and every little finger," and at the end he danced one more dance to an old little song, which he sang himself as well. He danced with particular ardor to the refrain:

Little piggy oink-oink, oink-oink,
Little heifer moo-moo, moo-moo,
Little duckling quack-quack, quack-quack,
Little goosey honk-honk, honk-honk.
Little hen went strutting through the entry,
Turu-ru, ru-ru, was what she said,
Ai, ai, was what she said!

"Give him something, Mitya," Grushenka was saying, "make him a present, he's poor, you know. Ah, the poor, the injured!... You know, Mitya, I'm going to go into a convent. No, really, someday I will. Alyosha said words to me today for my whole life... Yes... But today let's dance. Tomorrow to the convent, but today let's dance. I want to be naughty, good people, and what of it, God will forgive. If I were God, I'd forgive all people: 'My dear little sinners, from this day on I forgive you all.' And I'll go and ask forgiveness: 'Forgive a foolish woman, good people, that's what.' I'm a beast, that's what. But I want to pray. I gave away an onion. A wicked woman like me, and she wants to pray! Mitya, let them dance, don't stop them. All people in the world are good, every one of them. It's good in the world. Even though we're nasty, it's good in the world. We're nasty and good, both nasty and good... No, tell me, I'll ask you, all of you come here, and I'll ask; all of you tell me this: why am I so good? I am good, you know, I'm very good... Well, so then: why am I so good?" So Grushenka babbled, getting tipsier and tipsier, and at last she announced outright that she wanted to dance herself, right now. She got up from the armchair and staggered. "Mitya, no more wine for me; if I ask for it, don't give it. Wine gives no peace. And everything's spinning, the stove too, everything's spinning. I want to dance. Let everyone watch how I dance... how well and how beautifully I dance..."

The intention was serious: she took a little white cambric handkerchief out of her pocket and took it by the corner in her right little hand, to wave it in the dance. Mitya bustled about; the girls fell quiet, getting ready to strike up a dance song in chorus at the first sign. Maximov, learning that Grushenka wanted to dance herself, squealed with rapture and started hopping about in front of her, singing:

Little legs so thin, little sides that ring,
Little tail a curlicue.

But Grushenka waved her handkerchief at him and drove him off:

"Sh-sh! Mitya, why aren't they coming? Let everyone come… to watch. Call those ones too, the locked-up ones… Why did you lock them in? Tell them I'm dancing, let them watch me dance too…"

Mitya went up to the locked door with a drunken swagger and began pounding on the panowie's door with his fist.

"Hey, you… Podvysotskys! Come out, she wants to dance, she's calling you."

"*Łajdak*!" one of the panowie shouted in reply.

"And you're a sub-*łajdak*! A petty little scoundrelet, that's what you are."

"You ought to stop jeering at Poland," Kalganov remarked sententiously; he too had gotten more tipsy than he could manage.

"Quiet, boy! If I called him a scoundrel, that doesn't mean I called all Poland a scoundrel. One *łajdak* doesn't make up Poland. Quiet, pretty boy, eat a candy."

"Ah, what people! As if they weren't human. Why won't they make peace?" said Grushenka, and went out to dance. The chorus struck up: "Oh, you entryway, my entryway." Grushenka threw back her little head, half opened her little lips, smiled, waved her

handkerchief, and suddenly, swaying violently on the spot, stopped in the middle of the room in perplexity.

"I'm weak…" she said in a sort of exhausted voice. "Forgive me, I'm weak, I can't… I'm sorry…"

She bowed to the chorus, then began bowing to all four sides in turn:

"I'm sorry… Forgive me…"

"The little lady's had a drop, she's had a drop, the pretty little lady," voices rang out.

"The lady has had a drink, sir," Maximov explained to the girls, tittering.

"Mitya, take me away… take me, Mitya," Grushenka said helplessly. Mitya rushed to her, caught her up in his arms, and ran with his precious prize behind the curtains. "Well, now I'll go," thought Kalganov, and, going out of the blue room, he closed both halves of the door behind him. But the feast in the main room thundered on and kept going, and thundered louder still. Mitya laid Grushenka on the bed and pressed his lips to hers in a kiss.

"Don't touch me…" she babbled to him in a pleading voice. "Don't touch me, while I'm not yours… I said I'm yours, but don't you touch me… spare me… With those ones here, next to those ones, I can't. He's here. It's vile here…"

"I obey! I wouldn't think of it… I revere you!…" Mitya muttered. "Yes, it's vile here, oh, contemptible." And without letting her out of his arms, he sank to the floor beside the bed, onto his knees.

"I know, even though you're a beast, you're noble," Grushenka brought out heavily. "It has to be honest… from now on it'll be honest… and we have to be honest too, we have to be good too, not beasts, but good… Carry me off, carry me far away, do you hear… I don't want to be here, I want it far away, far away…"

"Oh yes, yes, without fail!" Mitya pressed her in his arms. "I'll take you away, we'll fly away… Oh, I'd give my whole life right now

for one year, only to know about that blood!"

"What blood?" Grushenka repeated in perplexity.

"Nothing!" Mitya ground out through his teeth. "Grusha, you want it to be honest, but I'm a thief. I stole money from Katka… Disgrace, disgrace!"

"From Katka? From the young lady, you mean? No, you didn't steal it. Give it back to her, take it from me… What are you shouting for? Now everything of mine is yours. What's money to us? We'll squander it on sprees anyway… People like us are sure to squander it. But better we go and plow the land, you and I. I want to scrape the earth with these very hands. We have to work, do you hear? Alyosha told me to. I won't be a kept woman to you, I'll be true to you, I'll be your slave, I'll work for you. We'll pay a call on the young lady, and the two of us will bow down to her, so she'll forgive us, and we'll go away. And if she doesn't forgive, we'll go away all the same. And you take her the money, and love me… And don't love her. Don't love her anymore. And if you do love her, I'll strangle her… I'll put out both her eyes with a needle…"

"I love you, you alone, I'll love you in Siberia…"

"Why Siberia? Well, what of it, Siberia too, if you like, it's all the same… we'll work… there's snow in Siberia… I love driving over the snow… and there has to be a little bell… Do you hear, a little bell is ringing… Where is that little bell ringing? Somebody's coming… there, it's stopped ringing."

Helplessly she closed her eyes and suddenly seemed to fall asleep for a minute. A little bell really had been ringing somewhere in the distance, and suddenly it stopped ringing. Mitya laid his head on her breast. He did not notice when the little bell stopped ringing, but neither did he notice how suddenly the songs had stopped too, and in place of the songs and the drunken din a dead silence, as it were suddenly, reigned through the whole house. Grushenka opened her eyes.

"What's that, was I asleep? Yes... the little bell... I was asleep and had a dream: as if I were driving, over the snow... the little bell is ringing, and I'm dozing. With a dear man, with you, it seems, I'm driving. And far, far away... I was hugging you and kissing you, pressing close to you, as if I were cold, and the snow is sparkling... You know, when the snow sparkles at night and the moon is looking down, and it's as if I weren't on earth at all... I woke up, and my dear one is beside me, how good it is..."

"Beside you," Mitya muttered, kissing her dress, her breast, her hands. And suddenly something strange seemed to him: it seemed to him that she was looking straight ahead of her, but not at him, not into his face, but over his head, intently and strangely motionless. Surprise suddenly showed in her face, almost fright.

"Mitya, who is that looking in at us from over there?" she suddenly whispered. Mitya turned around and saw that someone really had parted the curtain and was, as it were, peering at them. And not just one person, it seemed. He jumped up and quickly stepped toward the one who was looking.

"Here, come out here to us, if you please," a voice said to him, not loudly, but firmly and insistently.

Mitya stepped out from behind the curtain and stood motionless. The whole room was full of people, but not the ones from before; quite new ones. An instant chill ran down his spine, and he shuddered. He recognized all these people in an instant. That tall and portly old man there, in an overcoat and a peaked cap with a cockade, that was the district police chief, Mikhail Makarych. And that "consumptive," neat dandy, "always in such polished boots," that was the assistant prosecutor. "He has a chronometer worth four hundred rubles, he showed it." And that young one, the little one, in spectacles... Mitya had only forgotten his surname, but he knew him too, he had seen him: that was the investigator, the court investigator, "from the School of Jurisprudence," who had

come recently. And this one here, the rural police officer, Mavriky Mavrikich, him he certainly knew, he was an acquaintance. Well, and those with the badges, what were they here for? And two more of some kind, peasants… And there in the doorway, Kalganov and Trifon Borisych…

"Gentlemen… What is this, gentlemen?" Mitya was about to say, but suddenly, as though beside himself, as though not by his own will, he exclaimed loudly, at the top of his voice:

"I un-der-stand!"

The young man in spectacles suddenly stepped forward and, coming up to Mitya, began, though with dignity, a little hurriedly, as it were:

"We have for you… in a word, I will ask you to come here, over here, to the sofa… There exists an urgent necessity of having an explanation with you."

"The old man!" Mitya cried out in a frenzy. "The old man and his blood!… I un-der-stand!"

And he sat down, as if his legs had been cut from under him, almost fell, onto a chair that stood nearby.

"You understand? You've understood! Parricide and monster, the blood of your old father cries out after you!" the old district police chief suddenly roared, stepping up to Mitya. He was beside himself, had turned crimson, and was shaking all over.

"But this is impossible!" cried the little young man. "Mikhail Makarych, Mikhail Makarych! This is not right, not right, sir!… I ask to be allowed to speak alone… I could never have expected such an episode from you…"

"But this is delirium, gentlemen, delirium!" the district police chief kept exclaiming. "Look at him: at night, drunk, with a dissolute wench, and in his father's blood… Delirium! Delirium!"

"I beg you with all my might, my dear Mikhail Makarych, this time to restrain your feelings," the assistant prosecutor started

whispering rapidly to the old man, “otherwise I shall be compelled to take…”

But the little investigator did not let him finish; he turned to Mitya and pronounced firmly, loudly, and gravely:

“Mr. Karamazov, retired lieutenant, I must inform you that you are accused of the murder of your father, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, which took place this night…”

He said something more besides, and the prosecutor too seemed to put something in, but Mitya, though he was listening, no longer understood them. He was looking around at them all with a wild gaze…

Book Nine: The Preliminary Investigation

I. The Beginning of the Official Perkhotin's Career

Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin, whom we left knocking with all his might at the strong, locked gates of the merchant's widow Morozova's house, ended, of course, by finally knocking his way in. Hearing such a furious knocking at the gates, Fenya, who had been so frightened two hours before and who, from agitation and "brooding," still could not make up her mind to go to bed, was frightened again now almost to the point of hysterics: she imagined that it was Dmitri Fyodorovich knocking again (in spite of having seen with her own eyes how he drove away), because no one but he could knock so "insolently." She rushed to the yard porter, who had woken up and was already on his way to the gates at the knocking, and began begging him not to let him in. But the yard porter questioned the man who was knocking and, learning who he was and that he wanted to see Fedosya Markovna on a very important matter, at last decided to unlock the gate for him. Going in to Fedosya Markovna, into the same kitchen again, where "for doubtation's sake" she begged Pyotr Ilyich to allow the yard porter to come in as well, Pyotr Ilyich began questioning her and in an instant hit on the most important thing: namely, that Dmitri Fyodorovich, running off to look for Grushenka, had snatched the pestle out of the mortar, and had come back without the pestle, but with his hands covered in blood: "And the blood was still dripping, just dripping off them, just dripping!" Fenya kept exclaiming, having evidently created this terrible fact herself in her disordered

imagination. But Pyotr Ilyich had seen the blood-covered hands himself, though nothing had been dripping from them, and had himself helped to wash them, and besides, the question was not how soon they had dried, but where exactly Dmitri Fyodorovich had run with the pestle, that is, whether it was certainly to Fyodor Pavlovich's, and from what could this be concluded so decisively? On this point Pyotr Ilyich insisted thoroughly, and though in the end he learned nothing firmly, he did carry away something close to a conviction that Dmitri Fyodorovich could have run nowhere but to his parent's house, and that, consequently, something must certainly have happened there. "And when he came back," Fenya added with agitation, "and I confessed everything to him, then I started asking him: 'Why are both your hands covered in blood, Dmitri Fyodorovich, dear?'" and he supposedly answered her just like that, that this blood was human blood and that he had only just now killed a man. "He confessed it just like that, he owned up to me about everything right there, and suddenly ran out like a madman. I sat down and started thinking: where has he run off to now like a madman? He'll go to Mokroye, I think, and kill my mistress there. I ran out then, to his lodgings, to beg him not to kill my mistress, but by the Plotnikovs' shop I look and see that he's already driving off, and that his hands aren't bloody anymore" (Fenya had noticed and remembered this). The old woman, Fenya's grandmother, confirmed as much as she could all her granddaughter's testimony. After asking about a few more things, Pyotr Ilyich left the house in still greater agitation and uneasiness than when he had entered it.

It would seem that the most direct and nearest thing for him to do now would be to go to Fyodor Pavlovich's house and find out whether anything had happened there, and if it had, then what exactly, and only after making indisputably sure, then go to the district police chief, as Pyotr Ilyich had already firmly resolved. But

the night was dark, Fyodor Pavlovich's gates were strong, he would have to knock again, and he was only distantly acquainted with Fyodor Pavlovich—and there he would knock his way in, they would open for him, and suddenly nothing would have happened there, and the mocking Fyodor Pavlovich would go around town tomorrow telling the anecdote of how at midnight an official he didn't know, Perkhotin, had come breaking into his house to find out whether somebody had killed him. A scandal! And scandal was what Pyotr Ilyich feared more than anything in the world. Nevertheless, the feeling that was carrying him away was so strong that, angrily stamping his foot on the ground and cursing himself again, he immediately rushed off on a new path, but no longer to Fyodor Pavlovich's; to Mrs. Khokhlakova's instead. If she, he thought, answered the question whether it was she who had given Dmitri Fyodorovich three thousand earlier, at such and such an hour, then in the case of a negative answer he would go straight to the district police chief, without stopping at Fyodor Pavlovich's; in the opposite case he would put everything off till tomorrow and go back home. Here, of course, it is plain to see that the young man's decision to go at night, almost at eleven o'clock, to the house of a society lady completely unknown to him, to rouse her, perhaps, out of bed, in order to put to her a question astonishing in its circumstances, contained, perhaps, far more chances of producing a scandal than going to Fyodor Pavlovich's. But so it sometimes happens, especially in cases like the present one, with the decisions of the most exact and phlegmatic people. And Pyotr Ilyich, at that moment, was no longer at all phlegmatic! All his life afterward he remembered how an irresistible uneasiness, which had gradually taken possession of him, at last grew in him to the point of torment and carried him away even against his will. Of course, he still cursed himself the whole way for going to this lady, but "I'll see it through, I'll see it through to the end!" he repeated for the

tenth time, gnashing his teeth, and he carried out his intention—he saw it through. It was exactly eleven o'clock when he entered Mrs. Khokhlakova's house. He was let into the yard fairly quickly, but to the question whether the mistress was already asleep or had not yet gone to bed, the yard porter could give no exact answer, except that at this hour they usually went to bed. "Up there, upstairs, have yourself announced; if they want to receive you, they'll receive you, and if they don't, they won't." Pyotr Ilyich went upstairs, but here things got harder. The footman did not want to announce him, and at last called a maid. Pyotr Ilyich politely but insistently asked her to tell her mistress that, you see, a local official, Perkhotin, had come on a special matter, and that if it were not such an important matter he would not have dared to come —"announce me in precisely, precisely these words," he asked the maid. She went away. He stayed waiting in the front hall. Mrs. Khokhlakova herself, though she had not yet fallen asleep, was already in her bedroom. She had been upset ever since Mitya's visit earlier and already had a presentiment that she would not escape, that night, the migraine she usually had in such cases. On hearing the maid's report, and surprised, she nevertheless irritably ordered him to be refused, in spite of the fact that this unexpected visit at such an hour by a "local official" unknown to her had extraordinarily excited her feminine curiosity. But Pyotr Ilyich this time dug in his heels like a mule: on hearing the refusal, he very insistently asked to be announced once more and to have it passed on in "these very words," that he was here "on an extraordinarily important matter, and they may perhaps regret it themselves afterward if they do not receive him now." "I felt as if I were flying down a mountain then," he told it afterward himself. The housemaid, looking him over in surprise, went off a second time to announce him. Mrs. Khokhlakova was struck, thought, asked what he looked like, and learned that he was "very decently dressed,

ma'am, young, and so polite." Let us note in parentheses and in passing that Pyotr Ilyich was a rather handsome young man, and knew it about himself. Mrs. Khokhlakova decided to come out. She was already in her dressing gown and slippers, but she had thrown a black shawl over her shoulders. The "official" was asked to come into the drawing room, the very one in which Mitya had been received earlier. The hostess came out to her visitor with a sternly questioning look and, without asking him to sit down, began straight off with the question: "What is it you wish?"

"I have ventured to disturb you, madam, on account of our common acquaintance Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov," Perkhotin began, but he had only just pronounced this name when the strongest irritation suddenly showed in the hostess's face. She almost shrieked, and interrupted him in a fury.

"How long, how long am I going to be tormented with this terrible man?" she cried in a frenzy. "How dared you, my dear sir, how could you make up your mind to disturb a lady unknown to you in her own house and at such an hour… and come to her to talk about a man who here, in this very drawing room, only three hours ago, came to kill me, stamped his feet, and went out as no one goes out of a decent house. Know, my dear sir, that I am going to complain about you, that I will not let this pass, kindly leave me this very instant… I am a mother, I will at once… I… I…"

"Kill! So he wanted to kill you too?"

"Why, has he already killed someone?" Mrs. Khokhlakova asked impetuously.

"Be so good as to listen, madam, for only half a minute, and in two words I will explain everything to you," Perkhotin answered firmly. "Today, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Karamazov borrowed ten rubles from me, as one comrade from another, and I know positively that he had no money, and today at nine o'clock he came into my place carrying in his hands, in plain view, a wad of

hundred-ruble notes, about two or even three thousand rubles. And his hands and face were all covered with blood, while he himself seemed as if out of his mind. To my question where he had got so much money, he answered precisely that he had just got it from you, before coming, and that you had lent him the sum of three thousand so that he could go, supposedly, to the gold mines…"

An extraordinary and painful agitation suddenly showed in Mrs. Khokhlakova's face.

"God! He has killed his old father!" she cried, throwing up her hands. "I gave him no money, none! Oh, run, run!… Not another word! Save the old man, run to his father's, run!"

"Allow me, madam, so you did not give him any money? You firmly remember that you did not give him any sum?"

"I did not, I did not! I refused him, because he did not know how to appreciate it. He went out in a rage and stamped his feet. He rushed at me, and I jumped back… And I will tell you something more, as a man from whom I no longer intend to hide anything now: he even spat at me, can you imagine that? But why are we standing? Ah, sit down… Forgive me, I… Or better, run, run, you have to run and save the unfortunate old man from a terrible death!"

"But what if he has already killed him?"

"Ah, my God, that's true! So what are we to do now? What do you think, what must be done now?"

Meanwhile she had seated Pyotr Ilyich and sat down herself opposite him. Pyotr Ilyich set out for her, briefly but quite clearly, the history of the affair, at least that part of the history of which he himself had been a witness that day; he told her too about his visit to Fenya just now and informed her of the news about the pestle. All these details shook the excited lady beyond measure; she kept crying out and covering her eyes with her hands…

"Imagine, I had a presentiment of all this! I am gifted with this quality: whatever I imagine to myself, that is what happens. And how many, how many times I looked at that terrible man and always thought: here is a man who will end by killing me. And so it has happened... That is, if he has killed not me now but only his father, it is certainly because the visible finger of God was here, protecting me; and besides, he was ashamed himself to kill me, because I myself, here, on this very spot, put round his neck a little icon from the relics of the Great Martyr Barbara... And how near I was to death at that moment, why, I went right up to him, quite close, and he stretched out his whole neck to me! You know, Pyotr Ilyich (forgive me, your name, I believe you said, is Pyotr Ilyich)... you know, I do not believe in miracles, but this little icon and this obvious miracle with me now—it shakes me, and I am beginning again to believe in anything at all. Have you heard of the elder Zosima?... But then, I don't know what I'm saying... And imagine, he spat at me even with the little icon round his neck... Of course, he only spat, he didn't kill me, and... and look where he has galloped off to! But where are we to go, where do we go now, what do you think?"

Pyotr Ilyich stood up and announced that he would now go straight to the district police chief and tell him everything, and after that it was for the police chief himself to decide.

"Ah, he is a fine, a fine man, I am acquainted with Mikhail Makarovich. By all means, go precisely to him. How resourceful you are, Pyotr Ilyich, and how well you have thought it all out; you know, in your place I would never have thought of it!"

"All the more since I am a good acquaintance of the district police chief myself," remarked Pyotr Ilyich, still standing and evidently wishing to break away as quickly as possible from the impetuous lady, who would not let him take his leave of her and go.

"And you know, you know," she babbled, "come and tell me what you see there and find out... and what is discovered... and how they decide about him and where they sentence him to. Tell me, we don't have capital punishment, do we? But be sure to come, even at three o'clock in the night, even at four, even at half past four... Have them wake me, shake me, if I won't get up... Oh, God, but I won't even fall asleep. You know, shouldn't I go with you myself?..."

"N-no, ma'am, but if you were to write now, in your own hand, three lines, just in case, saying that you gave Dmitri Fyodorovich no money at all, it would perhaps not be amiss... just in case..."

"By all means!" Mrs. Khokhlakova sprang rapturously to her bureau. "And you know, you astonish me, you simply overwhelm me with your resourcefulness and your skill in these matters... You serve here? How pleasant it is to hear that you serve here..."

And while still saying this, she quickly wrote out on half a sheet of notepaper the following three large lines:

"Never in my life did I lend the unfortunate Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov (since he is, after all, unfortunate now) three thousand rubles today, nor any other money ever, ever! To this I swear by all that is holy in our world."

"Here is the note!" She turned quickly to Pyotr Ilyich. "Go now, save him. It is a great deed on your part."

And she made the sign of the cross over him three times. She even ran out to see him off as far as the front hall.

"How grateful I am to you! You will not believe how grateful I am to you now for coming to me first. How is it we have never met? I would be very flattered to receive you in my house henceforth as well. And how pleasant it is to hear that you serve here... and with such exactness, such resourcefulness... But they must appreciate you, they must understand you at last, and anything that I could do for you, then believe me... Oh, I so love young peo-

ple! I am in love with young people. Young people are the foundation of all our present suffering Russia, all her hope… Oh, go, go!…"

But Pyotr Ilyich had already run out, or else she would not have let him go so soon. Mrs. Khokhlakova, however, had made a rather pleasant impression on him, which even somewhat softened his anxiety at having been drawn into such a nasty business. Tastes are extraordinarily various, that is well known. "And she isn't so elderly at all," he thought with pleasure. "On the contrary, I'd have taken her for her own daughter."

As for Mrs. Khokhlakova herself, she was simply enchanted with the young man. "So much skill, so much accuracy, and in such a young man, in our time, and all of it with such manners and looks. And they say of modern young men that they don't know how to do anything; here's an example for you," and so on, and so on. So that she simply even forgot about the "terrible event," and only when lying down in bed, and suddenly remembering again "how near she had been to death," she said: "Ah, it's terrible, terrible!" But she at once fell into the soundest and sweetest sleep. I would not, however, have enlarged upon such petty and incidental details, if this eccentric meeting of the young official with the widow, who was by no means old yet, which I have just described, had not later served as the foundation of the whole career in life of this exact and accurate young man, which is remembered with amazement in our little town to this day, and about which perhaps we too shall say a special little word when we conclude our long story of the brothers Karamazov.

II. The Alarm

Our district police chief, Mikhail Makarovich Makarov, a retired lieutenant colonel redesignated a court councilor, was a widower and a good man. He had come to us only three years before, but had already won general sympathy, chiefly because he "knew how to bring society together." He never ran out of guests, and it seemed he could not have lived without them himself. Without fail someone dined with him every day, even if only two guests or just one, but without guests they did not even sit down to table. There were formal dinners too, on all sorts of pretexts, sometimes even unexpected ones. The food served, though not exquisite, was abundant, the fish pies were made excellently, and the wines, though they did not shine in quality, made up for it in quantity. In the entrance room stood a billiard table with very decent furnishings, that is, even with pictures of English racehorses in black frames along the walls, which, as is well known, constitutes the indispensable decoration of any billiard room belonging to a bachelor. Every evening there were cards, even if only at one table. But very often all the best society of our town gathered too, with mammas and young ladies, to dance. Mikhail Makarovich, though a widower, lived as a family man, having with him his daughter, herself long since widowed, in her turn the mother of two young ladies, Mikhail Makarovich's granddaughters. The young ladies were already grown up and had finished their education, were of not unpleasant appearance and of a cheerful disposition, and, although everyone knew they would be given no dowry, nevertheless drew our society youth to their grandfather's house. In mat-

ters of business Mikhail Makarovich was not altogether bright, but he performed his duties no worse than many others. To put it plainly, he was a rather uneducated man and even careless in clearly understanding the limits of his administrative power. Some of the reforms of the present reign he was not so much unable to grasp fully as he understood them with certain errors, sometimes quite noticeable ones, and not at all from any particular incapacity of his own, but simply from the carelessness of his character, because there was never time to look into things. “I have, gentlemen, more of a military soul than a civil one,” he would say of himself. Even about the exact principles of the peasant reform he had still not acquired, as it were, a final and firm notion, and learned about them, so to speak, from year to year, increasing his knowledge practically and involuntarily, and yet he was a landowner himself. Pyotr Ilyich knew precisely that this evening he would certainly meet some of the guests at Mikhail Makarovich’s, only he did not know whom exactly. And meanwhile, just at that moment, sitting at his house over a game of yeralash were the prosecutor and our zemstvo doctor, Varvinsky, a young man who had only just come to us from Petersburg, one of those who had brilliantly completed the course at the Petersburg Medical Academy. The prosecutor, that is, the assistant prosecutor, but whom everyone among us called the prosecutor, Ippolit Kirillovich, was a peculiar man among us, not old, only about thirty-five, but strongly inclined to consumption, married, besides, to a very fat and childless lady; he was vain and irritable, with a very solid mind, however, and even a kind soul. It seems the whole trouble with his character lay in the fact that he thought of himself somewhat more highly than his true merits allowed. And that is why he always seemed uneasy. There were in him, besides, certain higher and even artistic pretensions, for example to psychology, to a special knowledge of the human soul, to a special gift for understanding the criminal and

his crime. In this sense he considered himself somewhat wronged and passed over in the service, and was always sure that there, in the higher spheres, they had not known how to appreciate him and that he had enemies. In gloomy moments he even threatened to go over to being a defense lawyer in criminal cases. The unexpected Karamazov case of parricide seemed to give him a thorough shaking: "It is the kind of case that could become known to all Russia." But here I am speaking, running ahead.

In the next room, with the young ladies, sat our young court investigator, Nikolai Parfenovich Nelyudov, too, who had come to us from Petersburg only two months before. Afterward people among us talked about it and even marveled that all these persons had, as if on purpose, come together on the evening of the "crime" in the house of the executive power. And yet the matter was much simpler and had come about quite naturally: Ippolit Kirillovich's spouse had had a toothache since the day before, and he had to run away somewhere from her moaning; and the doctor, by his very nature, could not be anywhere in the evening but at cards. As for Nikolai Parfenovich Nelyudov, he had been planning even three days before to come to Mikhail Makarovich's that evening, by chance, so to speak, in order suddenly and slyly to astonish Mikhail Makarovich's elder young lady, Olga Mikhailovna, by letting her see that he knew her secret, that he knew that today was her birthday and that she had purposely wished to conceal it from our society so as not to invite the town to a dance. There was to be much laughter and many hints about her age, that she was supposedly afraid to disclose it, that now, since he was the possessor of her secret, he would tell everyone about it tomorrow, and so on, and so on. The dear young little man was a great tease in that regard; the ladies among us had even nicknamed him the tease, and he, it seems, liked that very much. However, he was of very good society, of good family, good upbringing, and good feelings,

and though a pleasure-seeker, a quite innocent one and always proper. In appearance he was small of stature, of weak and delicate build. Several extraordinarily large rings always sparkled on his thin, pale little fingers. When he was carrying out his duties, however, he became uncommonly grave, as if he understood his significance and his obligations as something sacred. He was especially good at disconcerting murderers and other villains from the common people during interrogations, and really did arouse in them, if not respect for himself, then at least a certain surprise.

Pyotr Ilyich, on entering the district police chief's house, was simply stunned: he suddenly saw that everything was already known there. Indeed, the cards had been thrown down, everyone was standing and discussing, and even Nikolai Parfenovich had run in from the young ladies and had the most combative and impetuous look. Pyotr Ilyich was met with the stunning news that old Fyodor Pavlovich had really and truly been murdered that evening in his house, murdered and robbed. It had become known only just before, in the following way.

Marfa Ignatyevna, the wife of Grigory, struck down by the fence, though she had been sleeping soundly in her bed and might have slept on like that till morning, nevertheless suddenly woke up. What brought it about was the terrible epileptic scream of Smerdyakov, who was lying unconscious in the next little room—that scream with which his falling fits always began and which always, all her life, had terribly frightened Marfa Ignatyevna and acted on her painfully. She could never get used to them. Half awake, she jumped up and, almost out of her senses, rushed into Smerdyakov's little room. But it was dark there; all that could be heard was that the sick man had begun to snore terribly and thrash about. Here Marfa Ignatyevna screamed herself and was about to call her husband, but suddenly realized that Grigory, when she got up, had seemed not to be in the bed. She ran to the

bed and felt it again, but the bed was indeed empty. So he had gone out, but where? She ran out onto the porch and timidly called him from the porch. She received no answer, of course, but instead she heard, amid the silence of the night, from somewhere, as if far off in the garden, some sort of moans. She listened; the moans came again, and it became clear that they really were coming from the garden. "Lord, just like that time with Stinking Lizaveta!" swept through her disordered head. Timidly she went down the steps and made out that the gate into the garden was open. "He must be there, the poor dear," she thought, went up to the gate, and suddenly heard distinctly that Grigory was calling her, calling out "Marfa, Marfa!" in a weak, groaning, terrible voice. "Lord, keep us from harm," whispered Marfa Ignatyevna, and rushed toward the call, and that was how she found Grigory. But she found him not by the fence, not at the spot where he had been struck down, but already some twenty paces from the fence. It turned out afterward that, coming to, he had crawled, and had probably crawled for a long time, losing consciousness several times and falling back into oblivion. She noticed at once that he was all covered in blood, and here she began screaming at the top of her lungs. Grigory, though, was babbling quietly and incoherently: "He's killed… killed his father… what are you screaming for, you fool… run, call…" But Marfa Ignatyevna would not calm down and kept screaming, and suddenly, seeing that the master's window was open and there was light in the window, she ran to it and began calling Fyodor Pavlovich. But looking in at the window, she saw a terrible sight: the master was lying on his back on the floor, motionless. His light-colored dressing gown and the white shirt on his chest were soaked in blood. The candle on the table brightly lit up the blood and the motionless dead face of Fyodor Pavlovich. Here, in the last degree of horror, Marfa Ignatyevna rushed away from the window, ran out of the garden, opened the bolt of the

gates, and ran headlong around the back to the neighbor, Marya Kondratyevna. Both neighbors, mother and daughter, had already gone to sleep by then, but at the redoubled and furious knocking on the shutters and Marfa Ignatyevna's cries they woke up and sprang to the window. Marfa Ignatyevna, incoherently, squealing and shouting, nevertheless conveyed the main thing and called for help. As it happened, the wandering Foma was spending that night with them. They roused him in a flash, and the three of them ran to the scene of the crime. As they ran, Marya Kondratyevna managed to recall that earlier, after eight o'clock, she had heard a terrible and piercing scream, heard all over the neighborhood, from their garden—and this, of course, was precisely Grigory's cry when, clutching with his hands at the leg of Dmitri Fyodorovich, who was already sitting on the fence, he shouted: "Parricide!" "Somebody yelled, just once, and suddenly stopped," Marya Kondratyevna testified as she ran. Running up to the place where Grigory lay, the two women, with Foma's help, carried him into the cottage. They lit a light and saw that Smerdyakov had still not quieted down and was thrashing about in his little room; his eyes were squinting, and foam was flowing from his lips. They washed Grigory's head with water and vinegar, and from the water he came fully to his senses and at once asked: "Is the master killed or not?" The two women and Foma then went to the master, and on entering the garden they saw this time that not only the window but also the door from the house into the garden stood wide open, whereas the master had locked himself in tight every evening, every night, for the whole past week, and would not on any account allow even Grigory to knock at his door. On seeing this door open, all of them, the two women and Foma, at once became afraid to go in to the master, "so that nothing would come of it afterward." And Grigory, when they came back, ordered them to run at once to the district police chief himself. That was when

Marya Kondratyevna ran and alarmed everyone at the district police chief's. She had forestalled Pyotr Ilyich's arrival by only five minutes, so that he appeared not just with his own guesses and conclusions but as an evident witness, who by his story confirmed still further the general guess as to who the criminal was (which, however, in the depths of his soul, he had gone on refusing to believe right up to this last minute).

It was decided to act energetically. The assistant to the town police inspector was at once instructed to collect as many as four attesting witnesses, and in accordance with all the rules, which I will not describe here, they entered Fyodor Pavlovich's house and conducted an investigation on the spot. The zemstvo doctor, an ardent man and new, almost begged on his own account to accompany the district police chief, the prosecutor, and the investigator. I will outline only briefly: Fyodor Pavlovich turned out to be quite dead, with his head broken in, but with what?—most probably with the very same weapon with which Grigory too had been struck down afterward. And then the weapon itself was found, after they had heard from Grigory, who had been given what medical help was possible, a fairly coherent account, though told in a weak and faltering voice, of how he had been struck down. They began searching with a lantern by the fence and found, thrown right on the garden path, in plain view, the brass pestle. In the room where Fyodor Pavlovich lay no particular disorder was noticed, but behind the screen, by his bed, they picked up from the floor a large envelope of thick paper, of office size, with the inscription: "A little present of three thousand rubles to my angel Grushenka, if she will come," and below had been added, probably later, by Fyodor Pavlovich himself: "and to my little chick." On the envelope were three large seals of red sealing wax, but the envelope had already been torn open and was empty: the money had been carried off. They also found on the floor a thin little pink

ribbon, with which the envelope had been tied. In Pyotr Ilyich's testimony one circumstance among others produced an extraordinary impression on the prosecutor and the investigator, namely: the guess that Dmitri Fyodorovich would certainly shoot himself by dawn, that he had decided it himself, had spoken about it himself to Pyotr Ilyich, had loaded the pistol in front of him, written a little note, put it in his pocket, and so on, and so on. And when Pyotr Ilyich, so he said, still not wanting to believe him, threatened that he would go and tell someone so as to prevent the suicide, then Mitya himself, so he said, grinning, had answered him: "You won't be in time." Consequently, they had to hurry to the spot, to Mokroye, in order to catch the criminal before he perhaps really did take it into his head to shoot himself. "That's clear, that's clear!" the prosecutor kept repeating in extraordinary excitement. "That is exactly, precisely how it's done with such madcaps: tomorrow I'll kill myself, and before death, a spree." The story of how he had taken wine and goods from the shop only inflamed the prosecutor still more. "Remember that fellow, gentlemen, who killed the merchant Olsufyev, robbed him of fifteen hundred, and at once went and had his hair curled, and then, without even hiding the money properly, likewise almost carrying it in his hands, set off to the girls." Everyone was held up, however, by the investigation, the search of Fyodor Pavlovich's house, the formalities, and so on. All this required time, and so, some two hours ahead of themselves, they sent off to Mokroye the rural police officer, Mavriky Mavrikievich Shmertsov, who had come to town just the day before, in the morning, for his salary. Mavriky Mavrikievich was given the instruction: on arriving at Mokroye, and without raising any alarm, to keep watch over the "criminal" unremittingly until the arrival of the proper authorities, as well as to have attesting witnesses, village constables, and so on, and so on, ready. And so Mavriky Mavrikievich did; he kept his *incognito* and let only one

man, Trifon Borisovich, his old acquaintance, partly into the secret of the matter. This time coincided exactly with the moment when Mitya met the innkeeper on the dark gallery as he was looking for him, and noticed at the same time that there was a sudden change of some sort in Trifon Borisovich's face and talk. Thus neither Mitya nor anyone else knew that they were being watched; and his case of pistols had long since been made off with by Trifon Borisovich and hidden away in a secluded spot. And only after four o'clock in the morning, almost at dawn, did all the authorities arrive, the district police chief, the prosecutor, and the investigator, in two carriages, with two troikas. The doctor, though, stayed behind at Fyodor Pavlovich's house, with a view to performing an autopsy on the body of the murdered man in the morning, but, above all, he had become interested precisely in the condition of the sick servant Smerdyakov: "Such violent and such long falling fits, recurring incessantly in the course of two days and nights, are rarely met with, and this belongs to science," he said in excitement to his departing partners, and they, laughing, congratulated him on his find. And the prosecutor and the investigator remembered very well that the doctor added, in the most decisive tone, that Smerdyakov would not live till morning.

Now, after a long but, it seems, necessary explanation, we have returned precisely to that moment of our story at which we broke it off in the previous book.

III. The Soul's Journey Through the Ordeals. The First Ordeal

And so Mitya sat looking around at those present with a wild gaze, not understanding what was being said to him. Suddenly he rose, flung up his arms, and shouted loudly:

"Not guilty! Of this blood I am not guilty! Of my father's blood I am not guilty... I wanted to kill him, but I'm not guilty! Not I!"

But he had only just managed to shout this when Grushenka leaped out from behind the curtains and simply collapsed right at the district police chief's feet.

"It's me, me, accursed me, I'm the guilty one!" she cried, with a wail that tore the soul, all in tears, stretching out her arms to everyone. "It's because of me that he killed!... It was I who tormented him and drove him to it! I tormented that poor little old dead man too, out of my spite, and drove him to it! I'm the guilty one, I'm the first, I'm the chief one, I'm the guilty one!"

"Yes, you're the guilty one! You're the chief criminal! You're a wild one, a depraved one, you're the chief guilty one," the district police chief yelled, shaking his hand at her, but here he was quickly and decisively restrained. The prosecutor even threw his arms around him.

"This will be utter disorder, Mikhail Makarovich," he cried, "you are positively hindering the investigation... you are spoiling the case..." He was almost choking.

"Measures must be taken, measures must be taken, measures must be taken!" Nikolai Parfenovich too boiled up terribly.

“Otherwise it is positively impossible!…”

“Judge us together!” Grushenka went on exclaiming in a frenzy, still on her knees. “Execute us together; I’ll go with him now even to be executed!”

“Grusha, my life, my blood, my holy one!” Mitya too threw himself on his knees beside her and pressed her tight in his arms. “Don’t believe her,” he shouted, “she isn’t guilty of anything, of any blood, of anything at all!”

He remembered afterward that several people had dragged him away from her by force, that she had suddenly been led away, and that he came to his senses sitting at the table. The men with badges were standing beside him and behind him. Opposite him, across the table, on the sofa, sat Nikolai Parfenovich, the court investigator, who kept urging him to drink a little water from a glass that stood on the table: “It will refresh you, it will calm you, don’t be afraid, don’t be uneasy,” he kept adding, extraordinarily politely. And Mitya, he remembered it, suddenly became terribly curious about the man’s large rings, one of amethyst and the other of some bright yellow stone, transparent and of such a beautiful luster. And for a long time afterward he remembered with surprise that these rings had drawn his eyes irresistibly even through the whole of those terrible hours of interrogation, so that for some reason he could not tear himself away from them or forget them, as a thing utterly unsuited to his situation. To the left, at Mitya’s side, in the place where Maximov had sat at the beginning of the evening, the prosecutor had now taken his seat, and at Mitya’s right hand, in the place where Grushenka had been then, a ruddy young man had settled himself, in a sort of hunting jacket, as it were, and a very worn one, before whom an inkstand and paper had appeared. It turned out that this was the investigator’s clerk, whom he had brought with him. The district police chief now stood by the window, at the other end of the room, beside

Kalganov, who had also seated himself on a chair by the same window.

"Drink some water!" the investigator repeated gently for the tenth time.

"I've drunk, gentlemen, I've drunk... but... well, gentlemen, crush me, execute me, decide my fate!" exclaimed Mitya, with a terribly fixed, goggling stare at the investigator.

"And so you positively assert that you are not guilty of the death of your father, Fyodor Pavlovich?" the investigator asked gently but insistently.

"Not guilty! I am guilty of other blood, of another old man's blood, but not my father's. And I mourn it! I killed, I killed the old man, I killed him and struck him down... But it's hard to answer for that blood with other blood, with terrible blood of which I'm not guilty... A terrible accusation, gentlemen, like a blow on the forehead! But who killed my father, who killed him? Who could have killed him, if not I? A miracle, an absurdity, an impossibility!..."

"Yes, well, who could have killed him..." the investigator was about to begin, but the prosecutor, Ippolit Kirillovich (the assistant prosecutor, but we too will call him the prosecutor for short), exchanging glances with the investigator, said, addressing Mitya:

"You are troubling yourself needlessly about the old servant Grigory Vasilyev. Know that he is alive, he has come to, and in spite of the grievous blows inflicted on him by you, according to his testimony and to yours now, it seems that he will undoubtedly live, at least according to the doctor's opinion."

"Alive? So he's alive!" Mitya suddenly yelled, throwing up his hands. His whole face lit up. "Lord, I thank you for the greatest miracle you have worked for me, a sinner and a villain, in answer to my prayer!... Yes, yes, it was in answer to my prayer, I prayed all night!..." and he crossed himself three times. He was almost choking.

“Well, it is from this very Grigory that we have received such significant testimony concerning you that…” the prosecutor began to continue, but Mitya suddenly jumped up from his chair.

“One minute, gentlemen, for God’s sake just one little minute; I’ll run to her…”

“Allow me! At this minute it is quite impossible!” Nikolai Parfenovich almost shrieked even, and jumped to his feet too. The men with badges on their chests seized Mitya, though in any case he sat down on the chair himself…

“Gentlemen, what a pity! I wanted to go to her for just one instant… I wanted to announce to her that it’s washed away, it’s vanished, this blood that has been sucking at my heart all night, and that I’m no longer a murderer! Gentlemen, why, she’s my bride!” he said suddenly, rapturously and reverently, looking around at them all. “Oh, I thank you, gentlemen! Oh, how you have regenerated me, how you have resurrected me in a single instant!… That old man—why, he carried me in his arms, gentlemen, he washed me in a tub when everyone abandoned me, a child of three; he was my own father to me!…”

“And so you…” the investigator was about to begin.

“Allow me, gentlemen, allow me one more little minute,” Mitya interrupted, putting both elbows on the table and covering his face with his palms. “Let me collect my thoughts a tiny bit, let me take a breath, gentlemen. All this is terribly shaking, terribly; a man isn’t a drumskin, after all, gentlemen!”

“You might have a little more water…” Nikolai Parfenovich babbled.

Mitya took his hands from his face and laughed. His look was cheerful; he seemed to have changed completely in a single instant. His whole tone had changed too: here sat once more a man equal to all these people, to all these old acquaintances of his, exactly as if they had all met yesterday, when nothing had hap-

pened yet, somewhere in society. Let us note, however, by the way, that Mitya, when he first arrived among us, had been cordially received at the district police chief's, but afterward, in the last month especially, Mitya had hardly visited him, and the district police chief, when he met him, in the street for instance, frowned heavily and returned his bow only out of politeness, which Mitya had very well noticed. With the prosecutor he was acquainted still more distantly, but he did sometimes call on the prosecutor's wife, a nervous and fantastical lady, with the most respectful visits, however, and without even quite understanding himself why he went to see her, and she always received him kindly, for some reason taking an interest in him until quite recently. With the investigator he had not yet had time to become acquainted, but he had, however, met him too and had even talked with him once or twice, both times about the fair sex.

"You, Nikolai Parfenych, are a most skillful investigator, I see," Mitya suddenly laughed gaily, "but now I'll help you myself. Oh, gentlemen, I'm resurrected... and don't hold it against me that I address you so simply and so directly. Besides, I'm a little drunk, I'll tell you that frankly. I believe I've had the honor... the honor and the pleasure of meeting you, Nikolai Parfenych, at my relation Miusov's... Gentlemen, gentlemen, I don't claim equality, I do understand, you know, who I am now, sitting before you. On me there lies... if only Grigory has given testimony against me... then there lies—oh, of course, it lies on me already—a terrible suspicion! Horror, horror—why, I do understand that! But to business, gentlemen, I'm ready, and we'll finish it now in an instant, because, listen, listen, gentlemen. Why, if I know that I'm not guilty, then of course we'll finish it in an instant! Isn't that so? Isn't that so?"

Mitya was talking quickly and a great deal, nervously and expansively, and as if decidedly taking his listeners for his best friends.

"And so for the time being we will write down that you radically reject the accusation brought against you," Nikolai Parfenovich said impressively and, turning to the clerk, dictated to him in an undertone what was to be written down.

"Write it down? You want to write this down? Well, write it down, I agree, I give my full consent, gentlemen... Only, you see... Wait, wait, write it like this: 'Of violent conduct he is guilty, of grievous blows inflicted on a poor old man he is guilty.' Well, and then, to myself, inside, in the depths of my heart, I'm guilty—but that mustn't be written down," he suddenly turned to the clerk, "that's my private life, gentlemen, that doesn't concern you anymore, these depths of the heart, I mean... But of the murder of my old father—not guilty! That is a wild idea! That is a completely wild idea!... I'll prove it to you, and you'll be convinced instantly. You'll laugh, gentlemen, you yourselves will roar with laughter at your suspicion!..."

"Calm yourself, Dmitri Fyodorovich," the investigator reminded him, evidently wishing, as it were, to overcome the frenzied man with his own calm. "Before we continue the interrogation, I should like, if only you will agree to answer, to hear from you a confirmation of the fact that, it seems, you did not love the late Fyodor Pavlovich, that you were in some sort of constant quarrel with him... Here, at least, a quarter of an hour ago, you were pleased, it seems, to say that you had even wanted to kill him: 'I did not kill him,' you exclaimed, 'but I wanted to kill him!'"

"I exclaimed that? Oh, that may be, gentlemen! Yes, unfortunately I wanted to kill him, I wanted to many times... unfortunately, unfortunately!"

"You wanted to. Would you not agree to explain what, properly speaking, were the principles that guided you in such hatred for the person of your parent?"

"What's there to explain, gentlemen!" Mitya shrugged his shoulders sullenly, lowering his eyes. "I never hid my feelings, the whole town knows about it—everyone in the tavern knows. Only recently, in the monastery, I declared it in the elder Zosima's cell… The same day, in the evening, I beat my father and nearly killed him, and swore that I would come again and kill him, in front of witnesses… Oh, a thousand witnesses! For a whole month I shouted it, everyone's a witness!… The fact is plain, the fact speaks, it shouts, but feelings, gentlemen, feelings, that's another matter. You see, gentlemen," Mitya scowled, "it seems to me you have no right to ask me about feelings. Though you are invested with authority, I understand that, still this is my affair, my inner affair, intimate, but… since I didn't hide my feelings before… in the tavern, for instance, and told everyone and anyone, then… then I won't make a secret of it now either. You see, gentlemen, I do understand that in this case the evidence against me is terrible: I told everyone I'd kill him, and suddenly he's been killed: so how can it not be me in that case? Ha-ha! I excuse you, gentlemen, I excuse you completely. Why, I myself am struck to the epidermis, because who killed him, after all, in that case, if not I? Isn't that true? If not I, then who, who? Gentlemen," he suddenly exclaimed, "I want to know, I even demand it of you, gentlemen: where was he killed? How was he killed, with what, and how? Tell me," he asked quickly, looking from the prosecutor to the investigator.

"We found him lying on the floor, on his back, in his study, with his head broken in," said the prosecutor.

"That's terrible, gentlemen!" Mitya suddenly shuddered and, leaning his elbows on the table, covered his face with his right hand.

"We will continue," Nikolai Parfenovich interrupted. "And so, what then guided you in your feelings of hatred? You declared publicly, it seems, that it was a feeling of jealousy?"

"Well, yes, jealousy, and not only jealousy."

"Disputes over money?"

"Well, yes, over money too."

"The dispute, it seems, was over three thousand, supposedly not paid out to you from your inheritance."

"Three, what an idea! More, more," Mitya flared up, "more than six, more than ten maybe. I told everyone, I shouted it to everyone! But I had resolved, so be it, to settle for three thousand. I needed that three thousand desperately... so that the packet with the three thousand, which I knew was under his pillow, set aside for Grushenka, I regarded positively as if it had been stolen from me, that's what, gentlemen, I regarded it as mine, just as if it were my own property..."

The prosecutor exchanged a significant glance with the investigator and managed to wink at him unnoticed.

"We will come back to this subject," the investigator said at once, "but you will allow us now to note and write down precisely this little point: that you regarded this money, in that envelope, as though it were your own property."

"Write it down, gentlemen, I do understand that this is evidence against me again, but I'm not afraid of evidence and I testify against myself. Do you hear, against myself! You see, gentlemen, you seem to be taking me for quite a different man from what I am," he added suddenly, gloomily and sadly. "It's a noble man who is speaking with you, a most noble person, above all—don't lose sight of this—a man who has done an abyss of base things, but who has always been and has remained a most noble being, as a being, inside, in the depths, well, in a word, I don't know how to express myself... That is precisely what I've been tormented by all my life, that I thirsted for nobility, I was, so to speak, a martyr to nobility and a seeker after it with a lantern, with Diogenes' lantern, and all the while all my life I've done nothing but filthy things, as we all do,

gentlemen… that is, as I alone do, gentlemen, not all of us, I alone, I made a mistake, I alone, alone!… Gentlemen, my head aches," he winced in suffering. "You see, gentlemen, I didn't like his appearance, there was something dishonorable in it, the boasting and the trampling on everything sacred, the mockery and the unbelief, vile, vile! But now that he's dead, I think differently."

"Differently how?"

"Not differently, but I'm sorry I hated him so."

"You feel remorse?"

"No, not remorse exactly, don't write that down. I'm no good myself, gentlemen, that's what, I'm not very handsome myself, and so I had no right to consider him repulsive, that's what! That, perhaps, you may write down."

Having said this, Mitya suddenly became extraordinarily sad. For a long time already, gradually, as he answered the investigator's questions, he had been growing gloomier and gloomier. And suddenly, at precisely this instant, another unexpected scene broke out. The fact was that Grushenka, though she had been removed earlier, had not been taken very far, only to the third room from the blue room in which the interrogation was now going on. It was a little room with one window, just beyond the large room in which there had been dancing in the night and the feast had gone on in full swing. There she sat, and with her, for the time being, only Maximov, terribly shaken, terribly frightened, who had attached himself to her as if seeking salvation by her side. At their door stood some peasant with a badge on his chest. Grushenka was crying, and then suddenly, when grief had pressed too close upon her soul, she jumped up, threw up her hands, and, crying out with a loud wail, "Oh, my grief, my grief!" rushed out of the room to him, to her Mitya, and so unexpectedly that no one had time to stop her. And Mitya, hearing her wail, simply shook all over, jumped up, yelled, and rushed headlong to meet her, as if not

knowing what he was doing. But again they were not allowed to come together, though they had already seen each other. His arms were seized tight: he struggled, he strained to break free; it took three or four men to hold him. She too was seized, and he saw how she stretched out her arms to him, crying out, as she was being carried off. When the scene was over, he came to his senses again in his former place, at the table, opposite the investigator, and kept shouting, addressing them:

"What do you want with her? Why are you tormenting her? She's innocent, innocent!..."

The prosecutor and the investigator tried to talk him round. So some time passed, some ten minutes; at last Mikhail Makarovich, who had stepped out, came hurriedly into the room and said loudly, in excitement, to the prosecutor:

"She has been removed, she is downstairs; will you not allow me, gentlemen, to say just one word to this unfortunate man? In your presence, gentlemen, in your presence!"

"Do us the favor, Mikhail Makarovich," answered the investigator. "In the present case we have nothing to say against it."

"Dmitri Fyodorovich, listen, my dear fellow," Mikhail Makarovich began, turning to Mitya, and his whole agitated face expressed an ardent, almost fatherly compassion for the unfortunate man, "I took your Agrafena Alexandrovna downstairs myself and handed her over to the innkeeper's daughters, and that little old man Maximov is with her there now and won't leave her, and I talked her round, do you hear? I talked her round and calmed her, I impressed on her that you have to clear yourself, so she mustn't interfere, mustn't make you heartsick, or else you might get confused and give the wrong testimony against yourself, you understand? Well, in a word, I talked, and she understood. She's a clever one, brother, she's kind, she even tried to kiss my hands, an old man's hands, she begged for you. She herself sent me here to tell

you not to worry about her, and I must, my dear fellow, I must go and tell her that you're calm and comforted about her. So calm yourself, understand that. I've wronged her, she's a Christian soul, yes, gentlemen, she's a meek soul and not guilty of anything. So what am I to tell her, Dmitri Fyodorovich, will you sit quietly or not?"

The kindly man said a great deal that was unnecessary, but Grushenka's grief, human grief, had penetrated his kind soul, and there were even tears standing in his eyes. Mitya jumped up and rushed to him.

"Forgive me, gentlemen, allow me, oh, allow me!" he cried. "An angelic, angelic soul you are, Mikhail Makarovich, I thank you for her! I will, I will be calm, I'll be cheerful, tell her, out of the boundless kindness of your soul, that I'm cheerful, cheerful, I'll even start laughing in a moment, knowing that she has such a guardian angel as you with her. I'll finish everything at once, and as soon as I'm free, straight to her; she'll see, let her wait! Gentlemen," he suddenly turned to the prosecutor and the investigator, "now I'll open my whole soul to you, I'll pour it all out, we'll finish this in a flash, finish it cheerfully—we'll be laughing at the end, won't we? But, gentlemen, that woman is the queen of my soul! Oh, allow me to say this, this much at least I will reveal to you... I can see, after all, that I'm with the noblest of men: she is my light, my holy one, and if only you knew! You heard her cries: 'With you even to be executed!' And what have I given her, I, a beggar, a man without a kopeck, why such love for me, am I worth it, a clumsy, disgraceful creature with a disgraceful face, worth such love that she should go to penal servitude with me? She was groveling at your feet for me just now, she, proud and not guilty of anything! How can I not adore her, not cry out, not rush to her, as I did just now? Oh, gentlemen, forgive me! But now, now I am comforted!"

And he fell onto the chair and, covering his face with both palms, sobbed aloud. But these were happy tears now. He came to himself in a moment. The old district police chief was very pleased, and so, it seems, were the lawyers: they sensed that the interrogation would now enter a new phase. Having seen the district police chief out, Mitya grew downright cheerful.

"Well, gentlemen, now I'm yours, wholly yours. And... if only it weren't for all these petty details, we'd come to an agreement at once. There I go about the petty details again. I'm yours, gentlemen, but, I swear, there has to be mutual trust—yours in me and mine in you—otherwise we'll never finish. I say it for your own sake. To business, gentlemen, to business, and above all don't rummage so in my soul, don't torment it with trifles, but ask only about the matter itself and the facts, and I'll satisfy you at once. And to the devil with the petty details!"

So Mitya exclaimed. The interrogation began anew.

IV. The Second Ordeal

"You would not believe how much you encourage us yourself, Dmitri Fyodorovich, by this readiness of yours..." Nikolai Parfenovich began with an animated look and with visible pleasure, which shone in his large, light-gray, protruding eyes, very nearsighted, however, from which he had taken off his spectacles a minute before. "And you remarked justly just now about this mutual trust of ours, without which it is sometimes even impossible in matters of such importance, in the event and in the sense that the suspected person really wishes, hopes, and is able to clear himself. For our part we will employ everything that depends on us, and you yourself could see, even now, how we are conducting this case... You approve, Ippolit Kirillovich?" he turned suddenly to the prosecutor.

"Oh, without doubt," the prosecutor approved, though somewhat drily in comparison with Nikolai Parfenovich's outburst.

I will note once and for all: Nikolai Parfenovich, newly arrived among us, from the very beginning of his career here had felt an extraordinary respect for our Ippolit Kirillovich, the prosecutor, and had become almost a bosom friend of his. He was almost the only man who believed unconditionally in the extraordinary psychological and oratorical talent of our Ippolit Kirillovich, "wronged in the service," and fully believed too that he had been wronged. He had heard of him back in Petersburg. On the other hand, the young Nikolai Parfenovich turned out in his turn to be likewise the only person in the whole world whom our "wronged" prosecutor sincerely loved. On the way here they had managed to come to an

understanding on a few points and to make arrangements about the case before them, and now, at the table, the sharp little mind of Nikolai Parfenovich caught on the fly and understood every hint, every movement in the face of his senior colleague, from half a word, from a glance, from a wink of the eye.

"Gentlemen, just let me tell it myself and don't interrupt me with trifles, and I'll lay it all out for you in a flash," Mitya was boiling over.

"Excellent, sir. Thank you. But before we proceed to hearing your statement, would you allow me only to establish one more little fact, very curious for us, namely about those ten rubles that you took as a loan yesterday, around five o'clock, from your friend Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin, pledging your pistols for them."

"I pawned them, gentlemen, I pawned them, for ten rubles, and what of it? That's all there is to it; as soon as I got back to town from my trip, I pawned them."

"So you got back from a trip? You had gone out of town?"

"I had, gentlemen, I'd gone forty versts, and you didn't know?"

The prosecutor and Nikolai Parfenovich exchanged glances.

"And in general, what if you began your tale with a systematic description of your whole day yesterday, from the very morning? Allow us, for example, to learn: why did you leave town, and when exactly did you go and come back… and all these facts…"

"Then you should have asked like that from the very beginning," Mitya laughed loudly, "and if you like, the matter has to begin not with yesterday but with the day before yesterday, from the very morning; then you'll understand where, how, and why I went and drove off. I went, gentlemen, the day before yesterday in the morning, to the local merchant Samsonov, to borrow three thousand in money from him on the surest security—it was suddenly urgent, gentlemen, suddenly urgent…"

"Allow me to interrupt you," the prosecutor broke in politely. "Why did you need so suddenly precisely such a sum, that is, three thousand rubles?"

"Eh, gentlemen, we don't need petty details: how, when, and why, and why precisely so much money and not so much, and all this rigmarole… why, at this rate you couldn't fit it into three volumes, and you'd need an epilogue besides!"

Mitya said all this in the good-natured yet impatient, familiar way of a man who wishes to tell the whole truth and is filled with the very best intentions.

"Gentlemen," he suddenly seemed to catch himself, "don't grumble at me for my kicking, I ask you again: believe once more that I feel complete respect and understand the real state of affairs. Don't think I'm drunk, either. I've sobered up by now. And being drunk wouldn't be in the way at all. With me it goes like this:

Sobered up and got wise, then I'm stupid;
Got drunk and turned stupid, then I'm wise.

Ha-ha! But then, I see, gentlemen, that it isn't yet proper for me to be making jokes before you, until we've had our explanation, that is. Allow me to observe my own dignity too. Why, I do understand the present difference: after all, here I sit before you a criminal, and so, to the highest degree, not your equal, and you are charged with keeping an eye on me: you're not going to pat me on the head for Grigory, you really can't break old men's heads with impunity, after all, you'll certainly put me away for him by sentence of the court, well, for half a year, well, for a year in the house of correction, I don't know how they sentence people with you, though without deprivation of rights, it's without deprivation of rights, isn't it, prosecutor? Well, so then, gentlemen, I do understand this difference… But you must agree too that you could confuse God himself with such questions: where did you step, how did

you step, when did you step, and what did you step in? Why, I'll get confused, if it's like that, and you'll pounce on every slip at once and write it down, and what will come of it? Nothing will come of it! And finally, since I've started running on now, I'll finish, and you, gentlemen, as men of the highest education and the noblest of men, will forgive me. I'll finish precisely with a request: unlearn, gentlemen, this official routine of interrogation, that is, first, you see, they start, so to speak, with something miserable, something trivial: how did you get up, what did you eat, how did you spit, and "having lulled the criminal's attention," suddenly you catch him with a stunning question: "Whom did you kill, whom did you rob?" Ha-ha! There's your official routine, that's your rule, after all, that's what all your cunning rests on! But, you know, it's peasants you should lull with such tricks, not me. Why, I understand the business, I served myself, ha-ha-ha! Don't be angry, gentlemen, do you forgive my impertinence?" he cried, looking at them with an almost astonishing good nature. "It was Mitka Karamazov who said it, after all, so you can excuse it, because it's inexcusable in a clever man, but in Mitka it's excusable! Ha-ha!"

Nikolai Parfenovich listened and laughed too. The prosecutor, though he did not laugh, was keenly examining Mitya, without taking his eyes off him, as if not wishing to miss the slightest little word, the slightest movement of his, the slightest quiver of the slightest feature of his face.

"And yet that is precisely how we began with you at the outset," Nikolai Parfenovich responded, still laughing. "We did not confuse you with questions about how you got up in the morning and what you ate, but even began with something all too essential."

"I understand, I've understood it and I value it, and I value still more the kindness you are showing me now, unexampled, worthy of the noblest souls. We three have come together here, men of honor, and let everything between us be just so, on the mutual

trust of educated men of society, bound by nobility and honor. In any case, allow me to count you as my best friends in this moment of my life, in this moment when my honor is humiliated! It isn't offensive to you, gentlemen, is it, it isn't offensive?"

"On the contrary, you have expressed all this so beautifully, Dmitri Fyodorovich," Nikolai Parfenovich agreed gravely and approvingly.

"And the petty details, gentlemen, all these pettifogging details, away with them," Mitya exclaimed rapturously, "or else it'll simply turn out the devil knows what, isn't that so?"

"I will follow your sensible advice fully," the prosecutor suddenly put in, addressing Mitya, "but I will not give up my question, however. It is too essentially necessary for us to learn why exactly you needed such a sum, that is, precisely three thousand?"

"Why I needed it? Well, for this and for that... well, to pay back a debt."

"To whom exactly?"

"That I positively refuse to say, gentlemen! You see, not because I couldn't say it, or didn't dare, or was afraid, because all this is a trifling matter and utter nonsense, but I won't say it because there's a principle here: this is my private life, and I will not allow anyone to intrude into my private life. That's my principle. Your question has nothing to do with the case, and everything that has nothing to do with the case is my private life! I wanted to pay back a debt, I wanted to pay back a debt of honor, but to whom—I won't say."

"Allow us to write that down," said the prosecutor.

"Be my guest. Write it down just like that: that I won't say, and I won't say. Write, gentlemen, that I even consider it dishonorable to say it. Ekh, what a lot of time you have for writing!"

"Allow me, my dear sir, to warn you and to remind you once more, if only you did not know it," the prosecutor said with a spe-

cial and very stern admonition, “that you have the full right not to answer the questions now being put to you, and we, conversely, have no right whatever to extort answers from you if you yourself decline to answer for one reason or another. That is a matter of your personal consideration. But our business consists, again, in pointing out to you, in a case like the present one, and making clear to you, the full degree of the harm you are doing yourself by refusing to give this or that testimony. And now I ask you to continue.”

“Gentlemen, I’m not angry, you know… I…” Mitya started to mutter, somewhat abashed by the admonition. “So, sir, you see, gentlemen, this same Samsonov, whom I went to then…”

We will not, of course, reproduce in detail his story of what is already known to the reader. The teller impatiently wanted to tell everything down to the slightest detail and at the same time to have it come out quickly. But as he testified, his statements were being written down, and consequently he had necessarily to be stopped. Dmitri Fyodorovich condemned this but submitted; he got angry, but still good-naturedly for the time being. True, he would sometimes cry out: “Gentlemen, this would infuriate the Lord God himself,” or: “Gentlemen, do you know that you’re only irritating me for nothing?” but even while exclaiming this he did not yet change his friendly, expansive mood. In this way he told how Samsonov had “fooled” him the day before yesterday. (He fully guessed by now that he had been fooled then.) The sale of his watch for six rubles to get money for the journey, quite unknown as yet to the investigator and the prosecutor, at once aroused their extraordinary attention, and, already to Mitya’s boundless indignation, they found it necessary to write this fact down in detail, in view of its being a second confirmation of the circumstance that even the day before he had had hardly a kopeck to his name. Little by little Mitya began to grow sullen. Then, having described the

journey to Lyagavy and the night spent in the fume-filled cottage and so on, he brought his story up to his return to town, and here he began of his own accord, without any special request now, to describe in detail his jealous torments over Grushenka. They listened to him silently and attentively; they went especially into the circumstance that he had long since set up an observation post on Grushenka at Fyodor Pavlovich's, "out back," in Marya Kondratyevna's house, and into the fact that Smerdyakov had been carrying information to him: this they took special note of and wrote down. He spoke of his jealousy hotly and at length, and though inwardly ashamed that he was exposing his most intimate feelings, so to speak, to "universal disgrace," he was evidently overcoming his shame in order to be truthful. The impassive severity of the investigator's and especially the prosecutor's gazes, fixed intently on him during his story, disconcerted him at last rather strongly: "This boy, Nikolai Parfenovich, with whom only a few days ago I was talking nonsense about women, and this sick prosecutor aren't worth my telling them this," flashed sadly through his mind. "What a disgrace! 'Endure, humble yourself, and be silent,'" he concluded his musing with a line of verse, but again pulled himself together so as to go on. Passing on to the story of Khokhlakova, he even cheered up again and even wanted to tell a special recent little anecdote about this little lady, not pertinent to the case, but the investigator stopped him and politely suggested that he pass on "to something more essential." At last, having described his despair and told about the moment when, coming out of Khokhlakova's, he had even thought "to cut somebody's throat, quick, and get three thousand," he was stopped again, and it was written down that he had "wanted to cut someone's throat." Mitya silently let them write it down. At last the matter came to the point in his story when he suddenly learned that Grushenka had deceived him and had left Samsonov's as soon as he had

brought her there, whereas she herself had said that she would sit with the old man till midnight: "If I didn't kill that Fenya then, gentlemen, it was only because I had no time," suddenly burst from him at this point in his story. And this was carefully written down. Mitya waited gloomily and was beginning to narrate how he had run to his father's garden, when suddenly the investigator stopped him and, opening his big briefcase, which lay beside him on the sofa, took out of it the brass pestle.

"Is this object known to you?" he showed it to Mitya.

"Ah, yes!" he grinned gloomily. "How could I not know it! Let me have a look… Ah, the devil, never mind!"

"You forgot to mention it," the investigator remarked.

"Ah, the devil! I wouldn't have hidden it from you; I dare say it couldn't have been done without it, what do you think? It just slipped my memory."

"Be so good, then, as to tell us in detail how you armed yourself with it."

"Certainly, I'll be so good, gentlemen."

And Mitya told how he had taken the pestle and run off.

"But what aim did you have in view, arming yourself with such a weapon?"

"What aim? No aim at all! I grabbed it and ran."

"Why, then, if it was without aim?"

Vexation was boiling up in Mitya. He looked intently at the "boy" and grinned gloomily and spitefully. The fact was that he was growing more and more ashamed of having just told "such people" the story of his jealousy so sincerely and with such outpourings.

"Damn the pestle!" suddenly burst from him.

"Nevertheless, sir."

"Well, I grabbed it against dogs. Well, the dark… Well, just in case."

"And before, when you went out of the house at night, did you also take some weapon, if you were so afraid of the dark?"

"Eh, the devil, pah! Gentlemen, it's literally impossible to talk with you!" Mitya cried out in the last degree of irritation and, turning to the clerk, all red with spite, said quickly to him, with a kind of frenzied note in his voice:

"Write down at once... at once... 'that I grabbed the pestle and took it with me in order to run and kill my father... Fyodor Pavlovich... with a blow on the head!' Well, are you satisfied now, gentlemen? Have you eased your hearts?" he said, staring defiantly at the investigator and the prosecutor.

"We understand all too well that you gave such testimony just now in irritation with us and in vexation at the questions we are putting to you, which you consider petty and which are, in essence, very essential," the prosecutor said drily to him in reply.

"But for pity's sake, gentlemen! Well, I took the pestle... Well, why does anyone take something in his hand in such cases? I don't know why. I grabbed it and ran. That's all. Shame on you, gentlemen, *passons* (let's move on), or else, I swear, I'll stop telling you anything!"

He leaned his elbow on the table and propped his head on his hand. He sat sideways to them and looked at the wall, overcoming a bad feeling in himself. In fact he wanted terribly to get up and announce that he would not say another word, "even if you lead me off to be executed."

"You see, gentlemen," he said suddenly, overcoming himself with difficulty, "you see. I listen to you, and I seem to see... you see, I sometimes have a dream... a certain dream, and I often dream it, it keeps coming back, that someone is chasing me, someone I'm terribly afraid of, he's chasing me in the dark, at night, looking for me, and I hide somewhere from him behind a door or behind a cupboard, I hide humiliatingly, and the main

thing is that he knows perfectly well where I've hidden from him, but he seems to pretend on purpose that he doesn't know where I'm sitting, so as to torment me longer, so as to enjoy my fear... That's what you're doing now too! That's what it's like!"

"Is that the sort of dream you have?" the prosecutor inquired.

"Yes, that's the sort of dream I have... And you wouldn't like to write that down, would you?" Mitya grinned crookedly.

"No, sir, not write it down, but you do have curious dreams, all the same."

"Now it isn't a dream anymore! Realism, gentlemen, the realism of actual life! I'm a wolf, and you are hunters, well, go on and hunt down the wolf."

"You are wrong to choose such a comparison..." Nikolai Parfenovich was about to begin, extraordinarily gently.

"Not wrong, gentlemen, not wrong!" Mitya boiled up again, although, having evidently relieved his soul with the outburst of sudden anger, he was already beginning to grow kinder again with every word. "You may not believe a criminal or a defendant tortured by your questions, but a most noble man, gentlemen, the noblest impulses of the soul (I shout it boldly!)—no! that you cannot help believing... you haven't even the right... but—

Be silent, heart,

Endure, humble yourself, and be silent!

Well, then, shall I go on?" he broke off gloomily.

"By all means, please do," answered Nikolai Parfenovich.

V. The Third Ordeal

Though Mitya had begun to speak sternly, he was evidently trying all the harder not to forget or leave out a single detail of what he was relating. He told how he had leaped the fence into his father's garden, how he had made his way to the window, and, at last, about everything that had happened under the window. Clearly, precisely, as if minting each word, he related the feelings that had agitated him in those moments in the garden, when he had wanted so terribly to know whether Grushenka was at his father's or not. But strange to say: both the prosecutor and the investigator listened this time somehow terribly reservedly, looked drily, asked far fewer questions. Mitya could conclude nothing from their faces. "They're angry and offended," he thought. "Well, the devil with them!" When he told how he had at last decided to give his father the *signal* that Grushenka had come, so that he would open the window, the prosecutor and the investigator paid no attention at all to the word "signal," as if they had not understood at all what significance the word had here, so that Mitya even took note of it. When at last he reached the moment when, at the sight of his father leaning out of the window, he had boiled up with hatred and snatched the pestle out of his pocket, he suddenly stopped, as if on purpose. He sat looking at the wall, and he knew that they had simply fastened their eyes on him.

"Well, sir," said the investigator, "you snatched out the weapon and… and what happened next?"

"Next? Next I killed him… hit him on the crown and split his skull open… That's how it was, according to you, isn't it?" His eyes

suddenly flashed. All his anger, which had nearly died down, suddenly rose up in his soul with extraordinary force.

"According to us," Nikolai Parfenovich repeated. "Well, and according to you?"

Mitya lowered his eyes and was silent for a long time.

"According to me, gentlemen, according to me, here is how it was," he began quietly. "Whether it was someone's tears, or my mother prayed God for me, or a bright spirit kissed me at that moment—I don't know, but the devil was overcome. I rushed away from the window and ran to the fence... My father took fright, and here for the first time he made me out, gave a cry, and jumped back from the window—I remember that very clearly. And I went through the garden to the fence... and right there Grigory caught up with me, when I was already sitting on the fence..."

Here at last he raised his eyes to his listeners. They seemed to be looking at him with perfectly serene attention. A kind of spasm of indignation passed through Mitya's soul.

"Why, you're laughing at me this minute, gentlemen!" he suddenly broke off.

"Why do you conclude that?" Nikolai Parfenovich remarked.

"You don't believe a single word, that's why! I do understand that I've come to the main point: the old man is lying there now with his head broken in, and I—having described tragically how I wanted to kill him and how I'd already snatched out the pestle, I suddenly run away from the window... A poem! In verse! A fine fellow, you can take him at his word! Ha-ha! You're scoffers, gentlemen!"

And he turned on his chair with his whole body, so that the chair creaked.

"And did you not notice," the prosecutor began suddenly, as if paying no attention to Mitya's agitation, "did you not notice, as you

were running from the window, whether the door to the garden, which is at the other end of the house, was open or not?"

"No, it wasn't open."

"It was not?"

"It was shut, on the contrary, and who could have opened it? Bah, the door, wait!" he suddenly seemed to come to himself and almost shuddered. "Why, did you find the door open?"

"Open."

"Then who could have opened it, if you didn't open it yourselves?" Mitya was suddenly terribly surprised.

"The door stood open, and the murderer of your parent undoubtedly went in through this door and, having committed the murder, went out by this same door," the prosecutor pronounced slowly and distinctly, as if minting each word. "That is perfectly clear to us. The murder took place, evidently, in the room *and not through the window*, which is positively clear from the report of the examination made, from the position of the body, and from everything. There can be no doubts whatever about this circumstance."

Mitya was terribly struck.

"But that's impossible, gentlemen!" he cried, utterly at a loss. "I... I didn't go in... I positively, I'm telling you exactly, the door stayed shut all the while I was in the garden, and when I ran out of the garden. I only stood under the window and saw him through the window, and that's all, that's all... I remember it up to the last minute. And even if I didn't remember it, I know it all the same, because the *signals* were known only to me and to Smerdyakov, and to him, the dead man, and without the signals he wouldn't have opened to anyone in the world!"

"Signals? What signals are these?" the prosecutor said with greedy, almost hysterical curiosity, and in an instant lost all his reserved bearing. He asked as if timidly creeping up. He had

scented an important fact, not yet known to him, and at once felt the greatest fear that Mitya might not want to disclose it in full.

"So you didn't know!" Mitya winked at him, smiling mockingly and spitefully. "And what if I don't tell? Who will you find out from then? The ones who knew about the signals were the dead man, I, and Smerdyakov, that's all, and heaven knew too, but heaven isn't going to tell you, you know. And it's a curious little fact, the devil knows what can be built on it, ha-ha! Take comfort, gentlemen, I'll reveal it; you've got foolishness on your minds. You don't know whom you're dealing with! You're dealing with a defendant who testifies against himself, testifies to his own harm! Yes, sir, for I am a knight of honor, and you—are not!"

The prosecutor swallowed all these pills; he was only trembling with impatience to learn about the new fact. Mitya set out for them precisely and at length everything concerning the signals that Fyodor Pavlovich had invented for Smerdyakov; he told what exactly each knock on the window meant, even tapped out these signals on the table, and to Nikolai Parfenovich's question whether, then, he, Mitya, when he knocked on the old man's window, had tapped out precisely the signal that meant "Grushenka has come," he answered precisely that he had tapped it out precisely so, that is, "Grushenka has come."

"There you are, now go build your tower!" Mitya broke off and with contempt turned away from them again.

"And only your late parent, you, and the servant Smerdyakov knew about these signals? And no one else?" Nikolai Parfenovich inquired once more.

"Yes, the servant Smerdyakov, and heaven too. Write down heaven as well; it won't be amiss to write that down. And you yourselves will have need of God."

And of course they began writing it down, but while they were writing, the prosecutor, as if stumbling quite suddenly on a new

idea, said:

"And yet if Smerdyakov too knew about these signals, and you radically reject any accusation against yourself in the death of your parent, then could it not have been he who, tapping out the agreed signals, made your father open to him, and then… committed the crime?"

Mitya looked at him with a deeply mocking but at the same time terribly hateful gaze. He looked for a long time and in silence, so that the prosecutor's eyes began to blink.

"You've caught the fox again!" Mitya said at last. "You've pinched the vile thing by the tail, heh-heh! I see right through you, prosecutor! You thought, didn't you, that I would jump up at once, seize on what you're prompting me with, and shout at the top of my lungs: 'Ai, it's Smerdyakov, there's the murderer!' Admit you thought that, admit it, then I'll go on."

But the prosecutor did not admit it. He was silent and waited.

"You're mistaken, I won't shout about Smerdyakov!" said Mitya.

"And you don't even suspect him at all?"

"And do you suspect him?"

"We have suspected him too."

Mitya fixed his eyes on the floor.

"Joking aside," he said gloomily, "listen: right from the start, almost from the moment I came running out to you from behind that curtain earlier, this thought had already flashed through my mind: 'Smerdyakov!' Here I sat at the table and shouted that I was not guilty of the blood, and all the while I kept thinking: 'Smerdyakov!' And Smerdyakov wouldn't leave my soul. And just now I suddenly thought the same thing: 'Smerdyakov,' but only for a second: at once, right alongside, I thought: 'No, not Smerdyakov!' This isn't his doing, gentlemen!"

"In that case, do you not suspect some other person as well?" Nikolai Parfenovich began to ask cautiously.

"I don't know who or what person, the hand of heaven or Satan, but... not Smerdyakov!" Mitya snapped decisively.

"But why do you assert so firmly and with such insistence that it was not he?"

"From conviction. From my impression. Because Smerdyakov is a man of the lowest nature and a coward. He isn't a coward, he's the sum of all the cowardice in the world put together, walking on two legs. He was born of a hen. Talking with me, he trembled every time lest I kill him, while I never even raised a hand. He fell at my feet and cried, he kissed these very boots of mine, literally, begging me not to 'frighten' him. Do you hear: 'not frighten him'—what sort of word is that? And I even gave him presents. He's a sickly hen with the falling sickness, with a weak mind, whom an eight-year-old boy could thrash. Is that a nature? It isn't Smerdyakov, gentlemen, and besides, he doesn't love money, he wouldn't take presents from me at all... And besides, why should he kill the old man? Why, he may be his son, his illegitimate son, do you know that?"

"We have heard that legend. But then you too are your father's son, and yet you yourself told everyone that you wanted to kill him."

"A stone thrown into my garden! And a low, nasty stone! I'm not afraid! Oh, gentlemen, perhaps it's too base of you to say that to my face! Base, because I told it to you myself. I not only wanted to kill him, I could have killed him, and I even volunteered it against myself that I nearly killed him! But I didn't kill him, you know, my guardian angel saved me—that is what you haven't taken into consideration... And that's why it's base of you, base! Because I did not kill him, did not kill him, did not kill him! Hear that, prosecutor: I did not kill him!"

He was almost choking. In the whole course of the interrogation he had not once been in such agitation.

“And what did he tell you, gentlemen, Smerdyakov, I mean?” he concluded suddenly, after a silence. “May I ask you that?”

“You may ask us about anything,” the prosecutor answered with a cold and stern look, “about anything that concerns the factual side of the case, and we, I repeat it, are even obliged to satisfy you on every question. We found the servant Smerdyakov, about whom you ask, lying unconscious in his bed in an extraordinarily severe fit of the falling sickness, recurring perhaps for the tenth time in a row. The physician who was with us, having examined the sick man, even told us that he might not live till morning.”

“Well, in that case the devil killed my father!” suddenly broke from Mitya, as if he had been asking himself all along, until this very minute: “Smerdyakov or not Smerdyakov?”

“We will come back to this fact,” Nikolai Parfenovich decided. “Now, though, would you not wish to continue your testimony further?”

Mitya asked for a rest. He was politely allowed one. After resting, he took up his story again. But it was evidently hard for him. He was worn out, insulted, and morally shaken. Besides, the prosecutor, now as if on purpose, began irritating him every minute by fastening on “petty details.” No sooner had Mitya described how, sitting astride the fence, he had struck Grigory on the head with the pestle as he clung to his left leg, and had then at once jumped down to the fallen man, than the prosecutor stopped him and asked him to describe in more detail how he had been sitting on the fence. Mitya was surprised.

“Well, I was sitting like this, sitting astride, one leg there, the other here…”

“And the pestle?”

“The pestle in my hand.”

“Not in your pocket? You remember that in such detail? Well, did you swing your arm hard?”

“Must have been hard; what do you want that for?”

“If you would sit on a chair exactly as you sat on the fence then, and show us visibly, for clarity, how and where you swung, in which direction?”

“Why, you aren’t laughing at me, are you?” asked Mitya, glancing haughtily at his interrogator, but the man did not even blink. Mitya turned convulsively, sat astride the chair, and swung his arm:

“That’s how I struck him! That’s how I killed him! What more do you want?”

“Thank you. Would you not take the trouble now to explain why, properly speaking, you jumped down, with what aim, and what, properly speaking, you had in view?”

“Well, the devil… I jumped down to the fallen man… I don’t know what for!”

“Being in such agitation? And while running away?”

“Yes, in agitation and while running away.”

“You wanted to help him?”

“Help him, what an idea… Yes, maybe to help him, I don’t remember.”

“You were not yourself? That is, you were even in a certain state of oblivion?”

“Oh no, not in oblivion at all, I remember everything. Every last thread. I jumped down to have a look and wiped the blood off him with my handkerchief.”

“We have seen your handkerchief. Did you hope to bring the man you had struck down back to life?”

“I don’t know whether I hoped to. I just wanted to make certain whether he was alive or not.”

“Ah, so you wanted to make certain? Well, and what then?”

“I’m not a physician, I couldn’t decide. I ran away thinking I’d killed him, and look, he’s come to.”

"Excellent, sir," the prosecutor concluded. "Thank you. That was all I needed. Kindly go on further."

Alas, it never even entered Mitya's head to tell, though he remembered it, that he had jumped down out of pity, and that, standing over the man he had killed, he had even uttered a few pitying words: "The old man's caught it, nothing to be done, well, lie there, then." The prosecutor, though, drew only one conclusion: that a man had jumped down, "at such a moment and in such agitation," only in order to make certain whether the *only* witness of his crime was alive or not. And that, consequently, what must the strength, the resolve, the coolness, and the calculation of the man have been, even at such a moment… and so on, and so on. The prosecutor was pleased: "I irritated the sickly man with 'petty details,' so he gave himself away."

With torment Mitya went on further. But at once he was stopped again, this time by Nikolai Parfenovich:

"How could you have run in to the servant Fedosya Markova with your hands so covered in blood, and, as it turned out afterward, your face?"

"Why, I didn't even notice then that I was covered in blood!" answered Mitya.

"That is plausible, that is just how it happens," the prosecutor exchanged glances with Nikolai Parfenovich.

"Precisely, I didn't notice; you put that excellently, prosecutor," Mitya too suddenly approved. But next came the story of Mitya's sudden decision to "step aside" and "let the happy ones pass by." And now he could in no way bring himself, as he had earlier, to lay his heart bare again and tell about "the queen of his soul." It sickened him to do it before these cold people, "fastening into him like bedbugs." And so to their repeated questions he declared briefly and sharply:

"Well, and I decided to kill myself. Why go on living? That question jumped up of itself. Her first one had appeared, her indisputable one, her offender, but come galloping with love after five years to round off the offense with lawful marriage. Well, and I understood that everything was lost for me… And behind me disgrace, and that blood, Grigory's blood… Why live? So I went to redeem the pistols I'd pawned, to load one and put a bullet into my noggin by dawn…"

"And at night a grand feast?"

"At night a grand feast. Eh, the devil, gentlemen, finish quickly. I certainly meant to shoot myself, right near here, past the edge of the village, and I'd have dealt with myself around five o'clock in the morning, and I had a slip of paper ready in my pocket; I wrote it at Perkhotin's when I loaded the pistol. Here it is, the slip of paper, read it. It isn't for your sake I'm telling it!" he added suddenly with contempt. He tossed the slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket onto the table in front of them; the investigators read it with curiosity and, as is the custom, attached it to the file.

"And you still did not think of washing your hands, even when going in to Mr. Perkhotin's? You were not afraid of suspicion, then?"

"What suspicion? Suspicion or none, it's all the same, I'd have galloped off here and shot myself at five o'clock, and nobody would have had time to do anything. Why, if it hadn't been for what happened to my father, you wouldn't have found out anything and wouldn't have come here. Oh, it's the devil who did it, the devil killed my father, it's through the devil that you found out so soon too! How did you manage to get here so soon? A marvel, a fantasy!"

"Mr. Perkhotin told us that when you came in to his place you were holding in your hands… in your bloodstained hands… your money… a large amount of money… a wad of hundred-ruble notes, and that the boy who serves him saw it too!"

"So it was, gentlemen, I seem to remember that it was."

"Now one little question comes up. Could you not tell us," Nikolai Parfenovich began extraordinarily gently, "where you suddenly got so much money, when it appears from the case, even by reckoning the time, that you did not stop at home?"

The prosecutor winced a little at the question, put so point-blank, but did not interrupt Nikolai Parfenovich.

"No, I didn't stop at home," answered Mitya, apparently very calmly, but looking at the ground.

"Allow me to repeat the question, in that case," Nikolai Parfenovich continued, somehow creeping up. "Where could you have obtained such a sum all at once, when, by your own admission, at five o'clock that same day…"

"I needed ten rubles and pawned my pistols at Perkhotin's, then went to Khokhlakova for three thousand, and she didn't give it, and so on, and all that sort of thing," Mitya interrupted sharply. "Yes, there you are, gentlemen, I was in need, and then suddenly thousands appeared, eh? You know, gentlemen, you're both afraid now: what if he won't say where he got it? Just so: I won't say, gentlemen, you've guessed it, you won't find out," Mitya suddenly rapped out with extraordinary resolve. The investigators were silent for a tiny moment.

"Understand, Mr. Karamazov, that it is essentially necessary for us to know this," Nikolai Parfenovich said quietly and meekly.

"I understand, and still I won't say."

The prosecutor too put in and again reminded him that the person under interrogation might of course decline to answer questions if he considered it most advantageous for himself, and so on, but in view of the harm the suspect might do himself by his silence, and especially in view of questions of such importance, which…

"And so on, gentlemen, and so on! Enough, I've heard that sermon before!" Mitya cut him off again. "I understand myself how important the matter is and that this is the most essential point, and still I won't say."

"What is it to us, sir? It isn't our affair, after all, but yours; you will harm yourself," Nikolai Parfenovich remarked nervously.

"You see, gentlemen, joking aside," Mitya raised his eyes and looked firmly at them both. "From the very beginning I had a presentiment that we would butt heads on this point. But at first, when I began testifying earlier, it was all in a distant fog, everything was floating, and I was even so simple as to begin by proposing 'mutual trust between us.' Now I see myself that there could be no such trust, because all the same we would have come to this cursed fence! Well, and here we are! It can't be, and that's that! However, I don't blame you, you can't take me at my word either, I understand that!"

He fell gloomily silent.

"And could you not, without in the least breaking your resolve to keep silent about the chief point, could you not at the same time give us at least the slightest hint as to what precisely such strong motives could lead you to silence at a moment of the present testimony so dangerous for you?"

Mitya smiled sadly and somehow thoughtfully.

"I'm much kinder than you think, gentlemen; I'll let you know the reason and drop you that hint, though you haven't earned it. I keep silent, gentlemen, because there is disgrace in it for me. In the answer to the question where I got this money there lies for me such disgrace as could not be equaled even by the murder and robbery of my father, if I had murdered and robbed him. That is why I cannot speak. Because of the disgrace I cannot. What's this, gentlemen, you want to write that down?"

"Yes, we will write it down," Nikolai Parfenovich babbled.

"You oughtn't to write that down, that about 'disgrace.' I showed it to you only out of the goodness of my heart, and I didn't have to show it, I made you a present of it, so to speak, and you count it against me at once. Well, write, write whatever you like," he concluded contemptuously and squeamishly. "I'm not afraid of you, and… I'm proud before you."

"And will you not tell us what sort of disgrace this might be?" Nikolai Parfenovich began to babble.

The prosecutor frowned terribly.

"No, no, *c'est fini*, don't trouble yourselves. And it isn't worth soiling myself. I've soiled myself on you enough as it is. You aren't worth it, neither you nor anyone… Enough, gentlemen, I break it off."

This was said too decisively. Nikolai Parfenovich stopped insisting, but from Ippolit Kirillovich's looks he managed in a flash to see that the man had not yet lost hope.

"Can you not at least state what was the size of the sum in your hands when you came in with it to Mr. Perkhotin, that is, how many rubles exactly?"

"I can't state that either."

"To Mr. Perkhotin, it seems, you declared it was three thousand, supposedly received by you from Mrs. Khokhlakova?"

"Maybe I did declare it. Enough, gentlemen, I won't say how much."

"Kindly describe, in that case, how you drove here and everything you did after arriving here."

"Oh, ask everyone here about that. But then, I dare say I'll tell it myself."

He told it, but we will not reproduce the story. He told it drily, cursorily. Of the raptures of his love he did not speak at all. He did tell, however, how his resolve to shoot himself had passed, "in view of new facts." He told it without giving reasons, without going into

details. And the investigators did not trouble him much this time either: it was clear that for them too the main point did not lie there now.

"We will verify all this; we will come back to everything during the questioning of the witnesses, which will of course be conducted in your presence," Nikolai Parfenovich concluded the interrogation. "Now, though, allow me to turn to you with the request that you lay out here on the table all your things that you have on you, and above all, all the money you now have."

"Money, gentlemen? Certainly, I understand it's necessary. I'm even surprised you weren't curious earlier. True, I couldn't go anywhere, I'm sitting in plain view. Well, here it is, my money, here, count it, take it, that's all of it, I think."

He took everything out of his pockets, even the small change; he pulled out two twenty-kopeck pieces from the side pocket of his waistcoat. They counted the money; it turned out to be eight hundred and thirty-six rubles and forty kopecks.

"And is that all?" asked the investigator.

"That's all."

"You were pleased to say just now, while giving your testimony, that you left three hundred rubles at the Plotnikovs' shop, gave Perkhotin ten, the coachman twenty, lost two hundred here, then..."

Nikolai Parfenovich counted it all up. Mitya readily helped. They recalled every kopeck and included it in the reckoning. Nikolai Parfenovich quickly totted up the sum.

"With these eight hundred, then, you had at first altogether about fifteen hundred?"

"So it seems," Mitya snapped.

"How is it, then, that everyone asserts there was much more?"

"Let them assert it."

"And you yourself asserted it."

"And I myself asserted it."

"We will verify all this further by the evidence of other persons not yet questioned; do not be uneasy about your money, it will be kept where it should be and will be at your service at the end of all… that has begun… if it turns out, or, so to speak, is proved, that you have an indisputable right to it. Well, sir, and now…"

Nikolai Parfenovich suddenly stood up and firmly announced to Mitya that he was "compelled and obliged" to carry out a most detailed and most exact examination "both of your clothing and of everything…"

"Certainly, gentlemen, I'll turn out all my pockets, if you like."

And he really did start turning out his pockets.

"It will even be necessary to take off your clothes."

"What? Undress? Pfoo, the devil! Search me as I am! Can't you do it like this?"

"By no means, Dmitri Fyodorovich. You must take off your clothes."

"As you wish," Mitya submitted gloomily, "only please, not here; behind the curtains. Who is going to do the examining?"

"Behind the curtains, of course," Nikolai Parfenovich bowed his head in sign of agreement. His little face expressed even a special gravity.

VI. The Prosecutor Catches Mitya

Something began that was quite unexpected and astonishing for Mitya. Never before, not even a minute earlier, could he have imagined that anyone could treat him, Mitya Karamazov, like this! The main thing was that something humiliating had appeared, and on their part something "arrogant and contemptuous toward him." Taking off his frock coat would have been nothing, but he was asked to undress further. And not so much asked as, in fact, ordered; he understood that perfectly well. Out of pride and contempt he submitted completely, without a word. Besides Nikolai Parfenovich, the prosecutor came in behind the curtain too, and several peasants were present, "for force, of course," thought Mitya, "and maybe for something else as well."

