

FYODOR  
DOSTOEVSKY

CRIME



PUNISHMENT

THE NEW TRANSLATION BY  
RICHARD PEVEAR and LARISSA VOLOKHONSKY

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# *Crime and Punishment*

A NOVEL IN SIX PARTS WITH EPILOGUE BY

*Fyodor Dostoevsky*

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED  
BY RICHARD PEVEAR AND  
LARISSA VOLOKHONSKY

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## I

AT THE BEGINNING of July, during an extremely hot spell, towards evening, a young man left the closet he rented from tenants in S—y Lane, walked out to the street, and slowly, as if indecisively, headed for the K—n Bridge.

He had safely avoided meeting his landlady on the stairs. His closet was located just under the roof of a tall, five-storied house, and was more like a cupboard than a room. As for the landlady, from whom he rented this closet with dinner and maid-service included, she lived one flight below, in separate rooms, and every time he went out he could not fail to pass by the landlady's kitchen, the door of which almost always stood wide open to the stairs. And each time he passed by, the young man felt some painful and cowardly sensation, which made him wince with shame. He was over his head in debt to the landlady and was afraid of meeting her.

It was not that he was so cowardly and downtrodden, even quite the contrary; but for some time he had been in an irritable and tense state, resembling hypochondria. He was so immersed in himself and had isolated himself so much from everyone that he was afraid not only of meeting his landlady but of meeting anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty; but even his strained circumstances had lately ceased to burden him. He had entirely given up attending to his daily affairs and did not want to attend to them. As a matter of fact, he was not afraid of any landlady, whatever she might be plotting against him. But to stop on the stairs, to listen to all sorts of nonsense about this commonplace rubbish, which he could not care less about, all this badgering for payment, these threats and complaints, and to have to dodge all the while, make

excuses, lie—oh, no, better to steal catlike down the stairs somehow and slip away unseen by anyone.

This time, however, as he walked out to the street, even he was struck by his fear of meeting his creditor.

"I want to attempt such a thing, and at the same time I'm afraid of such trifles!" he thought with a strange smile. "Hm . . . yes . . . man has it all in his hands, and it all slips through his fingers from sheer cowardice . . . That is an axiom . . . I wonder, what are people most afraid of? A new step, their own new word, that's what they're most afraid of . . . I babble too much, however. That's why I don't do anything, because I babble. However, maybe it's like this: I babble because I don't do anything. I've learned to babble over this past month, lying in a corner day in and day out, thinking about . . . cuckooland. Why on earth am I going now? Am I really capable of *that*? Is *that* something serious? No, not serious at all. I'm just toying with it, for the sake of fantasy. A plaything! Yes, a plaything, if you like!"

It was terribly hot out, and moreover it was close, crowded; lime, scaffolding, bricks, dust everywhere, and that special summer stench known so well to every Petersburger who cannot afford to rent a summer house—all at once these things unpleasantly shook the young man's already overwrought nerves. The intolerable stench from the pothouses, especially numerous in that part of the city, and the drunkards he kept running into even though it was a weekday, completed the loathsome and melancholy coloring of the picture. A feeling of the deepest revulsion flashed for a moment in the young man's fine features. Incidentally, he was remarkably good-looking, taller than average, slender and trim, with beautiful dark eyes and dark blond hair. But soon he lapsed as if into deep thought, or even, more precisely, into some sort of oblivion, and walked on no longer noticing what was around him, and not wishing to notice. He only muttered something to himself from time to time, out of that habit of monologues he had just confessed to himself. And at the same moment he was aware that his thoughts sometimes became muddled and that he was very weak: it was the second day that he had had almost nothing to eat.

He was so badly dressed that another man, even an accus-

tomed one, would have been ashamed to go out in such rags during the daytime. However, the neighborhood was such that it was hard to cause any surprise with one's dress. The proximity of the Haymarket, the abundance of certain establishments, a population predominantly of craftsmen and artisans, who clustered in these central Petersburg streets and lanes, sometimes produced such a motley of types in the general panorama that to be surprised at meeting any sort of figure would even have been strange. But so much spiteful contempt was already stored up in the young man's soul that, for all his sometimes very youthful touchiness, he was least ashamed of his rags in the street. It was a different matter when he met some acquaintances or former friends, whom he generally disliked meeting . . . And yet, when a drunk man who was just then being taken through the street in an enormous cart harnessed to an enormous cart-horse, no one knew why or where, suddenly shouted to him as he passed by: "Hey, you, German hatter!"—pointing at him and yelling at the top of his lungs—the young man suddenly stopped and convulsively clutched his hat. It was a tall, cylindrical Zimmerman hat,<sup>1</sup> but all worn out, quite faded, all holes and stains, brimless, and dented so that it stuck out at an ugly angle. Yet it was not shame but quite a different feeling, even more like fear, that seized him.

"I just knew it!" he muttered in confusion. "It's just as I thought! That's the worst of all! Some stupid thing like that, some trivial detail, can ruin the whole scheme! Yes, the hat is too conspicuous . . . Ludicrous, and therefore conspicuous . . . My rags certainly call for a cap, even if it's some old pancake, not this monster. Nobody wears this kind, it can be noticed a mile away, and remembered . . . above all, it will be remembered later, so there's evidence for you. Here one must be as inconspicuous as possible . . . Details, details above all! . . . It's these details that ruin everything always . . ."

He did not have far to go; he even knew how many steps it was from the gate of his house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. Once, when he was far gone in his dreaming, he had counted them. At that time he did not yet believe in these dreams of his, and only chafed himself with their ugly but seductive audacity. Whereas

now, a month later, he was beginning to look at them differently and, despite all those taunting monologues about his own powerlessness and indecision, had grown used, even somehow involuntarily, to regarding the "ugly" dream as a real undertaking, though he still did not believe himself. Now he was even going to make a *trial* of his undertaking, and at every step his excitement grew stronger and stronger.

