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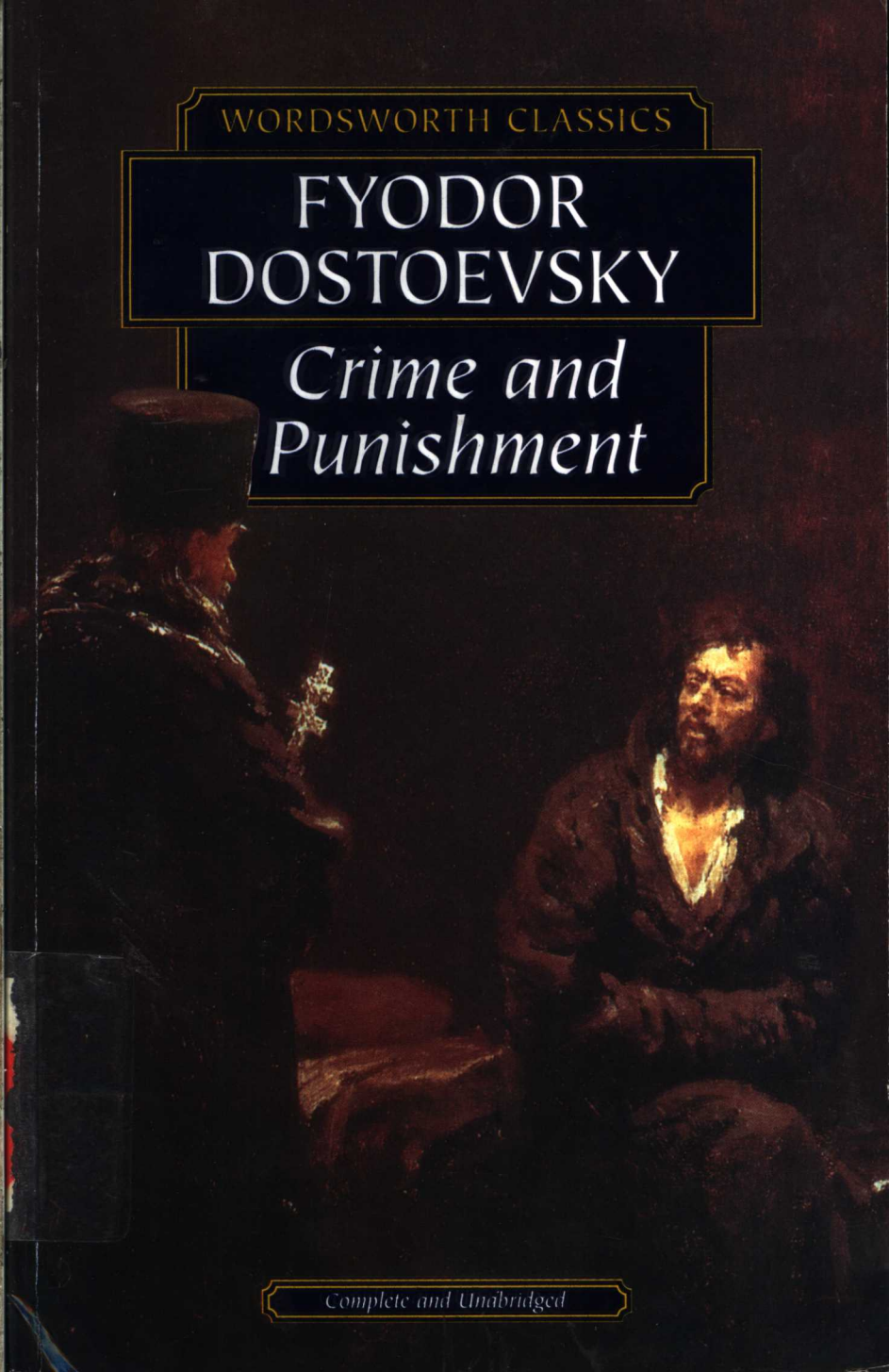
FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

Crime and Punishment



Complete and Unabridged

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Fyodor Dostoevsky

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WORDSWORTH CLASSICS

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Wordsworth Classics are inexpensive editions designed to appeal to the general reader and students. We commissioned teachers and specialists to write wide ranging, jargon-free introductions and to provide notes that would assist the understanding of our readers rather than interpret the stories for them. In the same spirit, because the pleasures of reading are inseparable from the surprises, secrets and revelations that all narratives contain, we strongly advise you to enjoy this book before turning to the Introduction.