"What, do I have to take off my shirt too?" he started to ask sharply, but Nikolai Parfenovich did not answer him: together with the prosecutor he was absorbed in examining the frock coat, trousers, waistcoat, and cap, and it was plain that both of them were very much interested in the examination. "They don't stand on ceremony at all," flashed through Mitya's mind. "They don't even observe the most necessary politeness."

"For the second time I am asking you: do I have to take off my shirt or not?" he said, even more sharply and irritably.

"Don't trouble yourself, we will inform you," Nikolai Parfenovich answered, even in a somehow commanding tone. At least so it seemed to Mitya.

Meanwhile a careful consultation in undertones was going on between the investigator and the prosecutor. On the frock coat,

especially on the left skirt, at the back, there turned out to be huge bloodstains, dried, stiffened, and not much rubbed off yet. On the trousers as well. Nikolai Parfenovich, besides that, with his own hands, in the presence of the attesting witnesses, felt with his fingers over the collar, over the cuffs, and over every seam of the frock coat and trousers, evidently looking for something—money, of course. The main thing was that they did not hide from Mitya their suspicion that he might have sewn the money into his clothes and was capable of it. "That's treating me straight out like a thief, not like an officer," he grumbled to himself. And they shared their thoughts with each other in front of him with a strange frankness. For instance, the clerk, who had also turned up behind the curtain and was bustling about and helping, drew Nikolai Parfenovich's attention to the cap, which they felt over too. "You remember Gridenka the copying clerk, sir," the clerk remarked. "In the summer he went to collect the salaries for the whole office, and when he came back he declared he had lost the money while drunk—and where was it found? Right in these very pipings, in his cap, sir, the hundred-ruble notes rolled up into little tubes, sir, and sewn into the pipings." Both the investigator and the prosecutor remembered the Gridenka affair very well, and so they set Mitya's cap aside too and decided that all this would have to be gone over seriously later, and all the clothes as well.

"Excuse me," Nikolai Parfenovich suddenly cried out, noticing that the right cuff of the right sleeve of Mitya's shirt was turned inward and was all soaked with blood, "excuse me, sir, what is this, blood?"

"Blood," Mitya snapped.

"That is, what sort of blood, sir... and why is it turned in inside the sleeve?"

Mitya told how he had soiled the cuff while fussing over Grigory and had turned it in back at Perkhotin's, when he was

washing his hands there.

"We shall have to take your shirt as well, this is very important… for material evidence." Mitya flushed and flew into a rage.

"What, am I supposed to stay naked?" he shouted.

"Don't trouble yourself… We will set that right somehow, and meanwhile kindly take off your socks as well."

"You're not joking? Is that really so necessary?" Mitya's eyes flashed.

"We are in no mood for jokes," Nikolai Parfenovich parried sternly.

"Well, if I must… I…" Mitya began to mutter, and, sitting down on the bed, began taking off his socks. He felt unbearably abashed: everyone was dressed, and he was undressed, and, strange to say—undressed, he seemed to feel himself guilty before them, and, above all, he himself almost agreed that he really had suddenly become lower than all of them and that now they had every right to despise him. "If everyone's undressed, there's no shame, but when one is undressed and everyone is looking—it's a disgrace!" flashed through his mind again and again. "Just like a dream; in dreams I've sometimes seen such disgraces come upon me." But taking off his socks was even agonizing for him: they were very dirty, and so was his underclothing, and now everyone had seen it. And the main thing was that he did not like his own feet; for some reason he had found the big toes on both his feet ugly all his life, especially one coarse, flat nail on the right foot that somehow curled downward, and now they would all see. Out of unbearable shame he suddenly became still ruder, and now deliberately so. He tore off his shirt himself.

"Wouldn't you like to search somewhere else too, if you're not ashamed?"

"No, sir, that's not necessary for now."

"What, so I'm to stay naked like this?" he added fiercely.

“Yes, for the moment that is necessary… Kindly sit down here for now; you may take the blanket from the bed and wrap yourself up, and I… I will settle all this.”

All the things were shown to the attesting witnesses, a report of the examination was drawn up, and at last Nikolai Parfenovich went out, and the clothes were carried out after him. Ippolit Kirillovich went out too. Only the peasants remained with Mitya, and they stood silently, not taking their eyes off him. Mitya wrapped himself in the blanket; he had grown cold. His bare feet stuck out, and he could not manage to pull the blanket over them so as to cover them. Nikolai Parfenovich for some reason did not come back for a long time, “torturingly long.” “He takes me for a puppy,” Mitya ground his teeth. “That trash of a prosecutor has gone out too, out of contempt, no doubt; it got disgusting for him to look at a naked man.” All the same, Mitya supposed that his clothes would be examined somewhere out there and brought back. But what was his indignation when Nikolai Parfenovich suddenly returned with quite different clothes, which a peasant carried behind him.

“Well, here are some clothes for you,” he said in a free and easy way, apparently very pleased with the success of his errand. “Mr. Kalganov donates these for this curious occasion, as well as a clean shirt for you. He happened, fortunately, to have all this in his trunk. You may keep your own underclothes and socks.”

Mitya boiled up terribly.

“I don’t want anybody else’s clothes!” he shouted menacingly. “Give me mine!”

“Impossible.”

“Give me mine, to the devil with Kalganov, and his clothes, and himself!”

They spent a long time persuading him. Somehow, however, they calmed him down. It was impressed upon him that his

clothes, being stained with blood, must "join the collection of material evidence," and that to leave them on him they now "had not even the right… in view of how the case may end." Somehow Mitya understood this at last. He fell gloomily silent and began to dress in a hurry. He only remarked, as he put the clothes on, that they were richer than his old clothes and that he would not want to "take advantage." Besides that, "they're humiliatingly tight. Am I supposed to play the motley clown in them… for your delectation?"

Again it was impressed upon him that here too he was exaggerating, that Mr. Kalganov, though taller than he, was only a little taller, and that perhaps only the trousers would come out a bit long. But the frock coat did in fact turn out to be tight in the shoulders.

"Devil take it, I can hardly button it," Mitya started grumbling again. "Be so kind as to convey from me to Mr. Kalganov, this very moment, that I did not ask him for his clothes and that I have been rigged out as a buffoon myself."

"He understands that very well and regrets… that is, he does not regret his clothes, but, properly speaking, this whole occurrence…" Nikolai Parfenovich began to mumble.

"I spit on his regret! Well, where now? Or do I just keep sitting here?"

He was asked to go out again into "that room." Mitya came out scowling with spite and trying not to look at anyone. In another man's clothes he felt utterly disgraced, even before those peasants and Trifon Borisovich, whose face for some reason suddenly flashed in the doorway and disappeared. "He came to take a peek at the mummer," thought Mitya. He sat down on his former chair. Something nightmarish and absurd haunted him; it seemed to him that he was not in his right mind.

“Well, what now, are you going to start flogging me with birch rods, or what? There’s nothing else left, after all,” he ground out, addressing the prosecutor. He no longer even wanted to turn toward Nikolai Parfenovich, as if not deigning even to speak with him. “He examined my socks much too closely, and he even had them turned inside out, the scoundrel; he did that on purpose, to show everybody what dirty underclothes I have!”

“Well, now we shall have to proceed to the questioning of the witnesses,” Nikolai Parfenovich pronounced, as if in answer to Dmitri Fyodorovich’s question.

“Yes, sir,” the prosecutor said thoughtfully, also as if he were working something out.

“We have done what we could, Dmitri Fyodorovich, in your own interests,” Nikolai Parfenovich went on, “but having received from you so radical a refusal to explain to us the origin of the sum found on you, we, at the present moment…”

“What is that ring of yours made of?” Mitya suddenly interrupted, as though coming out of some reverie, and pointing his finger at one of the three large rings that adorned Nikolai Parfenovich’s right hand.

“The ring?” Nikolai Parfenovich asked again in surprise.

“Yes, this one… here, on the middle finger, with the little veins, what stone is it?” Mitya insisted, somehow irritably, like a stubborn child.

“It is a smoky topaz,” Nikolai Parfenovich smiled. “Would you like to look at it? I’ll take it off…”

“No, no, don’t take it off!” Mitya cried fiercely, suddenly coming to his senses and growing furious with himself. “Don’t take it off, there’s no need… Devil… Gentlemen, you have befouled my soul! Do you really think I would hide it from you, if I really had killed my father, that I would dodge, lie, and hide? No, Dmitri Karamazov is not that kind, he couldn’t bear it, and if I were guilty, I swear, I

would not have waited for your arrival here and for the sunrise, as I first intended, but would have destroyed myself still earlier, without even waiting for dawn! I feel that now in myself. In twenty years of living I wouldn't have learned as much as I have found out in this accursed night!... And would I be like this, would I be like this tonight and at this minute now, sitting with you—would I talk like this, move like this, look like this at you and at the world, if I really were a parricide, when even this accidental killing of Grigory would not let me rest the whole night—not out of fear, oh! not only out of fear of your punishment! The disgrace of it! And you want me to start revealing and telling to scoffers like you, who see nothing and believe nothing, blind moles and scoffers, yet another vileness of mine, yet another disgrace, even if it saved me from your accusation? Why, I'd sooner go to penal servitude! The one who opened the door to my father and went in by that door, he killed him, he robbed him. Who he is—I am at a loss and in torment, but it is not Dmitri Karamazov, know that—and that is all I can tell you, and enough, don't pester me... Exile me, execute me, but don't provoke me any more. I have fallen silent. Call your witnesses!"

Mitya delivered his sudden monologue as though he had made up his mind once and for all to be silent from now on. The prosecutor had been watching him all the while, and the instant he fell silent, with the coldest and calmest air, he suddenly said, exactly as if it were the most ordinary thing:

"Precisely in connection with this open door, which you have just mentioned, we can communicate to you, and most opportunely, precisely now, a certain extraordinarily curious and in the highest degree important piece of testimony, for you and for us, from the old man Grigory Vasilyev, whom you wounded. When he came to, in reply to our questions, he told us clearly and insistently that at the very time when, having gone out onto the porch and heard a certain noise in the garden, he decided to go into the

garden through the little gate, which stood unlocked, then, having gone into the garden, even before he noticed you in the darkness running away, as you have already told us, from the open window at which you had seen your parent, he, Grigory, casting a glance to the left and indeed noticing this open window, noticed at the same time, much nearer to himself, the door as well, standing wide open, the very door about which you have stated that it remained locked the whole time you were in the garden. I will not hide from you that Vasilyev himself firmly concludes and testifies that you must have run out of that door, although, of course, he did not see with his own eyes how you ran out, having first caught sight of you already at some distance from himself, in the middle of the garden, running away toward the fence…"

Mitya had jumped up from his chair halfway through the speech.

"Nonsense!" he suddenly yelled in a frenzy. "A brazen fraud! He couldn't have seen the door open, because it was locked then… He's lying!…"

"I consider it my duty to repeat to you that his testimony is firm. He does not waver. He stands by it. We asked him again several times."

"Precisely, I asked him again several times!" Nikolai Parfenovich warmly confirmed.

"It's not true, it's not true! Either it's a slander against me, or a madman's hallucination," Mitya went on shouting. "Simply, plainly, in delirium, in his blood, from the wound, he imagined it when he came to… So now he's raving."

"Yes, sir, but he noticed the open door not when he came to from his wound, but before that, when he was just going into the garden from the cottage."

"But it's not true, it's not true, it can't be! He's slandering me out of spite… He couldn't have seen… I didn't run out of the door,"

Mitya was gasping.

The prosecutor turned to Nikolai Parfenovich and said to him impressively:

"Show it to him."

"Do you know this object?" Nikolai Parfenovich suddenly laid on the table a large envelope of thick paper, of office size, on which three seals could still be seen intact. The envelope itself was empty and torn open along one side. Mitya goggled at it.

"That... that must be my father's envelope," he muttered, "the very one that had those three thousand in it... and if the inscription is there, let me see: 'to my little chick'... here: three thousand," he cried, "three thousand, you see?"

"Of course, sir, we see, but we did not find the money in it any longer; it was empty and had been tossed on the floor next to the bed, behind the screen."

For several seconds Mitya stood as if stunned.

"Gentlemen, it's Smerdyakov!" he suddenly shouted with all his might. "It was he who killed him, he who robbed him! He was the only one who knew where the old man had hidden the envelope... It's him, now it's clear!"

"But you, too, knew about the envelope, and that it was lying under the pillow."

"I never knew: I never even saw it at all, this is the first time I've seen it, before I only heard about it from Smerdyakov... He was the only one who knew where the old man kept it hidden, but I didn't know..." Mitya was completely gasping now.

"And yet you yourself testified to us a while ago that the envelope lay under your late parent's pillow. You said precisely 'under the pillow,' so you did know where it lay."

"That is just how we wrote it down!" Nikolai Parfenovich confirmed.

"Nonsense, absurdity! I didn't know at all that it was under the pillow. And maybe it wasn't under the pillow at all... I said 'under the pillow' at random... What does Smerdyakov say? Did you ask him where it lay? What does Smerdyakov say? That's the main thing... And I lied against myself on purpose... I lied to you without thinking that it lay under the pillow, and now you... Well, you know how it is, it slips off your tongue and you tell a lie. But only Smerdyakov knew, only Smerdyakov alone, and nobody else!... He didn't even tell me where it lay! But it's him, it's him; it's undoubtedly he who killed him, that's clear as daylight to me now," Mitya exclaimed in more and more of a frenzy, repeating himself incoherently, growing heated and embittered. "Understand that, and arrest him quickly, quickly... It was precisely he who killed him, when I ran away and when Grigory was lying unconscious, that's clear now... He gave the signals, and my father opened to him... Because he was the only one who knew the signals, and without the signals my father wouldn't have opened to anyone..."

"But again you forget the circumstance," the prosecutor remarked, still with the same restraint, but already as if triumphant, "that there was no need even to give the signals if the door was already standing open, while you were still there, while you were still in the garden..."

"The door, the door," Mitya muttered, and he stared wordlessly at the prosecutor; he sank helplessly down onto the chair again. Everyone fell silent.

"Yes, the door!... It's a phantom! God is against me!" he exclaimed, staring before him now quite without thought.

"There, you see," the prosecutor said gravely, "and judge for yourself now, Dmitri Fyodorovich: on the one hand, this testimony about the open door, out of which you ran, crushing for you and for us. On the other hand, your incomprehensible, stubborn, and almost embittered silence about the origin of the money that sud-

denly appeared in your hands, when only three hours before you came by this sum you had, by your own testimony, pawned your pistols just to get ten rubles! In view of all this, decide for yourself: what are we to believe and where are we to stop? And do not hold it against us that we are 'cold cynics and mocking people' who are incapable of believing in the noble impulses of your soul... Enter, on the contrary, into our position too..."

Mitya was in an inconceivable agitation; he had turned pale.

"Very well!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I will reveal my secret to you, I will reveal where I got the money!... I will reveal my disgrace, so as not to blame either you or myself afterward..."

"And believe me, Dmitri Fyodorovich," Nikolai Parfenovich chimed in, in a sort of tenderly joyful little voice, "that every sincere and complete confession of yours, made precisely at the present minute, may later have an influence toward the immeasurable alleviation of your lot, and even, besides that..."

But the prosecutor gave him a slight nudge under the table, and he managed to stop in time. Mitya, it is true, was not even listening to him.

VII. Mitya's Great Secret. Hissed Down

"Gentlemen," he began, still in the same agitation, "this money... I want to make a full confession... this money was *mine*."

The prosecutor's and the investigator's faces actually fell; this was not at all what they had expected.

"How can it be yours," Nikolai Parfenovich faltered, "when as late as five o'clock in the afternoon, by your own admission..."

"Eh, to the devil with five o'clock that afternoon and my own admission, that's not the point now! This money was mine, mine, that is, stolen by me... not mine, that is, but stolen, stolen by me, and it came to fifteen hundred, and it was on me, on me the whole time..."

"But where did you get it from?"

"From my neck, gentlemen, I took it from my neck, from this very neck of mine... It was here, on my neck, sewn up in a rag and hanging on my neck, for a long time now, for a month now I've been wearing it on my neck in shame and disgrace!"

"But from whom did you... appropriate it?"

"You meant to say 'steal'? Speak your words straight out now. Yes, I consider that I as good as stole it, or, if you like, I really did 'appropriate' it. But to my mind I stole it. And last night I stole it altogether."

"Last night? But you just said it's been a month since you... obtained it!"

"Yes, but not from my father, not from my father, don't worry, I didn't steal it from my father, but from her. Let me tell it and don't interrupt. It's hard, you know. You see: a month ago Katerina

Ivanovna Verkhovtseva, my former fiancée, summons me… Do you know her?"

"Why, of course, sir, how could we not."

"I know you know her. The noblest soul, the noblest of the noble, but she has hated me for a long time now, oh, for a long time, a long time… and deservedly, deservedly she has hated me!"

"Katerina Ivanovna?" the investigator asked again in surprise. The prosecutor also stared terribly.

"Oh, do not take her name in vain! I am a scoundrel to drag her into this. Yes, I saw that she hated me… for a long time… from the very first time, from that very time at my lodgings, back there… But enough, enough, you are not even worthy to know about that, there is no need for it at all… All that matters is that she summoned me a month ago and gave me three thousand to send to her sister and another relative in Moscow (as if she couldn't have sent it herself!), and I… this was precisely in that fatal hour of my life when I… well, in a word, when I had just fallen in love with another, with *her*, the present one, there she is, you've got her sitting downstairs now, Grushenka… I snatched her off then and brought her here to Mokroye, and here in two days I squandered half of that accursed three thousand on a spree, that is, fifteen hundred, and I kept the other half on me. Well, this fifteen hundred that I kept back I carried on me around my neck, like an amulet pouch, and yesterday I unsealed it and spent it on a spree. The change of eight hundred rubles that is now in your hands, Nikolai Parfenovich, is the change from yesterday's fifteen hundred."

"Excuse me, but how can that be? After all, a month ago here you squandered three thousand on a spree, and not fifteen hundred, everyone knows that."

"And who is it that knows? Who counted? Whom did I let count it?"

"Good heavens, you yourself told everyone that you spent exactly three thousand then."

"True, I said so, I said so to the whole town, and the whole town said so, and everyone reckoned it that way, and here in Mokroye too everyone reckoned it was three thousand. Only all the same what I squandered was not three thousand but fifteen hundred, and the remaining fifteen hundred went into the little pouch, sewn up; that's how the matter stood, gentlemen, that's where yesterday's money came from..."

"This is almost miraculous..." Nikolai Parfenovich faltered.

"Allow me to ask," the prosecutor said at last, "did you not announce this circumstance to anyone at all before... that is, that you had kept this fifteen hundred on you at that very time, a month ago?"

"I didn't tell anyone."

"That is strange. Really, absolutely no one at all?"

"Absolutely no one. No one, no one at all."

"But why such silence? What induced you to make such a secret of it? I will explain myself more precisely: you have at last announced to us your secret, according to your words so 'disgraceful,' although in essence—that is, of course, only relatively speaking—this act, that is, precisely the appropriation of another person's three thousand rubles, and, no doubt, only temporarily—this act is, in my view at least, merely an act in the highest degree frivolous, but not so disgraceful, taking into consideration, besides, your character... Well, let us suppose it was even a shameful act in the highest degree, I agree, but shameful is still not disgraceful... That is, what I am getting at, properly speaking, is that many people had already guessed during this month, even without your confession, about these three thousand of Miss Verkhovtseva's that you squandered; I heard this legend myself... Mikhail Makarovich, for instance, heard it too. So that, in the end,

it is almost no longer a legend, but the gossip of the whole town. Besides, there are traces that you yourself, if I am not mistaken, confessed this to someone, that is, precisely that this money came from Miss Verkhovtseva… And that is why I am too much surprised that until now, that is, until this very present minute, you have attached such extraordinary secrecy to this fifteen hundred that, according to you, you set aside, even linking some sort of horror with this secret of yours… It is incredible that such a secret could cost you so much torment to confess… because just now you were even shouting that you would sooner go to penal servitude than confess…"

The prosecutor fell silent. He had grown heated. He did not hide his vexation, almost his spite, and had poured out everything that had built up in him, without even caring about the elegance of his style, that is, incoherently and almost confusedly.

"The disgrace was not in the fifteen hundred, but in my having separated this fifteen hundred from the three thousand," Mitya said firmly.

"But what of it," the prosecutor grinned irritably, "what precisely is disgraceful in the fact that, out of three thousand already shamefully taken, or, if you yourself wish, disgracefully as well, you separated half at your own discretion? What matters more is that you appropriated the three thousand, not how you disposed of it. By the way, why did you dispose of it in precisely that way, that is, separate this half? For what, for what purpose did you do it, can you explain that to us?"

"Oh, gentlemen, but the whole point is in the purpose!" Mitya exclaimed. "I separated it out of baseness, that is, out of calculation, for calculation in this case is baseness… And this baseness went on for a whole month!"

"Incomprehensible."

"You surprise me. However, I will explain further; really, perhaps it is incomprehensible. You see, follow me: I appropriate three thousand entrusted to my honor, I go on a spree with it, I squander it all, in the morning I come to her and say: 'Katya, I'm guilty, I've squandered your three thousand'—well, is that good? No, it's not good—it's dishonorable and fainthearted, a beast, a man who can't restrain himself to the point of bestiality, isn't that so, isn't it? But still not a thief? Not an outright thief, after all, not outright, you must agree! I squandered it, but I didn't steal it! Now the second, still more advantageous case, follow me, or else I may lose the thread again—my head is spinning somehow—and so, the second case: here I squander only fifteen hundred of the three thousand, that is, half. The next day I come to her and bring her that half: 'Katya, take this half from me, a vile wretch and a frivolous scoundrel, because I've squandered half, and so I'll squander this too, so take it out of harm's way!' Well, how about that case? Anything you like, a beast and a scoundrel, but no longer a thief, decidedly not a thief, for if I were a thief I surely wouldn't have brought back half of the change, but would have appropriated that too. And she sees at once that since I've brought back half, I'll bring the rest too, that is, what I've squandered; I'll search all my life, I'll work, but I'll find it and give it back. In this way, a scoundrel, but not a thief, not a thief, say what you like, not a thief!"

"Let us suppose there is a certain difference," the prosecutor grinned coldly. "But it is strange all the same that you see such a fatal difference in it."

"Yes, I do see such a fatal difference! Anyone may be a scoundrel, and maybe everyone is one, but not anyone may be a thief, only an arch-scoundrel. Well, I'm no good at these fine points... Only a thief is baser than a scoundrel, that's my conviction. Listen: I carry the money on me for a whole month, I could

make up my mind tomorrow to give it back, and then I'm no longer a scoundrel, but I can't make up my mind, that's the thing, though I make up my mind every day, though every day I prod myself: 'Make up your mind, make up your mind, you scoundrel,' and so for a whole month I can't make up my mind, that's the thing! What, is that good, in your opinion, is that good?"

"Let us suppose it is not so good; that I can understand perfectly well, and I do not dispute it," the prosecutor answered with restraint. "But in general let us put off all wrangling over these fine points and distinctions, and, once again, if you would kindly get to the point. And the point is precisely that you have not yet deigned to explain to us, although we asked: why did you originally make such a division of these three thousand, that is, squander one half and hide away the other? Precisely why, properly speaking, did you hide it away, what, properly speaking, did you intend to use this separated fifteen hundred for? I insist on this question, Dmitri Fyodorovich."

"Ah, yes, that's true!" Mitya cried, striking himself on the forehead. "Forgive me, I'm tormenting you and not explaining the main thing, or else you'd have understood in a flash, for it's in the purpose, in that purpose, that the disgrace lies! You see, it was all that old man, the deceased, he kept tempting Agrafena Alexandrovna, and I was jealous, I thought then that she was wavering between me and him; and so I think every day: what if suddenly she decides, what if she gets tired of tormenting me and suddenly says to me: 'It's you I love, not him, take me away to the end of the world.' And I've got only two twenty-kopeck pieces; what would I take her away with, what would I do then—I'd be lost. You see, I didn't know her then and didn't understand her, I thought she needed money and wouldn't forgive me my poverty. And so I spitefully count off half of the three thousand and sew it up with a needle in cold blood, I sew it up with calculation, I sew it up before I

start drinking, and then, once I've sewn it up, I go off drinking on the other half! No, sir, that's baseness! Do you understand now?"

The prosecutor laughed loudly, and so did the investigator.

"To my mind it was even prudent and moral of you to restrain yourself and not squander it all," Nikolai Parfenovich tittered, "because what is there so terrible in that, sir?"

"Why, that I stole, that's what! Oh God, you horrify me with your lack of understanding! The whole time I was carrying that fifteen hundred sewn up on my breast, every day and every hour I kept telling myself: 'You're a thief, you're a thief!' Why, that's why I raged all this month, that's why I got into a fight in the tavern, that's why I beat my father, because I felt I was a thief! I didn't even dare, I didn't have the courage, to tell Alyosha, my brother, about that fifteen hundred: that was how much I felt I was a scoundrel and a petty crook! But know that while I carried it, at the same time every day and every hour of mine I said to myself: 'No, Dmitri Fyodorovich, perhaps you are not a thief yet.' Why? Precisely because you can go tomorrow and give that fifteen hundred back to Katya. And only yesterday did I make up my mind to tear my pouch off my neck, on my way from Fenya's to Perkhotin's, and until that moment I couldn't make up my mind, and the moment I tore it off, that very moment I became a final and indisputable thief, a thief and a dishonorable man for the rest of my life. Why? Because together with the pouch I tore up my dream too of going to Katya and telling her: 'I'm a scoundrel, but I'm not a thief'! Do you understand now, do you understand!"

"But why precisely last night did you make up your mind to it?" Nikolai Parfenovich started to interrupt.

"Why? It's ridiculous to ask: because I had sentenced myself to death, at five o'clock in the morning, here at dawn: 'It's all the same,' I thought, 'whether I die a scoundrel or a noble man!' But no, it turned out not to be all the same! Would you believe it, gen-

tlemen, it was not that, not that which tormented me most of all this night, that I had killed the old servant and that Siberia threatened me, and when?—when my love had been crowned and heaven had opened to me again! Oh, that tormented me, but not like this: still not like this accursed awareness that I had at last torn that accursed money off my breast and spent it, and that therefore now I was a thief once and for all! Oh, gentlemen, I repeat to you with my heart's blood: I have learned much this night! I have learned that not only is it impossible to live a scoundrel, but it is impossible to die a scoundrel too… No, gentlemen, one must die honestly!…"

Mitya was pale. His face had a haggard and tormented look, in spite of his being heated to the extreme.

"I am beginning to understand you, Dmitri Fyodorovich," the prosecutor drawled softly and even, as it were, compassionately, "but all this, say what you will, is to my mind only nerves… your morbid nerves, that's what it is, sir. And why, for instance, to spare yourself so much torment for almost a whole month, should you not go and give this fifteen hundred back to the person who had entrusted it to you, and, having explained yourself to her, why should you not, in view of your situation at the time, so terrible as you paint it, try the combination that so naturally presents itself to the mind, that is, after nobly confessing your mistakes to her, why should you not ask her for the sum you needed for your expenses, which she, with her generous heart and seeing your distress, would certainly not have refused you, especially if it was against a document, or, failing that, at least against the same security that you offered the merchant Samsonov and Mrs. Khokhlakova? After all, you still consider that security valuable even now, do you not?"

Mitya suddenly flushed:

"Do you really consider me so much of a scoundrel as that? You can't be saying this seriously!…" he said indignantly, looking the

prosecutor in the eye and as if not believing what he had heard from him.

"I assure you that I am serious... Why do you think I am not?" the prosecutor was surprised in his turn.

"Oh, how base that would have been! Gentlemen, do you know that you are tormenting me! As you please, I'll tell you everything, so be it, now I'll confess to you in all my infernality, but only to shame you, and you yourselves will be surprised at what baseness a combination of human feelings can reach. Know, then, that I had that combination myself already, that very one which you just spoke of, prosecutor! Yes, gentlemen, I too had that thought in this accursed month, so that I almost made up my mind to go to Katya, that is how base I was! But to go to her, to announce my betrayal to her, and for this same betrayal, for the carrying out of this same betrayal, for the expenses to come of this betrayal, to ask her, Katya herself, for money (to ask, do you hear, to ask!) and at once to run away from her with another woman, with her rival, with the woman who hated and had insulted her—good heavens, you are out of your mind, prosecutor!"

"Out of my mind or not, but, of course, in the heat of the moment I did not consider... about this very female jealousy... if there really could have been jealousy here, as you assert... yes, perhaps there is something of that sort here," the prosecutor grinned.

"But that would have been such a foul thing," Mitya fiercely struck the table with his fist, "it would have stunk so that I don't even know what! Why, do you know that she could have given me that money, and she would have, surely she would have, she would have given it out of vengeance on me, out of the pleasure of vengeance, out of contempt for me she would have given it, because she too is an infernal soul and a woman of great wrath! And I would have taken the money, oh, I would have, I would have

taken it, and then all my life… oh God! Forgive me, gentlemen, I am shouting like this because I had that thought so recently still, only the day before yesterday, precisely when I was struggling with Lyagavy that night, and then yesterday, yes, and yesterday, all day yesterday, I remember it, right up to that very incident…"

"Up to what incident?" Nikolai Parfenovich slipped in with curiosity, but Mitya did not hear him.

"I have made you a terrible confession," he concluded gloomily. "So appraise it, gentlemen. And more than that, it's not enough to appraise it, don't appraise it, but prize it, and if not, if this too passes by your souls, then you simply do not respect me, gentlemen, that is what I tell you, and I shall die of shame at having confessed to such men as you! Oh, I'll shoot myself! Why, I see already, I see that you don't believe me! What, so you want to write this down too?" he cried, now in alarm.

"Why, what you just said," Nikolai Parfenovich looked at him in surprise, "that is, that until the very last hour you were still intending to go to Miss Verkhovtseva to ask her for this sum… I assure you that this is very important testimony for us, Dmitri Fyodorovich, that is, about this whole incident… and especially for you, especially important for you."

"Have mercy, gentlemen," Mitya threw up his hands, "at least don't write this down, have some shame! Why, I have, so to speak, torn my soul in half before you, and you have taken advantage of it and are poking your fingers into the torn place in both halves… Oh God!"

He covered his face with his hands in despair.

"Don't be so upset, Dmitri Fyodorovich," the prosecutor concluded. "Everything now written down you will listen to yourself afterward, and whatever you do not agree with we will change according to your words, but now I will repeat one more little question to you for the third time: is it really true that nobody,

absolutely nobody at all, heard from you about this money you sewed into the pouch? That, I must tell you, is almost impossible to imagine."

"Nobody, nobody, I told you, or else you haven't understood anything! Leave me in peace."

"As you please, sir; this matter is bound to be explained, and there is still plenty of time ahead for that, but meanwhile consider: we have, perhaps, dozens of testimonies that you yourself precisely spread about and even shouted everywhere about three thousand spent by you, about three thousand, not fifteen hundred, and now too, when yesterday's money appeared, you managed to let many people know that you had again brought three thousand with you..."

"Not dozens, but hundreds of testimonies you have in your hands, two hundred testimonies, two hundred people heard it, a thousand heard it!" Mitya exclaimed.

"Well, there you see, sir: all, all testify to it. So the word *all* must mean something, mustn't it?"

"It means nothing, I lied, and after me everyone started lying."

"But why was it so necessary for you to 'lie,' as you put it?"

"The devil knows. Out of boasting, maybe... just so... that I'd squandered so much money... Maybe so as to forget about that sewn-up money... yes, that's precisely why... devil... how many times are you going to ask that question? Well, I lied, and that's the end of it; once I'd lied, I didn't want to correct it. Why does a man sometimes lie?"

"That is very hard to decide, Dmitri Fyodorovich, why a man lies," the prosecutor said impressively. "Tell me, however, was it large, this, as you call it, pouch on your neck?"

"No, not large."

"And what size, for instance?"

"Fold a hundred-ruble note in half—that's the size."

“Wouldn’t it be better if you showed us the scraps? After all, you must have them somewhere on you.”

“Eh, devil… what nonsense… I don’t know where they are.”

“But allow me, however: where and when did you take it off your neck? After all, as you yourself testify, you did not go home?”

“Why, when I left Fenya’s and was going to Perkhotin’s, I tore it off my neck on the way and took out the money.”

“In the dark?”

“What would I need a candle for? I did it with my finger in a flash.”

“Without scissors, in the street?”

“In the square, I think; why scissors? A worn-out rag, it tore at once.”

“Where did you put it afterward?”

“I threw it away right there.”

“Where precisely?”

“Why, in the square, in the square somewhere! The devil knows where in the square. And what do you want it for?”

“This is extremely important, Dmitri Fyodorovich: material evidence in your own favor, and how is it that you don’t want to understand that? Who helped you sew it up a month ago?”

“Nobody helped me, I sewed it up myself.”

“Can you sew?”

“A soldier has to know how to sew, and here no skill was needed at all.”

“Where did you get the material, that is, this rag in which you sewed it up?”

“Are you really not laughing?”

“Not in the least, and we are in no mood at all for laughing, Dmitri Fyodorovich.”

“I don’t remember where I got the rag, I got it somewhere.”

"One would think that is just the sort of thing one could hardly forget?"

"But by God, I don't remember; maybe I tore up some piece of linen."

"That is very interesting: in your lodgings tomorrow that item might turn up, a shirt, perhaps, from which you tore off a piece. What was the rag made of: canvas, linen?"

"The devil knows what of. Wait… I don't think I tore it off anything. It was calico… I think I sewed it up in my landlady's cap."

"In your landlady's cap?"

"Yes, I filched it from her."

"How do you mean, filched it?"

"You see, I really do remember, I think, filching a cap one time for rags, or maybe to wipe my pen. I took it on the quiet, because it was a rag good for nothing, I had scraps lying about, and then there was that fifteen hundred, so I took it and sewed it up… I think it was precisely in those rags that I sewed it up. Old calico rubbish, washed a thousand times."

"And you remember that firmly now?"

"I don't know whether firmly. I think it was in the cap. Well, I spit on it!"

"In that case your landlady might at least remember that the item went missing?"

"Not at all, she never even missed it. An old rag, I'm telling you, an old rag, not worth half a kopeck."

"And where did you get the needle, the thread?"

"I'm stopping, I won't go on. Enough!" Mitya got angry at last.

"And again it is strange that you have so completely forgotten in what precise spot in the square you threw away this… pouch."

"Why, give orders to have the square swept tomorrow, maybe you'll find it," Mitya grinned. "Enough, gentlemen, enough," he concluded in an exhausted voice. "I see clearly: you didn't believe me!

Not in anything, not one kopeck's worth! The fault is mine, not yours, I shouldn't have poked my nose in. Why, why did I make myself loathsome by confessing my secret! And to you it's a joke, I can see it in your eyes. It was you who brought me to this, prosecutor! Sing yourself a hymn, if you can... Be damned to you, torturers!"

He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. The prosecutor and the investigator said nothing. After a minute he lifted his head and looked at them somehow without thought. His face now expressed a despair already accomplished, already irrevocable, and he somehow quietly fell silent, sat there, and seemed hardly aware of himself. Meanwhile the business had to be finished: they had to proceed without delay to the questioning of the witnesses. It was already about eight o'clock in the morning. The candles had long since been put out. Mikhail Makarovich and Kalganov, who had been coming in and going out of the room the whole time of the questioning, had this time both gone out again. The prosecutor and the investigator also looked extremely tired. The morning that had come was foul, the whole sky was overcast, and the rain was pouring down in buckets. Mitya looked at the windows without thought.

"May I look out of the window?" he suddenly asked Nikolai Parfenovich.

"Oh, as much as you like," the latter answered.

Mitya got up and went to the window. The rain was simply lashing at the little greenish panes of the windows. Right under the window could be seen the muddy road, and farther off, in the rainy murk, black, poor, unsightly rows of cottages, which seemed still blacker and poorer from the rain. Mitya remembered "golden-haired Phoebus" and how he had meant to shoot himself at its first ray. "On such a morning it might even have been better," he

grinned, and suddenly, waving his hand from top to bottom, he turned to the "torturers":

"Gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "I see, of course, that I am lost. But she? Tell me about her, I implore you, will she really be lost together with me? Why, she is innocent, why, yesterday she was out of her mind when she cried that she was 'guilty of everything.' She is not guilty of anything, of anything at all! I grieved all night, sitting here with you… Couldn't you, can't you tell me: what will you do with her now?"

"Set your mind entirely at rest on that score, Dmitri Fyodorovich," the prosecutor answered at once and with visible haste. "We have as yet no significant motives to trouble in any way the person in whom you are so interested. In the further course of the case, I hope, the same will prove true… On the contrary, we will do everything in this respect that can possibly be done on our part. Be perfectly at ease."

"Gentlemen, I thank you; I knew all along that you are, after all, honest and just men, in spite of everything. You have taken a burden from my soul… Well, what are we going to do now? I am ready."

"Why, sir, we ought to hurry. We must proceed without delay to the questioning of the witnesses. All this must take place without fail in your presence, and therefore…"

"Shouldn't we have a little tea first?" Nikolai Parfenovich interrupted. "After all, I think we've earned it!"

They decided that if there was tea ready downstairs (in view of the fact that Mikhail Makarovich had surely gone off "to have his tea"), they would drink a glass each and then "go on and go on." Real tea and "a little snack" they would put off to a freer hour. Tea was indeed found downstairs, and it was soon brought up. At first Mitya refused the glass that Nikolai Parfenovich amiably offered him, but then he asked for it himself and drank it greedily. In gen-

eral he had a somehow even astonishingly exhausted look. One would have thought: with his giant's strength, what could one night of carousing mean, even with the most violent sensations into the bargain? But he himself felt that he could barely sit up, and at times all the objects before his eyes began, as it were, to walk about and spin. "A little more, and I may start raving," he thought to himself.

VIII. The Testimony of the Witnesses. The Babe

The questioning of the witnesses began. But we shall no longer continue our story in such detail as we have kept up until now. And so we shall leave out how Nikolai Parfenovich impressed upon each witness who was called that he must testify according to truth and conscience and that later he would have to repeat this testimony of his under oath. How, finally, each witness was required to sign the record of his testimony, and so on, and so on. We shall note only one thing: that the chief point on which all the attention of the questioners was turned was, above all, still the very same question of the three thousand, that is, whether there had been three thousand or fifteen hundred the first time, that is, at Dmitri Fyodorovich's first spree here in Mokroye a month ago, and whether there had been three thousand or fifteen hundred yesterday, at Dmitri Fyodorovich's second spree. Alas, all the testimonies, every last one of them, turned out to be against Mitya, and not one in his favor, and some of the testimonies even brought in new, almost staggering facts in refutation of his statements. The first to be questioned was Trifon Borisych. He came before the questioners without the slightest fear; on the contrary, with an air of stern and severe indignation against the accused, and by this he undoubtedly gave himself an air of extraordinary truthfulness and personal dignity. He spoke little, with restraint, waited for the questions, answered precisely and deliberately. Firmly and without beating about the bush he testified that a month ago no less than

three thousand could have been spent, that all the peasants here would testify that they had heard about the three thousand from "Mitri Fyodorych" himself: "How much money he flung at the Gypsy girls alone! For them alone it must have gone over a thousand, I'll be bound."

"I maybe didn't give them even five hundred," Mitya remarked gloomily to this. "Only I didn't count it then, I was drunk, more's the pity..."

Mitya was sitting to one side this time, his back to the curtains; he listened gloomily, and had a sad and tired look, which seemed to say: "Eh, testify what you like, it's all the same now!"

"More than a thousand went on them, Mitri Fyodorovich," Trifon Borisovich refuted him firmly. "You flung it about for nothing, and they picked it up. That lot, you know, are thieves and swindlers, horse thieves they are; they've been driven away from hereabouts, or else maybe they'd testify themselves how much they profited off you. I saw the sum in your hands myself then—count it I didn't, you didn't let me, that's fair, but by eye, I remember, it was a good deal more than fifteen hundred... Fifteen hundred, nothing of the kind! We've seen money too, we can judge..."

As for yesterday's sum, Trifon Borisovich testified flatly that Dmitri Fyodorovich himself, the moment he got out of the carriage, had announced to him that he had brought three thousand.

"Come now, is that so, Trifon Borisych?" Mitya started to object. "Did I really announce positively that I had brought three thousand?"

"You said it, Mitri Fyodorovich. You said it in front of Andrei. Here's Andrei himself, he hasn't left yet, call him. And in there in the big room, while you were treating the chorus, you came right out and shouted that you were leaving your sixth thousand here—together with the earlier ones, that is, that's how it's to be under-

stood. Stepan and Semyon heard it, and Pyotr Fomich Kalganov was standing next to you then, maybe he remembers too…"

The testimony about the sixth thousand made an extraordinary impression on the questioners. They liked the new version: three and three makes six, so it meant three thousand then and three thousand now, and there were all six of them; it came out clearly.

They questioned all the peasants Trifon Borisovich had named, Stepan and Semyon, the coachman Andrei, and Pyotr Fomich Kalganov. The peasants and the coachman confirmed Trifon Borisych's testimony without beating about the bush. Besides that, they made a special note, from Andrei's words, of his conversation with Mitya on the road about "where, you know, I, Dmitri Fyodorovich, will end up: in heaven or in hell, and will I be forgiven in the next world or not?" The "psychologist" Ippolit Kirillovich listened to all this with a subtle smile and ended by recommending that this testimony too, about where Dmitri Fyodorovich would end up, should be "added to the case."

Kalganov, when he was questioned, came in reluctantly, frowning and peevish, and talked to the prosecutor and to Nikolai Parfenovich as though he were seeing them for the first time in his life, whereas he was an old and daily acquaintance of theirs. He began by saying that he "knows nothing about any of this and doesn't want to know." But it turned out that he too had heard about the sixth thousand; he admitted that he had been standing nearby at that moment. In his opinion, the money in Mitya's hands came to "I don't know how much." As to the Poles having cheated at cards, he testified in the affirmative. He also explained, on repeated questioning, that after the Poles had been driven out Mitya's affairs with Agrafena Alexandrovna had indeed improved and that she had said herself that she loved him. He spoke of Agrafena Alexandrovna with restraint and respect, as though she were a lady of the very best society, and not once did he even

allow himself to call her "Grushenka." In spite of the visible reluctance of the young man to testify, Ippolit Kirillovich questioned him for a long time, and only from him learned all the details of what constituted, so to speak, Mitya's "romance" that night. Mitya did not once stop Kalganov. At last the youth was released, and he withdrew with undisguised indignation.

The Poles were questioned too. Although they had lain down to sleep in their little room, they had not slept all night, and with the arrival of the authorities they had hastily dressed and tidied themselves, understanding themselves that they would certainly be sent for. They appeared with dignity, though not without a certain fear. The chief one, that is, the little pan, proved to be an official of the twelfth class, retired, who had served as a veterinarian in Siberia, and his surname was Pan Mussyalovich. Pan Vrublevsky turned out to be a dentist in private practice, in Russian a tooth doctor. As soon as they came into the room, both of them, in spite of Nikolai Parfenovich's questions, at once began addressing their answers to Mikhail Makarovich, who was standing to one side, taking him in their ignorance for the chief official and the person in command here, and calling him with every word "*panie pułkowniku*" (Mr. Colonel). And only after several such times, and on the instruction of Mikhail Makarovich himself, did they grasp that they must address their answers only to Nikolai Parfenovich. It turned out that they could speak Russian even very, very correctly, except perhaps for the pronunciation of certain words. About his relations with Grushenka, former and present, Pan Mussyalovich began to make declarations hotly and proudly, so that Mitya at once lost his temper and shouted that he would not allow a "scoundrel" to talk like that in his presence. Pan Mussyalovich at once fixed his attention on the word "scoundrel" and asked that it be entered in the record. Mitya boiled with fury.

"A scoundrel, and a scoundrel! Enter that, and enter as well that in spite of the record I still shout that he's a scoundrel!" he shouted.

Although Nikolai Parfenovich entered it in the record, on this unpleasant occasion he displayed the most praiseworthy efficiency and skill in management: after a stern admonition to Mitya he himself at once put a stop to all further questions concerning the romantic side of the affair and hastened to pass on to what was essential. And in what was essential there appeared one piece of testimony from the pans that aroused the investigators' extraordinary curiosity: precisely about how Mitya, in that little room, had tried to buy off Pan Mussyalovich and had offered him three thousand to withdraw, seven hundred rubles in hand, and the remaining two thousand three hundred "tomorrow morning in town," swearing on his word of honor, declaring that here, in Mokroye, he did not have such money with him at present, but that the money was in town. Mitya remarked in the heat of the moment that he had not said he would surely pay it tomorrow in town, but Pan Vrublevsky confirmed the testimony, and Mitya himself, after thinking for a minute, agreed with a frown that it must have been as the pans said, that he had been heated then, and so might really have said so. The prosecutor fairly fastened on the testimony: it was becoming clear to the investigation (as indeed was later concluded) that half, or part, of the three thousand that had come into Mitya's hands really might have remained hidden away somewhere in town, or perhaps even somewhere right here in Mokroye, so that in this way that ticklish circumstance for the investigation was also cleared up, namely that only eight hundred rubles in all had been found in Mitya's hands—a circumstance which until now had been some evidence in Mitya's favor all the same, though the only one, and rather insignificant. But now even this single piece of evidence in his favor was being destroyed. To the prosecutor's

question: where would he have got the remaining two thousand three hundred to give the pan tomorrow, if he himself maintained that he had had only fifteen hundred in all, and yet had assured the pan on his word of honor, Mitya answered firmly that he had meant to offer the "little Polack" for the next day not money, but a formal deed to his rights to the Chermashnya estate, the same rights he had offered to Samsonov and Mrs. Khokhlakova. The prosecutor even grinned at "the innocence of the dodge."

"And you think he would have agreed to take these 'rights' instead of two thousand three hundred rubles in cash?"

"He would certainly have agreed," Mitya snapped hotly. "Good heavens, he could have grabbed not just two thousand here, but four, but even six thousand out of it! He'd have rounded up his pettifogging lawyers at once, his Polacks and little Yids, and they'd have wrangled out of the old man not just three thousand, but the whole of Chermashnya."

Of course, Pan Mussyalovich's testimony was entered in the record in the fullest detail. With that the pans were released. The fact of the cheating at cards was almost not mentioned at all; Nikolai Parfenovich was too grateful to them as it was and did not want to trouble them with trifles, especially since all that was an empty drunken quarrel over cards and nothing more. As if there hadn't been plenty of carousing and outrage that night… So the money, the two hundred rubles, stayed in the pans' pockets after all.

Then they called the little old man Maximov. He appeared timidly, came up with small steps, looked disheveled and very sad. The whole time he had been huddling downstairs beside Grushenka, sitting with her in silence, and "every so often he'd start whimpering over her, and wipe his eyes with a blue checked handkerchief," as Mikhail Makarovich told afterward. So that it was she who now quieted and comforted him. The little old man at

once and with tears confessed that he was guilty, that he had borrowed from Dmitri Fyodorovich "ten rubles, sir, on account of my poverty, sir," and that he was ready to return them… To Nikolai Parfenovich's direct question whether he had not noticed how much money exactly there had been in Dmitri Fyodorovich's hands, since he, more than anyone, could have seen the money in his hands when he was getting the loan from him, Maximov answered in the most decided manner that there had been "twenty thousand, sir."

"And have you ever seen twenty thousand anywhere before?" Nikolai Parfenovich asked with a smile.

"Why, of course, sir, I have, sir, only not twenty, sir, but seven, sir, when my spouse mortgaged my little estate. She let me just look at it from a distance, she was showing off in front of me. A very big wad it was, sir, all rainbow notes. And Dmitri Fyodorovich had all rainbow notes too…"

He was soon released. At last it was Grushenka's turn. The investigators were evidently apprehensive about the impression her appearance might make on Dmitri Fyodorovich, and Nikolai Parfenovich even muttered a few words of admonition to him, but Mitya, in answer, silently bowed his head, letting him know by this that "there will be no disorder." Mikhail Makarovich himself brought Grushenka in. She came in with a stern and sullen face, outwardly almost calm, and quietly sat down on the chair she was shown, opposite Nikolai Parfenovich. She was very pale; she seemed to be cold, and she wrapped herself tightly in her beautiful black shawl. In fact a slight feverish chill was beginning in her then —the beginning of a long illness which she went through afterward, from that night on. Her stern look, her direct and serious gaze, and her calm manner made a very favorable impression on everyone. Nikolai Parfenovich was even at once somewhat "carried away." He admitted himself, when telling of it here and there after-

ward, that only from that time did he comprehend how "good-looking" this woman was, while before, though he had seen her now and then, he had always considered her something like a "district hetaera." "She has the manners of the very highest society," he once blurted out rapturously in a certain ladies' circle. But he was heard out with the most complete indignation and was at once called a "tease" for it, which left him very pleased. On coming into the room Grushenka glanced only as if in passing at Mitya, who in his turn looked at her uneasily, but the look of her at once set him at ease too. After the first necessary questions and admonitions Nikolai Parfenovich, though stumbling a little, yet preserving, however, the most polite air, asked her: "In what relations did she stand to the retired lieutenant Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov?" To which Grushenka pronounced quietly and firmly:

"He was an acquaintance of mine; I received him as an acquaintance this last month."

To further curious questions she declared directly and with complete frankness that although at "times" she had liked him, she had not loved him, but had lured him on out of "my vile spite," just as she had that "little old man"; she had seen that Mitya was very jealous of her over Fyodor Pavlovich and over everyone, but had only amused herself with it. As for Fyodor Pavlovich, she had never meant to go to him at all, but had only laughed at him. "That whole month I had no time for either of them; I was waiting for another man, one who had wronged me… Only I think," she concluded, "that you have no business being curious about that, and I have no business answering you, because that's my own particular affair."

And so Nikolai Parfenovich immediately did just that: he again stopped insisting on the "romantic" points and passed straight on to the serious one, that is, still the same and most important question of the three thousand. Grushenka confirmed that in Mokroye, a month ago, three thousand rubles had indeed been spent, and

though she had not done the counting herself, she had heard from Dmitri Fyodorovich himself that it was three thousand rubles.

"Did he tell you this in private, or in someone's presence, or did you only hear him talking about it with others in your presence?" the prosecutor at once inquired.

To which Grushenka announced that she had heard it in front of people too, had heard him talking about it with others too, and had heard it from him himself in private too.

"Did you hear it from him in private once, or more than once?" the prosecutor inquired again, and learned that Grushenka had heard it more than once.

Ippolit Kirillych was very pleased with this testimony. From further questions it also came out that Grushenka knew where this money came from and that Dmitri Fyodorovich had, so she said, taken it from Katerina Ivanovna.

"And did you never hear, even once, that not three thousand but less had been squandered a month ago, and that Dmitri Fyodorovich had kept back a whole half of it for himself?"

"No, I never heard that," Grushenka testified.

It further came out even that Mitya, on the contrary, had often told her during this whole month that he did not have a kopeck. "He kept waiting to get it out of his parent," Grushenka concluded.

"And did he never say in your presence… either somehow in passing, or in irritation," Nikolai Parfenovich suddenly blurted out, "that he intended to make an attempt on his father's life?"

"Oh, he did!" Grushenka sighed.

"Once, or several times?"

"He mentioned it several times, always in a temper."

"And did you believe he would carry it out?"

"No, I never believed it!" she answered firmly. "I trusted in his nobility."

"Gentlemen, allow me," Mitya suddenly cried, "allow me to say only one single word to Agrafena Alexandrovna in your presence."

"Say it," Nikolai Parfenovich permitted.

"Agrafena Alexandrovna," Mitya rose a little from his chair, "believe God and me: I am not guilty of the blood of my father, who was killed yesterday!"

Having said this, Mitya sat down on his chair again. Grushenka rose a little and devoutly crossed herself before the icon.

"Glory to you, O Lord!" she said in an ardent, heartfelt voice, and, before sitting down again, turning to Nikolai Parfenovich, she added: "What he said just now, believe that! I know him: he'll blurt out whatever he blurts out, either for a laugh or out of stubbornness, but if it's against his conscience he will never deceive. He'll tell the truth straight out, believe that!"

"Thank you, Agrafena Alexandrovna, you've given my soul strength!" Mitya responded in a trembling voice.

To the questions about yesterday's money she declared that she did not know how much there had been, but had heard him tell people many times yesterday that he had brought three thousand with him. And as to where he had got the money, he had told her alone that he had "stolen" it from Katerina Ivanovna, and she had answered him that he had not stolen it and that the money must be given back the very next day. To the prosecutor's insistent question as to which money he had said he stole from Katerina Ivanovna—yesterday's, or that three thousand which had been spent here a month ago—she declared that he had spoken of the money of a month ago, and that that was how she had understood him.

At last Grushenka was released, and Nikolai Parfenovich impetuously declared to her that she might go back to town even right away, and that if he on his part could be of any assistance, for

instance with regard to horses, or if, for instance, she wished an escort, then he… on his part…

"I humbly thank you," Grushenka bowed to him. "I'll set off with that little old man, the landowner, I'll take him home, and meanwhile I'll wait downstairs, if you'll allow me, until you decide here about Dmitri Fyodorovich."

She went out. Mitya was calm and even looked quite heartened, but only for a minute. A sort of strange physical weakness kept overpowering him more and more the further it went. His eyes were closing with fatigue. The questioning of the witnesses ended at last. They set about the final wording of the record. Mitya got up and went over from his chair to the corner, by the curtain, stretched out on a big chest that belonged to the landlord and was covered with a rug, and instantly fell asleep. He dreamed some strange dream, somehow quite out of place and out of season. Here he is, it seems, driving somewhere in the steppe, there where he served long ago, before, and a peasant is driving him through the slush in a cart, with a pair of horses. Only it seems that Mitya is cold; it is early November, and the snow is falling in big wet flakes, and as it falls on the ground it melts at once. And the peasant drives him briskly, he flicks the whip smartly, he has a fair, long beard, such a long one, and he is not exactly old, but maybe fifty or so, and he wears a gray peasant's coat, a poor little one. And here, not far off, is a village; the cottages can be seen, black, black as black can be, and half the cottages have burned down, only charred beams stick up. And at the edge of the village, women are lined up along the road, many women, a whole row, all thin, worn out, their faces somehow brown. And there is one especially, at the end of the row, so bony, tall, she seems to be forty, but perhaps she is only twenty, her face long and thin, and in her arms a little babe is crying, and her breasts must be so dried up, and not a drop of milk in them. And the babe cries and cries and holds out its little

arms, bare little arms, with little fists, somehow quite blue from the cold.

"Why are they crying? What are they crying for?" Mitya asks as he dashes past them at a gallop.

"The babe," the coachman answers him, "the babe is crying." And it strikes Mitya that he said it in his own way, the peasant way: "the babe," and not "the child." And he likes it that the peasant said "the babe": there seems to be more pity in it.

"But why is it crying?" Mitya persists, like a fool. "Why are its little arms naked, why doesn't anyone wrap it up?"

"The babe's chilled through, its bits of clothes are frozen, so they don't warm it."

"But why is that so? Why?" foolish Mitya still will not leave off.

"They're poor, burned out, they've no bread at all, they're begging for their burned-out homes."

"No, no," Mitya still seems not to understand, "you tell me: why are the burned-out mothers standing there, why are the people poor, why is the babe poor, why is the steppe bare, why don't they embrace each other, why don't they kiss, why don't they sing joyful songs, why have they turned so black from black misfortune, why don't they feed the babe?"

And he feels in himself that though he is asking madly and senselessly, he wants without fail to ask precisely so, and that precisely so it must be asked. And he feels besides that a sort of tenderness such as he has never known before is rising in his heart, that he wants to weep, that he wants to do something for everyone, such that the babe will cry no more, and the black, dried-up mother of the babe will cry no more, so that there will be no tears at all from this moment on in anyone, and that it must be done at once, at once, without putting it off and in spite of everything, with all the Karamazov unrestraint.

"And I am with you, I won't leave you now, I'll go with you all my life," beside him sound Grushenka's dear words, full of feeling. And now his whole heart blazes up and strains toward some light, and he wants to live and live, to go and go on some path, toward a new, beckoning light, and quickly, quickly, now, right now!

"What? Where?" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and sitting up on his chest, exactly as though he had come to from a faint, and yet smiling brightly. Over him stood Nikolai Parfenovich, inviting him to hear the record read and sign it. Mitya guessed that he had slept an hour or more, but he was not listening to Nikolai Parfenovich. He was suddenly struck that there was a pillow under his head, which, however, had not been there when he had sunk down helplessly on the chest.

"Who brought a pillow and put it under my head? Who was so kind!" he exclaimed with a sort of rapturous, grateful feeling and in a sort of weeping voice, as though God knows what kindness had been done him. The kind man remained unknown afterward; one of the attesting witnesses, or perhaps Nikolai Parfenovich's little clerk, had seen to it that a pillow was put under his head out of compassion; but his whole soul seemed to shake with tears. He went up to the table and announced that he would sign anything they liked.

"I have had a good dream, gentlemen," he said somehow strangely, with a sort of new face, as if lit up with joy.

IX. They Take Mitya Away

When the record had been signed, Nikolai Parfenovich solemnly turned to the accused and read him the "Resolution," which stated that in such-and-such a year, on such-and-such a day, in such-and-such a place, the court investigator of such-and-such a district court, having questioned so-and-so (that is, Mitya) as the accused in such-and-such and such-and-such (all the charges were carefully written out), and taking into consideration that the accused, while not acknowledging himself guilty of the crimes imputed to him, had presented nothing in his own justification, whereas the witnesses (so-and-so) and the circumstances (such-and-such) fully convicted him, being guided by such-and-such and such-and-such articles of the "Code of Punishments," etc., had resolved: in order to deprive so-and-so (Mitya) of the means of evading investigation and trial, to confine him in such-and-such a prison fortress, of which the accused was to be informed, and a copy of this resolution was to be communicated to the assistant prosecutor, etc., etc. In a word, Mitya was informed that from this minute on he was a prisoner and that he would now be taken to town, where he would be confined in a certain very unpleasant place. Mitya, having listened attentively, merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't blame you, I am ready... I understand that nothing else is left for you."

Nikolai Parfenovich explained to him gently that he would be taken there at once by the rural police officer Mavriky Mavrikievich, who happened to be here just now...

"Wait," Mitya suddenly interrupted, and with a sort of irrepressible feeling he spoke, addressing everyone in the room. "Gentlemen, we are all cruel, we are all monsters, we all make people weep, mothers and nursing babies, but of all of them—let it be settled so now—of all of them I am the vilest reptile! So be it! Every day of my life, beating my breast, I promised to reform, and every day I did the same filthy things. I understand now that for such as I am a blow is needed, a blow of fate, to catch him as with a lasso and truss him up by an outside force. Never, never would I have risen of myself! But the thunder has struck. I accept the torment of the accusation and of my public disgrace, I want to suffer and by suffering I shall be purified! Why, perhaps I shall be purified, gentlemen, eh? But hear me, all the same, one last time: my father's blood is not on me! I accept my punishment not for having killed him, but for having wanted to kill him, and perhaps I really would have killed him… But all the same I intend to fight you, and I announce it to you. I will fight you to the very last end, and then God will decide! Farewell, gentlemen, don't be angry that I shouted at you during the questioning; oh, I was still so stupid then… In a minute I am a prisoner, and now, for the last time, Dmitri Karamazov, as a man still free, holds out his hand to you. In bidding you farewell, I bid farewell to people!…"

His voice trembled, and he really did start to hold out his hand, but Nikolai Parfenovich, who was standing closest of all to him, somehow suddenly, with an almost convulsive sort of gesture, hid his hands behind his back. Mitya instantly noticed it and gave a start. He at once dropped the hand he had held out.

"The investigation is not yet concluded," Nikolai Parfenovich began to babble, somewhat embarrassed. "We shall go on with it in town, and I, of course, for my part am ready to wish you every success… toward your acquittal… As for you yourself, Dmitri Fyodorovich, I have always been inclined to consider you a man, so

to speak, more unfortunate than guilty... All of us here, if only I may make so bold as to speak for everyone, all of us are ready to recognize you as a young man noble at bottom, but, alas! carried away by certain passions to a somewhat excessive degree..."

By the end of the speech Nikolai Parfenovich's small figure expressed the most complete dignity of office. It suddenly flashed through Mitya's mind that this "boy" was about to take him by the arm, lead him off into another corner, and there resume with him their recent conversation about "girls." But what quite irrelevant thoughts, having nothing to do with the matter, do not flash through the mind at times, even of a criminal being led to execution.

"Gentlemen, you are kind, you are humane—may I see *her*, to say goodbye for the last time?" Mitya asked.

"Without a doubt, but in view of... in a word, now it cannot be otherwise than in the presence of..."

"Be present, then, if you like!"

Grushenka was brought in, but the farewell was short, of few words, and did not satisfy Nikolai Parfenovich. Grushenka bowed low to Mitya.

"I told you I'm yours, and I will be yours, I'll go with you forever, wherever they send you. Farewell, you who have ruined yourself, guiltless as you are!"

Her lips quivered, tears flowed from her eyes.

"Forgive me, Grusha, for my love, for having ruined you too with my love!"

Mitya wanted to say something else, but suddenly broke off himself and went out. People at once surrounded him, never taking their eyes off him. Down below at the little porch, to which he had rolled up with such a thunder yesterday in Andrei's troika, two carts stood ready. Mavriky Mavrikievich, a squat, thickset man with a puffy face, was irritated by something, by some disorder

that had suddenly occurred; he was angry and shouting. He invited Mitya somehow much too sternly to climb into the cart. "Back when I stood him drinks in the tavern, the fellow had a different face altogether," thought Mitya, climbing in. Trifon Borisovich came down from the porch too. A crowd had gathered at the gates, peasants, women, coachmen, all staring at Mitya.

"Farewell, people of God!" Mitya suddenly shouted to them from the cart.

"Forgive us too," two or three voices were heard.

"Farewell to you too, Trifon Borisych!"

But Trifon Borisych did not even turn around; perhaps he was very busy indeed. He too was shouting something and bustling about. It turned out that not everything was in order yet with the second cart, in which two village constables were to accompany Mavriky Mavrikievich. The wretched peasant who had been assigned to drive the second troika was pulling on his shabby coat and stoutly arguing that it wasn't he who should go, but Akim. But Akim was nowhere about; someone ran for him; the wretched peasant insisted and begged them to wait.

"That's our common folk for you, Mavriky Mavrikievich, no shame at all!" Trifon Borisych exclaimed. "The day before yesterday Akim gave you a quarter-ruble, you drank it up, and now you're shouting. I only marvel at your kindness with our vile common folk, Mavriky Mavrikievich, that's the one thing I'll say!"

"But what do we need a second troika for?" Mitya started to intervene. "Let's go with one, Mavriky Mavrikich, I won't mutiny, don't worry, I won't run away from you, what's the escort for?"

"And kindly learn, sir, how to speak to me, if you haven't been taught yet; I am not someone you say the familiar *you* to, kindly don't go using it with me, sir, and save your advice for another time…" Mavriky Mavrikievich suddenly snapped at Mitya fiercely, as if glad to vent his temper.

Mitya fell silent. He flushed all over. A moment later he suddenly felt very cold. The rain had stopped, but the murky sky was still all covered with clouds, and a sharp wind blew straight in his face. “Have I got a chill, or what?” thought Mitya, twitching his shoulders. At last Mavriky Mavrikievich too climbed into the cart, settled himself heavily, broadly, and, as if without noticing, squeezed Mitya hard. True, he was out of sorts, and he very much disliked the errand entrusted to him.

“Farewell, Trifon Borisych!” Mitya shouted again, and he felt himself that he had shouted it now not out of good nature, but out of spite, against his will. But Trifon Borisych stood proudly, both hands clasped behind his back and staring straight at Mitya; he looked sternly and angrily and gave Mitya no answer.

“Goodbye, Dmitri Fyodorovich, goodbye!” the voice of Kalganov was suddenly heard; he had suddenly popped out from somewhere. He ran up to the cart and reached out his hand to Mitya. He was without his cap. Mitya just managed to seize and shake his hand.

“Farewell, dear man, I won’t forget your generosity!” he exclaimed warmly. But the cart moved off, and their hands parted. The little bell began to ring—they took Mitya away.

And Kalganov ran into the entryway, sat down in a corner, bent his head, covered his face with his hands, and began to cry; he sat like that for a long time and cried—cried as though he were still a little boy and not already a young man of twenty. Oh, he believed in Mitya’s guilt almost completely! “What kind of people are they, then, what kind of people can there be after this!” he exclaimed incoherently, in bitter dejection, almost in despair. He did not even want to live in the world at that moment. “Is it worth it, is it worth it!” the grieved youth exclaimed.

Part Four

Book Ten: Boys

I. Kolya Krasotkin

It is the beginning of November. Here we have had a frost of some eleven degrees, and with it a glaze of ice. During the night a little dry snow has fallen on the frozen ground, and a wind, "dry and sharp," lifts it and sweeps it along the dreary streets of our little town and especially over the market square. The morning is murky, but the light snow has stopped. Not far from the square, near the Plotnikovs' shop, stands the small house, very neat both outside and in, of the official's widow Krasotkina. The provincial secretary Krasotkin himself died very long ago, almost fourteen years back, but his widow, a little lady of thirty and still quite pretty to this day, is alive and lives in her neat little house "on her own capital." She lives honestly and timidly; she has a tender, but rather cheerful character. She was left a widow at about eighteen, having lived with him only about a year and having just borne him a son. From that time on, from the very day of his death, she devoted herself entirely to bringing up this treasure of a boy of hers, Kolya, and though she had loved him to distraction all those fourteen years, she had certainly endured incomparably more suffering with him than she had lived through joys, trembling and dying of fear almost every day that he would fall ill, catch cold, get into mischief, climb up on a chair and fall off, and so on, and so on. And when Kolya began to go to school and then to our progymnasium, his mother threw herself into studying all the subjects along with him, so as to help him and go over his lessons with him; she threw herself into making the acquaintance of the teachers and their wives, she even petted Kolya's schoolmates and fawned on

them so that they would not touch Kolya, not laugh at him, not beat him. She carried it so far that the boys really did begin to laugh at him because of her and started teasing him with being a mama's boy. But the boy managed to stand up for himself. He was a bold lad, "terribly strong," as the rumor about him spread in his class and was soon established; he was agile, of a stubborn character, of a daring and enterprising spirit. He studied well, and there was even a rumor that in arithmetic and in world history alike he could trip up the teacher Dardanelov himself. But though the boy looked down on everyone, his little nose in the air, he was a good comrade and did not put on airs. He accepted the schoolboys' respect as his due, but behaved in a friendly way. The main thing was that he knew the limit; he knew how to restrain himself when the occasion called for it, and in his relations with the authorities he never stepped over a certain last and sacred line, beyond which an offense can no longer be tolerated, turning into disorder, rebellion, and lawlessness. And yet he was very, very much inclined to get up to mischief at every convenient opportunity, mischief like the most ordinary little boy's, and not so much to get up to mischief as to contrive something clever, pull off some marvel, cut an "extrafefer," a bit of chic, to show off. The main thing was that he had a great deal of pride. He had even managed to put his mama in a subordinate relation to himself, acting on her almost despotically. And she did submit, oh, she had submitted long ago, and only could not on any account bear the one thought that her boy "did not love her enough." It continually seemed to her that Kolya was "unfeeling" toward her, and there were times when, bathed in hysterical tears, she would begin to reproach him for his coldness. The boy did not like this, and the more heartfelt outpourings were demanded of him, the more unyielding he became, as if on purpose. But with him this happened not on purpose but involuntarily —such was his character. His mother was mistaken: he loved his

mama very much, and only did not love “calf’s tenderness,” as he put it in his schoolboy language. After his father there remained a bookcase in which a few books were kept; Kolya loved to read and had already read some of them to himself. His mother was not troubled by this and only wondered at times how the boy, instead of going out to play, would stand for whole hours at the bookcase over some little book. And in this way Kolya had read a few things that he should not yet have been given to read at his age. However, of late, although the boy did not like to go beyond a certain line in his pranks, pranks had begun that frightened his mother in earnest —not immoral ones, to be sure, but desperate, reckless ones. Just this summer, in the month of July, during the vacation, it so happened that mama and her little son went to stay for a week in another district, seventy versts away, with a distant relative whose husband worked at a railway station (the very station, the one nearest our town, from which Ivan Fyodorovich Karamazov set off for Moscow a month later). There Kolya began by looking the railway over in detail and studying the way things were run, understanding that he could show off his new knowledge among the schoolboys of his progymnasium when he got home. But there happened to be several other boys there just at that time, and he struck up an acquaintance with them; some of them lived at the station, others in the neighborhood—altogether some six or seven young people from twelve to fifteen years old had come together, and two of them happened to be from our little town too. The boys played together, got into mischief, and then, on the fourth or fifth day of the visit to the station, an utterly impossible bet of two rubles was made among the foolish youngsters, namely this: Kolya, who was almost the youngest of them all and therefore somewhat looked down on by the older ones, out of pride or out of shameless daring, proposed that at night, when the eleven o’clock train came, he would lie face down between the rails and stay there without

moving while the train rushed over him at full steam. True, a preliminary study had been made, from which it turned out that one really could stretch out and flatten oneself lengthwise between the rails so that the train would, of course, rush past without touching the one lying there; but still, what it would be like to lie there! Kolya held firm that he would lie there. At first they laughed at him, called him a little liar and a braggart, but that only egged him on all the more. The main thing was that these fifteen-year-olds turned up their noses at him far too much and at first did not even want to count him as a comrade, being one of the "little ones," which was already unbearably insulting. And so it was decided to set out in the evening to a spot a verst from the station, so that the train, after leaving the station, would have had time to get up its full speed. The boys gathered. The night that came was moonless, not just dark but almost black. At the proper hour Kolya lay down between the rails. The five others who had made the bet waited at the foot of the embankment beside the line, in the bushes, with sinking hearts, and finally in fear and with remorse. At last the train, having left the station, began to thunder in the distance. Two red lamps flashed out of the darkness, the approaching monster began to roar. "Run, get off the rails!" the boys, dying of fright, shouted to Kolya from the bushes, but it was already too late: the train bore down and rushed past. The boys threw themselves toward Kolya: he lay motionless. They began to pull at him, they began to lift him. He suddenly got up and silently went down the embankment. Once at the bottom, he announced that he had lain there as if unconscious on purpose, to frighten them, but the truth was that he really had lost consciousness, as he himself confessed afterward, a long time later, to his mama. In this way his fame as "a desperate one" was established forever. He came back home to the station as pale as a sheet. The next day he fell slightly ill with a nervous fever, but in spirit he was terribly

cheerful, glad, and pleased. The incident became known not at once, but only in our town; it penetrated into the progymnasium and reached its authorities. But then Kolya's mama threw herself into imploring the authorities on behalf of her boy, and it ended with the respected and influential teacher Dardanelov standing up for him and pleading for him, and the matter was left to lie, as though it had never happened at all. This Dardanelov, a bachelor and not old, had been passionately in love with Mrs. Krasotkina for many years already, and once, about a year ago, most respectfully and faint with fear and delicacy, he had ventured to offer her his hand; but she had refused flatly, considering consent a betrayal of her boy, although Dardanelov, by certain mysterious signs, perhaps even had some right to dream that he was not altogether repugnant to the charming but much too chaste and tender little widow. Kolya's mad prank, it seems, broke the ice, and Dardanelov, for his intercession, was given a hint of hope, a distant one, it is true, but Dardanelov himself was a phenomenon of purity and delicacy, and so even that was enough for the time being to make his happiness complete. He loved the boy, though he would have considered it humiliating to curry favor with him, and treated him strictly and exactingly in class. But Kolya himself kept him at a respectful distance, prepared his lessons excellently, was second in the class, addressed Dardanelov drily, and the whole class firmly believed that Kolya was so strong in world history that he could "trip up" Dardanelov himself. And in fact Kolya once asked him the question: "Who founded Troy?"—to which Dardanelov answered only in general terms about peoples, their movements and migrations, about the depths of time, about fable, but who precisely had founded Troy, that is, precisely which persons, he could not answer, and he even found the question for some reason idle and untenable. But the boys were left firmly convinced that Dardanelov did not know who had founded Troy. As for Kolya, he had read

about the founders of Troy in Smaragdov, which was kept in the bookcase his parent had left. It ended with even all the boys becoming interested at last in who precisely had founded Troy. But Krasotkin did not reveal his secret, and the glory of knowing remained his unshakably.

After the incident on the railway a certain change took place in Kolya's relations with his mother. When Anna Fyodorovna (the widow Krasotkina) learned of her little son's great deed, she nearly lost her mind from horror. Such terrible fits of hysterics came over her, going on intermittently for several days, that Kolya, frightened seriously now, gave her his honest and noble word that such pranks would never be repeated. He swore on his knees before the icon, and swore by the memory of his father, as Mrs. Krasotkina herself demanded, and the "manly" Kolya himself burst into tears like a six-year-old boy, from "feelings," and mother and son kept throwing themselves into each other's arms all that day and weeping and shaking. The next day Kolya woke up as "unfeeling" as before; however, he became more silent, more modest, more stern, more thoughtful. True, a month and a half later he was caught again in a certain prank, and his name even became known to our justice of the peace, but the prank was of quite another sort, even a funny and silly one, and it was not he himself, as it turned out, who committed it; he merely found himself mixed up in it. But about that some other time. His mother went on trembling and suffering, while Dardanelov, in proportion to her alarms, took more and more hope. It must be noted that Kolya understood and saw through Dardanelov on this side and, it goes without saying, despised him deeply for his "feelings"; before, he had even had the indelicacy to show this contempt of his in front of his mother, hinting to her distantly that he understood what Dardanelov was after. But after the incident on the railway he changed his behavior on this score too: he no longer permitted himself hints, not even

the most distant ones, and began to speak of Dardanelov more respectfully in his mother's presence, which the sensitive Anna Fyodorovna at once understood with boundless gratitude in her heart; but on the other hand, at the slightest, most chance word about Dardanelov, even from some outside visitor, if Kolya happened to be present, she would suddenly flush all over with shame, like a rose. And at such moments Kolya would either look frowning out of the window, or examine whether his boots had started to gape, or fiercely call Perezvon, a shaggy, rather large and mangy dog which a month or so ago he had suddenly acquired from somewhere, dragged into the house, and for some reason kept secret in the rooms, showing it to none of his schoolmates. And he tyrannized over it terribly, teaching it all sorts of tricks and sciences, and brought the poor dog to such a state that it howled without him when he was away at classes, and when he came home it squealed with rapture, leaped about like a mad thing, sat up and begged, fell to the ground and pretended to be dead, and so on; in a word, it showed all the tricks it had been taught, no longer on demand, but solely from the ardor of its rapturous feelings and its grateful heart.

By the way: I forgot to mention that Kolya Krasotkin was the very boy whom the boy Ilyusha, already known to the reader, the son of the retired staff captain Snegiryov, had stabbed in the thigh with a penknife, standing up for his father, whom the schoolboys had teased as a "wisp of bast."

II. The Little Ones

And so, on that frosty, raw November morning the boy Kolya Krasotkin was sitting at home. It was Sunday, and there were no classes. But it had already struck eleven, and he absolutely had to go out "on a certain extremely important matter," and meanwhile he had been left alone in the whole house, and decidedly as its guardian, because it so happened that all its older inhabitants, owing to a certain extraordinary and original circumstance, had gone out. In the widow Krasotkina's house, across the entryway from the apartment she occupied herself, there was one more, the only other little apartment in the house, of two small rooms, which was let, and it was occupied by a doctor's wife with two small children. This doctor's wife, who was of an age with Anna Fyodorovna, was a great friend of hers, while the doctor himself had gone off about a year ago somewhere, first to Orenburg and then to Tashkent, and for half a year now there had been neither sight nor sound of him, so that if it had not been for her friendship with Mrs. Krasotkina, which somewhat softened the grief of the abandoned doctor's wife, she would decidedly have dissolved in tears from that grief. And then, as the crowning touch to all the oppressions of fate, it had to happen that on this very night, from Saturday to Sunday, Katerina, the doctor's wife's only servant, suddenly and quite unexpectedly for her mistress announced to her that she intended to give birth to a baby toward morning. How it happened that nobody had noticed this beforehand was almost a miracle to everyone. The astonished doctor's wife decided, while there was still time, to take Katerina to a certain establishment in

our town, kept by a midwife and fitted out for such occasions. Since she valued this servant very highly, she carried out her plan immediately, took her there, and, what is more, stayed there with her. Then, in the morning, for some reason all the friendly sympathy and help of Mrs. Krasotkina herself was needed, since on this occasion she could ask someone for something and offer some sort of patronage. Thus both ladies were away, while Mrs. Krasotkina's own servant, the peasant woman Agafya, had gone to the market, and so Kolya found himself for the time being the guardian and watchman of the "bubbles," that is, the doctor's wife's little boy and girl, who had been left all on their own. Kolya was not afraid to guard the house; besides, Perezvon was with him, who had been ordered to lie flat on his belly in the front hall under the bench "without movements," and who for precisely that reason, every time Kolya, pacing through the rooms, came into the front hall, would jerk his head and give two firm and ingratiating thumps of his tail on the floor; but alas, the summoning whistle did not sound. Kolya would look menacingly at the unhappy dog, and he would freeze again in obedient numbness. But if anything troubled Kolya, it was solely the "bubbles." On the unforeseen adventure with Katerina he looked, of course, with the most profound contempt, but he was very fond of the orphaned bubbles and had already taken them some children's book. Nastya, the elder, a girl of eight already, could read, and the younger bubble, Kostya, a boy of seven, loved very much to listen when Nastya read to him. Of course, Krasotkin could have entertained them more interestingly, that is, stood them both side by side and begun playing soldiers with them, or hide-and-seek all over the house. He had done this more than once before and did not scorn to do it, so that once even in their class it had got about that Krasotkin played horses at home with his little lodgers, prancing as the trace horse and bending his head; but Krasotkin had proudly parried this accusation,

pointing out that with boys his own age, thirteen-year-olds, it would indeed be shameful to play horses "in our age," but that he did it for the "bubbles," because he loved them, and no one dared to ask him to account for his feelings. And for that both "bubbles" adored him. But this time he was in no mood for games. He had a very important affair of his own ahead of him, and to all appearances an almost mysterious one; meanwhile time was passing, and Agafya, with whom the children could have been left, still would not come back from the market. Several times already he had crossed the entryway, opened the door to the doctor's wife's, and looked anxiously over the "bubbles," who, by his order, were sitting over their book, and every time he opened the door they smiled at him silently with all their mouths, expecting that now he would come in and do something wonderful and amusing. But Kolya was in a state of inner alarm and did not go in. At last it struck eleven, and he decided firmly and finally that if in ten minutes the "damned" Agafya did not come back, he would go out without waiting for her, having of course made the "bubbles" promise that they would not lose their nerve without him, would not get into mischief, and would not cry from fright. With these thoughts he put on his little quilted winter coat with a fur collar of some sort of sealskin, hung his satchel over his shoulder, and, in spite of his mother's former repeated entreaties that in "such cold" he should always put on his galoshes when he went out, only looked at them with contempt as he passed through the front hall, and went out in his boots alone. Perezvon, seeing him dressed, began thumping his tail on the floor with redoubled force, twitching nervously all over, and even let out a plaintive howl, but Kolya, at the sight of such passionate impetuosity in his dog, concluded that this was harmful to discipline, and kept him under the bench for at least another minute, and only when he had already opened the door to the entryway did he suddenly whistle for him. The dog leaped up

like a mad thing and rushed to bound about in front of him with rapture. Crossing the entryway, Kolya opened the door to the "bubbles." Both were sitting at the little table as before, but they were no longer reading; they were arguing hotly about something. These little ones often argued with each other on various challenging subjects of everyday life, and Nastya, as the elder, always got the upper hand; while Kostya, if he did not agree with her, would almost always go and appeal to Kolya Krasotkin, and however he decided, so it remained, in the form of an absolute verdict for all parties. This time the "bubbles'" argument somewhat interested Krasotkin, and he stopped in the doorway to listen. The little ones saw that he was listening, and so they went on with their dispute with still greater zeal.

"Never, never will I believe," Nastya was prattling hotly, "that midwives find little babies in the kitchen garden, between the cabbage beds. It's winter now, and there aren't any beds, and the midwife couldn't have brought Katerina a little daughter."

"Whew!" Kolya whistled to himself.

"Or else it's like this: they bring them from somewhere, but only to those who get married."

Kostya looked at Nastya intently, listening profoundly and thinking it over.

"Nastya, what a fool you are," he pronounced at last, firmly and without getting heated. "How can Katerina have a baby when she isn't married?"

Nastya got terribly heated.

"You don't understand anything," she cut him off irritably. "Maybe she had a husband, only he's in prison, so she went and had a baby."

"But has she really got a husband in prison?" the matter-of-fact Kostya inquired gravely.

"Or else it's this," Nastya interrupted impetuously, completely abandoning and forgetting her first hypothesis, "she hasn't got a husband, you're right about that, but she wants to get married, so she started thinking about how she'd get married, and she kept thinking and thinking, and thought until there it was, she had not a husband but a baby."

"Well, maybe so," agreed Kostya, completely defeated, "but you didn't say that before, so how was I supposed to know?"

"Well, little ones," Kolya pronounced, stepping into the room, "you are dangerous folk, I see!"

"Is Perezvon with you?" Kostya grinned, and began snapping his fingers and calling Perezvon.

"Bubbles, I am in difficulty," Krasotkin began gravely, "and you must help me; Agafya has certainly broken her leg, since she still hasn't turned up, that's signed and sealed, and I absolutely have to go out. Will you let me go or not?"

The children looked at each other anxiously; their grinning faces began to express uneasiness. They did not yet fully understand, however, what was wanted of them.

"You won't get into mischief without me? You won't clamber up onto the cupboard and break your legs? You won't cry from fright alone?"

A terrible woe appeared on the children's faces.

"And in return I could show you a certain little thing, a little brass cannon that you can fire with real gunpowder."

The little ones' faces instantly brightened.

"Show us the little cannon," said Kostya, all beaming.

Krasotkin put his hand into his satchel and, taking out a small bronze cannon, set it on the table.

"Show you, is it! Look, it's on little wheels," he rolled the toy along the table, "and you can fire it. Load it with shot and fire."

"And will it kill?"

"It'll kill everybody, you only have to aim it," and Krasotkin explained where to put the powder, where to roll in the pellet of shot, pointed out the little hole that served as the touchhole, and told them that there was a recoil. The children listened with terrible curiosity. What struck their imagination most of all was that there was a recoil.

"And do you have gunpowder?" Nastya inquired.

"I do."

"Show us the gunpowder too," she drawled with a pleading smile.

Krasotkin climbed into his satchel again and took out of it a small vial, in which some real gunpowder had indeed been poured, and in a twist of paper there turned out to be a few grains of shot. He even uncorked the vial and poured a little powder out on his palm.

"There, only there mustn't be any fire around, or else it'll just blow up and kill us all," Krasotkin warned for effect.

The children examined the powder with reverent fear, which heightened their delight still more. But Kostya liked the shot better.

"And shot doesn't burn?" he inquired.

"Shot doesn't burn."

"Give me a little shot," he said in a pleading little voice.

"I'll give you a little shot, here, take it, only don't show it to your mama until I come back, or else she'll think it's gunpowder and simply die of fright, and give you a whipping."

"Mama never whips us with a birch rod," Nastya remarked at once.

"I know, I only said it for the elegance of my style. And never deceive your mama, but this time—until I come back. And so, bubbles, may I go or not? You won't cry from fright without me?"

"We'll cr-y-y," Kostya drawled, already preparing to cry.

"We will, we'll certainly cry!" Nastya chimed in too, in a frightened patter.

"Oh, children, children, how dangerous are your years. There's nothing to be done, my fledglings, I'll have to sit here with you for I don't know how long. And the time, the time, oof!"

"Then tell Perezvon to play dead," Kostya asked.

"Well, there's nothing to be done, we'll have to resort to Perezvon too. *Ici* (here), Perezvon!" And Kolya began commanding the dog, and the dog performed everything it knew. It was a shaggy dog, about the size of an ordinary mongrel, with a coat of some sort of grayish lilac. Its right eye was blind, and its left ear for some reason had a slit in it. It squealed and jumped, sat up and begged, walked on its hind legs, threw itself on its back with all four paws in the air and lay motionless as if dead. During this last trick the door opened, and Agafya, Mrs. Krasotkina's fat servant, a pockmarked peasant woman of about forty, appeared on the threshold, back from the market with a bag of groceries in her hand. She stopped and, holding the bag dangling in her left hand, began watching the dog. Kolya, however much he had been waiting for Agafya, did not interrupt the performance, and, having kept Perezvon dead for the fixed time, at last whistled to him: the dog leaped up and began jumping for joy at having done its duty.

"Look at that dog!" Agafya said edifyingly. "And you, female sex, why are you late?" Krasotkin asked menacingly.

"Female sex, is it, you little pimple!"

"Pimple?"

"A pimple, that's what. What's it to you that I'm late; if I'm late, it means that's how it had to be," Agafya muttered, starting to bustle about the stove, but in a voice not at all displeased or angry; on the contrary, very pleased, as if glad of the chance to trade jibes with the merry young master.

“Listen, frivolous old woman,” Krasotkin began, getting up from the sofa, “can you swear to me by everything that is holy in this world, and by something else besides, that you will watch over the bubbles tirelessly in my absence? I am going out.”

“And why should I swear to you?” Agafya laughed. “I’ll look after them anyway.”

“No, nothing short of swearing by the eternal salvation of your soul. Otherwise I won’t go.”

“Then don’t. What’s it to me; it’s freezing out, stay at home.”

“Bubbles,” Kolya turned to the little ones, “this woman will stay with you until I come back or until your mama comes, because she ought to have been back long ago too. Besides, she will give you some lunch. Will you give them something, Agafya?”

“That’s possible.”

“Goodbye, fledglings, I go with a quiet heart. And you, granny,” he said in an undertone and gravely as he passed Agafya, “I hope you won’t tell them your usual womanish nonsense about Katerina; you’ll spare their tender age. *Ici*, Perezvon!”

“Oh, go to God with you,” Agafya snapped, angry now. “Ridiculous! You’re the one who wants a whipping for such words, that’s what.”

III. The Schoolboy

But Kolya was no longer listening. At last he could leave. Going out the gate, he looked around, twitched his little shoulders, and, saying "Frost!", set off straight down the street and then right along a lane toward the market square. One house short of the square, he stopped at a gate, took a little whistle out of his pocket, and whistled with all his might, as if giving a prearranged signal. He did not have to wait more than a minute; a rosy-cheeked boy of about eleven suddenly darted out of the wicket gate toward him, he too dressed in a warm, neat, even smart little coat. This was the boy Smurov, who was in the preparatory class (whereas Kolya Krasotkin was already two classes higher), the son of a well-to-do official, and whose parents, it seems, did not allow him to associate with Krasotkin, as a most notorious desperate mischief-maker, so that Smurov had evidently slipped out on the sly just now. This Smurov, if the reader has not forgotten, was one of that group of boys who two months before had been throwing stones across the ditch at Ilyusha, and the one who had told Alyosha Karamazov about Ilyusha then.

"I have been waiting for you a whole hour already, Krasotkin," Smurov said with a determined air, and the boys strode off toward the square.

"I'm late," answered Krasotkin. "There are circumstances. Won't they whip you for being with me?"

"Oh, come now, as if I am ever whipped! And is Perezvon with you?"

"Perezvon too!"

"You are taking him there too?"

"Him there too."

"Ah, if only it were Zhuchka!"

"Zhuchka is impossible. Zhuchka does not exist. Zhuchka has vanished into the darkness of the unknown."

"Ah, but could we not do this," Smurov suddenly stopped short, "Ilyusha says, after all, that Zhuchka was shaggy too, and just as gray, smoky gray, as Perezvon—could we not say that this is the very same Zhuchka; perhaps he will believe it?"

"Schoolboy, abhor a lie, that's one; even for a good cause, that's two. And the main thing, I hope you haven't announced anything there about my coming."

"God forbid, I do understand that. But one will not comfort him with Perezvon," Smurov sighed. "You know what: the father, the captain, the wisp of bast, told us he'd bring him a puppy today, a real mastiff, with a black nose; he thinks he'll comfort Ilyusha with it, only I doubt it, don't you?"

"And how is he himself, Ilyusha?"

"Ah, bad, bad! I think he has consumption. He's quite clear-headed, only he breathes and breathes like this, he doesn't breathe right. The other day he asked to be walked around a little; they put his little boots on him, he started to walk, and he just falls down. 'Ah,' he says, 'I told you, Papa, my little boots are bad, the old ones, they were awkward to walk in even before.' He thought it was because of the boots that he was falling down, but it's simply from weakness. He won't live a week. Herzenstube comes to see him. They're rich again now, they have a lot of money."

"Rogues."

"Who are rogues?"

"Doctors, and the whole medical rabble, speaking generally, and of course in particular too. I reject medicine. A useless institution. However, I am investigating all that. But what is all this sentimen-

tality you have going on there? I believe you're all there, the whole class?"

"Not the whole class, just ten or so of our boys go there, always, every day. It's nothing."

"What surprises me in all this is the role of Alexei Karamazov: his brother is to be tried tomorrow or the day after for such a crime, and he has so much time for being sentimental with boys!"

"There's no sentimentality in it at all. Here you are going now yourself to make up with Ilyusha."

"To make up? A ridiculous expression. However, I allow no one to analyze my actions."

"And how glad Ilyusha will be to see you! He has no idea you're coming. Why, why didn't you want to go for so long?" Smurov suddenly exclaimed with ardor.

"My dear boy, that is my business, not yours. I am going on my own, because such is my will, while all of you were dragged there by Alexei Karamazov, so there is a difference. And how do you know, maybe I'm not going to make up at all? A stupid expression."

"It wasn't Karamazov at all, not him at all. Our boys simply started going there by themselves, at first with Karamazov, of course. And there was nothing of that sort, no foolishness. First one, then another. His father was terribly glad to see us. You know, he'll simply lose his mind if Ilyusha dies. He sees that Ilyusha is going to die. And how glad he is that we've made up with Ilyusha. Ilyusha asked about you, he didn't add anything else. He asks and falls silent. And his father will lose his mind or hang himself. He behaved like a madman even before, you know. You know, he's a noble man, and back then there was a mistake. It's all the fault of that parricide, who beat him up that time."

"All the same, Karamazov is a riddle to me. I could have made his acquaintance long ago, but in certain cases I like to be proud.

Besides, I have formed a certain opinion of him which still has to be verified and cleared up."

Kolya fell gravely silent; so did Smurov. Smurov, of course, worshipped Kolya Krasotkin and did not dare even to think of putting himself on a level with him. But now he was terribly interested, because Kolya had explained that he was going "on his own," and so there must certainly be some riddle in Kolya suddenly taking it into his head to go now, and precisely today. They were walking across the market square, where this time many visitors' carts were standing and much poultry had been brought in. The townswomen were selling bagels, thread, and so on under their awnings. Such Sunday gatherings are naively called fairs in our little town, and there are many such fairs in the year. Perezvon ran along in the merriest frame of mind, continually swerving off to the right and to the left to sniff at something somewhere. When he met other little dogs, he sniffed them over with extraordinary eagerness, by all the rules of dogs.

"I like to observe realism, Smurov," Kolya suddenly began. "Have you noticed how dogs meet and sniff each other? There is some general law of nature among them in that."

"Yes, a funny one somehow."

"That is, not funny; you have that wrong. There is nothing funny in nature, whatever it may look like to man with his prejudices. If dogs were able to reason and to criticize, they would surely find just as much that was funny to them, if not much more, in the social relations among people, their masters—if not much more; I repeat that because I am firmly convinced that there is much more foolishness among us. That is Rakitin's idea, a remarkable idea. I am a socialist, Smurov."

"And what is a socialist?" asked Smurov.

"It's when everyone is equal, everyone has property in common, there are no marriages, and religion and all the laws are as anyone

likes, well, and all the rest of it. You haven't grown up to that yet, it's too early for you. It's cold, though."

"Yes. Twelve degrees. Father looked at the thermometer a while ago."

