

# Crime and Punishment

B Y F Y O D O R D O S T O E V S K Y

T R N A S L A T E D B Y  
C O N S T A N C E G A R N E T T



P R E S T W I C K H O U S E  
L I T E R A R Y T O U C H S T O N E C L A S S I C S ™

P.O. Box 658 • CLAYTON, DELAWARE 19938

**SENIOR EDITOR:** Paul Moliken

**EDITOR:** Lisa Miller

**DESIGN:** Book design and cover illustration by Larry Knox.  
Damion Wolfe portrays Raskolnikov.

**PRODUCTION:** Jerry Clark



**P R E S T W I C K   H O U S E**  
**L I T E R A R Y   T O U C H S T O N E   C L A S S I C S <sup>TM</sup>**

P.O. BOX 658 • CLAYTON, DELAWARE 19938

TEL: 1.800.932.4593

FAX: 1.888.718.9333

WEB: [www.prestwickhouse.com](http://www.prestwickhouse.com)

This Prestwick House edition is an unabridged republication with slight emendations of *Crime and Punishment*, published in 1917 by P.F. Collier & Son., New York.

©2005 All new material is copyrighted by Prestwick House, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion may be reproduced without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in the United States of America. Revised 2011

ISBN 978-1-58049-397-0

# Crime and Punishment

## C O N T E N T S

Notes .....	7
Reading Pointers For Sharper Insights .....	9
List of Characters.....	12

### PART I

Chapter I .....	13
Chapter II .....	21
Chapter III.....	35
Chapter IV .....	45
Chapter V .....	55
Chapter VI.....	65
Chapter VII.....	75

### PART II

Chapter I .....	85
Chapter II .....	101
Chapter III.....	111
Chapter IV.....	123
Chapter V .....	133
Chapter VI.....	143
Chapter VII.....	161

### PART III

Chapter I .....	177
Chapter II .....	189
Chapter III.....	199
Chapter IV .....	211
Chapter V .....	221
Chapter VI.....	237

## PART IV

Chapter I.....	247
Chapter II .....	259
Chapter III.....	269
Chapter IV .....	277
Chapter V.....	291
Chapter VI .....	305

## PART V

Chapter I.....	313
Chapter II .....	327
Chapter III.....	337
Chapter IV .....	349
Chapter V .....	363

## PART VI

Chapter I.....	375
Chapter II .....	383
Chapter III.....	395
Chapter IV .....	403
Chapter V.....	413
Chapter VI .....	425
Chapter VII.....	437
Chapter VIII.....	445

## EPILOGUE

Chapter I.....	453
Chapter II .....	461
Glossary .....	468
Vocabulary .....	477

# Notes

**What is a literary classic and why are these classic works important to the world?**

A literary classic is a work of the highest excellence that has something important to say about life and/or the human condition and says it with great artistry. A classic, through its enduring presence, has withstood the test of time and is not bound by time, place, or customs. It speaks to us today as forcefully as it spoke to people one hundred or more years ago, and as forcefully as it will speak to people of future generations. For this reason, a classic is said to have universality.

Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky was born in Moscow in 1821, the second child of an overly domineering father and an extremely subservient mother. The father, an upper-class doctor, forced the young boy into studying military engineering. Until the father's murder by one of his own serfs, Dostoevsky willingly obeyed; the killing, however, provided fodder for the young man's imagination.

In the mid-1840s, Dostoevsky began writing, and after the publication of *The Double* in 1846, he joined a group of radical intellectuals, known as the Petrashevsky Circle. Czar Nicholas, however, would not allow freedom of thought in Russia, and this group was sentenced to death by firing squad; at the last moment, while they were lined up to be executed, the Czar commuted the sentences to five years' hard labor in a camp in Siberia. There, Dostoevsky encountered people from all segments of Russian society and developed some of the ideas incorporated into his later books, including *The House of the Dead*, *The Insulted and Injured*, *The Idiot*, and *Notes from the Underground*.