General Adviser
KEITH CARABINE

INTRODUCTION

> I'm convinced that not one of our writers, past or living, wrote under the conditions in which I *constantly* write. Turgenev would die from the very thought. But if you only knew how distressing it is to spoil an idea that has been born in you, made you enthusiastic, of which you know that it's good – and to be forced to spoil it consciously! (*Letters II*, pp. 200–1)

Dostoevsky's boastful lament in June 1866 as he struggled to keep up with the serialisation of *Crime and Punishment* in the *Russian Herald*, is, I think, both understated and inaccurate: no writer in the history of literature composed such a great book under such appalling 'conditions'. That summer, as he explains in the same letter, he was in a terrible state because the previous year, desperate for ready cash in order to ward off the ever-present threat of

debtor's prison, he had accepted three thousand roubles from an unscrupulous publisher, Stellovsky, on condition that he wrote 'a novel of no fewer than twelve signatures to be published by him, and if I don't deliver it by November 1, 1866 (the last deadline) he, Stellovsky, is allowed to publish, free, as he pleases, anything I write, without any remuneration for me at all' (*Letters II*, p. 200).[1] He escaped this ugly deal by a hair's breadth because of a wonderful stroke of luck – on October 4 he hired a seventeen-year-old stenographer, Anna Grigoryevna, to whom he dictated *The Gambler* (for Stellovsky) and the last episodes of *Crime and Punishment* and who soon became his loyal and devoted wife.

In the summer of 1865 Dostoevsky had used Stellovsky's cash to pay off his more demanding creditors and to meet the needs of his stepson and the family of his recently deceased brother, Mikhail. Then, depressed, ill and lonely, he travelled to Wiesbaden in July 1865, and within five days gambled the remainder away in the casinos. Destitute and refused service in his wretched hotel, he pleaded for loans from everybody he knew (including Turgenev). Yet precisely at the moment when his 'affairs were abominable' and 'couldn't be worse' (*Letters II*, p. 169), he threw himself into *Crime and Punishment*.

It began as a novella and in September 1865 he offered it to Mikhail Katkov the conservative editor of the *Russian Herald* for serialisation, promising to deliver it within a month. He asked for a modest one hundred and twenty-five roubles per signature and begged an advance of three hundred roubles on the basis of his long account of 'the story's idea':[2]

> It is the psychological account of a crime.
>
> The action is contemporary, this year. A young man, expelled from the university, petit-bourgeois by social origin, and living in extreme poverty, after yielding to certain strange 'unfinished' ideas floating in the air, has resolved, out of light-mindedness and out of the instability of his ideas, to get out of his foul situation at one go. He has resolved to murder an old woman . . . who lends money at interest. The old woman is stupid, deaf, sick, greedy, charges Jewish interest, is malicious . . . tormenting her younger sister, whom she keeps as a servant. 'She's worthless.

1 A 'signature' is one printer's sheet, the equivalent of sixteen pages in a book.

2 A draft of this letter was found among the papers gathered by Anna Grigoryevna, so it may not have been sent.

Why is she alive? Is she of any use to anyone at all?' And so on. These questions confuse the young man. He decides to murder her and to rob her in order to make his mother, who lives in the provinces, happy; to deliver his sister, who lives as a hired companion . . . from the lascivious attentions of the head of the landowner household – attentions that threaten her with ruin; and to finish the university, go abroad, and then for his whole life long to be honest, firm, unswerving in fulfilling his 'humanitarian duty to humanity', whereby, of course, 'the crime will be expiated', if in fact crime is the term for that action against a . . . malicious and sick old woman who does not know why she is alive herself and who would perhaps have died on her own in a month.

In spite of the fact that such crimes are terribly difficult to commit – that is, people always leave . . . clues . . . and leave terribly much to chance, which almost always gives away the guilty parties – he manages in an absolutely accidental way to accomplish his undertaking both quickly and successfully.