"And have you noticed, Smurov, that in the middle of winter, if it's fifteen or even eighteen degrees, it doesn't seem as cold as, for instance, now, at the beginning of winter, when a frost suddenly strikes unexpectedly, as now, at twelve degrees, and especially when there's little snow? That means people aren't used to it yet. With people everything is habit, in everything, even in state and political relations. Habit is the main motive force. What a funny peasant, though."

Kolya pointed at a tall peasant in a sheepskin coat, with a good-natured physiognomy, who was standing by his cart slapping his mittened palms together from the cold. His long, fair beard was all covered with hoarfrost.

"The peasant's beard has frozen!" Kolya shouted loudly and provokingly as he passed him.

"Plenty have frozen," the peasant said in reply, calmly and sententiously.

"Don't provoke him," Smurov remarked.

"It's all right, he won't get angry, he's a good one. Goodbye, Matvei."

"Goodbye."

"So are you really Matvei?"

"Matvei. And you didn't know?"

"I didn't know; I said it at random."

"Well, look at that. A schoolboy, I suppose?"

"A schoolboy."

"And what, do they whip you?"

"Not exactly, but sort of."

"Does it hurt?"

"It does at that!"

"Eh, what a life!" the peasant sighed from the bottom of his heart.

"Goodbye, Matvei."

"Goodbye. You're a nice lad, that's what."

The boys went on.

"That's a good peasant," Kolya said to Smurov. "I like to talk with the common people, and I'm always glad to do them justice."

"Why did you lie to him that they flog us at school?" asked Smurov.

"Well, I had to console him, didn't I?"

"With what?"

"You see, Smurov, I don't like it when people ask again if they don't understand at the first word. Some things simply can't be explained. In the peasant's idea a schoolboy is whipped and ought to be whipped: what sort of schoolboy is he, the peasant thinks, if he isn't whipped? And suddenly I tell him that we aren't whipped—why, that would upset him. However, you don't understand that. One has to know how to talk to the common people."

"Only please don't provoke anybody, or there'll be another to-do, like that time with the goose."

"Are you afraid?"

"Don't laugh, Kolya, by God, I am afraid. Father will be terribly angry. I'm strictly forbidden to go about with you."

"Don't worry, nothing will happen this time. Hello, Natasha," he shouted to one of the market women under an awning.

"What sort of Natasha am I to you, I'm Marya," the market woman, a woman still far from old, answered shrilly.

"It's good that you're Marya. Goodbye."

"Ah, you little imp, hardly up off the ground, and already at it!"

"No time, no time for you, you'll tell me next Sunday," Kolya waved his hands as though it were she who was pestering him and

not he her.

"And what am I supposed to tell you on Sunday? You pestered me yourself, it wasn't me pestering you, you rascal," Marya started shouting. "You want a whipping, that's what, you're a well-known offender, that's what!"

Laughter broke out among the other market women selling at their stalls beside Marya, when suddenly, out of nowhere, from under the arcade of the town shops darted an irritated man, something like a merchant's shop assistant, and not one of our tradesmen but from out of town, in a long-skirted blue caftan, in a peaked cap, still young, with dark-brown curls and a long, pale, slightly pockmarked face. He was in some sort of stupid agitation and at once began shaking his fist at Kolya.

"I know you," he was exclaiming irritably, "I know you!"

Kolya looked at him intently. He somehow could not recall when he could have had any sort of skirmish with this man. But he had had so many skirmishes in the streets that it was impossible to recall them all.

"Do you?" he asked him ironically.

"I know you! I know you!" the townsman kept it up like a fool.

"So much the better for you. Well, I have no time, goodbye!"

"What are you up to your mischief for?" the townsman shouted. "You up to your mischief again? I know you! You up to your mischief again?"

"That, brother, is no business of yours now, whether I get up to mischief," Kolya pronounced, stopping and continuing to look him over.

"How is it no business of mine?"

"Just so, it's none of yours."

"Whose is it, then? Whose? Well, whose?"

"That, brother, is now Trifon Nikitich's business, not yours."

“What Trifon Nikitich is that?” the fellow stared at Kolya with idiotic surprise, though still as worked up as before. Kolya measured him gravely with his eyes.

“Did you go to the Ascension?” he suddenly asked him sternly and insistently.

“What Ascension? What for? No, I didn’t go,” the fellow was a little taken aback.

“Do you know Sabaneyev?” Kolya went on, still more insistently and still more sternly.

“What Sabaneyev? No, I don’t know him.”

“Well, the devil take you after that!” Kolya suddenly snapped, and, turning sharply to the right, strode quickly off on his way, as though scorning even to talk with such a blockhead, who did not even know Sabaneyev.

“Hey, you, stop! What Sabaneyev?” the fellow came to his senses, all worked up again. “What was that he said?” he suddenly turned to the market women, looking at them stupidly.

The women burst out laughing.

“A tricky one, that boy,” said one.

“What, what Sabaneyev did he mean?” the fellow kept frantically repeating, waving his right hand.

“Why, it must be the Sabaneyev that worked for the Kuzmichevs, that’s who, must be,” one woman suddenly guessed.

The fellow stared at her wildly.

“Kuz-mi-chev?” another woman repeated. “But how is he a Trifon? That one’s Kuzma, not Trifon, and the boy called him Trifon Nikitych, so it’s not him.”

“See here, it’s not Trifon and not Sabaneyev, it’s Chizhov,” a third woman suddenly chimed in, who had been silent till now and listening seriously. “Alexei Ivanych is his name. Chizhov, Alexei Ivanovich.”

"That's just it, it's Chizhov," a fourth woman insistently confirmed.

The flabbergasted fellow looked now at one, now at another.

"But why did he ask, what did he ask it for, good people?" he exclaimed, now almost in despair. "'Do you know Sabaneyev?' And the devil knows what kind of Sabaneyev he is!"

"You muddle-headed fellow, they're telling you—not Sabaneyev but Chizhov, Alexei Ivanovich Chizhov, that's who!" one market woman shouted at him impressively.

"What Chizhov? Well, what Chizhov? Tell me, if you know."

"Why, the tall one, the snotty one, he sat in the market last summer."

"And what the devil do I want with your Chizhov, good people, eh?"

"And how should I know what the devil you want with Chizhov?"

"And who knows what you want him for," another took it up. "You ought to know yourself what you want him for, if you're making such a racket. It was you he was talking to, not us, you stupid man. Or don't you really know?"

"Know who?"

"Chizhov."

"The devil take him, Chizhov, and you with him! I'll give him a thrashing, that's what! He was laughing at me!"

"You'll thrash Chizhov, will you? More likely he'll thrash you! You're a fool, that's what!"

"Not Chizhov, not Chizhov, you wicked, spiteful woman, I'll thrash the boy, that's what! Give him here, give him here to me, he was laughing at me!"

The women roared with laughter. But Kolya was already striding far away with a victorious expression on his face. Smurov walked beside him, looking back at the shouting group in the dis-

tance. He too was in very high spirits, though he was still afraid of getting into some to-do along with Kolya.

"What Sabaneyev did you ask him about?" he asked Kolya, anticipating the answer.

"How should I know what Sabaneyev? Now they'll be shouting till evening. I like to stir up fools in all strata of society. And there stands another blockhead, that peasant there. Note that they say: 'There is nothing stupider than a stupid Frenchman,' but a Russian physiognomy gives itself away too. Well, isn't it written on that one's face that he's a fool, that peasant there, eh?"

"Leave him alone, Kolya, let's go past."

"Not for anything will I leave him alone, I'm off and running now. Hey! Hello, peasant!"

A sturdy peasant who was slowly passing by and who must already have had a drink or two, with a round, simple face and a beard going gray, raised his head and looked at the lad.

"Well, hello, if you're not joking," he said unhurriedly in reply.

"And if I am joking?" Kolya laughed.

"If you're joking, then joke, God be with you. It's all right, that's allowed. A joke is always allowed."

"Sorry, brother, I was joking."

"Well, God forgive you. And do you forgive?"

"I forgive you awful much. Go along."

"Well, look at you, why, you may be a clever peasant at that."

"Cleverer than you," the peasant answered unexpectedly and as gravely as before.

"Hardly," Kolya was somewhat taken aback.

"It's true what I say."

"Well, maybe it is so."

"That's it, brother."

"Goodbye, peasant."

"Goodbye."

“There are all kinds of peasants,” Kolya remarked to Smurov after some silence. “How was I to know I’d run into a clever one? I’m always ready to recognize intelligence in the people.”

Far off, the cathedral clock struck half past eleven. The boys quickened their pace, and covered the rest of the way, still rather long, to the dwelling of Staff Captain Snegiryov quickly and almost without talking any more. Twenty paces short of the house Kolya halted and ordered Smurov to go ahead and call Karamazov out to him here.

“We have to sniff each other out first,” he remarked to Smurov.

“But why call him out?” Smurov started to object. “Go in anyway, they’ll be terribly glad to see you. Or what, are you going to get acquainted out here in the frost?”

“I know very well why I need him out here in the frost,” Kolya snapped despotically (which he terribly loved doing with these “little ones”), and Smurov ran to carry out the order.

IV. Zhuchka

Kolya, with a grave expression on his face, leaned against the fence and began to wait for Alyosha to show himself. Yes, he had wanted to meet him for a long time. The boys had told him a great deal about him, but until now, whenever they talked to him about Alyosha, he had always outwardly shown a contemptuously indifferent air, and had even "criticized" Alyosha as he listened to the reports about him. But inwardly he very, very much wanted to make his acquaintance: all the stories he had heard about Alyosha had something sympathetic and appealing in them. And so the present minute was an important one; first, he must not disgrace himself, he must show his independence: "Or else he'll think I'm thirteen and take me for the same kind of little boy as these. And what are these boys to him? I'll ask him when we get to know each other. What's bad, though, is that I'm so small. Tuzikov is younger than I am, and he's half a head taller. My face is clever, though; I'm not good-looking, I know my face is vile, but it's a clever face. And I mustn't say too much about myself, either, or if I go straight to embraces, he'll think... Pah, how vile it will be if he thinks that!..."

So Kolya was fretting, trying with all his might to assume the most independent air. The main thing that tormented him was his small height, not so much his "vile" face as his height. At home, on the wall in a corner, a little pencil line had been made as long ago as last year, by which he had marked his height, and since then every two months he would go up to it again with excitement to measure himself: how much had he managed to grow? But alas! he was growing terribly little, and this sometimes reduced him simply

to despair. As for his face, it was not "vile" at all; on the contrary, it was rather pretty, fair, pale, freckled. His small gray but lively eyes looked out boldly and often lit up with feeling. His cheekbones were somewhat wide, his lips small, not very full, but very red; his nose small and decidedly turned up: "A real snub nose, a real snub nose!" Kolya would mutter to himself when he looked in the mirror, and he always walked away from the mirror indignant. "And is it even a clever face?" he would think now and then, doubting even that. However, it must not be supposed that worry about his face and his height absorbed his whole soul. On the contrary, however stinging the minutes before the mirror were, he quickly forgot them, and even for a long time, "giving himself up entirely to ideas and to real life," as he himself defined his activity.

Alyosha soon appeared and came hurrying up to Kolya; while he was still several steps away, Kolya made out that Alyosha had a sort of quite joyful face. "Can he really be so glad to see me?" Kolya thought with pleasure. Let us note here, by the way, that Alyosha had changed very much since we left him: he had thrown off his cassock and now wore a beautifully tailored frock coat, a soft round hat, and his hair cut short. All this had improved his looks very much, and he looked quite handsome. His pretty face always had a cheerful look, but this cheerfulness was of a sort of quiet and calm kind. To Kolya's surprise, Alyosha had come out to him in just what he had on indoors, without an overcoat; evidently he had hurried. He held out his hand straight to Kolya.

"So here you are at last; how we've all been waiting for you."

"There were reasons, which you will learn of presently. In any case, I am glad to make your acquaintance. I have long been waiting for the opportunity, and have heard a great deal," Kolya muttered, a little out of breath.

"We would have got acquainted anyway, I've heard a lot about you myself, but you're late in coming here."

"Tell me, how are things here?"

"Ilyusha is very bad; he will certainly die."

"You don't say! You must agree that medicine is a vile business, Karamazov," Kolya exclaimed with heat.

"Ilyusha has often, very often spoken of you, even, you know, in his sleep, in delirium. One can see that you were very, very dear to him before... before that incident... with the penknife. There is another reason as well... Tell me, is that your dog?"

"Mine. Perezvon."

"And not Zhuchka?" Alyosha looked pitifully into Kolya's eyes. "So that one is lost for good?"

"I know you would all like Zhuchka, I've heard everything, sir," Kolya grinned mysteriously. "Listen, Karamazov, I'll explain the whole thing to you; that's mainly what I came for, that's why I called you out, to explain the whole episode to you beforehand, before we go in," he began with animation. "You see, Karamazov, in the spring Ilyusha enters the preparatory class. Well, you know what our preparatory class is: little boys, small fry. They began picking on Ilyusha at once. I'm two classes higher and, naturally, I watch from a distance, from the side. I see a small boy, a weak little thing, but he won't submit, he even fights with them, proud, his little eyes burning. I like that sort. And they went at him all the harder. The main thing was that he had wretched clothes then, his little trousers creeping up, and his boots gaping. They went at him for that too. Humiliated him. No, that I don't like, I stood up for him at once and gave them an extra-peppering. I beat them, you know, and they adore me, do you know that, Karamazov?" Kolya boasted expansively. "And in general I like small fry. Even now at home I have two fledglings on my hands, they even held me up today. So they stopped beating Ilyusha, and I took him under my protection. I see he's a proud boy, I'm telling you he's proud, but he ended by giving himself up to me slavishly, carrying out my slight-

est commands, listening to me as if I were God, trying to imitate me. In the intervals between classes he comes straight to me, and we walk about together. On Sundays too. At our gymnasium they laugh when an older boy gets on such a footing with a little one, but that's a prejudice. Such is my fancy, and basta, isn't that so? I teach him, I develop him—why, tell me, can't I develop him if I like him? After all, you, Karamazov, have taken up with all these fledglings, so you want to act on the young generation, to develop them, to be useful? And I confess, this trait in your character, which I learned of by hearsay, interested me most of all. However, to the point: I notice that a sort of sensitivity, sentimentality, is developing in the boy, and I, you know, am a decided enemy of all calf's tenderness, from the day I was born. And contradictions besides: he's proud, but devoted to me slavishly—devoted slavishly, and then suddenly his little eyes flash and he won't even agree with me, he argues, he climbs the walls. I used to put forward various ideas: it's not that he disagrees with the ideas, but I simply see that he is rebelling against me personally, because I answer his tenderness with coolness. And so, to keep him in line, the more tender he became, the cooler I got; I did it on purpose, such is my conviction. I had in mind to train his character, to straighten it out, to create a man… well, and so forth… you, of course, understand me at half a word. Suddenly I notice that for a day, a second, a third, he is troubled, grieving, but no longer about tenderness, but about something else, something stronger, higher. I think, what is this tragedy? I press him and find out the thing: somehow he had got together with your late father's lackey (your father was still alive then), Smerdyakov, and that one went and taught him, the little fool, a stupid trick, that is, a beastly trick, a vile trick—to take a piece of bread, the soft part, stick a pin in it, and throw it to some yard dog, one of those that are so hungry they swallow a piece without chewing, and see what comes of it. So they fixed up such a

piece and threw it to this very shaggy Zhuchka that there's such a to-do about now, a yard dog from a yard where they simply didn't feed her, and she spent the whole day barking at the wind. (Are you fond of that stupid barking, Karamazov? I can't bear it.) Well, she rushed at it, swallowed it, and squealed, spun around, and set off running, running and squealing all the way, and vanished—that's how Ilyusha himself described it to me. He confesses to me, and he's crying and crying, hugging me, shaking all over: 'She runs and squeals, she runs and squeals'—that's all he keeps repeating; the picture had struck him. Well, I see, pangs of conscience. I took it seriously. Mainly, I wanted to put him through his paces for the earlier things too, so I confess I was cunning here, I pretended to be in such indignation as perhaps I didn't feel at all: 'You,' I say, 'have done a low thing, you're a scoundrel; I won't spread it about, of course, but for the time being I'm breaking off relations with you. I'll think the matter over and let you know through Smurov' (this very boy who has come with me now and who has always been devoted to me) 'whether I will continue relations with you in the future or drop you forever as a scoundrel.' That struck him terribly. I confess I felt even then that perhaps I had taken it too strictly, but what was there to do, such was my idea at the time. A day later I send Smurov to him and through him I let him know that I am 'not speaking' to him anymore, that's what we call it when two comrades break off relations with each other. The secret was that I meant to make him pay forfeit only a few days, and then, seeing his repentance, hold out my hand to him again. That was my firm intention. But what do you think: he heard Smurov out, and suddenly his eyes flashed. 'Tell Krasotkin from me,' he shouted, 'that now I'm going to throw pieces with pins in them to all the dogs, all of them, all!' 'Ah,' I think, 'a little free spirit has got into him, it has to be smoked out,' and I began showing him complete contempt; at every meeting I turn away or smile ironi-

cally. And suddenly then comes this incident with his father, you remember, the wisp of bast? You must understand that in this way he had already been prepared in advance for a terrible irritation. The boys, seeing that I had abandoned him, fell upon him, teasing him: 'Wisp of bast, wisp of bast.' That was just when the battles began among them, which I terribly regret, because it seems they gave him a very bad beating one time then. Then one time he throws himself at everyone in the yard as they were coming out of classes, and I happen to be standing ten paces away, looking at him. And I swear, I don't remember laughing then; on the contrary, I felt very, very sorry for him then, and another moment, and I would have rushed to defend him. But suddenly he met my eyes: what he imagined—I don't know, but he snatched out a penknife, rushed at me, and stuck it into my thigh, right here, by the right leg. I didn't move; I confess I am sometimes brave, Karamazov; I only looked at him with contempt, as if saying with my look: 'Wouldn't you like to have another go, for all my friendship? I'm at your service.' But he didn't stab me a second time, he couldn't bear it, he got frightened himself, threw down the penknife, burst out sobbing, and ran off. Naturally I didn't tell tales and ordered everyone to keep quiet, so that it wouldn't reach the authorities; I told even my mother only when it had all healed, and the little wound was a trifle anyway, a scratch. Then I hear that the same day he was throwing stones and bit your finger—but you understand what state he was in! Well, what can I say, I acted stupidly: when he fell ill, I didn't go to forgive him, that is, to make up; now I regret it. But by then I had particular aims of my own. Well, that's the whole story… only I think I acted stupidly…"

"Ah, what a pity," Alyosha exclaimed with emotion, "that I didn't know about these relations of yours with him before, or else I would have come to you long ago myself to ask you to go to him together with me. Would you believe it, in his fever, in his illness,

he was delirious about you. I didn't even know how dear you are to him! And is it really, really true that you never found that Zhuchka? His father and all the boys have searched the whole town. Would you believe it, ill as he is, in tears, three times now he has repeated to his father in front of me: 'It's because I killed Zhuchka then that I'm ill, Papa, it's God who has punished me'—you can't shake him from that thought! And if only someone could get hold of that Zhuchka now and show him that she isn't dead but alive, I think he would rise again from joy. We were all putting our hopes in you."

"Tell me, what on earth made you hope I would find Zhuchka, that is, that I of all people would find her?" Kolya asked with extraordinary curiosity. "Why were you counting precisely on me, and not on someone else?"

"There was some rumor that you were looking for her and that when you found her you would bring her. Smurov said something of the kind. Mainly, we all keep trying to convince him that Zhuchka is alive, that she has been seen somewhere. The boys got him a live little hare from somewhere, but he only looked at it, smiled a tiny bit, and asked them to let it go in the field. So that is what we did. His father has just this minute come back and brought him a mastiff puppy, he got it somewhere too, he thought he would comfort him with it, but I think it has turned out even worse..."

"Tell me something else, Karamazov: what is this father? I know him, but what is he, by your definition: a buffoon, a clown?"

"Ah, no, there are people who feel deeply, but are somehow crushed. Their buffoonery is a kind of spiteful irony at those to whose faces they do not dare to speak the truth, out of a long-standing, humiliating timidity before them. Believe me, Krasotkin, such buffoonery is sometimes extraordinarily tragic. For him now everything, everything on earth has come together in Ilyusha, and

if Ilyusha dies, he will either go mad with grief or take his own life. I am almost convinced of that when I look at him now!"

"I understand you, Karamazov; I see you know human nature," Kolya added feelingly.

"And when I saw you with the dog, I thought that it was the very same Zhuchka you had brought."

"Wait, Karamazov, maybe we shall find her yet, but this one—this is Perezvon. I will let him into the room now and perhaps cheer Ilyusha up more than with a mastiff puppy. Wait, Karamazov, you will learn something presently. Ah, my God, why am I keeping you!" Kolya suddenly cried impetuously. "You are in nothing but your frock coat in such cold, and I am keeping you; you see, you see what an egoist I am! Oh, we're all of us egoists, Karamazov!"

"Don't worry; it's cold, it's true, but I don't catch cold easily. Let's go in, though. By the way: what is your name? I know it's Kolya, but what else?"

"Nikolai, Nikolai Ivanov Krasotkin, or, as they put it in official papers, Krasotkin, son," Kolya laughed at something, but suddenly added: "I hate my name Nikolai, of course."

"Why so?"

"Trivial, official..."

"You are in your thirteenth year?" asked Alyosha.

"That is, my fourteenth; in two weeks I'll be fourteen, very soon. I confess to you in advance one weakness, Karamazov, just to you, for our first acquaintance, so that you can see my whole nature at once: I hate it when people ask me about my age, more than hate it... and finally... there is a slander about me, for instance, that last week I played robbers with the preparatory boys. That I played is a fact, but that I played for myself, to give myself pleasure, that is decidedly a slander. I have grounds to think that it has reached you, but I didn't play for myself, I played for the small fry, because

they couldn't think up anything without me. And so nonsense is always spread about here. This is a town of gossip, I assure you."

"And even if you did play for your own pleasure, what of it?"

"Well, for myself... You wouldn't start playing horses, would you?"

"But reason it this way," Alyosha smiled. "Grown-ups go to the theater, for instance, and in the theater too they act out the adventures of all sorts of heroes, sometimes with robbers and war as well—so isn't that the same thing, in its own way, of course? And a game of war among young people, at recreation time, or of robbers, say—why, that is also an art being born, the need for art being born in a young soul, and these games are sometimes even better put together than performances in the theater, the only difference being that people go to the theater to see the actors, while here the young people are the actors themselves. But that is only natural."

"You think so? Is that your conviction?" Kolya looked at him intently. "You know, you have said a rather curious thing; I'll go home now and stir my brains over it. I confess I was expecting that one might learn a thing or two from you. I have come to learn from you, Karamazov," Kolya concluded in a heartfelt and expansive voice.

"And I from you," Alyosha smiled, pressing his hand.

Kolya was extraordinarily pleased with Alyosha. What struck him was that he was on a perfectly equal footing with him and that Alyosha talked to him as to "the most grown-up."

"I'll show you a stunt right now, Karamazov, a theatrical performance too," he laughed nervously. "That's what I came for."

"Let's first go in to the landlords' on the left; all your friends leave their coats there, because it's crowded and hot in the room."

"Oh, but I'm only here for a moment, I'll go in and sit in my coat. Perezvon will stay here in the entryway and die: '*Ici*, Perezvon,

couche, and die!'—you see, he's died. And I'll go in first, look over the situation, and then, when it's time, I'll whistle: '*Ici*, Perezvon!'—and you'll see, he'll fly in at once like a mad thing. Only Smurov mustn't forget to open the door at that instant. I'll give the orders, and you'll see a stunt..."

V. At Ilyusha's Bedside

In the room already familiar to us, where the family of the retired staff captain Snegiryov, known to us, lived, it was at this minute both stuffy and crowded with the numerous public that had gathered. Several boys were sitting with Ilyusha this time, and though all of them were ready, like Smurov, to deny that it was Alyosha who had reconciled them with Ilyusha and brought them together, it was so. All his art in this case had consisted in bringing them together with Ilyusha one after another, without "calf's tenderness," but quite as if not on purpose and by chance. And this had brought Ilyusha enormous relief in his sufferings. Seeing the almost tender friendship and sympathy toward him of all these boys, his former enemies, he was very much touched. Only Krasotkin was missing, and this lay on his heart like a terrible weight. If there was anything bitterest of all in Ilyushechka's bitter memories, it was precisely this whole episode with Krasotkin, who had been his only friend and defender, and at whom he had rushed with the penknife that time. So thought the clever little boy Smurov too (the first who had come to make up with Ilyusha). But Krasotkin himself, when Smurov had told him in a distant way that Alyosha wanted to come to see him "about a certain matter," at once cut him short and blocked the approach, charging Smurov to inform "Karamazov" immediately that he knew himself how to act, that he asked no one's advice, and that if he went to see the sick boy, he knew himself when to go, because he had "his own calculation." This was some two weeks before this Sunday. That was why Alyosha had not gone to see him himself, as he had intended.

However, although he waited, he did nevertheless send Smurov to Krasotkin once more, and then once more. But both these times Krasotkin answered with the most impatient and sharp refusal, sending word to Alyosha that if he came for him himself, then for that very reason he would never go to Ilyusha, and that they were to stop pestering him. Even up to this very last day Smurov himself did not know that Kolya had decided to set off to see Ilyusha this morning, and only the evening before, as he was parting from Smurov, Kolya had suddenly and sharply announced to him that he was to wait for him at home tomorrow morning, because he would go with him to the Snegiryovs', but that he was not to dare, however, to tell anyone of his coming, since he wanted to arrive unexpectedly. Smurov obeyed. As for the dream that he would bring the lost Zhuchka, it had arisen in Smurov on the strength of some words Krasotkin had once let drop in passing, that "they're all asses if they can't find a dog, if only she is alive." But when Smurov timidly, having waited for the right moment, hinted to Krasotkin at his guess about the dog, the latter suddenly got terribly angry: "What sort of ass am I, to go looking for other people's dogs all over town, when I have my own Perezvon? And can one dream that a dog that has swallowed a pin could stay alive? Calf's tenderness, nothing more!"

Meanwhile for some two weeks Ilyusha had hardly left his little bed in the corner by the icons. He had not gone to his classes since the very time when he had met Alyosha and bitten his finger. However, he had fallen ill from that very day, though for a month or so he had still been able somehow to walk now and then about the room and in the entryway, getting up from his little bed once in a while. At last he grew quite exhausted, so that he could not move without his father's help. His father trembled over him; he had even stopped drinking altogether; he had almost gone out of his mind with fear that his boy would die, and often, especially

after he had walked him about the room on his arm and put him back in his little bed—he would suddenly run out into the entryway, into a dark corner, and, leaning his forehead against the wall, would begin to sob with a sort of pealing, shaking weeping, stifling his voice so that his sobs could not be heard by Ilyushechka.

And coming back into the room, he would usually begin to amuse and comfort his dear boy with something, telling him fairy tales, funny anecdotes, or mimicking various funny people he had happened to meet, even imitating animals and the funny way they howl or cry. But Ilyusha very much disliked it when his father played the fool and made a buffoon of himself. Though the boy tried not to show that it was unpleasant to him, he realized with an aching heart that his father was humiliated in society, and always, unrelentingly, remembered the "wisp of bast" and that "terrible day." Ninochka, Ilyushechka's legless, quiet, and meek sister, also disliked it when her father played the fool (as for Varvara Nikolaevna, she had long since gone off to Petersburg to attend courses), but on the other hand the half-witted mamma was greatly amused and laughed with all her heart whenever her spouse began to mimic something or make some funny gestures. That was the only way she could be comforted; all the rest of the time she grumbled and complained continually that now everyone had forgotten her, that nobody respected her, that she was being wronged, and so on, and so on. But in the very last days she too seemed suddenly to have changed completely. She began often to look into the corner at Ilyusha and grew pensive. She became much more silent, grew quiet, and if she started to cry, she cried quietly, so that she would not be heard. The staff captain noticed this change in her with bitter bewilderment. At first the boys' visits did not please her and only made her angry, but then the children's merry shouts and stories began to amuse her too, and in the end she liked them so much that if those boys had stopped

coming she would have grieved terribly. When the children told something or started to play, she laughed and clapped her hands. Some of them she would call over to her and kiss. She grew especially fond of the boy Smurov. As for the staff captain, the appearance in his lodging of the children who came to cheer up Ilyusha filled his soul from the very beginning with rapturous joy and even with the hope that Ilyusha would stop grieving now and perhaps would get well sooner because of it. Not for one minute, until the very last, did he doubt, in spite of all his fear for Ilyusha, that his boy would suddenly get well. He received the little guests with reverence, hovered around them, waited on them, was ready to give them rides on his back, and actually started giving them rides, but Ilyusha did not like these games, and they were given up. He began buying treats for them, little gingerbreads, nuts; he arranged tea, he spread sandwiches. It must be noted that all this time he never ran short of money. Those two hundred rubles from Katerina Ivanovna he had accepted just exactly as Alyosha had predicted. And then Katerina Ivanovna, having found out in more detail about their circumstances and about Ilyusha's illness, visited their lodging herself, made the acquaintance of the whole family, and even managed to charm the half-witted wife of the staff captain. Since then her hand had never grown scant, while the staff captain himself, crushed with horror at the thought that his boy would die, had forgotten his former pride and humbly accepted alms. All this time Doctor Herzenstube, at Katerina Ivanovna's invitation, had been coming regularly and punctually every other day to see the sick boy, but little good came of his visits, though he dosed him with medicines terribly. But on this day, that is, on this Sunday morning, they were expecting at the staff captain's a certain new doctor, who had come from Moscow and was considered a celebrity in Moscow. Katerina Ivanovna had sent for him specially and invited him from Moscow for a great deal of money—not

for Ilyushechka, but for a certain other purpose, of which more will be said below and in its proper place; but since he had come, she had asked him to visit Ilyushechka as well, of which the staff captain had been informed in advance. Of Kolya Krasotkin's coming, however, he had no presentiment, though he had long wished that this boy, over whom his Ilyushechka was suffering so, would come at last. At the very moment when Krasotkin opened the door and appeared in the room, all of them, the staff captain and the boys, were crowded around the sick boy's little bed, examining a tiny mastiff puppy that had just been brought, born only the day before, but ordered by the staff captain a week ago to amuse and comfort Ilyushechka, who was still grieving over the vanished and, of course, already perished Zhuchka. But Ilyusha, who had already heard three days before and known that he would be given a little dog, and not a plain one but a real mastiff (which, of course, was terribly important), though he showed out of a fine and delicate feeling that he was glad of the present, yet everyone, his father and the boys, saw clearly that the new little dog had perhaps only stirred still more strongly in his little heart the memory of the unhappy Zhuchka, whom he had tortured to death. The puppy lay and squirmed beside him, and he, smiling painfully, stroked it with his thin, pale, wasted little hand; one could even see that he liked the little dog, but… all the same there was no Zhuchka, all the same this was not Zhuchka, and now if only there could be Zhuchka and the puppy together, then there would be complete happiness!

"Krasotkin!" one of the boys, the first to catch sight of Kolya as he came in, suddenly shouted. There was visible excitement; the boys moved apart and stood on both sides of the little bed, so that suddenly the whole of Ilyushechka came into view. The staff captain rushed impetuously to meet Kolya.

"Welcome, welcome... dear guest!" he babbled to him. "Ilyushechka, Mr. Krasotkin has come to see you..."

But Krasotkin, hastily giving him his hand, instantly displayed his extraordinary knowledge of the proprieties of society as well. At once, and before anything else, he turned to the staff captain's spouse, who was sitting in her armchair (and who just at that moment was terribly displeased and grumbling because the boys were blocking Ilyusha's little bed and would not let her look at the new little dog), and with extraordinary politeness scraped his foot before her, and then, turning to Ninochka, made her too, as a lady, the same bow. This polite act made an unusually pleasant impression on the sick lady.

"There, you can see at once a well-brought-up young man," she pronounced loudly, spreading her hands, "but as for our other guests: they come riding in one on top of another."

"How's that, Mama dear, one on top of another, how do you mean?" the staff captain babbled, affectionately but a little apprehensive about "Mama dear."

"That's how they ride in. One sits on another's shoulders in the entryway, astride, and rides into a noble family like that, sitting astride. What sort of guest is that?"

"But who, who, Mama dear, rode in like that, who?"

"Why, this boy rode in on this boy today, and that one on that one..."

But Kolya was already standing by Ilyusha's little bed. The sick boy turned visibly pale. He raised himself a little in his little bed and looked at Kolya intently, intently. Kolya had not seen his former little friend for some two months, and he suddenly stopped before him quite stunned: he could never have imagined that he would see such a thin and yellowed little face, such eyes burning in feverish heat and seemingly grown terribly large, such thin little hands. With sorrowful surprise he peered at how deeply and

rapidly Ilyusha was breathing and how parched his lips were. He stepped up to him, gave him his hand, and, almost completely at a loss, said:

"Well, old man... how are you getting on?"

But his voice broke off, his free and easy manner failed him, his face somehow suddenly twitched, and something quivered near his lips. Ilyusha was smiling at him painfully, still unable to say a word. Kolya suddenly raised his hand and for some reason passed his palm over Ilyusha's hair.

"Ne-ver mind!" he babbled to him quietly, either to encourage him or not knowing himself why he said it. For a little minute they were silent again.

"What's that you've got, a new puppy?" Kolya suddenly asked in the most unfeeling voice.

"Ye-e-es!" Ilyusha answered in a long whisper, gasping.

"A black nose means he's one of the fierce ones, a watchdog," Kolya remarked gravely and firmly, as if the whole matter lay precisely in the puppy and its black nose. But the main thing was that he was still trying with all his might to overcome the feeling in himself so as not to cry like a "little one," and still could not overcome it. "When he grows up, you'll have to put him on a chain, I know that."

"He'll be huge!" exclaimed one boy in the crowd.

"Of course, a mastiff, huge, this big, the size of a calf," several little voices were suddenly heard.

"The size of a calf, a real calf, sir," the staff captain sprang forward. "I found one like that on purpose, the very, very fiercest, and his parents are huge too and the very fiercest, this tall from the floor... Sit down, sir, here on Ilyusha's little bed, or else here on the bench. You are most welcome, dear guest, long-awaited guest... Did you deign to come with Alexei Fyodorovich, sir?"

Krasotkin sat down on the little bed, at Ilyusha's feet. Though he had perhaps prepared on the way how to begin the conversation in a free and easy manner, now he had decidedly lost the thread.

"No... I came with Perezvon... I have a dog like that now, Perezvon. A Slavic name. He's waiting out there... I'll whistle, and he'll fly in. I've got a dog too," he suddenly turned to Ilyusha. "Do you remember Zhuchka, old man?" he suddenly struck him with the question.

Ilyushechka's little face twisted. He looked at Kolya in anguish. Alyosha, who was standing by the door, frowned and nodded to Kolya on the sly, so that he would not start talking about Zhuchka, but Kolya did not notice or did not want to notice.

"Where is... Zhuchka?" Ilyusha asked in a strained little voice.

"Well, brother, your Zhuchka—whew! Your Zhuchka is gone!"

Ilyusha said nothing, but looked intently, intently at Kolya once more. Alyosha, catching Kolya's eye, again began nodding at him with all his might, but Kolya again looked away, pretending that this time too he had not noticed.

"She ran off somewhere and was lost. How could she not be lost after a snack like that," Kolya cut away pitilessly, and meanwhile he himself seemed to be gasping from something. "But I've got Perezvon instead... A Slavic name... I've brought him to you..."

"I don't wa-ant him!" Ilyushechka suddenly said.

"No, no, you do, you absolutely must look at him... It'll cheer you up. I brought him on purpose... he's shaggy just like that one... Will you allow me, madam, to call my dog in here?" he suddenly turned to Mrs. Snegiryova in some now utterly incomprehensible agitation.

"I don't want him, I don't want him!" Ilyusha exclaimed with a sorrowful strain in his voice. Reproach blazed up in his eyes.

“You might, sir…” the staff captain suddenly started up from the chest by the wall on which he had sat down, “you might, sir… some other time, sir…” he babbled, but Kolya, irrepressibly insisting and hurrying, suddenly shouted to Smurov: “Smurov, open the door!”—and the moment he opened it, blew on his little whistle. Perezvon flew impetuously into the room.

“Jump, Perezvon, beg! Beg!” Kolya yelled, leaping up from his place, and the dog, standing up on its hind legs, drew itself up straight in front of Ilyusha’s little bed. Something happened that no one expected: Ilyusha gave a start and suddenly moved his whole body forcefully forward, bent toward Perezvon, and, as though his heart had stopped, gazed at him.

“It’s… Zhuchka!” he suddenly cried out in a little voice cracked with suffering and happiness.

“And who did you think?” Krasotkin yelled with all his might in a ringing, happy voice, and, bending down to the dog, he seized it in his arms and lifted it up to Ilyusha.

“Look, old man, you see, his eye is blind and his left ear is slit, exactly the marks you told me about. It was by those marks that I found him! I found him back then, soon after. She didn’t belong to anybody, you know, she didn’t belong to anybody!” he explained, turning quickly to the staff captain, to his spouse, to Alyosha, and then again to Ilyusha. “She was in the Fedotovs’ back yard, she’d settled in there, but they didn’t feed her, and she’s a runaway, she’s run away from some village… So I found her… You see, old man, that means she didn’t swallow your piece that time. If she had swallowed it, she would certainly have died, why, certainly! So she must have managed to spit it out, if she’s alive now. And you didn’t notice that she spat it out. She spat it out, but she pricked her tongue all the same, that’s why she squealed then. She ran and squealed, and you thought she had swallowed it altogether. She must have squealed a lot, because a dog has very tender skin in its

mouth… more tender than a man's, much more tender!" Kolya exclaimed frantically, his face flushed and shining with rapture.

But Ilyusha could not even speak. He was looking at Kolya with his big and somehow terribly bulging eyes, his mouth open, white as a sheet. And if only Krasotkin, who suspected nothing, had known how tormentingly and murderously such a minute could affect the sick boy's health, he would never have ventured to pull such a trick as he pulled. But in the room perhaps only Alyosha understood this. As for the staff captain, he seemed to have turned entirely into the littlest of boys.

"Zhuchka! So this is Zhuchka?" he kept crying out in a blissful voice. "Ilyushechka, why, it's Zhuchka, your Zhuchka! Mamma, why, it's Zhuchka!" He was almost crying.

"And I never guessed!" Smurov exclaimed ruefully. "Hurrah for Krasotkin, I said he'd find Zhuchka, and he did find her!"

"And he did find her!" someone else responded joyfully.

"Good for Krasotkin!" a third little voice rang out.

"Good for him, good for him!" all the boys shouted and began to applaud.

"But wait, wait," Krasotkin strained to outshout them all, "I'll tell you how it was, the trick is in how it was, and not in anything else! I found him, you see, dragged him home, and hid him at once, and the house under lock and key, and didn't show him to anyone until the very last day. Only Smurov found out two weeks ago, but I assured him that this was Perezvon, and he didn't guess, and in the interval I taught Zhuchka all the sciences; just look, look what tricks he knows! That's why I taught him, so as to bring him to you, old man, trained and sleek: here, old man, I'd say, look what your Zhuchka is like now! Haven't you got some little piece of beef? He'll show you one trick right away that will make you fall down laughing—a bit of beef, a little piece, now surely you've got some?"

The staff captain dashed impetuously across the entryway into the landlords' cottage, where the staff captain's food was cooked too. And Kolya, so as not to lose precious time, in a desperate hurry shouted to Perezvon: "Die!" And the dog suddenly spun around, lay on his back, and froze motionless with all four of his little paws in the air. The boys laughed, Ilyusha looked on with the same suffering smile as before, but the one who liked it best of all that Perezvon died was "mamma." She burst out laughing at the dog and began snapping her fingers and calling:

"Perezvon, Perezvon!"

"Not for anything will he get up, not for anything," Kolya shouted triumphantly and with just pride, "though the whole world shouts at him, but just let me shout, and he'll jump up in an instant! *Ici*, Perezvon!"

The dog leaped up and began to jump about, squealing with joy. The staff captain ran in with a piece of boiled beef.

"It's not hot?" Kolya inquired hurriedly and in a businesslike way, taking the piece. "No, it's not hot, or else dogs don't like hot things. Now everybody look, Ilyushechka, look, now do look, look, old man, why aren't you looking? I brought him, and he's not looking!"

The new trick consisted in placing a tasty little piece of beef right on the nose of the dog, who stood motionless with his nose stretched out. The unhappy dog had to stand without stirring, with the piece on his nose, as long as his master ordered, not move, not twitch, even for half an hour. But Perezvon was kept like that only for the very shortest little minute.

"Take it!" Kolya shouted, and in an instant the piece flew from Perezvon's nose into his mouth. The public, of course, expressed rapturous amazement.

"And is it really, really just for the sake of training the dog that you stayed away all this time!" Alyosha exclaimed with involuntary

reproach.

"Precisely for that," Kolya shouted in the most simplehearted way. "I wanted to show him in all his glory!"

"Perezvon! Perezvon!" Ilyusha suddenly began snapping his thin little fingers, beckoning the dog.

"What are you doing that for! Let him jump up on the bed to you himself. *Ici*, Perezvon!" Kolya slapped the bed with his palm, and Perezvon flew up to Ilyusha like an arrow. Ilyusha impetuously threw both arms around his head, and Perezvon instantly licked his cheek for it. Ilyushechka pressed close to him, stretched out on his little bed, and hid his face from everyone in the dog's shaggy coat.

"Lord, Lord!" the staff captain kept exclaiming.

Kolya sat down on the bed by Ilyusha again.

"Ilyusha, I can show you one more thing. I've brought you a little cannon. Remember, I told you about this little cannon back then, and you said: 'Ah, if only I could see it too!' Well, here, now I've brought it."

And Kolya, hurrying, pulled his bronze cannon out of his satchel. He was hurrying because he himself was by now very happy: at another time he would have waited until the effect produced by Perezvon had passed, but now he hurried, scorning all restraint: "You're happy as it is, so here's more happiness for you!" He himself was quite intoxicated by now.

"I had my eye on this little thing at the official Morozov's a long time ago—for you, old man, for you. It was standing at his place for nothing, it came to him from his brother, and I traded him a book for it, from Papa's bookcase: *Mahomet's Kinsman, or Healing Folly*. The book is a hundred years old, a rakish one, it came out in Moscow when there was no censorship yet, and Morozov is a great one for such things. He even thanked me…"

Kolya held the little cannon in his hand before everyone, so that all could see it and delight in it. Ilyusha raised himself and, still embracing Perezvon with his right arm, gazed at the toy with delight. The effect rose to a high degree when Kolya announced that he had gunpowder too and that the cannon could be fired right now, "if only it won't disturb the ladies." "Mamma" at once asked to be allowed to look at the toy closer, which was immediately done. She liked the bronze cannon on little wheels terribly, and she began rolling it about on her knees. To the request for permission to fire it she answered with the fullest consent, not understanding, however, what she was being asked. Kolya showed the powder and the shot. The staff captain, as a former military man, saw to the loading himself, pouring in the very smallest portion of powder, but asking that the shot be put off until another time. They set the cannon on the floor, its muzzle toward an empty spot, pressed three grains of powder into the touchhole, and lit it with a match. A most splendid shot rang out. Mamma gave a start, but at once laughed with joy. The boys looked on in silent triumph, but the most blissful of all, looking at Ilyusha, was the staff captain. Kolya picked up the little cannon and at once presented it to Ilyusha, together with the shot and the powder.

"This is for you, for you! I got it ready long ago," he repeated once more, in the fullness of his happiness.

"Ah, give it to me! No, give the little cannon to me instead!" mamma suddenly began begging, just like a little girl. Her face expressed a sorrowful anxiety for fear she would not be given it. Kolya was embarrassed. The staff captain grew uneasy and agitated.

"Mama dear, Mama dear!" he sprang up to her. "The little cannon is yours, yours, but let Ilyusha keep it, because it was given to him, but it's just the same as yours, Ilyushechka will always let you play with it, let it belong to the two of you, to both of you..."

“No, I don’t want it to belong to both, no, I want it to be all mine, and not Ilyusha’s,” mamma went on, now getting ready to cry in earnest.

“Mama, take it, here, take it!” Ilyusha suddenly cried. “Krasotkin, may I give it to Mama?” he suddenly turned to Krasotkin with an imploring look, as if afraid that he would be offended at his giving his present to someone else.

“Perfectly possible!” Krasotkin at once agreed, and, taking the little cannon from Ilyusha’s hands, himself handed it with the most polite bow to mamma. She even burst into tears of tenderness.

“Ilyushechka, darling, there’s one who loves his mama!” she exclaimed tenderly, and at once began rolling the cannon about on her knees again.

“Mamma, let me kiss your hand,” her spouse sprang up to her, and at once carried out his intention.

“And who else is the nicest young man, why, it’s this kind boy!” said the grateful lady, pointing at Krasotkin.

“And as for powder, Ilyusha, I’ll bring you as much as you like now. We make powder ourselves now. Borovikov found out the composition: twenty-four parts saltpeter, ten of sulfur, and six of birch charcoal; pound it all together, pour in water, mix it into a paste, and rub it through a drumskin—and there’s your powder.”

“Smurov already told me about your powder, only Papa says it’s not real powder,” Ilyusha responded.

“How is it not real?” Kolya flushed. “Ours burns. However, I don’t know…”

“No, sir, I didn’t mean anything, sir,” the staff captain suddenly sprang up with a guilty look. “I did say, it’s true, that real powder isn’t made like that, but it doesn’t matter, sir, it can be done that way too, sir.”

“I don’t know, you know better. We lit it in a stone pomade jar, it burned splendidly, it all burned up, only the tiniest bit of soot

was left. But that was only the paste, and if you rub it through a skin… But then, you know better, I don't know… And Bulkin's father gave him a thrashing on account of our powder, did you hear?" he suddenly turned to Ilyusha.

"I heard," answered Ilyusha. He was listening to Kolya with infinite interest and delight.

"We had got a whole bottle of powder ready, and he kept it under his bed. His father saw it. It might blow up, he says. And he flogged him right there and then. He wanted to complain about me to the gymnasium. Now they don't let him go about with me, now they don't let anybody go about with me. They don't let Smurov either; I've become famous with everybody; they say I'm 'a desperate one,'" Kolya grinned contemptuously. "It all started here with that business on the railway."

"Ah, we have heard about that adventure of yours too!" the staff captain exclaimed. "How did you lie there? And were you really not frightened at all when you were lying under the train? Were you scared, sir?"

The staff captain was fawning terribly before Kolya.

"N-not especially!" Kolya responded carelessly. "What damaged my reputation here most of all was that damned goose," he turned to Ilyusha again. But though he put on a careless air as he talked, he still could not get control of himself and kept somehow slipping off key.

"Ah, I heard about the goose too!" Ilyusha laughed, all beaming. "They told me, but I didn't understand. Were you really tried before the judge?"

"The most brainless business, the most trivial, out of which, as usual here, they made a whole elephant," Kolya began in a free and easy manner. "I was walking across the square here one time, and they had just driven in some geese. I stopped and looked at the geese. Suddenly a local fellow, Vishnyakov, he works as an errand

boy at the Plotnikovs' now, looks at me and says: 'What are you looking at the geese for?' I look at him: a stupid, round mug, the fellow is twenty years old; I, you know, never reject the people. I like being with the people... We have fallen behind the people—that is an axiom—you seem to be laughing, Karamazov?"

"No, God forbid, I am listening to you closely," Alyosha responded with the most simplehearted air, and the suspicious Kolya instantly took heart.

"My theory, Karamazov, is clear and simple," he at once hurried on joyfully again. "I believe in the people and am always glad to do them justice, but without spoiling them in the least, that is *sine qua*... Yes, but I was talking about the goose. So I turn to this fool and answer him: 'Why, I'm thinking about what the goose is thinking about.' He looks at me completely stupidly: 'And what,' he says, 'is the goose thinking about?' 'Why, you see,' I say, 'there's a cart standing there with oats. The oats are spilling out of the sack, and the goose has stretched its neck right under the wheel and is pecking at the grain—do you see?' 'That I see awful well,' he says. 'Well, then,' I say, 'if that very cart were moved forward just a tiny bit now—would the wheel cut the goose's neck or not?' 'It'd cut it for sure,' he says, and he's already grinning all over his face, he's simply melted. 'Well, come on, then, lad,' I say, 'let's go.' 'Let's go,' he says. And we didn't have to contrive for long: he stood unnoticed, sort of, by the bridle, and I to one side, to steer the goose. And the peasant just then was gaping, talking with someone, so that I didn't have to steer at all: the goose stretched out its neck all by itself after the oats, under the cart, right under the wheel. I winked at the fellow, he gave a tug, and—c-crack, the wheel went right over the goose's neck and cut it in half! And as luck would have it, at that very second all the peasants saw us, and they all started shouting at once: 'You did that on purpose!' 'No, not on purpose.' 'Yes, on purpose!' Well, they shout: 'To the justice of the

peace!' They grabbed me too: 'You were in on it too, you helped, the whole market knows you!' And for some reason the whole market really does know me," Kolya added vaingloriously. "We all trooped off to the justice of the peace, and they carry the goose along too. I look, and my fellow has lost his nerve and started bawling, really, bawling like a woman. And the drover shouts: 'In that fashion you could crush as many of them geese as you like!' Well, there were witnesses, of course. The justice of the peace finished it in a moment: the fellow was to pay the drover a ruble for the goose, and let him take the goose for himself. And from now on such jokes were by no means to be permitted. And the fellow keeps bawling like a woman: 'It wasn't me,' he says, 'it was him that put me up to it,' and he points at me. I answer with complete coolness that I did not teach him at all, that I only expressed the fundamental idea and spoke merely of a project. The justice of the peace, Nefedov, grinned, and then got angry at himself at once for having grinned: 'I shall report you to your authorities at once,' he says to me, 'so that in future you do not go in for such projects, instead of sitting over your books and learning your lessons.' He didn't report me to the authorities, that was a joke, but the matter really did get about and reached the ears of the authorities: ears are long here, you know! The classics master Kolbasnikov especially rose up against me, but Dardanelov stood up for me again. And Kolbasnikov is now as mad at everybody here as a green donkey. Did you hear, Ilyusha, he got married, he took a dowry of a thousand rubles from the Mikhailovs, and the bride is a face-twister of the first water and the last degree. The third-year boys at once composed an epigram:

"The news has stunned the third-year boys,
That Kolbasnikov the slob has wed.

"Well, and so on, very funny, I'll bring it to you later. I don't say anything about Dardanelov: a man of learning, of decided learning. I respect that sort, and not at all because he stood up for me…"

"But you did trip him up over who founded Troy!" Smurov suddenly slipped in, decidedly proud of Krasotkin at that moment. He had liked the story about the goose very much.

"Did you really trip him up, sir?" the staff captain chimed in flatteringly. "That's about who founded Troy, sir? We've heard already that you tripped him up, sir. Ilyushechka told me about it at the time, sir…"

"He knows everything, Papa, he knows better than anybody here!" Ilyushechka chimed in too. "He only pretends to be like that, but he's the top pupil in our school in every subject…"

Ilyusha was looking at Kolya with boundless happiness.

"Well, that about Troy is nonsense, a trifle. I consider the question an empty one myself," Kolya responded with proud modesty. He had already managed to strike the right tone completely, though he was, however, also somewhat uneasy: he felt that he was very excited and that, for instance, he had told about the goose much too wholeheartedly, while Alyosha had been silent the whole time he was telling it, and serious, and so the proud boy was little by little beginning to feel a scratching at his heart: "Isn't he silent, maybe, because he despises me, thinking I'm seeking his praise? In that case, if he dares to think that, then I…"

"I consider the question decidedly an empty one," he snapped once more, proudly.

"And I know who founded Troy," a boy who until then had said almost nothing suddenly spoke up quite unexpectedly, a silent and evidently shy boy, very good-looking, about eleven years old, by the name of Kartashov. He was sitting right by the door. Kolya looked at him with surprise and importance. The point was that the question "Who precisely founded Troy?" had decidedly turned

into a secret in all the classes, and to penetrate it one had to read Smaragdov. But nobody except Kolya had Smaragdov. And so one time the boy Kartashov, on the quiet, when Kolya had turned away, had quickly opened the Smaragdov lying among his books and had come straight upon the place where it spoke of the founders of Troy. This had happened rather a long time ago, but he had somehow kept feeling embarrassed and had not ventured to reveal publicly that he too knew who founded Troy, for fear that something might come of it and that Kolya might somehow put him to shame for it. But now suddenly, for some reason, he could not hold back and said it. And he had long been wanting to.

"Well, who did found it?" Kolya turned to him haughtily and loftily, already guessing from his face that he really did know, and, of course, at once preparing himself for all the consequences. A dissonance, as they say, came into the general mood.

"Troy was founded by Teucer, Dardanus, Ilus, and Tros," the boy rapped out all at once, and in an instant he blushed all over, blushed so that it was pitiful to look at him. But all the boys stared at him point-blank, stared for a whole minute, and then suddenly all those point-blank staring eyes turned all at once to Kolya. Kolya, with contemptuous coolness, was still measuring the impudent boy with his eyes.

"That is, how exactly did they found it?" he deigned to say at last. "And what does it mean, in general, to found a city or a state? What did they do: come and each lay a brick, or what?"

There was laughter. The guilty boy turned from pink to crimson. He was silent, he was ready to cry. Kolya kept him like that a little minute longer.

"To discuss such historical events as the founding of a nationality, one must first of all understand what that means," he rapped out sternly, for edification. "However, I attach no importance to all these old wives' tales, and in general I do not much respect world

history," he suddenly added carelessly, now addressing everyone in general.

"World history, sir?" the staff captain inquired with a sort of sudden alarm.

"Yes, world history. The study of a series of human follies, and nothing more. I respect only mathematics and the natural sciences," Kolya showed off, and glanced fleetingly at Alyosha: his was the only opinion he feared here. But Alyosha was still silent and as serious as before. If Alyosha had said something now, that would have been the end of it, but Alyosha kept silent, and "his silence might be contemptuous," and Kolya grew thoroughly irritated.

"And then there are these classical languages we have now: sheer madness, and nothing more... You don't seem to agree with me again, Karamazov?"

"I don't agree," Alyosha smiled with restraint.

"The classical languages, if you want my whole opinion of them, are a police measure, that is the only reason they have been introduced," Kolya, little by little, suddenly began to gasp for breath again. "They have been introduced because they are boring and because they dull the faculties. It was boring, so how could things be made still more boring? It was muddle-headed, so how could it be made still more muddle-headed? And so they invented the classical languages. That is my complete opinion of them, and I hope that I will never change it," Kolya finished sharply. On each of his cheeks a red spot of color appeared.

"That's true," Smurov, who had been listening diligently, suddenly agreed in a ringing and convinced little voice.

"And he's top in Latin himself!" one boy suddenly shouted from the crowd.

"Yes, Papa, he says that, but he's top in Latin in our class himself," Ilyusha responded too.

“What of it?” Kolya thought it necessary to defend himself, though the praise was very pleasant to him too. “I cram Latin because I must, because I promised my mother to finish the course, and in my opinion, whatever you take up, you should do well, but in my soul I deeply despise classicism and all that vileness… You don’t agree, Karamazov?”

“But why ‘vileness’?” Alyosha smiled again.

“But good heavens, the classics have all been translated into every language, so they didn’t need Latin at all for the study of the classics, but solely as a police measure and to dull the faculties. How is that not vileness, then?”

“But who taught you all this?” Alyosha exclaimed, surprised at last.

“In the first place, I can understand things myself, without being taught, and in the second, let me tell you, this very thing I have just been explaining to you about the translated classics was said aloud to the whole third class by the teacher Kolbasnikov himself…”

“The doctor has come!” Ninochka, who had been silent all the time, suddenly exclaimed.

In fact, the carriage belonging to Mrs. Khokhlakova had driven up to the gate of the house. The staff captain, who had been waiting for the doctor all morning, rushed headlong to the gate to meet him. Mamma pulled herself together and assumed an air of importance. Alyosha went over to Ilyusha and began straightening his pillow. Ninochka, from her armchair, watched anxiously as he straightened the little bed. The boys hurriedly began to take their leave; some of them promised to drop in in the evening. Kolya called Perezvon, and the dog jumped down from the bed.

“I won’t leave, I won’t leave!” Kolya said hurriedly to Ilyusha. “I’ll wait in the entryway and come back again when the doctor has gone, I’ll come with Perezvon.”

But the doctor was already coming in—an imposing figure in a bearskin coat, with long dark side-whiskers and a glossily shaven chin. Stepping across the threshold, he suddenly stopped as if taken aback: it must have seemed to him that he had come to the wrong place. “What is this? Where am I?” he muttered, not throwing off the fur coat from his shoulders and not removing from his head his sealskin cap with its sealskin visor. The crowd, the poverty of the room, the washing hung on a line in the corner, put him off his stride. The staff captain bent double before him.

“You’re here, sir, here, sir,” he muttered obsequiously, “you’re here, sir, at my place, sir, it’s me you’re coming to, sir…”

“Sne-gi-ryov?” the doctor pronounced gravely and loudly. “Mr. Snegiryov—is that you?”

“It is I, sir!”

“Ah!”

The doctor once more looked around the room squeamishly and threw off his fur coat. An important order at his neck flashed in everyone’s eyes. The staff captain caught the fur coat in midair, and the doctor took off his cap.

“Where is the patient?” he asked loudly and insistently.

VI. Early Development

"What do you think the doctor will tell him?" Kolya said in a rapid patter. "What a disgusting mug, though, isn't it? I can't stand medicine!"

"Ilyusha is going to die. That, it seems to me, is certain now," Alyosha answered sadly.

"Rogues! Medicine is a rogue! I'm glad, though, that I've got to know you, Karamazov. I've wanted to get to know you for a long time. Only it's a pity we've met so sadly..."

Kolya would very much have liked to say something still warmer, still more expansive, but something seemed to be cramping him. Alyosha noticed it, smiled, and pressed his hand.

"I learned long ago to respect a rare being in you," Kolya muttered again, faltering and getting tangled. "I've heard you are a mystic and were in a monastery. I know you're a mystic, but... that hasn't stopped me. Contact with reality will cure you... With natures like yours it's never otherwise."

"What do you call a mystic? Cure me of what?" Alyosha was a little surprised.

"Well, you know, God and so on."

"What, don't you believe in God, then?"

"On the contrary, I've got nothing against God. God is only a hypothesis, of course... but... I grant that he's needed, for order... for the world order and so on... and if he did not exist, he would have to be invented," Kolya added, beginning to blush. It suddenly occurred to him that Alyosha would now think he wanted to display his knowledge and show what a "grown-up" he was. "And I

don't want to display my knowledge before him at all," Kolya thought indignantly. And he suddenly felt terribly vexed.

"I confess I can't stand getting into all these disputes," he snapped. "After all, one can love mankind without believing in God, don't you think? Voltaire didn't believe in God, did he, and yet he loved mankind?" ("Again, again!" he thought to himself.)

"Voltaire believed in God, but not very much, it seems, and, it seems, he did not love mankind very much either," Alyosha said quietly, with restraint and quite naturally, as though talking with someone his own age or even with someone older than himself. What struck Kolya was precisely this seeming uncertainty of Alyosha's in his own opinion of Voltaire, and that he seemed to be leaving precisely to him, little Kolya, the decision of the question.

"Have you read Voltaire, then?" Alyosha concluded.

"No, not exactly read... However, I have read *Candide*, in Russian translation... in an old, hideous translation, a ridiculous one... (Again, again!)"

"And did you understand it?"

"Oh yes, all of it... that is... why do you think I wouldn't have understood it? Of course, there's a lot of smut in it... Of course, I am capable of understanding that it is a philosophical novel and written to get an idea across..." Kolya was now completely tangled up. "I am a socialist, Karamazov, I am an incorrigible socialist," he suddenly broke off, out of the blue.

"A socialist?" Alyosha laughed. "But when did you have time for that? Why, you are only thirteen, I think?"

Kolya cringed.

"In the first place, not thirteen but fourteen, in two weeks I'll be fourteen," he simply flared up, "and in the second place, I don't understand at all what my age has to do with it. The point is what my convictions are, not how old I am, isn't it?"

"When you are older, you will see for yourself what importance age has for one's convictions. It also seemed to me that you are not speaking your own words," Alyosha answered modestly and calmly, but Kolya hotly interrupted him.

"Good heavens, you want obedience and mysticism. You must agree that, for instance, the Christian faith has served only the rich and the noble to keep the lower class in slavery, isn't that so?"

"Ah, I know where you read that, and someone has certainly been teaching you!" Alyosha exclaimed.

"Good heavens, why must I have read it? And no one taught me at all. I can think for myself... And if you like, I am not against Christ. He was a thoroughly humane personality, and if he lived in our time, he would join the revolutionaries straight off and perhaps would play a prominent role... That's even certain."

"But where, where did you pick all this up! What fool have you got mixed up with?" Alyosha exclaimed.

"Good heavens, you can't hide the truth. Of course, owing to a certain circumstance, I often talk with Mr. Rakitin, but... Old Belinsky said this too, they say."

"Belinsky? I don't remember. He never wrote it anywhere."

"If he didn't write it, then he said it, they say. I heard it from a certain... however, devil take it..."

"And have you read Belinsky?"

"You see... no... I haven't exactly read him, but... the passage about Tatyana, why she didn't go off with Onegin, that I have read."

"Why she didn't go off with Onegin? But surely you don't already... understand that?"

"Good heavens, you seem to take me for the boy Smurov," Kolya grinned irritably. "However, please don't think that I'm such a revolutionary. I very often disagree with Mr. Rakitin. If I mention Tatyana, it doesn't mean I'm at all for the emancipation of women. I acknowledge that woman is a subordinate being and must obey.

Les femmes tricottent (women knit), as Napoleon said," Kolya grinned for some reason, "and in this at least I completely share the conviction of that pseudo-great man. I also consider, for instance, that to run away from one's fatherland to America is base, worse than base—stupid. Why go to America, when one can be of great use to mankind here too? Precisely now. A whole mass of fruitful activity. That's what I answered."

"Answered? Whom? Has someone already invited you to America?"

"I confess, they tried to put me up to it, but I refused. That, of course, is between ourselves, Karamazov, do you hear, not a word to anyone. I'm telling only you. I have no wish at all to fall into the clutches of the Third Section and take lessons at the Chain Bridge,[1]

"You'll remember the building
By the Chain Bridge!

"Do you remember? Magnificent! What are you laughing at? You don't think, do you, that I've been lying to you about all of it?" ("And what if he finds out that in my father's bookcase there's only that one issue of *The Bell*, and I haven't read anything else of that sort?" Kolya thought fleetingly, but with a shudder.)

"Oh, no, I'm not laughing, and I don't think at all that you've lied to me. That's just the thing, that I don't think so, because all this, alas, is the plain truth! Well, tell me, and have you read Pushkin, *Onegin*... You were talking about Tatyana just now?"

"No, I haven't read it yet, but I want to. I am without prejudices, Karamazov. I want to hear both one side and the other. Why did you ask?"

"No reason."

"Tell me, Karamazov, do you despise me terribly?" Kolya suddenly snapped, drawing himself up to his full height before

Alyosha, as if taking up a position. “Do me the favor, without beating about the bush.”

“Despise you?” Alyosha looked at him in surprise. “But what for? I am only sad that a charming nature like yours, which has not even begun to live, is already perverted by all this crude nonsense.”

“Don’t worry about my nature,” Kolya interrupted, not without complacency, “but that I’m suspicious, that is true. Stupidly suspicious, crudely suspicious. You smiled just now, and it seemed to me that you were as if…”

“Ah, I was smiling at something quite different. You see what I was smiling at: I recently read a certain opinion of a certain foreign German who had lived in Russia, about our present student youth: ‘Show a Russian schoolboy,’ he writes, ‘a map of the starry heavens, of which until then he has had no notion at all, and the very next day he will return the map to you corrected.’ No knowledge, and boundless conceit—that is what the German meant to say about the Russian schoolboy.”

“Ah, but that is perfectly true!” Kolya suddenly burst out laughing. “Verissimo, exactly so! Bravo, German! Still, the yokel didn’t make out the good side, did he, what do you think? Conceit—let it be, that comes from youth, it will be corrected, if only it needs to be corrected, but on the other hand, there is an independent spirit, from almost the very earliest childhood, on the other hand there is boldness of thought and conviction, and not the spirit of their sausage-maker’s servility before authorities… But all the same the German put it well! Bravo, German! Though all the same the Germans ought to be strangled. Let them be strong in the sciences over there, they ought to be strangled all the same…”

“But why strangle them?” Alyosha smiled.

“Well, I was talking nonsense, maybe, I admit it. At times I am a terrible child, and when I am glad of something, I can’t restrain myself and am ready to talk any nonsense. Listen, though, here we

are, chattering about trifles, and that doctor in there has got stuck for a long time. However, maybe he's examining the 'mamma' in there too, and that legless Ninochka. You know, I liked that Ninochka. As I was going out she suddenly whispered to me: 'Why didn't you come sooner?' And in such a voice, with such reproach! It seems to me she's terribly kind and pitiful."

"Yes, yes! Now that you'll be coming, you will see what a being she is. It is very good for you to come to know beings like that, so that you learn to value many other things too, which you will learn precisely from knowing such beings," Alyosha remarked warmly. "That will remake you better than anything."

"Oh, how I regret it and scold myself all over for not coming before!" Kolya exclaimed with bitter feeling.

"Yes, it's a great pity. You saw yourself what a joyful impression you made on the poor little fellow! And how he pined, waiting for you!"

"Don't tell me! You're rubbing salt in it. However, it serves me right: I didn't come out of pride, out of egoistic pride and vile willfulness, which I can't get rid of all my life, though I break myself all my life. I see it now, I'm a scoundrel in many ways, Karamazov."

"No, you have a charming nature, though a perverted one, and I understand only too well why you could have such an influence on this noble and morbidly sensitive boy!" Alyosha answered warmly.

"And you say this to me!" Kolya cried. "And I, imagine, I thought —several times already, just now while I've been here, I thought that you despised me! If only you knew how I value your opinion!"

"But are you really so suspicious? At your age! Well, just imagine, I was thinking precisely that in there in the room, looking at you while you were telling your story: that you must be very suspicious."

"So you thought that already? What an eye you have, though, you see, you see! I bet it was at that place when I was telling about

the goose. Precisely at that place I imagined that you deeply despised me because I was hurrying to show off as a fine fellow, and I even suddenly hated you for it and began talking drivel. Then I imagined (this was just now, here), at that place when I said: 'If there were no God, he would have to be invented,' that I was in too much of a hurry to show off my education, especially since I read that phrase in a book. But I swear to you, I was in a hurry to show off not out of vanity, but just so, I don't know why, out of joy, by God, as if out of joy... though it is a deeply shameful trait when a man throws himself on everyone's neck out of joy. I know that. But on the other hand I am convinced now that you don't despise me, and that I made it all up myself. Oh, Karamazov, I am profoundly unhappy. Sometimes I imagine God knows what, that everyone is laughing at me, the whole world, and then I, then I am simply ready to destroy the whole order of things."

"And you torment those around you," Alyosha smiled.

"And I torment those around me, my mother most of all. Tell me, Karamazov, am I very ridiculous right now?"

"But don't think about that, don't think about it at all!" Alyosha exclaimed. "And what is ridiculous, anyway? How many times does a man not happen to be, or seem, ridiculous? Besides, nowadays almost all people of ability are terribly afraid of being ridiculous, and are unhappy because of it. It only surprises me that you have begun to feel this so early, though, for that matter, I have long been noticing it, and not only in you. Nowadays even those who are almost children have begun to suffer from it. It is almost madness. The devil has taken flesh in this pride and crept into the whole generation, precisely the devil," Alyosha added, without a trace of a grin, as Kolya, who was staring at him point-blank, had been about to think. "You are like everyone," Alyosha concluded, "that is, like a great many people, only you mustn't be like everyone, that's the thing."

"Even though everyone is like that?"

"Yes, even though everyone is like that. So you alone, then, don't be like that. And in fact you are not like everyone: you were not ashamed just now to confess to something bad and even ridiculous. And who confesses to that nowadays? No one, and people have even stopped finding any need for self-judgment. So don't be like everyone; even if you alone were to remain unlike them, all the same don't be like that."

"Magnificent! I was not mistaken in you. You are able to console. Oh, how I have been longing to come to you, Karamazov, how long I have been seeking a meeting with you! Is it possible that you too thought about me? You said a while ago that you too thought about me?"

"Yes, I had heard about you and thought about you too… and if it was partly pride that made you ask this just now, that doesn't matter."

"You know, Karamazov, our talk is like a declaration of love," Kolya said in a sort of weakened and bashful voice. "That's not ridiculous, is it, not ridiculous?"

"Not ridiculous at all, and even if it were ridiculous, it wouldn't matter, because it's good," Alyosha smiled brightly.

"And you know, Karamazov, you must admit that you yourself are a little ashamed with me now too… I can see it in your eyes," Kolya grinned somehow slyly, but also with something almost like happiness.

"What is there to be ashamed of?"

"Then why did you blush?"

"But it was you who made me blush!" Alyosha laughed, and really did blush all over. "Well, yes, I am a little ashamed, God knows why, I don't know why…" he muttered, almost embarrassed even.

“Oh, how I love and value you at this minute, precisely because you too are ashamed of something with me! Because you are just like me!” Kolya exclaimed in decided rapture. His cheeks were burning, his eyes shining.

“Listen, Kolya, among other things you will be a very unhappy man in life,” Alyosha suddenly said for some reason.

“I know, I know. How you know all this beforehand!” Kolya at once confirmed.

“But on the whole you will bless life all the same.”

“Precisely! Hurrah! You are a prophet! Oh, we shall become friends, Karamazov. You know, what delights me most of all is that you treat me completely as an equal. But we are not equals, no, not equals, you are higher! But we shall become friends. You know, all this last month I have been saying to myself: ‘Either we shall become friends at once, forever, or at the very first time we shall part enemies to the grave!’”

“And saying that, of course, you already loved me!” Alyosha laughed merrily.

“I did, I loved you terribly, I loved you and dreamed about you! And how do you know everything beforehand? Bah, here’s the doctor. Lord, what will he say, look what a face he has!”

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1. The Third Section of His Majesty’s Own Chancellery was the secret political police of Nicholas I and Alexander II; its headquarters stood by the Chain Bridge over the Fontanka in Petersburg. *The Bell* (*Kolokol*) was Alexander Herzen’s émigré journal, printed in London and banned in Russia.

VII. Ilyusha

The doctor was coming out of the cottage, once more bundled up in his fur coat, his cap on his head. His face was almost angry and squeamish, as though he were afraid all the time of getting himself dirty on something. He cast a quick glance around the entryway and as he did so looked sternly at Alyosha and Kolya. From the doorway Alyosha signaled to the coachman, and the carriage in which the doctor had come pulled up at the front entrance. The staff captain rushed out headlong after the doctor and, bowing low, almost wriggling before him, stopped him for a last word. The poor man's face was crushed, his look frightened:

"Your Excellency, Your Excellency... can it be?..." he began, and did not finish, but only threw up his hands in despair, though still looking at the doctor with a last entreaty, as if the sentence on the poor boy really could be changed by the doctor's word now.

"What can be done! I am not God," the doctor answered in a careless, though habitually imposing, voice.

"Doctor... Your Excellency... and will it be soon, soon?"

"Pre-pare your-self for an-y-thing," the doctor rapped out, stressing every syllable, and, lowering his eyes, he made ready to step over the threshold to the carriage.

"Your Excellency, for Christ's sake!" the staff captain stopped him once more in fright. "Your Excellency!... so is there nothing, can it really be that nothing, nothing at all, will save him now?..."

"It does not de-pend on me now," the doctor said impatiently, "and yet, hm," he suddenly paused, "if you could, for instance... send... your patient... at once and without the least delay" (the

doctor pronounced the words "at once and without the least delay" not so much sternly as almost wrathfully, so that the staff captain even gave a start) "to Sy-ra-cuse, then… as a result of the new fa-vor-a-ble cli-ma-tic con-di-tions… there might, perhaps, occur…"

"To Syracuse!" cried the staff captain, as though he still understood nothing.

"Syracuse is in Sicily," Kolya suddenly snapped out loudly, by way of explanation. The doctor looked at him.

"To Sicily! My dear sir, Your Excellency," the staff captain was at a loss, "but you've seen, after all!" He swept both arms around, pointing at his surroundings. "And mamma, and the family?"

"N-no, the family not to Sicily, your family to the Caucasus, in early spring… your daughter to the Caucasus, and your spouse… after a course of the waters, also in the Cau-ca-sus, in view of her rheumatism… im-me-di-ate-ly after that, send her to Paris, to the clinic of the psy-chi-a-trist Doctor Le-pel-le-tier, I could give you a note to him, and then… there might, perhaps, occur…"

"Doctor, doctor! But you can see!" The staff captain suddenly flung out his arms again, pointing in despair at the bare log walls of the entryway.

"Ah, that is no affair of mine," the doctor smiled, "I have only told you what sci-ence could say in answer to your question about last resorts, and as for the rest… to my regret…"

"Don't worry, sawbones, my dog won't bite you," Kolya snapped out loudly, noticing the doctor's somewhat uneasy glance at Perezvon, who had planted himself on the threshold. An angry note rang in Kolya's voice. The word "sawbones," instead of "doctor," he used *on purpose*, and, as he declared himself afterward, "I said it to insult him."

"What is thi-is?" The doctor threw back his head, staring at Kolya in surprise. "Who is thi-is one?" he suddenly turned to

Alyosha, as though demanding an account from him.

"This is Perezvon's master, sawbones, don't worry about my person," Kolya rapped out again.

"Zvon?" the doctor repeated, not understanding what Perezvon was.

"But he doesn't know where it's ringing.[1] Goodbye, sawbones, we'll meet in Syracuse."

"Who is thi-is? Who, who?" the doctor suddenly flew into a terrible boil.

"He is a schoolboy from here, doctor, he's a little scamp, pay no attention," Alyosha said quickly, frowning. "Kolya, be quiet!" he shouted to Krasotkin. "There's no need to pay attention, doctor," he repeated, by now somewhat more impatiently.

"A whip-ping, he needs a whip-ping, a whip-ping!" The doctor, who for some reason had already flown into far too great a rage, began stamping his feet.

"And you know, sawbones, my Perezvon may actually bite, I dare say!" Kolya said in a voice that had begun to tremble, turning pale, his eyes flashing. "*Ici*, Perezvon!"

"Kolya, if you say just one more word, I will break with you forever!" Alyosha shouted commandingly.

"Sawbones, there is only one being in the whole world who can give orders to Nikolai Krasotkin, and it is this man here," Kolya pointed at Alyosha. "Him I obey. Goodbye!"

He tore himself from the spot and, opening the door, went quickly into the room. Perezvon rushed after him. The doctor stood for another five seconds or so, as if stupefied, looking at Alyosha, then suddenly spat and went quickly to the carriage, loudly repeating: "Thi-is, thi-is, thi-is, I don't know what thi-is is!" The staff captain rushed to help him in. Alyosha went into the room after Kolya. Kolya was already standing by Ilyusha's little bed.

Ilyusha was holding his hand and calling for his papa. A minute later the staff captain came back too.

"Papa, papa, come here… we…" Ilyusha began to babble in extraordinary excitement, but, evidently not strong enough to go on, he suddenly threw both his wasted little arms forward and embraced the two of them at once, as hard as he could, both Kolya and his papa, joining them in one embrace and pressing himself against them. The staff captain suddenly began to shake all over with silent sobs, and Kolya's lips and chin began to tremble.

"Papa, papa! How sorry I am for you, papa!" Ilyusha moaned bitterly.

"Ilyushechka… my darling… the doctor said… you'll be well… we'll be happy… the doctor…" the staff captain began.

"Ah, papa! I know what the new doctor told you about me… I saw it!" Ilyusha exclaimed, and again he pressed them both to himself as tightly as he could, with all his strength, hiding his face on his papa's shoulder.

"Papa, don't cry… and when I die, take a good boy, another one… choose him yourself out of all of them, a good one, call him Ilyusha and love him instead of me…"

"Hush, old man, you're going to get well!" Krasotkin suddenly shouted, as though he were angry.

"But me, papa, don't ever forget me," Ilyusha went on. "Come to my grave… and here's what, papa, bury me by our big stone, the one we used to walk to, you and I, and come to me there with Krasotkin, in the evening… And Perezvon… And I'll be waiting for you… Papa, papa!"

His voice broke off; all three stood embracing and were silent now. Ninochka was weeping quietly in her armchair, and suddenly, seeing them all in tears, the mamma burst into tears as well.

"Ilyushechka! Ilyushechka!" she kept exclaiming.

Krasotkin suddenly freed himself from Ilyusha's embrace.

"Goodbye, old man, my mother's expecting me for dinner," he said in a rush. "What a pity I didn't let her know beforehand! She'll be very worried... But after dinner I'll come straight to you, for the whole day, the whole evening, and I'll tell you so much, so much! And I'll bring Perezvon, but now I'll take him with me, because without me he'll start howling and bother you; goodbye!"

And he ran out into the entryway. He did not want to burst into tears, but in the entryway he did cry after all. That was the state in which Alyosha found him.

"Kolya, you absolutely must keep your word and come, or he will be terribly grieved," Alyosha said insistently.

"Absolutely! Oh, how I curse myself for not coming sooner," Kolya muttered, crying and no longer embarrassed that he was crying. At that moment the staff captain suddenly all but leaped out of the room and at once shut the door behind him. His face was frenzied, his lips were trembling. He stood before the two young people and flung both arms up in the air.

"I don't want a good boy! I don't want some other boy!" he whispered in a wild whisper, grinding his teeth. "If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let it cleave..."

He did not finish, as though he were choking, and sank helplessly to his knees before the wooden bench. Clutching his head in both fists, he began to sob, with absurd little squeals, yet straining with all his might so that his squeals would not be heard in the cottage. Kolya dashed out into the street.

"Goodbye, Karamazov! And you, will you come?" he shouted sharply and angrily to Alyosha.

"I'll be there this evening without fail."

"What was that he said about Jerusalem... What on earth is that?"

"It's from the Bible: 'If I forget you, O Jerusalem,' that is, if I forget all that is most precious to me, if I exchange it for anything,

then may I be struck…”

“I understand, enough! And you, come yourself! *Ici*, Perezvon!” he shouted to his dog, quite ferociously now, and strode off home with long, quick steps.

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1. *Perezvon* means “a peal of bells” and *zvon* “a ringing.” Kolya is finishing the proverb *slyshal zvon, da ne znaet, gde on*, “he has heard the ringing but doesn’t know where it is,” said of someone who has caught a word without grasping what it means.

Book Eleven: Brother Ivan Fyodorovich

I. At Grushenka's

Alyosha set off toward Cathedral Square, to the house of the merchant's widow Morozova, to Grushenka. Early that morning she had sent Fenya to him with an urgent request to come and see her. Questioning Fenya, Alyosha learned that her mistress had been in some great and particular alarm since the day before. In all these two months since Mitya's arrest Alyosha had often dropped in at the Morozova house, both on his own impulse and on errands from Mitya. Some three days after Mitya's arrest Grushenka had fallen seriously ill and had been sick for nearly five weeks. For one week out of the five she had lain unconscious. Her face had changed a great deal, she had grown thin and sallow, although for almost two weeks now she had been able to go out. But in Alyosha's view her face had become, as it were, even more attractive, and he liked to meet her eyes when he came in to see her. Something firm and thoughtful seemed to have grown strong in her look. Some spiritual upheaval made itself felt; there appeared a kind of steadfast, humble, but good and irrevocable resolve. Between her eyebrows a small vertical line had appeared on her forehead, which gave her lovely face a look of self-absorbed pensiveness, almost severe, even, at first glance. Of her former flightiness, for instance, not a trace remained. It was strange to Alyosha, too, that in spite of all the misfortune that had befallen the poor woman, the betrothed of a man arrested for a terrible crime almost at the very instant she became betrothed to him, in spite, then, of her illness and of the almost inevitable verdict of the court that threatened ahead, Grushenka had nonetheless not lost her

former youthful gaiety. In her once proud eyes there now shone a kind of quietness, although… although, however, those eyes would now and then flame up again with a certain ominous little fire, when she was visited by one old care that had not only not died down but had even grown in her heart. The object of this care was still the same: Katerina Ivanovna, whom Grushenka, while she was still lying ill, had mentioned even in her delirium. Alyosha understood that she was terribly jealous of her over Mitya, Mitya the prisoner, even though Katerina Ivanovna had not once visited him in confinement, though she could have done so whenever she liked. All this turned into a kind of difficult problem for Alyosha, for Grushenka confided her heart to him alone and was constantly asking him for advice; and sometimes he was quite unable to tell her anything at all.

He entered her lodgings full of concern. She was already home; she had come back from Mitya's about half an hour earlier, and from the very quickness of the movement with which she jumped up from her armchair at the table to meet him he concluded that she had been waiting for him with great impatience. Cards lay on the table, and a game of fools had been dealt. On the leather sofa on the other side of the table a bed had been made up, and on it, in a dressing gown and a cotton nightcap, half reclined Maximov, evidently ill and weak, though smiling sweetly. This homeless little old man, ever since he had come back with Grushenka from Mokroye that time, some two months ago now, had simply stayed on at her place and by her side, never leaving it, from then on. Arriving with her then in the rain and slush, soaked through and frightened, he had sat down on the sofa and fixed his eyes on her in silence, with a timid, pleading smile. Grushenka, who was in terrible grief and already in the first stage of a fever, and who had almost forgotten about him in the first half hour after their arrival amid all her various bustling, suddenly looked at him somehow

intently: he giggled pitifully and forlornly, right into her eyes. She called Fenya and had her give him a bite to eat. The whole of that day he sat on in his place, hardly stirring; but when it grew dark and the shutters were closed, Fenya asked her mistress:

"Well, ma'am, is he going to stay the night, then?"

"Yes, make him up a bed on the sofa," Grushenka answered.

Questioning him in more detail, Grushenka learned from him that he really had nowhere at all to go just now, and that "Mr. Kalganov, my benefactor, told me straight out, ma'am, that they won't take me in any more, and made me a present of five rubles." "Well, God be with you, stay, then," Grushenka decided in her anguish, smiling at him compassionately. The old man twitched at her smile, and his lips trembled with grateful weeping. And so the wandering hanger-on had stayed at her place ever since. Even during her illness he did not leave the house. Fenya and her mother, Grushenka's cook, did not drive him out but went on feeding him and making up his bed on the sofa. Later on Grushenka even got used to him and, coming home from Mitya's (whom she had begun visiting as soon as she was a little better, before she had even properly recovered), to kill her anguish she would sit down and start talking with "Maximushka" about all sorts of trifles, just so as not to think about her grief. It turned out that the little old man could sometimes tell a thing or two, so that in the end he even became necessary to her. Apart from Alyosha, who, however, did not come every day, and always only for a short while, Grushenka received almost no one. Her old man, meanwhile, the merchant, was lying terribly ill by then, "passing away," as they said in town, and in fact he died only a week after Mitya's trial. Three weeks before his death, sensing that the finale was near, he had at last summoned his sons upstairs to him, with their wives and children, and commanded them not to leave his side any more. From that very moment he strictly forbade the servants to admit

Grushenka at all, and if she came, to tell her: "He bids you, so to speak, to live long and merrily, and to forget him entirely." Grushenka, however, sent almost every day to inquire after his health.

"You've come at last!" she cried, throwing down her cards and greeting Alyosha joyfully. "And Maximushka kept scaring me that you might not come at all. Ah, how I need you! Sit down at the table; well, what will you have, coffee?"

"Why not," said Alyosha, sitting down at the table, "I'm very hungry."

"That's right; Fenya, Fenya, coffee!" cried Grushenka. "It's been boiling a long while now, waiting for you, and bring some little pies, and see they're hot. No, wait, Alyosha, I had a thunderstorm over those pies today. I took them to him in the jail, and he, would you believe it, threw them back at me, wouldn't eat them. One pie he flung right on the floor and stamped on it. So I said: 'I'll leave them with the guard; if you don't eat them by evening, it means it's venomous spite that feeds you!' and with that I left. We quarreled again, you know, believe it. Every time I come, we quarrel."

Grushenka said all this in one breath, in agitation. Maximov, at once growing timid, was smiling, his little eyes cast down.

"And what did you quarrel about this time?" asked Alyosha.

"Why, I never expected it at all! Imagine, he got jealous of my 'first one': 'Why,' he says, 'are you keeping him? So you've begun keeping him, have you?' He's jealous all the time, all the time he's jealous of me! Asleep and eating, he's jealous. Last week he even got jealous of Kuzma once."

"But he knew about your 'first one,' didn't he?"

"Well, there you are. He knew from the very beginning right up to today, and today he suddenly stood up and began to curse. It's shameful even to say what he said. Fool! Rakitka came to see him

as I was leaving. Maybe it's Rakitka egging him on, eh? What do you think?" she added, as though absentmindedly.

"He loves you, that's what it is, he loves you very much. And just now he's on edge."

"I should think he's on edge, they try him tomorrow. And I went there meaning to tell him what I had to say about tomorrow, because, Alyosha, it frightens me even to think what will happen tomorrow! There you say he's on edge, but how on edge am I! And he goes on about the Pole! What a fool! Now Maximushka, I'll bet, he isn't jealous of."

"My spouse, too, was very jealous of me, ma'am," Maximov put in his little word.

"Well, you," Grushenka laughed in spite of herself, "who would anyone be jealous of with you?"

"Of the housemaids, ma'am."

"Oh, hush, Maximushka, I'm in no mood for laughing now, it even makes me cross. Don't goggle at the pies, I won't give you any, they're bad for you, and I won't give you any of the cordial either. Here's another one to fuss over; it's just as if my house were an almshouse, really," she laughed.

"I am not worthy of your kindnesses, ma'am, I am a nonentity, ma'am," Maximov said in a tearful little voice. "You would do better to lavish your kindnesses on those who are needier than me, ma'am."

"Ah, everyone is needy, Maximushka, and how's anyone to tell who's needier than who. If only there were no such Pole at all, Alyosha; he too took it into his head to fall ill today. I went to see him too. So now I'll send him pies on purpose, I wasn't sending any, but Mitya accused me of sending them, so now I'll send them on purpose, on purpose! Ah, here's Fenya with a letter! Well, of course, it's from the Poles again, asking for money again!"

Pan Mussyalovich had indeed sent an extraordinarily long and, as was his custom, flowery letter, in which he asked her to lend him three rubles. Enclosed with the letter was a receipt acknowledging the sum, with an undertaking to repay it within three months; pan Vrublevsky had signed the receipt too. Grushenka had already received many such letters, all with just such receipts, from her "first one." It had started from the very time of Grushenka's recovery, some two weeks before. She knew, however, that the two pans had come to ask after her health during her illness as well. The first letter Grushenka received was long, written on a large sheet of letter paper, sealed with a big family seal, and terribly obscure and flowery, so that Grushenka read only half of it and tossed it aside, having understood absolutely nothing. And besides, she was in no state for letters then. This first letter was followed the next day by a second, in which pan Mussyalovich asked her to lend him two thousand rubles for the very shortest term. Grushenka left this letter unanswered as well. Then followed a whole series of letters, a letter a day, all just as pompous and flowery, but in which the sum requested as a loan, gradually coming down, dropped to a hundred rubles, to twenty-five, to ten rubles, and at last Grushenka suddenly received a letter in which the two pans asked her for just one ruble and enclosed a receipt, which they had both signed. Then Grushenka suddenly felt sorry for them, and at dusk she ran over to the pan herself. She found both Poles in terrible poverty, almost destitute, without food, without firewood, without cigarettes, in debt to their landlady. The two hundred rubles won from Mitya at Mokroye had quickly vanished somewhere. What surprised Grushenka, though, was that both pans met her with arrogant pomposity and independence, with the greatest etiquette, with inflated speeches. Grushenka only laughed and gave her "first one" ten rubles. She told Mitya about it then and there, laughing, and he was not jealous at all. But

since then the pans had fastened on to Grushenka and bombarded her every day with letters asking for money, and every time she sent a little. And now suddenly today Mitya had taken it into his head to be cruelly jealous.

"Fool that I am, I ran in to see him too, just for a minute, on my way to Mitya, because he's fallen ill too, that first pan of mine," Grushenka began again, fussily and in a hurry. "So I'm laughing and telling Mitya about it: imagine, I say, my Pole took it into his head to sing me the old songs on his guitar, he thinks I'll be moved and marry him. And Mitya, how he jumped up, cursing... So, no, I'm going to send the pans some pies! Fenya, is that the girl they sent over? Here, give her three rubles and wrap up a dozen pies in paper for them and tell her to take them, and you, Alyosha, be sure to tell Mitya that I sent them pies."

"Not for anything will I tell him," said Alyosha, smiling.

"Ah, you think he's suffering; but he got jealous on purpose, and he himself doesn't care," Grushenka said bitterly.

"How do you mean, on purpose?" asked Alyosha.

"You're silly, Alyoshenka, that's what, you don't understand anything here for all your brains, that's what. It isn't that he got jealous of me, the way I am, that hurts me; it would hurt me if he weren't jealous at all. That's how I am. I won't take offense at jealousy, I've got a cruel heart myself, I'll be jealous myself. Only what hurts me is that he doesn't love me at all and got jealous now *on purpose*, that's what. Am I blind, or what, that I can't see? All of a sudden he starts telling me about that one, about Katka: she's this and she's that, she sent to Moscow for a doctor for the trial, for me, to save me she sent for him, and she sent for a lawyer too, the very first one, the most learned. So he loves her, if he's started praising her to my face, the shameless eyes of him! He's guilty before me himself, so he's picked on me, to make me guilty first, before him, and put it all on me alone: 'You,' he says, 'were with the Pole before me,

so now it's become allowable for me with Katka.' That's what it is! He wants to put all the guilt on me alone. He picked on me on purpose, on purpose, I tell you, only I'll..."

Grushenka did not finish saying what she would do; she covered her eyes with her handkerchief and burst into terrible sobs.

"He does not love Katerina Ivanovna," Alyosha said firmly.

"Well, whether he loves her or not, I'll find that out myself soon enough," Grushenka said, a menacing note in her voice, as she took the handkerchief away from her eyes. Her face was contorted. With sorrow Alyosha saw how her face suddenly turned from meek and quietly cheerful to sullen and spiteful.

"Enough of this nonsense!" she snapped suddenly. "That's not at all what I called you for. Alyosha, dear, tomorrow, what will happen tomorrow? That's what torments me! It torments only me! I look at everyone, and nobody thinks about it, it's nobody's concern at all. Do you at least think about it? They try him tomorrow, after all! Tell me, how are they going to try him there? It was the lackey, the lackey who killed him, the lackey! Lord! Can it be they'll condemn him for the lackey, and no one will stand up for him? They haven't troubled the lackey at all, have they?"

"He was questioned severely," Alyosha remarked thoughtfully, "but everyone concluded it wasn't he. Now he's lying very ill. He's been ill ever since, since that falling fit. Really ill," Alyosha added.

"Lord, if only you would go to this lawyer yourself and tell him the whole thing face to face. They say they sent for him from Petersburg for three thousand."

"The three of us gave the three thousand, I, brother Ivan, and Katerina Ivanovna, but the doctor from Moscow she sent for herself, for two thousand. The lawyer Fetyukovich would have asked for more, but the case has made a noise all over Russia, it's being discussed in all the newspapers and journals, and Fetyukovich

agreed to come more for the glory of it, because the case has become just too famous. I saw him yesterday."

"Well, and what? Did you tell him?" Grushenka started up hurriedly.

"He listened and said nothing. He said that he had already formed a definite opinion. But he promised to take my words into consideration."

"What do you mean, into consideration! Ah, the swindlers! They'll ruin him! Well, and the doctor, why did she send for the doctor?"

"As an expert. They want to make out that my brother is mad and killed in a fit of insanity, not knowing what he was doing," Alyosha smiled quietly, "only my brother won't agree to that."