With a sinking heart and nervous trembling he came up to a most enormous house that faced a canal on one side and —y Street on the other. The house was all small apartments inside, and was inhabited by all sorts of working people—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, various Germans, girls living on their own, petty clerkdom, and so on. People kept coming and going, darting through both gateways and across both courtyards. Three or four caretakers worked there. The young man was very pleased not to have met any one of them, and slipped inconspicuously from the gate directly to the stairway on the right. The stairway was dark and narrow, a "back" stairway, but he had known and made a study of all that before, and he liked the whole situation: in that darkness even a curious glance was no danger. "If I'm so afraid now, what if it really should somehow get down to the business itself? . . ." he thought involuntarily, going up to the fourth floor. There his way was blocked by some porters, ex-soldiers who were moving furniture out of one apartment. He already knew from before that a German, an official, had been living in that apartment with his family: "It means the German is now moving out; which means that on the fourth floor of this stairway, on this landing, for a while only the old woman's apartment will be left occupied. That's good . . . just in case . . ." he thought again, and rang at the old woman's apartment. The bell jingled feebly, as though it were made not of brass but of tin. In the small apartments of such houses almost all the bells are like that. He had forgotten the ring of this bell, and now its peculiar ring seemed suddenly to remind him of something and bring it clearly before him . . . He jumped, so weak had his nerves become this time. In a short while the door was opened a tiny crack: the woman lodger was looking at the visitor through the crack with obvious mistrust, and only her

little eyes could be seen glittering from the darkness. But seeing a number of people on the landing, she took courage and opened the door all the way. The young man stepped across the threshold into the dark hallway, divided by a partition, behind which was a tiny kitchen. The old woman stood silently before him, looking at him inquiringly. She was a tiny, dried-up old crone, about sixty, with sharp, spiteful little eyes and a small, sharp nose. She was bareheaded, and her colorless and only slightly graying hair was thickly greased. Her long, thin neck, which resembled a chicken's leg, was wrapped in some flannel rags, and, despite the heat, a fur-trimmed jacket, completely worn out and yellow with age, hung loosely from her shoulders. The old crone coughed and groaned all the time. The young man must have glanced at her with some peculiar glance, because the earlier mistrust suddenly flashed in her eyes again.

"Raskolnikov, a student, I was here a month ago," the young man hastened to mutter with a half bow, recalling that he should be more affable.

"I remember, dearie, I remember very well that you were," the old woman said distinctly, still without taking her inquiring eyes from his face.

"And so again, ma'am . . . on the same little business . . ." Raskolnikov continued, a bit disconcerted and surprised by the old woman's mistrust.

"Though maybe she's always like that, and I didn't notice it last time," he thought, with an unpleasant feeling.

The old woman was silent for a moment, as if hesitating; then she stepped aside and, pointing towards the door to the room, allowed the visitor to go ahead, saying:

"Come in, dearie."

The small room into which the young man walked, with yellow wallpaper, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was at that moment brightly lit by the setting sun. "So the sun will be shining the same way *then!* . . ." flashed as if inadvertently through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a quick glance he took in everything in the room, in order to study and remember the layout as well as possible. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture,

all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge, curved wooden back, a round table of an oval shape in front of the sofa, a dressing table with a mirror between the windows, chairs against the walls, and two or three cheap prints in yellow frames portraying German damsels with birds in their hands—that was all the furniture there was. In the corner, an oil lamp was burning in front of a small icon. Everything was very clean: both furniture and floor were polished to a high lustre; everything shone. “Lizaveta’s work,” the young man thought. There was not a speck of dust to be found in the whole apartment. “It’s wicked old widows who keep everything so clean,” Raskolnikov continued to himself, and he cast a curious sidelong glance at the cotton curtain hanging in the doorway to the second tiny room, where the old woman’s bed and chest of drawers stood, and where he had not yet peeked even once. The whole apartment consisted of these two rooms.

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

“I’ve brought something to pawn; here, ma’am!” And he took an old, flat silver watch from his pocket. A globe was engraved on its back. The chain was of steel.

“But the time is up for your last pledge. It was a month to the day before yesterday.”

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

“That’s as I please, dearie, whether I’ll be patient or sell your thing right now.”

“How much will you give for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?”

“You bring me trifles, dearie, in my opinion it’s not worth anything. Last time I gave you two roubles for your ring, and you could buy one new from a jeweler for a rouble and a half.”

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

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

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

“As you please.” And the old woman held the watch out to him.

The young man took it and became so angry that he wanted simply to leave; but he at once thought better of it, remembering that there was nowhere else to go and that he had also come for another reason.

"I'll take it!" he said rudely.

The old woman felt in her pocket for her keys and went into the other room behind the curtain. The young man, left alone in the middle of the room, was listening with curiosity and figuring things out. She could be heard opening the chest of drawers. "Must be the top drawer," he figured. "So she carries the keys in her right pocket . . . All in one bunch on a steel ring . . . And there's one key, the biggest of them, three times bigger, with a toothed bit, certainly not for a drawer . . . It means there's also some coffer, or a trunk . . . Now that's curious. Trunks always have keys like that . . . But how mean this all is . . ."

The old woman came back.

"Here you are, dearie: if it's ten kopecks to the rouble per month, you'll owe me fifteen kopecks on a rouble and a half for the month to come, sir. And you also owe me twenty kopecks by the same reckoning for the previous two roubles. That makes thirty-five altogether. I now owe you altogether one rouble and fifteen kopecks for your watch. Here, take it, sir."

"What! So now it's one rouble and fifteen kopecks!"

"Right you are, sir."

The young man did not argue and took the money. He looked at the old woman and made no move to leave, as if he still wanted to say or do something, but he himself did not seem to know precisely what . . .

"One of these days, Alyona Ivanovna, I may bring you yet another thing . . . silver . . . nice . . . a cigarette case . . . once I get it back from a friend of mine . . ." He became confused and fell silent.

"So, we'll talk then, dearie."

"Good-bye, ma'am . . . And you stay at home alone like this, your sister's not here?" he asked as casually as he could, walking out to the entryway.

"What business do you have with her, dearie?"

"Nothing special. I just asked. And right away you . . . Good-bye, Alyona Ivanovna!"

Raskolnikov went out decidedly troubled. This trouble kept increasing more and more. On his way down the stairs he even stopped several times, as if suddenly struck by something. And finally, already in the street, he exclaimed:

"Oh, God, how loathsome this all is! And can it be, can it be that I . . . no, it's nonsense, it's absurd!" he added resolutely. "Could such horror really come into my head? But then, what filth my heart is capable of! . . . Above all, filthy, nasty, vile, vile! . . . And for the whole month I . . ."