He spends almost a month after that until the ultimate catastrophe. No suspicion lies on him, nor can it. At this point the whole psychological process of crime is unfolded. Insoluble questions arise before the murderer; unsuspected and unexpected feelings torment his heart. God's justice, earthly law, comes into its own, and he finishes by being *compelled* to denounce himself. Compelled, so as to become linked to people again, even at the price of perishing at penal servitude; the feeling of separation and alienation from humanity that came over him immediately after committing the crime has worn him out with torment . . . The criminal himself decides to accept suffering in order to expiate his deed. It is difficult for me to explain my idea completely, however. I want to give it the art[ist]ic form in which it took shape. About the form . . . [sentence unfinished]

In my story there is, in addition, a hint at the idea that the legal punishment imposed for a crime frightens the criminal much less than the lawmakers think, in part because he himself psychologically demands it.

I have seen that even in the most backward people, in the crudest instance of chance. I wanted to express this precisely through an intelligent person, one of the new generation, so that the idea can be seen vividly and tangibly . . .

It goes without saying that in the present exposition of the idea of my story I have passed over the whole plot . . . as for the

> artistic execution . . . I will try, even if *only for myself*, to make it as good as possible. (*Letters II*, pp. 174–5)

Dostoevsky's reflections on crime and punishment recall those in *Memoirs from the House of the Dead* (1862), his account of his four years in a Siberian prison, wherein he is haunted by 'an almost insoluble problem . . . that of the inequality of the punishment for one and the same crime' (p. 58). There are, he argues, huge dissimilarities between the crimes themselves and 'Every different personality means a different crime' (p. 59). Thus, even 'the most backward people', he had observed with a mixture of disdain, incredulity and awe, proved that 'the legal punishment for crime' is less frightening and operative than the psychological need to accept suffering and 'to expiate his deed'. The probable germ for Raskolnikov's case is Dostoevsky's example of 'an educated man, who has an active conscience, a mature mind, and a feeling heart. The pain in his heart is enough to kill him with its agonies before any punishment begins' (p. 59). In *Crime and Punishment*, however, the action is 'contemporary', the 'intelligent' hero is one of the new generation of the 1860s, and the schema is polemical. The tag-ends of the ' "unfinished" ideas . . . in the air' that confuse Raskolnikov, confirm that Dostoevsky's satire is directed at the utilitarianism of Nikolai Chernyshevsky (1828–89) and the Nihilists.[3] This group believed that we are all rational and governed by self-interest; that the basis of morality, therefore, is not spiritual but rather the product of 'rational egoism' which was their term for certain innate, shared characteristics, such as our dislike of pain and our natural pursuit of happiness, which teach us that our best interests do not promote strife and competition, but cooperation and a desire for the greatest good for the greatest number, good being that which is useful and beneficial to all. Hence, we can construct in theory, and

3 A full discussion of Dostoevsky's quarrel with his contemporaries is beyond the scope of an 'Introduction', but I have tried to illustrate the issues in the Notes to this edition. Interested readers should consult the essays by Offord and the biography of Joseph Frank. The term 'nihilism' from the Latin *nihil* (nothing) was coined to describe 'the new men of the sixties' who rejected past traditions, including the 'liberals' of the 1840s, and felt that the Emancipation Edict of 1861, which had freed the serfs without land, had not gone far enough. Turgenev in *Fathers and Sons* (1862) depicted 'the new man' in the dynamic, abrasive figure of Bazarov, a scientist and materialist who scorned all social, religious and familial institutions.

hope to achieve in practice, a perfectly ordered society based not on religious and mystical imperatives, but on the rigorous application of the scientific method of enquiry. Thus, in Dostoevsky's schema, Raskolnikov's subsequent discovery of 'unsuspected and unexpected feelings' involves 'The law of justice and human nature', grounded in the claims of conscience and the need for Christian expiation, as against the rational, pseudo-humanist ideas that condone murder because it can fulfil our 'humanitarian duty to humanity'.

This letter is recognisably both an account of, and a sketchy first draft for, the novel that we know as *Crime and Punishment*. Thus, 'From the moment of its conception', as Mochulsky observed, 'this plan to portray "a 'theoretician-murderer' was divided into two distinct parts: the crime and its causes, and the effects of the crime upon the criminal's soul" ' (Mochulsky, p. 273).[4] And, of course, the crime is accomplished in 'an absolutely accidental way' with Raskolnikov being overwhelmed by 'the feeling of separation and alienation from humanity'. The motives for the crime in this draft, however, constitute only 'a dry and sketchy determinism' (John Jones, p. 217) and Dostoevsky passes over 'the whole plot'. We are told Raskolnikov yearns to be linked to people, but in this account his need for and decision to accept punishment are self-motivated and his story is self-contained; and there is no mention of Marmeladov, Sonia and Porfiry, who contribute so enormously to Raskolnikov's recognition of 'the law of justice and human nature'. Most importantly, 'the form' of the novel and its narration are putative and unresolved.