"Ah, but that would be the truth, if he had killed him!" exclaimed Grushenka. "He was out of his mind then, completely out of his mind, and it's I, base creature that I am, I who am guilty of that! Only he didn't kill him, he didn't! And they're all against him, saying he killed him, the whole town. Even Fenya testified so that it comes out as if he killed him. And in the shop, and that official, and before that in the tavern they heard him! All of them, all of them are against him, they're all clamoring."

"Yes, the evidence has multiplied terribly," Alyosha remarked gloomily.

"And Grigory, Grigory Vasilyich, he sticks to it that the door was open, he holds out stubbornly that he saw it, you can't shake him, I ran over to him, talked to him myself. He even swears at me!"

"Yes, that is perhaps the strongest evidence against my brother," said Alyosha.

"And as for Mitya being out of his mind, he's just the same even now," Grushenka suddenly began with a peculiarly anxious and mysterious air. "You know, Alyoshenka, I've been meaning to tell you about this for a long time: I go to him every day and I simply

wonder at him. Tell me, what do you think: what is it he's begun talking about all the time now? He talks and talks, and I can't understand a thing; I think it must be about something clever, well, I'm stupid, I think, I can't understand it; only he suddenly began talking to me about the babe, that is, about some little babe, 'Why,' he says, 'is the babe poor?' 'It's for that babe I'll go to Siberia now, I didn't kill him, but I must go to Siberia!' What does it mean, what babe, I didn't understand a single thing. Only I burst into tears while he was saying it, because he said it so very beautifully, he's crying himself, and I started crying, and suddenly he kissed me and made the sign of the cross over me. What does it mean, Alyosha, tell me, what is this 'babe'?"

"It's Rakitin who has for some reason taken to visiting him," Alyosha smiled, "however... this doesn't come from Rakitin. I didn't see him yesterday; I'll go today."

"No, it isn't Rakitka, it's his brother Ivan Fyodorovich who is troubling him, he's the one who goes to see him, that's what..." said Grushenka, and suddenly seemed to stop short. Alyosha stared at her as if thunderstruck.

"What do you mean, goes to see him? Has he really been to see him? Mitya himself told me Ivan never came once!"

"Well... well, look at me! I've blurted it out!" exclaimed Grushenka in confusion, suddenly blushing all over. "Wait, Alyosha, keep quiet; so be it, since I've blurted it out, I'll tell you the whole truth: he has been to see him twice, the first time just after he arrived back then, for he came galloping straight from Moscow at the time, I hadn't even taken to my bed yet, and the second time he came a week ago. He told Mitya not to tell you about it, absolutely forbade it, and not to tell anyone at all, he came in secret."

Alyosha sat deep in thought, working something out. The news had evidently struck him.

“Brother Ivan doesn’t talk to me about Mitya’s case,” he said slowly, “and in general in all these two months he has talked to me very little, and when I went to see him he was always displeased that I had come, so that I haven’t been going to him for three weeks now. Hm… If he was there a week ago, then… in this week some change really has taken place in Mitya…”

“A change, a change!” Grushenka quickly took up. “They have a secret, they had a secret! Mitya himself told me it was a secret, and, you know, such a secret that Mitya can’t calm down. And before he was cheerful, and he’s cheerful even now, only, you know, when he starts shaking his head like this and pacing about the room, and tugging at the hair here on his temple with this right finger, then I know there’s something uneasy on his soul… I know it!… But he used to be cheerful; and today too he was cheerful!”

“But you said he was on edge?”

“He is on edge, and cheerful. He’s on edge all the time, but for a minute, and then he’s cheerful, and then suddenly on edge again. And you know, Alyosha, I keep wondering at him: there’s such a terror ahead, and yet sometimes he even laughs out loud at such trifles, as if he were a babe himself.”

“And is it true that he told you not to say anything to me about Ivan? He said just that: don’t tell him?”

“He said just that: don’t tell him. It’s you, mainly, that he’s afraid of, Mitya is. Because there’s a secret here, he said himself it was a secret… Alyosha, dear, go and find out: what sort of secret is it they have, and come and tell me,” Grushenka suddenly started up and implored him. “Settle it for me, poor thing that I am, so that I’ll know my cursed fate at last! That’s why I called you.”

“You think it’s something about you? But then he wouldn’t have mentioned the secret in front of you.”

"I don't know. Maybe it's me he wants to tell, but he doesn't dare. He's warning me. There's a secret, he says, but what secret he didn't say."

"And what do you think yourself?"

"What do I think? That it's the end of me, that's what I think. The three of them have got an end ready for me, because Katka is in it. It's all Katka, it all comes from her. 'She's this and she's that,' that means I'm not. He's telling me beforehand, warning me beforehand. He means to throw me over, that's the whole secret here! The three of them thought it up together, Mitka, Katka, and Ivan Fyodorovich. Alyosha, I've been wanting to ask you for a long time: a week ago he suddenly reveals to me that Ivan is in love with Katka, because he goes to see her so often. Was it the truth he told me, or not? Tell me on your conscience, cut me to the quick."

"I won't lie to you. Ivan is not in love with Katerina Ivanovna, so I think."

"There, that's just what I thought at the time! He's lying to me, the shameless thing, that's what! And he got jealous of me now so as to put the blame on me afterward. He's a fool, after all, he doesn't know how to cover his tracks, he's so open, after all... Only I'll show him, I'll show him! 'You believe,' he says, 'that I killed him,' he says that to me, to me, it's me he reproached with that! God be with him! Well, just wait, that Katka will have a bad time of it from me at the trial! I'll say one little word there... I'll say everything there!"

And again she wept bitterly.

"Here is what I can tell you firmly, Grushenka," said Alyosha, getting up from his place. "First, that he loves you, loves you more than anyone in the world, and you alone, believe me in this. I know it. I do know it. Second, I'll tell you that I don't want to worm the secret out of him, but if he tells me himself today, I'll tell him straight out that I promised to tell you. Then I'll come to you this

very day and tell you. Only... it seems to me... Katerina Ivanovna has nothing whatever to do with it, and this secret is about something else. And that is surely so. And it doesn't seem at all as though it's about Katerina Ivanovna, so it appears to me. Goodbye for now!"

Alyosha pressed her hand. Grushenka was still crying. He saw that she put very little faith in his comforting, but it had already done her good that she had at least let out her grief and spoken her mind. He was sorry to leave her in such a state, but he was in a hurry. He still had a great deal to do.

II. The Sore Little Foot

The first of these errands was at Mrs. Khokhlakova's house, and he hurried there so as to get it over with as quickly as possible and not be late for Mitya. Mrs. Khokhlakova had been ailing for three weeks now: her foot had for some reason swollen up, and although she did not keep to her bed, she nonetheless spent the days half reclining on a couch in her boudoir, in an attractive but decent negligee. Alyosha had once noted to himself with an innocent smile that Mrs. Khokhlakova, in spite of her illness, had begun almost to dress for show: little caps, little bows, loose little jackets had appeared, and he guessed why this was so, though he drove these thoughts away as idle. In the last two months the young man Perkhotin had begun calling on Mrs. Khokhlakova, among her other visitors. Alyosha had not been there for some four days and, on entering the house, made haste to go straight to Liza, for his errand was with her, since Liza had sent a maid to him the day before with an urgent request to come to her at once "on a very important matter," which, for certain reasons, had interested Alyosha. But while the maid was going to announce him to Liza, Mrs. Khokhlakova had already learned from someone of his arrival and at once sent to ask him to come to her "for just one little minute." Alyosha reasoned that it would be better to satisfy the mamma's request first, for otherwise she would keep sending to Liza every minute while he was sitting with her. Mrs. Khokhlakova was lying on the couch, dressed somehow especially festively and evidently in a state of extraordinary nervous excitement. She greeted Alyosha with cries of delight.

"Ages, ages, whole ages since I've seen you! A whole week, good gracious, ah, but then you were here only four days ago, on Wednesday. You've come to see Lise, I'm sure you meant to go straight to her on tiptoe so that I wouldn't hear. Dear, dear Alexei Fyodorovich, if you only knew how she worries me! But that's for later. Though it is the most important thing, it's for later. Dear Alexei Fyodorovich, I entrust my Liza to you completely. Since the death of the elder Zosima—God rest his soul!" (She crossed herself.) "Since him, I look upon you as a schema-monk, although you wear your new suit most charmingly. Wherever did you find such a tailor here? But no, no, that's not the important thing, that's for later. Forgive me for sometimes calling you Alyosha, I'm an old woman, everything is permitted to me," she smiled coquettishly, "but that's for later too. The main thing is that I mustn't forget the main thing. Please remind me yourself, the moment I start rambling, just say: 'And the main thing?' Ah, how do I know what the main thing is now! Ever since Lise took back her promise—her childish promise, Alexei Fyodorovich—to marry you, you of course understood that it was all only the playful childish fancy of a sick little girl who had sat in an invalid chair for a long time—thank God, she walks now. This new doctor, whom Katya sent for from Moscow for that unhappy brother of yours, who tomorrow… Well, why talk about tomorrow! I'm dying at the mere thought of tomorrow! Mainly of curiosity… In a word, this doctor was here yesterday and saw Lise… I paid him fifty rubles for the visit. But that's not it at all, not it again… You see, I'm completely muddled now. I'm in a hurry. Why am I in a hurry? I don't know. I'm terribly ceasing to know things now. Everything has got mixed up for me into a sort of lump. I'm afraid you'll go and jump up and leave me out of boredom, and that's the last I'll see of you. Ah, my God! Why are we sitting here, and first of all, coffee, Yulia, Glafira, coffee!"

Alyosha hastily thanked her and announced that he had only just had coffee.

"Where?"

"At Agrafena Alexandrovna's."

"That... that's at that woman's! Ah, it's she who has been the ruin of everyone, and yet, I don't know, they say she has become a saint, though late. It would have been better before, when it was needed, but now, what use is it? Be quiet, be quiet, Alexei Fyodorovich, because I want to say so much that I don't think I'll say anything at all. This terrible trial... I shall certainly go, I'm getting ready, they'll carry me in in an armchair, and besides I can sit up, I'll have people with me, and you know, don't you, that I'm one of the witnesses. How am I to speak, how am I to speak! I don't know what I'm going to say. You have to take an oath, don't you, isn't that so, isn't it?"

"It is, but I don't think you will be able to appear."

"I can sit up; ah, you're putting me off! This trial, this savage deed, and then everyone goes to Siberia, others get married, and all of it fast, fast, and everything changes, and at last, nothing, everyone is old and looking into the grave. Well, let it be, I'm tired. This Katya, *cette charmante personne*, she has shattered all my hopes, now she'll follow one of your brothers to Siberia, and your other brother will go after her and live in the next town, and they will all torment one another. It's driving me out of my mind, and above all this publicity: they've written about it a million times in all the newspapers in Petersburg and Moscow. Ah yes, imagine, they've written about me too, that I was your brother's 'dear friend,' I don't want to say the nasty word, imagine, now just imagine!"

"That cannot be! Where did they write it, and how?"

"I'll show you this minute. I got it yesterday, and read it yesterday. Here, in the newspaper *Rumors*, the Petersburg one. These

Rumors started coming out this year, I'm terribly fond of rumors, so I subscribed, and here's what I brought down on my own head: that's the sort of rumors they turned out to be. Here, here in this place, read it."

And she held out to Alyosha a sheet of newspaper that had been lying under her pillow.

It was not exactly that she was upset; she was somehow all shattered, and indeed, perhaps, everything in her head had really rolled up into a lump. The newspaper item was highly characteristic and was, of course, bound to have a very touchy effect on her, but she, luckily for her perhaps, was incapable at that moment of concentrating on one point, and so a minute later she might even forget about the newspaper and jump to something else entirely. As for the fame of the terrible trial having already spread everywhere throughout Russia, Alyosha had known that a long while, and, God, what wild items and reports he had managed to read in these two months, among other, accurate reports, about his brother, about the Karamazovs in general, and even about himself. One newspaper had even said that out of fear after his brother's crime he had taken the schema and shut himself up as a recluse; another refuted this and wrote, on the contrary, that he and his elder Zosima had broken open the monastery money box and "run off from the monastery." The present item, in the newspaper *Rumors*, was headed: "From Skotoprigonyevsk (alas, that is what our little town is called; I have long concealed its name),[1] on the Karamazov Trial." It was quite short, and Mrs. Khokhlakova was not mentioned in it directly at all; indeed, all the names were concealed. It merely reported that the criminal whom they were now preparing to try with such a fanfare, a retired army captain of an insolent sort, an idler and a serf-owner, had constantly been engaged in amours and had particular influence over certain "ladies languishing in solitude." One such lady, so it said, one of the

"languishing widows," who tried to look young though she already had a grown-up daughter, had been so captivated by him that only two hours before the crime she had offered him three thousand rubles on condition that he run off with her at once to the gold mines. But the villain, so it said, had preferred to kill his father and rob him of precisely the same three thousand, counting on doing it with impunity, rather than drag himself off to Siberia with the forty-year-old charms of his languishing lady. This playful report ended, as was only proper, with noble indignation at the immorality of parricide and of the former serfdom. Having read it with curiosity, Alyosha folded the sheet and handed it back to Mrs. Khokhlakova.

"Well, how can it not be me?" she began babbling again. "It's me, after all, I offered him the gold mines almost an hour before, and suddenly 'forty-year-old charms'! As if that were why I did it! He did it on purpose! May the eternal Judge forgive him for the forty-year-old charms, as I forgive him, but this is... you know who this is? It's your friend Rakitin."

"Perhaps," said Alyosha, "though I haven't heard anything."

"It's he, he, and not 'perhaps'! I threw him out, you see... You know the whole story, don't you?"

"I know that you invited him not to call on you in future, but what for exactly, that I... haven't heard, at least not from you."

"So you've heard it from him! Well, is he abusing me, abusing me terribly?"

"Yes, he abuses you, but then he abuses everyone. But why you turned him away I haven't heard from him either. And in general I meet him very seldom. We are not friends."

"Well, then, I'll reveal it all to you and, there's nothing for it, I'll repent, because there is one trait in this in which I myself, perhaps, am to blame. Only a little, little trait, the very littlest, so that perhaps there isn't one at all. You see, my dear," Mrs. Khokhlakova

suddenly put on a sort of playful air, and a sweet though enigmatic little smile flickered on her lips, “you see, I suspect… you will forgive me, Alyosha, I speak to you as a mother… oh no, no, on the contrary, I speak to you now as to my father… because mother doesn’t fit here at all… Well, it’s just as if I were speaking to the elder Zosima at confession, and that is most correct, it fits very well: didn’t I call you a schema-monk just now? Well, so this poor young man, your friend Rakitin (oh God, I simply can’t be angry with him! I’m angry and cross, but not very), in a word, this frivolous young man suddenly, imagine, took it into his head, it seems, to fall in love with me. I noticed it only later, only later, all of a sudden, but at first, that is, a month or so ago, he began calling on me more often, almost every day, although we had been acquainted before. I knew nothing… and then suddenly it was as though it dawned on me, and I begin, to my surprise, to notice things. You know that two months ago I began receiving that modest, charming, and worthy young man, Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin, who is in the service here. You’ve met him so many times yourself. And isn’t it true, he’s worthy, serious? He comes once every three days, not every day (though he might come every day, for all I care), and he is always so well dressed, and in general I love young people, Alyosha, talented, modest, just like you, and he has almost a statesman’s mind, he speaks so charmingly, and I shall certainly, certainly put in a word for him. He’s a future diplomat. On that terrible day he almost saved me from death, coming to me at night. Well, and your friend Rakitin always comes in such boots and drags them across the carpet… in a word, he even began hinting something to me, and suddenly once, as he was leaving, he pressed my hand terribly hard. No sooner had he pressed my hand than my foot suddenly began to ache. He had met Pyotr Ilyich at my house before, and, would you believe it, he keeps needling him, keeps needling him, just bellows at him for something. I simply

watch the two of them when they come together and laugh inside. Then suddenly I'm sitting alone, that is, no, I was lying down by then, suddenly I'm lying alone, and Mikhail Ivanovich comes in and, imagine, brings me his little verses, the very shortest, on my sore foot, that is, he described my sore foot in verse. Wait, how does it go:

"This little foot, this little foot
Has gone and got a little sore…—

"or something like that—I simply can't remember verses—I have them lying here—well, I'll show you later, only they're lovely, lovely, and, you know, not only about the little foot, but edifying too, with a lovely idea, only I've forgotten it, in a word, fit for an album. Well, I thanked him, of course, and he was evidently flattered. I had hardly thanked him when in walks Pyotr Ilyich too, and Mikhail Ivanovich suddenly turned as black as night. I could see that Pyotr Ilyich had interrupted him in something, because Mikhail Ivanovich certainly wanted to say something right after the verses, I had a presentiment of it, and just then Pyotr Ilyich walked in. I suddenly show Pyotr Ilyich the verses, and I don't say who wrote them. But I'm sure, I'm sure he guessed at once, though to this day he won't admit it and says he didn't guess; but he does that on purpose. Pyotr Ilyich at once burst out laughing and began to criticize: trashy little verses, he says, some seminarian wrote them, and, you know, with such passion, such passion! At that your friend, instead of laughing, suddenly flew into a perfect rage… Lord, I thought they would come to blows. 'It was I,' he says, 'who wrote them. I wrote them,' he says, 'as a joke, because I consider writing verses a base thing… Only my verses are good. They want to put up a monument to your Pushkin for women's little feet, but mine have a tendency, and you,' he says, 'are a serf-owner yourself; you,' he says, 'have no humaneness whatever, you don't feel any of

today's enlightened feelings, progress hasn't touched you, you,' he says, 'are a petty official and you take bribes!' At that I began to shout and implore them. And Pyotr Ilyich, you know, is not at all timid, and he suddenly adopted the most noble tone: looks at him mockingly, listens, and apologizes: 'I didn't know,' he says. 'If I had known, I wouldn't have said it, I would have,' he says, 'praised them... Poets,' he says, 'are all so irritable...' In a word, such mockery under the guise of the most noble tone. He explained to me himself afterward that it was all mockery, but I thought he meant it. Only suddenly I'm lying here, just as I am now in front of you, and I think: will it or will it not be noble if I suddenly drive Mikhail Ivanovich out for shouting indecently at my guest in my house? And would you believe it: I lie there, I've closed my eyes, and I think: will it or will it not be noble, and I can't decide, and I suffer, I suffer, and my heart is pounding: shall I cry out or not cry out? One voice says: cry out, and the other says: no, don't cry out! The moment that other voice said it, I suddenly cried out and suddenly fell into a faint. Well, then of course there was a commotion. Suddenly I get up and say to Mikhail Ivanovich: it pains me to tell you, but I do not wish to receive you in my house any longer. And so I threw him out. Ah, Alexei Fyodorovich! I know myself that I did a nasty thing, I was lying the whole time, I wasn't angry with him at all, but suddenly, above all suddenly, it seemed to me that it would be so good, that scene... Only, would you believe it, that scene was natural all the same, because I even burst into tears and cried for several days afterward, and then suddenly, after dinner one day, I forgot all about it. So he stopped coming, two weeks now, and I think: can it really be that he won't come at all? That was only yesterday, and then suddenly toward evening these *Rumors* arrive. I read it and gasped, well, who wrote it, he wrote it, he went home that time, sat down, and wrote it; sent it off, and they printed it. It was two weeks ago, you see. Only, Alyosha, it's awful what I'm say-

ing, and I'm not saying at all what I need to say, am I? Ah, it just says itself!"

"I terribly need to be at my brother's in time today," Alyosha began to murmur.

"Precisely, precisely! You've reminded me of everything! Listen, what is a fit of passion?"

"What fit of passion?" Alyosha was surprised.

"A legal fit of passion. The kind of fit of passion for which everything is forgiven. Whatever you've done, you're forgiven at once."

"But what are you talking about?"

"About this: this Katya... Ah, she's a dear, dear creature, only I simply can't make out whom she's in love with. She was sitting with me not long ago, and I couldn't worm anything out of her. All the more so as she herself now begins with me so superficially, in a word, all about my health and nothing more, and she even takes such a tone, and so I said to myself: well, let it be, well, God be with you... Ah yes, well, about this fit of passion: this doctor has come. You know that a doctor has come? Well, how could you not know, the one who recognizes madmen, it was you who sent for him, that is, not you, but Katya. It's all Katya! Well, so you see: a man is sitting there, not mad at all, only suddenly he has a fit of passion. He is in his right mind and knows what he's doing, and yet he's in a state of passion. Well, so it was with Dmitri Fyodorovich, there surely was a fit of passion. When they opened the new courts, they found out about fits of passion at once. It's a blessing of the new courts. This doctor came and asks me about that evening, well, about the gold mines: what, he says, was he like then? How could he not be in a state of passion: he came and shouted: money, money, three thousand, give me three thousand, and then went and suddenly killed. I don't want to, he says, I don't want to kill, and suddenly he killed. That is the very thing they'll forgive him for, that he resisted and yet killed."

"But he didn't kill," Alyosha interrupted, somewhat sharply. Uneasiness and impatience were overcoming him more and more.

"I know, it was that old man Grigory who killed..."

"What, Grigory?" cried Alyosha.

"He, he, it was Grigory. When Dmitri Fyodorovich struck him, he lay there, and then he got up, sees the door is open, went in, and killed Fyodor Pavlovich."

"But why, why?"

"Why, he had a fit of passion. When Dmitri Fyodorovich struck him on the head, he came to and had a fit of passion, went and killed. And as for his saying himself that he didn't kill, maybe he doesn't remember it. Only, you see: it will be better, much better, if Dmitri Fyodorovich killed. And that's how it was, though I say it was Grigory, but it surely was Dmitri Fyodorovich, and it's much, much better that way! Ah, not better because a son killed his father, I don't praise that, children, on the contrary, ought to honor their parents, but all the same it's better if it was he, because then you have nothing to cry about, since he killed without being in his right mind or, better to say, being fully in his right mind but not knowing how it happened to him. No, let them forgive him; it is so humane, and so that people will see the blessing of the new courts, and I didn't even know, but they say it's been going on a long time, and when I found out yesterday it struck me so that I wanted to send for you at once; and then, if they forgive him, then straight from the court to my house for dinner, and I'll invite my acquaintances, and we'll drink to the new courts. I don't think he's dangerous, and besides I'll invite a great many guests, so that he can always be taken out if he does anything, and then he can be a justice of the peace somewhere in another town or something, because those who have suffered misfortune themselves judge best of all. And the main thing is, who isn't in a state of passion nowadays, you, I, we're all in a state of passion, and so many

examples: a man sits singing a romance, suddenly something displeases him, he takes a pistol and kills whoever happens to be there, and after that everyone forgives him. I read about it not long ago, and all the doctors confirmed it. Doctors confirm things nowadays, they confirm everything. Good gracious, my Lise is in a state of passion, I was crying over her only yesterday, I cried the day before, and today I guessed that she simply has a fit of passion. Oh, Lise grieves me so! I think she's gone completely mad. Why did she send for you? Did she send for you, or did you come to her yourself?"

"Yes, she sent for me, and I'm going to her now," Alyosha got up resolutely.

"Ah, dear, dear Alexei Fyodorovich, here, perhaps, is the most important thing of all," Mrs. Khokhlakova cried out, suddenly bursting into tears. "God sees that I sincerely trust Lise to you, and it doesn't matter that she sent for you without her mother knowing. But Ivan Fyodorovich, your brother, forgive me, I cannot trust my daughter to him so lightly, although I continue to consider him a most chivalrous young man. And imagine, he suddenly paid a visit to Lise, and I knew nothing about it."

"What? How? When?" Alyosha was terribly surprised. He did not sit down again but listened standing.

"I'll tell you, perhaps that is precisely why I sent for you, because I no longer even know why I sent for you. It's like this: Ivan Fyodorovich has been here only twice since his return from Moscow; the first time he came as an acquaintance to pay a visit, and the second time, that was not long ago, Katya was sitting with me, and he dropped in, having learned that she was here. Of course, I made no claim to frequent visits from him, knowing how much trouble he has on his hands these days, *vous comprenez, cette affaire et la mort terrible de votre papa* (you understand, this business and the terrible death of your papa), only suddenly I learn

that he's been here again, only not to me but to Lise, that was some six days ago; he came, sat for five minutes, and left. And I learned about it a whole three days later from Glafira, so that it suddenly gave me quite a jolt. I at once summon Lise, and she laughs: he thought, she says, that you were asleep, and came in to me to ask about your health. Of course, that was how it was. Only Lise, Lise, oh God, how she grieves me! Imagine, suddenly one night, that was four days ago, just after you were last here and left, suddenly at night she has a fit, screaming, shrieking, hysterics! Why do I never have hysterics? Then the next day a fit, and then on the third day too, and yesterday, and so yesterday this fit of passion. And she suddenly shouts at me: 'I hate Ivan Fyodorovich, I demand that you not receive him, that you refuse him the house!' I was stunned at anything so unexpected and object to her: why on earth should I refuse such a worthy young man, and with such learning, and with such a misfortune, because after all these stories are a misfortune, not a fortune, isn't that so? She suddenly burst out laughing at my words and so, you know, insultingly. Well, I'm glad, I think, that I made her laugh, and now the fits will pass, all the more so as I myself meant to refuse Ivan Fyodorovich for these strange visits without my consent and to demand an explanation. Only suddenly this morning Liza woke up and got angry with Yulia and, imagine, struck her in the face with her hand. But that's monstrous, with my maids I use the formal *you*. And suddenly an hour later she's embracing Yulia and kissing her feet. And to me she sent word that she would not come to me at all and never wants to come in future, and when I dragged myself to her, she rushed to kiss me and cry and, kissing me, simply pushed me out of the door without saying a word, so that I found out nothing at all. Now, dear Alexei Fyodorovich, all my hopes are in you, and of course the fate of my whole life is in your hands. I simply ask you to go to Lise, find out everything from her, as only you know how

to do, and come and tell me, me, her mother, because, you understand, I shall die, I shall simply die if all this goes on, or I'll run away from home. I can't bear it any longer, I have patience, but I may lose it, and then… and then there will be horrors. Ah, my God, at last, Pyotr Ilyich!" Mrs. Khokhlakova cried out, suddenly all radiant, catching sight of Pyotr Ilyich Perkhotin as he came in. "You're late, you're late! Well, sit down, speak, decide our fate, well, what about this lawyer? Where are you going, Alexei Fyodorovich?"

"To Lise."

"Ah, yes! So you won't forget, you won't forget what I asked you? Fate is in it, fate!"

"Of course I won't forget, if only it's possible… but I am so late," Alyosha muttered, beating a hasty retreat.

"No, you will surely, surely come in, and not 'if it's possible,' or I shall die!" Mrs. Khokhlakova shouted after him, but Alyosha had already left the room.

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1. The name means, roughly, "Cattle-Pen Town" or "Stockyard Town" (*skot*, cattle; *prigon*, a driving-in of livestock).

III. A Little Demon

Going in to Liza, he found her half reclining in her former invalid chair, the one in which she had been wheeled about when she could not yet walk. She did not stir to meet him, but her keen, sharp gaze simply fastened on him. Her eyes were somewhat feverish, her face a pale yellow. Alyosha was astonished at how she had changed in three days; she had even grown thinner. She did not hold out her hand to him. He himself touched her thin, long little fingers, which lay motionless on her dress, then sat down facing her without a word.

"I know you're in a hurry to get to the jail," Liza said sharply, "and Mama kept you for two hours, she has just told you about me and about Yulia."

"How did you find out?" asked Alyosha.

"I was eavesdropping. What are you staring at me for? I want to eavesdrop, so I eavesdrop, there's nothing wrong in it. I don't ask forgiveness."

"Is something upsetting you?"

"On the contrary, I'm very glad. I was just thinking again, for the thirtieth time: how good it is that I turned you down and won't be your wife. You're no good as a husband: I'll marry you, and suddenly I'll give you a note to take to the one I fall in love with after you, and you'll take it and you'll be sure to deliver it, and bring back the answer too. And you'll turn forty, and you'll still be carrying these notes of mine just the same."

She suddenly laughed.

"There is something spiteful in you and at the same time something simple-hearted," Alyosha smiled at her.

"What's simple-hearted is that I'm not ashamed in front of you. Not only am I not ashamed, I don't want to be ashamed, precisely in front of you, precisely of you. Alyosha, why don't I respect you? I love you very much, but I don't respect you. If I respected you, I wouldn't talk without shame, would I?"

"No."

"And do you believe that I'm not ashamed in front of you?"

"No, I don't."

Liza laughed nervously again; she was talking fast, rapidly.

"I sent your brother Dmitri Fyodorovich some sweets in the jail. Alyosha, you know, how pretty you are! I shall love you terribly for having so quickly allowed me not to love you."

"What did you send for me today for, Lise?"

"I wanted to tell you about a wish of mine. I want someone to torment me, to marry me and then torment me, deceive me, leave, and go away. I don't want to be happy!"

"You have come to love disorder?"

"Ah, I want disorder. I keep wanting to set the house on fire. I imagine how I'll go up and set it on fire quietly, it has to be quietly. They'll be putting it out, and it'll be burning. And I'll know, but say nothing. Ah, what nonsense! And how boring!"

She waved her little hand in disgust.

"You live in wealth," Alyosha said quietly.

"Is it better, then, to be poor?"

"It is."

"That's what your late monk talked you into. It's not true. Let me be rich and everyone else poor, I'll eat sweets and drink cream and won't give any to anyone. Ah, don't say it, don't say anything," she waved her little hand, though Alyosha had not even opened his mouth, "you've told me all this before, I know it all by heart. It's

boring. If I'm poor, I'll kill somebody, and even if I'm rich, I may kill somebody; why sit around! And you know, I want to reap, to reap rye. I'll marry you, and you become a peasant, a real peasant, we'll have a little foal, shall we? Do you know Kalganov?"

"I do."

"He keeps walking about and dreaming. He says: why live for real, it's better to dream. You can dream up the merriest things, but living is a bore. And yet he's going to get married soon himself, he's even declared his love to me. Do you know how to spin a top?"

"I do."

"Well, he's just like a top: spin him and let him go and whip him, whip him, whip him with a little whip: I'll marry him and spin him all my life. You're not ashamed to sit with me?"

"No."

"You're terribly angry that I'm not talking about holy things. I have no wish to be a saint. What will they do in the other world for the very biggest sin? You must know that exactly."

"God will condemn." Alyosha was looking at her intently. "That's just what I want," said Liza. "I'd come, and they'd condemn me, and suddenly I'd laugh in all their faces. I terribly want to set the house on fire, Alyosha, our house, you still don't believe me?"

"Why not? There are even children, twelve years old or so, who want very much to set something on fire, and they do. It's like an illness."

"That's not true, not true, maybe there are children like that, but that's not what I mean."

"You take evil for good: it's a passing crisis, perhaps your former illness is to blame for it."

"So you do despise me! I simply don't want to do good, I want to do evil, and there's no illness in it at all."

"Why do evil?"

"So that nothing should be left anywhere. Ah, how good it would be if nothing were left! You know, Alyosha, sometimes I think of doing a terrible lot of evil and everything vile, and I'll go on doing it quietly for a long time, and suddenly everyone will find out. They'll all crowd around me and point their fingers at me, and I'll look at them all. That's very pleasant. Why is it so pleasant, Alyosha?"

"It just is. A need to crush something good or, as you were saying, to set something on fire. That happens too."

"But I wasn't just saying it, I'll do it."

"I believe you."

"Ah, how I love you for saying: I believe you. And you aren't lying at all, not at all. But perhaps you think I'm saying all this on purpose, to tease you?"

"No, I don't think so… though perhaps there is a little of that need too."

"There is a little. I shall never lie to you," she said, her eyes flashing with some sort of little fire.

What struck Alyosha most of all was her seriousness: there was not a shadow of laughter or playfulness in her face now, though before, gaiety and playfulness had never left her even in her most "serious" moments.

"There are moments when people love crime," Alyosha said thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes! You've said my thought, they love it, everyone loves it and always loves it, not just in 'moments.' You know, it's as though in this everyone agreed once to lie, and everyone has been lying ever since. Everyone says they hate what is bad, but inwardly they all love it."

"And are you still reading bad books as before?"

"I am. Mama reads them and tucks them under her pillow, and I steal them."

"Aren't you ashamed to destroy yourself?"

"I want to destroy myself. There's a boy here who lay under the rails while the train cars went over him. Lucky fellow! Listen, now they're trying your brother for killing his father, and everyone loves it that he killed his father."

"Loves it that he killed his father?"

"They love it, everyone loves it! Everyone says it's horrible, but inwardly they love it horribly. I'm the first to love it."

"There is some truth in what you say about everyone," Alyosha said quietly.

"Ah, what thoughts you have!" Liza shrieked in delight. "And from a monk! You wouldn't believe how I respect you, Alyosha, for never lying. Ah, I'll tell you a funny dream of mine: sometimes I dream of devils, it's as if it's night, I'm in my room with a candle, and suddenly there are devils everywhere, in all the corners, and under the table, and they open the doors, and there's a crowd of them outside the doors, and they want to come in and seize me. And they're already coming up, already seizing me. And suddenly I cross myself, and they all draw back, they're afraid, only they don't go away entirely, they stand by the doors and in the corners, waiting. And suddenly I terribly want to start cursing God out loud, so I start cursing, and they suddenly come crowding at me again, so delighted, and now they're seizing me again, and suddenly I cross myself again—and they all draw back. It's terribly merry, it takes my breath away."

"I have had that very same dream too," Alyosha suddenly said.

"Really?" Liza cried out in surprise. "Listen, Alyosha, don't laugh, this is terribly important: can two different people really have one and the same dream?"

"They can, it seems."

"Alyosha, I tell you, this is terribly important," Liza went on, in a kind of excessive surprise by now. "It isn't the dream that matters,

but that you could have this very same dream as I did. You never lie to me, don't lie now either: is it true? You're not laughing?"

"It's true."

Liza was terribly struck by something and fell silent for half a minute.

"Alyosha, come to see me, come to see me more often," she suddenly said in a pleading voice.

"I will always come to see you, all my life," Alyosha answered firmly.

"I tell this only to you, you know," Liza began again. "I tell it to myself alone, and to you. To you alone in the whole world. And I tell you more willingly than I tell myself. And I'm not ashamed in front of you at all. Alyosha, why am I not ashamed in front of you at all, not at all? Alyosha, is it true that the Yids steal children at Passover and slaughter them?"

"I don't know."

"I have a book here, I read about some trial somewhere, and that a Yid first cut off all the little fingers on both hands of a four-year-old boy, and then crucified him on a wall, nailed him up and crucified him, and then at the trial said that the boy died quickly, in four hours. Quickly, indeed! He says: he moaned, he kept moaning, and the other stood there admiring him. That's good!"

"Good?"

"Good. Sometimes I think that I crucified him myself. He hangs there and moans, and I'll sit down facing him and eat pineapple compote. I'm very fond of pineapple compote. Are you?"

Alyosha was silent and looked at her. Her pale yellow face suddenly became distorted, her eyes caught fire.

"You know, when I read about that Yid, I shook in tears the whole night. I imagine how the little child screams and moans (four-year-old boys understand, after all), and this thought about the compote won't leave me alone. In the morning I sent a letter to

a certain man, telling him that he *absolutely must* come to me. He came, and suddenly I told him about the boy and about the compote, I told him *everything*, *everything*, and said that 'this is good.' He suddenly laughed and said that it really was good. Then he got up and left. He sat for five minutes in all. Did he despise me, did he? Tell me, tell me, Alyosha, did he despise me or not?" She drew herself up straight on the couch, her eyes flashing.

"Tell me," Alyosha said in agitation, "did you yourself send for him, this man?"

"I did."

"Sent him a letter?"

"A letter."

"Specifically to ask about this, about the child?"

"No, not about that at all, not at all. But as soon as he came in, I asked him about it right away. He answered, laughed, got up, and left."

"That man dealt honestly with you," Alyosha said quietly.

"And did he despise me? Did he laugh at me?"

"No, because perhaps he himself believes in the pineapple compote. He is very ill now too, Lise."

"Yes, he believes!" Liza's eyes flashed.

"He doesn't despise anyone," Alyosha went on. "He just doesn't believe anyone. And if he doesn't believe, then of course he despises too."

"So me as well? Me?"

"You as well."

"That's good," Liza somehow ground out. "When he went out and laughed, I felt that it's good to be despised. And the boy with the cut-off little fingers is good, and being despised is good…"

And she laughed somehow spitefully and feverishly in Alyosha's face.

"You know, Alyosha, you know, I would like... Alyosha, save me!" She suddenly jumped up from the couch, rushed to him, and threw her arms tightly around him. "Save me," she almost moaned. "Would I tell anyone in the world what I've told you? And yet I've been telling the truth, the truth, the truth! I'll kill myself, because everything is loathsome to me! I don't want to live, because everything is loathsome to me! Everything is loathsome to me, everything is loathsome! Alyosha, why don't you love me at all, not at all!" she finished in a frenzy.

"But I do love you!" Alyosha answered hotly.

"And will you weep for me, will you?"

"I will."

"Not because I didn't want to be your wife, but just weep for me, just like that?"

"I will."

"Thank you! It's only your tears I need. And let all the rest execute me and crush me underfoot, all of them, all, not excepting *anyone*! Because I don't love anyone. Do you hear, an-y-one! On the contrary, I hate them! Go, Alyosha, it's time for you to go to your brother!" She suddenly tore herself away from him.

"But how can you stay like this?" Alyosha said, almost in fright.

"Go to your brother, they'll lock up the jail, go, here's your hat! Kiss Mitya for me, go, go!"

And with force she all but pushed Alyosha out of the door. He was looking at her in sorrowful bewilderment when suddenly he felt in his right hand a letter, a small little letter, tightly folded and sealed. He looked down and in an instant read the address: To Ivan Fyodorovich Karamazov. He looked quickly at Liza. Her face had become almost menacing.

"Give it to him, be sure to give it to him!" she commanded in a frenzy, shaking all over. "Today, at once! Otherwise I'll poison myself! That's why I sent for you!"

And she quickly slammed the door. The latch clicked. Alyosha put the letter in his pocket and went straight to the stairs without going in to Mrs. Khokhlakova, even forgetting about her. And Liza, as soon as Alyosha had gone, at once undid the latch, opened the door a tiny crack, put her finger in the crack, and, slamming the door, crushed it with all her might. Some ten seconds later, freeing her hand, she walked quietly, slowly, to her chair, sat down, drawing herself up very straight, and began to stare intently at her blackened little finger and the blood that had squeezed out from under the nail. Her lips were trembling, and she was whispering to herself quickly, quickly:

"Vile, vile, vile, vile!"

IV. A Hymn and a Secret

It was already quite late (and how long is a November day, after all) when Alyosha rang at the prison gate. It was even beginning to get dark. But Alyosha knew that they would let him in to Mitya without hindrance. All this is the same with us, in our little town, as everywhere else. At first, of course, after the whole preliminary investigation was concluded, access to Mitya for visits from relatives and certain other persons was still hedged about with certain necessary formalities, but later on the formalities did not exactly slacken, but for some persons at least, those who came to see Mitya, certain exceptions somehow established themselves of their own accord. So much so that at times even the visits with the prisoner in the room set aside for that purpose took place almost in private, just the two of them. However, there were very few such persons: only Grushenka, Alyosha, and Rakitin. But the district police chief himself, Mikhail Makarovich, was very well disposed toward Grushenka. The old man had on his conscience the way he had shouted at her in Mokroye. Afterward, learning the whole substance of the matter, he had completely changed his opinion of her. And a strange thing: although he was firmly convinced of Mitya's crime, ever since Mitya's imprisonment he had somehow come to look on him more and more mildly: "A man with a good soul, perhaps, and he's perished like a Swede at Poltava, from drink and disorder!" His former horror had given way in his heart to a kind of pity. As for Alyosha, the police chief was very fond of him and had known him for a long time, and Rakitin, who later took to coming very often to see the prisoner, was one of the

closest acquaintances of "the police chief's young ladies," as he called them, and hung about their house every day. He also gave lessons in the house of the prison warden, a good-natured old man, though a strict old servant of the state. Alyosha, again, was a special and long-standing acquaintance of the warden as well, who liked to talk with him generally about "higher wisdom." Ivan Fyodorovich, for instance, the warden did not so much respect as actually fear, his opinions above all, although he was a great philosopher himself, "having got there by his own wits," of course. But toward Alyosha he felt a kind of invincible sympathy. In the past year the old man had just settled down to the apocryphal gospels and was constantly communicating his impressions to his young friend. Before, he had even visited him at the monastery and discussed things with him and the hieromonks for hours on end. In short, even if Alyosha came to the prison late, he had only to go to the warden and the matter was always settled. Besides, everyone in the prison, down to the last guard, had grown used to Alyosha. The sentries, of course, did not hinder him, as long as there was permission from the authorities. Mitya, when he was sent for, always came down from his little cell to the place set aside for visits. As he entered the room, Alyosha ran straight into Rakitin, who was already leaving Mitya. They were both talking loudly. Mitya, seeing him off, was laughing very much at something, and Rakitin seemed to be grumbling. Rakitin, especially of late, did not like meeting Alyosha, hardly spoke to him, and even bowed to him with an effort. Seeing Alyosha come in now, he frowned particularly and turned his eyes aside, as though entirely occupied in buttoning his big warm coat with the fur collar. Then he at once began looking for his umbrella.

"Mustn't forget anything of my own," he muttered, solely in order to say something.

“Mind you don’t forget anything of somebody else’s!” Mitya quipped, and at once burst out laughing at his own quip. Rakitin flared up in an instant.

“You can recommend that to your Karamazovs, you serf-owning spawn, and not to Rakitin!” he shouted suddenly, simply shaking with spite.

“What’s the matter with you? I was joking!” cried Mitya. “Pah, the devil! They’re all like that,” he turned to Alyosha, nodding at the quickly departing Rakitin. “There he was sitting and laughing and cheerful, and then all of a sudden he boils over! He didn’t even nod his head to you; have you two quarreled completely, or what? Why are you so late? I wasn’t just waiting for you, I was thirsting for you all morning. Well, never mind! We’ll make up for it.”

“Why has he taken to coming to you so often? Have you made friends with him, or what?” asked Alyosha, nodding likewise at the door through which Rakitin had taken himself off.

“Made friends with Mikhail? No, not exactly. And what for, the swine! He considers that I’m… a scoundrel. They don’t understand a joke either, that’s the main thing about them. They’ll never understand a joke. And it’s dry in their souls, flat and dry, just like the way it was when I was driving up to the prison that time and looking at the prison walls. But a clever man, clever. Well, Alexei, my head is done for now!”

He sat down on a bench and sat Alyosha down beside him.

“Yes, the trial is tomorrow. But surely you aren’t so completely without hope, brother?” Alyosha said with a timid feeling.

“What do you mean?” Mitya glanced at him somehow vaguely. “Ah, you mean the trial! Well, the devil with it! Up to now you and I have kept talking about trifles, it’s all been about this trial, and about the most important thing I’ve kept silent with you. Yes, the trial is tomorrow, only it wasn’t about the trial that I said my head is done for. My head isn’t done for, but what was sitting in my

head, that's done for. Why are you looking at me with such criticism in your face?"

"What do you mean, Mitya?"

"Ideas, ideas, that's what! Ephics. What is this ephics?"

"Ephics?" Alyosha was surprised.

"Yes, is it some kind of science, or what?"

"Yes, there is such a science… only… I confess I can't explain to you what science it is."

"Rakitin knows. Rakitin knows a lot, devil take him! He won't become a monk. He's getting ready to go to Petersburg. There, he says, into the critical section, but with a noble tendency. Well, he may do some good and make a career. Ugh, they're masters at careers! The devil with ephics! It's me who's done for, Alexei, me, you man of God! I love you more than anyone. My heart trembles for you, that's what. Who was that Karl Bernard?"

"Karl Bernard?" Alyosha was surprised again.

"No, not Karl, wait, I got it wrong: Claude Bernard. What is that? Chemistry, or something?"

"That must be a certain scientist," Alyosha answered, "only, I confess, I can't tell you much about him either. I've only heard he is a scientist, but what kind I don't know."

"Well, devil take him, I don't know either," Mitya swore. "Some scoundrel, most likely, and they're all scoundrels. But Rakitin will worm his way in, Rakitin will squeeze through a crack, he's a Bernard too. Ugh, these Bernards! There's a lot of them have bred!"

"But what's the matter with you?" Alyosha asked insistently.

"He wants to write an article about me, about my case, and begin his role in literature with it; that's why he comes, he explained it himself. He wants something with a tendency: 'He couldn't help killing, you see, he was eaten up by his environment,' and so on, he explained to me. It will have a tinge of socialism, he says. Well, devil take him, a tinge is a tinge, I don't care. He doesn't

like brother Ivan, he hates him, and he doesn't think much of you either. Well, but I don't drive him away, because he's a clever man. Very conceited, though. I was just telling him: 'The Karamazovs are not scoundrels but philosophers, because all real Russian people are philosophers, and you, though you've studied, are no philosopher, you're a churl.' He laughs, so spitefully. And I say to him: *de thoughtibus non est disputandum*; a good quip, isn't it? At least I've gone in for classicism too," Mitya suddenly guffawed.

"Why are you done for? You said so just now?" Alyosha interrupted.

"Why am I done for? Hm! In essence... if you take the whole thing together, I'm sorry for God, that's why!"

"What do you mean, sorry for God?"

"Imagine: it's there in the nerves, in the head, that is, there in the brain, these nerves (well, devil take them!)... there are these sort of little tails, the nerves have little tails, well, and as soon as they start trembling there... that is, you see, I look at something with my eyes, like this, and they start trembling, the little tails... and when they tremble, an image appears, and it doesn't appear at once, but some instant, some second passes, and there appears a sort of moment, no, not a moment, devil take the moment, but an image, I mean an object or an event, well, devil take it—that's why I contemplate, and then think... because of the little tails, and not at all because I have a soul and am some sort of image and likeness, that's all foolishness. Mikhail explained this to me only yesterday, brother, and it was as though I'd been scorched. It's magnificent, Alyosha, this science! A new man will come, that much I understand... And all the same I'm sorry for God!"

"Well, that's good too," said Alyosha.

"That I'm sorry for God? Chemistry, brother, chemistry! There's nothing to be done, Your Reverence, move over a little, chemistry is coming! And Rakitin doesn't love God, ugh, he doesn't love him!

That's the sorest spot with all of them! But they hide it. They lie. They pretend. 'Well, are you going to push this in the critical section?' I ask. 'Well, they won't let me do it openly,' he says, and laughs. 'Only how will it be, then,' I ask, 'for man after that? Without God and without a future life? Then, that means, everything is permitted now, one can do anything?' 'And you didn't know?' he says. He laughs. 'For a clever man,' he says, 'anything is possible, a clever man knows how to catch crayfish, but you, now,' he says, 'you killed and got caught and are rotting in prison!' That's what he says to me. A natural-born swine! Before, I used to throw his sort out, but now I listen. He says a lot of sensible things, after all. He writes cleverly too. About a week ago he started reading me an article of his, and I copied out three lines on purpose then, here, wait, here it is."

Mitya hurriedly took a scrap of paper out of his waistcoat pocket and read:

"'In order to resolve this question, it is necessary first of all to set one's personality at variance with one's reality.' Do you understand or not?"

"No, I don't understand," said Alyosha.

He was watching Mitya with curiosity and listening to him.

"I don't understand either. Dark and unclear, but clever. 'Everybody,' he says, 'writes like that now, because such is the environment…' They're afraid of the environment. He writes verses too, the scoundrel, he's sung the praises of Khokhlakova's little foot, ha-ha-ha!"

"I've heard," said Alyosha.

"You've heard? And have you heard the verses?"

"No."

"I have them, here, I'll read them. You don't know, I haven't told you, there's a whole story here. The rogue! Three weeks ago he took it into his head to tease me: 'Here you've got yourself caught

like a fool,' he says, 'over three thousand, but I'll grab a hundred and fifty thousand, I'll marry a certain widow and buy a stone house in Petersburg.' And he told me he was making up to Khokhlakova, and she was never clever even in her youth, and at forty she's gone completely out of her mind. 'But she's terribly sentimental,' he says, 'and that's how I'll finish her off. I'll marry her, take her to Petersburg, and start publishing a newspaper there.' And there was such a nasty, sensual slobber on his lips, not slobber over Khokhlakova but over those hundred and fifty thousand. And he convinced me, he did convince me; he kept coming to me every day: she's giving in, he says. He was beaming with joy. And then all of a sudden they threw him out: Perkhotin, Pyotr Ilyich, got the upper hand, good man! I mean, I could just kiss that silly goose all over for driving him out! Well, it was while he was coming to see me that he composed these verses. 'It's the first time,' he says, 'that I've soiled my hands writing verses, for seduction, that is, for a useful cause. Once I've got the capital out of the silly goose, I can bring civic benefit afterward.' They have a civic justification for every vileness, after all! 'And all the same,' he says, 'I've written better than your Pushkin, because I managed to slip civic grief even into a comic verse.' That bit about Pushkin, I understand. What of it, if he really was a man of talent and only described little feet! But how proud he was of his little verses! The vanity they have, the vanity! 'On the Recovery of the Sore Little Foot of My Beloved Object,' that's the title he thought up, a frisky fellow!

"Oh, what a little foot, what a foot,
A little foot that's swollen up a bit!
The doctors come to cure it,
They bandage it and maim it.
It's not for little feet I pine,
Let Pushkin sing their praises:
It's for a little head I pine
That cannot grasp ideas.
It had begun to grasp a bit,
But then the foot got in the way!
So let the little foot be cured,
And let the little head grasp.

"A swine, a pure swine, and yet it came out playful, the scoundrel! And he really did slip in the 'civic' part. And how angry he got when they threw him out. Gnashing his teeth!"

"He has already taken his revenge," said Alyosha. "He wrote a report about Khokhlakova."

And Alyosha told him hastily about the report in the newspaper *Rumors*.

"It's he, he!" Mitya confirmed, frowning. "It's he! These reports… I know… I mean, how many base things have already been written, about Grusha, for instance!… And about that other one too, about Katya… Hm!"

He walked about the room, preoccupied.

"Brother, I can't stay long," Alyosha said after a silence. "Tomorrow is a terrible, great day for you: God's judgment will be passed on you… and I'm amazed, here you are walking about and talking God knows what instead of business."

"No, don't be amazed," Mitya interrupted hotly. "What should I talk about, that stinking cur? About the murderer? You and I have

talked enough about that. I don't want any more about the stinking one, the son of the Stinking woman! God will kill him, you'll see, hush!"

He went up to Alyosha in agitation and suddenly kissed him. His eyes were burning.

"Rakitin won't understand this," he began, all as if in some sort of rapture, "but you, you will understand everything. That's why I was thirsting for you. You see, I've long wanted to express a great deal to you here, within these peeling walls, but I kept silent about the most important thing: it was as though the time still hadn't come. Now I've waited until the last hour, to pour out my soul to you. Brother, in these last two months I have felt a new man in myself, a new man has risen in me! He was shut up in me, but he would never have appeared if it hadn't been for this thunderbolt. It's frightening! And what is it to me that I'll be beating out ore with a hammer in the mines for twenty years, I'm not afraid of that at all, but something else frightens me now: that the risen man may leave me! One can find there too, in the mines, underground, beside you, in another convict and murderer just like yourself, a human heart, and come together with him, because there too one can live, and love, and suffer! One can revive and raise up the frozen heart in this convict, one can tend him for years and at last bring up out of the den into the light a soul that is lofty by now, a suffering consciousness, revive an angel, raise up a hero! And there are many of them, hundreds of them, and we are all guilty for them! Why did I dream of the 'babe' at such a moment then? 'Why is the babe poor?' That was a prophecy to me at that moment! For the 'babe' I shall go. Because all are guilty for all. It's 'the babe' for all of them, because there are little children and big children. All are 'the babe.' For all I shall go, because someone has to go for all, after all. I didn't kill my father, but I must go. I accept! It all came to me here… here within these peeling walls. And there

are many of them, hundreds of them there, the underground ones, hammers in hand. Oh yes, we shall be in chains, and there will be no freedom, but then, in our great grief, we shall rise again into joy, without which man cannot live, nor God be, for God gives joy, that is his privilege, a great one… Lord, let man melt away in prayer! How shall I be there underground without God? Rakitin is lying: if they drive God from the earth, we shall meet him underground! A convict cannot be without God, it is even more impossible than for one who is not a convict! And then we, the men of underground, will sing from the bowels of the earth a tragic hymn to God, in whom is joy! Long live God and his joy! I love him!"

Mitya, delivering his wild speech, was almost choking. He had turned pale, his lips were twitching, tears were rolling from his eyes.

"No, life is full, even underground there is life!" he began again. "You won't believe, Alexei, how I want to live now, what a thirst to exist and to be conscious has been born in me precisely within these peeling walls! Rakitin doesn't understand that, all he wants is to build a house and let out lodgings, but I was waiting for you. And what is suffering, anyway? I'm not afraid of it, even if it were countless. I'm not afraid now, before I was afraid. You know, perhaps I won't even answer at the trial… And it seems there's so much of this strength in me now that I'll overcome everything, all sufferings, only so as to say and to tell myself every minute: I am! In a thousand torments—I am; I writhe under torture—but I am! I sit on a pillar, but I too exist, I see the sun, and if I can't see the sun, still I know it is there. And to know that the sun is there, that is already the whole of life. Alyosha, my cherub, all these different philosophies are killing me, devil take them! Brother Ivan…"

"What about brother Ivan?" Alyosha tried to interrupt, but Mitya did not hear.

"You see, before, I had none of these doubts, but it was all hiding in me. Precisely, perhaps, because unknown ideas were raging in me, I drank and fought and raged. I fought to quench them in myself, to subdue them, to crush them down. Brother Ivan is not Rakitin, he hides an idea. Brother Ivan is a sphinx and keeps silent, keeps silent all the time. But God torments me. That alone torments me. What if he doesn't exist? What if Rakitin is right that it's an artificial idea in mankind? Then, if he isn't there, man is the chief of the earth, of the whole creation. Magnificent! Only how will he be virtuous without God? A question! I keep thinking about that. Whom will he love then, man? To whom will he be grateful, to whom will he sing a hymn? Rakitin laughs. Rakitin says one can love mankind without God. Well, only a snot-nosed shrimp can assert that, but I can't understand it. Life is easy for Rakitin: 'You,' he says to me today, 'had better busy yourself with extending man's civil rights, or at least with seeing that the price of beef doesn't go up; that way you'll show your love for mankind more simply and more directly than with philosophies.' And I came back at him with this: 'And you,' I say, 'without God, you'll be the one to push up the price of beef yourself, if the chance comes your way, and you'll make a ruble on every kopeck.' He got angry. For what is virtue? Answer me that, Alexei. I have one virtue and a Chinaman has another, so it's a relative thing. Or not? Or isn't it relative? A treacherous question! You won't laugh if I tell you I didn't sleep for two nights over it. What amazes me now is only how people live there and don't think about any of it. Vanity! Ivan has no God. He has an idea. Not on my scale. But he keeps silent. I think he's a Freemason. I asked him, he keeps silent. I wanted to drink a little water from his spring, he keeps silent. Only once did he say one little word."

"What did he say?" Alyosha hastily took up.

"I said to him: then everything is permitted, if that's so? He frowned: 'Fyodor Pavlovich,' he says, 'our papa, was a little pig, but he thought correctly.' That's what he came out with. That was all he said. That beats Rakitin."

"Yes," Alyosha confirmed bitterly. "When was he here with you?"

"About that later, now something else. Up to now I've told you almost nothing about Ivan. I put it off till the end. When this business of mine here is over and they pronounce the sentence, then I'll tell you a thing or two, I'll tell you everything. There's one terrible thing here... And you will be my judge in this matter. But now don't even begin about it, now mum's the word. Here you talk about tomorrow, about the trial, but would you believe it, I know nothing."

"Have you talked with this lawyer?"

"What of the lawyer! I told him about everything. A soft rogue, from the capital. A Bernard! Only he doesn't believe me a broken penny's worth. He believes I killed him, imagine, I can see it already. 'Then why,' I ask, 'have you come to defend me, in that case?' To hell with them. They've sent for a doctor too, they want to make me out a madman. I won't allow it! Katerina Ivanovna wants to do 'her duty' to the end. Straining herself to do it!" Mitya grinned bitterly. "A cat! A cruel heart! And she knows, after all, what I said about her then in Mokroye, that she's a woman 'of great wrath'! They passed it on. Yes, the evidence has multiplied like the sand of the sea! Grigory sticks to his story. Grigory is honest, but a fool. Many people are honest thanks to being fools. That's Rakitin's idea. Grigory is my enemy. Some people it pays better to have among your enemies than among your friends. I say that about Katerina Ivanovna. I'm afraid, oh, I'm afraid she'll tell at the trial about the bow to the ground after the four thousand five hundred! She'll pay me back to the end, to the last penny. I don't want her

sacrifice! They'll shame me at the trial! I'll bear it somehow. Go to her, Alyosha, ask her not to tell that at the trial. Or is it impossible? Ah, the devil, it's all the same, I'll bear it! And I'm not sorry for her. She wants it herself. The thief deserves his torment. I'll make my speech, Alexei." He grinned bitterly again. "Only... only Grusha, Grusha, Lord! Why should she take such torment on herself now!" he suddenly exclaimed with tears. "Grusha is killing me, the thought of her is killing me, killing me! She was here with me today..."

"She told me. She was very upset with you today."

"I know. Devil take me for my temper. I was jealous! When I let her go, I repented, I kissed her. I didn't ask her forgiveness."

"Why didn't you ask?" exclaimed Alyosha.

Mitya suddenly laughed almost merrily.

"God preserve you, my dear boy, from ever asking forgiveness of a woman you love for something you've done wrong! Of a woman you love especially, especially, however guilty you may be before her! Because woman, brother, is the devil knows what, women at least are a thing I know something about! Well, just try confessing your guilt to her, 'I'm guilty, so to speak, forgive me, pardon me': that's when the hail of reproaches will start! Never will she forgive you straight and simply, but she'll humble you to a rag, she'll reckon up even what never happened, she'll take it all, she won't forget a thing, she'll add her own, and only then will she forgive. And that's the best, the best of them! She'll scrape up the last scrapings and heap it all on your head—such a flaying cruelty sits in them, I tell you, in every last one of them, these angels without whom we can't live! You see, my dear, I'll tell you frankly and simply: every decent man ought to be under the slipper of some woman or other. That is my conviction; not a conviction, a feeling. A man ought to be magnanimous, and it won't soil a man. It won't soil even a hero, it won't soil Caesar! Well, but don't ask forgive-

ness all the same, never and not for anything. Remember the rule: it was taught you by your brother Mitya, who perished through women. No, I'd better earn something from Grusha without forgiveness. I revere her, Alexei, I revere her! Only she doesn't see it, no, it's never enough love for her. And she wears me out, wears me out with love. What was before! Before, it was only infernal curves that wore me out, but now I've taken her whole soul into my own soul and through her I myself have become a man! Will they marry us? And without that I'll die of jealousy. I keep dreaming of something every day... What did she tell you about me?"

Alyosha repeated everything Grushenka had said earlier. Mitya listened in detail, asked again about many things, and was satisfied.

"So she isn't angry that I'm jealous," he exclaimed. "A real woman! 'I have a cruel heart myself.' Ugh, I love that kind, the cruel ones, though I can't stand it when people are jealous of me, I can't stand it! We'll fight. But love, I'll love her endlessly. Will they marry us? Do they marry convicts? A question. And without her I can't live..."

Mitya walked about the room, frowning. It was getting almost dark in the room. He suddenly became terribly anxious.

"So there's a secret, she says, a secret? The three of us, so to speak, have a plot against her, and 'Katka,' so to speak, is mixed up in it? No, Grushenka, my dear, that's not it. You've made a slip there, your silly little woman's slip! Alyosha, my dear, ah, come what may! I'll reveal our secret to you!"

He looked around on all sides, quickly came right up close to Alyosha, who was standing before him, and began whispering to him with a mysterious air, although in reality no one could hear them: the old guard was dozing on a bench in the corner, and not a word could reach the soldiers on sentry duty.

"I'll reveal our whole secret to you!" Mitya whispered in haste. "I meant to reveal it later, because without you how can I make up my mind to anything? You're everything to me. Though I say that Ivan is higher than us, you are my cherub. Only your decision will decide it. Perhaps it's you who are the higher man, and not Ivan. You see, this is a matter of conscience, a matter of the highest conscience—a secret so important that I can't manage it myself, and I put it all off until you came. But all the same it's too early to decide now, because we must wait for the verdict: when the verdict is out, then you will decide my fate. Don't decide now; I'll tell you right now, you'll hear it, but don't decide. Stand and keep silent. I won't reveal everything to you. I'll tell you only the idea, without details, and you keep silent. Not a question, not a movement, agreed? But then, Lord, where am I to put your eyes? I'm afraid your eyes will speak the decision, even if you yourself keep silent. Ugh, I'm afraid! Alyosha, listen: brother Ivan is proposing that I *escape*. I won't tell you the details: everything's been foreseen, everything can be arranged. Keep silent, don't decide. To America with Grusha. I can't live without Grusha, after all! What if they won't let her come to me there? Do they marry convicts? Brother Ivan says no. And without Grusha what am I to do there underground with a hammer? I'll only smash my own head with that hammer! But on the other hand, what about conscience? I'd have run away from suffering! There was a sign, and I rejected the sign; there was a path of purification, and I made an about-face. Ivan says that in America, 'with good inclinations,' one can do more good than underground. Well, and where will our underground hymn take place? What is America? America is vanity again! And besides, I should think, there's plenty of swindling in America. I'd have run away from the crucifixion! That's why I'm telling you, Alexei, because you alone can understand this, and nobody else; for others it's foolishness, delirium, all that I told you about the

hymn. They'll say he's gone out of his mind, or he's a fool. But I haven't gone out of my mind, and I'm not a fool either. Ivan understands about the hymn too, ugh, he understands, only he doesn't answer to it, he keeps silent. He doesn't believe in the hymn. Don't speak, don't speak: I can see how you're looking at me: you've made up your mind already! Don't decide, spare me, I can't live without Grusha, wait for the trial!"

Mitya finished like a man in a frenzy. He held Alyosha by the shoulders with both hands and simply fastened his thirsting, feverish gaze on his eyes.

"Do they marry convicts?" he repeated for the third time, in a pleading voice.

Alyosha listened in extraordinary amazement and was deeply shaken.

"Tell me one thing," he said. "Is Ivan insisting very much, and who thought of it first?"

"He, he thought of it, he insists! He never came to see me, and suddenly a week ago he came and began with this straight off. He insists terribly. He doesn't ask, he orders. He has no doubt that I'll obey, though I turned my whole heart inside out to him, as I have to you, and told him about the hymn. He told me how he'll arrange it, he's gathered all the information, but that's for later. He wants it to the point of hysterics. The main thing is money: ten thousand, he says, for you to escape, and twenty thousand for America, and with ten thousand, he says, we'll arrange a magnificent escape."

"And he absolutely forbade you to tell me?" Alyosha asked again.

"Absolutely, not anyone, and above all you: you not for anything! He's afraid, surely, that you'll stand before me like my conscience. Don't tell him I told you. Ugh, don't tell him!"

"You are right," Alyosha decided, "it's impossible to decide before the verdict of the court. After the trial you will decide for

yourself; then you will find a new man in yourself, and he will decide."

"A new man, or a Bernard, and he'll decide it Bernard-fashion! Because, it seems, I'm a contemptible Bernard myself!" Mitya grinned bitterly.

"But surely, surely, brother, you haven't lost all hope of being acquitted?"

Mitya shrugged his shoulders convulsively and shook his head.

"Alyosha, my dear, it's time for you to go!" he suddenly began to hurry. "The warden shouted in the yard, he'll be here in a minute. It's late for us, it's disorder. Embrace me quickly, kiss me, make the sign of the cross over me, my dear, cross me for tomorrow's cross..."

They embraced and kissed.

"And Ivan," Mitya suddenly said, "he proposed escape, and yet he believes I killed him, after all!"

A sad grin forced itself onto his lips.

"Did you ask him whether he believes it or not?" asked Alyosha.

"No, I didn't ask him. I wanted to, but I couldn't, I didn't have the strength. And it's all the same, I can see it in his eyes. Well, goodbye!"

They kissed once more in haste, and Alyosha was already about to go out when suddenly Mitya called him again:

"Stand in front of me, like this."

And again he seized Alyosha firmly by the shoulders with both hands. His face suddenly turned quite pale, so that even in the near darkness it was terribly noticeable. His lips were twisted, his gaze fastened on Alyosha.

"Alyosha, tell me the whole truth, as before the Lord God: do you believe that I killed him, or don't you? You, you yourself, do you believe it or not? The whole truth, don't lie!" he shouted to him in a frenzy.

Alyosha seemed to reel all over, and in his heart, he felt it, something sharp seemed to pass through.

"Enough, what are you…" he began to murmur, as if lost.

"The whole truth, the whole of it, don't lie!" Mitya repeated.

"Not for a single moment have I believed that you are the murderer," burst suddenly from Alyosha's breast in a trembling voice, and he lifted his right hand high, as though calling on God to witness what he said. Bliss instantly lit up Mitya's whole face.

"Thank you!" he brought out in a long breath, as if sighing after a faint. "Now you have revived me… Would you believe it: until now I was afraid to ask you, you, of all people, you! Well, go, go! You've strengthened me for tomorrow, God bless you! Well, go now, love Ivan!" broke from Mitya as his last word.

Alyosha went out all in tears. Such a degree of suspiciousness in Mitya, such a degree of distrust even of him, of Alyosha, all this suddenly opened before Alyosha such an abyss of hopeless grief and despair in his unhappy brother's soul as he had never suspected before. A deep, infinite compassion suddenly seized him and tormented him in an instant. His pierced heart ached terribly. "Love Ivan!" Mitya's words of a moment ago suddenly came back to him. And he was going to Ivan, as it happened. Since that very morning he had needed terribly to see Ivan. Ivan tormented him no less than Mitya, and now, after seeing his brother, more than ever.

V. Not You, Not You!

On the way to Ivan's he had to pass the house where Katerina Ivanovna had her lodgings. There was light in the windows. He suddenly stopped and decided to go in. He had not seen Katerina Ivanovna for more than a week. But it now occurred to him that Ivan might be with her just then, especially on the eve of such a day. Having rung and gone in onto the staircase, dimly lit by a Chinese lantern, he saw a man coming down from above, in whom, as they drew level, he recognized his brother. So he was already on his way out from Katerina Ivanovna's.

"Ah, it's only you," Ivan Fyodorovich said dryly. "Well, goodbye. Are you going to see her?"

"Yes."

"I don't advise it; she is 'agitated,' and you'll upset her even more."

"No, no!" a voice suddenly shouted from above, from a door that had flown open in an instant. "Alexei Fyodorovich, have you come from him?"

"Yes, I've been with him."

"Did he send me any message? Come in, Alyosha, and you, Ivan Fyodorovich, you must come back, you absolutely must. Do you hear me!"

Such an imperious note rang in Katya's voice that Ivan Fyodorovich, after hesitating for an instant, nonetheless decided to go up again together with Alyosha.

"She was eavesdropping!" he whispered irritably to himself, but Alyosha caught it.

"Allow me to keep my coat on," said Ivan Fyodorovich, entering the drawing room. "I won't even sit down. I won't stay more than a minute."

"Sit down, Alexei Fyodorovich," said Katerina Ivanovna, remaining standing herself. She had changed little in this time, but her dark eyes were flashing with an ominous fire. Alyosha remembered afterward that she had seemed to him extraordinarily beautiful at that moment.

"Well, what message did he give you?"

"Only one thing," said Alyosha, looking straight into her face, "that you should spare yourself and not testify at the trial about what..." he faltered a little, "what happened between you... at the time of your very first acquaintance... in that town..."

"Ah, that's about the bow to the ground for that money!" she took him up, laughing bitterly. "Well, is he afraid for himself or for me—eh? He said I should spare—whom? Him or myself? Tell me, Alexei Fyodorovich."

Alyosha was looking at her intently, trying to understand her.

"Both yourself and him," he said quietly.

"That's just it," she rapped out somehow spitefully, and suddenly blushed. "You don't know me yet, Alexei Fyodorovich," she said menacingly, "and I don't know myself yet either. Perhaps you will want to trample me underfoot after tomorrow's examination."

"You will testify honestly," said Alyosha, "that is all that's needed."

"A woman is often dishonest," she ground out. "Only an hour ago I was thinking that I was afraid to touch that monster... as if he were a viper... and yet no, he is still a human being to me! But did he kill? Was it he who killed?" she suddenly exclaimed hysterically, turning quickly to Ivan Fyodorovich. Alyosha understood at once that she had already asked Ivan Fyodorovich this very question,

perhaps only a minute before he came, and not for the first time either but for the hundredth, and that it had ended in a quarrel.

"I have been to see Smerdyakov... It was you, Ivan, you who convinced me that he is a parricide. You were the only one I believed!" she went on, still addressing Ivan Fyodorovich. He grinned as though with an effort. Alyosha started at hearing that intimate *you*. He could never have suspected such relations between them.

"Well, but that's enough," Ivan snapped. "I'll go. I'll come tomorrow." And turning at once, he walked out of the room and went straight onto the staircase. Katerina Ivanovna suddenly seized Alyosha by both hands with a sort of imperious gesture.

"Go after him! Catch up with him! Don't leave him alone for a minute," she whispered quickly. "He's out of his mind. Don't you know he's gone out of his mind? He has a fever, a nervous fever! The doctor told me, go, run after him..."

Alyosha jumped up and rushed after Ivan Fyodorovich. Ivan had not gone even fifty paces.

"What do you want?" he suddenly turned to Alyosha, seeing him catching up. "She told you to run after me because I'm mad. I know it by heart," he added irritably.

"She is mistaken, of course, but she's right that you are ill," said Alyosha. "I was looking at your face just now at her house; you have a very sick face, very, Ivan!"

Ivan walked on without stopping. Alyosha followed him.

"And do you know, Alexei Fyodorovich, how people go mad?" Ivan asked in a voice that had suddenly become quite quiet, no longer irritable at all, in which there sounded all at once the most simple-hearted curiosity.

"No, I don't; I suppose there are many different kinds of madness."

"And can one observe in oneself that one is going mad?"

"I think one cannot watch oneself clearly in such a case," Alyosha answered in surprise. Ivan fell silent for half a minute.

"If you want to talk to me about something, change the subject, please," he suddenly said.

"Oh, before I forget, here is a letter for you," Alyosha said timidly, and, taking Liza's letter out of his pocket, he held it out to him. They had just come up to a streetlamp. Ivan at once recognized the hand.

"Ah, that's from that little demon!" He laughed spitefully and, without opening the envelope, suddenly tore it into several pieces and threw them to the wind. The scraps flew away.

"Not sixteen yet, I believe, and already offering herself!" he said with contempt, and strode on down the street.

"What do you mean, offering herself?" exclaimed Alyosha.

"The way depraved women offer themselves, of course."

"What are you saying, Ivan, what are you saying?" Alyosha stood up for her sorrowfully and hotly. "She's a child, you're insulting a child! She is ill, she's very ill herself, perhaps she too is going out of her mind... I couldn't not give you her letter... On the contrary, I wanted to hear something from you... so as to save her."

"There's nothing for you to hear from me. If she's a child, I'm not her nanny. Be quiet, Alexei. Don't go on. I don't even think about it."

Again they were silent for a minute or so.

"Now she'll spend the whole night praying to the Mother of God to show her what to do at the trial tomorrow," he suddenly began again, sharply and spitefully.

"You... you mean Katerina Ivanovna?"

"Yes. Is she to appear as Mitenka's savior or his destroyer? That's what she'll be praying about, for light to dawn on her soul. She doesn't know yet herself, you see, she hasn't had time to pre-

pare. She takes me for a nanny too, she wants me to lull her to sleep!"

"Katerina Ivanovna loves you, brother," Alyosha said with a sad feeling.

"Perhaps. Only I'm not keen on her."

"She is suffering. Then why do you say to her... sometimes... such words that she has hope?" Alyosha went on with timid reproach. "I know you've given her hope, after all; forgive me for speaking like this," he added.

"I can't do what ought to be done here, break it off and tell her straight out!" Ivan said irritably. "We have to wait until they pronounce sentence on the murderer. If I break with her now, then out of revenge on me she'll ruin that scoundrel at the trial tomorrow, because she hates him and knows she hates him. It's all lies here, lies upon lies! But now, as long as I haven't broken with her, she still hopes and won't ruin that monster, knowing how I want to pull him out of trouble. And when will that cursed verdict ever come!"

The words "murderer" and "monster" echoed painfully in Alyosha's heart.

"But how can she ruin our brother?" he asked, pondering Ivan's words. "What can she testify that could ruin Mitya outright?"

"You don't know that yet. She has a certain document in her hands, in Mitenka's own hand, which proves mathematically that he killed Fyodor Pavlovich."

"That cannot be!" exclaimed Alyosha.

"Why can't it? I read it myself."

"There can be no such document!" Alyosha repeated ardently. "It cannot be, because he is not the murderer. It was not he who killed father, not he!"

Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly stopped.

"Who is the murderer, then, in your view?" he asked, apparently somehow coldly, and a note that was even haughty sounded in the tone of the question.

"You know yourself who," Alyosha said quietly and penetratingly.

"Who? That fable about that crazy epileptic idiot? About Smerdyakov?"

Alyosha suddenly felt that he was trembling all over.

"You know yourself who," broke from him helplessly. He was gasping for breath.

"But who, who?" Ivan cried, almost ferociously now. All his restraint had suddenly vanished.

"I know only one thing," Alyosha said, still almost in a whisper. "It was *not you* who killed father."

"'Not you'! What do you mean, not you?" Ivan was dumbfounded.

"It was not you who killed father, not you!" Alyosha repeated firmly.

The silence lasted for half a minute.

"But I know myself that it wasn't me, are you raving?" said Ivan, with a pale, twisted grin. His eyes seemed to fasten on Alyosha. Both of them were standing by the streetlamp again.

"No, Ivan, you yourself have told yourself several times that you are the murderer."

"When did I say it?... I was in Moscow... When did I say it?" Ivan murmured, completely lost.

"You have said it to yourself many times, when you were left alone in these terrible two months," Alyosha went on as before, quietly and distinctly. But he was speaking now as if beside himself, as if not of his own will, obeying some irresistible command. "You have accused yourself and confessed to yourself that the murderer is none other than you. But it was not you who killed,

you are mistaken, you are not the murderer, do you hear me, not you! God has sent me to tell you this."

Both fell silent. This silence stretched out for a whole long minute. Both stood and kept looking into each other's eyes. Both were pale. Suddenly Ivan began to shake all over and seized Alyosha firmly by the shoulder.

"You were at my place!" he said in a grinding whisper. "You were at my place at night, when he came… Confess… you saw him, you saw him?"

"Whom do you mean… Mitya?" Alyosha asked in bewilderment.

"Not him, the devil take the monster!" Ivan howled in a frenzy. "Do you really know that he comes to see me? How did you find out, tell me!"

"Who is *he*? I don't know whom you mean," Alyosha murmured, frightened now.

"No, you do know… otherwise how could you… it can't be that you don't know…"

But suddenly he seemed to restrain himself. He stood as though thinking something over. A strange grin twisted his lips.

"Brother," Alyosha began again in a trembling voice, "I have said this to you because you will believe my word, I know that. I have said this word to you for all your life: *not you*! Do you hear, for all your life. And it was God who laid it on my soul to say this to you, even if from this hour you should hate me forever…"

But Ivan Fyodorovich, apparently, had already managed to master himself completely.

"Alexei Fyodorovich," he said with a cold grin, "I cannot abide prophets and epileptics; messengers of God especially, as you know only too well. From this moment I break with you, and, I think, forever. I ask you to leave me this very minute, at this very crossroads. And in any case your road to your lodgings lies down

this lane. Take particular care not to come to my place today! Do you hear?"

He turned and, with a firm stride, walked straight on without looking back.

"Brother," Alyosha shouted after him, "if anything happens to you today, think of me before anything else!..."

But Ivan did not answer. Alyosha stood at the crossroads by the streetlamp until Ivan had vanished completely into the darkness. Then he turned and walked slowly home down the lane. Both he and Ivan Fyodorovich lodged separately, in different lodgings: neither of them had wanted to live in Fyodor Pavlovich's deserted house. Alyosha rented a furnished room from a family of tradespeople; Ivan Fyodorovich lived rather far from him and occupied spacious and fairly comfortable quarters in the wing of a good house belonging to an official's widow who was not badly off. But in the whole wing he was waited on by only one ancient, completely deaf old woman, all rheumatism, who went to bed at six o'clock in the evening and got up at six o'clock in the morning. In these two months Ivan Fyodorovich had become strangely undemanding and very much liked being left completely alone. He even tidied the room he occupied himself, and he seldom so much as went into the other rooms of his quarters. Reaching the gate of his house and already taking hold of the bell handle, he stopped. He felt that he was still trembling all over with a spiteful trembling. Suddenly he let go of the bell, spat, turned back, and walked quickly off again to the quite different, opposite end of town, some two versts from his lodgings, to a tiny, lopsided little log house where Marya Kondratyevna lodged, Fyodor Pavlovich's former neighbor, who used to come to Fyodor Pavlovich's kitchen for soup and to whom Smerdyakov had sung his songs and played the guitar that time. She had sold her former little house and now lived with her mother in what was almost a peasant cottage, and the

sick, almost dying Smerdyakov had settled with them ever since Fyodor Pavlovich's death. It was to him that Ivan Fyodorovich was now heading, drawn by one sudden and irresistible consideration.

VI. The First Meeting with Smerdyakov

This was already the third time since his return from Moscow that Ivan Fyodorovich was going to talk with Smerdyakov. The first time after the catastrophe he had seen him and talked with him on the very first day of his arrival, then he had visited him once more two weeks later. But after this second time he had stopped his meetings with Smerdyakov, so that it was now more than a month since he had seen him, and he had heard almost nothing about him. Ivan Fyodorovich had returned from Moscow that time only on the fifth day after his parent's death, so that he did not find even the coffin: the burial had taken place just the day before his arrival. The reason for Ivan Fyodorovich's delay was that Alyosha, not knowing his exact Moscow address, had turned to Katerina Ivanovna in order to send a telegram, and she, also not knowing his actual address, had telegraphed to her sister and aunt, counting on Ivan Fyodorovich calling on them as soon as he arrived in Moscow. But he called on them only on the fourth day after his arrival and, having read the telegram, of course came flying to us at once, headlong. Here he met Alyosha first, but, after talking with him, was very surprised that Alyosha would not even think of suspecting Mitya but pointed straight at Smerdyakov as the murderer, which ran contrary to all other opinions in our town. Having then seen the police chief and the prosecutor and learned the details of the charge and the arrest, he was even more surprised at Alyosha and ascribed his opinion solely to his brotherly feeling, roused to the last degree, and to his compassion for Mitya, whom Alyosha, as Ivan knew, loved very much. By the way, let us say just two words,

once and for all, about Ivan's feelings toward his brother Dmitri Fyodorovich: he decidedly did not love him, and at the very most he sometimes felt compassion for him, but even that was mixed with great contempt, amounting to squeamish disgust. Mitya as a whole, even his whole figure, was extremely unsympathetic to him. Ivan looked upon Katerina Ivanovna's love for Mitya with indignation. With the accused Mitya, however, he had also had a meeting on the first day of his arrival, and this meeting not only did not weaken his conviction of Mitya's guilt but even strengthened it. He found his brother at that time anxious, in a morbid agitation. Mitya was talkative, but absentminded and all over the place, spoke very sharply, accused Smerdyakov, and got terribly muddled. Most of all he kept talking about the same three thousand that the dead man had "stolen" from him. "The money was mine, it was mine," Mitya kept insisting, "even if I had stolen it, I would have been in the right." He hardly disputed any of the evidence that stood against him, and if he interpreted the facts in his own favor, it was again very confusedly and absurdly, generally as though he did not even wish to justify himself at all before Ivan or anyone else; on the contrary, he got angry, proudly disdained the accusations, swore, and boiled over. At Grigory's testimony about the open door he only laughed contemptuously and insisted that "the devil opened it." But he could offer no coherent explanation of this fact. At this first meeting he even managed to insult Ivan Fyodorovich, telling him sharply that it was not for those who themselves maintained that "everything is permitted" to suspect him and question him. In general he was very unfriendly to Ivan Fyodorovich this time. Right after this meeting with Mitya, Ivan Fyodorovich had then gone to Smerdyakov.

While still in the train, flying from Moscow, he had kept thinking about Smerdyakov and about his last conversation with him on the evening before his departure. Much troubled him, much

seemed suspicious. But in giving his evidence to the investigator, Ivan Fyodorovich kept silent for the time being about that conversation. He put it all off until he had seen Smerdyakov. Smerdyakov was in the town hospital at the time. Doctor Herzenstube and the physician Varvinsky, whom Ivan Fyodorovich met at the hospital, answered Ivan Fyodorovich's insistent questions firmly that Smerdyakov's falling sickness was beyond doubt, and they were even surprised at the question: "Wasn't he shamming on the day of the catastrophe?" They let him understand that this fit had even been an unusual one, that it had lasted and recurred for several days, so that the patient's life had been in decided danger, and that only now, after the measures taken, could it be said with assurance that the patient would live, though it was quite possible (Doctor Herzenstube added) that his reason would remain partly disordered "if not for life, then for a rather prolonged time." To Ivan Fyodorovich's impatient question whether "that means he is mad now?" they answered that "this is not yet so in the full sense, but certain abnormalities are to be observed." Ivan Fyodorovich resolved to find out for himself what these abnormalities were. At the hospital they admitted him at once. Smerdyakov was in a separate room and was lying on a cot. Right next to him there was another cot, occupied by a feeble townsman, all swollen with dropsy, evidently ready to die tomorrow or the day after; he could not interfere with their conversation. Smerdyakov grinned mistrustfully on catching sight of Ivan Fyodorovich and in the first instant even seemed to grow timid. So at least it flashed upon Ivan Fyodorovich. But it was only an instant; on the contrary, for all the rest of the time Smerdyakov almost astonished him by his calm. From the very first glance at him Ivan Fyodorovich was convinced beyond doubt of his complete and extraordinary state of illness: he was very weak, he spoke slowly and as though moving his tongue with difficulty; he had grown very thin and sallow. Through the

whole twenty minutes or so of the visit he complained of a headache and of an aching in all his limbs. His dry, eunuch-like face seemed to have become so small, the hair at his temples was tousled, and in place of the forelock only a single thin little wisp of hair stuck up. But the screwed-up left eye, which seemed to be hinting at something, betrayed the former Smerdyakov. "Even talking with a clever man is worth it," Ivan Fyodorovich at once remembered. He sat down at his feet on a stool. Smerdyakov stirred his whole body on the bed with suffering, but did not speak first; he kept silent, and he no longer looked very curious, as it were.

"Can you talk to me?" asked Ivan Fyodorovich. "I won't tire you much."

"I very well can, sir," Smerdyakov mumbled in a weak voice. "Have you been pleased to arrive long ago?" he added condescendingly, as though encouraging an embarrassed visitor.

"Only today... To clear up the mess you've all cooked up here."

Smerdyakov sighed.

"What are you sighing for, you knew, didn't you?" Ivan Fyodorovich blurted straight out.

Smerdyakov kept a solid silence.

"How could I not know, sir? It was clear beforehand. Only how could I know, sir, that they'd go and do it like that?"

"Do what? Don't you wriggle! Why, didn't you predict that you would have a falling fit the moment you climbed down into the cellar? You pointed straight at the cellar like that."

"Have you already stated that in your testimony?" Smerdyakov inquired calmly.

Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly got angry.

"No, I haven't stated it yet, but I certainly will. You must explain a great deal to me right now, brother, and know this, my dear fellow, that I won't allow anyone to play games with me!"

"And what would I want such a game for, sir, when all my hope is in you, just like in the Lord God, sir!" said Smerdyakov, still quite calmly, and only closing his little eyes for a moment.

"In the first place," Ivan Fyodorovich began, "I know that a falling fit cannot be predicted beforehand. I've made inquiries, so don't wriggle. The day and the hour cannot be predicted. Then how did you predict both the day and the hour to me that time, and the cellar into the bargain? How could you know beforehand that you would fall down precisely into that cellar in a fit, if you didn't sham the falling sickness on purpose?"

"I had to go to the cellar anyhow, sir, several times a day even, sir," Smerdyakov drawled unhurriedly. "In just the same way a year ago I went flying off the attic, sir. It's for certain sure that the falling sickness can't be predicted beforehand by the day and the hour, but one can always have a presentiment."

"But you predicted the day and the hour!"

"As to my falling sickness, sir, you had best inquire of the doctors here, sir: whether it was a genuine one with me or not a genuine one, and I have nothing more to say to you on this subject."

"And the cellar? How did you foreknow about the cellar?"

"You do keep on about that very cellar! When I climbed down into that cellar that time, I was in fear and in doubtation; mostly in fear, because, bein' deprived of you, I no longer expected protection from anyone in the whole world. So I climb down into that very cellar that time and think: 'Here it'll come now, now it'll strike, will I fall or not?' and from that very doubtation that same inevitable spasm suddenly seized me by the throat, sir... well, and down I went flying. All this very thing, and our whole previous conversation with you, sir, on the evening of the day before, at the gate, sir, how I told you then of my fear, and about the cellar, sir, all this I disclosed in detail to Mr. Doctor Herzenstube and to the investigator Nikolai Parfenovich, and they wrote it all down in the

record, sir. And the doctor here, Mr. Varvinsky, specially insisted before all of them that it happened precisely from thinking about it, that is, from that very apprehensiveness, 'will I fall or won't I?' And just then it caught me. So they wrote it down, sir, that it was bound for certain sure to happen just that way, that is, from my fear alone, sir."

Having said this, Smerdyakov, as though worn out with fatigue, drew a deep breath.

"So you've already declared that in your testimony?" asked Ivan Fyodorovich, somewhat taken aback. He had precisely meant to frighten him by saying that he would declare their conversation of that time, and it turned out that Smerdyakov had already declared it all himself.

"What have I to be afraid of? Let them write down the whole true truth," Smerdyakov said firmly.

"And did you tell them everything, word for word, about our conversation at the gate?"

"No, not exactly everything word for word, sir."

"And did you also tell them that you know how to sham the falling sickness, as you boasted to me then?"

"No, I didn't tell them that either, sir."

"Now tell me, why did you send me to Chermashnya that time?"

"I was afraid you'd go off to Moscow; Chermashnya is nearer, after all, sir."

"You're lying, you yourself urged me to leave: go away, you said, keep clear of sin!"

"That I said then solely out of friendship for you and my heartfelt devotion, sir, having a presentiment of trouble in the house, out of pity for you. Only I pitied myself more than you, sir. That's why I said: go away, keep clear of sin, so that you would understand that things would go badly at home, and would stay to protect your parent."

“Then you should have said it more plainly, you fool!” Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly flared up.

“How could I have said it more plainly then, sir? It was only fear speaking in me, sir, and you might have got angry, too. I might, of course, have feared that Dmitri Fyodorovich would make some sort of scandal and carry off that very money, since they regarded it as good as their own, but who could have known it would end in such a murderment? I thought they would simply just make off with that three thousand rubles that was lying under the master’s mattress, sir, in an envelope, sir, but there they went and killed him, sir. How could even you have guessed, sir?”

“Well, if you say yourself that it couldn’t be guessed, then how could I have guessed and stayed? What are you muddling?” Ivan Fyodorovich said, pondering.

“You could have guessed because I was steering you to Chermashnya instead of to that Moscow, sir.”

“But how could anyone guess from that!”

Smerdyakov seemed very tired and again was silent for a minute.

“By that very thing, sir, you could have guessed, sir, that if I’m turning you aside from Moscow to Chermashnya, it means I wish for your presence here close by, because Moscow is far, and Dmitri Fyodorovich, knowin’ you were not far off, would not be so emboldened. And also you could come with greater speed, in case of anything, and protect me too, for I had pointed out to you Grigory Vasilyich’s illness besides, and also that I was afraid of the falling sickness. And having explained to you about those knocks by which one could get in to the deceased, and that Dmitri Fyodorovich knew all of them through me, I thought you would guess then yourself that they would certainly do something, and would not go even to Chermashnya, but would stay altogether.”

"He talks very coherently," thought Ivan Fyodorovich, "though he mumbles; what disorder of the faculties was Herzenstube talking about?"

"You're being cunning with me, the devil take you!" he exclaimed, getting angry.

"And I, I confess, thought then that you had guessed completely," Smerdyakov parried with the most simple-hearted air.

"If I had guessed, I would have stayed!" cried Ivan Fyodorovich, flaring up again.

"Well, sir, and I thought that you, havin' guessed everything, were leaving as fast as possible only to keep clear of sin, only to run off somewhere, saving yourself out of fear, sir."

"You thought everyone was the same coward as you?"

"Forgive me, sir, I thought you were like me too."

"Of course I ought to have guessed," Ivan said in agitation, "and indeed I did guess at something vile on your part... Only you're lying, you're lying again," he cried, suddenly remembering. "Do you remember how you came up to the carriage then and said to me: 'Even talking with a clever man is worth it.' So you were glad that I was leaving, since you praised me?"

Smerdyakov sighed again and again. Something like color seemed to come into his face.

"If I was glad," he said, gasping somewhat, "it was solely because you agreed to Chermashnya and not Moscow. Because it's nearer, all the same; only those very words I said to you then not in praise, sir, but in reproach. You didn't make that out, sir."

"What reproach?"

"Why, that, having a presentiment of such a misfortune, you were abandoning your own parent, sir, and didn't want to protect us, because they could always haul me in over that three thousand, sir, saying I'd stolen it."

"The devil take you!" Ivan swore again. "Wait: did you tell the investigator and the prosecutor about the signals, about those knocks?"

"I told them everything just as it was, sir."

Again Ivan Fyodorovich was inwardly surprised.

"If I thought about anything then," he began again, "it was solely about some vileness on your part. Dmitri might kill, but that he would steal, I didn't believe then... But from you I expected any vileness. You yourself told me you know how to sham the falling sickness; why did you tell me that?"

"Out of my simple-heartedness alone. And never in my life have I shammed the falling sickness on purpose, I said it just so, to boast before you. Pure foolishness, sir. I came to love you very much then and was with you in all simplicity."

"My brother accuses you outright of killing him and of stealing."

"Well, what else is left to them?" Smerdyakov grinned bitterly. "And who will believe them after all that evidence? Grigory Vasilyevich saw the door open, sir; how can it be after that, sir? Well, what of it, God be with them! They're trembling to save themselves..."

He was quietly silent for a while and suddenly, as though on reflection, added:

"Why, there it is again, sir, that very thing: they wish to put it on me, that this is the work of my hands, sir; I've heard that already, sir; but take just this very thing, that I'm a master at shamming the falling sickness: would I have told you beforehand that I know how to sham, if I had really had some design on your parent then? If I had already planned such a murderment, could one be such a fool as to tell beforehand such evidence against oneself, and to the man's own son, too, good gracious, sir?! Does that look like likelihood? For that to be possible, sir, why, on the contrary, never at all, sir. Here now, nobody hears this conversation of ours

except Providence itself, sir, and if you were to tell it to the prosecutor and Nikolai Parfenovich, you could by that very thing defend me completely, sir: for what sort of villain is he, if he's so simple-hearted beforehand? They can very well reason all that out."

"Listen," Ivan Fyodorovich rose from his place, struck by Smerdyakov's last argument and breaking off the conversation, "I do not suspect you at all and even consider it ridiculous to accuse you... on the contrary, I'm grateful to you for setting my mind at rest. I'm going now, but I'll come again. Goodbye for now, get well. Do you need anything?"

"I'm grateful for everything, sir. Marfa Ignatyevna doesn't forget me, sir, and assists in everything, if I need anything, out of her former kindness. Kind people visit me daily."

"Goodbye. I won't tell, though, that you know how to sham... and I advise you not to testify to it either," Ivan suddenly said for some reason.