But neither words nor exclamations could express his agitation. The feeling of boundless loathing that had begun to oppress and sicken his heart while he was still only on his way to the old woman now reached such proportions and became so clearly manifest that he did not know where to flee from his anguish. He went down the sidewalk like a drunk man, not noticing the passers-by and running into them, and was in the next street before he came to his senses. Looking around, he noticed that he was standing by a pothouse, the entrance to which was downstairs from the sidewalk, in the basement. At that same moment two drunks came walking out the door and, supporting and cursing each other, climbed up to the street. Without another thought, Raskolnikov immediately went down the stairs. He had never gone into pothouses before, but his head was spinning now, and besides he was tormented by a burning thirst. He wanted to drink some cold beer, all the more so in that he attributed his sudden weakness to hunger. He sat down in a dark and dirty corner, at a sticky little table, asked for beer, and greedily drank the first glass. He immediately felt all relieved, and his thoughts became clear. "It's all nonsense," he said hopefully, "and there was nothing to be troubled about! Just some physical disorder! One glass of beer, a piece of dry bread, and see—in an instant the mind gets stronger, the thoughts clearer, the intentions firmer! Pah, how paltry it all is! . . ." But in spite of this scornful spitting, he already looked cheerful, as if he had freed himself all at once of some terrible burden, and cast an amiable glance around

at the people there. Yet even at that moment he had a distant foreboding that all this receptiveness to the good was also morbid.

There were few people left in the pothouse by then. Just after the two drunks he had run into on the stairs, a whole bunch left together, five men or so, with one wench and an accordion. After them the place became quiet and roomy. There remained one man who looked like a tradesman, drunk, but not very, sitting over a beer; his friend, fat, enormous, in a tight-waisted coat, and with a gray beard, who was quite drunk, had dozed off on a bench, and every once in a while, as if half awake, would suddenly start snapping his fingers, spreading his arms wide and jerking the upper part of his body without getting up from the bench, while he sang some gibberish, trying hard to recall the verses, something like:

“The whole year long he loved his wife,  
The who-o-ole year lo-o-ong he lo-o-oved his  
wife . . .”

Or again, suddenly waking up:

“Down Podyacheskaya he did go,  
He met a girl he used to know . . .”

But no one shared his happiness; his silent friend even looked upon all these outbursts with hostility and mistrust. There was yet another man there who in appearance resembled a retired official. He was sitting apart over his little crock, taking a sip every once in a while and looking around. He also seemed somewhat agitated.

## II

RASKOLNIKOV WAS NOT used to crowds and, as has already been mentioned, fled all company, especially of late. But now something suddenly drew him to people. Something new was happening in him, as it were, and with that a certain thirst for people made itself felt. After a whole month of this concentrated anguish, this gloomy excitement of his, he was so tired out that he wished,

if only for a moment, to draw a breath in another world, whatever it might be, and, despite all the filthiness of the situation, it was with pleasure that he now went on sitting in the pothouse.

The proprietor of the establishment was in another room, but frequently came into the main room, descending a flight of stairs from somewhere, his foppish black boots with their wide red tops appearing first. He was wearing a long-skirted coat and a terribly greasy black satin waistcoat, with no necktie, and his whole face was as if oiled like an iron padlock. Behind the counter was a lad of about fourteen, and there was another younger lad who served when anything was asked for. There were chopped pickles, rusks of black bread, and fish cut into pieces, all quite evil-smelling. It was so stuffy that it was almost impossible to sit there, and everything was so saturated with wine-smell that it seemed one could get drunk in five minutes from the air alone.

We sometimes encounter people, even perfect strangers, who begin to interest us at first sight, somehow suddenly, all at once, before a word has been spoken. Such was precisely the impression made on Raskolnikov by the guest who sat apart and looked like a retired official. Later the young man recalled this first impression more than once and even ascribed it to a presentiment. He kept glancing at the official, also no doubt because the latter was looking persistently at him, and one could see that he very much wanted to start a conversation. But at the others in the pothouse, not excluding the proprietor, the official looked somehow habitually and even with boredom, and at the same time also with a certain shade of haughty disdain, as at people of lower position and development with whom he saw no point in talking. He was a man already past fifty, of average height and solid build, with some gray in his hair and a large bald spot, with a yellow, even greenish, face, swollen from constant drinking, and with puffy eyelids behind which his reddish eyes shone, tiny as slits, but lively. Yet there was something very strange in him; his eyes seemed even to be lit with rapture—perhaps there were sense and reason as well, but at the same time there seemed also to be a flicker of madness in them. He was dressed in an old, completely ragged black frock coat, which had shed all its buttons. Only one still

somehow hung on, and this one he kept buttoned, obviously not wishing to shirk convention. From under his nankeen waistcoat a shirtfront stuck out, all crumpled, soiled, and stained. His face had been shaved in official style, but a good while ago, so that thick, blue-gray bristles were beginning to show on it. And there was indeed something solidly official in his ways. Yet he was agitated, kept ruffling his hair, and every once in a while leaned his head on his hands in anguish, resting his torn elbows on the spilt-upon and sticky table. Finally he looked straight at Raskolnikov and said loudly and firmly:

"May I venture, my very dear sir, to engage you in a conversation of decency? For though you are not of important aspect, my experience nevertheless distinguishes in you a man of education, and one unaccustomed to drink. I myself have always respected education, coupled with the feelings of the heart, and moreover I am a titular councillor.<sup>2</sup> Marmeladov—such is my name—titular councillor. May I venture to ask whether you have been in government service?"

"No, studying . . ." the young man replied, surprised partly at the peculiarly ornate turn of speech and partly at being addressed so directly, point-blank. In spite of his recent momentary wish for at least some communion with people, at the first word actually addressed to him he suddenly felt his usual unpleasant and irritable feeling of loathing towards any stranger who touched or merely wanted to touch his person.

"A student, then, or a former student!"<sup>3</sup> the official cried. "Just as I thought! Experience, my dear sir, oft-repeated experience!" And he put his finger to his forehead in a sign of self-praise. "You were a student, or were engaged in some scholarly pursuit! Allow me . . ." He rose slightly, swayed, picked up his little crock and glass, and sat himself down with the young man, somewhat cater-corner to him. He was drunk, but spoke loquaciously and glibly, only now and then getting a bit confused in places and dragging out his speech. He even fell upon Raskolnikov with a sort of greediness, as though he, too, had not talked to anyone for a whole month.

"My dear sir," he began almost solemnly, "poverty is no vice,

that is the truth. I know that drunkenness is also no virtue, and that is even more so. But destitution, my dear sir, destitution is a vice, sir. In poverty you may still preserve the nobility of your inborn feelings, but in destitution no one ever does. For destitution one does not even get driven out of human company with a stick; one is swept out with a broom, to make it more insulting; and justly so, for in destitution I am the first to insult myself. Hence the drinking! My dear sir, a month ago Mr. Lebezyatnikov gave my wife a beating, and my wife is a far cry from me! Do you understand, sir? Allow me to ask you something else, if only for the sake of curiosity: did you ever happen to spend your nights on the Neva, on the hay barges?"<sup>4</sup>

"No, never," Raskolnikov replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, sir, but that's where I've come from, and it's already the fifth night, sir . . ."