Dostoevsky continued to work on the novel on his return to St Petersburg in the autumn of 1865 and decided to merge the story of Marmeladov (first conceived in June as a separate novel, 'The Drunkards') with that of Raskolnikov. Then in November, even though he was deeply in debt, sick with epilepsy and haemorrhoids, and even though the first issue of the novel was due to be serialised in January 1866, he burned and abandoned his novella in an act of extraordinary artistic integrity because 'a new form, a new plan excited me, and I started work all over again' (*Letters II*, p. 188). Fortunately, drafts and notes for the novel did survive, and *The Notebooks for Crime and Punishment* reconstruct three manuscript versions that correspond to the three stages of Dostoevsky's work:

4 For the full reference for this and subsequent citations, see the Bibliography that follows this Introduction.

the first short version planned in Wiesbaden; a second lengthier version written in St Petersburg (from October to December); and the last stage (January–February, 1866).[5] *The Notebooks* are a major resource because they enable us to appreciate how his 'new form' and 'new plan' grew out of a protracted, probing search for a narrative method that would allow him to fuse the Marmeladov plot with Raskolnikov's and that would do justice to his burgeoning, iridescent sense of the complex ramifications of, and interrelations between, 'the story's idea' and the hero's psychology.

The most important link between the 'Wiesbaden' and 'St Petersburg' versions is that they are written in the first-person confessional form; and *The Notebooks* reveal his struggle with the huge problems of control, perspective and 'relations' inherent in what Henry James famously called in his Preface to *The Ambassadors* 'the large ease of "autobiography" ' when the hero-narrator, such as Dickens's David Copperfield, must be equipped with 'the double privilege of subject and object'. In all such narratives there must be a split between the self as a subject who writes, construes and evaluates and the self as an object who acts, reacts, witnesses and suffers; between the present time of the artistic shaping of the order of events into a narrative (what formalists call the *sjuzet*) and the past time of events as they happened in chronological sequence (the *fabula*). And such difficulties are drastically compounded when the hero's actions are extreme and he teeters on the border between sanity and madness. Thus Dostoevsky reminds himself in the Wiesbaden version that Raskolnikov 'must write, speak, and appear to the reader in part as if not in possession of his senses' (p. 82), which raises inevitable problems of verisimilitude and time-perspective. How and when can a character on the edge of derangement, who often 'cannot remember anything more' and who is cut off from the world, write a coherent narrative, comment on its larger significances and report on and evaluate the people he meets? Dostoevsky proposed an alternative approach: 'If it is to be a confession, then everything must be entirely clear.' But how can this be in a narrative told by a young man 'confused' by certain ideas that are in the air? Furthermore, 'If a confession, then in parts it will not be entirely chaste and it will be difficult to imagine why it was written' (p. 52). In other words, why should the narrator

5 For extracts from *The Notebooks*, see the Appendix that follows the Notes to this edition.

have wished to engage in such a painful act of self-exposure and humiliation? And, of course, the first-person confessional form places great strain on the plotting and the transmission of information, because Raskolnikov either needs to witness or act in every scene he recounts or, if absent, to reconstruct the scenes imaginatively or through the reports of others. Dostoevsky's reflections on the confessional mode in *The Notebooks* are among a series of brilliant recognitions sparked by his injunction to himself: 'Rummage through all the questions in this novel.' He realises that 'the plot's structure[*szujet* in Russian] is such, *the story must be narrated by the author and not by the hero*'. Then he glosses this crucial decision: 'But from *the author* . . . An omniscient and infallible author will have to be assumed; he will have to appear as one of the members of the new generation' (Dostoevsky's italics, p. 52). This contradictory formulation (infallible *and* a member of the new generation?) yielded '*Another Plan*': 'Narration from the point of view of the author, a sort of invisible but omniscient being, who doesn't leave his hero for a moment' (p. 53). This astonishing, shifting formulation as the (subjective) author's point of view fades into the more abstract and detached 'omniscient being', and then in a doubling back tethers the omniscient author to the hero's side, foreshadows, as we shall see, the lineaments of a revolutionary 'new form' in the history of the novel – one that is central to the novel's power and scope and to its direct grasp upon its readers.