"I awful well understand, sir. And if you don't testify to that, then I, sir, won't declare the whole of our conversation of that time at the gate either..."

Here it happened that Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly went out, and only after he had walked some ten paces down the corridor did he suddenly feel that there was some insulting meaning in Smerdyakov's last phrase. He was about to go back, but this only flashed through him, and saying "Nonsense!" he quickly left the hospital. The main thing was that he felt he really had been set at rest, and precisely by the circumstance that the guilty one was not Smerdyakov but his brother Mitya, though one would have thought it ought to turn out the other way around. Why this was so he did not want to examine at the time; he even felt a disgust at rummaging in his sensations. He wanted, as it were, to forget something as quickly as possible. Then, in the course of the next few days, he became completely convinced of Mitya's guilt, when

he acquainted himself more closely and thoroughly with all the evidence weighing on him. There was the testimony of the most insignificant people, but almost overwhelming, for instance Fenya's and her mother's. About Perkhotin, about the tavern, about Plotnikov's shop, about the witnesses at Mokroye, there was no need even to speak. Above all, the details weighed heavily. The news about the secret "knocks" struck the investigator and the prosecutor almost to the same degree as Grigory's testimony about the open door. Grigory's wife, Marfa Ignatyevna, in answer to Ivan Fyodorovich's inquiry, declared to him straight out that Smerdyakov had lain the whole night behind their partition, "he wasn't three steps from our bed," and that although she herself had slept soundly, she had woken many times, hearing him moaning there: "He moaned the whole time, moaned without stopping." Having talked with Herzenstube and told him his opinion that Smerdyakov did not seem to him mad at all but only weak, he only elicited a thin little smile from the old man. "And do you know what he is especially occupied with now?" he asked Ivan Fyodorovich. "He is learning French vocables by heart; there is a little notebook lying under his pillow, and the French words have been written out in Russian letters by someone, heh-heh-heh!" Ivan Fyodorovich at last abandoned all doubts. He could no longer even think of his brother Dmitri without loathing. One thing was strange, all the same: that Alyosha stubbornly went on maintaining that it was not Dmitri who had killed, but "in all probability" Smerdyakov. Ivan had always felt that Alyosha's opinion counted highly with him, and so now he was greatly puzzled at him. It was strange, too, that Alyosha did not seek conversations with him about Mitya and never began them himself, but only answered Ivan's questions. This too Ivan Fyodorovich noticed keenly. However, at that time he was very much distracted by one entirely unrelated circumstance: on arriving from Moscow, he had in the

very first days given himself up entirely and irrevocably to his fiery and insane passion for Katerina Ivanovna. This is not the place to begin about this new passion of Ivan Fyodorovich's, which was afterward reflected in the whole of his life: all this could serve as the canvas for another story, another novel, which I do not know whether I shall ever undertake. But all the same I cannot keep silent even now about the fact that when Ivan Fyodorovich, walking with Alyosha that night from Katerina Ivanovna's, as I have already described, said to him "I'm not keen on her," he was lying terribly at that moment: he loved her insanely, though it is true as well that at times he hated her so much that he could even have killed her. Many causes came together here: utterly shaken by what had happened with Mitya, she had thrown herself at Ivan Fyodorovich, who had come back to her again, as though at some savior of hers. She was hurt, insulted, humiliated in her feelings. And now there had appeared again the man who had loved her so much even before (oh, she knew that only too well), and whose mind and heart she had always placed so high above herself. But the strict young woman did not give herself up as a sacrifice entirely, in spite of all the Karamazov unrestraint of her lover's desires and all his charm for her. At the same time she was tormented incessantly by remorse at having betrayed Mitya, and in the menacing, quarrelsome moments with Ivan (and there were many of them) she told him so outright. It was this that he had called, speaking with Alyosha, "lies upon lies." There was, of course, in fact a great deal of lying here, and that irritated Ivan Fyodorovich most of all… but all this later. In a word, for a time he almost forgot about Smerdyakov. And yet, two weeks after his first visit to him, he again began to be tormented by the same strange thoughts as before. Suffice it to say that he began to ask himself incessantly: why had he, that time, on his last night in Fyodor Pavlovich's house, before his departure, gone out quietly, like a

thief, onto the stairs and listened to what his father was doing downstairs? Why had he remembered it with loathing afterward, why on the next morning, on the road, had he suddenly been seized with such anguish, and on entering Moscow said to himself: "I am a scoundrel!" And now it once occurred to him that because of all these tormenting thoughts he was perhaps ready to forget even Katerina Ivanovna, so strongly had they suddenly taken possession of him again! Just as he thought this, he met Alyosha in the street. He at once stopped him and suddenly put a question to him:

"Do you remember when Dmitri burst into the house after dinner and beat father, and afterward I told you in the yard that I reserve 'the right to wish' for myself? Tell me, did you think then that I wished for father's death, or not?"

"I did," Alyosha answered quietly.

"It was so, however; there was nothing to guess there. But didn't it also occur to you then that what I wished was precisely that 'one viper would devour the other,' that is, precisely that Dmitri would kill father, and the sooner the better... and that I myself was even not averse to helping it along?"

Alyosha turned slightly pale and looked silently into his brother's eyes.

"Speak, then!" exclaimed Ivan. "I want with all my strength to know what you thought then. I need to; the truth, the truth!" He drew a heavy breath, already looking at Alyosha beforehand with a sort of spite.

"Forgive me, I thought that too then," Alyosha whispered, and fell silent, without adding a single "extenuating circumstance."

"Thank you!" Ivan snapped and, leaving Alyosha, walked quickly on his way. From then on Alyosha noticed that brother Ivan had somehow begun abruptly to withdraw from him and even seemed to have taken a dislike to him, so that afterward he himself

stopped going to see him. But at that moment, right after that meeting with him, Ivan Fyodorovich, without going home, suddenly headed for Smerdyakov's again.

VII. The Second Visit to Smerdyakov

By that time Smerdyakov had already been discharged from the hospital. Ivan Fyodorovich knew his new lodgings: precisely in this lopsided little log house of two cottage rooms divided by an entryway. In one room Marya Kondratyevna had settled with her mother, and in the other Smerdyakov, by himself. God knows on what terms he had settled with them, whether he lived there free or for money. Later on it was supposed that he had settled with them as Marya Kondratyevna's intended and was living there free for the time being. Both mother and daughter respected him very much and looked upon him as a man higher than themselves. Having knocked until he was let in, Ivan Fyodorovich stepped into the entryway and, on Marya Kondratyevna's directions, went straight to the left into the "clean room," which Smerdyakov occupied. In this room there was a tiled stove, and it was heavily heated. The walls were adorned with blue wallpaper, all torn, it is true, and under it, in the cracks, Prussian cockroaches swarmed in terrible numbers, so that there was an incessant rustling. The furniture was insignificant: two benches along the two walls and two chairs by the table. The table, though, plain wood as it was, was covered with a cloth with pink patterns. On each of the two little windows stood a pot of geraniums. In the corner was an icon case with icons. On the table stood a small, badly dented copper samovar and a tray with two cups. But Smerdyakov had already finished his tea, and the samovar had gone out… He himself was sitting at the table on a bench and, looking into a notebook, was tracing something with a pen. A little bottle of ink stood beside

him, as well as a low cast-iron candlestick with a candle, a stearin one, though. Ivan Fyodorovich at once concluded from Smerdyakov's face that he had fully recovered from his illness. His face was fresher, fuller, his forelock was combed up, the hair at his temples slicked down. He was sitting in a motley quilted dressing gown, very worn, however, and rather frayed. On his nose were spectacles, which Ivan Fyodorovich had never seen on him before. This most trivial circumstance suddenly, as it were, made Ivan Fyodorovich doubly angry: "Such a creature, and in spectacles, too!" Smerdyakov slowly raised his head and looked intently through his spectacles at the newcomer; then he quietly took them off and himself half rose on the bench, but somehow not at all so respectfully, somehow even lazily, solely to observe only the very most indispensable courtesy, without which one can hardly manage. All this flashed instantly before Ivan, and all of it he took in and noted at once, and above all—Smerdyakov's look, decidedly spiteful, unwelcoming, and even haughty: "What are you hanging about for," it seemed to say, "we agreed about everything that time, so why have you come again?" Ivan Fyodorovich could barely restrain himself:

"It's hot in here," he said, still standing, and unbuttoned his coat.

"Take it off, sir," Smerdyakov permitted.

Ivan Fyodorovich took off his coat and threw it on the bench, took a chair with trembling hands, quickly pulled it up to the table, and sat down. Smerdyakov had managed to lower himself onto his bench before him.

"First of all, are we alone?" Ivan Fyodorovich asked sternly and impetuously. "Can't they hear us from there?"

"Nobody will hear anything, sir. You saw yourself: there's the entryway."

"Listen, my dear fellow: what was that you blurted out that time, when I was leaving you at the hospital, that if I kept quiet

about your being a master at shamming the falling sickness, then you, so to speak, would not declare everything to the investigator about our conversation at the gate? What does that mean, *everything*? What could you have meant then? Were you threatening me, or what? As if I'd entered into some alliance with you, or what, as if I were afraid of you?"

Ivan Fyodorovich said this in a perfect fury, evidently and deliberately letting it be known that he despised any roundabout hints and any approaches and was playing an open game. Smerdyakov's eyes flashed spitefully, his left eye began to wink, and he at once, though in his usual restrained and measured way, gave his answer too: "You want it all aboveboard, so here's this very aboveboard for you."

"What I meant then, and why I said it then, was this: that you, knowin' beforehand about this murderment of your own parent, left him as a sacrifice that time, and so that people wouldn't conclude after this anything bad about your feelings, and maybe about something other besides, that is what I promised then not to declare to the authorities."

Smerdyakov said this unhurriedly, it is true, and apparently in command of himself, but something firm and insistent, spiteful and insolently defiant could even be heard in his voice now. He stared at Ivan Fyodorovich impudently, and for the first minute everything even swam before Ivan's eyes:

"What? What? Are you in your right mind or not?"

"Perfectly in my full right mind, sir."

"Do you mean I *knew* about the murder then?" Ivan Fyodorovich cried at last, and struck the table hard with his fist. "What does 'something other besides' mean? Speak, you scoundrel!"

Smerdyakov was silent and went on surveying Ivan Fyodorovich with the same insolent look.

"Speak, you stinking rogue, what 'something other besides'?" Ivan howled.

"By that 'something other besides,' this very minute I meant that you, I dare say, very much wished for your parent's death yourself then."

Ivan Fyodorovich jumped up and struck him on the shoulder with his fist with all his might, so that he reeled back against the wall. In an instant his whole face was bathed in tears, and, saying, "It's shameful, sir, to beat a weak man!" he suddenly covered his eyes with his cotton handkerchief with little blue checks, completely snotted up, and sank into quiet, tearful weeping. A minute or so went by.

"Enough! Stop it!" Ivan Fyodorovich said commandingly at last, sitting down on the chair again. "Don't drive me past the last of my patience."

Smerdyakov took his little rag away from his eyes. Every little line of his wrinkled face expressed the injury he had just suffered.

"So you thought then, you scoundrel, that I wanted to kill father together with Dmitri?"

"I didn't know your thoughts at the time, sir," Smerdyakov said in an injured tone, "and that's why I stopped you then, as you were coming in at the gate, so as to test you on this very point, sir."

"Test what? What?"

"Why, precisely this very circumstance: do you want or don't you want your parent to be killed as soon as possible?"

What outraged Ivan Fyodorovich most of all was this insistent, insolent tone, from which Smerdyakov stubbornly refused to retreat.

"It was you who killed him!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Smerdyakov grinned contemptuously.

"That it wasn't me who killed him, you know for a fact yourself. And I thought that for a clever man there was nothing more to say

on this subject."

"But why, why did you have such a suspicion of me then?"

"As is already known to you, out of fear alone, sir. For I was in such a position then that, shaking with fear, I suspected everyone. I resolved to test you too, sir, for if you too, I think, wish for the very same thing as your brother does, then it's the end of this whole business, and I'll perish along with it, like a fly."

"Listen, two weeks ago you didn't say that."

"I meant the very same thing in the hospital, too, speaking with you, only I supposed you would understand without superfluous words and did not wish a direct conversation yourself, as the cleverest of men, sir."

"Just look at him! But answer, answer, I insist: what precisely, with what precisely could I have instilled then in your base soul such a suspicion, so low for me?"

"To kill, that you could never have done yourself, sir, and didn't want to, either, but to want somebody else to kill, that you did want."

"And how calmly, how calmly he says it! But why should I want it, what the devil should I want it for?"

"What do you mean, what the devil for, sir? And the inheritance, sir?" Smerdyakov took up venomously, and even somehow vengefully. "Why, after your parent, each of the three brothers might have come in for nearly forty thousand, sir, and maybe even more than that, and if Fyodor Pavlovich had married that very lady then, sir, Agrafena Alexandrovna, she would have transferred the whole capital to herself right after the wedding, for she is very far from stupid, sir, so that the three of you brothers wouldn't have got even two rubles after your parent. And how much was left then before the wedding? A single hair, sir: that lady had only to do like this with her little finger before him, and he would have run after her to church at once with his tongue hanging out."

Ivan Fyodorovich restrained himself with suffering.

"Very well," he said at last, "you see, I haven't jumped up, I haven't beaten you, I haven't killed you. Go on: so, in your view, I had destined brother Dmitri for it, I was counting on him?"

"How could you not count on him, sir; why, if he killed, then he would be deprived of all the rights of the nobility, of rank and property, and go into exile, sir. So then his share, sir, after your parent would be left to you and your brother Alexei Fyodorovich, in equal parts, sir, so that it would come to not forty but sixty thousand for each of you, sir. You were counting on Dmitri Fyodorovich for certain sure then!"

"Well, the things I put up with from you! Listen, you scum: if I had been counting on anyone then, it would certainly have been on you, not on Dmitri, and, I swear, I even had a presentiment of some vileness from you... then... I remember my impression!"

"And I too thought then, for one little minute, that you were counting on me as well," Smerdyakov grinned mockingly, "so that by that very thing you gave yourself away to me even more then, for if you had a presentiment about me and at the same time were going away, it means you as good as told me by that very thing: you can kill my parent, and I won't hinder you."

"Scoundrel! So that's how you understood it!"

"And all through that very Chermashnya, sir. Have mercy! You're getting ready to go to Moscow, and you refused all your parent's entreaties to go to Chermashnya, sir! And at just one silly word of mine you suddenly agreed, sir! And what did you need to agree to that Chermashnya for then? If you went not to Moscow but to Chermashnya, without reason, at a single word of mine, then it means you expected something from me."

"No, I swear, no!" Ivan howled, grinding his teeth.

"How can it be no, sir? On the contrary, for such words of mine then, you, your parent's son, ought first thing to have taken me to

the police station and had me flogged, sir… or at the very least given me a smack in the mug right there on the spot, but you, good gracious, sir, on the contrary, without getting angry in the least, at once amiably carry out exactly what my very silly word said, sir, and go off, which was altogether absurd, sir, for you ought to have stayed to guard your parent's life… How could I not conclude?"

Ivan sat frowning, his two fists pressed convulsively on his knees.

"Yes, it's a pity I didn't smack you in the mug," he grinned bitterly. "It was impossible to drag you to the police station then: who would have believed me, and what could I have pointed to? But a smack in the mug… ugh, a pity I didn't think of it; though smacks in the mug are forbidden, I'd have made mush of that snout of yours."

Smerdyakov looked at him almost with relish.

"In the ordinary cases of life," he said in that self-satisfied, doctrinaire tone in which he had once argued with Grigory Vasilyevich about faith and teased him, standing behind Fyodor Pavlovich's table, "in the ordinary cases of life smacks in the mug are nowadays indeed forbidden by law, and everyone has stopped hitting, sir, but in the distinctive cases of life, why, not only here with us but in the whole world, be it even the most complete French republic, they go on hitting all the same, just as in the time of Adam and Eve, sir, and they will never stop it, sir, but you, even in a distinctive case, didn't dare then, sir."

"What are you learning French vocables for?" Ivan nodded at the notebook lying on the table.

"And why shouldn't I learn them, sir, so as to further my education by it, thinking that I myself may perhaps someday have occasion to be in those happy places of Europe."

"Listen, you monster," Ivan's eyes flashed and he began to shake all over, "I'm not afraid of your accusations, testify against me whatever you like, and if I didn't beat you to death just now, it's only because I suspect you of this crime and will bring you to court. I'll expose you yet!"

"But in my opinion you'd better keep silent, sir. For what can you declare against me in my perfect innocence, and who will believe you? Only if you begin, then I too will tell everything, sir, for how could I not defend myself?"

"Do you think I'm afraid of you now?"

"Suppose in court they don't believe all these words of mine, sir, that I've told you now, the public will believe them, sir, and you'll be ashamed, sir."

"So that means again: 'even talking with a clever man is worth it,' eh?" Ivan ground out.

"You've been pleased to hit the very point, sir. So be clever, sir."

Ivan Fyodorovich rose, trembling all over with indignation, pulled on his coat, and, without answering Smerdyakov any further, without even looking at him, quickly walked out of the cottage. The fresh evening air refreshed him. The moon was shining brightly in the sky. A terrible nightmare of thoughts and sensations was seething in his soul. "Go and denounce Smerdyakov now? But denounce him for what: he's innocent all the same. On the contrary, he'll accuse me. Really, why did I go to Chermashnya then? Why, why?" Ivan Fyodorovich kept asking. "Yes, of course, I was expecting something, and he's right..." And again for the hundredth time he remembered how, on the last night at his father's, he had eavesdropped on him from the stairs, but he remembered it with such suffering now that he even stopped on the spot as if pierced: "Yes, I was expecting it then, that's true! I wanted it, it was precisely murder I wanted! Did I want the murder, did I want it?... Smerdyakov has to be killed!... If I don't dare to kill Smerdyakov

now, then life isn't worth living!..." Ivan Fyodorovich, without going home, went straight to Katerina Ivanovna's then and frightened her by his appearance: he was like a madman. He told her his whole conversation with Smerdyakov, all of it, to the last detail. He could not calm down, however much she tried to persuade him, kept walking about the room and talking abruptly, strangely. At last he sat down, leaned his elbows on the table, propped his head in both hands, and let fall a strange aphorism:

"If it wasn't Dmitri who killed, but Smerdyakov, then of course I am in solidarity with him, for I incited him. Whether I incited him, I don't know yet. But if only he killed, and not Dmitri, then of course I am a murderer too."

Having heard this, Katerina Ivanovna silently got up from her place, went to her writing desk, unlocked a little box that stood on it, took out a sort of scrap of paper, and laid it before Ivan. This paper was that very document which Ivan Fyodorovich afterward announced to Alyosha as the "mathematical proof" that brother Dmitri had killed their father. It was a letter written by Mitya when drunk to Katerina Ivanovna, on that very evening when he met Alyosha in the field, as Alyosha was going back to the monastery, after the scene at Katerina Ivanovna's house when Grushenka had insulted her. Then, parting from Alyosha, Mitya had rushed off to Grushenka; whether he saw her is not known, but toward night he found himself in the Metropolis tavern, where he got thoroughly drunk. Drunk, he demanded pen and paper and drew up a document of great weight against himself. It was a frenzied, wordy, and incoherent letter, a "drunken" one precisely. It was like when a drunken man, coming home, begins with extraordinary heat to tell his wife or someone in the household how he has just been insulted, what a scoundrel his insulter is, what a fine man he himself is, on the contrary, and how he will give that scoundrel what for, and all of it long, long, incoherent and excited, with banging of

fists on the table, with drunken tears. The paper they had given him at the tavern for the letter was a dirty little scrap of ordinary writing paper of a poor sort, on the back of which some bill had been written. There was evidently not enough room for the drunken wordiness, and Mitya had not only filled all the margins, but the last lines had even been written crosswise over what was already written. The letter ran as follows: "Fatal Katya! Tomorrow I will get hold of the money and return your three thousand to you, and farewell—woman of great wrath, but farewell, my love too! Let us make an end! Tomorrow I will try to get it from everyone, and if I don't get it from people, I give you my word of honor, I will go to my father and smash his head in and take it from under his pillow, if only Ivan has gone. I'll go to penal servitude, but I'll give back the three thousand. And you, farewell. I bow down to the ground before you, for I am a scoundrel before you. Forgive me. No, better not forgive: easier for me and for you! Better penal servitude than your love, for I love another, and today you came to know her too well, so how can you forgive? I will kill my thief! I will go away from all of you to the East, so as to know no one. *Her* too, for you are not the only one who torments me, she does too. Farewell!

"P. S. I am writing a curse, but I adore you! I hear it in my breast. A string is left, and it rings. Better my heart in two! I will kill myself, but first the cur all the same. I will tear the three out of him and throw it to you. Though a scoundrel before you, I am not a thief! Wait for the three thousand. Under the cur's mattress, the pink ribbon. It is not I who am the thief, but I will kill my thief. Katya, don't look contemptuous: Dimitri is not a thief, but a murderer! He has killed his father and ruined himself, so as to stand firm and not have to bear your pride. And not to love you.

"PP. S. I kiss your feet, farewell!

"PP. SS. Katya, pray to God that people give me the money. Then I will not be in blood, and if they don't—in blood! Kill me!"

When Ivan had read the "document," he rose convinced. So it was his brother who had killed, and not Smerdyakov. If not Smerdyakov, then not he, Ivan, either. In his eyes this letter suddenly took on a mathematical meaning. There could no longer be any doubt for him of Mitya's guilt. By the way, Ivan had never suspected that Mitya might have killed together with Smerdyakov, and that did not fit the facts either. Ivan was completely set at rest. The next morning he remembered Smerdyakov and his jeers only with contempt. A few days later he even wondered how he could have been so painfully hurt by his suspicions. He resolved to despise him and forget him. So a month went by. He did not ask anyone about Smerdyakov any more, but he heard in passing, once or twice, that he was very ill and not in his right mind. "He will end in madness," the young physician Varvinsky said of him once, and Ivan remembered it. In the last week of that month Ivan himself started to feel very unwell. He had already gone to consult the doctor from Moscow, whom Katerina Ivanovna had sent for and who had arrived just before the trial. And precisely at this same time his relations with Katerina Ivanovna grew strained to the utmost degree. They were a sort of two enemies in love with each other. Katerina Ivanovna's returns to Mitya, momentary but violent, already drove Ivan into a perfect frenzy. It is strange that right up to the last scene at Katerina Ivanovna's, described by us, when Alyosha came to her from Mitya, he, Ivan, had not once in the whole month heard her express any doubts of Mitya's guilt, in spite of all her "returns" to him, which he hated so. It is remarkable, too, that, feeling that he hated Mitya more and more with every day, he understood at the same time that it was not for Katya's "returns" to him that he hated him, but precisely *for having killed their father*! He felt and was fully conscious of this himself. Nonetheless, some ten days before the trial he had gone to Mitya and proposed to him a plan of escape, a plan evidently conceived

long before. Here, besides the main reason that prompted him to such a step, a certain scratch was also to blame, one that would not heal in his heart, from one little word of Smerdyakov's, that it was supposedly to his, Ivan's, advantage that his brother should be convicted, since the sum of the inheritance from their father would then rise for him and Alyosha from forty to sixty thousand. He resolved to sacrifice thirty thousand on his own part alone in order to arrange Mitya's escape. Returning from him that time, he was terribly sad and troubled: he suddenly began to feel that he wanted the escape not only in order to sacrifice thirty thousand for it and heal the scratch, but for some other reason as well. "Is it because in my soul I am just the same sort of murderer?" he began to ask himself. Something remote, but burning, stung his soul. Above all, throughout this whole month his pride had suffered terribly, but of that later... When, after his conversation with Alyosha, he had taken hold of the bell of his lodgings and suddenly decided to go to Smerdyakov, Ivan Fyodorovich was obeying a peculiar indignation that had suddenly boiled up in his breast. He had suddenly remembered how Katerina Ivanovna had just exclaimed to him in Alyosha's presence: "It was you, you alone who convinced me that he" (that is, Mitya) "is the murderer!" Remembering this, Ivan was even dumbfounded: never in his life had he convinced her that Mitya was the murderer; on the contrary, he had even suspected himself in front of her when he came back from Smerdyakov's. On the contrary, it was *she*, she who had laid out the "document" before him then and proved his brother's guilt! And suddenly now she herself was exclaiming: "I have been to see Smerdyakov myself!" When had she been? Ivan knew nothing about it. So she was far from certain of Mitya's guilt! And what could Smerdyakov have told her? What, what exactly had he told her? A terrible wrath blazed up in his heart. He did not understand how he could have let those words of hers pass half an hour ago

and not shouted out then and there. He let go of the bell and set off for Smerdyakov's. "I'll kill him, perhaps, this time," he thought on the way.

VIII. The Third and Last Meeting with Smerdyakov

He was still only halfway there when a sharp, dry wind rose, the same as there had been early that morning, and a fine, thick, dry snow began to fall. It fell on the ground without sticking to it, the wind whirled it about, and soon a regular blizzard was blowing. In the part of town where Smerdyakov lived there are almost no streetlamps. Ivan Fyodorovich strode along in the darkness, not noticing the blizzard, making out the road by instinct. His head ached and there was a tormenting pounding in his temples. In his wrists, he could feel it, there were cramps. A little before he reached Marya Kondratyevna's little house, Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly came upon a solitary drunk, a puny little peasant in a patched coat, walking in zigzags, grumbling and cursing, and then suddenly leaving off cursing and starting up a song in a hoarse drunken voice:

Ah, Vanka's gone off to Piter,
I won't wait for him to come!

But he kept breaking off at that second line and starting to curse someone again, then suddenly striking up the same song once more. Ivan Fyodorovich had long been feeling a terrible hatred for him, before he had even thought about him at all, and suddenly he became aware of him. At once he felt an irresistible longing to knock the little peasant down with a blow of his fist from above. Just at that moment they came abreast, and the little

peasant, lurching heavily, suddenly bumped into Ivan with all his might. Ivan shoved him away furiously. The little peasant went flying and smacked down like a log on the frozen ground, moaning painfully just once: "O-oh!" and went silent. Ivan stepped up to him. He was lying on his back, completely motionless, unconscious. "He'll freeze!" thought Ivan, and strode on again to Smerdyakov's.

While he was still in the entryway, Marya Kondratyevna, who had run out with a candle in her hand to open the door, began whispering to him that Pavel Fyodorovich (that is, Smerdyakov) was awful sick, sir, it wasn't that he was lying down, sir, but almost as if he wasn't in his right mind, sir, and he had even told them to take away the tea, he didn't want to drink it.

"Why, is he getting violent, or what?" Ivan Fyodorovich asked rudely.

"Oh no, on the contrary, he's quite quiet, sir, only don't talk with him very long..." Marya Kondratyevna begged.

Ivan Fyodorovich opened the door and stepped into the room.

It was as heavily heated as the time before, but certain changes could be noticed in the room: one of the side benches had been carried out, and in its place had appeared a big old leather sofa of imitation mahogany. A bed had been made up on it, with fairly clean white pillows. Smerdyakov was sitting on the bed, still in the same dressing gown of his. The table had been moved in front of the sofa, so that it had become very cramped in the room. On the table lay some thick book in a yellow cover, but Smerdyakov was not reading it; he was, it seemed, sitting and doing nothing. He met Ivan Fyodorovich with a long, silent look and, apparently, was not in the least surprised at his coming. His face had changed greatly; he had grown very thin and sallow. His eyes had sunk, his lower eyelids had turned blue.

“So you really are ill?” Ivan Fyodorovich stopped. “I won’t keep you long, and I won’t even take off my coat. Where can a man sit down here?”

He went around to the other end of the table, pulled a chair up to it, and sat down.

“Why do you look at me and say nothing? I’ve come with just one question, and I swear I won’t leave you without an answer: was the young lady here to see you, Katerina Ivanovna?”

Smerdyakov was silent a long while, still looking quietly at Ivan as before, but suddenly waved his hand and turned his face away from him.

“What’s the matter with you?” exclaimed Ivan.

“Nothing.”

“What do you mean, nothing?”

“Well, she was, well, and it’s all the same to you. Leave me alone, sir.”

“No, I won’t leave you alone! Speak, when was she here?”

“Why, I’ve forgotten even to remember about her,” Smerdyakov grinned contemptuously, and suddenly, again turning his face toward Ivan, fixed on him a sort of frenziedly hateful look, the very same look with which he had looked at him at that meeting a month before.

“You’re ill yourself, it seems; look how drawn you are, you look like death,” he said to Ivan.

“Leave my health alone, answer what you’re asked.”

“And why have your eyes gone yellow, the whites are quite yellow. Are you tormenting yourself very much, or what?”

He grinned contemptuously and suddenly broke into outright laughter.

“Listen, I said I wouldn’t leave you without an answer!” Ivan shouted in terrible irritation.

"Why do you keep pestering me, sir? Why do you torment me?" Smerdyakov said with suffering.

"Ah, the devil! I have no business with you. Answer the question and I'll leave at once."

"I have nothing to answer you!" Smerdyakov looked down again.

"I assure you I will make you answer!"

"Why do you keep worrying?" Smerdyakov suddenly stared at him, not exactly with contempt, but almost with a sort of squeamish disgust now. "Is it because the trial starts tomorrow? But nothing will happen to you, rest assured of that at last! Go home, lie down and sleep easy, there's nothing to be afraid of."

"I don't understand you... what should I be afraid of tomorrow?" Ivan brought out in surprise, and suddenly a sort of fright really did blow coldly on his soul. Smerdyakov measured him with his eyes.

"You don't un-der-stand?" he drawled reproachfully. "Fancy a clever man wanting to put on such a comedy!"

Ivan looked at him in silence. This unexpected tone alone, a quite unheard-of, haughty sort of tone, in which this former lackey of his now addressed him, was extraordinary. There had been no such tone even the last time.

"I tell you, you have nothing to be afraid of. I won't testify to anything against you, there's no evidence. Look how your hands are shaking. What are your fingers twitching for? Go home, *it was not you who killed him*."

Ivan started; he remembered Alyosha.

"I know it wasn't me..." he began to murmur.

"You kno-o-ow?" Smerdyakov caught him up again.

Ivan jumped up and seized him by the shoulder:

"Tell me everything, you viper! Tell me everything!"

Smerdyakov was not in the least frightened. He only fastened his eyes on him with insane hatred.

"Well, it was you who killed him, then, if that's how it is," he whispered to him furiously.

Ivan sank onto his chair, as though he had reasoned something out. He grinned spitefully.

"Is it all about that time again? The same as last time?"

"Last time too you stood before me and understood everything, and you understand now too."

"All I understand is that you're mad."

"Doesn't a man ever get tired of it! Here we sit face to face, so why, it would seem, should we fool each other, play a comedy? Or do you still want to put it all on me alone, and to my face? You killed him, you are the main murderer, and I was only your henchman, your faithful servant Lichard, and I did this deed at your word."

"Did it? But was it you who killed him?" Ivan went cold.

Something seemed to shake in his brain, and he began to tremble all over with a fine, cold trembling. At this point Smerdyakov himself looked at him in surprise: probably Ivan's fright had at last struck him by its sincerity.

"But can it be that you really didn't know anything?" he murmured mistrustfully, grinning crookedly into his eyes.

Ivan kept looking at him; it was as though his tongue had been taken away.

Ah, Vanka's gone off to Piter,
I won't wait for him to come,

suddenly rang in his head.

"You know what: I'm afraid that you're a dream, that it's a ghost sitting in front of me?" he murmured.

"There's no ghost here at all, sir, except the two of us, sir, and also a certain third one. Without doubtation, he is here now, this third one, he is present, between the two of us."

“Who is he? Who is present? Who is the third?” Ivan Fyodorovich said in fright, looking around and hastily searching for someone with his eyes in all the corners.

“This third one is God, sir, Providence itself, sir, it is here now beside us, sir, only don’t you look for it, you won’t find it.”

“You lied when you said you killed him!” Ivan howled furiously. “You’re either mad or you’re teasing me, as you did last time!”

Smerdyakov, as before, not frightened at all, kept watching him searchingly. He still could not overcome his mistrust; it still seemed to him that Ivan “knew everything” and was only pretending so as “to put it all on him alone, and to his face.”

“Wait, sir,” he said at last in a weak voice, and suddenly, pulling his left leg out from under the table, he began rolling up his trouser leg. The leg turned out to be in a long white stocking and shod in a slipper. Without hurrying, Smerdyakov took off his garter and thrust his fingers deep into the stocking. Ivan Fyodorovich looked at him and suddenly began to shake in convulsive fright.

“Madman!” he howled and, quickly jumping up from his place, staggered back so that he struck his back against the wall and seemed to stick to the wall, drawn out straight as a thread. He was looking at Smerdyakov in insane horror. Smerdyakov, not in the least disconcerted by his fright, was still rummaging in the stocking, as though still struggling to catch hold of something in it with his fingers and draw it out. At last he caught hold of it and began to tug. Ivan Fyodorovich saw that it was some papers or some bundle of papers. Smerdyakov pulled it out and laid it on the table.

“Here, sir!” he said quietly.

“What?” answered Ivan, trembling.

“Kindly take a look, sir,” Smerdyakov said just as quietly.

Ivan stepped up to the table, took hold of the bundle and began unwrapping it, but suddenly snatched his fingers back as though at the touch of some loathsome, terrible viper.

"Your fingers keep shaking, sir, in a cramp," Smerdyakov remarked, and unhurriedly unwrapped the paper himself. Under the wrapping there turned out to be three packets of rainbow-colored hundred-ruble notes.

"It's all here, sir, all three thousand, you needn't even count it. Take it, sir," he invited Ivan, nodding at the money. Ivan sank onto his chair. He was as white as a handkerchief.

"You frightened me… with that stocking…" he said, grinning somehow strangely.

"Can it be, can it be that you really didn't know till now?" Smerdyakov asked once more.

"No, I didn't know. I kept thinking it was Dmitri. Brother! Brother! Ah!" He suddenly seized his head in both hands. "Listen: did you kill him by yourself? Without my brother, or with my brother?"

"Only together with you, sir; I killed him together with you, sir, and Dmitri Fyodorovich is as innocent as can be, sir."

"All right, all right… About me later. Why do I keep trembling… I can't get a word out."

"You were so bold then, sir, 'everything is permitted,' you used to say, sir, and now look how frightened you are!" Smerdyakov murmured in wonder. "Wouldn't you like some lemonade, I'll have some made this minute, sir. It can be very refreshing. Only this ought to be covered up first, sir."

And he nodded at the packets again. He made a move to get up and call through the door to Marya Kondratyevna to have her make lemonade and bring it in, but, looking for something to cover the money with so that she would not see it, he first took out his handkerchief, but as that again turned out to be completely snotted up, he took from the table the single thick yellow book that lay on it, which Ivan had noticed on coming in, and weighed the money down with it. The title of the book was: *The Homilies of Our*

Holy Father Isaac the Syrian. Ivan Fyodorovich had time to read the title mechanically.

"I don't want lemonade," he said. "About me later. Sit down and tell me: how did you do it? Tell me everything…"

"You might at least take off your coat, sir, or you'll get all in a sweat."

Ivan Fyodorovich, as though only now realizing it, tore off his coat and, without rising from the chair, flung it onto the bench.

"Speak, then, please, speak!"

He seemed to have grown calm. He waited confidently for Smerdyakov to tell him *everything* now.

"About how it was done, sir?" Smerdyakov sighed. "It was done in the most natural manner, sir, from those very words of yours…"

"About my words later," Ivan interrupted again, but no longer shouting as before, pronouncing his words firmly and as though he had completely mastered himself. "Just tell me in detail how you did it. Everything in order. Don't forget anything. Details, details above all. I beg you."

"You left, and then I fell into the cellar, sir…"

"In a fit, or did you sham it?"

"Of course I shammed it, sir. I shammed it all. I went down the stairs calmly, sir, to the very bottom, sir, and calmly lay down, sir, and when I'd lain down, then I howled. And thrashed about until they carried me out."

"Wait! And all the time, and afterward, and in the hospital, were you shamming all along?"

"No, sir, not at all. The very next day, in the morning, before the hospital even, a real one struck, and so strong that there hadn't been one like it for many years. For two days I was completely unconscious."

"All right, all right. Go on."

"They laid me on that cot, sir; I knew it would be behind the partition, sir, because Marfa Ignatyevna, every time I was ill, always put me for the night behind that very partition in her quarters, sir. She was always tender to me, ever since I was born, sir. In the night I moaned, sir, only quietly. I kept waiting for Dmitri Fyodorovich."

"Waiting how, for him to come to you?"

"Why to me? I was waiting for him to come to the house, because there was no doubtation left for me that he would come that very night, for, havin' lost me and havin' no information, he would have to climb into the house over the fence himself for certain sure, sir, the way he knew how, sir, and do whatever there was to do."

"And if he hadn't come?"

"Then there wouldn't have been anything, sir. Without him I wouldn't have ventured."

"All right, all right… speak more clearly, don't hurry, and above all don't leave anything out!"

"I was expecting him to kill Fyodor Pavlovich, sir… that for sure, sir. Because I had got him so prepared… in the last days, sir… and above all he had come to know those signals. With his suspiciousness and the fury that had piled up in him those days, he was bound for certain sure to get into the very house through the signals, sir. For certain sure. That's how I was expecting him, sir."

"Wait," Ivan interrupted, "why, if he had killed him, he would have taken the money and carried it off; that's precisely how you must have reasoned, isn't it? So what would have been left for you after him? I don't see."

"But he would never have found the money, sir. It was only me who taught him that the money was under the mattress. Only that wasn't true, sir. Before, it lay in the little box-case, that's how it was, sir. And then I taught Fyodor Pavlovich, since he trusted me

alone in all mankind, to move that very envelope with the money into the corner behind the icons, because no one at all would guess there, especially if he came in a hurry. So there it lay, that envelope, in his corner behind the icons, sir. And to keep it under the mattress would have been downright ridiculous; in the box-case at least it was under lock and key. And now everyone here believes it was supposedly lying under the mattress. A stupid reasoning, sir. So, if Dmitri Fyodorovich had committed that very murderment, then, finding nothing, he would either have run off in a hurry, sir, afraid of every rustle, as always happens with murderers, or he'd have been arrested, sir. So then I could always, sir, the next day or even that very same night, sir, climb up behind the icons and carry off that very money, sir, and it would all have fallen on Dmitri Fyodorovich. That I could always count on."

"Well, and if he hadn't killed him, but only beaten him?"

"If he hadn't killed him, then of course I wouldn't have dared to take the money, and it would have stayed there for nothing. But there was also this calculation, that he'd beat him senseless, and I'd have time to take it meanwhile, and then afterward I'd make my reportation to Fyodor Pavlovich that it was none other than Dmitri Fyodorovich who, havin' beaten him, made off with the money."

"Wait... I'm getting muddled. So it was Dmitri who killed him after all, and you only took the money?"

"No, it wasn't he who killed him, sir. Well, I could tell you even now that he's the murderer... but I don't want to lie before you now, because... because if you really, as I see myself, understood nothing till now and weren't pretending before me so as to put your open guilt on me, and to my face, then you are guilty of everything all the same, sir, for you knew about the murder, sir, and charged me with the killing, sir, and went away yourself, knowin' everything. That is why I want to prove it to your face this evening, that the main murderer in all this is you alone, sir, and I

am only the very least main one, though it was I who killed him. And you are the most lawful murderer of all!"

"Why, why am I a murderer? Oh God!" Ivan could not hold out at last, forgetting that he had put off everything about himself until the end of the conversation. "Is it still that same Chermashnya? Wait, tell me, why did you need my consent, if you had already taken Chermashnya for consent? How will you explain that now?"

"Being sure of your consent, I would have known that, when you came back, you wouldn't raise an outcry over that lost three thousand, if for some reason the authorities suspected me instead of Dmitri Fyodorovich, or suspected me as Dmitri Fyodorovich's accomplice; on the contrary, you would have protected me from the others... And having got the inheritance, you could reward me afterward too, sometime, all the rest of my life, because, after all, it was through me that you had been pleased to get that inheritance, otherwise, if he'd married Agrafena Alexandrovna, all you'd have got is a fig."

"Ah! So you meant to torment me afterward too, all my life!" Ivan ground out. "And what if I hadn't left then, but had denounced you?"

"And what could you have denounced then? That I was talking you into going to Chermashnya? Why, that's nonsense, sir. Besides, after our conversation you would either go or stay. If you stayed, then nothing would have happened, I would have known, sir, that you didn't want this business, and I wouldn't have undertaken anything. And if you did go, then it meant you had assured me that you wouldn't dare denounce me in court and would forgive me that three thousand. And you couldn't have prosecuted me afterward at all, because then I would have told everything in court, sir, that is, not that I stole or killed, I wouldn't have said that, sir, but that you yourself incited me to steal and kill, and I only didn't

agree. That's why I needed your consent then, so that you couldn't corner me with anything, sir, because where would you have the proof of it, whereas I could always corner you, sir, by revealing what a thirst you had for your parent's death, and I give you my word, the public would all have believed it, and you would have been ashamed for the rest of your life."

"So I had it, I had that thirst, did I?" Ivan ground out again.

"Undoubtedly you had it, sir, and by your consent you silently permitted me this business then, sir," Smerdyakov looked firmly at Ivan. He was very weak and spoke quietly and wearily, but something inward and hidden was kindling him; he evidently had some intention. Ivan sensed it.

"Go on," he said to him, "go on about that night."

"What more is there, sir! So I'm lying there and I hear as if the master cried out. And before that Grigory Vasilyich suddenly got up and went out and suddenly howled, then all was quiet, darkness. I'm lying there, waiting, my heart pounding, I can't bear it. At last I got up and went, sir; I see the window to the left, onto the garden, is open at his place, and I took another step to the left, sir, to listen whether he was sitting there alive or not, and I hear the master tossing about and groaning, so he's alive, sir. Ah, I think! I went up to the window and called to the master: 'It's me,' I says. And he says to me: 'He was here, he was here, he ran away!' Meaning Dmitri Fyodorovich had been there, sir. 'He's killed Grigory!' 'Where?' I whisper to him. 'There, in the corner,' he points, whispering too. 'Wait,' I say. I went to the corner to look and by the wall I stumbled on Grigory Vasilyevich lying there, all covered in blood, unconscious. So it's true that Dmitri Fyodorovich was here, it jumped into my head at once, and right then and there I decided to finish it all off suddenly, sir, since Grigory Vasilyevich, even if he was still alive, lying unconscious, wouldn't see anything for now. There was only one risk, sir, that Marfa Ignatyevna might

suddenly wake up. I felt that at that moment, only that thirst had taken hold of me entirely, it fair took my breath away. I came back under the master's window and I say: 'She's here, she's come, Agrafena Alexandrovna is here, she's asking to be let in.' Why, he just started all over, like a baby: 'Where is she? Where?' he's gasping, and still he doesn't believe it. 'She's standing there,' I say, 'open the door!' He looks at me through the window, and he believes and he doesn't believe, and he's afraid to open, it's me he's afraid of, I think. And it was funny, too: suddenly I took it into my head to tap out those very signals on the window frame, meaning that Grushenka had come, right there before his eyes: he didn't seem to believe my words, but as soon as I tapped out the signals, off he ran to open the door straightaway. He opened it. I was about to go in, but he stands there and won't let me past him with his whole body. 'Where is she, where is she?' He looks at me and trembles. Well, I think: if he's so afraid of me, it's bad! And then even my legs went weak with fright myself, that he wouldn't let me into the rooms, or would cry out, or Marfa Ignatyevna would come running, or something or other would happen; I don't remember now, I must have been standing before him pale myself. I whisper to him: 'Why, she's there, there under the window, how is it you didn't see her?' I say. 'Bring her, then, bring her!' 'But she's afraid,' I say, 'the shouting frightened her, she's hiding in a bush, go and call her yourself,' I say, 'from the study.' He ran, went up to the window, set the candle on the windowsill. 'Grushenka,' he shouts, 'Grushenka, are you there?' He shouts it himself, but he won't lean out of the window, won't move away from me, out of that very fear, because he'd got awful afraid of me by then, and so he doesn't dare move away from me. 'Why, there she is,' I say (I went up to the window, leaned all the way out myself), 'there she is in the bush, laughing at you, do you see?' He suddenly believed it, he just started shaking, he was terribly in love with her, sir, and he leaned

all the way out of the window. Then I grabbed that very cast-iron paperweight, on his table, you remember, sir, it must weigh a good three pounds, swung it, and from behind, right on the crown of his head, with the corner. He didn't even cry out. Only suddenly sank down, and I a second time and a third. With the third I felt I'd broken it through. He suddenly fell over backward, face up, all covered in blood. I looked myself over: no blood on me, none had spattered, I wiped the paperweight, put it back, went behind the icons, took the money out of the envelope, and threw the envelope on the floor and that very pink ribbon beside it. I went down into the garden, shaking all over. Straight to that little apple tree with the hollow in it; you know that hollow, and I'd had my eye on it for a long time, there was a rag and some paper lying in it already, I'd got them ready long before; I wrapped the whole sum in the paper, and then in the rag, and stuffed it in deep. And there it stayed for more than two weeks, that very sum, sir; I took it out afterward, after the hospital. I went back to my bed, lay down, and I think in fear: 'Now if Grigory Vasilyevich is killed outright, then by that very thing it may turn out very badly, but if he isn't killed and comes to, then it will turn out awful well, because then he will be a witness that Dmitri Fyodorovich came, and so it was he who killed and carried off the money, sir.' Then out of doubtation and impatience I began to moan, so as to get Marfa Ignatyevna awake the quicker. At last she got up and was about to rush to me, but when she suddenly saw that Grigory Vasilyevich wasn't there, she ran out, and I hear her howling in the garden. Well, then, sir, it all got going for the whole night, and I was easy in my mind about everything by then."

The narrator stopped. Ivan had been listening to him the whole time in deathly silence, not stirring, not taking his eyes off him. Smerdyakov, though, while telling his story, only glanced at him now and then, but mostly squinted off to the side. When he fin-

ished his story, he evidently became agitated himself and was breathing heavily. Sweat appeared on his face. It was impossible, however, to guess whether he felt remorse or what.

"Wait," Ivan took up, considering. "What about the door? If he opened the door only for you, then how could Grigory have seen it open before you? Because Grigory did see it before you, didn't he?"

It is remarkable that Ivan asked this in a most peaceable voice, even in what seemed an entirely different tone, not spiteful at all, so that if someone had opened their door just then and looked at them from the threshold, he would certainly have concluded that they were sitting and talking amicably about some ordinary, though interesting, subject.

"As for that door, and Grigory Vasilyevich supposedly seeing it open, it only seemed so to him," Smerdyakov grinned crookedly. "Why, he isn't a man, I tell you, sir, but just like a stubborn gelding: he didn't see it, but it seemed to him he saw it, and now you won't shake him, sir. It's a piece of luck for you and me that he made it up, because after that they'll convict Dmitri Fyodorovich beyond any doubt."

"Listen," said Ivan Fyodorovich, as though beginning to lose his way again and straining to work something out, "listen… There was a lot more I wanted to ask you, but I've forgotten… I keep forgetting and getting muddled… Yes! Tell me at least this one thing: why did you tear open the envelope and leave it right there on the floor? Why didn't you simply carry it off in the envelope… When you were telling it, it seemed to me that you spoke of this envelope as if that was how it had to be done… but why it had to be so I can't understand…"

"I did that for a certain reason, sir. For if it was a man in the know and used to it, like me, for instance, who had seen that money himself beforehand-like and maybe wrapped it into that envelope himself and watched with his own eyes how it was sealed

and addressed, then why on earth would such a man, sir, if, let's say, it was he who killed him, start tearing open that envelope then, after the murderment, and in such a rush, too, knowing quite surely without that that the money was lying in that envelope for certain sure, sir? On the contrary, if it was a robber, like me, for instance, he would simply have shoved that envelope into his pocket, without tearing it open at all, and made off with it as fast as he could, sir. Dmitri Fyodorovich is quite another matter here: he knew about the envelope only by hearsay, he had never seen it himself, and so, as soon as he got it out, let's say, from under the mattress, he would quickly tear it open right there, to make sure: is that very money really in it? And he would throw down the envelope right there, not having time to reason that it would remain behind him as evidence, because he's an unpracticed thief, sir, and had never openly stolen anything before, for he's a born nobleman, sir, and if he'd decided to steal now, then it was precisely as though not to steal but only to come and take back his very own, since he had announced it to the whole town beforehand and even boasted out loud before everyone beforehand-like that he would go and take his property back from Fyodor Pavlovich. I didn't exactly tell the prosecutor this very thought plainly at my questioning, but, on the contrary, led him up to it, sir, as if by a hint, as if not understanding it myself, and as if he had thought it up himself and I hadn't prompted him, sir, so that the prosecutor's mouth even began to water at that very hint of mine, sir…"

"But can it be, can it be that you thought all this out right there on the spot?" exclaimed Ivan Fyodorovich, beside himself with astonishment. Again he looked at Smerdyakov in fright.

"Have mercy, could anyone think all that up in such a rush, sir? It was all thought out beforehand."

"Well... well, then the devil himself was helping you!" Ivan Fyodorovich exclaimed again. "No, you're not stupid, you're much cleverer than I thought..."

He got up with the evident intention of walking about the room. He was in terrible anguish. But since the table blocked the way and one almost had to squeeze between the table and the wall, he only turned around on the spot and sat down again. That he had not been able to walk about may have suddenly irritated him, so that he suddenly howled, almost in his former frenzy:

"Listen, you wretched, contemptible man! Don't you understand that if I haven't killed you yet, it's only because I'm keeping you for tomorrow's answer at the trial? God sees," Ivan lifted his hand on high, "it may be I too was guilty, it may be I really did have a secret wish that... my father should die, but I swear to you, I was not as guilty as you think, and perhaps I didn't incite you at all. No, no, I didn't incite you! But all the same, I'll testify against myself, tomorrow, at the trial, I've decided! I'll tell everything, everything. But we shall appear together! And whatever you say against me at the trial, whatever you testify, I accept it and I'm not afraid of you; I'll confirm everything myself! But you too must confess before the court! You must, you must, we'll go together! So it shall be!"

Ivan said this solemnly and energetically, and one could see from his flashing eyes alone that so it would be.

"You're ill, I see, sir, quite ill, sir. Your eyes are quite yellow, sir," said Smerdyakov, but without any mockery at all, even as though sympathizing.

"We'll go together!" Ivan repeated. "And if you won't go, I'll confess alone all the same."

Smerdyakov was silent, as though thinking it over.

"None of this will happen, sir, and you won't go, sir," he decided at last, beyond appeal.

"You don't understand me!" Ivan exclaimed reproachfully.

"You'll be too ashamed, sir, if you confess everything against yourself. And what's more, it will be useless, quite useless, sir, because I'll say straight out that I never told you anything of the sort, sir, and that you are either in some sort of illness (and it looks like it, sir), or else you felt so sorry for your brother that you sacrificed yourself and made it all up against me, since all your life you have regarded me as no better than a gnat anyway, and not as a man. Well, and who will believe you, and what proof do you have, even one?"

"Listen, you showed me this money now, of course, in order to convince me."

Smerdyakov took Isaac the Syrian off the packets and laid him aside.

"Take this money with you, sir, and carry it away," Smerdyakov sighed.

"Of course I'll carry it away! But why are you giving it to me, if you killed for it?" Ivan looked at him in great surprise.

"I don't need it at all, sir," Smerdyakov said in a trembling voice, with a wave of his hand. "I did have such a notion before, sir, that I'd begin a life with such money, in Moscow, or better still abroad, I had such a dream, sir, and most of all because 'everything is permitted.' This you really did teach me, sir, for you told me a great deal of it then: for if there is no infinite God, then there is no virtue either, and no need of it then at all. That you really did. That's how I reasoned it."

"Got there by your own wits?" Ivan grinned crookedly.

"By your guidance, sir."

"And now, I suppose, you've come to believe in God, since you're giving the money back?"

"No, sir, I haven't come to believe, sir," Smerdyakov whispered.

"Then why are you giving it back?"

"Enough of that… there's no point, sir!" Smerdyakov waved his hand again. "You yourself kept saying then that everything is permitted, so why are you so alarmed now, you yourself, sir? You even want to go and testify against yourself… Only none of that will happen! You won't go and testify!" Smerdyakov decided again, firmly and with conviction.

"You'll see!" said Ivan.

"It can't be. You're very clever, sir. You love money, that I know, sir, you love honor too, because you're very proud, you love the charms of women excessively, and most of all you love to live in peaceful comfort and not bow down to anyone—that most of all, sir. You won't want to spoil your life forever, taking such shame on yourself in court. You're like Fyodor Pavlovich, the most, sir, of all his children you've turned out the most like him, with the same soul as his, sir."

"You're not stupid," said Ivan, as though struck; the blood rushed to his face. "I used to think you were stupid. You're serious now!" he remarked, somehow suddenly looking at Smerdyakov in a new way.

"It was out of your pride you thought I was stupid. Take the money, sir."

Ivan took all three packets of notes and stuffed them into his pocket without wrapping them in anything.

"Tomorrow I'll show them at the trial," he said.

"Nobody there will believe you, sir, seeing you have plenty of money of your own now; you took it out of your box-case and brought it, sir."

Ivan got up from his place.

"I repeat to you, if I haven't killed you, it's solely because I need you for tomorrow; remember that, don't forget it!"

"Why not, kill me, sir. Kill me now," Smerdyakov suddenly said strangely, looking strangely at Ivan. "You won't dare do that either,

sir," he added, grinning bitterly. "You won't dare do anything, you who were once so bold, sir!"

"Till tomorrow!" Ivan shouted, and made to go.

"Wait… show them to me once more."

Ivan pulled out the notes and let him see them. Smerdyakov looked at them for some ten seconds.

"Well, go," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Ivan Fyodorovich!" he suddenly shouted after him again.

"What do you want?" Ivan turned around, already on his way out.

"Farewell, sir!"

"Till tomorrow!" Ivan shouted again, and went out of the cottage.

The blizzard was still going on. He walked the first few steps briskly, but suddenly he seemed to begin to stagger. "This is something physical," he thought, with a grin. A kind of joy, as it were, had descended into his soul now. He felt in himself a sort of infinite firmness: an end to the wavering that had tormented him so terribly all this last time! The decision was taken, "and it will not change now," he thought with happiness. At that instant he suddenly stumbled over something and almost fell. Stopping, he made out at his feet the little peasant he had knocked down, still lying in the very same place, unconscious and motionless. The blizzard had already covered almost his whole face. Ivan suddenly seized him and half carried, half dragged him along. Seeing a light in a little house to the right, he went up, knocked on the shutters, and asked the tradesman who owned the little house and answered him to help him drag the peasant to the police station, promising to give him three rubles for it on the spot. The tradesman got ready and came out. I will not describe in detail how Ivan Fyodorovich managed then to reach his goal and get the peasant settled at the police station, with arrangements for a doctor to

examine him at once, and here again he handed out money "for expenses" with a generous hand. I will say only that the business took almost a whole hour. But Ivan Fyodorovich was left very satisfied. His thoughts were ranging and working. "If my decision for tomorrow had not been taken so firmly," he suddenly thought with delight, "I would not have stopped for a whole hour to get the little peasant settled, but would have walked past him and only spat at the thought that he would freeze... And yet how well I am able to observe myself," he thought at the same moment with still greater delight, "and they decided over there that I am going mad!" Reaching his house, he suddenly stopped before a sudden question: "Oughtn't I to go to the prosecutor at once, right now, and declare everything?" He settled the question by turning toward the house again: "Tomorrow, all together!" he whispered to himself, and, strangely, almost all his joy, all his satisfaction with himself, passed in a single instant. And when he stepped into his room, something icy suddenly touched his heart, like a memory, or rather a reminder, of something tormenting and loathsome that was precisely in this room now, at this moment, and had been there before as well. He sank wearily onto his sofa. The old woman brought him the samovar; he made tea but did not touch it; he sent the old woman away until morning. He sat on the sofa, and his head was spinning. He felt that he was ill and powerless. He began to doze off, but got up uneasily and walked about the room to drive away sleep. At moments it seemed to him that he was delirious, as it were. But it was not his illness that occupied him most; sitting down again, he began now and then to look around, as though watching for something. This happened several times. At last his gaze fixed intently on one point. Ivan grinned, but a flush of anger flooded his face. He sat in his place for a long time, propping his head firmly in both hands and yet squinting all the while at the same point, at the sofa that stood by the opposite wall.

Evidently something there was irritating him, some object, was troubling him, tormenting him.

IX. The Devil. Ivan Fyodorovich's Nightmare

I am not a doctor, and yet I feel that the moment has come when it is absolutely necessary for me to explain to the reader at least something about the nature of Ivan Fyodorovich's illness. Running ahead, I will say only one thing: that evening he was precisely on the very eve of delirium tremens, which had at last taken full possession of his constitution, long since disordered but stubbornly resisting the illness. Knowing nothing of medicine, I will venture the guess that perhaps he really had managed, by a terrible exertion of his will, to hold the illness off for a time, dreaming, of course, of overcoming it altogether. He knew he was unwell, but he was loath to be ill at this time, in these approaching fateful moments of his life, when he had to be present, to speak his word boldly and decisively, and himself "to justify himself to himself." He did, however, go once to the new doctor who had come from Moscow, sent for by Katerina Ivanovna as a result of one of her fancies, which I have already mentioned above. The doctor, having listened to him and examined him, concluded that he had something like, even, a sort of disorder of the brain, and was not in the least surprised by a certain admission that Ivan Fyodorovich, though with loathing, made to him. "Hallucinations are quite possible in your condition," the doctor decided, "though they ought to be verified... in general, though, you must begin treatment seriously, without losing a minute, or things will go badly." But Ivan Fyodorovich, on leaving him, did not follow this sensible advice and would not trouble to take to his bed for treatment: "I'm on my feet, after all, I still have my strength for now; if I collapse, that's

another matter, then let anyone who likes treat me," he decided, with a wave of his hand. And so he was sitting there now, almost aware himself that he was delirious, and, as I have already said, staring stubbornly at some object by the opposite wall, on the sofa. There, suddenly, someone turned out to be sitting, who had come in God knows how, because he had not been in the room when Ivan Fyodorovich, coming back from Smerdyakov's, walked into it. It was some sort of gentleman or, to put it better, a certain kind of Russian gentleman, no longer young, *qui frisait la cinquantaine* (edging toward fifty), as the French say, with not very much gray in his dark, rather long, and still thick hair and in a trimmed, pointed little beard. He was wearing a sort of brown jacket, evidently from the best tailor but already worn, made around the year before last and completely out of fashion, so that for two years now no well-to-do man of society had worn anything like it. His linen, his long scarf-like tie, everything was just as it is with all stylish gentlemen, but the linen, if you looked closer, was a bit dirty, and the wide scarf was very threadbare. The visitor's checked trousers fit superbly, but were, again, too light and somehow too narrow, as people had already stopped wearing them, and the same went for the soft, white, fluffy hat the visitor had brought along with him, much too out of season. In a word, he had the look of respectability on very slender pocket means. It looked as though the gentleman belonged to the class of former idle landowners who had flourished in the days of serfdom; a man who had evidently seen the world and decent society, had once had connections and had perhaps kept them even now, but who, little by little, as he grew poorer after a gay life in his youth and the recent abolition of serfdom, had turned into a sort of hanger-on of good tone, going the rounds of kind old acquaintances who took him in for his easygoing, accommodating character, and also in view of the fact that he was, after all, a decent man who could be

seated at one's table in anyone's company, though of course in a modest place. Such hangers-on, gentlemen of accommodating character, who know how to tell a story, make up a table at cards, and decidedly dislike any errands if anyone tries to saddle them with one, are usually alone in the world, either bachelors or widowers, perhaps with children, but their children are always being brought up somewhere far away, with some aunts or other, whom the gentleman almost never mentions in decent society, as though a little ashamed of such relations. Little by little he gets entirely out of the habit of his children, receiving from them now and then letters of congratulation for his name day and for Christmas, and sometimes even answering them. The face of the unexpected visitor was not exactly good-natured, but, again, accommodating and ready, depending on circumstances, for any amiable expression. He wore no watch, but he had a tortoiseshell lorgnette on a black ribbon. A massive gold ring set with an inexpensive opal adorned the middle finger of his right hand. Ivan Fyodorovich kept an angry silence and did not want to begin a conversation. The visitor waited and sat exactly like a hanger-on who has just come downstairs from the room assigned to him to keep his host company at tea, but keeps meekly silent in view of the fact that the host is busy and is frowning over some thought; ready, however, for any amiable conversation, the moment the host begins it. Suddenly his face expressed something like a sudden concern.

"Listen," he began to Ivan Fyodorovich, "forgive me, I only want to remind you: you went to Smerdyakov's, you know, in order to find out about Katerina Ivanovna, and you came away without finding out anything about her, you must have forgotten…"

"Ah, yes!" Ivan suddenly burst out, and his face darkened with worry. "Yes, I forgot… Still, it makes no difference now, everything waits till tomorrow," he muttered to himself. "And you," he turned irritably to his visitor, "I was just about to remember that myself,

because that is precisely what was weighing on me so! Why did you pop up? Am I really going to believe that it was you who prompted me, and not I who remembered it myself?"

"Then don't believe it," the gentleman smiled kindly. "What sort of faith is it that comes by force? Besides, in matters of faith no proofs are any help, especially material ones. Thomas believed not because he saw the risen Christ, but because he had wanted to believe even before. Take the spiritualists, for instance… I'm very fond of them… imagine, they suppose they're useful to the faith, because devils show them their little horns from the other world. 'That,' they say, 'is already, so to speak, material proof that the other world exists.' The other world and material proofs, tra-la-la! And besides, if the devil is proved, it's still not known whether God is proved, is it? I want to join an idealist society, I'll be the opposition among them: 'a realist, you see, not a materialist, heh-heh!'"

"Listen," Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly got up from the table. "I'm like a man in delirium now… and, of course, I am delirious… lie as much as you like, it's all the same to me! You won't drive me into a frenzy, as you did last time. Only I feel ashamed of something… I want to walk about the room… Sometimes I don't see you and don't even hear your voice, as last time, but I always guess what you're babbling, because *it is I, I myself who am speaking, and not you!* Only I don't know whether I was asleep last time or saw you awake. Here, I'll wet a towel in cold water and put it to my head, and perhaps you'll evaporate."

Ivan Fyodorovich went to the corner, took a towel, did as he had said, and began pacing back and forth across the room with the wet towel on his head.

"I like it that you and I went straight to the familiar *you*," the visitor began.

"Fool," Ivan laughed, "what, am I supposed to use the formal *you* with you? I'm in good spirits now, only my temple aches… and the

top of my head… only please don't philosophize, as you did last time. If you can't clear out, then tell some cheerful lie. Gossip, you're a hanger-on, so gossip. What a nightmare to get saddled with! But I'm not afraid of you. I'll get the better of you. They won't cart me off to the madhouse!"

"*C'est charmant*, a hanger-on. Yes, that is just what I am, in my own character. What am I on earth if not a hanger-on? By the way, I listen to you, you know, and I'm a little surprised: by God, it's as if you're already beginning, little by little, to take me for something that really is, and not merely for your fantasy, as you insisted last time…"

"Not for one minute do I take you for the real truth," Ivan cried, even somehow furiously. "You're a lie, you're my sickness, you're a phantom. Only I don't know how to destroy you, and I see I shall have to suffer for a while. You are my hallucination. You are the embodiment of myself, but only of one side of me, though… of my thoughts and feelings, but only the most loathsome and stupid ones. From that side you might even be of interest to me, if only I had time to bother with you…"

"Allow me, allow me, I'll catch you out: this evening by the streetlamp, when you flew at Alyosha and shouted at him, 'You found out from *him*! How did you find out that *he* comes to see me?' It was me you were remembering then, you know. So for one tiny little instant you did believe, you believed that I really am," the gentleman laughed softly.

"Yes, that was a weakness of nature… but I could not believe in you. I don't know if I was sleeping or up and walking about last time. Maybe I only saw you in a dream then, and not awake at all…"

"And why were you so harsh with him this evening, with Alyosha? He's a dear; I am guilty before him on account of the elder Zosima."

"Not a word about Alyosha! How dare you, you lackey!" Ivan laughed again.

"You curse, and yet you laugh—a good sign. You are, however, much more amiable with me today than last time, and I understand why: that great decision…"

"Not a word about the decision!" Ivan cried savagely.

"I understand, I understand, *c'est noble*, *c'est charmant*, you are going tomorrow to defend your brother and you are sacrificing yourself… *c'est chevaleresque* (it's chivalrous)."

"Be quiet, or I'll kick you!"

"I shall be partly glad, for then my aim will have been achieved: if it comes to kicks, that means you believe in my reality, because no one kicks a phantom. Joking aside: it's all the same to me, you know, curse if you like, but still it would be better to be a tiny drop more polite, even with me. As it is, fool and lackey, really, what words!"

"In cursing you I curse myself!" Ivan laughed again. "You are I, my own self, only with a different mug. You say precisely what I already think… and you are incapable of telling me anything new!"

"If I coincide with you in my thoughts, that only does me honor," the gentleman said with delicacy and dignity.

"Only you take all my nasty thoughts, and above all, the stupid ones. You are stupid and vulgar. You are terribly stupid. No, I can't bear you! What am I to do, what am I to do!" Ivan ground out through his teeth.

"My friend, I still want to be a gentleman and to be received as one," the visitor began, in a fit of a certain purely hanger-on's vanity, good-natured and ready in advance to give way. "I am poor, but… I won't say very honest, but… it is usually accepted in society as an axiom that I am a fallen angel. By God, I can't imagine how I could ever have been an angel. If I ever was one, it was so long ago that it's no sin to forget it. Now I value only my reputation as a

decent man, and I live as best I can, trying to be agreeable. I love people sincerely—oh, I have been slandered in many things! Here, when from time to time I move in with you, my life flows by like something that, as it were, really is, and that is what I like most of all. For I myself, just like you, suffer from the fantastic, and that is why I love your earthly realism. Here with you everything is outlined, here there is a formula, here there is geometry, while with us it is all some sort of indeterminate equations! I walk about here and dream. I love to dream. Besides, on earth I become superstitious—please don't laugh: that is precisely what I like, that I become superstitious. Here I take on all your habits: I have grown fond of going to the public baths, can you imagine that, and I love to steam myself with merchants and priests. My dream is to become incarnate, but once and for all, irrevocably, in some fat merchant's wife weighing seven poods, and to believe everything she believes. My ideal is to go into a church and light a candle with all my heart, by God it is. That would be the end of my sufferings. Then, too, I have come to love taking cures with you: in the spring there was smallpox going around, and I went to the foundling home and had myself vaccinated—if you knew how pleased I was that day: I donated ten rubles to our Slav brothers!... But you're not listening. You know, you seem very much out of sorts today," the gentleman fell silent for a moment. "I know you went to see that doctor yesterday... well, how is your health? What did the doctor tell you?"

"Fool!" Ivan snapped.

"Whereas you, my, how clever you are. Cursing again? I wasn't asking out of sympathy, you know, just so. You needn't answer, if you like. Now the rheumatism has started up again..."

"Fool," Ivan repeated again.

"You keep on with the same thing, but last year I caught such a rheumatism that I still remember it."

"The devil has rheumatism?"

"Why not, if I sometimes become incarnate? I become incarnate, so I take the consequences. *Satana sum et nihil humanum a me alienum puto* (I am Satan, and I count nothing human alien to me)."[1]

"What, what? *Satana sum et nihil humanum*... that's not bad for a devil!"

"I'm glad I've pleased you at last."

"But you didn't take that from me," Ivan suddenly stopped, as if struck. "That never entered my head, that's strange..."

"*C'est du nouveau, n'est-ce pas?* (That's something new, isn't it?) This time I shall act honestly and explain it to you. Listen: in dreams, and especially in nightmares, well, from an upset stomach or whatever, a man sometimes sees such artistic dreams, such a complex and real actuality, such events or even a whole world of events, bound together by such a plot, with such unexpected details, from the loftiest of your manifestations down to the last button on a shirtfront, that, I swear to you, Leo Tolstoy could not invent it, and yet such dreams are sometimes seen by people who are not writers at all, the most ordinary people, officials, newspaper columnists, priests... There is even a whole problem about it: one minister even confessed to me himself that all his best ideas come to him when he is asleep. Well, so it is now. Though I am your hallucination, still, as in a nightmare, I say original things that have never entered your head till now, so that I am not repeating your thoughts at all, and yet I am only your nightmare and nothing more."

"You're lying. Your aim is precisely to convince me that you exist on your own and are not my nightmare, and now you yourself confirm that you are a dream."

"My friend, today I have adopted a special method, I'll explain it to you later. Wait, where did I leave off? Yes, so I caught a cold that

time, only not here with you but still over there…"

"Where over there? Tell me, will you be staying with me long, can't you go away?" Ivan exclaimed, almost in despair. He stopped walking, sat down on the sofa, again leaned his elbows on the table, and squeezed his head with both hands. He tore the wet towel off and flung it aside in vexation: evidently it was no help.

"Your nerves are upset," the gentleman observed with a casually offhand but, for all that, perfectly friendly air. "You're cross with me even for having caught a cold, and yet it came about in the most natural way. I was in a hurry that time to get to a diplomatic soirée given by a certain highly placed Petersburg lady who had her sights set on a ministry. Well, tailcoat, white tie, gloves, and yet I was still God knows where, and to get to you on earth I still had to fly across space… of course, it's only an instant, but then a ray of light from the sun takes a whole eight minutes, and here I was, imagine, in a tailcoat and an open waistcoat. Spirits don't freeze, but once one has become incarnate, then… in a word, I was frivolous and set off, and in those spaces, you know, in the ether, in that water that was above the firmament—why, it's such a frost… I mean, what do you mean frost, you can't even call it frost anymore, can you imagine: a hundred and fifty degrees below zero! You know the village girls' *amusement*: in thirty degrees of frost they invite a newcomer to lick an ax; the tongue freezes to it instantly, and the dolt tears the skin off it till it bleeds; and that is only at thirty degrees, but at a hundred and fifty, why, I think you'd only have to put a finger to the ax and it would be gone, if only… an ax could happen to be there…"

"And can an ax happen to be there?" Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly interrupted, absently and with disgust. He was resisting with all his might so as not to believe in his delirium and not to fall into madness for good.

"An ax?" the visitor asked again in surprise.

"Yes, yes, what would become of an ax there?" Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly cried with a sort of savage and insistent stubbornness.

"What would become of an ax in space? *Quelle idée*! (What an idea!) If it got far enough out, I suppose it would start flying around the Earth without knowing why itself, in the form of a satellite. The astronomers would calculate the rising and setting of the ax, Gattsuk would put it in his calendar, and that's all."

"You're stupid, you're terribly stupid!" Ivan said obstinately. "Lie more cleverly, or I won't listen. You want to overpower me with realism, to convince me that you are, but I don't want to believe that you are! I won't believe it!!"

"But I'm not lying, it's all true; unfortunately, the truth is almost always unwitty. I see you decidedly expect something great from me, and perhaps something beautiful as well. That is a great pity, because I give only what I can."

"Don't philosophize, you ass!"

"What philosophy, when my whole right side is paralyzed and I moan and groan? I've been to all the medical men: they know splendidly how to diagnose, they'll tell you your whole illness as if counting it off on their fingers, but as for curing, that they can't do. There was a certain enthusiastic little student there: 'Even if you die,' he says, 'at least you'll know perfectly well what illness you died of!' And again that manner they have of sending you to specialists: 'We only diagnose, you see, but you go to specialist so-and-so, he'll do the curing.' The doctor of the old days, who treated every illness, has quite, quite vanished, I tell you, now there are only specialists, and they all advertise in the newspapers. If your nose aches, off you're sent to Paris: that's where, they say, a European specialist treats noses. You go to Paris, he examines your nose: 'I can cure only your right nostril,' he'll say, 'because I don't treat left nostrils, that's not my specialty, but after me go to Vienna, there a special specialist will finish curing your left nostril.'

What can you do? I resorted to folk remedies; a certain German doctor advised me to rub myself with honey and salt on the top shelf in the bathhouse. I went, solely in order to go to the baths one more time: I got smeared all over, and not a bit of good. Out of despair I wrote to Count Mattei in Milan; he sent a book and drops, God be with him. And imagine: Hoff's malt extract helped! I bought it by chance, drank a bottle and a half, and I was fit to dance, it was all gone as if by magic. I firmly resolved to have a 'thank you' to him printed in the newspapers, the feeling of gratitude spoke up in me, and imagine, here a different story began: not a single editorial office will accept it! 'It will be very retrograde,' they say, 'no one will believe it, *le diable n'existe point* (the devil does not exist). Print it anonymously,' they advise. Well, what kind of 'thank you' is it, if it's anonymous? I laugh with the clerks: 'It's believing in God,' I say, 'that's retrograde in our age, but I'm the devil, it's all right to believe in me.' 'We understand,' they say, 'who doesn't believe in the devil, but all the same it can't be done, it might harm our tendency. Unless as a joke?' Well, as a joke, I thought, it won't be witty. So they never printed it. And would you believe it, it even left a mark on my heart. My best feelings, gratitude, for example, are formally forbidden me solely by my social position."

"Into philosophy again!" Ivan ground out through his teeth with hatred.

"God preserve me, but one can't help complaining sometimes, can one? I am a slandered man. Here you are, telling me every minute that I'm stupid. One can see at once that you're a young man. My friend, intelligence is not the only thing! By nature I have a kind and cheerful heart, 'I, too, you know, have done all sorts of little vaudevilles.' You seem decidedly to take me for a Khlestakov gone gray,[2] and yet my fate is far more serious. By some sort of predestination from before time, which I have never been able to

make out, I am appointed 'to deny,' and yet I am sincerely kind and not at all capable of denial. No, go and deny, without denial, they say, there will be no criticism, and what sort of journal is it without a 'critical section'? Without criticism there would be nothing but 'hosanna.' But for life 'hosanna' alone is not enough, that 'hosanna' has to pass through the crucible of doubt, and so on, in that vein. I don't, however, meddle in any of it, I didn't create it, and I'm not answerable for it. Well, so they chose a scapegoat, made him write in the critical section, and life came of it. We understand this comedy: I, for instance, simply and plainly demand to be annihilated. No, live, they say, because without you there would be nothing. If everything on earth were sensible, nothing would ever happen. Without you there would be no events, and there must be events. And so I serve against my will, so that there may be events, and I do the unreasonable on orders. People take this whole comedy for something serious, even with all their indisputable intelligence. That is their tragedy. Well, and they suffer, of course, but... still, they live for all that, they live really, not fantastically; for suffering is life itself. Without suffering, what pleasure would there be in it? Everything would turn into one endless prayer service: it is holy, but a little dull. Well, and I? I suffer, and still I do not live. I am the x in an indeterminate equation. I am some sort of phantom of life that has lost all ends and beginnings, and has even forgotten at last what to call itself. You're laughing... no, you're not laughing, you're angry again. You're forever angry, all you want is intelligence, and I will repeat to you again that I would give all this life above the stars, all the ranks and honors, just to become incarnate in the soul of a merchant's wife weighing seven poods and light candles to God."

"So even you don't believe in God?" Ivan grinned with hatred.

"That is, how shall I put it to you, if only you're serious..."

"Is there a God or not?" Ivan shouted again with savage insistence.

"Ah, so you're serious? My dear fellow, by God, I don't know, there, I've spoken a great word."

"You don't know, and yet you see God? No, you don't exist on your own, you are *I*, you are *I* and nothing more! You are trash, you are my fantasy!"

"That is, if you like, I share your philosophy, that would be fair. *Je pense, donc je suis* (I think, therefore I am), that I know for certain, but all the rest, everything around me, all these worlds, God, and even Satan himself—all that is not proved for me, whether it exists on its own or is only my emanation, the consistent development of my *I*, which has existed from before time and alone... in a word, I break off quickly, because I think you're about to jump up and fight."

"You'd better tell some anecdote!" Ivan said painfully.

"There is an anecdote, and precisely on our subject, that is, it's not an anecdote but just a legend. Here you reproach me with unbelief: 'You see, and yet you don't believe.' But, my friend, I am not the only one like that, everyone over on our side has gotten muddled now, and it's all from your sciences. While there were still atoms, five senses, four elements, well, then everything held together somehow. There were atoms even in the ancient world. But when we learned over there that you had discovered the 'chemical molecule' here, and 'protoplasm,' and the devil knows what else—then we put our tails between our legs. Simple chaos set in; above all, superstition, gossip; we have just as much gossip as you, you know, even a tiny bit more, and, finally, informing too; we too have a certain section, you know, where certain 'information' is received. So, this wild legend, from our Middle Ages—not yours, but ours—and nobody believes it, even among us, except the merchants' wives of seven poods, that is, again, not your mer-

chants' wives but ours. Everything you have, we have too, I'm revealing one of our secrets to you out of friendship, though it's not allowed. The legend, then, is about paradise. Once, you see, there was a certain thinker and philosopher here on your earth, who 'rejected everything, laws, conscience, faith,' and, the main thing, the future life. When he died he thought he would go straight into darkness and death, but no: before him was the future life. He was amazed and indignant: 'This,' he says, 'contradicts my convictions.' So for that he was sentenced… that is, you see, forgive me, I'm only passing on what I heard myself, it's only a legend… he was sentenced, you see, to walk a quadrillion kilometers in darkness (we've gone over to kilometers now, you know), and when he finishes that quadrillion, then the doors of paradise will be opened to him and everything will be forgiven…"

"And what other torments do you have in the other world, besides the quadrillion?" Ivan interrupted with a sort of strange animation.

"What torments? Ah, don't even ask: in the old days there were all kinds, but nowadays it's mostly moral ones, 'pangs of conscience' and all that nonsense. That came from you too, from 'the softening of your manners.' Well, and who gained? Only the unscrupulous gained, because what are pangs of conscience to a man who has no conscience at all? But decent people suffered, those who still had some conscience and honor left… That's just it, reforms on unprepared soil, and copied from foreign institutions besides—nothing but harm! The good old fire would be better. Well, so this man sentenced to the quadrillion stood there, looked around, and lay down across the road: 'I won't go, on principle I won't go!' Take the soul of an enlightened Russian atheist, blend it with the soul of the prophet Jonah, who sulked in the belly of the whale for three days and three nights—there you have the character of this thinker who lay down on the road."

"And what did he lie down on there?"

"Well, there must have been something there to lie on. You're not laughing?"

"Good man!" Ivan cried, still with the same strange animation. Now he was listening with a sort of unexpected curiosity. "Well, is he still lying there now?"

"That's just it, he isn't. He lay there for almost a thousand years, and then he got up and went."

"What an ass!" Ivan exclaimed, laughing nervously and still seeming to be thinking something over hard. "Isn't it all the same, whether you lie there forever or walk a quadrillion versts? Why, that's a billion years of walking!"

"Even much more, only I haven't a pencil and a scrap of paper, or one could work it out. But he got there long ago, and that is where the anecdote begins."

"What do you mean, he got there! Where did he get a billion years?"

"But you keep thinking about our present earth! Why, the present earth itself has perhaps repeated itself a billion times; well, it grew old, iced over, cracked, crumbled, broke down into its component elements, again the water that was above the firmament, then again a comet, again a sun, again from the sun an earth —why, this development has perhaps been repeating itself endlessly already, and all in one and the same form, to the last little line. A most indecent bore..."

"Well, well, and what happened when he got there?"

"Why, no sooner had they opened paradise for him and he went in, than, before he had been there even two seconds—and that by the watch, by the watch (though his watch, in my opinion, should long since have broken down into its component elements in his pocket on the way)—before he had been there two seconds, he exclaimed that for those two seconds one could walk not just a

quadrillion, but a quadrillion quadrillions, and raised to the quadrillionth power besides! In a word, he sang 'hosanna,' and overdid it, so that some there, of a nobler way of thinking, at first didn't even want to give him their hand: he'd leaped over to the conservatives too precipitately, you see. The Russian nature. I repeat: it's a legend. I sell it for what I paid for it. So that is the sort of notion still going around among us there about all these subjects."

"I've caught you!" Ivan cried with an almost childlike joy, as though he had at last remembered something for good. "That anecdote about the quadrillion years—I made it up myself! I was seventeen then, I was at the gymnasium... I made up that anecdote then and told it to a schoolmate, his name was Korovkin, it was in Moscow... That anecdote is so distinctive that I couldn't have got it anywhere else. I had forgotten it... but it came back to me now unconsciously—to me myself, it wasn't you who told it! The way thousands of things come back unconsciously sometimes, even when a man is being taken to his execution... it came back to me in a dream. And you are that dream! You are a dream and you don't exist!"

"From the passion with which you deny me," the gentleman laughed, "I am convinced that you believe in me all the same."

"Not in the least! I don't believe a hundredth part!"

"But you believe a thousandth part. Homeopathic doses are perhaps the strongest of all. Admit that you believe, well, a ten-thousandth part..."

"Not for one minute!" Ivan cried furiously. "I would, however, like to believe in you!" he suddenly added strangely.

"Aha! There's a confession, though! But I'm kind, I'll help you even here. Listen: it is I who have caught you, not you me! I told you your own anecdote on purpose, which you had already forgotten, so that you would lose your faith in me completely."

"You're lying! The aim of your appearance is to convince me that you are."

"Precisely. But wavering, but anxiety, but the struggle of faith and unbelief—why, that is sometimes such torment for a conscientious man, such as you, that it's better to hang oneself. Precisely because I know that you believe in me a tiny drop, I have let a dose of unbelief into you, a final one, by telling you that anecdote. I lead you between belief and disbelief by turns, and I have my own aim in this. The new method, sir: for when you have lost your faith in me completely, then you'll at once start insisting to my face that I'm not a dream but really am, I know you by now; and then I shall have achieved my aim. And my aim is noble. I shall cast only a tiny little seed of faith into you, and out of it an oak will grow—and such an oak that, sitting in that oak, you will want to join 'the desert fathers and the blameless women'; for deep down you awful, awful much want that, you'll eat locusts, you'll drag yourself off into the wilderness to work out your salvation!"

"So you, you scoundrel, are taking pains for the salvation of my soul?"

"One has to do a good deed at least sometimes. How angry you are, how angry, I see!"

"Buffoon! And did you ever tempt the likes of those, the ones who eat locusts and pray for seventeen years in the bare wilderness and are overgrown with moss?"

"My dear fellow, that's all I ever did. You forget the whole world and all the worlds and cling to one such man, because the diamond is so very precious, you see; one such soul is sometimes worth a whole constellation—we have our own arithmetic, you know. The victory is precious! And some of them, by God, are not beneath you in development, though you won't believe it: they can contemplate such abysses of faith and unbelief at one and the

same moment that, really, it sometimes seems one hair more, and a man will go flying 'topsy-turvy,' as the actor Gorbunov says."

"Well, and what then, did you come away with your nose out of joint?"

"My friend," the visitor observed sententiously, "it is better, after all, to come away with one's nose out of joint than sometimes with no nose at all, as a certain ailing marquis (a specialist must have been treating him) declared not long ago at confession to his spiritual father, a Jesuit. I was there—simply delightful. 'Give me back my nose!' he says. And he beats his breast. 'My son,' the padre dodges, 'by the inscrutable decrees of providence everything is made good, and a visible misfortune sometimes brings in its train an extraordinary, though invisible, advantage. If stern fate has deprived you of your nose, your advantage lies in this, that no one in all your life will ever dare to tell you that your nose has been put out of joint.' 'Holy father, that is no consolation!' the desperate man exclaims. 'On the contrary, I would be in raptures to have my nose put out of joint every day of my life, if only it were in its proper place!' 'My son,' the padre sighs, 'one cannot demand all blessings at once, and this is already murmuring against providence, which even here has not forgotten you; for if you cry out, as you cried out just now, that you would gladly have your nose put out of joint all your life, then even here your wish has already been indirectly fulfilled: for, having lost your nose, you have by that very fact, as it were, had your nose put out of joint all the same…'"

"Pah, how stupid!" Ivan shouted.

"My friend, I only wanted to make you laugh, but, I swear, this is genuine Jesuit casuistry, and, I swear, it all happened letter for letter as I have set it out for you. It was a recent case and caused me a lot of trouble. The unfortunate young man went home and shot himself that same night; I was with him without leaving him to the last moment… As for those Jesuit confessional booths, they are

truly my sweetest diversion in the sad moments of life. Here's another case for you, just the other day. A little blonde comes to an old padre, a little Norman girl, about twenty, a maiden. Beauty, flesh, nature—it makes your mouth water. She bends down and whispers her sin to the padre through the little hole. 'What is this, my daughter, can it be that you have fallen again already?...' the padre exclaims. 'O *Sancta Maria*, what do I hear: and not with the same one. But how long is this going to go on, and how is it you are not ashamed!' '*Ah, mon père*,' answers the sinner, all in penitent tears, '*ça lui fait tant de plaisir et à moi si peu de peine!*' (Ah, Father, it gives him so much pleasure and costs me so little pain!) Well, imagine such an answer! At this point even I backed off: it is the cry of nature itself, it is, if you like, better than innocence itself! I absolved her of her sin then and there and turned to go, but at once I was obliged to come back: I hear the padre through the little hole making an assignation with her for the evening, and he's an old man, a flint, and there he fell in a single instant! Nature, the truth of nature, had its way! What, turning up your nose again, angry again? I really don't know how to please you..."

"Leave me alone, you're pounding in my brain like a nightmare I can't shake off," Ivan moaned painfully, helpless before his apparition. "I'm bored with you, unbearably and tormentingly! I would give a great deal to be able to drive you away!"

"I repeat, moderate your demands, don't demand of me 'everything great and beautiful,' and you will see how well we get along together," the gentleman said impressively. "Truly, you are angry with me because I did not appear to you in some sort of red glow, 'thundering and blazing,' with scorched wings, but presented myself in such a modest form. You are offended, in the first place, in your aesthetic feelings, and in the second place, in your pride: how, you think, could such a vulgar devil come in to such a great man? No, there is that romantic streak in you after all, the one that

Belinsky ridiculed so long ago. There's nothing to be done, young man. I was thinking this evening, as I was getting ready to come to you, of appearing as a joke in the form of a retired actual state councilor who had served in the Caucasus, with the star of the Lion and the Sun on his tailcoat, but I was decidedly afraid, because you would have given me a beating just for daring to pin the Lion and the Sun on my tailcoat instead of at least the Polar Star or Sirius. And you keep on about my being stupid. But my God, I make no claim to equal you in intelligence. Mephistopheles, appearing to Faust, testified of himself that he wills evil but does only good. Well, that's as he pleases, but I am quite the opposite. I am perhaps the only being in all of nature who loves the truth and sincerely desires good. I was there when the Word, who had died on the cross, was ascending into heaven, bearing on his bosom the soul of the thief crucified at his right hand, I heard the joyful shrieks of the cherubim, singing and crying out 'Hosanna,' and the thundering cry of rapture of the seraphim, which made heaven and the whole universe shake. And, I swear by all that is holy, I wanted to join the choir and shout 'Hosanna!' with all the rest. It was already escaping, already bursting from my breast… I am, you know, very sensitive and artistically impressionable. But common sense—oh, the most unfortunate quality of my nature—kept me within due bounds even then, and I let the moment pass! For what, I thought at that same moment, what would have come of it after my 'hosanna'? Everything in the world would have been extinguished at once, and no events of any kind would have happened anymore. And so, solely out of the duty of my office and my social position, I was obliged to stifle the good moment in myself and stay with my dirty tricks. Someone takes all the honor of the good for himself, and only dirty tricks are left to me as my lot. But I don't envy the honor of living as a sponger, I am not ambitious. Why, of all beings in the world, am I alone condemned to the

curses of all decent people and even to kicks from their boots, since, when I become incarnate, I must sometimes take even such consequences? I know, you see, there is a secret in it, but they won't reveal the secret to me for anything, because then, perhaps, guessing what it's all about, I would roar out 'hosanna,' and the necessary minus would instantly vanish, and good sense would set in all over the world, and with it, of course, the end of everything, even of the newspapers and journals, because who would subscribe to them then? I know, you see, that in the end I'll make my peace, I too will walk my quadrillion through to the end and find out the secret. But until that happens, I sulk and, against my will, fulfill my appointed task: to destroy thousands so that one may be saved. How many souls, for example, had to be destroyed and how many honest reputations disgraced in order to get just one righteous Job, over whom they caught me out so wickedly in days of old! No, as long as the secret is not revealed, two truths exist for me: one theirs, over there, still quite unknown to me, and the other mine. And it is not yet known which will turn out the cleaner… Have you fallen asleep?"

"Small wonder," Ivan moaned spitefully. "Everything stupid in my nature, long since outlived, ground up in my mind, thrown away like carrion—you serve it up to me as if it were some sort of news!"

"Missed the mark again! And I thought I would even charm you with my literary style: that 'hosanna' in heaven really didn't come out badly, did it? And then just now that sarcastic tone *à la* Heine, eh, isn't it so?"

"No, I was never such a lackey! How could my soul have begotten such a lackey as you?"

"My friend, I know a most charming and delightful young Russian lordling: a young thinker, a great lover of literature and of

elegant things, the author of a poem of great promise, entitled 'The Grand Inquisitor'... It was only him I had in mind!"

"I forbid you to speak of 'The Grand Inquisitor,'" Ivan exclaimed, flushing all over with shame.

"Well, and what about 'The Geological Upheaval'? Do you remember? Now that was a little poem!"

"Be quiet, or I'll kill you!"

"Kill me, will you? No, excuse me, I shall have my say. I came on purpose to regale myself with that pleasure. Oh, how I love the dreams of my fervent young friends, trembling with the thirst for life! 'There are new people there,' you decided last spring, when you were getting ready to come here, 'they propose to destroy everything and begin with anthropophagy. Fools, they didn't ask me! In my opinion, there is no need to destroy anything, all that needs to be destroyed is the idea of God in mankind, that is where the work must start! It is with this, with this that one must begin—oh, blind men, who understand nothing! Once mankind, to a man, renounces God (and I believe that this period, parallel to the geological periods, will come to pass), then of itself, without anthropophagy, the whole former worldview will fall, and above all, the whole former morality, and everything will be new. Men will unite in order to take from life everything it can give, but only for happiness and joy in this world alone. Man will be exalted with the spirit of divine, titanic pride, and the man-god will appear. Conquering nature hourly, now without limits, by his will and by science, man will thereby hourly feel a delight so lofty that it will replace for him all his former hopes of heavenly delights. Everyone will know that he is mortal, wholly, without resurrection, and will accept death proudly and calmly, like a god. Out of pride he will understand that he has no reason to murmur because life is a moment, and he will love his brother now without any reward. Love will satisfy only a moment of life, but the very awareness of its momentariness will

intensify its fire as much as it was once dissipated in hopes of a love beyond the grave and without end'... and so on and so forth in the same vein. Most charming!"

Ivan was sitting with his hands pressed over his ears and looking at the floor, but he had begun to tremble all over. The voice went on:

"The question now, my young thinker thought, is this: is it possible for such a period ever to come, or not? If it comes, then everything is settled, and mankind will be arranged once and for all. But since, in view of man's inveterate stupidity, this will perhaps not be arranged even in a thousand years, everyone who already knows the truth even now is allowed to arrange things for himself exactly as he pleases, on the new principles. In this sense 'everything is permitted' to him. More than that: even if this period never comes, still, since there is no God and no immortality anyway, the new man is allowed to become a man-god, even if he is the only one in the whole world, and of course, in his new rank, to leap with a light heart over every former moral barrier of the former slave-man, if need be. For God there is no law! Where God stands, there is the place of God! Where I stand, there at once will be the first place... 'everything is permitted,' and that's that! All this is very charming; only if one wants to cheat, why, one would think, does one also need the sanction of truth? But such is our modern little Russian man: without a sanction he won't even dare to cheat, so much has he come to love the truth..."

The visitor was talking, evidently carried away by his own eloquence, raising his voice more and more and glancing mockingly at his host; but he did not manage to finish: Ivan suddenly seized a glass from the table and flung it at the orator with all his strength.