In 1854, he left prison, moved to St. Petersburg, and resumed his interrupted literary career. Health problems, including frequent attacks of epilepsy, and a serious gambling addiction took their toll on him, and, consequently, the need for money became paramount. Dostoevsky wrote *Crime and Punishment* between 1865 and 1866, and it became an instant success, both with ordinary Russians and with critics, who hailed it as a masterpiece. Dostoevsky's problems continued to plague him, and writing was his way out of stifling poverty. In the last fifteen years of his life, Dostoevsky produced works such as *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*, all of which express

# Pointers

READING POINTERS

## Reading Pointers for Sharper Insights

To fully appreciate the complexities and intricacies in *Crime and Punishment*, pay attention to the following concepts as you read:

1. *Crime and Punishment* is essentially a murder-mystery with a twist. Since the murder takes place early in the novel, the focus of the mystery is not on who the murderer is, but on why the murder was committed and what the punishment will be. As the novel progresses, Raskolnikov presents a variety of reasons why he committed the murder. Pay attention to how his rationalizations change as the book progresses. The title *Crime and Punishment* sets up an expectation that he will be punished. As you read, consider what his punishment might be.
2. *Crime and Punishment* is a novel characterized by dichotomies, comparisons of opposites. As you read, pay careful attention to these opposites and how they are portrayed. The name of the protagonist Raskolnikov comes from the Russian word “raskol’nik” meaning *schismatic*, a splitting or coming apart, and his friends often comment that it is as if there were two people inside him. As you read, notice the divisions in his character.

For example:

- the mental separation of his life before and after the crime
  - the difference between his selfless good deeds and his crime
  - his quest for redemption in opposition to his wallowing in depravity
3. This novel takes place in a very turbulent time, as Russia struggled to catch up with the Western World without losing its unique identity. Just five years prior to this novel’s publication, the serfs throughout Russia were emancipated from a condition similar to slavery. Dostoevsky’s novels are deeply influenced by the new ideas that invaded Russia during his life and the moral repercussions of these new ideas entering into a traditional society. This novel is especially influenced by three theories that were gaining prominence in Russia at this time.
    - Nietzsche’s theory of the “superman” [*übermensch*] – The German philosopher Fredrich Nietzsche created a theory describing the “superman” as a new class of individuals who could ignore and rise above the constraints of tradition and law to change the world.

# CHARACTERS

## List of Characters

RODION ROMANOVITCH RASKOLNIKOV (RODYA), *a former student*  
PULCHERIA ALEXANDROVNA, *his mother*  
AVDOTYA ROMANOVNA (DOUNIA), *his sister*  
DMITRI PROKOFITCH RAZUMIHIN, *his friend*  
PRASKOVYA PAVLOVNA ZARNITSYN (PASHENKA), *his landlady*  
NATASYA PETROVNA, *her servant*

ALYONA IVANOVNA, *an old woman, a pawnbroker*  
LIZAVETA IVANOVA, *her half-sister*

SEMYON ZAHAROVITCH MARMELADOV, *a drunken clerk*  
SONIA SEMYONOVNA MARMELADOV (SOFYA), *his daughter*  
KATERINA IVANOVNA, *his wife*

HER THREE CHILDREN:

POLENKA (POLYA)

LIDA

KOLYA

AMALIA IVANOVNA LIPPEVECHSEL, *MARMELADOV's landlady (also referred to as AMALIA FYDOROVNA and AMALIA LUDWIGNOVA)*

ARKADY IVANOVITCH SVIDRIGAILOV, *a landowner and DOUNIA's former employee*  
MARFA PETROVNA, *his wife*

PYOTR PETROVITCH LUZHIN, *DOUNIA's fiancé*  
ANDREY SEMYONOVITCH LEBEZIATNIKOV, *PYOTR's friend and roommate*

KAPERNAUMOV, *SONIA's landlord*  
ZOSSIMOV, *a doctor*  
NIKODIM FOMITCH, *chief of police*  
ALEXANDR GRIGORIEVITCH ZAMETOV, *head clerk in the police office*  
ILYA PETROVITCH, *assistant clerk*  
PORFIRY PETROVITCH, *the detective*