I

The extraordinary qualities of Dostoevsky's hard-won 'new form' are apparent in the remarkable opening paragraphs of *Crime and Punishment*. It starts in *media res*: 'On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. Bridge.' The speaker functions as a familiar omniscient author who objectively records his hero's poverty and locates him in time and space; but the indecisiveness of 'as though in hesitation' subtly introduces Dostoevsky's great innovation – he is 'the first novelist to have fully accepted and dramatised the principle of uncertainty or indeterminacy in the presentation of character' (Rahv, Norton, p. 549). Thus in the succeeding paragraphs Raskolnikov's wretched poverty, his 'overstrained, irritable condition' and his self-absorption are objectively recorded, but simultaneously we learn that he is both 'afraid of meeting' his landlady and 'Nothing that any landlady

could do had a real terror for him'. The first reaction is reported and is mundane and understandable because he owes her money; the sheer intensity of the second, with its wild, baffling conjunction of 'any landlady' and 'real terror', is 'double-voiced' belonging both to the recording narrator and the anxious hero who is clearly hovering on the brink of a crisis or a nervous breakdown.

Our bewilderment is compounded when we glide from the omniscient author into Raskolnikov's first interior monologue, which is entirely typical of the novel because it is composed of competing languages and self-assessments that both perform and signal a split in his very being. Thus, his thinking tacks from ' "I want to attempt a thing *like that*" ' to I ' "am frightened by these trifles," he thought with an odd smile'; from self-cajoling axioms and grandiose talk of 'uttering a new word' to his Hamletian self-reproach, ' "It's because I chatter that I do nothing" '; culminating in his self-mocking, opposed assessments of '*that*' as either 'serious' or 'a plaything'. Only when we remember or return to this initial monologue do we realise that the *pro and contra* pattern of his thinking not only registers a deeply divided, inconsistent consciousness, but a clairvoyant self-awareness that his inability to name the deed to himself ensures that its enactment will be self-destructive. Thus, his 'new word' is his private shorthand for 'the leading idea' of his article 'On Crime' – ' "men are *in general* divided into two categories, inferior (ordinary) . . . and men who have the gift or the talent to utter *a new word*" ' (p. 222) – of which, of course, he thinks himself one. But already he also knows that his Napoleonic theory is a form of lying to himself, a 'fantasy', and that his 'thinking' is a form of prevarication that mocks his claims to belong to the extraordinary few who can 'transgress the law' with impunity and speak a new word. Similarly, his self-bemused 'odd smile' at his reluctance 'to rack his brain for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie' to his landlady while contemplating a 'thing *like that*', anticipates his horrified, divided reaction to his 'hideous dream' of the nag beaten to death by drunken peasants: 'darkness and confusion were in his soul' and ' "Good God!" he cried, "can it be, can it be, that I shall really take an axe . . . split her skull . . . that I shall tread in the sticky warm blood . . . Good God, can it be?" (p. 53). Thus, on the threshold of his crime, the *pro and contra* battle between his intellect and spirit demonstrates that Raskolnikov knows that his suffering has already begun; even though he anticipates his mortified feelings and his inability to live with his crime, he none the less will go through with the murder: and therein lies his tragedy.

The omniscient narrator's indecisiveness and the hero's irresolution are inseparable from, and perfectly attuned to the novel's exploitation of 'crisis time' as opposed to the more familiar 'biographical time' of many nineteenth-century narratives. By beginning in the middle of things, 'Dostoyevsky "leaps over" all that is comfortably habitable, well arranged and stable'; and, therefore, none of his characters (and especially Raskolnikov) 'live a biographical life in biographical time' (Bakhtin, p. 169). Consequently we do not follow them from birth, through childhood, marriage, work, children and death. Thus, in the opening pages, there is as, say, in Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* (1853), a disorienting lack of exposition; all we learn of his past is that he has spent a month in his 'den thinking'! Significantly, we are only allowed a glimpse of Raskolnikov's pious childhood during his dream of the nag, and its latent content arises out of the crisis time of his tangled thinking. Moreover, the dream's 'singular actuality' in which Raskolnikov is the terrified, helpless little boy desperate to save the nag and the grown man poised to reprise the drunken peasant's brutal killing, dramatises the split in his being and predicts how he will be both witness to and perpetrator of the murder of the old pawnbroker.