"*Ah, mais c'est bête enfin!* (Oh, but that's really stupid!)" the other exclaimed, jumping up from the sofa and brushing the splashes of tea off himself with his fingers. "He remembered

Luther's inkwell! He himself takes me for a dream and throws glasses at a dream! That's womanish! And I suspected as much, that you were only pretending to stop up your ears, and you were listening…"

Suddenly a firm and insistent knocking came at the window frame from the yard. Ivan Fyodorovich jumped up from the sofa.

"Do you hear, you'd better open," cried the visitor, "that's your brother Alyosha with the most unexpected and curious news, I give you my word!"

"Be quiet, you deceiver, I knew it was Alyosha before you did, I had a premonition of him, and of course he hasn't come for nothing, of course it's with 'news'!…" Ivan exclaimed in a frenzy.

"Open, then, open up for him. There's a blizzard outside, and he's your brother. *Monsieur, sait-il le temps qu'il fait? C'est à ne pas mettre un chien dehors…* (Does monsieur know what the weather is like? It's not fit to put a dog out in…)"

The knocking went on. Ivan wanted to rush to the window; but something seemed suddenly to bind his legs and arms. He strained with all his might, as if to break his bonds, but in vain. The knocking at the window grew stronger and louder. At last the bonds suddenly broke, and Ivan Fyodorovich jumped up on the sofa. He looked around wildly. Both candles had almost burned down, the glass he had just hurled at his visitor was standing on the table in front of him, and on the sofa opposite there was no one. The knocking at the window frame, though it went on insistently, was not nearly as loud as it had just seemed to him in his dream; on the contrary, it was very restrained.

"It was not a dream! No, I swear, it was not a dream, it all happened just now!" cried Ivan Fyodorovich, and he rushed to the window and opened the vent pane.

"Alyosha, I told you not to come!" he shouted savagely to his brother. "In two words: what is it you want? In two words, you

hear?"

"An hour ago Smerdyakov hanged himself," Alyosha answered from the yard.

"Go round to the porch, I'll open for you right away," said Ivan, and he went to open the door for Alyosha.

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1. A play on Terence's line *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, "I am a man, and I count nothing human alien to me"; the devil puts *Satana* (Satan) in place of *Homo* (man).

2. Khlestakov, the empty braggart of Gogol's comedy *The Inspector General*, who boasts that he too has written "all sorts of little vaudevilles," the words the devil has just quoted.

X. “It Was He Who Said That!”

Alyosha, coming in, informed Ivan Fyodorovich that a little over an hour before, Marya Kondratyevna had come running to his lodgings and announced that Smerdyakov had taken his own life. “I go in to him, see, to clear away the samovar, and there he is hanging on a little nail by the wall.” To Alyosha’s question, “Had she reported it to the proper person?” she answered that she had reported it to no one, but “rushed straight to you first and ran the whole way.” She was like a madwoman, Alyosha related, and was trembling all over like a leaf. And when Alyosha ran with her to their cottage, Smerdyakov was still hanging. A note lay on the table: “I do away with my life of my own free will and desire, so that no one is to be blamed.” Alyosha left the note just as it was on the table and went straight to the district police chief, reported everything to him, “and from there straight to you,” Alyosha concluded, looking intently into Ivan’s face. And all the while he was telling it he did not take his eyes off him, as if something in the expression of his face had struck him very much.

“Brother,” he cried suddenly, “you must be terribly ill! You look at me and it’s as if you don’t understand what I’m saying.”

“It’s good that you’ve come,” Ivan said, as if pensively and as if he had not heard Alyosha’s exclamation at all. “And yet I knew he had hanged himself.”

“From whom?”

“I don’t know from whom. But I knew. Did I know? Yes, he told me. He was telling me just now…”

Ivan stood in the middle of the room and went on speaking just as pensively and looking at the floor.

"Who is *he*?" asked Alyosha, involuntarily looking around.

"He slipped away."

Ivan raised his head and smiled quietly:

"He was afraid of you, of you, my dove. You are a 'pure cherub.' Dmitri calls you a cherub. A cherub... The thundering cry of rapture of the seraphim! What is a seraph? Perhaps a whole constellation. And perhaps that whole constellation is nothing but some chemical molecule... There is a constellation of the Lion and the Sun, don't you know?"

"Brother, sit down!" Alyosha said in alarm. "Sit down on the sofa, for God's sake. You're delirious, lie back on the pillow, there. Do you want a wet towel for your head? Maybe it will make you feel better?"

"Give me the towel, here on the chair, I threw it here a while ago."

"It isn't here. Don't worry, I know where it is; here it is," said Alyosha, finding a clean towel, still folded and unused, in another corner of the room, by Ivan's washstand. Ivan looked strangely at the towel; his memory seemed to come back to him in an instant.

"Wait," he half rose from the sofa, "a while ago, an hour ago, I took this very towel from that same place and wet it with water. I put it to my head and threw it here... how can it be dry? There wasn't any other."

"You put this towel to your head?" asked Alyosha.

"Yes, and walked about the room, an hour ago... Why have the candles burned down so? What time is it?"

"Almost twelve."

"No, no, no!" Ivan suddenly cried. "It was not a dream! He was here, he sat here, there on that sofa. When you were knocking at the window I flung a glass at him... this one... Wait, I was asleep

before too, but this dream is not a dream. It's happened before as well. Alyosha, I have dreams now… but they aren't dreams, they're real: I walk, I talk, and I see… and yet I'm asleep. But he sat here, he was here, on this very sofa… He's terribly stupid, Alyosha, terribly stupid," Ivan suddenly laughed and began pacing the room.

"Who is stupid? Whom are you talking about, brother?" Alyosha asked again in anguish.

"The devil! He's taken to visiting me. He's been twice, even almost three times. He taunted me, saying I'm angry that he's simply a devil and not Satan with scorched wings, in thunder and blaze. But he isn't Satan, he's lying about that. He's an impostor. He's simply a devil, a trashy, petty devil. He goes to the baths. Undress him and you're sure to find a tail, long and smooth, like a Great Dane's, an arshin long, brown… Alyosha, you're chilled, you've been out in the snow, do you want some tea? What? It's cold? Do you want me to have some made? *C'est à ne pas mettre un chien dehors.*"

Alyosha quickly ran to the washstand, wet the towel, persuaded Ivan to sit down again, and wrapped his head in the wet towel. He sat down beside him himself.

"What were you telling me this evening about Liza?" Ivan began again. (He was becoming very talkative.) "I like Liza. I said something nasty to you about her. I lied, I like her… I'm afraid for Katya tomorrow, more afraid than of anything. For the future. Tomorrow she'll throw me over and trample me underfoot. She thinks that I am ruining Mitya out of jealousy over her! Yes, she thinks that! Well, it's not so! Tomorrow is the cross, but not the gallows. No, I won't hang myself. Do you know, Alyosha, that I can never take my own life! Out of baseness, or what? I'm not a coward. Out of a thirst for life! Why was it that I knew Smerdyakov had hanged himself? Yes, *he* was the one who told me…"

"And you are firmly convinced that someone was sitting here?" asked Alyosha.

"There on that sofa, in the corner. You would have driven him away. Why, you did drive him away: he vanished as soon as you appeared. I love your face, Alyosha. Did you know that I love your face? And *he* is I, Alyosha, my own self. All that is low in me, all that is base and contemptible! Yes, I am a 'romantic,' he noticed that... though it's a slander. He's terribly stupid, but that is what gives him his hold. He's cunning, cunning like an animal, he knew how to drive me wild. He kept taunting me that I believe in him, and that was how he made me listen to him. He took me in like a little boy. He told me, though, a great deal of truth about myself. I would never have said it to myself. You know, Alyosha, you know," Ivan added terribly seriously and as if in confidence, "I would very much like him really to be *he*, and not I!"

"He has worn you out," said Alyosha, looking at his brother with compassion.

"He taunted me! And, you know, cleverly, cleverly: 'Conscience! What is conscience? I make it myself. Why do I torment myself, then? Out of habit. Out of the universal human habit of seven thousand years. So let us get out of the habit, and we shall be gods.' It was he who said that, it was he who said that!"

"And not you, not you?" Alyosha cried irrepressibly, looking clearly at his brother. "Well, let him be, drop him and forget about him! Let him take away with him everything you curse now, and never come back!"

"Yes, but he's wicked. He laughed at me. He was insolent, Alyosha," Ivan said, with a shudder of resentment. "But he slandered me, he slandered me in many things. He lied about me to my own face. 'Oh, you are going to perform a great deed of virtue, you will announce that you killed your father, that the lackey killed your father at your instigation...'"

"Brother," Alyosha interrupted, "get hold of yourself: it wasn't you who killed. It isn't true!"

"That is what he says, he, and he knows it: 'You are going to perform a great deed of virtue, and yet you don't believe in virtue—that is what makes you angry and torments you, that is why you are so vindictive.' That is what he said to me about myself, and he knows what he's saying…"

"It's you who are saying it, not he!" Alyosha exclaimed sorrowfully. "And you're saying it in illness, in delirium, tormenting yourself!"

"No, he knows what he's saying. You are going out of pride, he says, you will stand up and say, 'It was I who killed him, and why are you writhing with horror, you are lying! Your opinion I despise, your horror I despise.' That is what he says about me, and suddenly he says, 'And you know, you want them to praise you: a criminal, they'll say, a murderer, but what magnanimous feelings he has, he wanted to save his brother and confessed!' Now that is a lie, Alyosha!" Ivan suddenly cried, his eyes flashing. "I don't want to be praised by churls! He lied about that, Alyosha, he lied, I swear to you! I threw a glass at him for it, and it smashed against his mug."

"Brother, calm yourself, stop!" Alyosha begged.

"No, he knows how to torment, he's cruel," Ivan went on without listening. "I always had a foreboding of why he comes. 'Granted,' he says, 'you were going out of pride, but still there was also the hope that Smerdyakov would be exposed and sent to penal servitude, that Mitya would be acquitted, and that you would be condemned only *morally* (do you hear, he laughed at that point!), and others would even praise you. But now Smerdyakov is dead, he's hanged himself—well, and who is going to believe you alone there in court now? And yet you are going, you are going, you will go all the same, you have decided to go. What are you

going for, then, after this?' It's terrible, Alyosha, I can't endure such questions. Who dares put such questions to me!"

"Brother," Alyosha interrupted, sinking with fear but still as though hoping to bring Ivan to his senses, "how could he have told you about Smerdyakov's death before I came, when no one knew about it yet, and there wasn't time for anyone to find out?"

"He told me," Ivan said firmly, not admitting even a doubt. "If you like, that was all he talked about. 'And it would be fine,' he says, 'if you believed in virtue: let them not believe me, I'm going for the sake of principle. But you're a piglet, just like Fyodor Pavlovich, and what is virtue to you? Why will you drag yourself there, if your sacrifice will serve no purpose? Why, because you yourself don't know what you are going for! Oh, you would give a great deal to know yourself what you are going for! And you think you've made up your mind? You haven't made up your mind yet. You will sit all night deciding: to go or not? But you will go all the same, and you know that you will go, you know yourself that however you decide, the decision no longer depends on you. You will go because you don't dare not to go. Why you don't dare—that you must guess for yourself, there's a riddle for you!' He got up and left. You came, and he left. He called me a coward, Alyosha! *Le mot de l'énigme* (the answer to the riddle) is that I'm a coward! 'It's not for such eagles to soar above the earth!' He added that, he added that! And Smerdyakov said the same thing. He must be killed! Katya despises me, I've seen it for a month now, and Liza will begin to despise me too! 'You are going so that they will praise you'—that is a brutal lie! And you despise me too, Alyosha. Now I shall hate you again. And the monster I hate, the monster I hate! I don't want to save the monster, he can rot in penal servitude! He's started singing a hymn! Oh, tomorrow I shall go, I shall stand before them and spit in all their faces!"

He jumped up in a frenzy, threw off the towel, and began pacing the room again. Alyosha remembered his words of a while before: "As if I am asleep while awake… I walk, I talk, and I see, and yet I'm asleep." It was precisely as if that were happening now. Alyosha did not leave his side. The thought flashed through his mind of running for a doctor and bringing him, but he was afraid to leave his brother alone: there was absolutely no one to leave him with. At last Ivan little by little began to lose consciousness altogether. He kept on talking, talked without stopping, but now quite incoherently. He even had trouble pronouncing his words, and suddenly he swayed violently where he stood. But Alyosha managed to hold him up. Ivan let himself be led to his bed, Alyosha somehow undressed him and put him to bed. He sat over him himself for another two hours or so. The sick man slept soundly, without stirring, breathing quietly and evenly. Alyosha took a pillow and, without undressing, lay down on the sofa. Falling asleep, he prayed for Mitya and for Ivan. Ivan's illness was becoming clear to him: "The torments of a proud decision, a deep conscience!" God, in whom he did not believe, and his truth were overpowering his heart, which still did not want to submit. "Yes," raced through Alyosha's head, now lying on the pillow, "yes, since Smerdyakov is dead, then no one will believe Ivan's testimony anymore; but he will go and testify!" Alyosha smiled quietly: "God will win!" he thought. "Either he will rise in the light of truth, or… perish in hatred, taking revenge on himself and on everyone for having served what he does not believe in," Alyosha added bitterly, and again prayed for Ivan.

Book Twelve: A Judicial Error

I. The Fatal Day

On the day after the events I have described, at ten o'clock in the morning, the session of our district court opened and the trial of Dmitri Karamazov began.

I will say beforehand, and say it insistently: I am far from considering myself able to convey everything that took place at the trial, and not only in proper fullness but even in proper order. It keeps seeming to me that if one were to remember everything and explain everything as it should be explained, it would take a whole book, and a very large one at that. And so let no one complain of me for conveying only what struck me personally and what I particularly remembered. I may have taken what was secondary for what was most important, and even left out altogether the sharpest and most necessary features... But then, I see that it is better not to apologize. I will do it as best I can, and the readers will understand for themselves that I did it only as best I could.

And first of all, before we enter the courtroom, I will mention what particularly surprised me that day. However, it surprised not only me but, as it turned out afterward, everyone. Namely: everyone knew that this case had aroused the interest of a great many people, that everyone was burning with impatience for the trial to begin, that in our society people had been talking, conjecturing, exclaiming, dreaming for two whole months. Everyone knew too that the case had become known all over Russia, but still no one imagined that it had shaken each and every one to such a burning, such an irritable degree, and not only here among us but everywhere, as became evident at the trial itself that day. By that day

visitors had come to us not only from our provincial capital but from several other cities of Russia, and finally from Moscow and Petersburg. Lawyers came, even several distinguished persons came, and ladies as well. All the tickets had been snatched up. For especially honored and distinguished visitors of the male sex, quite extraordinary places had even been set aside behind the table at which the court sat: a whole row of armchairs appeared there, occupied by various personages, something never before permitted among us. There turned out to be particularly many ladies—our own and visitors, not less, I think, than half of the whole public. Of lawyers alone, who had come from everywhere, there turned out to be so many that no one even knew where to put them, since all the tickets had long since been given out, begged for, and pleaded for. I saw myself how at the end of the hall, behind the platform, a special enclosure had been put up temporarily and hastily, into which all these lawyers who had come were admitted, and they even counted themselves lucky that they could at least stand there, because the chairs, to gain room, had been carried right out of this enclosure, and the whole crowd that had gathered there stood through the entire "case" in a dense, close-packed mass, shoulder to shoulder. Some of the ladies, especially among the visitors, appeared in the gallery of the hall extremely dressed up, but the majority of the ladies had even forgotten about clothes. On their faces one could read a hysterical, greedy, almost morbid curiosity. One of the most characteristic peculiarities of this whole society gathered in the hall, and one that must be noted, consisted in this, that, as was later confirmed by many observations, almost all the ladies, at least the overwhelming majority of them, were for Mitya and for his acquittal. Perhaps mainly because a notion of him had formed as a conqueror of women's hearts. It was known that two women, rivals, would appear. One of them, that is, Katerina Ivanovna, interested everyone particularly; an extraordi-

nary number of unusual things were told about her, astonishing anecdotes were told about her passion for Mitya, despite even his crime. Her pride was especially mentioned (she had paid calls on almost no one in our town), and her "aristocratic connections." It was said that she intended to petition the government to allow her to accompany the criminal to penal servitude and to marry him somewhere underground in the mines. With no less excitement they awaited the appearance at the trial of Grushenka as well, as Katerina Ivanovna's rival. With tormenting curiosity they awaited the meeting before the court of the two rivals—the proud aristocratic girl and the "hetaera"; Grushenka, however, was better known to our ladies than Katerina Ivanovna. Our ladies had seen her, "the ruin of Fyodor Pavlovich and his unfortunate son," even before, and all of them, almost to a woman, wondered how father and son could have fallen so much in love with such a "most ordinary Russian tradeswoman, not even good-looking at all." In a word, there was a great deal of talk. I know positively that in our town itself there were even several serious family quarrels over Mitya. Many ladies quarreled hotly with their spouses over differences of view on this whole terrible case, and naturally, after that, all the husbands of these ladies arrived in the courtroom not only ill-disposed toward the defendant but even embittered against him. And in general it could positively be said that, in contrast to the ladies, the whole male element was set against the defendant. Stern, frowning faces were to be seen, others even quite spiteful, and in great numbers. It is true, too, that Mitya had managed to insult many of them personally during his stay among us. Of course, some of the visitors were almost even cheerful and quite indifferent to Mitya's fate as such, but still, again, not to the case under consideration; all were absorbed in its outcome, and the majority of the men decidedly wanted the criminal punished, except perhaps the lawyers, to whom what mattered was not the

moral side of the case but only, so to speak, its contemporary legal side. Everyone was excited by the arrival of the famous Fetyukovich. His talent was known everywhere, and this was not the first time he had appeared in the provinces to defend celebrated criminal cases. And after his defense such cases always became famous all over Russia and long remembered. Several anecdotes were going around about our prosecutor too, and about the presiding judge. It was said that our prosecutor trembled at the prospect of meeting Fetyukovich, that they were old enemies from Petersburg, from the very beginning of their careers, that our touchy Ippolit Kirillovich, who had always considered himself wronged by someone ever since Petersburg, because his talents had not been properly appreciated, had revived in spirit over the Karamazov case and even dreamed of reviving his faded career by means of it, but that Fetyukovich alone frightened him. But as to the trembling before Fetyukovich, the judgments were not quite fair. Our prosecutor was not one of those characters who lose heart before danger, but, on the contrary, one of those whose vanity grows and takes wing precisely as the danger grows. In general it must be remarked that our prosecutor was too hot-tempered and morbidly sensitive. Into some cases he would put his whole soul and conduct them as if his whole fate and all his fortune depended on their outcome. In the legal world they laughed at this somewhat, for it was precisely by this quality of his that our prosecutor had even earned a certain renown, if far from universal, still much greater than one might have supposed in view of his modest position in our court. They laughed especially at his passion for psychology. In my opinion, they were all mistaken: our prosecutor, as a man and a character, seems to me to have been much more serious than many thought of him. But this sickly man simply never knew how to establish himself, from his very first steps at the beginning of his career, and then all his life long.

As for the presiding judge of our court, all that can be said of him is that he was an educated, humane man, with a practical knowledge of his business and of the most modern ideas. He was rather vain, but did not care very much about his career. The chief aim of his life consisted in being a progressive man. Besides, he had connections and a fortune. He took the Karamazov case rather to heart, as it turned out afterward, but only in a general sense. What interested him was the phenomenon, its classification, the view of it as a product of our social foundations, as characteristic of the Russian element, and so on, and so on. Toward the personal character of the case, its tragedy, and likewise toward the persons of those taking part, beginning with the defendant, he was rather indifferent and abstract, as, however, perhaps was proper.

Long before the court appeared, the hall was already packed to bursting. Our courtroom is the best hall in town, spacious, lofty, resonant. To the right of the members of the court, who were seated on a sort of raised platform, a table and two rows of armchairs had been prepared for the jurors. On the left was the place of the defendant and his counsel. In the middle of the hall, near the court's place, stood a table with the "material evidence." On it lay Fyodor Pavlovich's bloodstained white silk dressing gown, the fatal brass pestle with which the presumed murder had been committed, Mitya's shirt with its sleeve stained with blood, his frock coat all covered with bloodstains at the back where the pocket was, into which he had stuffed his handkerchief, all wet with blood, that time, the handkerchief itself, all stiffened with blood and now gone quite yellow, the pistol loaded by Mitya at Perkhotin's for his suicide and quietly taken away from him in Mokroye by Trifon Borisovich, the envelope with the inscription in which the three thousand had been prepared for Grushenka, and the thin little pink ribbon with which it had been tied, and many other objects that I do not even remember. At some distance fur-

ther on, toward the back of the hall, began the places for the public, but before the balustrade stood several armchairs for those witnesses who, having already given their testimony, would be left in the hall. At ten o'clock the court appeared, consisting of the presiding judge, one associate judge, and one honorary justice of the peace. Of course, the prosecutor appeared at once as well. The presiding judge was a thickset, stocky man, below average height, with a hemorrhoidal face, about fifty years old, with dark, graying hair cut short, and wearing a red ribbon—I no longer remember of what order. The prosecutor, on the other hand, seemed to me, and not only to me but to everyone, somehow very pale, his face almost green, as if for some reason he had suddenly grown thin in one night, perhaps, because I had seen him only the day before yesterday still quite himself. The presiding judge began by asking the bailiff whether all the jurors were present?... I see, however, that I cannot go on like this any longer, if only because there was much I did not hear, other things I failed to grasp, still others I forgot to remember, and above all because, as I have already said above, if I were to recall everything that was said and that happened, I would literally have neither the time nor the space. I know only that not very many jurors were challenged by either side, that is, by the defense counsel and the prosecutor. But I remember the makeup of the twelve jurors: four of our officials, two merchants, and six peasants and tradesmen of our town. In our society, I remember, long before the trial, people had asked with some surprise, especially the ladies: "Can it be that such a subtle, complicated, and psychological case is going to be handed over for its fateful decision to some petty officials and, finally, to peasants, and what will some such official understand of it, let alone a peasant?" And indeed, all four of the officials who were on the jury were small men, of low rank, gray-haired—only one of them was somewhat younger—little known in our society, vegetating on small

salaries, with, no doubt, old wives who could not be shown anywhere, and each with a heap of children, perhaps even barefoot ones, at most diverting their leisure somewhere over a little game of cards and, of course, never having read a single book. The two merchants, though they had a sedate look, were somehow strangely silent and motionless; one of them shaved his beard and was dressed in the German fashion; the other, with a little gray beard, had some sort of medal on a red ribbon around his neck. Of the tradesmen and peasants there is nothing to say. Our Skotoprigonyevsk tradesmen are almost the same as peasants, they even plow. Two of them were also in German dress, and perhaps for that very reason looked dirtier and less presentable than the other four. So that the thought really could arise, as it arose in me, for example, as soon as I had looked them over: "What can such men grasp in such a case?" Nevertheless their faces made a strangely imposing and almost menacing impression; they were stern and frowning.

At last the presiding judge announced the hearing of the case of the murder of the retired titular councilor Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov—I do not remember exactly how he put it then. The bailiff was ordered to bring in the defendant, and now Mitya appeared. Everything went quiet in the hall, you could have heard a fly. I do not know about the others, but Mitya's appearance made a most unpleasant impression on me. Above all, he arrived got up as a terrible dandy, in a brand-new frock coat. I learned afterward that he had ordered the frock coat for this day on purpose, in Moscow, from his former tailor, who had kept his measurements. He was wearing brand-new black kid gloves and smart linen. He walked in with his long, yard-long strides, looking straight ahead of him to the point of immobility, and sat down in his place with the most fearless air. And then, right away, the defense counsel appeared as well, the famous Fetyukovich, and a sort of sup-

pressed hum, as it were, swept through the hall. He was a tall, lean man, with long, thin legs, with extremely long, pale, thin fingers, a clean-shaven face, modestly combed, rather short hair, and thin lips that now and then curled in what was either a sneer or a smile. To look at, he was about forty. His face would even have been pleasant, had it not been for his eyes, small and inexpressive in themselves, but set unusually close together, so that only the one thin bone of his long, thin nose separated them. In a word, this physiognomy had something sharply birdlike about it, which was striking. He was in a tailcoat and white tie. I remember the presiding judge's first questioning of Mitya, that is, about his name, his station, and so on. Mitya answered abruptly, but somehow unexpectedly loudly, so that the presiding judge even gave his head a shake and looked at him almost in surprise. Then the list was read of the persons summoned to the examination of the evidence, that is, of the witnesses and experts. The list was long; four of the witnesses had not appeared: Miusov, who was by this time already in Paris, but whose testimony was on file from the preliminary investigation; Mrs. Khokhlakova and the landowner Maximov, because of illness; and Smerdyakov, because of his sudden death, of which a certificate from the police was presented. The news of Smerdyakov caused a strong stir and whispering in the hall. Of course, many in the public had not yet heard of this sudden episode of suicide at all. But what was especially striking was Mitya's sudden outburst: no sooner had the report on Smerdyakov been made than he suddenly exclaimed from his place, for the whole hall to hear:

"A dog's death for a dog!"

I remember how his counsel rushed to him and how the presiding judge addressed him with a threat to take strict measures if such an outburst as this were repeated once more. Mitya, abruptly

and nodding his head, but as though not repenting at all, repeated several times in an undertone to his counsel:

"I won't, I won't! It slipped out! I won't anymore!"

And of course this short little episode did not serve him well in the opinion of the jury and the public. A character was declaring itself and recommending itself. It was under this impression that the indictment was read by the clerk of the court.

It was rather brief, but thorough. It set out only the chief reasons why so-and-so had been charged, why he had to be committed for trial, and so on. Nevertheless it made a strong impression on me. The clerk read it clearly, resonantly, distinctly. This whole tragedy seemed to appear again before everyone, in relief, concentrated, lit by a fateful, merciless light. I remember how right after the reading the presiding judge asked Mitya loudly and impressively:

"Defendant, do you plead guilty?" Mitya suddenly rose from his seat:

"I plead guilty to drunkenness and debauchery," he exclaimed in a voice that was again somehow unexpected, almost frenzied, "to idleness and dissipation. I wanted to become an honest man forever, precisely at the second when fate cut me down! But of the death of the old man, my enemy and my father—not guilty! And of robbing him—no, no, not guilty, and I cannot be guilty: Dmitri Karamazov is a scoundrel, but not a thief!"

Having shouted this, he sat down in his place, visibly trembling all over. The presiding judge again addressed him with a brief but edifying admonition to answer only the questions and not to go off into irrelevant and frenzied exclamations. Then he ordered the examination of the evidence to begin. All the witnesses were brought in to take the oath. Here I saw them all at once. The defendant's brothers, however, were permitted to testify without taking the oath. After an exhortation by the priest and by the pre-

siding judge, the witnesses were led out and seated, as far as possible, apart from one another. Then they began to be called one at a time.

II. Dangerous Witnesses

I do not know whether the presiding judge had divided the witnesses for the prosecution and for the defense into groups of some kind, or in what order exactly it was intended to call them. Probably all that was done. I know only that the witnesses for the prosecution began to be called first. I repeat, I do not intend to describe all the examinations, step by step. Besides, my description would be partly superfluous, because in the speeches of the prosecutor and the defense counsel, when it came to the closing arguments, the whole course and meaning of all the testimony given and heard was brought together, as it were, into one point, in a bright and characteristic light, and these two remarkable speeches I wrote down in full, at least in places, and will convey in due course, as well as one extraordinary and quite unexpected episode of the trial, which broke out suddenly even before the closing arguments and undoubtedly influenced its terrible and fateful outcome. I will remark only that from the very first minutes of the trial a certain particular characteristic of this "case" stood out vividly, noticed by everyone, namely: the extraordinary strength of the prosecution in comparison with the means at the disposal of the defense. Everyone understood this at the first moment, when in that terrible courtroom the facts began to gather and group themselves, concentrating, and all that horror and all that blood gradually began to stand out into the open. It became clear to everyone, perhaps, from the very first steps, that this was not even a disputed case at all, that there were no doubts here, that in essence there would be no need for any arguments at

all, that the arguments would be only for form's sake, and that the criminal was guilty, guilty manifestly, guilty conclusively. I even think that all the ladies, every last one of them, who thirsted so impatiently for the acquittal of the interesting defendant, were at the same time perfectly convinced of his complete guilt. More than that, it seems to me that they would even have been disappointed if his guilt had not been so well confirmed, for then there would not have been such an effect in the denouement, when the criminal is acquitted. And that he would be acquitted—of that, strange to say, all the ladies were conclusively convinced almost to the very last minute: "he's guilty, but they will acquit him out of humaneness, out of the new ideas, out of the new feelings that are going around now," and so on, and so on. That was why they had come running here with such impatience. The men, on the other hand, were most interested in the battle between the prosecutor and the glorious Fetyukovich. Everyone wondered and asked himself: what could even such a talent as Fetyukovich make of such a lost case, of such an empty eggshell?—and so they followed his exploits step by step with strained attention. But Fetyukovich remained a riddle to everyone to the very end, up to his very speech. Experienced people had a presentiment that he had a system, that something had already taken shape in his mind, that he had an aim before him, but what it was, it was almost impossible to guess. His confidence and self-assurance, however, were striking. Besides that, everyone noticed at once with pleasure that in such a short stay among us, in only some three days perhaps, he had managed to familiarize himself with the case amazingly and had "studied it to the finest point." People related with relish afterward, for instance, how he had managed to "trip up" all the prosecution witnesses in good time and, as far as possible, to throw them off, and above all to besmirch their moral reputation, and so, of itself, to besmirch their testimony too. It was supposed, how-

ever, that he did this at most for the game, so to speak, for a certain legal brilliance, so that none of the accepted lawyers' devices would be forgotten: for everyone was convinced that he could not achieve any great and decisive advantage by all these "besmirchings" and, probably, understood this himself better than anyone, having some idea of his own in reserve, some weapon of the defense still hidden for the time being, which he would suddenly bring out when its time arrived. But for now, all the same, aware of his strength, he was, as it were, playing and frolicking. So, for example, when Grigory Vasilyev, Fyodor Pavlovich's former valet, who gave the most crucial testimony about "the door into the garden standing open," was questioned, the defense counsel fairly seized on him when his turn came to put questions. It must be noted that Grigory Vasilyevich came into the hall not in the least abashed either by the majesty of the court or by the presence of the enormous public listening to him, with a calm and almost majestic air. He gave his testimony with as much assurance as if he had been chatting in private with his Marfa Ignatyevna, only perhaps more respectfully. It was impossible to throw him off. First the prosecutor questioned him at length about all the particulars of the Karamazov family. The family picture stood out vividly. One heard, one saw, that the witness was simple-hearted and impartial. With all his most profound respect for the memory of his former master, he nevertheless declared, for instance, that the master had been unjust to Mitya and "didn't bring up his children right. Without me, the lice would have eaten him up when he was a little boy," he added, telling of Mitya's childhood years. "And it wasn't fitting for a father to wrong his son over his mother's estate, his family estate." But to the prosecutor's question as to what grounds he had for asserting that Fyodor Pavlovich had wronged his son in the settlement, Grigory Vasilyevich, to everyone's surprise, presented no sound data whatever, but still insisted that the settlement with

the son had been “not right” and that he really “should have been paid several thousand more.” I will remark, by the way, that this question—whether Fyodor Pavlovich had really underpaid Mitya anything?—the prosecutor afterward put with particular insistence to all the witnesses to whom he could put it, not excepting either Alyosha or Ivan Fyodorovich, but from none of the witnesses did he receive any precise information; everyone asserted the fact, and no one could present even the slightest clear proof. After Grigory had described the scene at the table, when Dmitri Fyodorovich burst in and beat his father, threatening to come back and kill him, a gloomy impression swept through the hall, all the more so because the old servant told it calmly, without superfluous words, in his own peculiar language, and it came out terribly eloquent. As for the injury done him by Mitya, who had struck him in the face that time and knocked him off his feet, he remarked that he bore no grudge and had long since forgiven it. Of the late Smerdyakov he said, crossing himself, that the fellow had ability, but was stupid and oppressed by his illness, and above all a godless man, and that Fyodor Pavlovich and the eldest son had taught him his godlessness. But he confirmed Smerdyakov’s honesty almost warmly, and right then told how Smerdyakov, in times gone by, finding money his master had dropped, had not hidden it but brought it to his master, and the master had “given him a gold piece” for it and from then on began to trust him in everything. The open door into the garden he confirmed with stubborn insistence. However, he was questioned so much that I cannot remember it all. At last the questioning passed to the defense counsel, and he first of all began to inquire about the envelope in which Fyodor Pavlovich had “supposedly” hidden three thousand rubles for “a certain person.” “Did you see it yourself—you, a man who had been so many years close to your master?” Grigory answered that he had not seen it, and had not even heard of any such money

at all from anyone, “until the very time when everybody started talking about it now.” This question about the envelope Fetyukovich for his part also put to all the witnesses he could ask about it, with the same insistence as the prosecutor his question about the division of the estate, and from all he likewise received only the one answer, that no one had seen the envelope, though a great many had heard of it. Everyone noticed from the very beginning the defense counsel’s insistence on this question.

“Now may I address a question to you, if you will only permit me,” Fetyukovich suddenly and quite unexpectedly asked, “what was that balsam made of, or, so to speak, that tincture, with which, that evening, before going to bed, as is known from the preliminary investigation, you rubbed your aching lower back, hoping to cure it thereby?”

Grigory looked dully at his questioner and, after a short silence, muttered:

“There was sage in it.”

“Only sage? Can you recall anything else?”

“There was plantain too.”

“And pepper, perhaps?” Fetyukovich inquired.

“There was pepper too.”

“And so on. And all of it in vodka?”

“In spirits.”

A faint ripple of laughter passed through the hall.

“You see, in spirits even. Having rubbed your back, you then were pleased to drink the remaining contents of the bottle, with a certain pious prayer known only to your spouse, isn’t that so?”

“I drank it.”

“About how much did you drink? Roughly? A little glass or two?”

“About a tumblerful.”

“A tumblerful, even. Perhaps a tumbler and a half?”

Grigory fell silent. He seemed to have understood something.

"A tumbler and a half of nice pure spirits—that's not at all bad, you know, what do you think? One might see 'the doors of paradise opened wide,' let alone a door into the garden?"

Grigory still kept silent. Again a ripple of laughter passed through the hall. The presiding judge stirred.

"Do you not know for certain," Fetyukovich went on, fastening on him more and more, "whether you were asleep or not at the moment when you saw the door into the garden standing open?"

"I was standing on my feet."

"That is not yet proof that you were not asleep (more and more laughter in the hall). Could you, for instance, have answered at that moment, if someone had asked you something—well, for instance, what year it is now?"

"That I don't know."

"And what year is it now, of our era, since the birth of Christ, don't you know?"

Grigory stood with a baffled look, staring point-blank at his tormentor. It seemed strange, evidently, that he really did not know what year it was now.

"Perhaps, however, you know how many fingers you have on your hand?"

"I'm a man under orders," Grigory suddenly said, loudly and distinctly. "If the authorities are pleased to make mock of me, I must bear it."

Fetyukovich seemed a little taken aback, but the presiding judge intervened too and reminded the defense counsel edifyingly that he ought to ask more relevant questions. Fetyukovich, having listened, bowed with dignity and announced that he had finished his questions. Of course, both in the public and in the jury a little worm of doubt could have remained about the testimony of a man who had had the opportunity "to see the doors of paradise" in a certain state of treatment and, besides, did not even know what

year it was since the birth of Christ; so the defense counsel had achieved his aim all the same. But before Grigory withdrew, there was one more episode. The presiding judge, turning to the defendant, asked whether he had anything to remark concerning the testimony given.

"Except for the door, he told the truth in everything," Mitya shouted loudly. "For combing the lice out of me—thank you; for forgiving me the beating—thank you; the old fellow's been honest all his life and faithful to my father like seven hundred poodles."

"Defendant, choose your words," the presiding judge said sternly.

"I'm not a poodle," Grigory grumbled too.

"Well, then I'm the poodle, I am!" Mitya shouted. "If it's offensive, I take it on myself, and I ask his forgiveness: I was a beast and cruel to him! I was cruel to Aesop too."

"What Aesop?" the presiding judge took him up sternly again.

"Well, Pierrot… my father, Fyodor Pavlovich."

The presiding judge again and again impressively and now most sternly enjoined Mitya to choose his expressions more carefully.

"You are only harming yourself thereby in the opinion of your judges."

The defense counsel managed things just as cleverly in the questioning of the witness Rakitin. I will remark that Rakitin was one of the most important witnesses and one whom the prosecutor undoubtedly valued. It turned out that he knew everything, knew an astonishing amount, he had been everywhere, had seen everything, had talked with everyone, knew the biography of Fyodor Pavlovich and all the Karamazovs in the greatest detail. True, about the envelope with the three thousand he too had heard only from Mitya himself. On the other hand, he described in detail Mitya's exploits in the Metropolis tavern, all his compromising words and gestures, and told the story of Staff Captain

Snegiryov's "wisp of bast." As to that particular point, however, whether Fyodor Pavlovich had remained owing Mitya anything in the settlement of the estate, even Rakitin himself could point to nothing and got off with commonplaces of a contemptuous character: "who, you see, could make out which of them was to blame and reckon up who remained owing whom, amid the muddle-headed Karamazovism in which no one could either understand or define himself?" The whole tragedy of the crime under trial he depicted as the product of the inveterate customs of serfdom and of a Russia sunk in disorder, suffering from the lack of appropriate institutions. In a word, he was allowed to express himself somewhat. With this trial Mr. Rakitin made himself known for the first time and became noticed; the prosecutor knew that the witness was preparing an article on the present crime for a journal, and later, in his speech (as we shall see below), he quoted several thoughts from this article, which means that he was already acquainted with it. The picture drawn by the witness came out gloomy and fateful and greatly strengthened "the prosecution." In general, Rakitin's exposition captivated the public by its independence of thought and the extraordinary nobility of its flight. There were even two or three sudden outbursts of applause, precisely at the places where serfdom and Russia suffering from disorder were spoken of. But Rakitin, being still a young man, made a small slip, of which the defense counsel at once managed to take excellent advantage. Answering certain questions concerning Grushenka, carried away by his success, of which he was of course already aware himself, and by the height of nobility to which he had soared, he allowed himself to speak of Agrafena Alexandrovna somewhat contemptuously, as "the kept woman of the merchant Samsonov." He would have given a great deal afterward to take back that little word of his, for it was precisely on it that Fetyukovich at once caught him. And all because Rakitin had not at

all reckoned on the man's having been able, in so short a time, to acquaint himself with the case down to such intimate details.

"Allow me to inquire," the defense counsel began with the most amiable and even respectful smile, when his turn came to put questions, "you are, of course, that very Mr. Rakitin whose pamphlet, published by the diocesan authorities, *The Life of the Elder Father Zosima, Departed in God*, full of profound and religious thoughts, with an excellent and pious dedication to His Grace the bishop, I recently read with such pleasure?"

"I didn't write it for publication… they published it afterward," Rakitin muttered, as though suddenly taken aback by something, and almost with shame.

"Oh, that is excellent! A thinker like you can, and even must, take a very broad view of every social phenomenon. Under His Grace's patronage your most useful pamphlet has circulated widely and done relative good… But here is what I chiefly wished to be curious about: you have just declared that you were very closely acquainted with Miss Svetlova? (*Nota bene.* Grushenka's surname turned out to be 'Svetlova.' I learned this for the first time only on that day, in the course of the trial.)"

"I cannot answer for all my acquaintances… I'm a young man… and who can answer for everyone he meets," Rakitin flared up all over.

"I understand, I understand only too well!" Fetyukovich exclaimed, as if embarrassed himself and as if hastening headlong to apologize. "You, like anyone else, could in your turn have been interested in the acquaintance of a young and beautiful woman who readily received the flower of the local youth, but… I only wished to ascertain: we know that about two months ago Svetlova extremely wished to make the acquaintance of the youngest Karamazov, Alexei Fyodorovich, and merely for your bringing him to her, and precisely in his monastic dress of that time, she

promised to give you twenty-five rubles, as soon as you brought him to her. This, as is known, took place precisely on the evening of the day that ended in the tragic catastrophe that has given rise to the present case. You brought Alexei Karamazov to Miss Svetlova and—did you receive those twenty-five rubles from Svetlova then as a reward, that is what I would like to hear from you?"

"It was a joke… I don't see why that can interest you. I took it as a joke… and meaning to give it back later…"

"So you took it. But you have not given it back to this day… or have you?"

"This is trivial…" Rakitin muttered. "I can't answer questions like that… Of course I shall give it back."

The presiding judge intervened, but the defense counsel announced that he had finished his questions to Mr. Rakitin. Mr. Rakitin left the stage somewhat smeared. The impression of the lofty nobility of his speech had been spoiled after all, and Fetyukovich, following him with his eyes, seemed to be saying, pointing him out to the public, "there, you see, that is what your noble accusers are like!" I remember that here too there was an episode on Mitya's part: enraged by the tone in which Rakitin had spoken of Grushenka, he suddenly shouted from his place, "Bernard!" And when the presiding judge, at the end of the whole questioning of Rakitin, turned to the defendant to ask whether he wished to remark anything on his part, Mitya shouted in a booming voice:

"He was cadging loans from me, from me, when I was already the defendant! A contemptible Bernard and a careerist, and he doesn't believe in God, he swindled His Grace!"

Mitya, of course, was again called to order for the violence of his expressions, but Mr. Rakitin was finished off. The testimony of Staff Captain Snegiryov did not go well either, but for quite a dif-

ferent reason. He appeared all in tatters, in dirty clothes, in dirty boots, and, in spite of all precautions and a preliminary "examination," suddenly turned out to be quite tipsy. To questions about the insult inflicted on him by Mitya he suddenly refused to answer.

"God be with them, sir. Ilyushechka told me not to. God will repay me there, sir."

"Who told you not to speak? Whom are you referring to?"

"Ilyushechka, my little son: 'Papa, Papa, how he humiliated you!' He said it by the stone. Now he's dying, sir..."

The staff captain suddenly burst into sobs and flung himself headlong at the presiding judge's feet. He was quickly led out, amid the laughter of the public. The impression the prosecutor had prepared did not come off at all.

The defense counsel, meanwhile, went on making use of every means and astonished people more and more by his familiarity with the case down to the minutest details. Thus, for example, the testimony of Trifon Borisovich had made a very strong impression and, of course, was extremely unfavorable to Mitya. He calculated precisely, almost on his fingers, that Mitya, on his first visit to Mokroye, almost a month before the catastrophe, could not have spent less than three thousand, or "maybe short by only the tiniest bit. On those Gypsy girls alone, how much was thrown away! It wasn't just that our lousy peasants 'had fifty-kopeck pieces flung at them in the street,' he made them presents of twenty-five-ruble notes at the very least, he didn't give any less. And how much was simply stolen from him then, sir! Whoever stole didn't leave his hand behind, so how are you to catch him, the thief, sir, when he was throwing it around for nothing himself! Our folk are robbers, you know, they don't look after their souls. And the girls, our village girls, what they got! They've grown rich here since that time, that's what, sir, before there was poverty." In a word, he recalled every expenditure and worked it all out exactly as on an abacus.

Thus the supposition that only fifteen hundred had been spent and the rest put aside in the pouch was becoming unthinkable. “I saw it myself, I saw three thousand in his hands like a single kopeck, I beheld it with my own eyes, who should understand counting if not us, sir!” Trifon Borisovich exclaimed, trying with all his might to please “the authorities.” But when the questioning passed to the defense counsel, he, almost without even attempting to refute the testimony, suddenly began to talk of how the coachman Timofei and another peasant, Akim, had picked up a hundred rubles on the floor of the entryway in Mokroye, during that first spree, a whole month before the arrest, dropped by Mitya while he was drunk, and had handed them to Trifon Borisovich, and he had given them a ruble each for it. “Well, then, did you return those hundred rubles to Mr. Karamazov at the time or not?” However Trifon Borisovich wriggled, after the peasants were questioned he admitted to the hundred-ruble note that had been found, adding only that he had religiously returned it all to Dmitri Fyodorovich at the time and handed it to him “in all honesty, and only that he himself, being at the time quite drunk, sir, can hardly remember it.” But since, before the peasant witnesses were called, he had nevertheless denied finding the hundred rubles, his testimony about returning the sum to the tipsy Mitya was naturally subjected to great doubt. Thus one of the most dangerous witnesses put forward by the prosecution went away, again, under suspicion and badly smeared in his reputation. The same thing happened with the Poles: they appeared proudly and independently. They testified loudly that, in the first place, both had “served the Crown,” that “Pan Mitya” had offered them three thousand as the price of their honor, and that with their own eyes they had seen large sums of money in his hands. Pan Mussyalovich stuck a frightful number of Polish words into his phrases and, noticing that this only raised him in the eyes of the presiding judge and the prosecutor, at last

raised his spirit altogether and began speaking entirely in Polish. But Fetyukovich caught them in his nets too: however the recalled Trifon Borisovich wriggled, he had to admit all the same that his pack of cards had been replaced by Pan Vrublevsky with one of his own, and that Pan Mussyalovich, while dealing at faro, had cheated with a card. This was confirmed by Kalganov when he gave his testimony in turn, and both pans withdrew in some disgrace, even amid the laughter of the public.

Then the very same thing happened with almost all the most dangerous witnesses. Fetyukovich managed to smear each one of them morally and to send him off with his nose somewhat out of joint. The amateurs and the lawyers could only admire, and only wondered, again, what great and decisive purpose all this could serve, for, I repeat, everyone felt the irresistibility of the prosecution, which kept growing ever more tragically. But the assurance of the "great magician" showed them that he was calm, and they waited: not for nothing had "such a man" come from Petersburg, and he was not the sort of man to go back with nothing.

III. The Medical Experts and a Pound of Nuts

The medical experts did not help the defendant very much either. And Fetyukovich himself, it seems, did not count on them much, as indeed it turned out afterward. At bottom this expert examination came about solely at the insistence of Katerina Ivanovna, who had sent for a famous doctor from Moscow on purpose. The defense, of course, could lose nothing by it, and at best might gain something. However, something almost comic, as it were, even came of it in part, namely because of a certain disagreement among the doctors. The experts who appeared were: the famous doctor who had come, then our Doctor Herzenstube, and finally the young physician Varvinsky. The last two also figured simply as witnesses called by the prosecutor. The first to be questioned in the capacity of expert was Doctor Herzenstube. He was an old man of seventy, gray and bald, of medium height and sturdy build. Everyone in our town valued and respected him greatly. He was a conscientious physician, an excellent and pious man, some sort of Herrnhuter or "Moravian Brother"—I really do not know for certain. He had lived among us for a very long time and carried himself with extraordinary dignity. He was kind and humane, treated poor patients and peasants free of charge, went himself into their hovels and cottages and left money for medicine, but at the same time he was as stubborn as a mule. To shift him from an idea of his, once it had lodged in his head, was impossible. By the way, almost everyone in town already knew that the famous visiting physician, in some two

or three days of his stay among us, had allowed himself several extremely offensive remarks about Doctor Herzenstube's gifts. The point is that, although the Moscow physician charged no less than twenty-five rubles a visit, still some people in our town were glad of the opportunity of his coming, did not grudge the money, and rushed to him for advice. All these patients had, of course, been treated before him by Doctor Herzenstube, and so the famous physician criticized his treatment everywhere with extraordinary sharpness. Toward the end, on coming to a patient, he would even ask outright: "Well, who's been messing you up here, Herzenstube? Heh-heh!" Doctor Herzenstube, of course, learned all this. And now all three physicians appeared one after another to be questioned. Doctor Herzenstube declared outright that "the abnormality of the mental faculties of the defendant is self-evident." Then, having presented his considerations, which I omit here, he added that this abnormality was evident chiefly not only from many of the defendant's former actions, but now as well, at this very minute even, and when he was asked to explain how it was evident now, at this very minute, the old doctor, with all the directness of his simple-heartedness, pointed out that the defendant, on entering the hall, "had an extraordinary and, under the circumstances, peculiar look, marched forward like a soldier and kept his eyes in front of him, rigidly, whereas it would have been more proper for him to look leftward, where the ladies are sitting in the public, for he was a great lover of the fair sex and must have been thinking very much of what the ladies will now say about him," the old man concluded in his own peculiar language. It must be added that he spoke Russian a great deal and willingly, but somehow every sentence of his came out in the German manner, which, however, never embarrassed him, for all his life he had had the weakness of considering his Russian speech a model one, "better even than the Russians' own," and he was even very fond of resorting to Russian

proverbs, assuring everyone each time that Russian proverbs were the best and most expressive of all the proverbs in the world. I will remark further that in conversation, whether from some absent-mindedness or other, he often forgot the most ordinary words, which he knew perfectly well but which for some reason would suddenly pop out of his head. The same thing, however, happened when he spoke German, and at such times he would always wave his hand in front of his face, as if trying to catch the lost little word, and no one could have forced him to go on with what he had begun to say until he had found the missing word. His remark that the defendant, on entering, ought to have looked at the ladies, provoked a playful whispering among the public. All our ladies were very fond of our old man; they knew too that he, a bachelor all his life, pious and chaste, looked upon women as higher and ideal beings. And so his unexpected remark seemed terribly strange to everyone.

The Moscow doctor, questioned in his turn, sharply and insistently confirmed that he considered the defendant's mental condition abnormal, "even in the highest degree." He spoke a great deal and cleverly about "a fit of passion" and "mania," and deduced that, according to all the data collected, the defendant had been, for several days before his arrest, in an undoubted morbid state of passion, and if he had committed the crime, then, though he was aware of it, he had done so almost involuntarily, quite without the strength to struggle against the morbid moral impulse that had taken possession of him. But besides the fit of passion, the doctor also discerned mania, which already foretold, in his words, a straight road ahead to complete insanity. (NB. I convey this in my own words; the doctor expressed himself in very learned and specialized language.) "All his actions are contrary to common sense and logic," he went on. "I will not speak of what I did not see, that is, of the crime itself and this whole catastrophe, but even the day

before yesterday, during his conversation with me, he had an inexplicable fixed gaze. Unexpected laughter, when it is not called for at all. Incomprehensible constant irritation, strange words: 'Bernard, ephics,' and others that are not called for." But the doctor discerned this mania especially in the fact that the defendant cannot even speak of those three thousand rubles of which he considers himself cheated without a sort of extraordinary irritation, whereas of all his other failures and injuries he speaks and recalls them rather easily. Finally, according to inquiries made, he had likewise before, every time those three thousand were touched upon, flown into an almost frenzied state, and yet it was testified of him that he was disinterested and not grasping. "As for the opinion of my learned colleague," the Moscow doctor added ironically as he concluded his speech, "that the defendant, on entering the hall, ought to have looked at the ladies and not straight in front of him, I will say only this: apart from the playfulness of such a conclusion, it is, besides, radically mistaken; for although I fully agree that the defendant, on entering the courtroom in which his fate is being decided, ought not to have looked so fixedly in front of him, and that this really could be considered a sign of his abnormal mental state at the given moment, yet at the same time I assert that he ought to have looked not to the left at the ladies but, on the contrary, precisely to the right, seeking with his eyes his defense counsel, in whose help lies all his hope and on whose defense his whole fate now depends." The doctor expressed his opinion decisively and emphatically. But a special comedy was given to the disagreement of the two learned experts by the unexpected conclusion of the physician Varvinsky, who was questioned last of all. In his view, the defendant was now, as before, in a perfectly normal state, and although he really must have been in a nervous and extremely excited condition before his arrest, this could have come from many of the most obvious causes: from jeal-

ousy, anger, a continually drunken state, and so on. But this nervous condition could not have contained any special "fit of passion" such as had just been spoken of. As to whether the defendant ought to have looked to the left or to the right on entering the hall, then, "in his modest opinion," the defendant ought precisely to have looked straight in front of him on entering, as indeed he did look, for straight in front of him sat the presiding judge and the members of the court, on whom his whole fate now depends, "so that, by looking straight in front of him, he proved by that very fact the perfectly normal state of his mind at the given moment," the young physician concluded his "modest" testimony with some heat.

"Bravo, sawbones!" Mitya shouted from his place. "Exactly so!"

Mitya, of course, was stopped, but the young physician's opinion had the most decisive effect both on the court and on the public, for, as it turned out afterward, everyone agreed with him. However, Doctor Herzenstube, questioned now as a witness, quite unexpectedly and suddenly served Mitya's cause. As an old resident of the town, who had long known the Karamazov family, he gave several pieces of testimony very interesting for "the prosecution," and suddenly, as if something had occurred to him, added:

"And yet the poor young man could have had a far better lot beyond comparison, for he was of a good heart both in childhood and after childhood, for I know this. But the Russian proverb says: 'If someone has one mind, that is good, but if another clever man comes to visit, it will be still better, for then there will be two minds and not only one…'"

"Two heads are better than one," the prosecutor prompted impatiently, having long known the old man's habit of speaking slowly, drawn out, untroubled by the impression he was producing or by the fact that he was making people wait, and, on the contrary, setting great store by his heavy, potato-like, and always joy-

fully self-satisfied German wit. And the old man loved to make witticisms.

"Oh, y-yes, that is what I say too," he took up stubbornly, "one head is good, but two are much better. But no other man with a head came to him, and he sent his own off... What is it, where did he send it? That word—where he sent his mind, I have forgotten," he went on, twirling his hand before his eyes. "Ah, yes, *spazieren*."

"For a walk?"

"Well, yes, for a walk, that is what I say too. So his mind went off for a stroll and came to such a deep place in which it lost itself. And yet he was a grateful and sensitive youth, oh, I remember him very well when he was still such a little one, abandoned by his father in the backyard, when he ran about on the ground without little boots and with his little trousers on one button."

A sort of sensitive and heartfelt note was suddenly heard in the honest old man's voice. Fetyukovich fairly gave a start, as if he had a presentiment of something, and instantly fastened on it.

"Oh, yes, I was then still a young man myself... I... well, yes, I was then forty-five years old, and I had only just come here. And I felt sorry for the boy then, and I asked myself: why can I not buy him one pound... Well, yes, a pound of what? I have forgotten what it is called... a pound of what children love very much, what is it—well, what is it..." and the doctor fell to waving his hands again, "it grows on trees, and they gather it and give it to everyone as a present..."

"Apples?"

"Oh, n-no-o-o! A pound, a pound, apples are by the ten, and not by the pound... no, there are many of them and all little, you put them in your mouth and cr-r-rack!..."

"Nuts?"

"Well, yes, nuts, that is what I say too," the doctor confirmed in the calmest manner, as though he had not been searching for the

word at all, "and I brought him one pound of nuts, for no one had ever yet brought the boy a pound of nuts, and I raised my finger and said to him: 'Boy! *Gott der Vater* (God the Father),' and he laughed and said, '*Gott der Vater*.' '*Gott der Sohn* (God the Son).' Again he laughed and babbled, '*Gott der Sohn*.' '*Gott der heilige Geist* (God the Holy Spirit).' Then he laughed again and said as best he could, '*Gott der heilige Geist*.' And I went away. On the third day I am walking by, and he shouts to me himself, 'Uncle, *Gott der Vater, Gott der Sohn*,' and only he had forgotten '*Gott der heilige Geist*,' but I reminded him, and again I felt very sorry for him. But they took him away, and I did not see him anymore. And then twenty-three years have gone by, one morning I am sitting in my study, already with a white head, and suddenly in comes a young man in the bloom of health, whom I cannot recognize at all, but he raised his finger and says, laughing, '*Gott der Vater, Gott der Sohn und Gott der heilige Geist*! I am just now arrived and I came to thank you for the pound of nuts; for no one ever bought me a pound of nuts then, and you alone bought me a pound of nuts.' And then I remembered my happy youth and the poor boy in the yard without little boots, and my heart turned over, and I said, 'You are a grateful young man, for all your life you have remembered that pound of nuts which I brought you in your childhood.' And I hugged him and gave him my blessing. And I wept. He laughed, but he wept too… for a Russian very often laughs where he ought to weep. But he wept too, I saw it. And now, alas!…"

"And I'm weeping now, German, I'm weeping now, you man of God!" Mitya suddenly shouted from his place.

Be that as it may, the little anecdote produced a certain favorable impression on the public. But the chief effect in Mitya's favor was produced by the testimony of Katerina Ivanovna, of which I will speak presently. And in general, when the witnesses *à décharge* (for the defense) began, that is, those called by the

defense counsel, fortune suddenly seemed to smile on Mitya, and even seriously, and—what is most remarkable of all—unexpectedly even for the defense itself. But even before Katerina Ivanovna, Alyosha was questioned, and he suddenly recalled a fact that seemed even to have the look of positive evidence against one of the most important points of the prosecution.

IV. Fortune Smiles on Mitya

It happened quite unexpectedly even for Alyosha himself. He was called without taking the oath, and I remember that from the very first words of the questioning all the parties treated him with extraordinary gentleness and sympathy. One could see that a good reputation had preceded him. Alyosha testified modestly and with restraint, but a warm sympathy for his unfortunate brother plainly broke through in his testimony. Replying to one of the questions, he drew his brother as a man perhaps violent and carried away by his passions, but also noble, proud, and magnanimous, ready even for sacrifice, if it were demanded of him. He admitted, however, that in those last days, because of his passion for Grushenka, because of his rivalry with his father, his brother had been in an unbearable position. But he indignantly rejected even the supposition that his brother could have killed for the purpose of robbery, though he admitted that those three thousand had turned in Mitya's mind into something almost like a mania, that he considered them an inheritance withheld from him by his father's deceit, and that, though he was not at all greedy for money, he could not even begin to speak of those three thousand without frenzy and fury. As for the rivalry of the two "persons," as the prosecutor put it, that is, of Grushenka and Katya, he answered evasively and even declined altogether to answer one or two questions.

"Did your brother at least tell you that he intended to kill his father?" asked the prosecutor. "You may decline to answer, if you find it necessary," he added.

"He did not say so directly," answered Alyosha.

"How, then? Indirectly?"

"He spoke to me once of his personal hatred for his father and said he was afraid that… at an extreme moment… at a moment of loathing… he might perhaps even be capable of killing him."

"And hearing that, you believed it?"

"I am afraid to say that I believed it. But I was always convinced that a certain higher feeling would always rescue him at the fatal minute, as in fact it did rescue him, because it was *not he* who killed my father," Alyosha concluded firmly, in a loud voice that carried through the whole hall. The prosecutor started like a warhorse hearing the trumpet call.

"Rest assured that I fully believe in the most complete sincerity of your conviction, without conditioning it or assimilating it in the least to your love for your unfortunate brother. Your peculiar view of the whole tragic episode that has played itself out in your family is already known to us from the preliminary investigation. I will not hide from you that it is in the highest degree singular and contradicts all the other testimony obtained by the prosecution. And therefore I find it necessary to ask you, now with insistence: what data precisely guided your thought and directed it toward a conclusive conviction of your brother's innocence and, on the contrary, of the guilt of another person, at whom you already pointed directly during the preliminary investigation?"

"During the preliminary investigation I only answered questions," Alyosha said quietly and calmly, "and did not come forward myself with an accusation against Smerdyakov."

"And still you pointed at him?"

"I pointed at him on the word of my brother Dmitri. Even before I was questioned, I was told what had happened at his arrest and how he himself had pointed at Smerdyakov then. I fully believe that my brother is innocent. And if it was not he who killed, then…"

"Then Smerdyakov? Why Smerdyakov precisely? And why precisely are you so conclusively convinced of your brother's innocence?"

"I could not help believing my brother. I know that he will not lie to me. I saw by his face that he was not lying to me."

"Only by his face? Is that all your proof?"

"I have no other proof."

"And as to Smerdyakov's guilt, you likewise rely on no other proof whatever than your brother's words and the expression of his face?"

"Yes, I have no other proof."

With that the prosecutor broke off his questioning. Alyosha's answers had made the most disappointing impression on the public. There had already been talk about Smerdyakov among us even before the trial, someone had heard something, someone had pointed to something, it was said of Alyosha that he had accumulated some extraordinary proofs in his brother's favor and of the lackey's guilt, and here—nothing, no proofs at all, except some moral convictions, so natural in his position as the defendant's own brother.

But then Fetyukovich began his questions too. To the question of when exactly the defendant had told him, Alyosha, of his hatred for his father and that he might kill him, and whether he had heard it from him, for instance, at their last meeting before the catastrophe, Alyosha, as he answered, suddenly seemed to start, as if only now remembering and grasping something:

"I recall now one circumstance which I had quite forgotten myself, but at the time it was so unclear to me, and now…"

And Alyosha, with animation, evidently having just now hit upon the idea himself, recalled how at his last meeting with Mitya, in the evening, by the tree, on the road to the monastery, Mitya, striking himself on the breast, "on the upper part of the breast,"

had repeated to him several times that he had a means of restoring his honor, that this means was here, right here, on his breast… "I thought then that, striking himself on the breast, he was speaking of his heart," Alyosha went on, "of being able to find in his heart the strength to escape from some terrible disgrace that lay ahead of him and that he did not dare confess even to me. I confess I did think then precisely that he was speaking of his father and that he shuddered, as at a disgrace, at the thought of going to his father and committing some act of violence against him, and yet just then he seemed to be pointing at something on his breast, so that, I remember, some thought flashed through my mind just then that the heart is not at all in that part of the breast, but lower, while he was striking himself much higher, right here, just below the neck, and kept pointing to that place. My thought seemed silly to me then, but perhaps he was pointing precisely at that pouch in which the fifteen hundred rubles were sewn up!…"

"Exactly!" Mitya suddenly shouted from his place. "That's right, Alyosha, that's right, I was pounding it with my fist then!"

Fetyukovich rushed to him in haste, imploring him to calm himself, and at the same instant fairly fastened on Alyosha. Alyosha, carried away by his recollection himself, warmly expressed his supposition that this disgrace most probably consisted precisely in this, that, having on him those fifteen hundred rubles, which he could have returned to Katerina Ivanovna as half of his debt to her, he had nevertheless decided not to give her this half and to use it for something else, that is, for carrying off Grushenka, if she agreed…

"That's so, that's precisely so," Alyosha exclaimed in sudden excitement, "my brother exclaimed to me precisely then that half, half of the disgrace (he said several times: *half*!) he could remove from himself at once, but that he was so unhappy in the weakness

of his character that he would not do it… he knew beforehand that he could not and had not the strength to do it!"

"And you remember firmly, clearly, that he struck himself precisely on that place on his breast?" Fetyukovich questioned eagerly.

"Clearly and firmly, because precisely the thought occurred to me then: why is he striking himself so high, when the heart is lower, and my thought seemed silly to me then and there… I remember that it seemed silly… it flashed through my mind. That is precisely why I have just remembered it now. And how could I have forgotten it until this very moment! He was pointing precisely at that pouch to show that he had the means, but that he would not give back those fifteen hundred! And at his arrest, in Mokroye, he shouted precisely—I know this, I was told—that he considered it the most disgraceful deed of his whole life that, having the means to give back half (precisely half!) of his debt to Katerina Ivanovna and to stand before her as not a thief, he nevertheless could not bring himself to give it back and would sooner stay a thief in her eyes than be parted from the money! And how he suffered, how he suffered over that debt!" Alyosha concluded with an exclamation.

Of course, the prosecutor intervened too. He asked Alyosha to describe once more how it had all been, and insisted several times, asking whether the defendant, beating himself on the breast, had really seemed to be pointing at something? Perhaps he was simply beating his breast with his fist?

"But not with his fist!" Alyosha exclaimed. "He was precisely pointing with his fingers, and pointing here, very high… But how could I have forgotten it so completely until this very minute!"

The presiding judge turned to Mitya with the question of what he could say concerning the testimony given. Mitya confirmed that it had all been precisely so, that he had precisely been pointing at his fifteen hundred, which he had on his breast, just below

the neck, and that of course it was a disgrace, “a disgrace I don’t disown, the most disgraceful act of my whole life!” Mitya cried. “I could have given it back and I didn’t. I preferred to remain a thief in her eyes, but I didn’t give it back, and the chief disgrace of all was that I knew beforehand I wouldn’t give it back! Alyosha is right! Thank you, Alyosha!”

With that Alyosha’s questioning ended. What was important and characteristic was precisely the circumstance that at least one single fact had turned up, at least one single proof, granted the most trifling, almost only a hint of a proof, but which still testified, if only a tiny drop, that this pouch had really existed, that there had been fifteen hundred rubles in it, and that the defendant had not been lying during the preliminary investigation when he declared at Mokroye that those fifteen hundred “were mine.” Alyosha was glad; all flushed, he proceeded to the place assigned to him. For a long time he kept repeating to himself: “How did I forget it! How could I have forgotten it! And how is it that it came back to me so suddenly only now!”

The questioning of Katerina Ivanovna began. The moment she appeared, something extraordinary swept through the hall. The ladies seized their lorgnettes and opera glasses, the men stirred, some stood up from their seats to see better. Everyone asserted afterward that Mitya suddenly went “white as a sheet” the moment she came in. All in black, modestly and almost timidly, she approached the place assigned to her. One could not tell from her face that she was agitated, but resolution flashed in her dark, somber gaze. It must be noted that a great many people asserted afterward that she was astonishingly beautiful at that moment. She began to speak quietly but clearly, so that the whole hall could hear. She expressed herself with extraordinary calm, or at least with an effort to be calm. The presiding judge began his questions cautiously, extremely respectfully, as though afraid to touch “cer-

tain strings" and respecting a great misfortune. But Katerina Ivanovna herself, from her very first words, declared firmly, in answer to one of the questions put to her, that she had been the defendant's betrothed "until he himself left me..." she added quietly. When she was asked about the three thousand entrusted to Mitya for sending by post to her relatives, she said firmly: "I did not give it to him for the post directly; I had a presentiment then that he needed money very badly... at that moment. I gave him those three thousand on condition that he send them, if he liked, within a month. He tormented himself so afterward over that debt for nothing..."

I do not convey all the questions and all her answers exactly; I convey only the essential sense of her testimony.

"I was firmly convinced that he would always have time to send those three thousand as soon as he received money from his father," she went on, answering the questions. "I was always convinced of his disinterestedness and his honesty... his lofty honesty... in money matters. He was firmly convinced that he would receive three thousand rubles from his father, and he spoke to me of it several times. I knew that he had a quarrel with his father, and I was always convinced, and am to this day, that his father had wronged him. I do not remember any threats against his father on his part. At least in my presence he said nothing, no threats. If he had come to me then, I would at once have calmed his anxiety over those unfortunate three thousand he owed me, but he did not come to me anymore... and I myself... I had been put in such a position... that I could not call him to me... And besides, I had no right whatever to be exacting with him over that debt," she suddenly added, and something resolute rang in her voice. "I myself once received from him a monetary favor even greater than three thousand, and I accepted it, in spite of the fact that I could not

even foresee then that I would ever be in a position to pay him my debt."

A sort of challenge seemed to be felt in the tone of her voice. It was precisely at this moment that the questions passed to Fetyukovich.

"That was not here, but at the beginning of your acquaintance?" Fetyukovich took her up, approaching cautiously, instantly sensing something favorable. (I will remark in parentheses that, in spite of the fact that he had been summoned from Petersburg partly by Katerina Ivanovna herself, he still knew nothing of the episode of the five thousand given her by Mitya back in that other town, nor of "the bow to the ground." She had not told him this and had concealed it! And that was astonishing. One may suppose with certainty that she herself, until the very last minute, did not know whether she would tell this episode at the trial or not, and was waiting for some sort of inspiration.)

No, I can never forget those minutes! She began to tell, she told *everything*, the whole episode that Mitya had confided to Alyosha, and "the bow to the ground," and the reasons, and about her father, and her appearance at Mitya's, and never by a word, not by a single hint, did she mention that Mitya himself, through her sister, had proposed "sending Katerina Ivanovna to him for the money." That she magnanimously concealed, and was not ashamed to bring out into the open that it was she, she herself, who had run to the young officer then, of her own impulse, hoping for something... to beg money from him. It was something staggering. I went cold and trembled as I listened, the hall froze, catching every word. There was something unexampled in it, so that even from such a willful and contemptuously proud girl as she was, it was almost impossible to expect such highly candid testimony, such a sacrifice, such self-immolation. And for what, for whom? To save her betrayer and the man who had wronged her, to serve at least

in some way, however small, toward saving him, by producing a good impression in his favor! And indeed: the image of an officer giving away his last five thousand rubles—all that he had left in life—and bowing respectfully before an innocent girl came out very sympathetic and attractive, but… my heart contracted painfully! I felt that slander might come of it later (and it did come later, it came!). With a spiteful little laugh people said afterward all over town that the story was perhaps not quite accurate, precisely at the point where the officer let the young lady go from him "supposedly with only a respectful bow." They hinted that something had been "left out" there. "And even if nothing was left out, even if it was all the truth," said even the most respectable of our ladies, "even then it is still not known whether it was very noble for a girl to act like that, even if it was to save her father?" And could it be that Katerina Ivanovna, with her intelligence, with her morbid perspicacity, had no presentiment beforehand that people would talk like that? She certainly had a presentiment of it, and yet she resolved to tell everything! Of course, all these dirty little doubts about the truth of the story began only later, and at the first moment everything and everyone was shaken. As for the members of the court, they heard Katerina Ivanovna out in a reverent, so to speak, even bashful silence. The prosecutor did not permit himself a single further question on this subject. Fetyukovich bowed deeply to her. Oh, he was almost triumphant! Much had been gained: a man who, in a noble impulse, gives away his last five thousand, and then the same man killing his father at night in order to rob him of three thousand—that was something partly incongruous. At least the robbery, now, Fetyukovich could set aside. "The case" was suddenly bathed in a sort of new light. Something sympathetic swept through the hall in Mitya's favor. As for him… it was said of him that once or twice during Katerina Ivanovna's testimony he jumped up from his place, then fell back

onto the bench again and covered his face with both palms. But when she had finished, he suddenly exclaimed in a sobbing voice, stretching out his arms to her:

"Katya, why have you ruined me!"

And he began sobbing aloud, for the whole hall to hear. However, he instantly restrained himself and shouted again:

"Now I am condemned!"

And then he seemed to go rigid where he sat, clenching his teeth and crossing his arms tightly on his chest. Katerina Ivanovna remained in the hall and sat down on the chair assigned to her. She was pale and sat with her eyes lowered. Those who were near her related that for a long time she trembled all over as if in a fever. Grushenka appeared for questioning.

I am coming close to that catastrophe which, breaking out suddenly, really did, perhaps, ruin Mitya. For I am convinced, and so is everyone, all the lawyers said so afterward, that if this episode had not occurred, the criminal would at least have been granted leniency. But of this presently. Only two words about Grushenka first.

She came into the hall also dressed all in black, with her beautiful black shawl about her shoulders. Smoothly, with her soundless walk, swaying a little, as plump women sometimes walk, she approached the balustrade, looking intently at the presiding judge and never once glancing either to the right or to the left. In my opinion, she was very beautiful at that moment and not at all pale, as the ladies asserted afterward. They asserted too that she had a sort of concentrated and spiteful face. I think only that she was irritated and keenly felt upon her the contemptuously curious looks of our public, greedy for scandal. Hers was a proud character, one that could not bear contempt, one of those who, the moment they suspect contempt from anyone, at once flare up with anger and a thirst to fight back. Along with this there was, of

course, timidity as well, and an inner shame at this timidity, so that it is no wonder her speech was uneven—now wrathful, now contemptuous and deliberately rude, and then suddenly a sincere, heartfelt note of self-condemnation, of self-accusation, would sound. And at times she spoke as though she were flying into some abyss: "it's all the same, whatever comes of it, I'll say it anyway…" Concerning her acquaintance with Fyodor Pavlovich, she remarked sharply: "That's all nonsense, is it my fault he got stuck on me?" And then, a minute later, she added: "It's all my fault, I laughed at the both of them—at the old man and at this one—and drove them both to it. It all happened because of me." Somehow the matter touched on Samsonov: "What business is it of anyone's," she snapped at once with a sort of insolent defiance, "he was my benefactor, he took me in barefoot when my own folk threw me out of the cottage." The presiding judge, very politely, however, reminded her that she must answer the questions directly, without going into superfluous details. Grushenka flushed, and her eyes flashed.

She had not seen the envelope with the money, but had only heard from "the villain" that Fyodor Pavlovich had some envelope with three thousand. "Only that was all foolishness, I laughed at it, and I wouldn't have gone there for anything…"

"Whom did you just refer to as 'the villain'?" the prosecutor inquired.

"Why, the lackey, Smerdyakov, who killed his master and hanged himself yesterday."

Of course, she was instantly asked what grounds she had for such a decisive accusation, but it turned out that she too had no grounds whatever.

"That's what Dmitri Fyodorovich told me himself, so believe him. That home-wrecker ruined him, that's what, she alone is the

cause of it all, that's what," Grushenka added, as if shuddering all over with hatred, and a spiteful note rang in her voice.

They inquired whom she was hinting at now.

"Why, the young lady, this Katerina Ivanovna here. She invited me to her place that time, treated me to chocolate, wanted to charm me. There's little true shame in her, that's what..."

Here the presiding judge stopped her, now sternly, asking her to moderate her expressions. But the jealous woman's heart had already flared up, she was ready to fly even into the abyss...

"At the arrest in the village of Mokroye," the prosecutor asked, recalling it, "everyone saw and heard how you ran out of the other room and cried, 'It's all my fault, we'll go to penal servitude together!' So you too were already convinced at that moment that he was a parricide?"

"I don't remember what I felt then," answered Grushenka. "Everybody started shouting then that he'd killed his father, and I felt that it was my fault and that it was because of me he'd killed. But when he said he was innocent, I believed him at once, and I believe him now, and I always will believe him: he's not the sort of man to lie."

The questions passed to Fetyukovich. Among other things, I remember, he asked about Rakitin and about the twenty-five rubles "for bringing Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov to you."

"And what's so surprising about his taking the money," Grushenka grinned with contemptuous spite. "He kept coming to me to whine for money, he'd get as much as thirty rubles a month out of me sometimes, mostly for his own fun: he had enough to eat and drink without mine."

"On what grounds were you so generous to Mr. Rakitin?" Fetyukovich took her up, in spite of the fact that the presiding judge was stirring violently.

"Why, he's my cousin. My mother and his mother were sisters. Only he kept begging me not to tell anybody about it here, he was very much ashamed of me."

This new fact turned out to be a complete surprise to everyone; no one in the whole town had known of it until then, not even in the monastery, not even Mitya. It was said that Rakitin turned crimson with shame on his chair. Grushenka had somehow found out, even before she came into the hall, that he had testified against Mitya, and that was why she was angry. The whole of Mr. Rakitin's speech of a while before, all its nobility, all its sallies against serfdom and the civil disorder of Russia—all of it was now, this time, finally crossed out and destroyed in the general opinion. Fetyukovich was pleased: once again God had dropped a windfall into his cap. In general, Grushenka was not questioned for very long, and of course she could not have communicated anything particularly new. She left a very unpleasant impression on the public. Hundreds of contemptuous looks were fixed on her when, having finished her testimony, she sat down in the hall rather far from Katerina Ivanovna. All the time she was being questioned, Mitya kept silent, as though turned to stone, his eyes lowered to the floor.

Ivan Fyodorovich appeared as a witness.

V. A Sudden Catastrophe

I will remark that he had been called even before Alyosha. But the bailiff had reported to the presiding judge then that, owing to a sudden indisposition or some sort of fit, the witness could not appear at once, but that as soon as he recovered he would be ready to give his testimony whenever desired. Somehow, however, no one had heard this, and it became known only afterward. In the first moment his appearance was almost unnoticed: the chief witnesses, especially the two rivals, had already been questioned; curiosity was satisfied for the time being. Even fatigue was felt among the public. Several more witnesses still had to be heard, who probably could communicate nothing special in view of all that had already been communicated. And time was passing. Ivan Fyodorovich approached somehow astonishingly slowly, looking at no one and even with his head lowered, as though frowning over some consideration. He was dressed impeccably, but his face made a painful impression, on me at least: there was something in that face as if touched by earth, something like the face of a dying man. His eyes were clouded; he raised them and slowly passed them over the hall. Alyosha suddenly started up from his chair and moaned: ah! I remember that. But few caught even that.

The presiding judge began by saying that he was a witness not under oath, that he might testify or keep silent, but that, of course, everything he testified must be according to his conscience, and so on, and so on. Ivan Fyodorovich listened and looked at him dully; but suddenly his face slowly began to spread into a smile,

and the moment the presiding judge, who was looking at him in surprise, finished speaking, he suddenly burst out laughing.

"Well, and what else?" he asked loudly.

Everything went quiet in the hall; something seemed to be sensed. The presiding judge grew uneasy.

"You are… perhaps not quite well yet?" he began, searching with his eyes for the bailiff.

"Don't trouble yourself, Your Excellency, I am well enough, and I can tell you something curious," Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly answered, quite calmly and respectfully.

"You have some special communication to present?" the presiding judge went on, still distrustfully.

Ivan Fyodorovich lowered his eyes, hesitated a few seconds, and, raising his head again, answered as though stammering:

"No… I haven't. I have nothing special."

They began to put questions to him. He answered somehow quite reluctantly, somehow with deliberate brevity, even with a sort of loathing that kept growing more and more, though he answered sensibly all the same. To many questions he pleaded ignorance. Of his father's accounts with Dmitri Fyodorovich he knew nothing. "And I didn't concern myself with it," he said. Of the threats to kill his father he had heard from the defendant. Of the money in the envelope he had heard from Smerdyakov…

"It's all one and the same," he suddenly interrupted with a weary look. "I can communicate nothing special to the court."

"I see you are unwell, and I understand your feelings…" the presiding judge began.

He was about to turn to the parties, to the prosecutor and the defense counsel, inviting them to put questions if they found it necessary, when suddenly Ivan Fyodorovich asked in an exhausted voice:

"Let me go, Your Excellency, I feel very unwell."

And with that word, without waiting for permission, he suddenly turned of his own accord and started out of the hall. But, having gone four steps or so, he stopped, as though he had suddenly thought something over, grinned quietly, and came back to his former place.

"I, Your Excellency, am like that peasant girl… you know how it goes: 'Ef I wanna, I'll jump, ef I wanna, I won't jump.' They go after her with a sarafan or a homespun skirt, or whatever it is, for her to jump into, so they can tie her up and take her off to be married, and she says, 'Ef I wanna, I'll jump, ef I wanna, I won't jump'… It's in some folk custom of ours…"

"What do you mean by that?" the presiding judge asked sternly.

"Why, this," Ivan Fyodorovich suddenly took out a wad of money. "Here is the money… the very money that lay in that envelope there," he nodded at the table with the material evidence, "and for which Father was killed. Where shall I put it? Mr. Bailiff, pass it on, please."

The bailiff took the whole wad and passed it to the presiding judge.

"How could this money have come into your possession… if it is the same money?" the presiding judge said in surprise.

"I got it from Smerdyakov, from the murderer, yesterday. I was at his place before he hanged himself. It was he who killed Father, not my brother. He killed him, and I taught him to kill… Who doesn't wish for his father's death?…"

"Are you in your right mind or not?" escaped involuntarily from the presiding judge.

"That's just it, I am in my right mind… and a base mind, just like yours, like all of these… m-mugs!" he suddenly turned on the public. "A father has been killed, and they pretend to be frightened," he ground out with furious contempt. "They make faces at one another. Liars! They all wish for their father's death. One viper

devours the other... If there were no parricide, they would all get angry and go home in a bad temper... A spectacle! 'Bread and circuses!' Though I'm a fine one myself! Have you any water or not, give me a drink, for Christ's sake!" He suddenly clutched his head.

The bailiff at once went up to him. Alyosha suddenly jumped up and shouted, "He's ill, don't believe him, he has delirium tremens!" Katerina Ivanovna rose impetuously from her chair and, motionless with horror, stared at Ivan Fyodorovich. Mitya got up and, with a sort of wild, twisted smile, looked at his brother and listened to him avidly.

"Calm yourselves, I'm not insane, I'm only a murderer!" Ivan began again. "You can't expect eloquence from a murderer..." he suddenly added for some reason, and laughed a twisted laugh.

The prosecutor, in visible confusion, leaned over to the presiding judge. The members of the court whispered fussily among themselves. Fetyukovich pricked up his ears and listened intently. The hall froze in expectation. The presiding judge suddenly seemed to come to his senses.

"Witness, your words are incomprehensible and impossible here. Calm yourself, if you can, and tell us... if you really have something to say. How can you confirm such a confession... if you are not simply raving?"

"That's just it, I have no witnesses. That dog Smerdyakov won't send you his testimony from the other world... in an envelope. You want envelopes for everything, one is enough. I have no witnesses... Except perhaps just one," he grinned pensively.

"Who is your witness?"

"He has a tail, Your Excellency, it won't be according to form! *Le diable n'existe point*! (The devil does not exist!) Pay no attention, a trashy, petty devil," he added, suddenly ceasing to laugh and as if confidentially. "He's sure to be here somewhere, under that table with the material evidence, where else would he sit, if not there?

You see, listen to me: I told him, I don't want to keep silent, and he goes on about the geological upheaval… nonsense! Well, set the monster free… he's started singing a hymn, that's because he feels light! It's just like some drunken rogue bawling out 'Vanka's gone off to Piter,' and I would give a quadrillion quadrillions for two seconds of joy. You don't know me! Oh, how stupid it all is with you! Well, take me instead of him! I must have come for something… Why, why is everything that exists so stupid!…"

And again he began slowly, and as if pensively, to look around the hall. But by now everything was in commotion. Alyosha was about to rush to him from his place, but the bailiff had already seized Ivan Fyodorovich by the arm.

"What's this now?" the latter cried, peering point-blank into the bailiff's face, and suddenly, seizing him by the shoulders, he furiously flung him to the floor. But the guards came running up, seized him, and at that he let out a frenzied howl. And all the while they were carrying him out, he howled and shouted something incoherent.

A commotion arose. I do not remember it all in order; I was agitated myself and could not keep track. I know only that afterward, when everything had calmed down and everyone had understood what the matter was, the bailiff did get a dressing-down, although he explained to his superiors, with good reason, that the witness had been well the whole time, that the doctor had seen him when he had had a slight fainting spell an hour before, but that until he came into the hall he had talked coherently, so that it was impossible to foresee anything; that he himself, on the contrary, had insisted and absolutely wanted to give testimony. But before anyone had calmed down and come to his senses even a little, right after this scene another broke out: Katerina Ivanovna went into hysterics. With loud shrieks she burst into sobs, but she would not

leave, she struggled, begged them not to take her away, and suddenly cried out to the presiding judge:

"I must give one more piece of testimony, at once… at once!… Here is a paper, a letter… take it, read it quickly, quickly! It's a letter from this monster, this one here, this one!" She was pointing at Mitya. "It was he who killed his father, you will see now, he writes to me how he will kill his father! And the other one is ill, ill, he has delirium tremens! I've seen for three days now that he is in a fever!"

So she cried out, beside herself. The bailiff took the paper she was holding out to the presiding judge, and she, falling back on her chair and covering her face, began to sob convulsively and soundlessly, shaking all over and stifling the slightest moan for fear of being sent out of the hall. The paper she had handed over was that very letter of Mitya's from the Metropolis tavern which Ivan Fyodorovich had called a document of "mathematical" importance. Alas! It was precisely this mathematical quality that was recognized in it, and had it not been for this letter, perhaps Mitya would not have perished, or at least would not have perished so terribly! I repeat, it was hard to follow the details. Even now it all appears to me in such a commotion. The presiding judge must have communicated the new document to the court, the prosecutor, the defense counsel, and the jury right then. I remember only how they began to question the witness. To the question whether she had calmed herself, gently addressed to her by the presiding judge, Katerina Ivanovna impetuously exclaimed:

"I am ready, ready! I am perfectly able to answer you," she added, evidently still terribly afraid that for some reason they would not hear her out. She was asked to explain in more detail what this letter was and under what circumstances she had received it.

"I received it on the very eve of the crime, and he wrote it a day earlier still, from the tavern, that is, two days before his crime—look, it's written on some sort of bill!" she cried, gasping. "He hated me then because he himself had done a base thing and gone after that creature… and also because he owed me those three thousand… Oh, he felt injured over those three thousand because of his own baseness! This is how it was with those three thousand—I beg you, I implore you to hear me out: three weeks before he killed his father, he came to me one morning. I knew what he needed—money, and I knew what for—why, precisely to seduce that creature and carry her off with him. I knew then that he had already betrayed me and wanted to abandon me, and I, I myself, held out that money to him then, I myself offered it, supposedly for sending to my sister in Moscow—and as I gave it, I looked him in the face and said that he could send it whenever he liked, 'even in a month's time.' Well, how, how could he not have understood that I was telling him straight to his face: 'You need money to betray me with your creature, so here is the money, I give it to you myself, take it, if you are so dishonorable as to take it!…' I wanted to expose him, and what happened? He took it, he took it and carried it off and spent it with that creature there, in one night… But he understood, he understood that I knew everything, I assure you that he understood then that in giving him the money I was only testing him: would he be so dishonorable as to take it from me, or not? I looked into his eyes, and he looked into mine and understood everything, understood everything, and took it, and took it, and carried off my money!"

"It's true, Katya!" Mitya suddenly howled. "I looked into your eyes and I knew that you were dishonoring me, and still I took your money! Despise the scoundrel, despise me, all of you, I've deserved it!"

"Defendant," cried the presiding judge, "one more word, and I will have you removed."

"That money tormented him," Katya went on, hurrying convulsively. "He wanted to give it back to me, he wanted to, that is true, but he needed money for that creature too. So he killed his father, and still he did not give me back the money, but went off with her to that village where he was seized. There again he squandered on drink the money he had stolen from the father he had killed. And the day before he killed his father, he wrote me this letter, wrote it drunk, I saw that at once then, wrote it out of spite and knowing, surely knowing, that I would show this letter to no one, even if he did kill. Otherwise he would not have written it. He knew that I would not want to take revenge on him and ruin him! But read it, read it attentively, please, more attentively, and you will see that in the letter he described everything, everything beforehand: how he would kill his father and where the old man's money lay. Look, please don't miss it, there is one phrase there: 'I'll kill him, if only Ivan has gone.' That means he had thought out beforehand how he would kill him," Katerina Ivanovna prompted the court, gloating and venomous. Oh, one could see that she had read that fatal letter through to the finest point and studied every little stroke in it. "If he weren't drunk he wouldn't have written to me, but look, everything is described in advance there, everything exactly as he killed him afterward, the whole program!"

So she exclaimed, beside herself, and of course scorning all the consequences for herself, though of course she had foreseen them, perhaps as much as a month before, because even then, perhaps, shuddering with spite, she had dreamed: "Shouldn't I read this to the court?" Now it was as if she had gone flying downhill. I remember, I think it was precisely then, that the letter was read aloud by the clerk and produced a staggering impression. Mitya was asked: "Did he acknowledge this letter?"

"It's mine, mine!" exclaimed Mitya. "I wouldn't have written it if I hadn't been drunk!... We hated each other for many things, Katya, but I swear, I swear, I loved you even while I hated you, and you didn't love me!"

He fell back into his place, wringing his hands in despair. The prosecutor and the defense counsel began to put questions in cross-examination, chiefly to this effect: "What, you see, induced you earlier to conceal such a document and to testify before in a quite different spirit and tone?"

"Yes, yes, I lied earlier, I lied all along, against honor and conscience, but I wanted earlier to save him, because he hated and despised me so!" Katya exclaimed like a madwoman. "Oh, he despised me terribly, he always despised me, and you know, you know—he despised me from that very minute when I bowed down at his feet that time for that money. I saw it... I felt it right then and there, but for a long time I did not believe myself. How many times I read in his eyes: 'All the same, you came to me yourself that time.' Oh, he did not understand, he understood nothing of why I came running then, he is capable of suspecting only baseness! He measured by himself, he thought everyone was like him," Katya ground out furiously, now in a complete frenzy. "And he wanted to marry me only because I had received an inheritance, because of that, because of that! I always suspected it was because of that! Oh, he is a beast! All his life he was sure that all my life I would tremble before him with shame for having come to him that time, and that he could despise me for it forever, and so be the one on top—that is why he wanted to marry me! It is so, it is all so! I tried to conquer him with my love, a love without end, I even wanted to bear his betrayal, but he understood nothing, nothing. And can he understand anything! He is a monster! I received this letter only the next day in the evening, it was brought to me from the tavern,

and that very morning, that very morning of that day, I had wanted to forgive him everything, everything, even his betrayal!"

Of course, the presiding judge and the prosecutor tried to calm her. I am sure that they were all, perhaps, even ashamed themselves to take such advantage of her frenzy and to listen to such confessions. I remember, I heard, how they said to her, "We understand how hard it is for you, believe us, we are capable of feeling," and so on, and so on—and yet they drew the testimony out of the woman, driven out of her mind, in hysterics. At last she described, with the extraordinary clarity that so often flashes, though only for an instant, even at moments of such a strained state, how Ivan Fyodorovich had been almost going out of his mind all these two months trying to save "the monster and murderer," his brother.

"He tormented himself," she exclaimed, "he kept wanting to lessen his guilt, confessing to me that he himself had not loved his father and perhaps had himself wished for his death. Oh, that is a deep, deep conscience! He has tormented himself with his conscience! He revealed everything to me, everything, he came to me and talked with me every day as with his only friend. I have the honor to be his only friend!" she suddenly exclaimed, just as if with a sort of challenge, her eyes flashing. "He went to Smerdyakov's twice. Once he came to me and said: if it was not my brother who killed, but Smerdyakov (because everyone here was spreading that fable, that Smerdyakov had killed), then perhaps I am guilty too, because Smerdyakov knew that I did not love my father and perhaps thought that I wished for my father's death. Then I took out this letter and showed it to him, and he became completely convinced that his brother had killed, and that struck him down completely. He could not bear it that his own brother was a parricide! A week ago already I saw that he was ill from it. In these last days, sitting at my place, he was delirious. I saw that his mind was wan-

dering. He walked about raving, people saw him like that in the streets. The doctor who came from Moscow examined him at my request the day before yesterday and told me that he was close to brain fever—all because of him, all because of the monster! And yesterday he learned that Smerdyakov had died—it struck him so that he went out of his mind... and all from the monster, all from trying to save the monster!"

Oh, of course, one can speak like that and confess like that only once in a lifetime—at the moment before death, for example, mounting the scaffold. But Katya was precisely in her character and in her moment. It was the same impetuous Katya who had rushed that time to the young profligate to save her father; the same Katya who earlier, before this whole public, proud and chaste, had sacrificed herself and her maidenly shame, telling of "Mitya's noble deed," only in order to soften in some measure the fate awaiting him. And now, just the same, she had sacrificed herself as well, but now for another, and perhaps only now, only at this moment, feeling and grasping fully for the first time how dear this other man was to her! She had sacrificed herself in fear for him, suddenly imagining that he had ruined himself by his testimony, that it was he who had killed and not his brother; she had sacrificed herself to save him, his good name, his reputation! And yet a terrible thing flashed through the mind: was she lying about Mitya when she described her former relations with him—that is the question. No, no, she did not slander him deliberately when she cried out that Mitya despised her for the bow to the ground! She believed it herself, she was profoundly convinced, perhaps from the very moment of that bow, that simple-hearted Mitya, who had adored her even then, was laughing at her and despising her. And it was only out of pride that she herself had become attached to him then with a love, a hysterical and strained love, out of wounded pride, and that love resembled not love but

revenge. Oh, perhaps that strained love might have grown into a real one, perhaps Katya wished for nothing so much as that, but Mitya had insulted her to the depths of her soul by his betrayal, and her soul did not forgive. And the moment of revenge swooped down unexpectedly, and everything that had accumulated so long and so painfully in the injured woman's breast burst out all at once, and again unexpectedly. She had betrayed Mitya, but she had betrayed herself as well! And of course, the moment she had finished speaking her mind, the strain snapped, and shame overwhelmed her. Again the hysterics began; she fell, sobbing and crying out. She was carried out. At the moment when she was being carried out, Grushenka rushed with a wail from her place to Mitya, so quickly that they did not even have time to hold her back.

"Mitya!" she wailed. "Your serpent has ruined you! There, she's shown you what she is!" she cried to the court, shaking with fury. At a sign from the presiding judge she was seized and they began to lead her out of the hall. She would not let herself be taken, she struggled and tore herself back toward Mitya. Mitya howled and tore himself toward her too. He was overpowered.