He poured himself a glass, drank it, and lapsed into thought. Indeed, one could see bits of hay stuck here and there on his clothes and even in his hair. It was quite possible that he had not undressed and washed for five days. His hands were especially dirty—greasy, red, with black under the nails.

His conversation seemed to arouse general, if lax, attention. The lads at the counter began to snigger. It seemed the proprietor came down from the upstairs room on purpose to listen to the "funnyman," and sat some distance away, occasionally yawning lazily but grandly. It was obvious that Marmeladov had long been a familiar there. And his penchant for ornate speech he had probably acquired as a result of his habit of frequent pothouse conversation with various strangers. This habit turns into a necessity for certain drunkards, mostly those who are treated harshly and ordered about at home. Hence, in a company of drinkers, they always seem eager to solicit justification for themselves and, if possible, even respect as well.

"Funnyman," the proprietor said loudly. "And how come you don't work, how come you don't serve, since you're an official?"

"How come I don't serve, my dear sir?" Marmeladov picked up, addressing Raskolnikov exclusively, as if it were he who had asked the question. "How come I don't serve? And does my heart not

ache over this vain groveling? When Mr. Lebezyatnikov gave my wife a beating a month ago, with his own hands, while I was lying there in my cups, did I not suffer? Excuse me, young man, has it ever happened to you . . . hm . . . let's say, to ask hopelessly for a loan of money?"

"It's happened . . . that is, what do you mean by hopelessly?"

"That is, completely hopelessly, sir, knowing beforehand that nothing will come of it. Say, for example, you know beforehand and thoroughly well that this man, this most well-intentioned and most useful citizen, will under no circumstances give you any money—for why should he, may I ask? He knows I won't repay it. Out of compassion? But Mr. Lebezyatnikov, who follows all the new ideas, explained the other day that in our time compassion is even forbidden by science, as is already happening in England, where they have political economy. Why, then, should he give, may I ask? And so, knowing beforehand that he will not give anything, you still set out on your way and . . ."

"But why go?" Raskolnikov put in.

"And what if there is no one else, if there is nowhere else to go! It is necessary that every man have at least somewhere to go. For there are times when one absolutely must go at least somewhere! When my only-begotten daughter went out for the first time with a yellow pass,<sup>5</sup> and I went, too, then . . . (for my daughter lives on a yellow pass, sir . . .)," he added parenthetically, glancing somewhat worriedly at the young man. "Never mind, my dear sir, never mind!" he hastened to declare at once and with apparent calm, when both lads at the counter snorted and the proprietor himself smiled. "Never mind, sir. I am not troubled by this wagging of heads, for everything is already known to everyone, and everything hidden will be made manifest;<sup>6</sup> I regard it not with disdain, but with humility. Let it be! Let it be! 'Behold the man!'<sup>7</sup> Excuse me, young man, but can you . . . Or, no, to expound it more forcefully and more expressively: not *can* you, but would you *venture*, looking upon me at this hour, to say of me affirmatively that I am not a swine?"

The young man did not answer a word.

"Well, sir," the orator went on, having waited gravely and this

time with increased dignity for the renewed sniggering in the room to die down. "Well, sir, so I am a swine, and she is a lady! I have the image of a beast, and Katerina Ivanovna, my spouse, is an educated person and by birth an officer's daughter. Granted, granted I am a scoundrel, while she has a lofty heart and is full of sentiments ennobled by good breeding. And yet . . . oh, if only she felt pity for me! My dear sir, my dear sir, but it is necessary that every man have at least one such place where he, too, is pitied! And Katerina Ivanovna, though she is a magnanimous lady, is unjust . . . And though I myself understand that when she pulls me by these tufts of mine, she does it for no other reason than her heart's pity—for, I repeat it without embarrassment, she does pull these tufts of mine, young man," he confirmed with increased dignity, having heard more sniggering, "but, God, if she would only just once . . . But no! no! it is all in vain, and there is no use talking, no use talking! . . . for my wish has already been granted more than once, and already more than once I have been pitied, but . . . such is my trait, and I am a born brute!"

"That you are!" the proprietor remarked, yawning.

Marmeladov banged his fist resolutely on the table.

"Such is my trait! Do you know, do you know, sir, that I even drank up her stockings? Not her shoes, sir, for that would at least somehow resemble the order of things, but her stockings, I drank up her stockings, sir! Her angora shawl I also drank up—a gift, a former one, hers, not mine; and our corner is cold, and this winter she caught a chill and took to coughing, with blood now. And we have three small children, and Katerina Ivanovna works day and night, scrubbing and cleaning and washing the children, for she has been used to cleanliness since childhood, and she has a weak chest and is inclined to consumption, and I feel it. Do I not feel it? And the more I drink, the more I feel it. It is for this I drink, that in drinking I may seek compassion and feeling. It is not joy I seek, but sorrow only . . . I drink, for I wish doubly to suffer!" And he bent his head to the table as if in despair.

"Young man," he continued, unbending again, "in your face I read, as it were, a certain sorrow. I read it when you entered, and therefore I addressed you at once. For by telling you the story of

my life, I do not wish to expose myself to disgrace before these lovers of idleness, who know everything anyway, but am seeking a sensitive and educated man. Know, then, that my spouse was educated in a provincial boarding school for well-born girls and at her graduation danced with a shawl before the governor and other notables,<sup>8</sup> for which she received a gold medal and a certificate of merit. The medal . . . well, we sold the medal . . . long ago . . . hm . . . the certificate of merit is still lying in her trunk, she showed it to our landlady just recently. And though she is in the most ceaseless strife with our landlady, still she wished to feel proud before someone at least and to tell of the happy days gone by. And I do not judge, I do not judge, for this is the last thing left to her in her memories, and the rest has all gone to ruin! Yes, yes, she is a hot, proud, and unbending lady. She washes the floors herself and eats black bread, but disrespect for herself she will not tolerate. That is why she would not let Mr. Lebezyatnikov get away with his rudeness, and when Mr. Lebezyatnikov gave her a beating for it, she took to her bed, not so much from the beating as from emotion. She came to me already a widow, with three children, each one smaller than the next. She had married her first husband, an infantry officer, out of love, and eloped with him from her parental home. She loved her husband exceedingly, but he got into card-playing, was taken to court, and thereupon died. He used to beat her towards the end; and though she would not let him get away with it, as I am informed of a certainty and with documents, yet to this day she remembers him with tears and holds him up to me in reproach—and I am glad, I am glad, for at least in her imaginings she beholds herself as having once been happy . . . And after him she was left with three young children in a remote and savage district, where I was living at the time, and she was left in such hopeless destitution as I, though my adventures have been many and varied, am scarcely able to describe. And her relations had all renounced her. Besides, she was proud, much too proud . . . And it was then, my dear sir, it was then that I, being a widower myself, and having a fourteen-year-old daughter from my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not look on at such suffering. You may judge thereby what degree her calamities had