No wonder, then, that the novel takes such a direct grasp upon its readers. It is a psychological thriller wherein the reader is both observer and secret sharer of Raskolnikov's self-consciousness of his own inner divisions and horrified witnessing of his own action. Thus, on the one hand, he is aware of 'the darkness and confusion in his soul', and on the other he is terrifyingly self-surprised by his own 'reason and will' (p. 64) that ensure his 'dream' of 'a thing *like that*' will become a blood-stained, catastrophic reality. So we watch in horror and feel like participants in a 'hideous dream' as he prepares for, and then enacts a horrible murder while shaking in his shoes. At any moment we may occupy the position of the 'invisible but omniscient being' who reports, 'His hands were fearfully weak . . . he was afraid he would let the axe slip and fall . . . ', or zoom in cinematically on Raskolnikoff who is 'scarcely conscious of himself' yet becomes appallingly absorbed in close-up by the minute particulars of the pawnbroker's 'thin, light hair, streaked with grey, thickly *smeared* with grease . . . plaited in *a rat's tail* and fastened by a *broken* horn comb which stood out on the nape of her neck' (p. 68, my italics). Her hair, as Raskolnikov has long anticipated, is about to be smeared in blood and her 'rat's tail' reminds us that he can kill because he objectifies her as vermin feeding upon the poor; but the

details of her grey hair and broken comb also attest the quotidian reality and irreducible humanity of the old woman whom he is poised to destroy, while self-laceratingly aware, at the very moment of its enactment, of the futility and self-defeating nature of his deed.

II

After the murder, Porfiry, the investigating magistrate, never really doubts (as Raskolnikov recognises) that he committed the crime. Hence the novel is never a 'whodunnit', but rather a 'whydunnit': and in a remarkable twist on the detective story it is the murderer himself who searches for, and tries to understand his own motivation. This process of self-investigation ensures that Raskolnikov remains, as the plan outlined to Katkov anticipated, the spiritual centre of the novel because 'Insoluble questions arise before the murderer ... God's justice, earthly law comes into its own', obliging him to re-evaluate and takes responsibility for his crime. But in Dostoevsky's 'new plan' Raskolnikov also becomes the compositional centre because the competing theoretical and spiritual aspects of his dual nature, and their attendant 'idea-feelings', are externalised and experienced in all the characters he meets, and, reciprocally, he internalises aspects of their personalities. Moreover, in the design of the novel, as I shall show, every character he meets spurs Raskolnikov's quest for self-understanding and simultaneously offers opposed views on, and incorporates different solutions to, his predicament and fate. This pattern is immediately established in the second chapter, at the very moment his 'new plan' fuses the plot of 'The Drunkards' with Raskolnikov's action.

At the end of the first chapter, after his trial visit to the old pawnbroker, Raskolnikov is full of self-loathing at '"the filthy things my heart is capable of"' and 'without stopping to think' he enters a tavern for the first time in his life, driven by 'a desire to be with other people'. He immediately encounters Marmeladov, a discharged civil servant, who is pompous, self-lacerating and self-dramatising, one of Dostoevsky's great, tragic buffoons who articulates the major issues of the novel, so dimly foreshadowed in Raskolnikov's initial confusion. Thus, his sceptical paraphrase of Lebeziatnikov's modern idea '"that compassion is forbidden nowadays by science"' (p. 13) parodies Western utilitarian logic, but it also exposes the heartlessness at the core of Raskolnikov's rational, altruistic plan to devote the old pawnbroker's money 'to the service of humanity and the good of all' (p. 59). Again his

tragi-comic account of why his second wife should marry a sot like himself culminates in the great question that confronts Raskolnikov after the murder: ' "Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means to have absolutely nowhere to turn?" ' (p. 15). Then, before he collapses into a drunken stupor, ecstatically proclaiming, ' "Lord, Thy kingdom come!" ' (p. 21), he rehearses 'The Orthodox Point of View', which by the beginning of 1866 had become 'THE IDEA OF THE NOVEL': [6]

> There is no happiness in comfort: happiness is bought with suffering.
>
> . . . There's no injustice here, because the knowledge of life and consciousness (that is, that which is felt immediately with your body and spirit, that is through the whole vital process of life) is acquired by experience *pro and contra*, which one must take upon one's self. (*The Notebooks*, p. 188)