Yes, I suppose our lady spectators were left satisfied: it was a rich spectacle. Then I remember how the visiting Moscow doctor appeared. I believe the presiding judge had already sent the bailiff before that to arrange for help to be given to Ivan Fyodorovich. The doctor reported to the court that the sick man was in a most dangerous attack of brain fever and that he ought to be taken away immediately. In answer to questions from the prosecutor and the defense counsel, he confirmed that the patient had come to him himself the day before yesterday and that he had predicted an imminent brain fever for him then and there, but that he had not wanted to be treated. "And he was positively not in a sound state of mind; he confessed to me himself that he sees visions while awake, meets in the street various persons who have already died,

and that Satan comes to visit him every evening," the doctor concluded. Having given his testimony, the famous physician withdrew. The letter presented by Katerina Ivanovna was added to the material evidence. After deliberation the court decided: to continue the examination of the evidence, and to enter both unexpected pieces of testimony (Katerina Ivanovna's and Ivan Fyodorovich's) into the record.

But I will not describe the further examination of the evidence. And the testimony of the remaining witnesses was only a repetition and confirmation of the earlier testimony, though each with its own characteristic features. But I repeat, everything will be brought together into one point in the prosecutor's speech, to which I will now proceed. Everyone was excited, everyone was electrified by the last catastrophe, and waited with burning impatience only for the denouement as soon as possible, for the speeches of the parties and the verdict. Fetyukovich was visibly shaken by Katerina Ivanovna's testimony. The prosecutor, on the other hand, was triumphant. When the examination of the evidence was over, a recess was announced that lasted almost an hour. At last the presiding judge opened the closing arguments. I believe it was exactly eight o'clock in the evening when our prosecutor, Ippolit Kirillovich, began his speech for the prosecution.

VI. The Prosecutor's Speech. Character Sketches

Ippolit Kirillovich began his speech for the prosecution trembling all over with a nervous shiver, with a cold, sickly sweat on his forehead and temples, feeling chill and fever by turns throughout his whole body. He related this himself afterward. He regarded this speech as his *chef-d'œuvre* (masterpiece), the *chef-d'œuvre* of his whole life, as his swan song. It is true that nine months later he did die of galloping consumption, so that, as it turned out, he really would have had the right to compare himself to a swan singing its last song, if he had foreseen his end beforehand. Into this speech he put all his heart and all the intelligence he had, and he unexpectedly proved that there lay hidden in him both civic feeling and the "accursed" questions, at least insofar as our poor Ippolit Kirillovich could find room for them in himself. Above all, his words carried the day because they were sincere: he sincerely believed in the defendant's guilt; he accused him not to order, not merely by virtue of his office, and, calling for "retribution," he really was shaking with the desire "to save society." Even our lady public, hostile to Ippolit Kirillovich in the end, admitted, however, that it had carried away an extraordinary impression. He began in a cracked, breaking voice, but then very soon his voice grew stronger and rang through the whole hall, and so it went to the end of the speech. But the moment he finished it, he almost fainted.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the prosecutor began, "the present case has resounded throughout all Russia. But what, one would think, is there to wonder at, what is there to be so especially horrified by? For us, for us especially? We are such people, after all, so accustomed to all this! Our horror lies precisely in the fact that such dark cases have almost ceased to be horrible to us! That is what we ought to be horrified by, our habit, and not the single villainy of this or that individual. Where, then, are the causes of our indifference, of our barely lukewarm attitude toward such cases, toward such signs of the times, which prophesy for us a future no one could envy? Is it in our cynicism, in the early exhaustion of mind and imagination of our society, still so young, yet grown so untimely decrepit? Is it in our moral principles, shaken to their foundations, or, finally, in the fact that we perhaps do not even have any such moral principles at all? I do not resolve these questions; nevertheless they are tormenting, and every citizen not merely should but is bound to suffer over them. Our press, just beginning, still timid, has nevertheless already rendered society some services, for without it we would never have learned, with any fullness at all, of those horrors of unbridled will and moral degradation which it conveys ceaselessly in its pages to everyone now, not only to those who attend the halls of the new public courts granted to us in the present reign. And what do we read almost every day? Oh, things at every minute beside which even the present case pales and appears almost as something ordinary. But most important of all is that a multitude of our Russian, our national criminal cases testify precisely to something universal, to some general calamity that has made itself at home among us and that is already hard to fight, as a universal evil. Here a brilliant young officer of high society, just beginning his life and career, basely, quietly, without the slightest pang of conscience, cuts the throat of a petty official, who had once been in part his benefactor,

and of the official's servant woman, in order to steal back his own promissory note and with it the rest of the official's cash: 'it will come in handy, you see, for my high-society pleasures and for my career ahead.' Having cut the throats of both, he leaves, having put pillows under the heads of both corpses. There a young hero, hung with crosses for bravery, murders like a highwayman, on the high road, the mother of his commander and benefactor, and, talking his comrades into it, assures them that 'she loves him like her own son, and so she will follow all his advice and will take no precautions.' Granted, he is a monster, but I no longer dare to say now, in our time, that he is only an isolated monster. Another man may not cut a throat, but he thinks and feels exactly as that man did, he is in his soul just as dishonorable as that man. In silence, alone with his conscience, perhaps he asks himself: 'What is honor, after all, and isn't blood a prejudice?' Perhaps they will cry out against me and say that I am a sick man, a hysterical man, that I slander monstrously, that I am raving, that I exaggerate. Let them, let them—and, God, how glad I would be of it, I first of all! Oh, do not believe me, consider me a sick man, but all the same remember my words: for if even a tenth, even a twentieth part of my words is true, why, even then it is terrible! Look, gentlemen, look how our young men shoot themselves: oh, without the slightest Hamlet-like questions about 'What will be *there*?', without a sign of such questions, as though this article concerning our spirit and all that awaits us beyond the grave had long since been crossed out in their nature, buried and covered over with sand. Look, finally, at our debauchery, at our sensualists. Fyodor Pavlovich, the unfortunate victim of the present trial, is almost an innocent babe beside some of them. And yet we all knew him, 'he lived among us'... Yes, the psychology of the Russian crime will perhaps be studied someday by the foremost minds, both ours and European, for the subject is worth it. But this study will take place sometime later, at leisure, when the

whole tragic disorderliness of our present moment has receded further into the background, so that it can be examined both more intelligently and more impartially than people like me, for example, are able to do. Now, however, we are either horrified or pretend to be horrified, while we ourselves, on the contrary, relish the spectacle, like lovers of strong, eccentric sensations that stir our cynically lazy idleness, or, finally, like little children, we wave away the terrible phantoms with our hands and hide our heads in the pillow until the terrible apparition passes, so as to forget it at once afterward in merriment and games. But someday we too must begin to live our life soberly and thoughtfully, we too must cast a glance at ourselves as a society, we too must make sense of at least something in our social affairs, or at least make a beginning of making sense of it. A great writer of the preceding epoch, in the finale of the greatest of his works, personifying all Russia in the form of a dashing Russian troika galloping toward an unknown goal, exclaims: 'Ah, troika, bird-troika, who invented you!'—and adds in proud rapture that all the nations respectfully stand aside before the troika galloping headlong. So be it, gentlemen, let them, let them stand aside, respectfully or not, but in my sinful view the artist of genius ended so either in a fit of childishly innocent beautiful-mindedness, or simply fearing the censorship of his day. For if one were to harness to his troika only his own heroes, the Sobakeviches, Nozdryovs, and Chichikovs, then whoever you set up as coachman, you would never arrive anywhere worthwhile with such horses! And those are only the old horses, which are a far cry from the present ones; ours are a cut above…"

Here Ippolit Kirillovich's speech was interrupted by applause. The liberalism of his depiction of the Russian troika was liked. True, only two or three claps broke out, so that the presiding judge did not even find it necessary to address the public with a threat to "clear the hall" and only looked sternly in the direction of

the clappers. But Ippolit Kirillovich was encouraged: never until now had anyone applauded him! For so many years people had not wanted to listen to the man, and suddenly here was a chance to speak out before all Russia!

"In fact," he went on, "what is this Karamazov family, which has suddenly earned such sad renown even throughout all Russia? Perhaps I exaggerate too much, but it seems to me that in the picture of this little family there glimmer, as it were, certain general basic elements of our modern educated society—oh, not all the elements, and it glimmered only in microscopic form, 'like the sun in a small drop of water,' but all the same something was reflected, all the same something made itself felt. Look at this unfortunate, unbridled, and depraved old man, this 'father of a family,' who ended his existence so sadly. A hereditary nobleman, who began his career as a poor little hanger-on, by a chance and unexpected marriage snatched a small capital as dowry, at first a petty rogue and a fawning buffoon, with the germ of mental abilities, rather far from weak, however, and above all a usurer. With the years, that is, with the growth of his little capital, he takes heart. The servility and ingratiation vanish; there remains only a mocking and spiteful cynic and sensualist. The spiritual side is entirely crossed out, while the thirst for life is extraordinary. It came down to this, that apart from sensual pleasures he sees nothing in life, and so he teaches his children too. Of any spiritual duties of a father—none whatever. He laughs at them, he brings up his little children in the backyard and is glad when they are taken away from him. He even forgets about them altogether. The old man's whole moral code is *après moi le déluge* (after me, the flood). Everything that is the reverse of the notion of a citizen, the most complete, even hostile, separation from society: 'Let the whole world go up in flames, so long as I alone am comfortable.' And he is comfortable, he is quite content, he longs to live like this for another twenty or thirty

years. He cheats his own son and, with that son's money, with the inheritance from the son's mother, which he will not give him, he steals the son's mistress from him, from his own son. No, I do not want to yield the defense of the defendant to the highly talented defense counsel who has come from Petersburg. I too will speak the truth, I too understand the sum of indignation that he accumulated in his son's heart. But enough, enough of this unfortunate old man, he has received his due. Let us remember, however, that he is a father, and one of the fathers of today. Will I offend society by saying that he is even one of many fathers of today? Alas, so many fathers of today merely do not express themselves as cynically as this one, for they are better brought up, better educated, but in essence they are of almost the same philosophy as he. But let me be a pessimist, so be it. We have already agreed that you forgive me. Let us agree beforehand: do not believe me, do not believe me, I will speak and you will not believe. But all the same let me have my say, all the same do not forget some of my words. But here, however, are the children of this old man, this father of a family: one is before us in the dock, the whole speech ahead is about him; of the others I will speak only in passing. Of these others, the elder is one of the young men of today, brilliantly educated, of a rather powerful mind, who, however, no longer believes in anything, who has rejected and crossed out a great deal, far too much, in life, exactly like his parent. We have all heard him, he was received amicably in our society. He did not conceal his opinions, even on the contrary, quite on the contrary, which gives me the boldness to speak of him now somewhat frankly, of course not as of a private person, but only as of a member of the Karamazov family. Yesterday there died here by suicide, on the edge of town, a sickly idiot, strongly implicated in the present case, Fyodor Pavlovich's former servant and perhaps his illegitimate son, Smerdyakov. With hysterical tears he told me at the preliminary

investigation how this young Karamazov, Ivan Fyodorovich, horrified him with his spiritual unrestraint. 'Everything, according to him, is permitted, whatever there is in the world, and nothing from now on ought to be forbidden—that's what he kept teaching me.' It seems that the idiot went mad for good over this thesis, which he had been taught, though of course his falling sickness and the whole terrible catastrophe that broke out in their house also affected his mental disorder. But this idiot let fall one very, very curious remark, which would have done honor to an observer cleverer than he, and that is why I have even spoken of it: 'If there is one,' he said to me, 'of the sons who is more like Fyodor Pavlovich in character, it is he, Ivan Fyodorovich!' With this remark I break off the character sketch I have begun, not considering it delicate to go further. Oh, I do not want to draw further conclusions and, like a raven, croak nothing but ruin over a young destiny. We saw today, here in this hall, that the immediate force of truth still lives in his young heart, that the feelings of family attachment have not yet been stifled in him by unbelief and moral cynicism, acquired more by inheritance than through any true suffering of thought. Then the other son—oh, he is still a youth, pious and humble, in contrast to his brother's gloomy, corrupting worldview, seeking to cling, so to speak, to 'the people's principles,' or to what is called by that abstruse little word in certain theoretical corners of our thinking intelligentsia. He, you see, clung to the monastery; he very nearly took the tonsure as a monk himself. In him, it seems to me, as if unconsciously, and so early, was expressed that timid despair with which so many in our poor society now, fearing its cynicism and its debauchery and mistakenly ascribing all the evil to European enlightenment, throw themselves, as they put it, upon 'their native soil,' into the maternal embrace, so to speak, of their native earth, like children frightened by phantoms, and at the withered breast of an enfeebled mother

long only to fall asleep peacefully, and even to sleep their whole life through, if only not to see the horrors that frighten them. For my part I wish the good and gifted youth all the best, I wish that his youthful beautiful-souledness and his striving toward the people's principles may not turn later, as so often happens, on the moral side into gloomy mysticism, and on the civic side into dull chauvinism—two qualities that threaten the nation with perhaps even greater evil than the early corruption from a falsely understood and gratuitously acquired European enlightenment, from which his elder brother suffers."

At chauvinism and mysticism two or three claps rang out again. And of course Ippolit Kirillovich had been carried away, and all of this had little bearing on the present case, not to mention that it came out rather unclear, but the consumptive and embittered man wanted too much to have his say at least once in his life. Afterward people among us said that in his character sketch of Ivan Fyodorovich he had been guided by a feeling that was even indelicate, because Ivan Fyodorovich had once or twice publicly put him in his place in arguments, and Ippolit Kirillovich, remembering this, now wanted revenge. But I do not know whether one could conclude that. In any case, all this was only an introduction; after that the speech went more directly and closer to the case.

"But here is the third son of the father of a modern family," Ippolit Kirillovich went on. "He is in the dock, he is before us. Before us are his exploits as well, his life and his deeds: the hour has come, and everything has unfolded, everything has come to light. In contrast to the 'Europeanism' and the 'people's principles' of his brothers, he seems to represent in himself Russia as she is, untouched—oh, not all of her, not all, and God forbid if it were all! And yet here she is, our dear little Russia, there is the smell of her, you can hear her, the dear old mother! Oh, we are spontaneous, we are evil and good in the most astonishing mixture, we are

lovers of enlightenment and of Schiller, and at the same time we rampage through the taverns and tear out the scraggly beards of the drunkards, our drinking companions. Oh, we too can be fine and beautiful, but only when we ourselves are feeling fine and beautiful. On the contrary, we are even possessed—precisely possessed—by the noblest ideals, but only on condition that they be attained of themselves, that they fall down onto our table from heaven, and, above all, that they come gratis, gratis, that nothing has to be paid for them. We terribly dislike paying, but we very much like receiving, and that in everything. Oh, give us, give us every possible blessing of life (every possible one precisely, we will not settle for less), and above all do not hinder our temper in anything, and then we too will prove that we can be fine and beautiful. We are not greedy, no, but all the same, hand us money, more, more, as much money as possible, and you will see how magnanimously, with what contempt for filthy lucre, we will scatter it in one night in an unbridled spree. And if they do not give us money, then we will show how we can manage to get it when we want it very badly. But of that later, let us follow things in order. First of all, before us is a poor, neglected boy, 'in the backyard without little boots,' as our worthy and respected fellow citizen, alas, of foreign origin, put it earlier! Once again I repeat—I will yield the defense of the defendant to no one! I am the accuser, and I am the defender as well. Yes, sir, we too are people, we too are human beings, and we can weigh how the first impressions of childhood and of the home nest may affect a character. But here the boy is already a youth, already a young man, an officer; for riotous behavior and for challenging a man to a duel, he is exiled to one of the remote frontier towns of our blessed Russia. There he serves, there he carouses as well, and of course—a big ship needs deep water. We need means, sir, means above all, and so, after long disputes, it is settled between him and his father on a final six thou-

sand rubles, and these are sent to him. Note that he gave a signed paper, and there exists a letter of his in which he all but renounces the rest and with these six thousand ends the wrangling with his father over the inheritance. At this point his meeting takes place with a young girl of lofty character and cultivation. Oh, I do not dare repeat the details, you have just heard them: here there is honor, here there is self-sacrifice, and I fall silent. The image of a young man, frivolous and depraved, but bowing before true nobility, before a higher idea, flashed before us extremely sympathetically. But suddenly, after that, in this very courtroom, there followed quite unexpectedly the reverse side of the medal as well. Again I do not dare to venture into guesses, and I will refrain from analyzing why it followed so. But, all the same, there were reasons why it followed so. This same person, all in tears of an indignation long concealed, declares to us that it was he, he himself, who was the first to despise her for her incautious, unrestrained, perhaps, impulse, but still an exalted one, still a magnanimous one. It was in him, in this girl's betrothed, that there first of all flashed that mocking smile which, from him alone, she could not bear. Knowing that he had already betrayed her (betrayed her in the conviction that she must bear everything from him in advance, even his betrayal), knowing this, she deliberately offers him three thousand rubles and clearly, all too clearly, gives him to understand as she does so that she is offering him money for betraying her: 'Well, will you take it or not, will you be so cynical?' she says to him silently with her judging and testing gaze. He looks at her, understands her thoughts perfectly (he himself admitted here before you that he understood everything), and unconditionally appropriates these three thousand and squanders them in two days with his new beloved! What, then, are we to believe? The first legend—the impulse of lofty nobility, giving away its last means of life and bowing down before virtue, or the reverse side of the medal, so repul-

sive? Usually in life it happens that, with two opposites, the truth must be sought in the middle; in the present case this is literally not so. Most probably, in the first case he was sincerely noble, and in the second case just as sincerely base. Why? Why, precisely because we are broad natures, Karamazov natures—that is just what I am leading up to—capable of containing every possible opposite and of contemplating both abysses at once, the abyss above us, the abyss of the highest ideals, and the abyss beneath us, the abyss of the lowest and most stinking degradation. Remember the brilliant thought expressed earlier by a young observer who has contemplated the whole Karamazov family deeply and at close range, Mr. Rakitin: 'The sense of the baseness of degradation is as necessary to these unbridled, unrestrained natures as the sense of the highest nobility'—and that is true: precisely they need this unnatural mixture constantly and unceasingly. Two abysses, two abysses, gentlemen, at one and the same moment—without that we are unhappy and unsatisfied, our existence is incomplete. We are broad, broad, like our whole mother Russia, we will contain everything and get along with everything! By the way, gentlemen of the jury, we have touched now upon those three thousand rubles, and I will permit myself to run somewhat ahead. Only imagine that he, this character, having received that money then, and in such a way besides, through such shame, through such disgrace, through humiliation of the last degree—only imagine that he was supposedly able that very day to set aside half of it, sew it up in a pouch, and for a whole month afterward have the firmness to carry it on his neck, in spite of all temptations and extraordinary needs! Neither in drunken sprees in the taverns, nor when he had to fly out of town to get money, God knows from whom, money that was most necessary to him in order to carry his beloved away from the temptations of his rival, his father—he does not dare to touch this pouch. Why, if only so as not to leave his

beloved to the temptations of the old man of whom he was so jealous, he ought to have unsealed his pouch and stayed at home as his beloved's unrelenting guard, waiting for the moment when she would at last say to him, 'I am yours,' so as to fly away with her somewhere far from the present fatal surroundings. But no, he does not touch his talisman, and on what pretext? The original pretext, we have said, was precisely this: that when he was told, 'I am yours, take me wherever you like,' he would have the means to take her. But this first pretext, by the defendant's own words, paled before the second. As long, you see, as I carry this money on me—'I am a scoundrel, but not a thief,' for I can always go to the betrothed I have insulted and, laying before her this half of the whole sum I fraudulently appropriated from her, I can always say to her: 'You see, I have squandered half of your money and have thereby proved that I am a weak and immoral man and, if you like, a scoundrel (I am expressing myself in the defendant's own language), but though I am a scoundrel, I am not a thief, for if I were a thief, I would not have brought you this half of the remaining money, but would have appropriated it too, like the first half.' An astonishing explanation of the fact! This same furious but weak man, who could not refuse the temptation of accepting three thousand rubles at the price of such disgrace—this very man suddenly feels in himself such stoic firmness and carries thousands of rubles on his neck without daring to touch them! Is this consistent in the least with the character we are examining? No, and I will permit myself to tell you how the real Dmitri Karamazov would have acted in such a case, if he really had resolved to sew his money up in a pouch. At the very first temptation—well, if only in order to amuse that same new beloved of his with something again, the one with whom he had already squandered the first half of this same money—he would have unstitched his pouch and taken out of it, well, let us say, for the first occasion only a hun-

dred rubles, for why, you see, must I necessarily take back half, that is, fifteen hundred, fourteen hundred will do—it will come to the same thing anyway: 'a scoundrel, you see, but not a thief, because after all I did bring back at least fourteen hundred rubles, and a thief would have taken it all and brought back nothing.' Then, a little while later, he would have unstitched the pouch again and taken out a second hundred, then a third, then a fourth, and no later than the end of the month he would at last have taken out the next-to-last hundred: I'll bring back even one hundred, you see, it will all come to the same: 'a scoundrel, but not a thief. I squandered twenty-nine hundred, but all the same I returned one, a thief wouldn't have returned even that.' And finally, having squandered that next-to-last hundred too, he would have looked at the last one and said to himself: 'And really, it isn't worth taking back one hundred—come on, I'll squander that one too!' That is how the real Dmitri Karamazov, the one we know, would have acted! As for the legend of the pouch, it is such a contradiction of reality that nothing greater can be imagined. One can suppose anything, but not that. But we shall come back to this."

Having set out in order everything that was known to the examination of the evidence about the property disputes and the family relations of father and son, and having drawn once again, and yet again, the conclusion that, according to the known data, there was not the slightest possibility of determining in this question of the division of the inheritance who had cheated whom or who had overcharged whom, Ippolit Kirillovich, in connection with those three thousand rubles that had lodged in Mitya's mind like a fixed idea, mentioned the medical experts.

VII. A Historical Survey

"The medical experts strove to prove to us that the defendant is not in his right mind and is a maniac. I maintain that he is precisely in his right mind, and that this is the worst of it: if he were not in his right mind, he might perhaps have turned out to be far more intelligent. As for his being a maniac, I would agree to that, but on one point only—the very point the experts also indicated, namely the defendant's view of those three thousand which his father had supposedly underpaid him. Nevertheless, it may be possible to find an incomparably nearer point of view to explain the defendant's constant frenzy over this money than his inclination to insanity. For my part, I fully agree with the opinion of the young doctor, who found that the defendant is in full possession, and has been, of normal mental faculties, and was merely irritated and embittered. That is just the point: the object of the defendant's constant and frenzied bitterness lay not in the three thousand, not in the sum as such, but in the fact that there was a particular reason here which aroused his anger. That reason is jealousy!"

Here Ippolit Kirillovich unfolded at length the whole picture of the defendant's fatal passion for Grushenka. He began from the very moment when the defendant set off to see the "young person" in order "to give her a beating," to use his own words, Ippolit Kirillovich explained, "but instead of beating her, he stayed at her feet—that is the beginning of this love. At the same time the old man, the defendant's father, also casts his eye on the same person —an astonishing and fatal coincidence, for both hearts caught fire suddenly, at one and the same time, although before that both the

one and the other had known this person and had met her—and both these hearts caught fire with the most unrestrained, the most Karamazov passion. Here we have her own admission: 'I,' she says, 'laughed at the both of them.' Yes, she suddenly felt like laughing at the both of them; before, she had not felt like it, but here this intention suddenly flew into her head—and it ended with both of them falling before her, vanquished. The old man, who worshiped money like a god, at once got ready three thousand rubles merely for her to visit his abode, but he was soon brought to the point where he would have counted it happiness to lay his name and his whole fortune at her feet, if only she would agree to become his lawful wife. For this we have firm testimony. As for the defendant, his tragedy is evident, it is before us. But such was the 'game' of the young person. The seductress did not even give the unhappy young man hope, for hope, real hope, was given him only at the very last moment, when, kneeling before his tormentress, he was stretching out to her hands already stained with the blood of his father and rival: it was precisely in this position that he was arrested. 'Send me, me, to penal servitude with him, I drove him to it, I'm the most guilty of all!' this woman herself exclaimed, already in sincere repentance, at the moment of his arrest. The talented young man who has taken it upon himself to describe the present case—that same Mr. Rakitin whom I have already mentioned—defines the character of this heroine in a few terse and characteristic phrases: 'Early disappointment, early deception and fall, the betrayal of the seducer-fiancé who abandoned her, then poverty, the curse of an honest family, and, finally, the patronage of a certain rich old man, whom she, however, even now considers her benefactor. In the young heart, which perhaps contained much that was good, anger lay hidden from too early an age. A calculating character was formed, one that hoards capital. A mockery and a vindictiveness toward society were formed.' After this character

sketch it is understandable that she could laugh at the both of them solely for the sake of a game, a spiteful game. And so in this month of hopeless love, of moral falls, of betrayal of his fiancée, of appropriating another person's money entrusted to his honor, the defendant, on top of all that, is brought almost to frenzy, to fury, by ceaseless jealousy, and of whom, of his own father! And the main thing, the crazed old man lures and entices the object of his passion with those very same three thousand which his son considers his own family money, his inheritance from his mother, and for which he reproaches his father. Yes, I agree, this was hard to bear! Here even a mania might have arisen. The point was not the money, but that with this very money his happiness was being shattered with such loathsome cynicism!"

Then Ippolit Kirillovich passed on to how the idea of parricide was gradually conceived in the defendant, and traced it through the facts.

"At first we only shout in the taverns—all this month we shout. Oh, we love to live in public and to inform those people at once of everything, even our most infernal and dangerous ideas, we love to share with people, and, no one knows why, right then and there, at once, we demand that those people respond to us at once with the fullest sympathy, enter into all our cares and anxieties, agree with us, and not stand in the way of our temper. Otherwise we get angry and smash up the whole tavern. (There followed the anecdote about Staff Captain Snegiryov.) Those who saw and heard the defendant during this month came to feel at last that here there might be not only shouts and threats against his father, but that, given such frenzy, the threats would perhaps pass into deeds. (Here the prosecutor described the family meeting at the monastery, the conversations with Alyosha, and the outrageous scene of violence in his father's house, when the defendant burst in on him after dinner.) I do not intend to maintain insistently,"

Ippolit Kirillovich went on, "that before this scene the defendant had already deliberately and with premeditation resolved to make an end of his father by murdering him. Nevertheless, this idea had already presented itself to him several times, and he contemplated it deliberately—for this we have facts, witnesses, and his own confession. I confess, gentlemen of the jury," Ippolit Kirillovich added, "that until today I even hesitated to attribute to the defendant full and conscious premeditation of the crime that kept suggesting itself to him. I was firmly convinced that his soul had already many times contemplated the fatal moment ahead, but only contemplated it, imagined it to itself only as a possibility, but had not yet determined either the time of its execution or the circumstances. But I hesitated only until today, until this fatal document presented to the court today by Miss Verkhovtseva. You yourselves heard, gentlemen, her exclamation: 'This is the plan, this is the program of the murder!'—that is how she defined the unhappy 'drunken' letter of the unhappy defendant. And in fact the whole significance of a program and of premeditation lies behind this letter. It was written two days before the crime, and thus we now know firmly that two days before carrying out his terrible design the defendant declared with an oath that if he did not get money the next day, he would kill his father, so as to take the money from under his pillow 'in an envelope with a red ribbon, if only Ivan has gone.' Do you hear: 'if only Ivan has gone'—here, then, everything has already been thought out, the circumstances weighed—and what then: everything was afterward carried out just as it was written! Premeditation and deliberation are beyond doubt, the crime was to be committed for the purpose of robbery, this is stated outright, this is written and signed. The defendant does not deny his signature. They will say: a drunken man wrote this. But that diminishes nothing and makes it all the more important: when drunk he wrote what he had planned when sober. Had it not been

planned when sober, it would not have got written when drunk. They will say, perhaps: why did he shout about his intention in the taverns? Whoever decides on such a deed *with premeditation* keeps silent and keeps it to himself. True, but he shouted at a time when there were not yet any plans or premeditation, but only a desire stood there, only an urge was ripening. Afterward he shouts less about it. On the evening when this letter was written, having got drunk in the Metropolis tavern, he was, contrary to his habit, silent, did not play billiards, sat apart, spoke to no one, and only drove a local merchant's clerk from his seat, but that was almost unconsciously, from the habit of quarreling, without which, once he had entered a tavern, he could no longer manage. True, together with the final decision the defendant must surely have been struck by the fear that he had shouted too much about the town beforehand, and that this might very well serve to expose and accuse him once he carried out what he had planned. But what was to be done, the publicity was an accomplished fact, there was no bringing it back, and, after all, the crooked road had carried us through before, it would carry us through now. We trusted in our star, gentlemen! I must, besides, confess that he did a great deal to get around the fatal minute, that he made a very great many efforts to avoid a bloody outcome. 'Tomorrow I will ask everyone for three thousand,' as he writes in his peculiar language, 'and if people don't give it, blood will be shed.' Again written in a drunken state, and again in a sober state carried out just as it was written!"

Here Ippolit Kirillovich proceeded to a detailed description of all Mitya's efforts to get himself money in order to avoid the crime. He described his adventures at Samsonov's, the journey to Lyagavy —all from the documents. "Worn out, mocked, hungry, having sold his watch for this journey (while having on him, however, fifteen hundred rubles—and supposedly, oh, supposedly!), tormented by

jealousy over the object of his love left behind in town, suspecting that without him she would go to Fyodor Pavlovich, he returns at last to town. Thank God! She has not been at Fyodor Pavlovich's. He himself escorts her to her patron Samsonov. (A strange thing, of Samsonov we are not jealous, and this is a highly characteristic psychological peculiarity in this case!) Then he rushes off to his observation post 'out back,' and there—and there he learns that Smerdyakov is in a falling fit, that the other servant is ill—the field is clear, and the 'signals' are in his hands—what a temptation! Nevertheless he still resists; he goes to a lady who is highly respected by all of us and is temporarily residing here, Mrs. Khokhlakova. Having long since sympathized with his fate, this lady offers him the most sensible of advice: to give up all this carousing, this outrageous love, this loitering about the taverns, this fruitless waste of young strength, and to set off for Siberia, to the gold mines: 'There is an outlet there for your raging strength, for your romantic character, thirsting for adventures.'" Having described the outcome of the conversation and the moment when the defendant suddenly received the news that Grushenka had not been at Samsonov's at all, having described the instantaneous frenzy of the unhappy, nerve-racked jealous man at the thought that she had precisely deceived him and was now at his, Fyodor Pavlovich's, Ippolit Kirillovich concluded, drawing attention to the fatal significance of chance: "Had the maid managed to tell him that his beloved was in Mokroye with her 'first' and 'indisputable' one, nothing at all would have happened. But she was struck dumb with fear, swore up and down by God, and if the defendant did not kill her right there, that is because he dashed headlong after his faithless one. But note: however beside himself he was, he did after all take the brass pestle with him. Why precisely a pestle, why not some other weapon? But if we had been contemplating this picture for a whole month and preparing ourselves for it, then

the moment something in the way of a weapon flashed before us, we seize it as a weapon. And that some object of this kind might serve as a weapon—this we had already been imagining for a whole month. That is why we recognized it as a weapon so instantly and indisputably! And therefore, all the same, it was not unconsciously, all the same not involuntarily, that he seized this fatal pestle. And now he is in his father's garden—the field is clear, there are no witnesses, deep night, darkness, and jealousy. The suspicion that she is here, with him, with his rival, in his embraces, and perhaps laughing at him at this very minute—takes his breath away. And not suspicion only—what suspicions can there be now, the deception is plain, evident: she is here, in that very room where the light is, she is in there with him, behind the screen—and so the unhappy man steals up to the window, respectfully peeps into it, virtuously resigns himself, and sensibly goes away, away from trouble as quickly as possible, lest anything should happen, dangerous and immoral—and they want to convince us of this, us, who know the defendant's character, who understand what state of mind he was in, a state known to us from the facts, and, above all, possessing the signals with which he could at once have unlocked the house and gone in!" Here, in connection with the "signals," Ippolit Kirillovich left off his accusation for a time and found it necessary to expatiate on Smerdyakov, so as to exhaust completely this whole incidental episode about suspecting Smerdyakov of the murder and to have done with this idea once and for all. He did this very thoroughly, and everyone understood that, despite all the contempt he displayed for this supposition, he nevertheless considered it very important.

VIII. A Treatise on Smerdyakov

"In the first place, where did the possibility of such a suspicion come from?" Ippolit Kirillovich began with this question. "The first to cry out that Smerdyakov had killed was the defendant himself, at the moment of his arrest, and yet from that very first cry of his up to this very moment of the trial he has not produced a single fact in support of his accusation—and not only no fact, but not even a hint of any fact that is in any way consistent with human sense. Next, only three persons support this accusation: both of the defendant's brothers and Miss Svetlova. But the defendant's elder brother announced his suspicion only today, in illness, in a fit of indisputable derangement and fever, while before that, during the whole two months, as is positively known to us, he fully shared the conviction of his brother's guilt and did not even try to object to this idea. But we shall take this up particularly later on. Next, the defendant's younger brother himself announced to us a while ago that he has no facts in support of his idea of Smerdyakov's guilt, none whatever, not the slightest, and concludes so merely from the words of the defendant himself and 'from the expression of his face'—yes, this colossal proof was twice pronounced a while ago by his brother. And Miss Svetlova expressed herself perhaps even more colossally: 'Whatever the defendant tells you, believe it, he is not the kind of man to lie.' That is all the factual evidence against Smerdyakov from these three persons, who are all too interested in the defendant's fate. And meanwhile the accusation against Smerdyakov went around and held its ground, and still holds it—can one believe this, can one imagine it?"

Here Ippolit Kirillovich found it necessary to sketch lightly the character of the late Smerdyakov, "who put an end to his life in a fit of morbid derangement and insanity." He presented him as a feeble-minded man, with the rudiments of some vague education, thrown off his bearings by philosophical ideas beyond the strength of his mind and frightened by certain modern teachings about duty and obligation, broadly taught to him in practice by the reckless life of his late master, and perhaps also his father, Fyodor Pavlovich, and in theory by various strange philosophical conversations with his master's elder son, Ivan Fyodorovich, who willingly allowed himself this diversion—probably out of boredom or out of a need for mockery that had found no better application. "He himself told me about his state of mind during the last days of his stay in his master's house," Ippolit Kirillovich explained, "but others testify to the same thing: the defendant himself, his brother, and even the servant Grigory, that is, all those who must have known him very closely. Besides, afflicted with the falling sickness, Smerdyakov was 'as cowardly as a hen.' 'He used to fall at my feet and kiss my feet,' the defendant himself informed us at a moment when he was not yet aware that such information was somewhat to his disadvantage; 'he's a hen with the falling sickness,' so he expressed himself about him in his characteristic language. And it is he whom the defendant (as he himself testifies) chooses as his confidant and frightens so thoroughly that the other agrees at last to serve him as a spy and a talebearer. In this capacity of household spy he betrays his master, informs the defendant both of the existence of the envelope with the money and of the signals by which one could get in to the master—and how could he not have informed him! 'They'll kill me, sir, I saw plainly that they'd kill me, sir,' he said at the investigation, shaking and trembling even before us, although the tormentor who had frightened him was by then under arrest himself and could no longer come and punish him.

‘He suspected me every minute, sir, and I myself in fear and trembling, just to appease his wrath, made haste to tell him every secret, sir, so that he could see my innocence before him by it, sir, and let me go alive to repent, sir.’ Here are his own words, I wrote them down and remembered them: ‘The way he’d shout at me, I’d just drop on my knees before him.’ Being a highly honest young man by nature, and having thereby won the confidence of his master, who had singled out this honesty in him when he returned to him money he had lost, the unhappy Smerdyakov, one must suppose, was terribly tormented by remorse for betraying his master, whom he loved as his benefactor. People who suffer severely from the falling sickness, according to the testimony of the most profound psychiatrists, are always inclined to ceaseless and, of course, morbid self-accusation. They are tormented by their ‘guilt’ in something and before someone, they are tormented by the pangs of conscience, often, even without any grounds at all, they exaggerate and even invent for themselves all sorts of faults and crimes. And it is just such a subject who becomes really guilty and criminal out of fear and intimidation. Besides, he had a strong presentiment that something bad might come of the circumstances taking shape before his eyes. When Fyodor Pavlovich’s elder son, Ivan Fyodorovich, was leaving for Moscow just before the catastrophe, Smerdyakov begged him to stay, not daring, however, in his cowardly way, to express all his fears to him in a clear and categorical form. He contented himself with hints only, but the hints were not understood. It must be noted that in Ivan Fyodorovich he saw as it were his protection, as it were a guarantee that as long as he was at home no misfortune would happen. Remember the expression in Dmitri Karamazov’s ‘drunken’ letter: ‘I’ll kill the old man, if only Ivan has gone’; so Ivan Fyodorovich’s presence seemed to everyone as it were a guarantee of quiet and order in the house. And now he goes away, and Smerdyakov at once, almost an hour

after the young master's departure, falls down in a fit of the falling sickness. But this is perfectly understandable. Here it must be mentioned that Smerdyakov, weighed down by fears and by a kind of despair, had during these last days felt especially in himself the possibility of an approaching fit of the falling sickness, which had always come over him before too at moments of moral strain and shock. The day and hour of these fits cannot, of course, be guessed, but any epileptic can feel in himself a disposition to a fit beforehand. So medicine says. And so, no sooner has Ivan Fyodorovich driven out of the yard than Smerdyakov, under the impression of his, so to speak, orphanhood and defenselessness, goes on a household errand to the cellar, descends the stairs, and thinks: 'Will there be a fit or won't there, and what if it comes right now?' And precisely from this mood, from this apprehensiveness, from these questions, he is seized by the spasm in the throat that always precedes the falling sickness, and he flies headlong, unconscious, to the bottom of the cellar. And so, in this most natural accident, people contrive to see some sort of suspicion, some sort of indication, some sort of hint that he pretended to be ill *on purpose*! But if on purpose, the question at once arises: what for? With what calculation, with what aim? I am not even speaking of medicine; science, they say, lies, science makes mistakes, the doctors were unable to tell the truth from pretense—so be it, so be it, but answer me this question, though: why should he pretend? Was it not in order, having planned the murder, to draw the attention of the household to himself beforehand and as soon as possible by the fit that occurred? You see, gentlemen of the jury, in Fyodor Pavlovich's house on the night of the crime there were, or had been, five persons: first, Fyodor Pavlovich himself, but surely it was not he who killed himself, that is clear; second, his servant Grigory, but he was very nearly killed himself; third, Grigory's wife, the servant Marfa Ignatyeva, but to picture her as the murderer of her

master is simply shameful. Two persons, then, remain in view: the defendant and Smerdyakov. But since the defendant insists that it was not he who killed, then it must have been Smerdyakov who killed, there is no other way out, for no one else can be found, you cannot pick out any other murderer. There, there, then, is where this 'cunning' and colossal accusation against the unhappy idiot who did away with himself yesterday came from! Precisely and only for the one reason that there is no one else to pick out! Were there even a shadow, even a suspicion against someone else, against some sixth person, I am convinced that even the defendant himself would then have been ashamed to point to Smerdyakov, and would have pointed to that sixth person, for to accuse Smerdyakov of this murder is a complete absurdity.

"Gentlemen, let us leave psychology, let us leave medicine, let us leave even logic itself, let us turn only to the facts, to the facts alone, and see what the facts will tell us. Smerdyakov killed, but how? Alone or in complicity with the defendant? Let us examine the first case first, that is, that Smerdyakov kills alone. Of course, if he killed, it was for something, for some advantage. But having not a shadow of motives for murder of the kind the defendant had, that is, hatred, jealousy, and so on, and so on, Smerdyakov, without any doubt, could have killed only for the money, so as to appropriate precisely those three thousand which he himself had seen his master putting into the envelope. And so, having planned the murder, he informs another person in advance—and, what is more, a person interested in the highest degree, namely the defendant—of all the circumstances about the money and the signals: where the envelope lies, what exactly is written on the envelope, what it is wrapped in, and, above all, above all, he informs him about those 'signals' by which one can get in to the master. What, does he do this simply to give himself away? Or to find himself a rival, who will perhaps want to go in himself and acquire the envelope? Yes, they

will tell me, but he told him out of fear. But how can this be? A man who did not bat an eye at conceiving such a fearless and bestial deed and then carrying it out—gives away such information as he alone knows in the whole world, and of which, if only he had kept silent about it, no one would ever have guessed in the whole world. No, however cowardly a man may be, if he has conceived such a deed, then never for anything would he have told anyone, at least about the envelope and the signals, for that would have meant giving himself away entirely in advance. He would have invented something on purpose, lied about something else, if information was absolutely demanded of him, but about this he would have kept silent! On the contrary, I repeat, had he kept silent if only about the money, and then killed and appropriated that money, then no one in the whole world could ever have accused him, at least of murder for robbery, for after all no one but he had seen that money, no one knew that it existed in the house. Even if they had accused him, they would surely have considered that he had killed from some other motive. But since no one had previously noticed any such motives in him, and since everyone saw, on the contrary, that he was loved by his master and honored with his master's confidence, he would of course have been the last to be suspected, and the first to be suspected would have been someone who had such motives, who himself shouted that he had such motives, who did not hide them, who displayed them before everyone; in a word, they would have suspected the murdered man's son, Dmitri Fyodorovich. Smerdyakov would kill and rob, and the son would be accused—surely that would of course have been to the advantage of Smerdyakov the murderer? Well, so it is to this very son, Dmitri, that Smerdyakov, having planned the murder, tells in advance about the money, about the envelope, and about the signals—how logical that is, how clear!

"The day of the murder Smerdyakov has planned arrives, and there he goes flying off his feet, *having pretended* to be in a fit of the falling sickness, what for? Why, of course, in the first place so that the servant Grigory, who had planned his treatment, seeing that there was absolutely no one to guard the house, might perhaps put off his treatment and sit up on watch. In the second place, of course, so that the master himself, seeing that no one was guarding him, and terribly afraid of his son's coming, which he did not hide, might redouble his mistrust and his caution. Finally, and above all, of course, so that he, Smerdyakov, broken by the fit, would at once be carried from the kitchen, where he always slept apart from everyone and where he had his own separate way in and out, to the other end of the cottage, to Grigory's little room, behind the partition, where the two of them slept, three steps from their own bed, as always happened, from time immemorial, whenever the falling sickness broke him, by order of the master and of the tenderhearted Marfa Ignatyevna. There, lying behind the partition, he would most probably, so as to present himself as ill more convincingly, begin, of course, to moan, that is, to wake them all night long (as indeed happened, according to the testimony of Grigory and his wife)—and all this, all this, so as to get up all the more conveniently all of a sudden and then kill the master!

"But, they will tell me, perhaps he pretended precisely so that he, as a sick man, would not be thought of, and told the defendant about the money and the signals precisely so that the other would be tempted and would come himself and kill, and when, you see, the other, having killed, would go away and carry off the money, and in doing so perhaps make noise and racket and wake the witnesses, then, you see, Smerdyakov too would get up and go—well, and go to do what? Why, precisely to go and kill the master a second time and carry off the already carried-off money a second time. Gentlemen, you are laughing? I am ashamed myself to make

such suppositions, and yet, imagine, this is precisely what the defendant maintains: after me, he says, when I had already left the house, having knocked Grigory down and raised the alarm, he got up, went, killed, and robbed. I am not even speaking of how Smerdyakov could have calculated all this in advance and foreknown it all as if counting on his fingers, namely that the irritated and furious son would come solely and only in order to peep respectfully into the window and, possessing the signals, beat a retreat, leaving him, Smerdyakov, all the booty! Gentlemen, I seriously put the question: where is the moment when Smerdyakov committed his crime? Point out this moment, for without it one cannot accuse.

"'But perhaps the falling fit was real. The sick man suddenly came to, heard the shout, went out'—well, and what then? He took a look and said to himself: why don't I go and kill the master? And how did he find out what had happened there, what had been going on there, since up to then he had been lying unconscious? However, gentlemen, there is a limit even to fantasies.

"'Just so, sir,' subtle people will say, 'but what if the two of them were in agreement, what if they killed him together, the pair of them, and split the money, well, what then?'

"Yes, indeed, this is a weighty suspicion, and in the first place there is at once colossal evidence confirming it: one kills and takes all the work upon himself, and the other accomplice lies on his side, pretending to be in a falling fit—precisely in order to arouse suspicion in everyone beforehand, alarm in the master, alarm in Grigory. It is curious from what motives the two accomplices could have devised precisely such a crazy plan? But perhaps it was not at all an active complicity on Smerdyakov's part, but, so to speak, a passive and suffering one: perhaps the frightened Smerdyakov agreed only not to resist the murder and, foreseeing that he would be the one accused of having let the master be

killed, did not cry out, did not resist—he bargained in advance with Dmitri Karamazov for permission to lie through this time as if in a falling fit, 'and you go on and kill as you please, my cottage is at the edge, I know nothing.' But even if so, then since, once again, this falling fit was bound to cause a commotion in the house, Dmitri Karamazov, foreseeing this, could never have agreed to such an arrangement. But I concede, let us say he agreed; why, then it would still turn out that Dmitri Karamazov is the murderer, the direct murderer and instigator, and Smerdyakov only a passive participant, and not even a participant, but merely one who allowed it out of fear and against his will, and surely the court would certainly have been able to distinguish that, and so, what do we see? The moment the defendant was arrested, he instantly shifts everything onto Smerdyakov alone and accuses him *alone*. He does not accuse him of complicity with himself, but him alone: he alone, he says, did it, he killed and robbed, it is his handiwork! Well, what kind of accomplices are these who at once begin to inform on each other—why, that never happens. And note what a risk for Karamazov: he is the chief murderer, and the other is not the chief, the other only allowed it and lay behind the partition, and so he shifts it onto the man lying down. Why, the man lying down might have got angry and, out of self-preservation alone, hastened to declare the real truth: we both took part, he would say, only I did not kill, I merely permitted and allowed it, out of fear. For surely he, Smerdyakov, could have understood that the court would at once distinguish the degree of his guilt, and therefore he could have calculated that if he were punished, it would be incomparably more lightly than the other, the chief murderer, who wished to shift everything onto him. But then, in that case, he would have made a confession willy-nilly. This, however, we have not seen. Smerdyakov did not even breathe a word of complicity, although the murderer firmly accused him and all the time pointed

to him as the sole murderer. More than that: it was Smerdyakov who revealed to the investigation that it was *he himself* who had told the defendant about the envelope with the money and about the signals, and that without him the other would never have known anything. If he had really been an accomplice and guilty, would he have told the investigation so easily about this, that is, that it was he himself who had told the defendant all of it? On the contrary, he would have begun to deny it and would certainly have distorted the facts and diminished them. But he did not distort or diminish them. Only an innocent man can act so, one who is not afraid of being accused of complicity. And so, in a fit of morbid melancholy from his falling sickness and from this whole catastrophe that had burst upon him, he hanged himself yesterday. Having hanged himself, he left a note written in his peculiar style: 'I do away with myself of my own will and desire, so that no one is to be blamed.' Well, what would it have cost him to add in the note: I am the murderer, and not Karamazov? But that he did not add: was there conscience enough for the one and not for the other?

"And what then: a while ago money is brought here, into the court, three thousand rubles—'the very same, he says, that lay in this very envelope that is there on the table with the material evidence; I received it, he says, yesterday from Smerdyakov.' But you yourselves, gentlemen of the jury, remember that sad scene of a while ago. I will not renew the details, but I will permit myself to make just two or three observations, choosing from the most insignificant—precisely because they are insignificant, and therefore will not occur to everyone and will be forgotten. In the first place, and once again: out of remorse Smerdyakov yesterday gave back the money and hanged himself. (For without remorse he would not have given back the money.) And of course it was only yesterday evening that he confessed his crime to Ivan Karamazov for the first time, as Ivan Karamazov himself declared, otherwise

why would he have kept silent until now? And so he confessed, but why, I will repeat it again, did he not declare the whole truth to us in his dying note, knowing that the very next day a terrible judgment awaited the innocent defendant? The money alone is no proof, after all. To me, for example, and to two other persons in this hall, a certain fact became known quite by chance a week ago, namely that Ivan Fyodorovich Karamazov had sent to the provincial capital to be changed two five-percent bonds of five thousand each, ten thousand altogether, therefore. I mention it only to show that anyone may happen to have money by a given date, and that by bringing three thousand one cannot necessarily prove that this is that very money, from that very same box or envelope. Finally, Ivan Karamazov, having received such an important communication yesterday from the real murderer, stays calm. But why should he not have announced it at once? Why did he put everything off till morning? I suppose I have the right to guess why: his health had already been disordered for a week, he himself had admitted to the doctor and to those close to him that he was seeing visions, that he was meeting people already dead; on the eve of the delirium tremens which struck him precisely today, he, suddenly learning of Smerdyakov's death, suddenly constructs the following reasoning for himself: 'The man is dead, one can lay it on him, and I will save my brother. And I have money: I will take a packet and say that Smerdyakov gave it to me before his death.' You will say it is dishonest; even against a dead man, still it is dishonest to lie, even to save one's brother? So it is, but what if he lied unconsciously, if he himself imagined that it was so, precisely because his reason had been finally stricken by the news of this sudden death of the lackey? You did see the scene of a while ago, you saw what condition this man was in. He stood on his feet and spoke, but where was his mind? The testimony of a while ago from the fevered man was followed by the document, the defendant's letter to Miss

Verkhovtseva, written by him two days before the commission of the crime, with a detailed program of the crime in advance. Well, then, why are we searching for the program and its authors? It was accomplished precisely according to this program, and accomplished by none other than its author. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, 'accomplished just as it was written!' And not at all, not at all did we run respectfully and timidly from father's window, and that, too, in the firm conviction that our beloved was in there with him. No, that is absurd and implausible. He went in and—finished the business. Probably he killed in irritation, flaring up with spite the moment he looked at the object of his hatred and his rival, but having killed, which he did perhaps with one blow, with one sweep of his hand, armed with the brass pestle, and having then made sure, after a thorough search, that she was not there, he did not, however, forget to thrust his hand under the pillow and take out the envelope with the money, whose torn wrapper lies here now on the table with the material evidence. I speak of this so that you will note one circumstance which in my opinion is highly characteristic. Had it been an experienced murderer, and precisely a murderer with the sole aim of robbery—well, would he have left the wrapper of the envelope on the floor, in the state in which it was found beside the corpse? Well, had it been, for example, Smerdyakov killing for robbery—why, he would simply have carried off the whole envelope with him, without bothering at all to open it over the corpse of his victim, since he knew for certain that there was money in the envelope—after all, it had been put in and sealed in his presence—and, after all, had he carried off the envelope altogether, then it would become unknown whether there had been a robbery at all? I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, would Smerdyakov have acted so, would he have left the envelope on the floor? No, it is precisely so that a frenzied murderer must have acted, one who was already reasoning poorly, a murderer who was

not a thief and had never stolen anything till then, and who even now snatched the money from under the bed not as a thief stealing it but as a man carrying off his own property from the thief who had stolen it—for such precisely were Dmitri Karamazov's ideas about those three thousand, ideas that had reached the point of mania in him. And so, having seized the envelope, which he had never seen before, he tears the wrapper to make sure there is money in it, then runs off with the money in his pocket, even forgetting to think that he is leaving on the floor the most colossal accusation against himself in the form of the torn wrapper. All because it was Karamazov, and not Smerdyakov, he did not think, did not figure it out, and how could he! He runs away, he hears the yell of the servant overtaking him, the servant seizes him, stops him, and falls, struck down by the brass pestle. The defendant jumps down to him out of pity. Imagine, he suddenly assures us that he jumped down to him then out of pity, out of compassion, to see whether he could help him in any way. Well, was that the kind of minute in which to display such compassion? No, he jumped down precisely in order to make sure: was the only witness of his villainy alive? Any other feeling, any other motive would have been unnatural! Note, he works over Grigory, wipes his head with a handkerchief, and, having made sure that he is dead, he runs, like a man lost, all covered with blood, back there again, to his beloved's house—how did he not think that he was all covered with blood and would be exposed at once? But the defendant himself assures us that he did not even pay attention to being all covered with blood; this one may grant, this is very possible, this always happens with criminals at such moments. For the one thing, a hellish calculation, and for the other, not enough sense. But at that minute he was thinking only of where *she* was. He had to find out as quickly as possible where she was, and so he runs to her lodgings and learns a piece of news, unexpected and most

colossal for him: she had gone to Mokroye with her ‘first,’ her ‘indisputable’ one!”

IX. Psychology at Full Steam. The Galloping Troika. The End of the Prosecutor's Speech

Having reached this point in his speech, Ippolit Kirillovich, who had evidently chosen a strictly historical method of exposition, to which all nervous orators very much like to resort, seeking on purpose a strictly set framework so as to restrain their own impatient enthusiasm—Ippolit Kirillovich expatiated particularly on the "first" and "indisputable" one and expressed on this theme a few thoughts that were entertaining in their way. "Karamazov, who was jealous of everyone to the point of fury, suddenly and all at once as it were collapses and vanishes before the 'first' and 'indisputable' one. And this is all the stranger because before, he had almost paid no attention at all to this new danger for him, approaching in the person of a rival he had not expected. But he kept imagining that it was all still so far off, and Karamazov always lives only in the present minute. Probably he even considered him a fiction. But instantly understanding with his sick heart that perhaps this was precisely why the woman had been hiding this new rival, precisely why she had deceived him a while ago, because this newly arrived rival was all too far from being a fantasy or a fiction for her, but was everything to her, all her hope in life—instantly understanding this, he resigned himself. Well, gentlemen of the jury, I cannot pass over in silence this sudden trait in the soul of the defendant, who would seem to be incapable for anything in the world of displaying it: there suddenly spoke out an implacable need for truth, for respect for the woman, for recognition of the

rights of her heart, and when—at the moment when for her sake he had stained his hands with his father's blood! It is true also that the shed blood was already crying out for vengeance at that minute, for he, who had ruined his soul and his whole earthly destiny, he could not help feeling and asking himself at that instant: 'What does he mean, and what can he mean *now* to her, to this being whom he loves more than his own soul, in comparison with this "first" and "indisputable" one, who has repented and returned to this woman he once ruined, with a new love, with honorable proposals, with the vow of a life reborn and already happy? And he, the unhappy one, what will he give her *now*, what will he offer her?' Karamazov understood all this, understood that his crime had closed every road to him and that he was only a criminal condemned to execution, and not a man who was to live! This thought crushed and annihilated him. And so he instantly settles on one frenzied plan, which, given Karamazov's character, could not but present itself to him as the only and fatal way out of his terrible situation. This way out is suicide. He runs for his pistols, pawned to the official Perkhotin, and at the same time, on the way, on the run, he snatches out of his pocket all his money, for the sake of which he had just spattered his hands with his father's blood. Oh, money is what he needs most of all now: Karamazov is dying, Karamazov is shooting himself, and this will be remembered! Not for nothing are we a poet, not for nothing have we been burning our life like a candle at both ends. 'To her, to her—and there, oh, there I will throw a feast for the whole world, such as has never been before, so that it will be remembered and told about for a long time. Amid wild shouts, mad Gypsy songs and dances, we shall raise a toast and congratulate the adored woman on her new happiness, and then—right there, at her feet, we shall blow our brains out before her and execute our life! Someday she will remember Mitya Karamazov, she will see how Mitya loved her, she

will pity Mitya!' A great deal of picturesqueness, of romantic frenzy, of wild Karamazov unrestraint and sentimentality—well, and of something else too, gentlemen of the jury, something that cries out in the soul, knocks ceaselessly in the mind, and poisons his heart to the point of death; this *something*—it is conscience, gentlemen of the jury, it is its judgment, its terrible pangs! But the pistol will reconcile everything, the pistol is the only way out, and there is no other, and there—I do not know whether Karamazov thought at that minute '*what will be there*,' and whether a Karamazov can think, as Hamlet did, about what will be there? No, gentlemen of the jury, they have their Hamlets, but we so far still have our Karamazovs!"

Here Ippolit Kirillovich unfolded a most detailed picture of Mitya's preparations, the scene at Perkhotin's, in the shop, with the coachmen. He cited a mass of words, sayings, gestures, all confirmed by witnesses—and the picture had a terrible effect on the convictions of the listeners. Above all, the sum of the facts had its effect. The guilt of this frenziedly rushing man, who no longer took care of himself, stood out irrefutably. "There was no longer any reason for him to take care of himself," said Ippolit Kirillovich. "Two or three times he very nearly confessed completely, he almost hinted, and only just stopped short of saying it all (here followed the testimony of the witnesses). He even shouted to the coachman on the road: 'Do you know that you're driving a murderer!' But all the same he could not say it all: he had first to get to the village of Mokroye and there finish his poem. But what, however, awaits the unhappy man? The point is that almost from the first minutes in Mokroye he sees and at last fully comprehends that his 'indisputable' rival is perhaps not so indisputable after all, and that his congratulations on a new happiness and his toast are not wanted and not accepted. But you already know the facts, gentlemen of the jury, from the examination of the evidence.

Karamazov's triumph over his rival turned out to be undeniable, and here—oh, here began an entirely new phase in his soul, and even the most terrible phase of all that this soul has lived through or will ever yet live through! One may positively acknowledge, gentlemen of the jury," Ippolit Kirillovich exclaimed, "that outraged nature and a criminal heart are their own avengers, more completely than any earthly justice! More than that: justice and earthly punishment even lighten the punishment of nature, they are even necessary to the criminal's soul at these moments as its salvation from despair, for I cannot even imagine the horror and the moral sufferings of Karamazov when he learned that she loved him, that for his sake she was rejecting her 'first' and 'indisputable' one, that she was calling him, him, 'Mitya,' to go with her into a renewed life, promising him happiness, and this when? When everything was already finished for him and when nothing was possible any longer! By the way, I will make in passing one remark that is very important for us, to explain the true essence of the defendant's situation at that time: this woman, this love of his, remained for him, up to this very last minute, up to the very instant of his arrest, a being who was inaccessible, passionately desired but unattainable. But why, why did he not shoot himself then and there, why did he abandon the intention he had formed and even forget where his pistol lay? Why, it was precisely this passionate thirst for love and the hope of slaking it then and there that held him back. In the fumes of the feast he chained himself to his beloved, who was feasting along with him, more charming and seductive to him than ever—he does not leave her side, he admires her, he melts away before her. This passionate thirst could for a moment suppress not only the fear of arrest, but even the very pangs of conscience! For a moment, oh, only for a moment! I picture to myself the state of the criminal's soul at that time, in indisputable slavish subjection to three elements that had suppressed it completely:

first, the drunken state, the fumes and the din, the stamping of the dance, the shrieking of the songs, and she, she, flushed with wine, singing and dancing, drunk and laughing at him! Second, the encouraging distant dream that the fatal denouement was still far off, at least not near—perhaps only the next day, only in the morning would they come and take him. So, a few hours, that is a lot, terribly much! In a few hours one can think up a great deal. I imagine that something happened to him like what happens when a criminal is being driven to execution, to the gallows: there is still a long, long street to drive along, and at a walking pace too, past thousands of people, then there will be a turn into another street, and only at the end of that other street the terrible square! It precisely seems to me that at the beginning of the procession the condemned man, sitting on his cart of shame, must precisely feel that there is still an endless life before him. But now, however, the houses go by, the cart keeps moving on—oh, that is nothing, it is still so far to the turn into the second street, and so he still looks cheerfully to the right and to the left, at those thousands of indifferently curious people whose eyes are fastened on him, and it still seems to him that he is a man just like them. But now here is the turn into the other street—oh! that is nothing, nothing, there is still a whole street. And however many houses go by, he will keep thinking: 'There are still many houses left.' And so on to the very end, to the very square. So, I imagine, it was then with Karamazov too. 'They haven't had time yet over there,' he thinks, 'I can still find something, oh, there will still be time to compose a plan of defense, to figure out a rebuff, but now, now—now she is so charming!' It is dim and terrible in his soul, but he nevertheless manages to set aside half his money and hide it somewhere—otherwise I cannot explain to myself where a whole half of those three thousand, just taken by him from under his father's pillow, could have vanished. He has been in Mokroye more than once, he had

already caroused there for two days and nights. This old, big wooden house is known to him, with all its sheds and galleries. I precisely suppose that part of the money was hidden then, and precisely in this house, not long before the arrest, in some crack, in a crevice, under some floorboard, somewhere in a corner, under the roof—what for? What for? The catastrophe may happen at any moment, of course we have not yet thought out how to meet it, and we have no time for that, and there is a pounding in our head, and we are drawn to *her*, well, and the money?—money is necessary in any situation! A man with money is a man everywhere. Perhaps such calculation at such a minute will seem unnatural to you? But surely he himself insists that a month before, at a moment that was also alarming and fatal for him, he set aside half of the three thousand and sewed it into a pouch, and if, of course, this is untrue, as we shall prove presently, still this idea is familiar to Karamazov, he has contemplated it. More than that, when he afterward assured the investigator that he had set aside fifteen hundred in a pouch (which never existed), he perhaps invented this pouch right then and there, instantly, precisely because two hours before he had set aside half the money and hidden it somewhere there in Mokroye, just in case, until morning, only so as not to keep it on his person, by an inspiration that had suddenly occurred to him. Two abysses, gentlemen of the jury, remember that Karamazov can contemplate two abysses, and both at once! We searched in that house but did not find it. Perhaps this money is still there even now, and perhaps it vanished the next day and is now with the defendant. In any case, he was arrested beside her, on his knees before her, she was lying on the bed, he was stretching out his hands to her, and he had so forgotten everything at that minute that he did not even hear the approach of those who came to arrest him. He had not yet had time to prepare anything

in his mind for an answer. Both he and his mind were taken by surprise.

"And so here he is before his judges, before those who decide his fate. Gentlemen of the jury, there are moments when, in the course of our duty, we ourselves become almost afraid before a man, afraid for a man too! These are the minutes of contemplating that animal terror when the criminal already sees that all is lost, but still struggles, still intends to struggle with you. These are the minutes when all the instincts of self-preservation rise up in him at once and he, saving himself, looks at you with a piercing gaze, questioning and suffering, catches you and studies you, your face, your thoughts, waits to see from which side you will strike, and instantly creates in his shaken mind thousands of plans, but still he is afraid to speak, afraid of letting something slip! These humiliating moments of the human soul, this journey of the soul through its ordeals, this animal thirst for self-salvation—are terrible, and at times arouse a shudder and compassion for the criminal even in the investigator! And we were witnesses of all this then. At first he was stunned, and in his horror a few words escaped him that compromised him badly: 'Blood! I've deserved it!' But he quickly restrained himself. What to say, how to answer—all this is not yet ready for him, but only one thing is ready, a bare denial: 'I am not guilty of my father's death!' That is our fence for the time being, and there, behind the fence, we may perhaps put up something else, some sort of barricade. His first compromising exclamations he hastens, forestalling our questions, to explain by saying that he considers himself guilty only of the death of the servant Grigory. 'Of this blood I am guilty, but who killed my father, gentlemen, who killed him? Who could have killed him, *if not* I?' Do you hear that: he asks us, us, who have come to him with that very question! Do you hear that little phrase running on ahead, 'if not I,' that animal cunning, that naivety, and that Karamazov impatience? It was not I

who killed, and don't you dare think it was I: 'I wanted to kill him, gentlemen, I wanted to kill him,' he hastens to confess (he is in a hurry, oh, in a terrible hurry!), 'but all the same I am innocent, it was not I who killed!' He concedes to us that he wanted to kill: you see for yourselves, he says, how sincere I am, so all the sooner believe that it was not I who killed. Oh, in these cases a criminal sometimes becomes incredibly light-minded and credulous. And here, quite as if by chance, the investigation suddenly put the most simple-hearted question to him: 'But wasn't it Smerdyakov who killed?' And it happened just as we had expected: he got terribly angry at having been forestalled and caught off guard before he had time to prepare, to choose and seize the moment when bringing Smerdyakov forward would be most plausible. By his nature he at once rushed to the extreme and himself began assuring us with all his might that Smerdyakov could not have killed, was incapable of killing. But do not believe him, this is only his cunning: he is not at all, not at all giving up Smerdyakov yet, on the contrary, he will bring him forward yet, because whom else is he to bring forward if not him, but he will do it at another minute, because for now this business has been spoiled. He will bring him forward only perhaps tomorrow, or even after several days, having found a moment in which he himself will shout to us: 'You see, I denied Smerdyakov more than you did, you remember that yourselves, but now I too am convinced: it was he who killed, and how could it not be he!' But for the time being he falls into gloomy and irritable denial with us, and impatience and anger prompt him, however, to the most inept and implausible explanation of how he looked through the window at his father and how he respectfully went away from the window. The main thing is that he does not yet know the circumstances, the extent of the testimony of Grigory, who has come to. We proceed to the inspection and the search. The inspection angers him, but also encourages him: the whole three thousand

has not been found, only fifteen hundred has been found. And of course it is only at this moment of angry silence and denial that the idea of the pouch pops into his head for the first time in his life. Without doubt he himself feels the whole improbability of the invention and is tormented, terribly tormented, over how to make it more probable, how to compose it so that a whole plausible novel comes out. In these cases the very first thing, the *very* main task of the investigation, is not to let the man prepare, to come upon him unexpectedly, so that the criminal will speak out his cherished ideas in all their self-betraying simple-heartedness, improbability, and contradiction. And the criminal can be made to speak only by a sudden and as it were accidental communication to him of some new fact, some circumstance of the case that is colossal in its significance, but that he had never supposed till then and could in no way have foreseen. This fact we had ready, oh, ready long since: it was the testimony of the servant Grigory, who had come to, about the open door from which the defendant ran out. He had completely forgotten about this door, and he did not even suppose that Grigory could have seen it. The effect was colossal. He jumped up and suddenly shouted at us: 'It was Smerdyakov who killed him, Smerdyakov!'—and so he gave away his cherished, his fundamental idea, in its most implausible form, for Smerdyakov could have killed only after he had knocked Grigory down and run away. But when we informed him that Grigory had seen the door unlocked before his fall, and on coming out of his bedroom had heard Smerdyakov moaning behind the partition—Karamazov was truly crushed. My colleague, our respected and witty Nikolai Parfenovich, told me afterward that at that instant he felt sorry for him to the point of tears. And it is at this very instant, to set matters right, that he hastens to tell us about this notorious pouch: so be it, he says, hear this tale! Gentlemen of the jury, I have already expressed to you my

thoughts on why I consider this whole invention about money sewn into a pouch a month before not only nonsense, but the most implausible fabrication that could possibly have been found in the given case. Even if one were to search for it on a bet—what could one say and present that would be more implausible—even then one could not have invented anything worse than this. Here, above all, the triumphant novelist can be checked and smashed to dust by details, by those very details in which reality is always so rich and which these unhappy and involuntary authors always neglect as supposedly quite insignificant and unnecessary trifles, and which never even enter their heads. Oh, at that minute they have no time for it, their minds are creating only a grandiose whole—and here people dare offer them such a trifle! But it is precisely on this that they are caught! They put a question to the defendant: 'Well, and where were you pleased to get the material for your pouch, who sewed it for you?' 'I sewed it myself.' 'And where were you pleased to get the linen?' The defendant is already offended, he considers this a trifle almost insulting to him, and, would you believe it, sincerely, sincerely! But they are all like that. 'I tore it off my shirt.' 'Excellent, sir. So tomorrow we shall find among your linen this shirt with a piece torn out of it.' And consider, gentlemen of the jury, why, if we had only actually found this shirt (and how could we not find it in his suitcase or his chest of drawers, if such a shirt actually existed)—why, that would be a fact, a tangible fact in favor of the truth of his testimony! But this he cannot figure out. 'I don't remember, maybe it wasn't from my shirt, I sewed it into my landlady's cap.' 'What sort of cap?' 'I took it from her, it was lying around at her place, an old calico rag.' 'And you remember this firmly?' 'No, I don't remember firmly…' And he is angry, angry, and meanwhile imagine: how could one not remember this? In the most terrible moments of a man's life, say, when he is being driven to execution, it is precisely these trifles

that are remembered. He will forget everything, but some green roof that flashed past him on the way, or a jackdaw on a cross—that he will remember. Why, when he was sewing his pouch, he was hiding from the household, he must have remembered how humiliatingly he suffered from fear with a needle in his hands, lest someone come in and catch him; how at the first knock he jumped up and ran behind the partition (there is a partition in his lodgings)... But, gentlemen of the jury, why am I telling you all this, all these details, these trifles!" Ippolit Kirillovich suddenly exclaimed. "Why, precisely because the defendant stubbornly stands by all this nonsense up to this very moment! In all these two months, since that very night that was fatal for him, he has explained nothing, he has not added a single explanatory real circumstance to his former fantastic testimony; all these, he says, are trifles, and you must believe me on my honor! Oh, we are glad to believe, we thirst to believe, even if only on his honor! What are we, jackals thirsting for human blood? Give us, point out to us just one fact in the defendant's favor, and we shall rejoice—but a tangible fact, a real one, and not a conclusion drawn by his own brother from the expression of the defendant's face, or the indication that he, beating his breast, must certainly have been pointing at a pouch, and in the dark at that. We shall rejoice at a new fact, we shall be the first to renounce our accusation, we shall hasten to renounce it. But now justice cries out, and we insist, we cannot renounce anything." Here Ippolit Kirillovich passed on to his finale. He was as if in a fever, he cried out for the shed blood, for the blood of a father killed by his son "with the base aim of robbery." He firmly pointed to the tragic and crying sum of the facts. "And whatever you may hear from the defendant's counsel, famous for his talent," Ippolit Kirillovich could not restrain himself, "whatever eloquent and touching words may resound here, striking at your sensibility, still remember that at this minute you are in the sanctuary of our jus-

tice. Remember that you are the defenders of our truth, the defenders of our holy Russia, of her foundations, of her family, of all that is holy to her! Yes, you represent Russia here at this given moment, and your verdict will resound not in this hall alone, but over all Russia, and all Russia will hear you as her defenders and judges and will be heartened or dismayed by your verdict. Do not torment Russia, then, and her expectations; our fatal troika is rushing headlong, and perhaps to perdition. And for a long time now in all Russia people have been stretching out their hands and calling out to stop this furious, shameless galloping. And if other nations still stand aside for the time being from the troika galloping at breakneck speed, then perhaps not at all out of respect for it, as the poet would have liked, but simply out of horror—note this. Out of horror, and perhaps out of loathing for it, and it is still a good thing that they stand aside, for they may perhaps go and stop standing aside, and stand like a solid wall before the onrushing apparition, and themselves stop the mad galloping of our licentiousness, with a view to saving themselves, enlightenment, and civilization! We have already heard these alarming voices from Europe. They are already beginning to resound. Do not tempt them, then, do not heap up their ever-growing hatred with a verdict acquitting the murder of a father by his own son!..."

In a word, Ippolit Kirillovich, though he had been carried away a great deal, did end with pathos—and, in fact, the impression he produced was extraordinary. He himself, having finished his speech, hurriedly went out and, I repeat, almost fainted in the other room. The hall did not applaud, but serious people were satisfied. Only the ladies were not so satisfied, but even they liked the eloquence, all the more since they were not at all afraid of the consequences and expected everything from Fetyukovich: "At last he will speak, and of course he will defeat everyone!" Everyone kept glancing at Mitya; he had sat through the whole of the

prosecutor's speech in silence, his hands clasped, his teeth clenched, his eyes lowered. Only now and then did he raise his head and listen. Especially when they began to speak of Grushenka. When the prosecutor was conveying Rakitin's opinion of her, a contemptuous and spiteful smile showed on his face, and he said rather audibly: "Bernards!" And when Ippolit Kirillovich was telling how he had questioned and tormented him in Mokroye, Mitya raised his head and listened with terrible curiosity. At one place in the speech he even seemed to want to jump up and shout something, but he mastered himself, however, and only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. About this finale of the speech, namely about the prosecutor's exploits in Mokroye during the questioning of the criminal, people in our society talked afterward and laughed a little at Ippolit Kirillovich: "The man couldn't resist, they said, showing off his abilities." The session was adjourned, but for a very short time, a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes at most. Conversations and exclamations were heard among the public. I remember some of them:

"A serious speech!" a gentleman in one group remarked with a frown.

"He spun out an awful lot of psychology," another voice was heard.

"But it's all true, the irrefutable truth!"

"Yes, he's a master at that."

"He summed it up."

"He summed us up too, us too," a third voice joined in. "At the beginning of the speech, remember, that we're all just like Fyodor Pavlovich?"

"And at the end too. Only he was lying there."

"And there were unclear places too."

"He got carried away a bit."

"Unjust, unjust, sir."

“Oh no, all the same it was deft. The man waited a long time, and now he’s had his say, heh-heh!”

“I wonder what the defense counsel will say?”

In another group:

“He shouldn’t have had a dig just now at the one from Petersburg: ‘striking at your sensibility,’ remember?”

“Yes, that was clumsy of him.”

“He was too hasty.”

“A nervous man, sir.”

“Here we are laughing, but how does the defendant feel?”

“Yes, sir. How does our Mitenka feel?”

“And I wonder what the defense counsel will say?”

In a third group:

“Who is that lady, the fat one with the lorgnette, sitting at the end?”

“That’s a general’s wife, a divorcée, I know her.”

“That explains it, with a lorgnette.”

“Trash.”

“Oh no, a piquant little thing.”

“Two seats away from her there’s a little blonde sitting, she’s better.”

“They caught him deftly that time in Mokroye, eh?”

“Deftly, sure. He told it again. Why, he’s told about that here in people’s houses goodness knows how many times.”

“And now he couldn’t resist. Vanity.”

“A man with a grievance, heh-heh!”

“And touchy. And a lot of rhetoric, long sentences.”

“And he’s scaring us, note that, he keeps scaring us. Remember about the troika? ‘They have their Hamlets, but we so far still have our Karamazovs!’ That was deft of him.”

“He was burning incense to liberalism. He’s afraid!”

“And he’s afraid of the lawyer too.”

"Yes, what will Mr. Fetyukovich say?"

"Well, whatever he says, he won't get through to our peasants."

"You think so?"

In a fourth group:

"That bit of his about the troika was good, though, where it was about the nations."

"And it's true, remember, where he says the nations won't wait."

"What about it?"

"Why, in the English Parliament a member got up just last week, about the nihilists, and asked the ministry whether it wasn't time to intervene with the barbarous nation, so as to educate us. Ippolit meant him, I know he meant him. He was talking about it last week."

"The snipe have a long way to go."

"What snipe? Why a long way?"

"Why, we'll lock up Kronstadt and won't give them any grain. Where will they get it?"

"What about America? It's America now."

"Nonsense."

But the bell rang, everyone rushed to their places. Fetyukovich mounted the rostrum.

X. The Speech for the Defense. A Stick with Two Ends

Everything fell silent when the first words of the famous orator rang out. The whole hall fastened its eyes on him. He began extremely directly, simply, and with conviction, but without the slightest arrogance. Not the slightest attempt at eloquence, at pathetic notes, at little words ringing with feeling. This was a man who had begun to speak in an intimate circle of sympathetic people. His voice was beautiful, loud, and appealing, and even in this voice itself something sincere and simple-hearted seemed already to be heard. But it became clear to everyone at once that the orator might suddenly rise to the truly pathetic—and "strike at hearts with an unknown power." He spoke, perhaps, less correctly than Ippolit Kirillovich, but without long sentences and even more precisely. One thing the ladies rather disliked: he kept somehow bending his back, especially at the beginning of the speech, not exactly bowing, but as if straining and flying toward his listeners, and he bent precisely as it were with half of his long back, as though in the middle of this long and thin back of his a sort of hinge had been fitted, so that it could bend almost at a right angle. At the beginning of the speech he spoke in a somehow scattered way, as if without a system, seizing on facts here and there, but in the end a whole emerged. His speech could be divided into two halves: the first half was criticism, a refutation of the prosecution, at times spiteful and sarcastic. But in the second half of the speech he seemed suddenly to change both his tone and even his method,

and all at once rose to the pathetic, and the hall seemed to have been waiting for it and all trembled with rapture. He went straight to the case and began by saying that although his field was in Petersburg, this was not the first time he had visited the towns of Russia to defend the accused, but only those of whose innocence he was either convinced or had a presentiment beforehand. "The same thing happened to me in the present case too," he explained. "Even from the first newspaper reports alone something had already flashed upon me that struck me extremely in the defendant's favor. In a word, what interested me first of all was a certain juridical fact, which, though often repeated in judicial practice, never, it seems to me, appears in such fullness and with such characteristic peculiarities as in the present case. I ought to formulate this fact only in the finale of my speech, when I conclude my remarks, but I will nevertheless express my thought at the very beginning, for I have the weakness of going straight to the subject, without hiding my effects and without economizing on impressions. This is perhaps imprudent on my part, but at least it is sincere. This thought of mine, my formula, is as follows: an overwhelming sum of facts against the defendant, and at the same time not a single fact that will stand up to criticism if one examines it singly, by itself! Following the case further through rumors and the newspapers, I became more and more confirmed in my thought, and suddenly I received from the defendant's relatives an invitation to defend him. I at once hastened here, and here I became finally convinced. It was precisely in order to break up this terrible sum of facts and to show how unproven and fantastic each accusing fact is taken separately that I undertook to defend this case."

So the defense counsel began, and suddenly proclaimed:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I am a fresh man here. All the impressions fell upon me without prejudice. The defendant, violent and unbridled in character, did not offend me beforehand, as he did

perhaps a hundred persons in this town, which is why many are prejudiced against him in advance. Of course, I too admit that the moral feeling of local society has been justly aroused: the defendant is violent and unruly. In local society, however, he was received; he was even made welcome in the family of the highly talented prosecutor. (N*ota bene.* At these words two or three titters were heard in the public, quickly suppressed, it is true, but noticed by everyone. It was known to all of us that the prosecutor admitted Mitya into his house against his will, solely because the prosecutor's wife for some reason found him interesting—a lady highly virtuous and respectable, but fanciful and willful, and fond in certain cases, mainly in trifles, of opposing her spouse. Mitya, however, visited their house rather rarely.) Nevertheless I will venture to allow," the defense counsel went on, "that even in so independent a mind and so just a character as my opponent's, a certain mistaken prejudice against my unhappy client may have formed. Oh, it is so natural: the unhappy man has all too well deserved to be regarded even with prejudice. And an outraged moral, and still more an aesthetic, feeling is sometimes implacable. Of course, in the highly talented speech for the prosecution we all heard a strict analysis of the defendant's character and actions, a strictly critical approach to the case, and above all such psychological depths were exhibited to explain to us the essence of the matter that the penetration into these depths could never have taken place with an attitude toward the defendant's person that was in any way deliberately and maliciously prejudiced. But surely there are things that are even worse, even more ruinous in such cases, than the most malicious and premeditated attitude toward the case. Namely, if we are possessed, for example, by a certain, so to speak, artistic play, a need for artistic creation, so to speak, for the creation of a novel, especially given the wealth of psychological gifts with which God has endowed our faculties. While still in

Petersburg, while only getting ready to come here, I was forewarned—and I knew myself without any forewarning—that I would meet here as my opponent a profound and most subtle psychologist, who had long since earned by this quality of his a certain special fame in our still young juridical world. But psychology, gentlemen, though it is a profound thing, is all the same like a stick with two ends (a titter in the public). Oh, you will of course forgive me my trivial comparison; I am no master at speaking too eloquently. But here, however, is an example—I take the first that comes to hand from the prosecutor's speech. The defendant, at night, in the garden, running away, climbs over the fence and with a brass pestle strikes down the lackey who has seized him by the leg. Then at once he jumps back down into the garden and for a whole five minutes busies himself over the fallen man, trying to guess: has he killed him or not? And here the prosecutor will not for anything believe in the truth of the defendant's testimony that he jumped down to old Grigory out of pity. 'No,' he says, 'can there be such sensitivity at such a minute? This, he says, is unnatural, and he jumped down precisely in order to make sure whether the only witness of his villainy was alive or killed, and therefore he thereby testified that he had committed this villainy, since he could not have jumped down into the garden from any other cause, impulse, or feeling.' There is psychology for you; but let us take this same psychology and apply it to the case, only from the other end, and it will come out no less plausible at all. The murderer jumps down out of caution, to make sure whether the witness is alive or not, and yet he has just left in the study of the father he killed, according to the testimony of the prosecutor himself, a colossal piece of evidence against himself in the form of a torn envelope on which it was written that there were three thousand in it. 'Why, had he carried off this envelope with him, no one in the whole world would ever have known that there had been, had existed, an enve-

lope, and money in it, and that, therefore, the money had been stolen by the defendant.' That is the prosecutor's own pronouncement. Well, so for the one thing, you see, there was not enough caution, the man lost his head, took fright, and ran away, leaving the evidence on the floor, but when two minutes later he struck and killed another man, then at once the most heartless and calculating sense of caution appears at our service. But so be it, so be it, let us say that is how it was: the subtlety of psychology, they say, lies precisely in this, that in such circumstances I am at one moment bloodthirsty and keen-sighted as a Caucasian eagle, and at the next minute blind and timid as a paltry mole. But if I am so bloodthirsty and cruelly calculating that, having killed, I jumped down only to see whether the witness against me was alive or not, then why, one would think, fuss over this new victim of mine for a whole five minutes, and perhaps acquire new witnesses besides? Why wet a handkerchief, wiping the blood from the head of the fallen man, so that this handkerchief would serve afterward as evidence against me? No, if we are so calculating and hardhearted, would it not have been better, having jumped down, simply to stun the fallen servant with that same pestle again and again on the head, so as to kill him for good and, having rooted out the witness, relieve one's heart of all care? And finally, I jump down to check whether the witness against me is alive or not, and right there on the path I leave another witness, namely this very pestle, which I snatched from two women, who can both always recognize this pestle afterward as theirs and testify that it was I who snatched it from them. And it is not that I forgot it on the path, dropped it in absentmindedness, in confusion: no, we precisely flung our weapon away, because it was found some fifteen paces from the place where Grigory had been struck down. The question is, why did we do this? Why, precisely because we felt bitter at having killed a man, an old servant, and therefore in vexation, with a

curse, we flung the pestle away as the weapon of murder, it could not have been otherwise, for why else throw it with such a swing? And if we could feel pain and pity at having killed a man, then of course it was because we had not killed our father: having killed his father, he would not have jumped down to another fallen man out of pity, then there would have been another feeling, it would have been no time for pity then, but for saving himself, and that is certainly so. On the contrary, I repeat, he would have smashed his skull for good, and not fussed over him for five minutes. There was room for pity and good feeling precisely because his conscience had been clear before that. Here, then, is another psychology. I have purposely resorted to psychology myself just now, gentlemen of the jury, in order to show clearly that one can deduce anything one likes from it. It all depends on whose hands it is in. Psychology lures even the most serious people into writing novels, and quite involuntarily. I am speaking of excessive psychology, gentlemen of the jury, of a certain abuse of it."

Here again approving titters were heard in the public, and all at the prosecutor's expense. I will not quote the whole of the defense counsel's speech in detail; I will take only certain passages from it, certain of its most important points.

XI. There Was No Money. There Was No Robbery

There was one point in the defense counsel's speech that even struck everyone, namely the complete denial of the existence of those fatal three thousand rubles, and therefore of the possibility of their having been stolen.

"Gentlemen of the jury," the defense counsel proceeded, "in the present case every fresh and unprejudiced person is struck by one most characteristic peculiarity, namely: an accusation of robbery, and at the same time the complete impossibility of pointing out in fact what exactly was stolen. Money was stolen, they say, three thousand precisely—but whether it actually existed—that no one knows. Consider: in the first place, how did we learn that there were three thousand, and who saw them? Only one person saw them and indicated that they had been put into an envelope with an inscription, the servant Smerdyakov. It was he who communicated this information before the catastrophe to the defendant and to his brother Ivan Fyodorovich. It was also made known to Miss Svetlova. But all these three persons did not themselves see this money, however; again, only Smerdyakov saw it, but here the question arises of itself: if it is true that the money existed and that Smerdyakov saw it, then when did he see it for the last time? And what if the master took this money out from under the bed and put it back in his box again without telling him? Note that, according to Smerdyakov's words, the money lay under the bed, under the mattress; the defendant would have had to tear it out

from under the mattress, and yet the bed was not crumpled in the least, and this was carefully entered into the record. How could the defendant have crumpled absolutely nothing in the bed, and on top of that, with his hands still bloodied, not soiled the fresh, fine bed linen that had been spread on purpose this time? But they will tell us: and what about the envelope on the floor? It is just this envelope that is worth talking about. A while ago I was even somewhat surprised: the highly talented prosecutor, having begun to speak about this envelope, suddenly himself—do you hear, gentlemen, himself—declared about it in his speech, precisely at the place where he points to the absurdity of supposing that Smerdyakov killed: 'Had there not been this envelope, had it not remained on the floor as evidence, had the robber carried it off with him, then no one in the whole world would ever have known that there was an envelope, and money in it, and that, therefore, the money had been stolen by the defendant.' And so this torn scrap of paper with an inscription alone, even by the admission of the prosecutor himself, served to accuse the defendant of robbery, 'otherwise, he says, no one would have known that there had been a robbery, or perhaps even that there had been any money.' But can the mere fact that this scrap was lying on the floor really be proof that there was money in it and that this money was stolen? 'But,' they answer, 'Smerdyakov saw it in the envelope,' but when, when did he see it for the last time, that is what I am asking? I spoke with Smerdyakov, and he told me that he had seen it two days before the catastrophe! But why can I not suppose, for example, even such a circumstance as this: that old Fyodor Pavlovich, locked up at home, in impatient, hysterical expectation of his beloved, suddenly took it into his head, having nothing to do, to take out the envelope and unseal it: 'What's an envelope,' he says, 'she may not even believe it, but if I show her thirty rainbow-colored ones in one wad, I bet it will work more strongly, her mouth

will water'—and so he tears open the envelope, takes out the money, and throws the envelope on the floor with the imperious hand of the master, and of course without fearing any evidence. Listen, gentlemen of the jury, is anything more possible than such a supposition and such a fact? Why is it impossible? But surely if anything of the sort could have taken place, then the accusation of robbery is destroyed of itself: there was no money, and therefore there was no robbery. If the envelope lay on the floor as evidence that there had been money in it, then why can I not maintain the opposite, namely that the envelope was lying on the floor precisely because there was no longer any money in it, the money having been taken out of it beforehand by the master himself? 'Yes, but in that case where did the money go, if Fyodor Pavlovich himself took it out of the envelope, since it was not found in his house during the search?' In the first place, part of the money was found in his box, and in the second place, he could have taken it out that morning, even the day before, disposed of it otherwise, given it out, sent it off, changed, finally, his idea, his plan of action at its very foundation, and without even finding it necessary to report this to Smerdyakov beforehand. And surely, if there exists even merely the possibility of such a supposition, then how can one so insistently and so firmly accuse the defendant of having committed the murder for robbery, and of there really having been a robbery? Why, in this way we are entering the domain of novels. Surely if one asserts that such and such a thing has been stolen, one must point out that thing, or at least prove irrefutably that it existed. But no one has even seen it. Not long ago in Petersburg a young man, almost a boy, eighteen years old, a petty peddler with a tray, walked in broad daylight with an axe into a money changer's shop and with extraordinary, typical audacity killed the owner of the shop and carried off with him fifteen hundred rubles in money. Some five hours later he was arrested, and on him, apart from fif-

teen rubles that he had already managed to spend, they found all this fifteen hundred. Besides that, the clerk, who had returned to the shop after the murder, informed the police not only of the stolen sum but also of exactly what money it consisted of, that is, how many rainbow-colored notes, how many blue, how many red, how many gold coins and of which kind exactly, and so precisely the same notes and coins were found on the arrested murderer. On top of everything there followed the murderer's full and frank confession that he had killed and carried off this very money. That, gentlemen of the jury, is what I call evidence! Here I know, I see, I touch the money and cannot say that it does not exist or did not exist. Is it so in the present case? And yet it is a matter of life and death, of a man's fate. 'Just so,' they will say, 'but surely that same night he was carousing, throwing money around, fifteen hundred rubles were found on him—where did he get them?' But surely precisely because only fifteen hundred in all was found, while the other half of the sum could not by any means be traced and discovered, precisely by this it is proved that this money may not have been the same at all, may never have been in any envelope at all. By calculating the time (and most strictly) it was ascertained and proved by the preliminary investigation that the defendant, having run from the maids to the official Perkhotin, did not stop at home, and did not stop anywhere at all, and after that was among people the whole time, and therefore could not have set aside half of the three thousand and hidden it somewhere in town. It was precisely this consideration that gave rise to the prosecutor's supposition that the money is hidden somewhere in a crevice in the village of Mokroye. Why not in the vaults of the castle of Udolpho, gentlemen? Well, is this not a fantastic, a romantic supposition? And note, if only this one supposition is destroyed, namely that it was hidden in Mokroye—and the whole accusation of robbery goes flying into the air, for where, where in that case did that fifteen

hundred go? By what miracle could it have vanished, if it is proved that the defendant did not stop anywhere? And with such novels we are ready to destroy a human life! They will say: 'All the same, he was unable to explain where he got this fifteen hundred that was found on him, and besides, everyone knew that before this night he had no money.' And who knew it? But the defendant gave clear and firm testimony as to where he got the money, and if you like, gentlemen of the jury, if you like—nothing ever could be or can be more probable than this testimony, and, besides, more in keeping with the character and the soul of the defendant. The prosecution liked its own novel: a man of weak will, who had decided to take three thousand so shamefully offered him by his fiancée, could not, it says, have set aside half and sewn it into a pouch; on the contrary, even if he had sewn it in, he would have ripped it open every two days and picked off a hundred at a time, and in this way would have used it all up in one month. Remember, all this was set forth in a tone that tolerated no objections whatever. Well, and what if the thing happened not like that at all, what if you have created a novel, and in it an entirely different person? That is just the point, that you have created a different person! They will object, perhaps: 'There are witnesses that he squandered in the village of Mokroye all of that three thousand taken from Miss Verkhovtseva a month before the catastrophe, at one go, like a single kopeck, and therefore he could not have set aside half of it.' But who are these witnesses? The degree of reliability of these witnesses has already come to light in court. Besides, a slice of bread always looks bigger in another man's hand. Finally, none of these witnesses counted this money himself, but only judged by eye. Why, the witness Maximov testified that the defendant had twenty thousand in his hands. You see, gentlemen of the jury, since psychology has two ends, then allow me to apply the other end here too, and let us see whether the same thing comes out.