reached, if she, well educated and well bred, and of a known family, consented to marry me! But she did! Weeping and sobbing and wringing her hands—she did! For she had nowhere to go. Do you understand, do you understand, my dear sir, what it means when there is no longer anywhere to go? No! That you do not understand yet . . . And for a whole year I fulfilled my duties piously and sacredly and did not touch this” (he jabbed a finger at his bottle), “for I do have feelings. But even so I could not please her; and then I lost my position, also through no fault of my own, but because of a change of staff, and then I did touch it! . . . It is now a year and a half since we finally ended up, after much wandering and numerous calamities, in this splendid capital adorned with numerous monuments. And here I found a position . . . Found it, and lost it again. Do you understand, sir? This time I lost it through my own fault, for this trait of mine appeared again . . . We now live in a corner at Amalia Fyodorovna Lippewechsel’s, and what we live on and pay with I do not know.<sup>9</sup> There are many others living there besides ourselves . . . A Sodom, sir, a most outrageous one . . . hm . . . yes . . . And meanwhile my daughter from my first marriage also grew up, and what she had to suffer from her stepmother while she was growing up, that I shall pass over in silence. For though Katerina Ivanovna is filled with magnanimous feelings, she is a hot and irritable lady, and an abrupt one . . . Yes, sir! Well, no use going over that! Sonya, as you can imagine, received no education. I tried four years ago to teach her geography and world history; but since I myself was not firm in this knowledge, and there were besides no suitable textbooks, for whatever books we had left . . . hm! . . . well, there are no books anymore, so that was the end of all education. We stopped at Cyrus of Persia.<sup>10</sup> Later, having reached maturity, she read several books of a novelistic purport, and recently, thanks to Mr. Lebezyatnikov, one more book—Lewes’s *Physiology*,<sup>11</sup> perhaps you know it, sir?—read it with great interest and even recited some extracts aloud for us: that is the whole of her enlightenment. And now, my dear sir, I will address you with a private question of my own: how much, in your opinion, can a poor but honest girl earn by honest labor? . . . Not even fifteen kopecks a day, sir, if she is honest and has no

special talents, and even then only if her hands are never still for a moment. And even then the state councillor<sup>12</sup> Klopstock, Ivan Ivanovich—perhaps you've heard of him?—has not only still not paid for the half dozen fine linen shirts she made him, but even offended her and chased her away, stamping his feet and calling her bad names, on the pretext that the collars were the wrong size and too pointed. And here the children were hungry . . . And here Katerina Ivanovna was pacing the room, wringing her hands, and flushed spots came out on her cheeks—as always happens with this illness: 'You live with us,' she says, 'you good-for-nothing, you eat and drink and use up warmth'—and what is there to eat and drink, if even the children don't see a crust of bread for three days on end! I was lying there . . . well, what of it! . . . lying there in my cups, sir, and I heard Sonya say (she's uncomplaining, and has such a meek little voice . . . she's fair, her face is always so pale, thin), and so she said, 'What, Katerina Ivanovna, must I really go and do such a thing?' And Darya Frantsevna, an ill-meaning woman and one oft-known to the police, had already made inquiries three times through the landlady. 'And what,' Katerina Ivanovna answered mockingly, 'what's there to save? Some treasure!' But do not blame her, do not blame her, my dear sir, do not blame her! She said this not in her right mind but in emotional agitation, in sickness, and with the children crying from hunger, and said it, besides, more for the sake of the insult than in any strict sense . . . For such is Katerina Ivanovna's character, and when the children get to crying, even if it's from hunger, she starts beating them at once. So then, some time after five, I see Sonechka get up, put on her kerchief, put on her wrap, and go out, and she came back home after eight. She came in, went straight to Katerina Ivanovna, and silently laid thirty roubles on the table in front of her. Not a word with it, not even a glance; she just took our big green flannel shawl (we have this one flannel shawl for all of us), covered her head and face with it completely, and lay down on her bed, face to the wall; only her little shoulders and her whole body kept twitching . . . And I was lying there in the same aspect as previously, sir . . . And then I saw, young man, after that I saw Katerina Ivanovna go over to Sonechka's bed, also without saying a word,

and for the whole evening she stayed kneeling at her feet, kissing her feet, and would not get up, and then they both fell asleep together, embracing each other . . . both . . . both . . . yes, sir . . . and I . . . was lying there in my cups, sir."

Marmeladov fell silent, as though his voice had failed him. Then suddenly he poured a quick glass, drank it, and grunted.

"Since then, my dear sir," he went on after some silence, "since then, owing to an unfortunate occurrence and reports made by ill-meaning persons—which Darya Frantsevna especially abetted, on the pretext that she had not been shown due respect—since then my daughter, Sofya Semyonovna, has been obliged to carry a yellow pass, and under such circumstances could no longer remain with us. For the landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna, would not allow it (though she herself had abetted Darya Frantsevna before), and Mr. Lebezyatnikov also . . . hm . . . It was because of Sonya that this story happened between him and Katerina Ivanovna. First he sought after Sonya himself, but then he suddenly got puffed up: 'What?' he said. 'Is such an enlightened man as myself to live in the same apartment with such a woman?' And Katerina Ivanovna would not let that pass, she interfered . . . well, so it happened . . . And now Sonechka comes to us mostly at dusk, and helps Katerina Ivanovna, and brings whatever means she can . . . But she lives at the tailor Kapernaumov's, she rents a room from him, and Kapernaumov is lame and tongue-tied, and the whole of his extremely numerous family is also tongue-tied. And his wife, too, is tongue-tied . . . They occupy one room, and Sonya has her own, separately, with a partition . . . Hm, yes . . . The poorest people, and all of them tongue-tied . . . yes . . . So I got up that next morning, sir, put my rags on, lifted up my hands to heaven, and went to see his excellency, Ivan Afanasyevich. Do you know his excellency, Ivan Afanasyevich? No? Then you have missed knowing a man of God! He is wax . . . wax before the face of the Lord; as the wax melteth!<sup>13</sup> . . . He even shed a tear when he heard it all. 'Well, Marmeladov,' he said, 'you have deceived my expectations once already. . . . I am taking you one more time, on my personal responsibility'—that's just what he said. 'Remember that,' he said, 'and now go!' I kissed the dust at his feet—mentally, because in

reality he would not have allowed it, being a dignitary, and a man of the new political and educated thinking; I went home again, and when I announced that I had been taken back into the service and would have a salary, Lord, what went on then! . . .”