The Orthodox Idea inspires Marmeladov's vision of the all-embracing mercy of Christ that enfolds an incorrigible drunkard like himself and 'my Sonia' who 'gave herself for her cross' when she became a prostitute in order to save her whole family from utter destitution. Marmeladov speaks for Dostoevsky's most cherished values when he accepts that his drunken irresponsibility has sunk his family in dreadful misery: ' "Crucify me, O judge, crucify me – but pity me! And then I will go of myself to be crucified, for its not merrymaking I seek but tears and tribulation! . . ." ' (p. 21). 'There's no injustice here' because Marmeladov, like his daughter Sonia, takes upon himself the joyous burden of suffering and throws himself upon Christ's mercy. So even before the murder, Marmeladov's ravings articulate the Russian Orthodox alternative to the varieties of Western egoism and rationalism embodied in Lebeziatnikov's communitarianism and Luzhin's egoism. Moreover, he speaks for, and to, the spiritual side of Raskolnikov that revolts against his loathsome plan; and at this very moment, as we learn later, Raskolnikov falls in love with the image of Sonia's self-sacrifice, intuiting that he will turn to her exemplary compassion

6 This doctrine is difficult, perhaps, for Westerners to take. It certainly disgusted Joseph Conrad, the English novelist born in Poland, who rewrote *Crime and Punishment* in *Under Western Eyes* (1911). His English narrator lambasts the Orthodox Idea: 'in its strange pretensions of sanctity, and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering, the spirit of Russia is the spirit of cynicism' (Dent Collected Edition, p. 67).

and selflessness once he has transgressed and cut himself off from family, friends and the community.

But, of course, it is precisely against the 'injustice' of the world, imaged in Sonia's desperate resort to prostitution that Raskolnikov (anticipating Ivan Karamazov) rebels, and her dilemma is immediately replicated in his sister Dounia's self-sacrificial decision to marry the odious rational egoist Luzhin in order to provide for her family. Thus, in marked contrast to the old sot who yields the mystery of earthly suffering to the final judgment when the Kingdom of God shall reign, Raskolnikov experiences *contra* and proudly questions the value of both Sonia's self-sacrifice, which casts her as 'the eternal victim so long as the world lasts', and his sister's self-abnegating 'bargain' of marriage to Luzhin in return for the financial security of her family and the prospect of a stable career for her beloved brother. In the midst of his spleen, Marmeladov's last-ditch question – 'do you understand, sir, what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn?' – resurfaces, and his 'mere dream' takes 'a new, menacing and quite unfamiliar shape' (p. 41) that once again he dare not substantiate. This new shape, as ever with Raskolnikov, has a double origin: it registers his noble disgust and awe at the human cost such 'loving, over-partial hearts' as Sonia and Dounia are prepared to bear in order to secure the earthly happiness of others, and it manifests a misplaced faith (in Porfiry's terms) in human 'intellect' and 'abstract arguments' (p. 290) characteristic of utilitarian and socialist theories and contracts that propose the establishment of a man-made Kingdom of God on earth as the answer to the 'unsolved questions' (p. 41) posed by the terrible reality of human suffering. Even before the murder, then, Raskolnikov (*raskol* = split or schism) is aptly named because his *pro and contra* thinking manifests a clash between his intellect and his spirit. After the murder, the drama centres on his volatile inner conflict as he fluctuates between his rebellious defiance of the law and his felt need to confess; and these opposed imperatives with their very different solutions to his fate, in keeping with Dostoevsky's 'new plan', are embodied and rehearsed in all the other characters.

After the murder, and before his first meeting with Porfiry, Raskolnikov is delirious for several days and suffers from an appalling isolation because his terrible secret cuts him off from his family and all humankind; and he wavers between an urge to confess and an animal cunning that drives him to hide the evidence of his crime and to dissemble before his family and friends. Once again he swings between his need for others, an unquenchable need to be out on the