"A month before the catastrophe the defendant was entrusted by Miss Verkhovtseva with three thousand rubles to send by post, but the question is: is it just to say that they were entrusted with such shame and such humiliation as was proclaimed a while ago? In Miss Verkhovtseva's first testimony on the same subject it came out differently, entirely differently; while in the second testimony we heard only cries of bitterness, of revenge, the cries of a hatred long concealed. But the mere fact that the witness once testified untruly in her first testimony gives us the right to conclude that the second testimony too may have been untrue. The prosecutor 'does not wish, does not dare' (his words) to touch upon this romance. Well, so be it, I will not touch upon it either, but I will nevertheless permit myself only to remark that if a pure and highly moral person, such as the highly respected Miss Verkhovtseva indisputably is, if such a person, I say, suddenly permits herself, all at once, in court, to change her first testimony with the direct aim of ruining the defendant, then it is clear too that this testimony of hers was not given impartially, not coolly. Will they really take away from us the right to conclude that a woman taking revenge might have exaggerated a great deal? Yes, precisely to have exaggerated the shame and disgrace with which the money was offered by her. On the contrary, it was offered precisely in such a way that it was still possible to accept it, especially for so light-minded a man as our defendant. The main thing is that he then had in view the speedy receipt from his father of the three thousand owed him by the settlement. This is light-minded, but precisely out of light-mindedness he was firmly convinced that the other would hand it over to him, that he would get it and, therefore, could always send off by post the money entrusted to him by Miss Verkhovtseva and settle the debt. But the prosecutor will not for anything allow that he could, that same day, the day of the accusation, have set aside half of the money he had received and sewn it into a pouch: 'that is

not that kind of character,' he says, 'he could not have had such feelings.' But you yourself shouted that Karamazov is broad, you yourself shouted about the two extreme abysses which a Karamazov can contemplate. Karamazov is precisely the kind of nature with two sides, with two abysses, that, with the most unrestrained need for carousing, can stop, if something strikes him from the other side. And the other side, after all, is love, precisely this new love that flared up then like gunpowder, and money is needed for this love, and more needed, oh! far more needed, than even for carousing with this same beloved. Suppose she says to him: 'I'm yours, I don't want Fyodor Pavlovich,' and he will seize her and carry her off—so he would need the means to carry her off. Why, this is more important than carousing. Is a Karamazov not to understand this? Why, it was precisely this he was sick with, this care—so what is improbable in his having set aside this money and hidden it away just in case? But now, however, time goes by, and Fyodor Pavlovich does not hand over the three thousand to the defendant; on the contrary, it is heard that he has assigned it precisely to lure away the defendant's own beloved with it. 'If Fyodor Pavlovich doesn't give it back,' he thinks, 'then before Katerina Ivanovna I'll come out a thief.' And so the idea is born in him that he will come with this same fifteen hundred, which he goes on carrying on him in this pouch, lay it before Miss Verkhovtseva, and say to her: 'I am a scoundrel, but not a thief.' And so, therefore, there is already a double reason to keep this fifteen hundred like the apple of his eye, by no means to rip open the pouch and pick off a hundred rubles at a time. Why will you deny the defendant the feeling of honor? No, the feeling of honor is there in him, an irregular one, let us say, let us say very often mistaken, but it is there, it is there to the point of passion, and he proved it. But now, however, the matter grows more complicated, the torments of jealousy reach the highest degree, and the same, the same former

two questions take shape more and more tormentingly in the defendant's inflamed brain: 'If I give it back to Katerina Ivanovna, then with what means will I carry off Grushenka?' If he raged so, and got drunk, and stormed about the taverns all this month, then it was precisely, perhaps, because he himself felt bitter, it was beyond his strength to bear. These two questions at last grew so acute that they finally drove him to despair. He had sent his younger brother to his father to ask him for this three thousand for the last time, but, without waiting for an answer, he burst in himself and ended by beating the old man in front of witnesses. After this, it means, there is no one left to get it from, the beaten father will not give it. That same day in the evening he beats himself on the breast, precisely on the upper part of the breast, where this pouch is, and swears to his brother that he has a means of not being a scoundrel, but that all the same he will remain a scoundrel, for he foresees that he will not use the means, he will not have the strength of soul, he will not have the character. Why, why does the prosecution not believe the testimony of Alexei Karamazov, given so purely, so sincerely, unprepared and plausibly? Why, on the contrary, does it force me to believe in money in some crevice, in the vaults of the castle of Udolpho? That same evening, after the conversation with his brother, the defendant writes this fatal letter, and it is precisely this letter that is the most important, the most colossal proof of the defendant's guilt of robbery! 'I will ask everyone, and if people don't give it, I will kill my father and take it from under his mattress, in the envelope with the pink ribbon, if only Ivan has gone'—a complete program of the murder, they say, so how could it not be he? 'It was accomplished as it was written!' the prosecution exclaims. But, in the first place, the letter is a drunken one and was written in terrible irritation; in the second place, again, he writes about the envelope from Smerdyakov's words, because he himself had not seen the envelope; and in the

third place, written it was, to be sure, but whether it was accomplished as written, how is that to be proved? Did the defendant get the envelope from under the pillow, did he find the money, did it even exist? And was it for money that the defendant ran there, remember, remember! He ran headlong not to rob, but only to find out where she was, this woman who had crushed him—so he ran not according to a program, not according to what was written, that is, not for a premeditated robbery, but ran suddenly, unexpectedly, in a jealous fury! 'Yes,' they will say, 'but all the same, having run there and killed, he grabbed the money too.' Well, but did he kill, after all, or not? The accusation of robbery I reject with indignation: one cannot accuse of robbery if one cannot point out with precision what exactly was stolen, that is an axiom! But did he even kill, did he kill without robbery? Has that been proved? Is this not a novel too?"

XII. And There Was No Murder Either

"Allow me, gentlemen of the jury, a human life is at stake here, and one must be more careful. We heard how the prosecution itself testified that up to the very last day, up to today, up to the day of the trial, it hesitated to accuse the defendant of full and complete premeditation of the murder, hesitated until this very fatal 'drunken' letter presented to the court today. 'It was accomplished as it was written!' But again I repeat: he ran to her, after her, solely and only to find out where she was. That, after all, is an irrefutable fact. Had she happened to be at home, he would not have run anywhere, but would have stayed with her and would not have kept what he had promised in the letter. He ran by chance and suddenly, and perhaps he did not even remember his 'drunken' letter at all then. 'He grabbed a pestle, they say'—and remember how out of this one pestle a whole psychology was deduced for us: why, they say, he was bound to take this pestle for a weapon, to seize it as a weapon, and so on, and so on. Here a most ordinary thought occurs to me: well, what if this pestle had not been lying in view, not on the shelf from which the defendant snatched it, but had been put away in a cupboard?—why, then it would not have flashed before the defendant's eyes, and he would have run off without a weapon, with empty hands, and so perhaps he would then have killed no one. How, then, can I draw conclusions from the pestle as proof of arming and premeditation? Yes, but he shouted in the taverns that he would kill his father, and two days before, on the evening when he wrote his drunken letter, he was quiet and quarreled in the tavern with only one merchant's clerk, 'because, they

say, a Karamazov could not help quarreling.' And I will answer to this that if he had planned such a murder, and according to a plan at that, according to what was written, then surely he would not have quarreled even with the clerk, and perhaps would not have gone into the tavern at all, because a soul that has planned such a deed seeks quiet and self-effacement, seeks to disappear, so as not to be seen, not to be heard: 'Forget about me, if you can,' and this not from calculation only, but from instinct. Gentlemen of the jury, psychology has two ends, and we too know how to understand psychology. As for all these tavern shouts during the whole of this month, how many times do children or drunken revelers, coming out of pothouses and quarreling with one another, shout: 'I'll kill you,' but surely they don't kill. And this fatal letter itself—well, is it not also drunken irritation, the shout of a man coming out of a pothouse: I'll kill you, he says, I'll kill the lot of you! Why not so, why could it not have been so? Why is this letter fatal, why, on the contrary, is it not ridiculous? Why, precisely because the corpse of the murdered father has been found, because a witness saw the defendant in the garden, armed and running away, and was himself struck down by him, therefore everything was accomplished as written, and therefore the letter is not ridiculous but fatal. Thank God, we have reached the point: 'if he was in the garden, it means he killed.' With these two little words, 'if he was, then it certainly means,' everything is exhausted, the whole accusation: 'he was, so it means.' And what if it does not mean, even though he was? Oh, I agree that the sum of the facts, the coincidence of the facts, is really rather eloquent. But examine, however, all these facts separately, without being swayed by their sum: why, for example, will the prosecution not for anything allow the truthfulness of the defendant's testimony that he ran away from his father's window? Remember even the sarcasms in which the prosecution indulges here concerning the respectfulness and the 'pious' feelings that

suddenly seized the murderer. And what if there really was something of the sort here, that is, if not respectfulness of feeling, then piety of feeling? 'My mother must have prayed God for me at that minute,' the defendant testifies at the investigation, and so he ran away as soon as he had made sure that Miss Svetlova was not in his father's house. 'But he could not have made sure through the window,' the prosecution objects to us. And why could he not? Why, the window did open at the signals given by the defendant. Here Fyodor Pavlovich might have uttered some word or other of the sort, some cry or other of the sort might have escaped him—and the defendant could suddenly have made certain that Miss Svetlova was not there. Why necessarily suppose it was as we imagine, as we have proposed to imagine? In reality a thousand things may flash by that escape the observation of the subtlest novelist. 'Yes, but Grigory saw the door open, and therefore the defendant was surely in the house, and therefore he killed.' About this door, gentlemen of the jury... You see, only one person testifies about this open door, a person who was, however, at the time in such a state himself that... But so be it, so be it, let us say the door was open, let us say the defendant denied it, lied out of a feeling of self-defense so understandable in his position, so be it, so be it, let us say he got into the house, was in the house—well, and what then, why necessarily, if he was there, did he kill? He could have burst in, run through the rooms, could have pushed his father, could even have struck his father, but, having made sure that Miss Svetlova was not with him, he ran away, glad that she was not there and that he had run away without killing his father. Perhaps it was precisely for this reason that a minute later he jumped down from the fence to Grigory, whom he had struck down in the heat of the moment, because he was in a condition to feel a pure feeling, a feeling of compassion and pity, because he had run away from the temptation to kill his father, because he felt

in himself a pure heart and joy that he had not killed his father. Eloquently to the point of horror the prosecutor describes to us the terrible state of the defendant in the village of Mokroye, when love opened to him anew, calling him into a new life, and when he could no longer love, because behind him was the bloodied corpse of his father, and beyond the corpse, punishment. And nevertheless the prosecutor did allow love, which he explained according to his psychology: 'The drunken state, he says, the criminal is being driven to execution, there is still long to wait, and so on, and so on.' But have you not created a different person, Mr. Prosecutor, I ask again? Is the defendant so, is he so coarse and soulless that he could still think at that moment of love and of wriggling before the court, if his father's blood were really on him? No, no, and no! No sooner had it been revealed that she loved him, was calling him to go with her, was promising him a new happiness—oh, I swear, he must then have felt a double, a triple need to kill himself, and he would certainly have killed himself if his father's corpse had been lying behind him! Oh no, he would not have forgotten where his pistols lay! I know the defendant: the wild, wooden heartlessness with which the prosecution has charged him is incompatible with his character. He would have killed himself, that is certain; he did not kill himself precisely because 'his mother prayed God for him,' and his heart was innocent of his father's blood. He was tormented, he grieved that night in Mokroye only over the old man Grigory whom he had struck down, and prayed to God within himself that the old man would get up and come to, that his blow would not be fatal and that punishment for it would pass him by. Why not accept such an interpretation of events? What firm proof do we have that the defendant is lying to us? But what about the father's corpse, they will point out to us at once again: he ran out, he did not kill, well, then who killed the old man?

"I repeat, here is the whole logic of the prosecution: who killed, if not he? There is no one, they say, to put in his place. Gentlemen of the jury, is that so? Is it really, actually so, that there is absolutely no one at all to put in his place? We heard how the prosecution counted off on its fingers all those who were and all those who had been in that house that night. Five persons were found. Three of them, I agree, are entirely out of the question: the murdered man himself, old Grigory, and his wife. That leaves, then, the defendant and Smerdyakov, and so the prosecutor exclaims with pathos that the defendant points to Smerdyakov because he has no one else to point to, that if there were someone else here, a sixth, even the ghost of some sixth, then the defendant himself would at once give up accusing Smerdyakov, ashamed of it, and would point to this sixth. But, gentlemen of the jury, why could I not conclude exactly the opposite? There stand two: the defendant and Smerdyakov—why should I not say that you accuse my client solely because you have no one else to accuse? And there is no one else only because you, with complete prejudice, have excluded Smerdyakov beforehand from all suspicion. Yes, it is true, only the defendant himself, his two brothers, and Miss Svetlova point to Smerdyakov, and that is all. But surely there is someone else among those who testify: it is a certain, though unclear, ferment in society of some question, of some suspicion, some unclear rumor is heard, one feels that some sort of expectation exists. Finally, a certain juxtaposition of facts also testifies, a very characteristic one, though, I confess, an indefinite one: in the first place, this fit of the falling sickness precisely on the day of the catastrophe, a fit which the prosecutor for some reason was forced to defend and uphold so assiduously. Then this sudden suicide of Smerdyakov on the eve of the trial. Then the no less sudden testimony of the defendant's elder brother, today in court, who until now had believed in his brother's guilt and who suddenly brings

the money and also proclaims, once again, the name of Smerdyakov as the murderer! Oh, I am fully convinced, together with the court and the prosecution, that Ivan Karamazov is ill and in a fever, that his testimony may really have been a desperate attempt, conceived, besides, in delirium, to save his brother by shifting the blame onto the dead man. But nevertheless, all the same, the name of Smerdyakov has been pronounced, and again something enigmatic seems to be heard. Something here seems to have been left unsaid, gentlemen of the jury, and left unfinished. And perhaps it will yet be said. But let us leave that for now, that is still ahead. The court decided a while ago to continue the session, but now, for the time being, while we wait, I could nevertheless remark on something, for example, regarding the character sketch of the late Smerdyakov, drawn so subtly and so talentedly by the prosecutor. But while I marvel at the talent, I cannot, however, fully agree with the substance of the sketch. I visited Smerdyakov, I saw him and spoke with him, and he made an entirely different impression on me. He was weak in health, that is true, but in character, in heart—oh no, he was not at all so weak a man as the prosecution concluded. In particular I did not find timidity in him, that timidity which the prosecutor described to us so characteristically. Of simple-heartedness there was none in him at all; on the contrary, I found a terrible mistrustfulness hiding under naivety, and a mind capable of contemplating a very great deal. Oh! the prosecution all too simple-heartedly took him for feeble-minded. On me he made a perfectly definite impression: I left with the conviction that this being was decidedly spiteful, inordinately ambitious, vindictive, and burningly envious. I gathered some information: he hated his origin, was ashamed of it, and remembered with a gnashing of teeth that he was 'descended from the Stinking woman.' Toward the servant Grigory and his wife, who had been the benefactors of his childhood, he was disrespectful. He cursed

Russia and laughed at her. He dreamed of going away to France in order to make himself over into a Frenchman. He had often and at length talked even earlier of his lacking the means for this. It seems to me that he loved no one but himself, while he respected himself strangely highly. Enlightenment he saw in good clothes, in clean shirtfronts, and in polished boots. Considering himself (and there are facts to support this) the illegitimate son of Fyodor Pavlovich, he might have hated his position in comparison with his master's legitimate children: to them, he would say, everything, and to him nothing, to them all the rights, to them the inheritance, while he is only a cook. He told me that he himself, together with Fyodor Pavlovich, had put the money into the envelope. The purpose of this sum—a sum that might have made his career—was of course hateful to him. Besides, he saw three thousand rubles in bright new rainbow-colored notes (I asked him about this on purpose). Oh, never show an envious and vain man a large sum of money all at once, and he had seen such a sum in one hand for the first time. The impression of the rainbow-colored wad might have reflected itself morbidly in his imagination, for the first time, for the present, without any consequences. The highly talented prosecutor sketched for us with unusual subtlety all the pros and contras of the supposition that Smerdyakov could be accused of the murder, and he asked particularly: why should the other have pretended to have a falling fit? Yes, but he may not have pretended at all, the fit may have come quite naturally, but surely it could also have passed off quite naturally, and the sick man could have come to. Not recovered, let us say, but all the same at some point come to himself and wake up, as happens with the falling sickness. The prosecution asks: where is the moment when Smerdyakov committed the murder? But it is extremely easy to point out this moment. He could have come to and got up from a deep sleep (for he was only asleep: after fits of the falling sickness a deep sleep

always comes on) precisely at the instant when old Grigory, seizing the escaping defendant by the leg on the fence, howled for the whole neighborhood to hear: 'Parricide!' That extraordinary cry, in the stillness and in the darkness, could very well have woken Smerdyakov, whose sleep by that time may not have been very sound: he may naturally have begun waking up an hour before. Having got up from his bed, he sets off almost unconsciously and without any intention toward the cry, to see what it is. In his head there is a morbid fog, his reason is still dozing, but now he is in the garden, he goes up to the lighted windows and hears the terrible news from the master, who was of course glad to see him. His reason flares up at once in his head. From the frightened master he learns all the details. And so, gradually, in his disordered and sick brain, an idea takes shape—terrible, but tempting and irresistibly logical: to kill, to take the three thousand in money, and afterward to shift everything onto the young master: whom will they think of now, if not the young master, whom can they accuse, if not the young master—all the evidence, he was here? A terrible thirst for money, for booty, might have taken his breath away, together with the consideration of impunity. Oh, these sudden and irresistible impulses come so often when the occasion offers and, above all, come suddenly, to murderers of this kind, who a minute before did not know that they would want to kill! And so Smerdyakov could have gone in to the master and carried out his plan, with what, with what weapon—why, with the first stone he picked up in the garden. But what for, with what aim? Why, the three thousand, that is a career. Oh! I am not contradicting myself: the money may have been there and have existed. And perhaps even Smerdyakov alone knew where to find it, where exactly the master kept it. 'Well, and the wrapper of the money, and the torn envelope on the floor?' A while ago, when the prosecutor, speaking of this envelope, set out his extremely subtle consideration that it was pre-

cisely an unpracticed thief who could have left it on the floor, precisely one like Karamazov, and not at all Smerdyakov, who would never for anything have left such evidence against himself—a while ago, gentlemen of the jury, as I listened, I suddenly felt that I was hearing something extremely familiar. And imagine, this very same consideration, this conjecture about how Karamazov might have dealt with the envelope, I had already heard exactly two days before from Smerdyakov himself; more than that, it was just this that struck me about him: it precisely seemed to me that he was falsely playing the innocent, running on ahead, forcing this idea on me, so that I would arrive at this very consideration myself, and as it were prompting me to it. Did he not prompt this consideration to the investigation as well? Did he not force it on the highly talented prosecutor as well? They will say: and the old woman, Grigory's wife? Why, she heard the sick man moaning beside her all night long. So she did, but surely this consideration is extremely shaky. I knew a lady who complained bitterly that a little cur in the yard had woken her all night and kept her from sleeping. And yet the poor little dog, as it became known, had yapped only two or three times in the whole night. And this is natural; a person sleeps and suddenly hears a moan, he wakes up annoyed at having been woken, but falls asleep again instantly. Some two hours later there is another moan, again he wakes up and again falls asleep; finally, a moan once more, and again two hours later, three times in all in the night. In the morning the sleeper gets up and complains that someone moaned all night long and woke him ceaselessly. But that is just how it is bound to seem to him; the intervals of sleep, two hours each, he slept through and does not remember, and has remembered only the minutes of his waking, and so it seems to him that he was woken all night long. But why, why, the prosecution exclaims, did Smerdyakov not confess in his posthumous note? 'There was conscience enough, it says, for the one thing and

not for the other.' But allow me: conscience is already repentance, but there may have been no repentance in the suicide, but only despair. Despair and repentance are two entirely different things. Despair may be spiteful and implacable, and the suicide, laying hands on himself, may at that moment have doubly hated those whom he had envied all his life. Gentlemen of the jury, beware of a judicial error! In what, in what way is everything I have just presented and depicted to you implausible? Find the error in my exposition, find the impossibility, the absurdity! But if there is even a shadow of possibility, even a shadow of plausibility in my suppositions—refrain from the verdict. And is there only a shadow here? I swear by all that is sacred, I fully believe in my interpretation of the murder, the one I have just presented to you. And above all, above all, I am troubled and driven out of patience by the same thought, that of the whole mass of facts heaped up by the prosecution against the defendant, there is not a single one that is in any way precise and irrefutable, and that the unhappy man is perishing solely through the sum of these facts. Yes, this sum is terrible; this blood, this blood dripping from the fingers, the linen in blood, this dark night ringing with the howl of 'Parricide!' and the man shouting it falling with a broken head, and then this mass of sayings, testimonies, gestures, shouts—oh, this has such an influence, it can so bribe one's conviction, but can it, gentlemen of the jury, can it bribe your conviction? Remember, you have been given a boundless power, the power to bind and to loose. But the stronger the power, the more terrible its application! I do not retreat one iota from what I have just said, but let it be, so be it, let me too agree for a minute with the prosecution that my unhappy client stained his hands with his father's blood. This is only a supposition, I repeat, I do not doubt his innocence for an instant, but so be it, I will suppose that my defendant is guilty of parricide, but listen, nevertheless, to what I have to say, even if I were to allow

such a supposition. It is in my heart to tell you something more, for I sense a great struggle in your hearts and minds too… Forgive me these words, gentlemen of the jury, about your hearts and minds. But I want to be truthful and sincere to the end. Let us all be sincere!…"

At this point the defense counsel was interrupted by rather loud applause. In fact, he had pronounced his last words with such a sincere-sounding note that everyone felt that perhaps he really did have something to say and that what he would say now was the most important thing of all. But the presiding judge, hearing the applause, loudly threatened to "clear" the courtroom if "such an incident" was repeated once more. Everything fell silent, and Fetyukovich began in a sort of new, heartfelt voice, entirely different from the one in which he had spoken until then.

XIII. An Adulterer of Thought

"It is not the sum of the facts alone that is ruining my client, gentlemen of the jury," he proclaimed, "no, what is really ruining my client is one fact only: it is the corpse of the old father! Were this a simple murder, then, given the insignificance, the lack of proof, the fantastic nature of the facts, if each of them is examined separately and not in their sum, you would reject the accusation, or at least you would hesitate to ruin a man's fate solely on account of a prejudice against him which, alas, he has so well deserved! But this is not a simple murder, it is parricide! This makes an impression, and to such a degree that even the very insignificance and lack of proof of the accusing facts becomes not so insignificant and not so lacking in proof, and this even in the most unprejudiced mind. Well, how can such a defendant be acquitted? And what if he did kill and goes away unpunished—that is what each of us feels in his heart almost involuntarily, instinctively. Yes, it is a terrible thing to shed a father's blood—the blood of the one who begot me, the blood of the one who loved me, the blood of the one who did not spare his life for me, who was sick with my illnesses from my childhood years, who suffered all his life for my happiness and lived only by my joys, by my successes! Oh, to kill such a father—why, it is impossible even to think of it! Gentlemen of the jury, what is a father, a real father, what sort of great word is this, what a terribly great idea lies in this name? We have just indicated in part what a true father is and what he ought to be. But in the present case, with which we are all so occupied now, over which our souls ache—in the present case the father, the late Fyodor

Pavlovich Karamazov, did not in the least correspond to the idea of a father which has just spoken to our hearts. That is a misfortune. Yes, indeed, some fathers are like a misfortune. Let us examine this misfortune more closely, then—for there is nothing to be afraid of, gentlemen of the jury, in view of the importance of the decision before us. We must even especially not be afraid now and, so to speak, wave away a certain idea, like children or timid women, in the happy expression of the highly talented prosecutor. But in his ardent speech my respected opponent (and an opponent even before I had uttered my first word), my opponent exclaimed several times: 'No, I will let no one defend the defendant, I will not yield his defense to the defense counsel who has come from Petersburg—I am the accuser, and I am the defender as well!' That is what he exclaimed several times, and yet he forgot to mention that if this terrible defendant was so grateful for a whole twenty-three years for nothing more than one pound of nuts received from the only person who had been kind to him as a child in his parental home, then, conversely, such a man could not, surely, fail to remember also, all those twenty-three years, how he ran about barefoot at his father's 'in the backyard, without little boots, and in little trousers with one button,' in the expression of the humane doctor Herzenstube. Oh, gentlemen of the jury, why should we examine this 'misfortune' more closely, why repeat what everyone already knows! What did my client meet with when he came here to his father? And why, why depict my client as unfeeling, an egoist, a monster? He is unrestrained, he is wild and violent, and now we are judging him for it, but who is to blame for his fate, who is to blame that, with good inclinations, with a noble, sensitive heart, he received such an absurd upbringing? Did anyone teach him sense, is he enlightened in the sciences, did anyone love him even a little in his childhood? My client grew up under the protection of God, that is, like a wild beast. He perhaps longed to see his father after a

separation of many years, he perhaps a thousand times before that, remembering his childhood as through a dream, drove away the loathsome phantoms that had haunted the dreams of his childhood, and longed with his whole soul to justify and embrace his father! And what then? He is met with nothing but cynical sneers, suspiciousness, and pettifoggery over disputed money; he hears only talk and maxims of life that turn one's heart, daily, 'over the cognac,' and finally he beholds his father taking his mistress away from him, from the son, with the son's own money—oh, gentlemen of the jury, this is loathsome and cruel! And this same old man complains to everyone of his son's disrespect and cruelty, besmirches him in society, harms him, slanders him, buys up his promissory notes in order to have him put in prison! Gentlemen of the jury, these souls, these people outwardly hardhearted, violent, and unrestrained, like my client, are frequently, and most often of all, extremely tender in heart, only they do not show it. Do not laugh, do not laugh at my idea! The talented prosecutor laughed pitilessly a while ago at my client, pointing out that he loves Schiller, loves 'the beautiful and lofty.' I would not have laughed at that in his place, in the prosecutor's place! Yes, these hearts—oh, let me defend these hearts, so rarely and so unjustly understood—these hearts very often thirst for what is tender, beautiful, and just, and precisely as it were in contrast to themselves, to their violence, their cruelty—they thirst unconsciously, and they do thirst. Passionate and cruel on the outside, they are capable of loving to the point of torment, a woman, for example, and certainly with a spiritual and higher love. Again, do not laugh at me: this is precisely what happens most often in these natures! Only they cannot hide their passion, at times a very coarse one—that is what strikes people, that is what they notice, but the man inside they do not see. On the contrary, all their passions are quickly slaked, but beside a noble, beautiful being this apparently coarse and cruel

man seeks renewal, seeks the possibility of reforming, of becoming better, of becoming lofty and honest—'lofty and beautiful,' however much that word has been mocked! A while ago I said that I would not permit myself to touch upon my client's romance with Miss Verkhovtseva. But, however, half a word may be said: what we heard a while ago was not testimony but only the cry of a frenzied and vengeful woman, and it is not for her, oh, not for her to reproach anyone with betrayal, because she herself betrayed! Had she had even a little time to think better of it, she would not have given such testimony! Oh, do not believe her, no, my client is not a 'monster,' as she called him! The crucified lover of mankind, preparing to go to his cross, said: 'I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep, so that not one of them may perish…' Let us not destroy a human soul either! I asked just now what a father is, and exclaimed that it is a great word, a precious name. But one must deal honestly with words, gentlemen of the jury, and I will permit myself to call the thing by its own word, by its own name: such a father as the murdered old Karamazov cannot be called a father and is unworthy of being called one. Love for a father that the father has not justified is an absurdity, an impossibility. One cannot create love out of nothing; only God creates out of nothing. 'Fathers, do not embitter your children,' the apostle writes from his heart aflame with love. It is not for my client's sake that I now cite these holy words, I recall them for all fathers. Who gave me this authority to teach fathers? No one. But as a man and a citizen I call out—*vivos voco* (I call the living)! We are not long on this earth, we do many bad deeds and speak many bad words. And therefore let us all seize the favorable minute of our being together to say a good word to one another too. And so with me: while I am in this place, I am making use of my minute. Not for nothing has this tribune been granted us by the highest will—from it all Russia hears us. I am speaking not only for the

fathers here, but to all fathers I cry out: 'Fathers, do not embitter your children!' Let us first fulfill Christ's commandment ourselves, and only then permit ourselves to make demands of our children too. Otherwise we are not fathers but enemies to our children, and they are not our children but enemies to us, and we ourselves have made them our enemies! 'With the measure you measure, it will be measured to you'—this is no longer I who say it, it is the Gospel that prescribes it: to measure in the same measure with which you are measured. How can we blame children if they measure us by our own measure? Not long ago in Finland a certain girl, a servant, was suspected of having secretly given birth to a child. They began to watch her, and in the attic of the house, in a corner behind some bricks, they found her trunk, which no one had known about; they unlocked it and took out of it the little corpse of a newborn infant she had killed. In the same trunk they found two skeletons of infants she had borne before and had likewise killed at the moment of birth, which she confessed. Gentlemen of the jury, is she the mother of her children? Yes, she gave birth to them, but is she a mother to them? Would any of us dare to pronounce over her the sacred name of mother? Let us be bold, gentlemen of the jury, let us even be daring, we are even obliged to be so at the present minute, and not be afraid of certain words and ideas, like the Moscow merchants' wives who are afraid of 'metal' and 'brimstone.'[1] No, let us prove, on the contrary, that the progress of recent years has touched our development too, and let us say outright: he who begets is not yet a father; a father is he who begets and deserves it. Oh, of course, there is another meaning too, another interpretation of the word 'father,' which demands that my father, though he be a monster, though he be a villain to his children, should all the same remain my father only because he begot me. But this meaning is already, so to speak, a mystical one, which I do not understand with my reason, but can accept only by faith,

or, to put it more precisely, on faith, like much else that I do not understand but which religion nevertheless commands me to believe. But in that case let it remain outside the domain of actual life. And in the domain of actual life, which has not only its own rights but itself imposes great obligations—in this domain we, if we wish to be humane, to be Christians, finally, we must and are obliged to carry out only convictions justified by reason and experience, passed through the crucible of analysis; in a word, to act reasonably and not senselessly, as in a dream and in delirium, so as not to do harm to a man, so as not to torment and ruin a man. There, there, then, it will be a real Christian deed, not a mystical one only, but a reasonable and truly humane deed…"

At this point loud applause was about to break out from many corners of the hall, but Fetyukovich even waved his hands, as if begging them not to interrupt and to let him finish. Everything at once fell silent. The orator went on:

"Do you think, gentlemen of the jury, that such questions can pass our children by—let us say already youths, let us say already beginning to reason? No, they cannot, and let us not demand an impossible restraint of them! The sight of an unworthy father, especially in comparison with other, worthy fathers belonging to other children, his peers, involuntarily prompts tormenting questions in a youth. He is given the official answer to these questions: 'He begot you, and you are his blood, and therefore you must love him.' The youth involuntarily falls to thinking: 'But did he love me when he begot me,' he asks, marveling more and more, 'did he beget me for my sake? He knew neither me nor even my sex at that minute, the minute of passion, perhaps heated by wine, and the only thing he perhaps passed on to me was an inclination to drunkenness—those are all his benefactions… Why must I love him, only because he begot me and then did not love me all my life?' Oh, these questions may seem coarse and cruel to you, but

do not demand an impossible restraint from a young mind: 'Drive nature out the door, and it will fly in at the window'—and above all, above all, let us not be afraid of 'metal' and 'brimstone,' and let us decide the question as reason and love of mankind prescribe, and not as mystical notions prescribe. How, then, is it to be decided? Why, like this: let the son stand before his father and ask him himself, with understanding: 'Father, tell me: why must I love you? Father, prove to me that I must love you?'—and if this father has the strength and is in a position to answer and to prove it to him—then there you have the real, normal family, established not on mystical prejudice alone, but on foundations that are reasonable, self-accountable, and strictly humane. Otherwise, if the father does not prove it—that is the end of this family at once: he is not a father to him, and the son receives the freedom and the right henceforth to regard his father as a stranger to himself, and even as his enemy. Our tribune, gentlemen of the jury, must be a school of truth and of sound ideas!"

Here the orator was interrupted by unrestrained, almost frenzied applause. Of course, not the whole hall applauded, but half the hall did applaud all the same. The fathers and mothers applauded. From above, where the ladies sat, shrieks and cries were heard. Handkerchiefs were waved. The presiding judge began ringing his bell with all his might. He was visibly irritated by the behavior of the hall, but he decidedly did not dare to "clear" the hall, as he had recently threatened: even the dignitaries sitting behind on special chairs, little old men with stars on their tailcoats, applauded and waved their handkerchiefs at the orator, so that when the noise subsided, the presiding judge contented himself merely with his former most strict promise to "clear" the hall, and the triumphant and excited Fetyukovich went on with his speech again.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you remember that terrible night about which so much has been said today, when the son got over the fence into his father's house and stood at last face to face with the one who had begotten him, his enemy and offender. I insist with all my strength—it was not for money that he came running at that minute: the accusation of robbery is an absurdity, as I have already set forth before. Nor was it to kill, oh no, that he broke in on him; if he had had this design with premeditation, he would at least have taken care beforehand to get some weapon, but the brass pestle he seized instinctively, not knowing himself why. Let us say he deceived his father with the signals, let us say he got in to him—I have already said that I do not believe this legend for one minute, but so be it, let us suppose it for one minute! Gentlemen of the jury, I swear to you by all that is holy, had this been not his father but some outside offender, he, having run through the rooms and made sure that this woman was not in this house, would have run away headlong without doing his rival any harm; he might have struck him, pushed him, perhaps, but that is all, for he had no thought for that, he had no time, he had to know where she was. But his father, his father—oh, it was all done merely by the sight of his father, the man who had hated him since childhood, his enemy, his offender, and now—his monstrous rival! A feeling of hatred seized him involuntarily, irrepressibly, there was no reasoning possible: everything rose up in one minute! It was a fit of passion, of madness and derangement, but a fit of passion of nature too, avenging its eternal laws unrestrainedly and unconsciously, like everything in nature. But even then the murderer did not kill—I affirm this, I cry it out—no, he only swung the pestle in loathsome indignation, not wishing to kill, not knowing that he would kill. Had this fatal pestle not been in his hands, he would only have beaten his father, perhaps, but would not have killed him. When he ran away, he did not know whether the old man he had struck

down was killed. Such a murder is not a murder. Such a murder is not a parricide either. No, the murder of such a father cannot be called parricide. Such a murder can be counted as parricide only out of prejudice! But did this murder take place, did it take place in fact, I appeal to you again and again from the depths of my soul! Gentlemen of the jury, suppose we condemn him, and he will say to himself: 'These people did nothing for my fate, for my upbringing, for my education, to make me better, to make me a man. These people did not give me food or drink, and did not visit me naked in prison, and now they are the very ones who have sent me to penal servitude. I am quits, I owe them nothing now, and I owe no one anything forever and ever. They are wicked, and I will be wicked. They are cruel, and I will be cruel.' That is what he will say, gentlemen of the jury! And I swear: by your verdict of guilty you will only relieve him, you will relieve his conscience, he will curse the blood he has shed and not regret it. At the same time you will destroy the man that is still possible in him, for he will remain wicked and blind all his life. But do you wish to punish him terribly, formidably, with the most dreadful punishment that can possibly be imagined, but in order to save and regenerate his soul forever? If so, then crush him with your mercy! You will see, you will hear how his soul will tremble and be horrified: 'Is it for me to bear this mercy, is it for me, so much love, am I worthy of it?'—that is what he will exclaim! Oh, I know, I know this heart, this wild but noble heart, gentlemen of the jury. It will bow down before your great deed, it thirsts for a great act of love, it will catch fire and rise again forever. There are souls which in their narrowness accuse the whole world. But crush this soul with mercy, show it love, and it will curse its deed, for there are so many good seeds in it. The soul will expand and behold how merciful God is and how beautiful and just people are. He will be horrified, he will be crushed by repentance and by the countless debt that lies before him hence-

forth. And then he will not say, 'I am quits,' but will say: 'I am guilty before all people and am more unworthy than all people.' In tears of repentance and of burning, suffering tenderness he will exclaim: 'People are better than I am, for they wished not to destroy me but to save me!' Oh, it is so easy for you to do this, this act of mercy, for in the absence of any evidence that even remotely resembles the truth it will be all too hard for you to pronounce: 'Yes, guilty.' Better to let ten guilty men go than to punish one innocent man—do you hear, do you hear this majestic voice from the past century of our glorious history? Is it for me, insignificant as I am, to remind you that the Russian court is not punishment only, but also the salvation of a man who is lost! Let other nations have the letter and the punishment; we have the spirit and the meaning, the salvation and regeneration of the lost. And if so, if Russia and her court are truly such, then—forward, Russia, and do not frighten, oh, do not frighten us with your furious troikas, from which all nations stand aside in loathing! Not a furious troika, but the majestic Russian chariot will arrive at its goal solemnly and calmly. In your hands is the fate of my client, in your hands is the fate of our Russian truth as well. You will save it, you will uphold it, you will prove that there are those who will keep it, that it is in good hands!"

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1. In Alexander Ostrovsky's comedy *Hard Days* (1863) the merchant women are terrified by the strange words "metal" and "brimstone," which they take for something dreadful.

XIV. The Peasants Stood Their Ground

So Fetyukovich ended, and the rapture of the listeners that burst out this time was irrepressible, like a storm. It was no longer even thinkable to restrain it: women wept, many of the men wept too, even two dignitaries shed tears. The presiding judge submitted and even put off ringing his bell: "To encroach upon such enthusiasm would have been to encroach upon a sacred thing," as our ladies cried afterward. The orator himself was sincerely moved. And it was at just such a minute that our Ippolit Kirillovich rose once more "to exchange rebuttals." He was looked upon with hatred: "What? What is this? Does he still dare to object?" the ladies babbled. But even if the ladies of the whole world had started babbling, and at their head the prosecutor's wife herself, Ippolit Kirillovich's spouse, even then it would have been impossible to restrain him at that instant. He was pale, he was shaking with agitation; his first words, the first phrases he uttered, were even unintelligible; he was gasping for breath, pronouncing badly, getting confused. However, he soon recovered. But from this second speech of his I will quote only a few phrases.

"...We are reproached with having created a pile of novels. But what has the defense counsel given us, if not novel upon novel? Only verses were lacking. Fyodor Pavlovich, waiting for his mistress, tears open the envelope and throws it on the floor. We are even told what he said on this remarkable occasion. Why, is this not a poem? And where is the proof that he took out the money, who heard what he said? The feeble-minded idiot Smerdyakov, transformed into some sort of Byronic hero avenging himself on

society for his illegitimate birth—is this not a poem in the Byronic taste? And the son who broke in on his father, killed him, and at the same time did not kill him, that is no longer even a novel, not a poem, it is a sphinx setting riddles which, of course, it will not solve itself. If he killed, then he killed, but how can it be that if he killed, then he did not kill—who can understand that? Next we are informed that our tribune is a tribune of truth and of sound ideas, and so from this tribune of 'sound ideas' there resounds, with an oath, the axiom that to call the murder of a father parricide is nothing but a prejudice! But if parricide is a prejudice, and if every child is going to question his father, 'Father, why must I love you?'—then what will become of us, what will become of the foundations of society, where will the family go? Parricide—that, you see, is only the 'brimstone' of a Moscow merchant's wife. The most precious, the most sacred precepts concerning the purpose and the future of the Russian court are presented perversely and frivolously, only in order to attain the goal, to attain the acquittal of what cannot be acquitted. 'Oh, crush him with mercy,' the defense counsel exclaims, but that is all the criminal needs, and tomorrow everyone will see how crushed he is! And is the defense counsel not too modest in demanding only the acquittal of the defendant? Why not demand the founding of a scholarship in the parricide's name, to immortalize his great deed for posterity and for the young generation? The Gospel and religion are being corrected: all that, they say, is mysticism, but here with us is only true Christianity, already verified by the analysis of reason and of sound ideas. And so they raise up before us a false likeness of Christ! *With the measure you measure, it will be measured to you*, the defense counsel exclaims, and at that very instant deduces that Christ commanded us to measure in the same measure with which we are measured—and this from the tribune of truth and of sound ideas! We look into the Gospel only on the eve of our speeches, in

order to shine with our acquaintance with what is, after all, a rather original composition, which may come in handy and serve for a certain effect, according to the measure of need, all according to the measure of need! But Christ commands us precisely not to do so, to beware of doing so, because the wicked world does so, while we must forgive and turn our cheek, and not measure out in the same measure with which our offenders measure to us. That is what our God taught us, and not that to forbid children to kill their fathers is a prejudice. And we will not correct from the rostrum of truth and of sound ideas the Gospel of our God, whom the defense counsel deigns to call only 'the crucified lover of mankind,' in contrast to all Orthodox Russia, which calls out to him: 'For you are our God!...'"

Here the presiding judge intervened and checked the man who had been carried away, asking him not to exaggerate, to keep within proper bounds, and so on, and so on, as presiding judges usually say in such cases. And the hall too was restless. The public stirred, even exclaimed in indignation. Fetyukovich did not even object; he mounted the rostrum only to say, with his hand pressed to his heart, a few words full of dignity in an offended voice. He touched only slightly and mockingly on the "novels" and the "psychology" again, and in one place slipped in apropos: "Jupiter, you are angry, therefore you are wrong," which provoked an approving and widespread titter in the public, for Ippolit Kirillovich was by now not in the least like Jupiter. Then, to the accusation that he was supposedly permitting the young generation to kill their fathers, Fetyukovich remarked with profound dignity that he would not even reply. As for the "false likeness of Christ," and his not having deigned to call Christ God but having called him only "the crucified lover of mankind," which "was contrary to Orthodoxy, they say, and could not have been uttered from the tribune of truth and of sound ideas," Fetyukovich hinted at "insinua-

tion" and at the fact that, when getting ready to come here, he had at least counted on the tribune here being secure from accusations "dangerous to my person as a citizen and a loyal subject..." But at these words the presiding judge checked him too, and Fetyukovich, bowing, concluded his reply, accompanied by a general approving murmur in the hall. As for Ippolit Kirillovich, in the opinion of our ladies, he had been "crushed forever."

Then the floor was given to the defendant himself. Mitya stood up, but said little. He was terribly exhausted both in body and in spirit. The look of independence and strength with which he had appeared in the hall that morning had almost vanished. It was as if he had lived through something that day that would last him all his life, something that had taught him and brought home to him something very important which he had not understood before. His voice had grown weak, he no longer shouted as he had earlier. In his words there could be heard something new, humbled, vanquished, and cowed.

"What am I to say, gentlemen of the jury! My judgment has come, I feel the right hand of God upon me. An end to a dissolute man! But as though confessing to God, I say to you too: 'Of my father's blood—no, I am not guilty!' For the last time I repeat: 'It was not I who killed.' I was dissolute, but I loved the good. Every moment I strove to reform, but I lived like a wild beast. My thanks to the prosecutor, he told me many things about myself that I didn't even know, but it isn't true that I killed my father, the prosecutor was mistaken! My thanks to the defense counsel too, I wept listening to him, but it isn't true that I killed my father, and there was no need even to suppose it! And don't believe the doctors, I am in my right mind, only my soul is heavy. If you spare me, if you let me go—I will pray for you. I will become better, I give my word, before God I give it. And if you condemn me—I will break the sword over my head myself, and having broken it, I will kiss the

pieces! But spare me, do not deprive me of my God, I know myself: I will murmur against him! My soul is heavy, gentlemen… spare me!"

He almost fell back into his place, his voice broke off, he barely got out the last phrase. Then the court proceeded to frame the questions and began to ask the parties for their conclusions. But I will not describe the details. At last the jurors stood up to withdraw for their deliberations. The presiding judge was very tired, and therefore he gave them a very feeble parting address: "Be impartial, he said, do not be swayed by the eloquent words of the defense, but, however, weigh, remember that a great obligation lies upon you," and so on, and so on. The jurors withdrew, and the session went into recess. One could get up, walk about, exchange the impressions that had piled up, have a bite at the buffet. It was very late, already about one o'clock in the morning, but no one went home. Everyone was so tense and keyed up that there was no thought of rest. Everyone waited with sinking heart, though not everyone, however, waited with sinking heart. The ladies were only in hysterical impatience, but their hearts were at ease: "Acquittal is inevitable," they said. They were all preparing for the effective minute of general enthusiasm. I confess that in the men's half of the hall too there were extremely many who were convinced of an inevitable acquittal. Some rejoiced, others frowned, and some simply hung their noses: they did not want an acquittal! Fetyukovich himself was firmly confident of success. He was surrounded, he received congratulations, people fawned on him.

"There are," he said in one group, as was reported afterward, "there are these invisible threads that bind the defense counsel to the jurors. They are tied and sensed even during the speech. I felt them, they exist. The case is ours, rest assured."

"And I wonder what our peasants will say now?" said a frowning, fat, pockmarked gentleman, a landowner from near town,

coming up to a group of gentlemen who were talking.

"But it isn't only peasants. There are four officials there."

"Yes, officials, there you are," said a member of the zemstvo board, coming up.

"And do you know Nazaryev, Prokhor Ivanovich, that merchant with the medal, the juror?"

"What about him?"

"A head full of brains."

"But he never says anything."

"He doesn't say anything, sure, but that's all the better. It's not for the one from Petersburg to teach him, he could teach all Petersburg himself. Twelve children, just think!"

"Good heavens, surely they won't fail to acquit?" one of our young officials was shouting in another group.

"They'll acquit for sure," a resolute voice was heard.

"It would be shameful, disgraceful not to acquit!" the official exclaimed. "Suppose he did kill, but there are fathers and fathers! And finally, he was in such a frenzy... He really may have just swung the pestle, and the other one keeled over. The only bad thing is that they dragged the lackey into it. That's simply a ridiculous episode. In the defense counsel's place I would have said straight out: he killed, but he's not guilty, and the devil take you all!"

"But that's just what he did, only he didn't say 'the devil take you all.'"

"No, Mikhail Semyonych, he almost did say it," a third little voice chimed in.

"Good heavens, gentlemen, why, during Lent here they acquitted an actress who cut the throat of her lover's lawful wife."

"But she didn't finish cutting it."

"Never mind, never mind, she began cutting!"

"And how about what he said about children? Magnificent!"

"Magnificent."

"Well, and about mysticism, about mysticism, eh?"

"Oh, enough of your mysticism," someone else cried out, "think about Ippolit, about his fate from this day on! Why, tomorrow his wife will scratch his eyes out over Mitenka."

"Is she here?"

"What do you mean, here? If she were here, she'd have scratched them out here. She's sitting at home, she has a toothache. Heh-heh-heh!"

"Heh-heh-heh!"

In a third group:

"And they may very well acquit Mitenka, you know."

"For all we know, tomorrow he'll smash up the whole Metropolis, he'll go on drinking for ten days."

"Ah, the devil!"

"The devil, sure, the devil had a hand in it, where else should he be, if not here."

"Gentlemen, eloquence, granted. But all the same, one can't go breaking fathers' heads with steelyards. Otherwise what will we come to?"

"The chariot, the chariot, remember?"

"Yes, he made a chariot out of a cart."

"And tomorrow a cart out of the chariot, 'according to the measure of need, all according to the measure of need.'"

"Clever people nowadays. Is there any truth in Russia, gentlemen, or none at all?"

But the bell rang. The jurors had deliberated exactly an hour, neither more nor less. A deep silence reigned as soon as the public had taken their seats again. I remember how the jurors came into the hall. At last! I will not quote the questions point by point, and anyway I have forgotten them. I remember only the answer to the presiding judge's first and main question, that is, "did he kill for the

purpose of robbery, with premeditation?" (I do not remember the text). Everything froze. The foreman of the jury, precisely that official who was the youngest of them all, proclaimed loudly and clearly, in the deathly silence of the hall:

"Yes, guilty!"

And then on all the points it went the same: guilty and guilty, and this without the slightest leniency! This no one had expected; of leniency at least almost everyone had been sure. The deathly silence of the hall was not broken; literally everyone seemed to have turned to stone—both those who had longed for a conviction and those who had longed for an acquittal. But this was only in the first minutes. Then a terrible chaos arose. Among the male public many turned out to be very pleased. Some even rubbed their hands, not hiding their joy. The displeased seemed crushed, shrugged their shoulders, whispered, but as if they still had not taken it in. But, my God, what became of our ladies! I thought they would start a rebellion. At first they seemed not to believe their ears. And suddenly, through the whole hall, exclamations were heard: "What is this? What on earth is this?" They jumped up from their seats. It probably seemed to them that all this could be changed and redone again at once. At that instant Mitya suddenly stood up and, stretching out his hands before him, shouted in a sort of heartrending howl:

"I swear by God and by his Last Judgment, I am not guilty of my father's blood! Katya, I forgive you! Brothers, friends, spare the other one!"

He did not finish and burst into sobs for the whole hall to hear, loudly, terribly, in a sort of voice not his own, a new, unexpected voice that had suddenly appeared in him God knows from where. In the gallery, up above, in the very farthest corner, there was a piercing female wail: it was Grushenka. She had begged someone earlier, and they had let her into the hall again before the closing

arguments began. Mitya was led away. The pronouncing of the sentence was put off until the next day. The whole hall rose in commotion, but I no longer waited or listened. I remember only a few exclamations, already on the porch, on the way out.

"He'll get a whiff of the mines for twenty years."

"No less."

"Yes, sir, our peasants stood their ground."

"And finished off our Mitenka!"

Epilogue

I. Plans to Save Mitya

On the fifth day after Mitya's trial, very early in the morning, still before nine o'clock, Alyosha came to Katerina Ivanovna in order to come to a final agreement about a certain matter important to both of them, and having, besides, a message for her. She sat and talked with him in the very room in which she had once received Grushenka; and next door, in another room, Ivan Fyodorovich lay in fever and unconscious. Katerina Ivanovna, immediately after that scene in court, had given orders for the sick and unconscious Ivan Fyodorovich to be carried to her house, disregarding all the future and inevitable talk of society and its censure. One of the two female relatives who lived with her had left for Moscow immediately after the scene in court; the other had stayed. But even if both had left, Katerina Ivanovna would not have changed her decision and would have stayed to nurse the sick man and sit by him day and night. Varvinsky and Herzenstube were treating him; the Moscow doctor had gone back to Moscow, having declined to foretell his opinion as to the possible outcome of the illness. The remaining doctors, though they encouraged Katerina Ivanovna and Alyosha, evidently could not yet offer any firm hope. Alyosha came in to see his sick brother twice a day. But this time he had a special, most troublesome matter, and he sensed how hard it would be for him to bring it up, and meanwhile he was in a great hurry: he had another urgent matter that same morning in another place, and he had to hurry. They had already been talking for a quarter of an hour or so. Katerina Ivanovna was pale, greatly fatigued, and at the same time in an extreme state of morbid

excitement: she sensed why, among other things, Alyosha had come to her now.

"Don't worry about his decision," she said to Alyosha with firm insistence. "One way or another, he will come to this way out all the same: he must escape! That unhappy man, that hero of honor and conscience—not that one, not Dmitri Fyodorovich, but the one who lies behind this door and who sacrificed himself for his brother," Katya added with flashing eyes, "he told me this whole plan of escape long ago. You know, he had already been in touch with people... I have told you something already... You see, it will happen, in all probability, at the third halting station from here, when the convoy of exiles is led off to Siberia. Oh, that is still a long way off. Ivan Fyodorovich has already been to see the head of the third halting station. Only it is not known who will be the officer in charge of the convoy, and it is impossible to find that out so far in advance. Tomorrow, perhaps, I will show you the whole plan in detail, which Ivan Fyodorovich left with me on the eve of the trial, in case anything happened... That was the very time when, remember, you found us quarreling that evening: he was already going down the stairs, and I, seeing you, made him come back—remember? Do you know what we were quarreling about then?"

"No, I don't," said Alyosha.

"Of course, he hid it from you then: it was precisely about this plan of escape. He had revealed all the main points to me three days before that—that was when we began to quarrel, and from then on we quarreled for all three days. We quarreled because when he announced to me that in case of a conviction Dmitri Fyodorovich would escape abroad together with that creature, I suddenly got angry—I won't tell you why, I don't know myself why... Oh, of course, it was over that creature, over that creature that I got angry then, and precisely because she too, together with Dmitri, would escape abroad!" Katerina Ivanovna suddenly

exclaimed, her lips trembling with anger. “As soon as Ivan Fyodorovich saw then that I had got so angry over that creature, he instantly thought that I was jealous of Dmitri on her account and that, therefore, I still went on loving Dmitri. And so that was the first quarrel. I did not want to give explanations, I could not ask forgiveness; it was hard for me that such a man could suspect me of my former love for that… And this when I myself, long before that, had told him straight out that I did not love Dmitri, but loved only him alone! It was only out of spite at that creature that I got angry with him! Three days later, on that very evening when you came in, he brought me a sealed envelope, for me to open at once if anything happened to him. Oh, he foresaw his illness! He revealed to me that in the envelope were the details of the escape, and that in case he died or fell dangerously ill, I alone was to save Mitya. He left money with me at the same time, almost ten thousand—those very ones that the prosecutor, having learned from someone that he had sent them to be changed, mentioned in his speech. I was suddenly terribly struck that Ivan Fyodorovich, still jealous of me and still convinced that I loved Mitya, had nevertheless not abandoned the idea of saving his brother and was entrusting this business of saving him to me, to me myself! Oh, that was a sacrifice! No, you will not understand such self-sacrifice in all its fullness, Alexei Fyodorovich! I wanted to fall at his feet in reverence, but when I suddenly thought that he would take it only for my joy that Mitya was being saved (and he certainly would have thought so!), I was so irritated by the mere possibility of such an unjust thought on his part that I got irritated again, and instead of kissing his feet, I made a scene with him again! Oh, I am unhappy! That is my character—a terrible, unhappy character! Oh, you will see yet: I will make it happen, I will bring things to the point where he too will leave me for another woman, one who is easier to live with, as Dmitri did, but then… no, then I will not bear it, I will kill

myself! And when you came in that time and I called you, and told him to come back, then, as he came in with you, I was so seized with anger at the hateful, contemptuous look he suddenly gave me that—remember—I suddenly shouted to you that it was *he*, *he alone* who had convinced me that his brother Dmitri was the murderer! I slandered him on purpose, to wound him once more, but he never, never convinced me that his brother was the murderer; on the contrary, it was I, I myself who convinced him of it! Oh, my fury is the cause of everything, everything! It was I, I who prepared that accursed scene in court! He wanted to prove to me that he was noble and that, even though I loved his brother, still he would not ruin him out of revenge and jealousy. So he came out in court… I am the cause of everything, I alone am guilty!"

Never yet had Katya made such confessions to Alyosha, and he felt that she was now in precisely that degree of unbearable suffering when the proudest heart painfully crushes its pride and falls, vanquished by grief. Oh, Alyosha knew one more terrible reason for her present torment, however she had hidden it from him during all these days since Mitya's conviction; but for some reason it would have been too painful for him if she had brought herself to prostrate herself so far as to speak to him herself, now, at once, about this reason as well. She was suffering over her "betrayal" in court, and Alyosha sensed that her conscience was drawing her to confess, precisely before him, before Alyosha, with tears, with shrieks, with hysterics, with beating herself against the floor. But he feared this minute and wished to spare the suffering woman. All the harder became the message with which he had come. He began to speak about Mitya again.

"Never mind, never mind, don't be afraid for him!" Katya began again, stubbornly and sharply. "All that is only for a minute with him, I know him, I know that heart all too well. You may be sure that he will agree to escape. And the main thing, it is not now;

there will still be time for him to decide. By that time Ivan Fyodorovich will have recovered and will manage everything himself, so that I won't have to do anything. Don't worry, he will agree to escape. Why, he has agreed already: can he possibly leave his creature? And they won't let her go to penal servitude, so how can he not escape? The main thing is that he is afraid of you, afraid that you will not approve of the escape from the moral side, but you must generously *allow* it to him, if your sanction is really so necessary here," Katya added venomously. She was silent for a while and smiled.

"He goes on over there," she began again, "about some hymns, about a cross he must bear, about some sort of duty, I remember, Ivan Fyodorovich told me a great deal about it then, and if you knew how he spoke!" Katya suddenly exclaimed with irrepressible feeling. "If you knew how he loved that unhappy man at the minute when he was telling me about him, and how he hated him, perhaps, at that same minute! And I, oh, I listened then to his story and his tears with a haughty smile! Oh, creature! It is I who am the creature, I! It was I who brought on his fever! And that one, the convicted one—is he ready for suffering?" Katya concluded irritably. "And is such a man one to suffer? Men like him never suffer!"

A sort of feeling of hatred by now, and of disgusted contempt, sounded in these words. And yet she was the one who had betrayed him. "Well, perhaps it is because she feels so guilty before him that she hates him at moments," Alyosha thought to himself. He wanted it to be only "at moments." In Katya's last words he heard a challenge, but he did not take it up.

"That is why I summoned you today, so that you would promise me to persuade him yourself. Or do you think too that escaping would be dishonorable, not valiant, or whatever it is… not Christian, maybe?" Katya added, still more challengingly.

"No, nothing. I'll tell him everything..." Alyosha muttered. "He is asking you to come to him today," he suddenly blurted out, looking her firmly in the eyes. She started all over and drew back from him slightly on the sofa.

"Me... is that possible?" she faltered, turning pale.

"It is possible, and it must be done!" Alyosha began insistently, all animated. "He needs you very much, precisely now. I would not have begun about this and tormented you prematurely if there were no necessity. He is ill, he is like a madman, he keeps asking for you. He is not asking you to come to him to make peace, but only that you should come and show yourself at the threshold. Much has happened to him since that day. He understands how immeasurably guilty he is before you. He does not want your forgiveness: 'I cannot be forgiven,' he says himself, but only that you should show yourself at the threshold..."

"You suddenly..." Katya faltered. "All these days I sensed that you would come with this... I just knew he would call me!... It's impossible!"

"Let it be impossible, but do it. Remember, for the first time he is struck by how he has insulted you, for the first time in his life; he never comprehended it so fully before! He says: if she refuses to come, then 'I will be unhappy all my life now.' Do you hear: a convict sentenced to twenty years is still getting ready to be happy—isn't that pitiful? Think: you will be visiting a man who is perishing innocently," broke from Alyosha challengingly. "His hands are clean, there is no blood on them! For the sake of his countless suffering to come, visit him now! Come, see him off into the darkness... stand at the threshold, and that is all... Why, you must, you *must* do it!" Alyosha concluded, stressing the word "must" with incredible force.

"I must, but... I can't," Katya all but moaned. "He will look at me... I can't."

"Your eyes must meet. How will you live all your life if you don't make up your mind now?"

"Better to suffer all my life."

"You must come, you *must* come," Alyosha stressed again, implacably.

"But why today, why right now?... I can't leave the sick man..."

"For a minute you can, it's only a minute, after all. If you don't come, he will be down with fever by night. I would not tell you an untruth: have pity!"

"Have pity on me," Katya reproached him bitterly, and burst into tears.

"Then you will come!" Alyosha said firmly, seeing her tears. "I'll go and tell him that you will come right away."

"No, don't tell him for anything!" Katya cried out in fright. "I'll come, but don't tell him beforehand, because I'll come, but perhaps I won't go in... I don't know yet..."

Her voice broke off. She was breathing with difficulty. Alyosha got up to leave.

"And what if I meet someone?" she suddenly said softly, turning all pale again.

"That is why it has to be now, so that you won't meet anyone there. There will be no one, I tell you truly. We will be waiting," he concluded insistently, and went out of the room.

II. For a Moment the Lie Becomes Truth

He hurried to the hospital where Mitya was now lying. On the second day after the court's decision he had fallen ill with nervous fever and had been sent to our town hospital, to the prisoners' ward. But the doctor Varvinsky, at the request of Alyosha and many others (Mrs. Khokhlakova, Liza, and so on), had placed Mitya not with the prisoners but separately, in that same little room in which Smerdyakov had lain before. True, at the end of the corridor stood a sentry, and the window had a grating, and Varvinsky could be at ease about his indulgence, which was not entirely legal, but he was a kind and compassionate young man. He understood how hard it was for someone like Mitya to step suddenly and directly into the company of murderers and swindlers, and that one had to get used to it first. Visits from relatives and acquaintances were permitted by the doctor, and by the warden, and even by the district police chief, all on the quiet. But during these days only Alyosha and Grushenka had visited Mitya. Rakitin had already tried twice to see him; but Mitya had insistently asked Varvinsky not to let him in.

Alyosha found him sitting on his cot, in a hospital robe, a little feverish, his head wrapped in a towel soaked in water and vinegar. He looked at Alyosha as he came in with a vague gaze, but in the gaze there nevertheless flashed something like fright.

In general, since the trial he had become terribly thoughtful. Sometimes he would be silent for half an hour, seeming to think something over laboriously and painfully, forgetting whoever was present. And if he came out of his thoughtfulness and began to

speak, he always began somehow abruptly and invariably not about what he really needed to say. Sometimes he looked at his brother with suffering. With Grushenka he seemed to find it easier than with Alyosha. True, he hardly spoke with her, but the moment she came in, his whole face lit up with joy. Alyosha sat down silently beside him on the cot. This time Mitya had been waiting anxiously for Alyosha, but did not dare to ask anything. He considered Katya's consent to come unthinkable, and at the same time he felt that if she did not come, something utterly impossible would happen. Alyosha understood his feelings.

"That Trifon," Mitya began fussily, "that Borisych, they say, has wrecked his whole inn: he's lifting up the floorboards, tearing off planks, they say he's smashed the whole 'galdery' to splinters—he keeps looking for treasure, for that very money, the fifteen hundred, that the prosecutor said I hid there. The moment he got back, they say, he went right to it and started rampaging. Serves the swindler right! The watchman here told me yesterday; he's from there."

"Listen," said Alyosha, "she will come, but I don't know when, maybe today, maybe in the next few days, I don't know that, but she'll come, she'll come, that's certain."

Mitya started, wanted to say something, but kept silent. The news had a terrible effect on him. It was evident that he would have given anything to learn the details of the conversation, but that again he was afraid to ask now: anything cruel and contemptuous from Katya would have been like the stab of a knife to him at that minute.

"Here is what she said, among other things: that I should be sure to set your conscience at rest about the escape. If Ivan doesn't recover by that time, she will take it on herself."

"You told me that already," Mitya remarked pensively.

"And you've already told Grusha," Alyosha remarked.

"Yes," Mitya admitted. "She won't come this morning," he looked timidly at his brother. "She'll come only in the evening. As soon as I told her yesterday that Katya is managing things, she said nothing; but her lips twisted. She only whispered: 'Let her!' She understood it was something important. I didn't dare question her further. She does understand now, I think, that the other one loves not me but Ivan?"

"Is that so?" broke from Alyosha.

"Maybe it isn't so. Only she won't come this morning," Mitya hastened to point out once more, "I gave her an errand... Listen, brother Ivan will outdo us all. It's for him to live, not us. He'll recover."

"Imagine, though Katya trembles for him, she hardly doubts that he'll recover," said Alyosha.

"That means she's convinced he'll die. It's out of fear that she's sure he'll recover."

"Our brother has a strong constitution. And I too have great hope that he'll recover," Alyosha remarked anxiously.

"Yes, he'll recover. But she is sure he'll die. She has a lot of grief..."

A silence fell. Something very important was tormenting Mitya.

"Alyosha, I love Grusha terribly," he suddenly said in a trembling voice full of tears.

"They won't let her go *there* with you," Alyosha at once took up.

"And here's what else I wanted to tell you," Mitya went on in a voice that had suddenly begun to ring somehow, "if they start beating me on the way or *there*, I won't submit, I'll kill someone, and they'll shoot me. And it's twenty years, after all! Here they're already starting to call me by the familiar *you*. The guards say the familiar *you* to me. I lay here all last night and judged myself: I'm not ready! I haven't the strength to accept it! I wanted to sing a 'hymn,' but I can't get the better of a guard calling me by the famil-

iar *you*! For Grusha I'd bear everything, everything… except, though, beatings… But they won't let her go *there*."

Alyosha smiled quietly.

"Listen, brother, once and for all," he said, "here are my thoughts on this. And you know, after all, that I won't lie to you. Listen, then: you're not ready, and such a cross is not for you. More than that: you don't need such a great martyr's cross, not being ready. If you had killed our father, I would be sorry that you were rejecting your cross. But you are innocent, and such a cross is too much for you. You wanted to regenerate another man in yourself through suffering; in my opinion, only always remember, all your life and wherever you may escape to, this other man—and that is enough for you. Your not having accepted the great suffering of the cross will only serve to make you feel an even greater duty in yourself, and by this ceaseless feeling, from now on, all your life, you will help your regeneration, perhaps more than if you had gone *there*. Because there you won't bear it, and you'll murmur, and perhaps you really will say in the end: 'I am quits.' The lawyer told the truth in this case. Heavy burdens are not for everyone; for some they are impossible… Those are my thoughts, if you need them so much. If others had to answer for your escape, officers, soldiers, then I would 'not allow' you to escape," Alyosha smiled. "But they say and assure us (the head of the halting station told Ivan so himself) that, if it is done skillfully, there may not be any great penalty, and that people may get off with trifles. Of course, bribery is dishonest even in this case, but here I would never undertake to judge, precisely because if Ivan and Katya, for example, entrusted me with managing this business for you, I would go, I know it, and give the bribe; I must tell you the whole truth about that. And therefore I am not your judge in how you yourself act. But know that I will never condemn you either. And

it's strange, how could I possibly be your judge in this matter? Well, now I think I've gone over everything."

"But I will condemn myself instead!" Mitya exclaimed. "I'll escape, that was decided even without you: can Mitka Karamazov not escape? But I'll condemn myself instead, and there I'll pray off my sin forever! That's how the Jesuits talk, isn't it, that's how? The way we are now, you and I, eh?"

"That's how," Alyosha smiled quietly.

"I love you for always telling the whole, entire truth and hiding nothing!" Mitya exclaimed, laughing joyfully. "So I've caught my Alyoshka being a Jesuit! I ought to kiss you all over for that, that's what! Well, now listen to the rest, I'll unfold to you the other half of my soul too. Here's what I've thought up and decided: if I do escape, even with money and a passport, and even to America, I'm still encouraged by the thought that I won't be escaping to joy, not to happiness, but truly to another penal servitude, no better, maybe, than this one! No better, Alexei, I tell you truly, no better! I already hate that America, the devil take it, even now. Suppose Grusha is with me, but look at her: is she an American woman? She's Russian, Russian to the bone, she'll pine for her native land, her mother earth, and every hour I'll see that she's pining for my sake, that she's taken up such a cross for my sake, and what is she guilty of? And will I be able to stand the churls there, even if every last one of them is maybe better than me? I hate that America already now! And even if every single one of them over there were some boundless mechanical wizard or whatever—the devil take them, they're not my people, not of my soul! I love Russia, Alexei, I love the Russian God, even though I'm a scoundrel myself! Why, I'll croak there!" he suddenly exclaimed, his eyes flashing. His voice trembled with tears.

"Well, so here's what I've decided, Alexei, listen!" he began again, suppressing his agitation. "We'll go there with Grusha—and

there, at once, plow, work, with the wild bears, in solitude, somewhere farther off. Why, even there there must be some place farther off! There are still redskins there, they say, somewhere out there at the edge of their horizon, well, so to that land, to the last of the Mohicans. And at once to the grammar, Grusha and I. Work and grammar, and so on for about three years. In those three years we'll learn the English language like the most English of Englishmen. And as soon as we've learned it—an end to America! We'll run back here, to Russia, as American citizens. Don't worry, we won't show up here in this little town. We'll hide somewhere farther off, in the north or in the south. By that time I'll have changed, and so will she; there, in America, a doctor will fake me some sort of wart, not for nothing are they mechanics. And if not, I'll put out one of my eyes, grow a beard an arshin long, a gray one (I'll turn gray pining for Russia)—maybe they won't recognize me. And if they recognize me, let them send me into exile, it doesn't matter, it means it wasn't meant to be! Here too we'll plow the land somewhere in the backwoods, and all my life I'll pass myself off as an American. But at least we'll die in our native land. That's my plan, and it is irrevocable. Do you approve?"

"I approve," said Alyosha, not wishing to contradict him.

Mitya fell silent for a minute and suddenly said:

"And how they framed me in court, eh? How they framed me!"

"Even if they hadn't framed you, they would have convicted you all the same," Alyosha said with a sigh.

"Yes, the public here is sick of me! God be with them, but it's hard!" Mitya groaned with suffering.

Again they fell silent for a minute.

"Alyosha, cut my throat right now!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Will she come now or not, tell me! What did she say? How did she say it?"

“She said she would come, but I don’t know whether it will be today. It’s hard for her, you know!” Alyosha looked timidly at his brother.

“Well, how could it not be, how could it not be hard! Alyosha, I’ll go out of my mind over this. Grusha keeps looking at me. She understands. God, Lord, humble me: what am I demanding? I’m demanding Katya! Do I understand what I’m demanding? The Karamazov unrestraint, the impious one! No, I’m not capable of suffering! A scoundrel, and that says it all!”

“Here she is!” Alyosha exclaimed.

At that instant Katya suddenly appeared on the threshold. For a moment she stopped, looking at Mitya with a sort of lost gaze. He leapt to his feet impetuously, his face showed fright, he turned pale, but at once a timid, pleading smile began to flicker on his lips, and suddenly, irrepressibly, he held out both hands to Katya. Seeing this, she rushed impetuously toward him. She seized him by the hands and almost by force sat him down on the bed, sat down beside him herself, and, still not letting go of his hands, pressed them hard, convulsively. Several times they both tried to say something, but stopped, and again looked at each other silently, intently, as if riveted, with a strange smile; so two minutes or so went by.

“Have you forgiven me or not?” Mitya faltered at last, and at that same instant, turning to Alyosha, his face distorted with joy, he shouted to him:

“Do you hear what I’m asking, do you hear!”

“That is why I loved you, because you are generous in heart!” suddenly broke from Katya. “And you don’t need my forgiveness, nor I yours; it’s all the same whether you forgive me or not, all my life you will remain a wound in my soul, and I in yours—that is how it must be…” She stopped to catch her breath.

“What did I come for?” she began again, frenziedly and hurriedly. “To embrace your feet, to press your hands, like this, till it hurts, remember, the way I pressed them in Moscow, to tell you again that you are my god, my joy, to tell you that I love you madly,” she all but moaned in torment, and suddenly pressed her lips greedily to his hand. Tears gushed from her eyes.

Alyosha stood speechless and embarrassed; he had in no way expected what he saw.

“Love is gone, Mitya!” Katya began again. “But what is gone is dear to me to the point of pain. Know this forever. But now, for one little moment, let what might have been be,” she faltered with a twisted smile, again looking joyfully into his eyes. “And you love another woman now, and I love another man, and still I will love you forever, and you me, did you know that? Do you hear, love me, love me all your life!” she exclaimed with a sort of almost threatening tremor in her voice.

“I will love you, and… you know, Katya,” Mitya began too, catching his breath at every word, “you know, five days ago, that evening, I loved you… When you fell and they carried you out… All my life! So it will be, so it will be forever…”

So they both babbled to each other words that were almost senseless and frenzied, perhaps even untrue, but at that minute everything was the truth, and they themselves believed themselves wholeheartedly.

“Katya,” Mitya suddenly exclaimed, “do you believe that I killed him? I know you don’t believe it now, but then… when you testified… Can it be, can it really be that you believed it!”

“I didn’t believe it even then! I never believed it! I hated you, and suddenly I convinced myself, just for that instant… When I was testifying… I convinced myself and I believed… and when I finished testifying, I immediately stopped believing again. Know all this. I forgot that I came to punish myself!” she said with a suddenly

quite new expression, quite unlike the loving babble of a moment before, of just now.

"It's hard for you, woman!" suddenly broke from Mitya in a somehow completely unrestrained way.

"Let me go," she whispered, "I'll come again, it's hard now!..."

She was about to rise from her place, but suddenly cried out loudly and recoiled. Grushenka had suddenly, though quite quietly, come into the room. No one had expected her. Katya stepped impetuously toward the door, but, coming level with Grushenka, she suddenly stopped, turned white as chalk, and softly, almost in a whisper, moaned to her:

"Forgive me!"

The other looked at her point-blank and, after waiting an instant, answered in a venomous voice poisoned with spite:

"We're wicked, girl, you and me! Both of us are wicked! How could we forgive, you and me? You save him, and I'll pray to you all my life."

"And you won't forgive her!" Mitya shouted to Grushenka with mad reproach.

"Don't you worry, I'll save him for you!" Katya whispered quickly, and ran out of the room.

"And you could not forgive her, after she herself said to you: 'Forgive me'?" Mitya exclaimed again bitterly.

"Mitya, don't you dare reproach her, you have no right!" Alyosha shouted hotly at his brother.

"It was her proud lips speaking, not her heart," Grushenka said with a sort of loathing. "If she gets you out, I'll forgive everything..."

She fell silent, as if stifling something in her soul. She still could not come to herself. She had come in, as it turned out afterward, quite by chance, suspecting nothing at all and not expecting to meet what she met.

“Alyosha, run after her!” Mitya turned impetuously to his brother. “Tell her… I don’t know what… don’t let her go like that!”

“I’ll come to you before evening!” Alyosha shouted, and ran after Katya. He caught up with her already outside the hospital fence. She was walking fast, hurrying, but as soon as Alyosha caught up with her, she said quickly to him:

“No, before that woman I cannot punish myself! I said ‘forgive me’ to her because I wanted to punish myself to the end. She did not forgive… I love her for that!” Katya added in a distorted voice, and her eyes flashed with wild spite.

“My brother didn’t expect it at all,” Alyosha began to mutter, “he was sure she wouldn’t come…”

“Without doubt. Let us drop it,” she snapped. “Listen: I cannot go with you to the funeral there now. I have sent them flowers for the little coffin. They still have money, I think. If need be, tell them that in the future I will never abandon them… Well, now leave me, leave me, please. You are already late there, they are ringing for the late liturgy… Leave me, please!”

III. Ilyushechka's Funeral. The Speech at the Stone

He was indeed late. They had been waiting for him and had even already decided to carry the pretty little coffin, decked with flowers, to the church without him. It was the coffin of Ilyushechka, the poor boy. He had died two days after Mitya's sentence. Alyosha, while still at the gate of the house, was met by the shouts of the boys, Ilyusha's schoolmates. They had all been waiting for him impatiently and were glad that he had come at last. About twelve of them had gathered, all of them had come with their little satchels and bags over their shoulders. "Papa will cry, stay with Papa," Ilyusha had bidden them as he was dying, and the boys had remembered it. At their head was Kolya Krasotkin.

"How glad I am that you've come, Karamazov!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand to Alyosha. "It's awful here. Really, it's hard to watch. Snegiryov isn't drunk, we know for certain that he hasn't drunk anything today, but it's as if he were drunk... I'm always firm, but this is awful. Karamazov, if I'm not keeping you, just one more question before you go in?"

"What is it, Kolya?" Alyosha stopped.

"Is your brother innocent or guilty? Did he kill his father, or was it the lackey? Whatever you say, that's how it will be. I haven't slept for four nights because of this idea."

"The lackey killed him, and my brother is innocent," Alyosha answered.

"That's what I say too!" the boy Smurov suddenly shouted.

“And so he will perish as an innocent victim for the truth!” Kolya exclaimed. “Though he has perished, he is happy! I’m ready to envy him!”

“What are you saying, how can you, and why?” exclaimed Alyosha in surprise.

“Oh, if only I too could someday sacrifice myself for the truth,” Kolya said with enthusiasm.

“But not in such a case, not with such disgrace, not with such horror!” said Alyosha.

“Of course… I would like to die for all mankind, and as for disgrace, it doesn’t matter: let our names perish. I respect your brother!”

“And so do I!” suddenly, and now quite unexpectedly, shouted out of the crowd that same boy who had once announced that he knew who founded Troy, and, having shouted, he blushed all over up to his ears like a peony, exactly as he had then.

Alyosha went into the room. In a blue coffin trimmed with white ruching lay Ilyusha, his little hands folded and his little eyes closed. The features of his emaciated face had hardly changed at all, and, strangely, there was almost no smell from the body. The expression of the face was serious and as it were thoughtful. Especially beautiful were the hands, folded crosswise, as if carved out of marble. Flowers had been put into his hands, and the whole coffin had already been decked inside and out with flowers sent at daybreak by Liza Khokhlakova. But flowers had also come from Katerina Ivanovna, and when Alyosha opened the door, the staff captain, with a bunch of flowers in his trembling hands, was strewing them again over his dear boy. He barely glanced at Alyosha as he came in, and indeed he did not want to look at anyone, not even at his weeping, deranged wife, his “mamma,” who kept trying to raise herself on her bad legs and look more closely at her dead boy. As for Ninochka, the children had lifted her with

her chair and moved her right up to the coffin. She sat with her head pressed against it, and she too, probably, was quietly weeping. Snegiryov's face looked animated, but as it were bewildered, and at the same time embittered. In his gestures, in the words that broke from him, there was something half-crazed. "Little father, dear little father!" he kept exclaiming every minute, looking at Ilyusha. He had had a habit, while Ilyusha was still alive, of saying to him tenderly: "Little father, dear little father!"

"Papa, give me some little flowers too, take one out of his little hand, this little white one here, and give it to me!" the deranged "mamma" begged, sobbing. Either she had taken such a liking to the little white rose that was in Ilyusha's hands, or she wanted to take a flower from his hands as a keepsake, but she began tossing about all over, stretching out her hands for the flower.

"I won't give it to anyone, I won't give anything!" Snegiryov exclaimed hardheartedly. "They're his little flowers, not yours. Everything is his, nothing is yours!"

"Papa, give Mama a flower!" Ninochka suddenly raised her face, wet with tears.

"I won't give anything, and least of all to her! She didn't love him. She took his little cannon away from him that time, and he gave it to her as a pre-e-esent," the staff captain suddenly sobbed aloud at the memory of how Ilyusha had given up his little cannon to his mamma that time. The poor deranged woman simply dissolved in quiet weeping, covering her face with her hands. The boys, seeing at last that the father would not let go of the coffin, and meanwhile it was time to carry it out, suddenly crowded around the coffin in a tight little group and began to lift it.

"I don't want him buried in the churchyard!" Snegiryov suddenly wailed. "I'll bury him by the stone, by our dear little stone! That's what Ilyusha told me to do. I won't let him be carried off!"

Even before, for all three days, he had been saying that he would bury him by the stone; but Alyosha, Krasotkin, the landlady, her sister, and all the boys had intervened.

"Just look what he's thought up, to bury him by a heathen stone, as if he was some hanged man," the old landlady said sternly. "There in the churchyard the ground has a cross. There they'll pray for him. You can hear the singing from the church, and the deacon reads so clear-spoken and wordful that every bit of it reaches him ev'ry time, just as if they was reading over his little grave."

The staff captain at last waved his hands: "Carry him where you like, then!" The children lifted the coffin, but, carrying it past the mother, they stopped before her for a minute and lowered it so that she could say goodbye to Ilyusha. But suddenly seeing that dear little face up close, which for all three days she had looked at only from some distance, she suddenly began to shake all over and to jerk her gray head hysterically back and forth over the coffin.

"Mama, make the sign of the cross over him, bless him, kiss him," Ninochka cried out to her. But she, like an automaton, kept jerking her head and, silently, her face twisted with burning grief, suddenly began to beat her breast with her fist. The coffin was carried on. Ninochka pressed her lips for the last time to the lips of her dead brother as they carried him past her. Alyosha, going out of the house, was about to turn to the landlady with a request to look after those who were staying behind, but she did not even let him finish:

"Sure enough, I'll be with them, we're Christians too." The old woman wept as she said it.

It was not far to carry him to the church, some three hundred paces, no more. The day had turned clear and still; it was freezing, but only a little. The bells for the service were still ringing. Snegiryov ran fussily and distractedly after the coffin in his old,

short, almost summer coat, bareheaded, with his old, wide-brimmed, soft hat in his hands. He was in a sort of insoluble anxiety, now suddenly stretching out his hand to support the head of the coffin and only getting in the way of the bearers, now running up alongside and looking for some place where he could fit himself in. One flower fell onto the snow, and he simply rushed to pick it up, as though God knows what depended on the loss of this flower.

"And the crust, we forgot the crust," he suddenly exclaimed in terrible fright. But the boys at once reminded him that he had already taken the crust of bread earlier and that it was in his pocket. He instantly pulled it out of his pocket and, having made sure, calmed down.

"Ilyushechka told me to, Ilyushechka," he at once explained to Alyosha. "He was lying there at night, and I was sitting beside him, and suddenly he ordered me: 'Papa, when they fill in my little grave, crumble a crust of bread over it, so that the little sparrows will fly down, I'll hear that they've flown down, and I'll be glad that I'm not lying alone.'"

"That is very good," said Alyosha, "you must bring it often."

"Every day, every day!" the staff captain babbled, as if he had come to life all over.

At last they reached the church and set the coffin down in the middle of it. All the boys surrounded it in a circle and stood decorously like that through the whole service. The church was ancient and rather poor, many of the icons stood without any metal covers at all, but in such churches one somehow prays better. During the liturgy Snegiryov seemed to quiet down somewhat, though at times the same unconscious and as it were bewildered anxiety still broke through in him: now he would go up to the coffin to straighten the pall, the paper band on the brow, now, when a candle fell out of its holder, he suddenly rushed to put it back in and

fussed with it a terribly long time. Then he calmed down at last and stood meekly at the head with a dully anxious and as it were perplexed face. After the Epistle he suddenly whispered to Alyosha, who was standing beside him, that the Epistle had been read *wrong*, but he did not, however, explain his thought. During the Cherubic Hymn he began to sing along, but did not finish and, getting down on his knees, pressed his forehead to the stone floor of the church and lay like that for quite a long time. At last they began the funeral service, the candles were handed out. The father, out of his mind, began to fuss again, but the touching, overwhelming funeral chanting awakened and shook his soul. He somehow suddenly shrank all over and began to sob in short, frequent sobs, at first hiding his voice, and toward the end sobbing aloud. And when they began to take leave and to cover the coffin, he threw his arms around it, as if not letting them cover Ilyushechka, and began kissing his dead boy on the lips, often, greedily, without tearing himself away. At last they persuaded him and had already led him down from the step, but he suddenly stretched out his hand impetuously and seized a few flowers from the little coffin. He looked at them, and some new idea seemed to dawn on him, so that he seemed to forget the main thing for a minute. Little by little he seemed to sink into thoughtfulness and no longer resisted when they lifted the coffin and carried it to the little grave. It was not far, in the churchyard, right by the church, an expensive one; Katerina Ivanovna had paid for it. After the usual rite the gravediggers lowered the coffin. Snegiryov, with his little flowers in his hands, bent so far over the open grave that the boys in fright clutched at his coat and began to pull him back. But he seemed no longer to understand well what was taking place. When they began to fill in the grave, he suddenly began anxiously pointing at the earth falling in and even began to say something, but no one could make anything out, and he himself suddenly fell quiet.

Here they reminded him that he had to crumble the crust, and he became terribly agitated, snatched out the crust, and began pinching it and scattering the bits over the little grave: “There, fly down, little birds, there, fly down, little sparrows!” he muttered anxiously. One of the boys remarked to him that it was awkward for him to pinch the bread with flowers in his hands and that he should give them to someone to hold for a while. But he would not, he even suddenly took fright for his flowers, as though they wanted to take them away from him altogether, and, having looked at the little grave and as if made sure that everything was done, the bits crumbled, he suddenly, unexpectedly, and even quite calmly, turned and trudged off home. His pace, however, grew quicker and quicker and more hurried, he was in haste, almost running. The boys and Alyosha kept up with him.

“Little flowers for mamma, little flowers for mamma! Mamma was wronged,” he suddenly began exclaiming. Someone shouted to him to put on his hat, because it was cold now, but, hearing this, he flung the hat down on the snow as if in spite and began to repeat: “I don’t want the hat, I don’t want the hat!” The boy Smurov picked it up and carried it after him. All the boys to the last one were weeping, and Kolya and the boy who had discovered Troy most of all, and though Smurov, with the captain’s hat in his hands, was also weeping terribly, he still managed, almost on the run, to snatch up a fragment of brick that showed red on the snow of the path, to fling it at a flock of little sparrows that flew swiftly by. Of course, he missed, and went on running and weeping. Halfway home Snegiryov suddenly stopped, stood for half a minute as if struck by something, and suddenly, turning back toward the church, set off at a run for the little grave he had left. But the boys instantly caught up with him and clung to him from all sides. Then, as if powerless, as if struck down, he fell on the snow and, struggling, wailing, and sobbing, began crying out: “Little father,

Ilyushechka, dear little father!" Alyosha and Kolya began to lift him up, to plead with him and coax him.

"Captain, enough, a manly man is obliged to endure," Kolya muttered.

"You'll spoil the flowers," Alyosha said too, "and 'mamma' is waiting for them, she's sitting there crying because you didn't give her flowers from Ilyushechka earlier. Ilyusha's little bed is still there..."

"Yes, yes, to mamma!" Snegiryov suddenly remembered again. "They'll take away the little bed, they'll take it away!" he added, as if in fright that they really would take it away, jumped up, and again ran off home. But it was not far now, and they all ran in together. Snegiryov impetuously opened the door and wailed to his wife, with whom he had quarreled so hardheartedly earlier.

"Mamma, darling, Ilyushechka has sent you little flowers, for your poor bad legs!" he shouted, holding out to her a little bunch of flowers, frozen and broken from his struggling in the snow just now. But at that very instant he saw before Ilyusha's little bed, in the corner, Ilyusha's little boots, standing side by side, just tidied away by the landlady—old, reddened, stiffened little boots with patches. Seeing them, he raised his hands and simply rushed to them, fell on his knees, seized one little boot and, pressing his lips to it, began kissing it greedily, crying out: "Little father, Ilyushechka, dear little father, where are your little feet?"

"Where have you taken him? Where have you taken him?" the deranged woman wailed in a heartrending voice. Here Ninochka too burst into sobs. Kolya ran out of the room, and the boys began to go out after him. At last Alyosha too went out after them. "Let them cry it out," he said to Kolya, "here, of course, there's no comforting them. Let's wait a minute and go back."

"Yes, there's no comforting them, this is awful," Kolya agreed. "You know, Karamazov," he suddenly lowered his voice so that no

one would hear, “I’m very sad, and if only it were possible to bring him back to life, I would give anything in the world!”

“Ah, so would I,” said Alyosha.

“What do you think, Karamazov, should we come here this evening? He’ll get drunk, you know.”

“Perhaps he will get drunk. Let’s just you and I come, the two of us, that will be enough, to sit with them for an hour, with the mother and with Ninochka, but if we all come at once, we’ll remind them of everything again,” Alyosha advised.

“The landlady is laying the table for them now—it will be the memorial meal or whatever, the priest will come; should we go back there now, Karamazov, or not?”

“Certainly,” said Alyosha.

“It’s all strange, Karamazov, such grief, and suddenly pancakes of some sort, how unnatural all this is in our religion!”

“They’ll have salmon there too,” the boy who had discovered Troy suddenly remarked loudly.

“I seriously ask you, Kartashov, not to interfere anymore with your stupidities, especially when no one is talking to you and no one even wants to know whether you exist in the world,” Kolya snapped irritably in his direction. The boy simply flushed, but did not dare to answer anything. Meanwhile they were all quietly trudging along the path, and suddenly Smurov exclaimed:

“There’s Ilyusha’s stone, the one they wanted to bury him under!”

They all stopped silently by the big stone. Alyosha looked, and the whole picture of what Snegiryov had once told him about Ilyushechka, how he, weeping and embracing his father, had cried out, “Papa dear, dear Papa, how he humiliated you!”—all at once rose up in his memory. Something seemed to shake in his soul. With a serious and grave look he ran his eyes over all these dear,

bright faces of the schoolboys, Ilyusha's schoolmates, and suddenly said to them:

"Friends, I would like to say one word to you here, at this very place."

The boys surrounded him and at once fixed intent, expectant gazes on him.

"Friends, we shall soon part. For a while now I am with my two brothers, one of whom is going into exile, while the other is lying near death. But soon I shall leave this town, perhaps for a very long time. And so we shall part, friends. Let us agree here, by Ilyusha's dear little stone, that we will never forget—first, Ilyushechka, and second, one another. And whatever may happen to us later in life, even if we do not meet for twenty years afterward—all the same let us remember how we buried the poor boy at whom we once threw stones, remember, there by the little bridge?—and how afterward we all came to love him so. He was a fine boy, a kind and brave boy, he felt the honor and the bitter injury of his father, and that is why he rose up. And so, first, let us remember him, friends, all our lives. And even if we are busy with the most important affairs, attain honors or fall into some great misfortune—all the same, never forget how good it was for us here once, all together, united by such a good and kind feeling, which, for the time of our love for the poor boy, made us too perhaps better than we really are. My doves—let me call you that—doves, because you are all very like them, those pretty blue-gray birds, now, at this minute, as I look at your kind, dear faces—my dear children, perhaps you will not understand what I am going to say to you, because I often speak very unclearly, but all the same you will remember it and someday later you will agree with my words. Know, then, that there is nothing higher, and stronger, and healthier, and more useful for life ahead, than some good memory, and especially one carried away from childhood, from your parents' home. You are told a

great deal about your upbringing, but some beautiful, holy memory like this, preserved from childhood, is perhaps the very best upbringing of all. If a man gathers many such memories to take with him into life, then he is saved for the whole of his life. And even if only one good memory remains with us in our hearts, even that may someday serve for our salvation. Perhaps we will even become wicked later on, we will not even have the strength to hold out against a bad deed, we will laugh at human tears and at those people who say, as Kolya exclaimed just now, 'I want to suffer for all people'—and perhaps we will spitefully jeer at those people. And yet, however wicked we may become, which God forbid, still, when we remember how we buried Ilyusha, how we loved him in his last days, and how we have just been talking so like friends and so together by this stone, then the cruelest and most mocking man among us, if we become such, will still not dare to laugh inwardly at how kind and good he was at this present minute! More than that, perhaps it is precisely this one memory that will keep him from great evil, and he will think better of it and say: 'Yes, I was kind then, and bold, and honest.' Let him grin to himself, that does not matter, a man often laughs at what is kind and good; that comes only from light-mindedness; but I assure you, friends, that as soon as he grins, he will at once say in his heart: 'No, I did wrong to grin, because one must not laugh at this!'"

"That's certainly how it will be, Karamazov, I understand you, Karamazov!" Kolya exclaimed, his eyes flashing. The boys were stirred and also wanted to exclaim something, but restrained themselves, looking at the speaker intently and tenderly.

"I say this in case we become bad," Alyosha went on, "but why should we become bad, isn't that so, friends? Let us be, first and above all, kind, then honest, and then—let us never forget one another. I repeat that again. I give you my word, friends, for my part, that I will not forget a single one of you; every face that is

looking at me now, at this moment, I will remember, even after thirty years. Just now Kolya said to Kartashov that we supposedly don't want to know 'whether he exists in the world or not.' But how could I forget that Kartashov exists in the world, and that now he is no longer blushing as he did that time when he discovered Troy, but is looking at me with his fine, kind, merry little eyes. Friends, my dear friends, let us all be generous and bold like Ilyushechka, clever, bold, and generous like Kolya (but who will be much cleverer when he grows up), and let us be just as bashful, but clever and dear, as Kartashov. But why am I speaking of those two! All of you, friends, are dear to me from now on, I will hold all of you in my heart, and I ask you to hold me in your hearts too! Well, and who has united us in this kind, good feeling, which we will always remember now, all our lives, and mean to remember, who if not Ilyushechka, the kind boy, the dear boy, the boy precious to us forever and ever! Let us never forget him, then, eternal and good memory to him in our hearts, from now on and forever and ever!"

"Yes, yes, eternal, eternal," all the boys cried out in their ringing voices, with tender faces.

"Let us remember his face, and his clothes, and his poor little boots, and his little coffin, and his unhappy, sinful father, and how bravely he alone rose up against the whole class for him!"

"We will, we will remember!" the boys cried out again. "He was brave, he was kind!"

"Ah, how I loved him!" Kolya exclaimed.

"Oh, children, oh, dear friends, don't be afraid of life! How good life is when you do something good and true!"

"Yes, yes," the boys repeated ecstatically.

"Karamazov, we love you!" one voice, Kartashov's, it seems, exclaimed irrepressibly.

"We love you, we love you," they all took up. Many had little tears glistening in their eyes.

“Hurrah for Karamazov!” Kolya proclaimed ecstatically.

“And eternal memory to the dead boy!” Alyosha added again with feeling.

“Eternal memory!” the boys took up again.

“Karamazov!” cried Kolya. “Can it really be true, what religion says, that we will all rise from the dead, and come to life, and see one another again, and everyone, and Ilyushechka?”

“We will certainly rise, we will certainly see one another and will tell one another gladly, joyfully, everything that has been,” Alyosha answered, half laughing, half in rapture.

“Ah, how good that will be!” broke from Kolya.

“Well, and now let us end our speeches and go to his memorial meal. Don’t be troubled that we will be eating pancakes. It is something old, eternal, after all, and there is good in it,” Alyosha laughed. “Well, let’s go! And here we go now, hand in hand.”

“And forever like this, all our lives, hand in hand! Hurrah for Karamazov!” Kolya cried once more, ecstatically, and once more all the boys took up his cry.

Colophon

The Brothers Karamazov

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