Marmeladov again stopped in great agitation. At that moment a whole party of drinkers walked in from the street, already drunk to begin with, and from the entrance came the sounds of a hired barrel organ and a child's cracked seven-year-old voice singing "The Little Farm."<sup>14</sup> It became noisy. The proprietor and servants occupied themselves with the newcomers. Marmeladov, ignoring the newcomers, went on with his story. He seemed to have grown quite weak, but the drunker he got, the more loquacious he became. The recollection of his recent success in the service seemed to animate him and was even reflected in his face as a sort of radiance. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

"That was all five weeks ago, sir. Yes . . . As soon as the two of them, Katerina Ivanovna and Sonechka, found out, Lord, it was just as though I'd moved into the Kingdom of God. I used to lie there like a brute, all I heard was abuse! But now they were tip-toeing around, quieting the children: 'Semyon Zakharych is tired from his work, he's resting, shh!' They brought me coffee before work, with scalded cream! They started getting real cream, do you hear! How they managed to knock together eleven roubles and fifty kopecks to have me decently outfitted, I don't understand. Boots, cotton shirtfronts—most magnificent, a uniform, they cooked it all up for eleven fifty, in the most excellent aspect, sir. The first day I came home after a morning's work, I saw that Katerina Ivanovna had prepared two courses, soup and corned beef with horseradish, which we'd had no notion of before then. She doesn't have any dresses . . . I mean, not any, sir, and here it was as if she were going to a party, all dressed up, and not just in anything, no, she knows how to do it all out of nothing: she fixed her hair, put on some clean collar, some cuffs, and—quite a different person emerged, younger and prettier. Sonechka, my dove, contributed only money, and as for herself, she said, for the time being it's not proper for me to visit you too often, or only when it's dark, so no one can see me. Do you hear? Do you hear? I went to take

a nap after dinner, and what do you suppose? Katerina Ivanovna simply couldn't help herself: just a week earlier she had quarreled to the ultimate degree with the landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna, and now she invited her for a cup of coffee. They sat whispering for two hours: 'So,' she said, 'Semyon Zakharych has a job now and is getting a salary, and he went to his excellency himself, and his excellency came out in person, and told everyone to wait, and took Semyon Zakharych by the arm, and led him past everyone into the office.' Do you hear? Do you hear? "Of course I remember your merits, Semyon Zakharych, and though you were given to that frivolous weakness, since you have now promised, and, moreover, since without you things have gone badly for us" (hear that, hear that!), "I shall now place my hopes," he said, "in your gentleman's word"—that is, I must tell you, she up and invented it all, and not really out of frivolousness, not merely to boast, sir! No, she believed it all, she delights in her own fancies, by God, sir! And I do not condemn that, no, I do not condemn it! . . . And six days ago, when I brought home my first salary—twenty-three roubles and forty kopecks—brought it in full, she called me a sweet little thing: 'You sweet little thing!' she said. We were by ourselves, sir, you understand. And what sort of beauty would you say is in me, and what sort of husband am I? But no, she pinched my cheek and said, 'You sweet little thing!'"

Marmeladov stopped, wanted to smile, but suddenly his chin began to twitch. He restrained himself, however. The pothouse, the depraved look of the man, the five nights on the hay barges, the vodka bottle, and at the same time this morbid love for his wife and family, bewildered his listener. Raskolnikov listened tensely, but with a morbid sensation. He was annoyed that he had stopped at the place.

"My dear sir, my dear sir!" Marmeladov exclaimed, recovering himself. "Oh, sir, perhaps it's all just a laughing matter for you, as it is for everyone else, and I am merely bothering you with the foolishness of all these measly details of my domestic life, but for me it's no laughing matter! For I can feel it all . . . And in the course of that whole paradisaical day of my life and of that whole evening I spent in fleeting dreams—that is, how I would arrange

it all, and would dress the children, and would give her peace, and would bring back my only-begotten daughter from dishonor into the bosom of the family . . . And so much, so much . . . It's permissible, sir. And then, my dear sir" (Marmeladov suddenly gave a sort of start, raised his head, and looked straight at his listener), "and then, sir, the very next day after all those dreams (that is, exactly five days ago), towards evening, by means of cunning deceit, like a thief in the night, I stole the key to Katerina Ivanovna's trunk from her, took out all that remained of the salary I had brought home, I don't remember how much, and now, sir, look at me, all of you! Five days away from home, they're looking for me there, and it's the end of my job, and my uniform is lying in a pothouse near the Egyptian Bridge, and these garments I received in exchange for it . . . and it is the end of everything!"

Marmeladov struck himself on the forehead with his fist, clenched his teeth, closed his eyes, and leaned heavily on the table with his elbow. But a moment later his face suddenly changed and, glancing at Raskolnikov with a certain affected coyness and forced insolence, he laughed and said:

"And today I went to see Sonya and asked her for the hair of the dog! . . . Heh, heh, heh!"

"Did she give it to you?" one of the newcomers shouted from the side, shouted and guffawed at the top of his lungs.

"This very bottle here was bought on her money, sir," Marmeladov said, addressing Raskolnikov exclusively. "She took out thirty kopecks for me, with her own hands, the last she had, I saw it myself . . . She didn't say anything, she just looked at me silently . . . That is not done on earth, but up there . . . people are grieved for, wept over, and not reproached, not reproached! And it hurts more, it hurts more, sir, when one is not reproached! . . . Thirty kopecks, yes, sir. And doesn't she also need them now, eh? What do you think, my dear sir? For she has to observe her cleanliness now. This cleanliness—of a special sort, you understand—costs money. Understand? And to buy a bit of pomade as well, can't do without that, sir; starched petticoats, some shoes of a frippery sort to show off her foot when she steps over a puddle. Do you understand, do you understand, sir, what this cleanliness

means? So, sir, and now I, her flesh-and-blood father, snatched these thirty kopecks for the hair of the dog! And I'm drinking, sir! And I've already drunk them up, sir! . . . So, who's going to pity the likes of me? Eh? Do you pity me now, sir, or do you not? Speak, sir, do you or do you not? Heh, heh, heh, heh!"