streets, and 'an immeasurable, almost physical, repulsion for everything surrounding him, an obstinate, malignant feeling of hatred', a hatred that is both rooted in his Napoleonic theories and a patent projection of his self-loathing on to others. Raskolnikov's every encounter dramatises this split and prompts an uneasy process of self-understanding. Two examples from this section of the novel must suffice. In Part Two, Chapter 5, Luzhin, anxious to convince his future brother-in-law that he appreciates progressive ideas, proceeds to demonstrate the superiority of utilitarian thinking to Christ's charitable injunction, 'Love thy neighbour': ' "Science now tells us, love yourself before all men, for everything in the world rests on self-interest" ' (p. 129). Luzhin's exposition leads to a discussion of the socialist case for the relationship between crime and poverty which prompts Raskolnikov to exclaim: ' "Why, carry out logically the theory you were advocating just now, and it follows that people may be killed . . . " ' (p. 131). Those three dots mark an elegant intellectual comedy as we are invited to share his silent, shamed recognition that his idealistic motive for his crime (the good of others) conceals a utilitarian self-interest as manifest as that of the detestable Luzhin. Secondly, his need for others (that his theory denies) leads to his spontaneous assumption of responsibility for the dying Marmeladov and to his meeting with Sonia who will function, as he intuited, as his redeemer. Covered in Marmeladov's blood, Raskolnikov is reawakened by 'an overwhelming sensation of life and strength that surged up suddenly within him' like 'that of a man condemned to death who has suddenly been pardoned' (p. 161). His instinctive charity prompts Sonia's undying love for him and his potential rebirth into the human community of ordinary life already evident in his social instinct. Typically, however, Raskolnikov's response to this moment is twofold: he asks Polenka to pray for ' "Thy servant Rodion" ' (p. 162); and he feels ' "My life has not died yet" ' and defiantly challenges 'some power of darkness' when he reaffirms his ' "will" ' and ' "strength" ' and his determination to avoid capture and jail (p. 162).

When Raskolnikov encounters Porfiry for the first time he pretends that he hasn't a care in the world, but we share his frenzied recognition that if the magistrate indicates that he knows about his incriminating revisit to the scene of the murder that he will be forced to confess. Raskolnikov's division of humankind into the two categories of the inferior mass and the superior individuals who like Lycurgus, Solon, Mahomet and Napoleon were ' "benefactors and leaders of humanity" ' and ' "were guilty of terrible carnage" ', signals

that he is a latent revolutionary. Moreover, his appeal to great deeds of destruction to which history would provide the justification, voices Dostoevsky's deepest and most prophetic fear that the sacred foundations of the Russian state would be sundered in the name of abstract theories ('the destruction of the present for the sake of the better') that strive to correct the ills of the present (manifest in the terrible poverty and squalor of St Petersburg) by attempting to establish 'the New Jerusalem' on earth (pp. 223). All earthly Jersusalems invented by social theorists such as Shigalov in *The Devils* (and, of course, his historical predecessors, contemporaries and successors such as Fourier, Chernyshevsky, Lenin and Stalin) would start 'from unlimited freedom' and arrive at 'unlimited despotism': unlimited because, as Ivan Karamazov realises, once God is dead all sources of authority are abolished.[7] Hence, in a world given over to human appetites and designs, 'all is permitted', including parricide and the assassination of the Tsar.

In all three scenes with Raskolnikov, Porfiry not only functions 'as the investigator charged with the case' or 'inquisitor' (Weisburg, p. 683) determined to solve a bloody double murder, but he is also allied with Sonia, Dounia, Razumihin (and his creator) in his concern for Raskolnikov's spiritual regeneration. He shows this in two related ways: convinced of Raskolnikov's guilt, he mockingly reveals in their first interview the terrible implications of his Napoleonic theories and, as M. V. Jones argues, like a psychoanalyst, 'he repeatedly calls attention to areas of his personality' – namely his essentially Russian 'nature' – that he wilfully repressed when he 'waded through blood' (p. 223) and murdered the two women. Thus he immediately solicits Raskolnikov's self-contradictory admission that he believes in God and in 'Lazarus's rising from the dead' and is, therefore, unlike the obsessive systematisers such as Lebeziatnikov, Shigalov and Chernyshevsky, subject to the demands of a transcendent Christian vision of humankind's future. And because Raskolnikov is manifestly an inept and hapless regenerator of humanity, Porfiry simultaneously mocks his theory and attendant self-image when he asks: ' "how do you distinguish those extraordinary people from the ordinary ones? Are there signs at birth?" ' (p. 224). In direct contrast to Luzhin, the very embodiment of the ordinary man who, fuelled by vanity, thinks

7 'Socialism – that's the despair of ever creating a real man; hence they create despotism and say that it is freedom!' (*The Notebooks*, p. 195)