He wanted to pour some more, but there was nothing left. The bottle was empty.

"Why pity you?" shouted the proprietor, who turned up near them again.

There was laughter and even swearing. The laughter and swearing came both from those who were listening and from those who were not listening but merely looking at the figure of the retired official.

"Pity! Why pity me!" Marmeladov suddenly cried out, rising with his hand stretched forth, in decided inspiration, as if he had only been waiting for these words. "Why pity me, you say? Yes! There's nothing to pity me for! I ought to be crucified, crucified on a cross, and not pitied! But crucify, O judge, crucify, and having crucified, pity the man! And then I myself will come to you to be crucified, for I thirst not for joy, but for sorrow and tears! . . . Do you think, wine-merchant, that this bottle of yours brought me sweetness? Sorrow, sorrow I sought at its bottom, sorrow and tears, and I tasted it and found it; and He will pity us who pitied everyone, and who understood all men and all women, He alone, and He is the judge. On that day He will come and ask, 'Where is the daughter who gave herself for a wicked and consumptive stepmother, for a stranger's little children? Where is the daughter who pitied her earthly father, a foul drunkard, not shrinking from his beastliness?' And He will say, 'Come! I have already forgiven you once . . . I have forgiven you once . . . And now, too, your many sins are forgiven, for you have loved much<sup>15</sup> . . .' And He will forgive my Sonya, He will forgive her, I know He will . . . Today, when I was with her, I felt it in my heart! And He will judge and forgive all, the good and the wicked, the wise and the humble . . . And when He has finished with everyone, then He will say unto us, too, 'You, too, come forth!' He will say, 'Come forth, my drunk ones, my weak ones, my shameless ones!' And

we will all come forth, without being ashamed, and stand there. And He will say, 'Swine you are! Of the image of the beast and of his seal;<sup>16</sup> but come, you, too!' And the wise and the reasonable will say unto Him, 'Lord, why do you receive such as these?' And He will say, 'I receive them, my wise and reasonable ones, forasmuch as not one of them considered himself worthy of this thing . . .' And He will stretch out His arms to us, and we will fall down at His feet . . . and weep . . . and understand everything! Then we will understand everything! . . . and everyone will understand . . . and Katerina Ivanovna . . . she, too, will understand . . . Lord, Thy kingdom come!"<sup>17</sup>

And he sank down on the bench, exhausted and weak, not looking at anyone, apparently oblivious of his surroundings and deep in thought. His words produced a certain impression; for a moment silence reigned, but soon laughter and swearing were heard again:

"Nice reasoning!"

"Blather!"

"Some official!"

And so on and so forth.

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

Raskolnikov had long been wanting to leave, and had himself thought of helping him. Marmeladov, who turned out to be much weaker on his feet than in his speeches, leaned heavily on the young man. They had to go two or three hundred steps. Confusion and fear took more and more possession of the drunkard as he neared home.

"It's not Katerina Ivanovna I'm afraid of now," he muttered in agitation, "and not that she'll start pulling my hair. Forget the hair! . . . The hair's nonsense! I can tell you! It's even better if she starts pulling it; that's not what I'm afraid of . . . I . . . it's her eyes I'm afraid of . . . yes . . . her eyes . . . I'm also afraid of the flushed spots on her cheeks, and also—her breathing . . . Have you ever seen how people with that illness breathe . . . when their feelings are aroused? And I'm afraid of the children's crying, too . . ."

Because if Sonya hasn't been feeding them, then . . . I don't know what! I really don't! And I'm not afraid of a beating . . . Know, sir, that such beatings are not only not painful, but are even a delight to me . . . For I myself cannot do without them. It's better. Let her beat me, to ease her soul . . . it's better . . . Here's the house. Kozel's house. A locksmith, a German, a rich one . . . take me in!"

They entered through the courtyard and went up to the fourth floor. The higher up, the darker the stairway became. It was nearly eleven o'clock by then, and though at that time of year there is no real night in Petersburg,<sup>18</sup> it was very dark at the top of the stairs.

At the head of the stairs, at the very top, a small, soot-blackened door stood open. A candle-end lighted the poorest of rooms, about ten paces long; the whole of it could be seen from the entryway. Everything was scattered about and in disorder, all sorts of children's rags especially. A torn sheet hung across the back corner. Behind it was probably a bed. The only contents of the room itself were two chairs and an oilcloth sofa, very shabby, before which stood an old pine kitchen table, unpainted and uncovered. At the edge of the table stood an iron candlestick with the butt of a tallow candle burning down in it. It appeared that this room of Marmeladov's was a separate one, not just a corner, though other tenants had to pass through it. The door to the further rooms, or cubicles, into which Amalia Lippewechsel's apartment had been divided, was ajar. Behind it there was noise and shouting. Guffawing. Card-playing and tea-drinking seemed to be going on. Occasionally the most unceremonious words would fly out.

Raskolnikov immediately recognized Katerina Ivanovna. She was a terribly wasted woman, slender, quite tall and trim, still with beautiful dark brown hair, and indeed with flushed spots on her cheeks. She was pacing the small room, her hands pressed to her chest, her lips parched, her breath uneven and gasping. Her eyes glittered as with fever, but her gaze was sharp and fixed, and with the last light of the burnt-down candle-end flickering on it, this consumptive and agitated face produced a painful impression. To Raskolnikov she appeared about thirty years old, and Marmeladov was indeed no match for her . . . She did not hear or notice them as they entered; she seemed to be in some sort of oblivion, not

hearing or seeing anything. The room was stuffy, yet she had not opened the window; a stench came from the stairs, yet the door to the stairs was not shut; waves of tobacco smoke came through the open door from the inner rooms, she was coughing, yet she did not close the door. The smallest child, a girl of about six, was asleep on the floor, sitting somehow crouched with her head buried in the sofa. The boy, a year older, stood in the corner crying and trembling all over. He had probably just been beaten. The older girl, about nine, tall and thin as a matchstick, wearing only a poor shirt, all in tatters, with a threadbare flannel wrap thrown over her bare shoulders, probably made for her two years before, since it now did not even reach her knees, stood in the corner by her little brother, her long arm, dry as a matchstick, around his neck. She was whispering something to him, apparently trying to calm him, doing all she could to restrain him so that he would not somehow start whimpering again, and at the same time following her mother fearfully with her big, dark eyes, which seemed even bigger in her wasted and frightened little face. Marmeladov knelt just at the door, without entering the room, and pushed Raskolnikov forward. The woman, seeing the stranger, stopped distractedly in front of him, having come to her senses for a moment, and appeared to be asking herself why he was there. But she must have fancied at once that he was going to some other room and only passing through theirs. Having come to this conclusion, and taking no further notice of him, she went to the entryway to close the door and suddenly gave a cry, seeing her husband kneeling there in the doorway.

"Ah!" she cried in a frenzy, "he's come back! The jailbird! The monster! . . . Where's the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And those aren't the same clothes! Where are your clothes? Where is the money? Speak! . . ."

And she fell to searching him. Marmeladov at once spread his arms humbly and obediently, to make the search of his pockets easier. Not a kopeck was left of the money.

"But where is the money?" she shouted. "Oh, Lord, did he really drink up all of it? There were twelve roubles left in the trunk! . . ." And suddenly, in a rage, she seized him by the hair and

dragged him into the room. Marmeladov made her efforts easier by meekly crawling after her on his knees.

"And it's a delight to me! It's not painful, it's a deli-i-ight, my de-e-ear sir," he kept crying out, being pulled by his hair all the while and once even bumping his forehead on the floor. The child who was asleep on the floor woke up and started to cry. The boy in the corner could not help himself, trembled, cried out, and rushed to his sister in a terrible fright, almost a fit. The older girl, half awake, was trembling like a leaf.

"Drank it up! Drank up all of it, all of it!" the poor woman kept shouting in despair. "And they're not the same clothes! Hungry! Hungry!" (she pointed at the children, wringing her hands). "Oh, curse this life! And you, aren't you ashamed," she suddenly fell upon Raskolnikov, "coming from the pothouse! Were you drinking with him? Were you drinking with him, too? Get out!"

The young man hastened to leave without saying a word. Besides, the inner door had been thrown wide open and several curious faces were peering through it. Insolent, laughing heads with cigarettes or pipes, in skullcaps, craning their necks. One glimpsed figures in dressing gowns that hung quite open, or in indecently summerish costumes, some with cards in their hands. They laughed with particular glee when Marmeladov, dragged about by his hair, shouted that it was a delight to him. They even started edging into the room. Finally an ominous shrieking was heard: this was Amalia Lippewechsel herself tearing her way through, to restore order in her own fashion and frighten the poor woman for the hundredth time with an abusive command to clear out of the apartment by the next day. As he was leaving, Raskolnikov managed to thrust his hand into his pocket, rake up whatever coppers he happened to find from the rouble he had changed in the pothouse, and put them unobserved on the windowsill. Afterwards, on the stairs, he thought better of it and wanted to go back.

"What a stupid thing to have done," he thought. "They have their Sonya, and I need it myself." But realizing that it was now impossible to take it back, and that he would not take it back in any case, he waved his hand and went home to his own apartment.

"Sonya needs a bit of pomade as well," he went on, and grinned caustically as he strode along the street. "This cleanliness costs money . . . Hm! And maybe Sonechka will also go bankrupt today, because there's the same risk in it . . . trapping . . . prospecting for gold . . . and so tomorrow, without my money, they'd be left on dry beans . . . Bravo, Sonya! What a well they've dug for themselves, however! And they use it! They really do use it! And they got accustomed to it. Wept a bit and got accustomed. Man gets accustomed to everything, the scoundrel!"

He fell to thinking.

"But if that's a lie," he suddenly exclaimed involuntarily, "if man in fact is not a *scoundrel*—in general, that is, the whole human race—then the rest is all mere prejudice, instilled fear, and there are no barriers, and that's just how it should be! . . ."

### III

HE WOKE UP late the next day, after a troubled sleep, but sleep had not fortified him. He woke up bilious, irritable, and angry, and looked with hatred at his little room. It was a tiny closet, about six paces long, of a most pathetic appearance, with yellow, dusty wallpaper coming off the walls everywhere, and with such a low ceiling that a man of any height at all felt creepy in it and kept thinking he might bump his head every moment. The furniture was in keeping with the place. There were three old chairs, not quite in good repair; a painted table in the corner, on which lay several books and notebooks (from the mere fact that they were so covered with dust, one could see that no hand had touched them for a long time); and finally a big, clumsy sofa, which occupied almost the entire wall and half the width of the room, and had once been upholstered in chintz but was now all ragged and served as Raskolnikov's bed. He often slept on it just as he was, without undressing, without a sheet, covering himself with his old, threadbare student's coat,<sup>19</sup> and with one small pillow under his head, beneath which he put whatever linen he had, clean or soiled, to bolster it. In front of the sofa stood a small table.

To become more degraded and slovenly would have been dif-

ficult; but Raskolnikov even enjoyed it in his present state of mind. He had decidedly withdrawn from everyone, like a turtle into its shell, and even the face of the maid who had the task of serving him, and who peeked into his room occasionally, drove him to bile and convulsions. This happens with certain monomaniacs when they concentrate too long on some one thing. It was two weeks since his landlady had stopped sending food up to him, but it had not yet occurred to him to go and have a talk with her, though he was left without dinner. Nastasya, the landlady's cook and only servant, was glad in a way that the tenant was in such a mood, and stopped tidying and sweeping his room altogether; only once a week, just by accident, she would sometimes take a besom to it. It was she who woke him now.

"Enough sleeping! Get up!" she shouted over him. "It's past nine. I've brought you tea; want some tea? You must be wasting away!"

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

"Is it the landlady's tea, or what?" he asked, slowly and with a pained look raising himself a little on the sofa.

"The landlady's, hah!"

She placed in front of him her own cracked teapot, full of re-used tea, and two yellow lumps of sugar.

"Here, Nastasya, please take this," he said, feeling in his pocket (he had slept in his clothes) and pulling out a handful of copper coins, "and go and buy me a roll. And a bit of sausage, too, whatever's cheapest, at the pork butcher's."

"I'll bring you a roll this minute, but don't you want some cabbage soup instead of the sausage? It's good cabbage soup, made yesterday. I saved some for you yesterday, but you came back late. Good cabbage soup."

Once the soup was brought and he had begun on it, Nastasya sat down beside him on the sofa and started chattering. She was a village woman, and a very chatty one.

"And so Praskovya Pavlovna wants to make a complaint against you with the poliss," she said.

He winced deeply.

"With the police? What does she want?"

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