NIKOLAY DEMENTYEV (MIKOLKA), *a painter*  
DMITRI PROKOFITCH, *a painter*



## PART I

### C H A P T E R I

**O**N AN EXCEPTIONALLY hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place<sup>†</sup> and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady, who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to

<sup>†</sup>Terms marked in the text with (†) can be looked up in the Glossary for additional information.



lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

“I want to attempt a thing *like that* and am frightened by these trifles,” he thought, with an odd smile. “Hm...yes, all is in a man’s hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that’s an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most...But I am talking too much. It’s because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I’ve learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking...of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of *that*? Is *that* serious? It is not serious at all. It’s simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything.”

The heat in the street was terrible and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man’s already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses,<sup>7</sup> which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man’s refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking, into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man’s heart, that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet, when a drunken man who, for some unknown

reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge wagon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him—the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless, and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable...It looks absurd and that makes it noticeable...With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered...What matters is that people would remember it, and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible...Trifles, trifles are what matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything..."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalizing himself by their hideous but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous" dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realize this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house, which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, etc. There was a continual coming and going through the two gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings: in such darkness even the most inquisitive eyes were not to be dreaded.

"If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been

occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The bell gave a faint tinkle as though it were made of tin and not of copper. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that. He had forgotten the note of that bell, and now its peculiar tinkle seemed to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him...He started; his nerves were terribly overstrained by now. In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor with evident distrust through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness. But, seeing a number of people on the landing, she grew bolder, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off from the tiny kitchen. The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking inquiringly at him. She was a diminutive, withered up old woman of sixty, with sharp malignant eyes and a sharp little nose. Her colourless, somewhat grizzled hair was thickly smeared with oil, and she wore no kerchief over it. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a hen's leg, was knotted some sort of flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, there hung flapping on her shoulders, a mangy fur cape, yellow with age. The old woman coughed and groaned at every instant. The young man must have looked at her with a rather peculiar expression, for a gleam of mistrust came into her eyes again.

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

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

"And here...I am again on the same errand," Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman's mistrust. "Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time," he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating, then, stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:

"Step in, my good sir."

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.

"So the sun will shine like this *then* too!" flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remember its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of

## Glossary

*Some of the archaic or idiomatic French and German phrases written by Dostoevsky, and then translated into English, present problems for modern readers. We have interpreted these phrases as they appear in context; however, some may not be completely accurate translations.*

### PART I

#### CHAPTER I

**S. Place** – One convention of 19<sup>th</sup>-century literature included using an initial instead of a specific name or location. Dostoevsky used this technique, as did many other authors of the time.

**pot-houses** – taverns

**roubles** – Russian coins; currency

**copecks** – coins of less value than a rouble; similar to a penny

#### CHAPTER II

**Bedlam** – a reference to the famous British mental institution, the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London

**drap de dames** – [French] a woman's shawl

**cleft palate** – a condition in which the bones in the roof of the mouth fail to fuse together completely, resulting in minor disfigurement of the upper lip

**“even as wax melteth!”** – a possible allusion to *Psalms* 97:5: “The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.”

**“...made in the Image of the Beast and with his mark...”** – a reference to the Book of Revelation. “Image of the Beast” refers to the devil.

#### CHAPTER III

**Bacchus** – an allusion to the Roman god of wine

**verst** – Russian units of distance

**Our Lady** – a reference to Mary, the mother of Jesus

#### CHAPTER IV

**Kazan** – the capital of the Tartar Republic

**Golgotha** – the hill near the city of Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified

**Schilleresque** – a reference to Johann von Schiller (1759-1805), a German writer and historian

**“...I bet...buttonhole...”** suggests that Mr. Luzhin may have been given an award for his civil or military services. St. Anna is said to be the Virgin Mary's mother.

**Schleswig-Holstein** – an area in northwest Germany

**a Lett** – a person from Latvia, Lithuania, or Old Prussia

**Jesuitical** – a reference to the Jesuits, a Roman Catholic religious order

## Vocabulary

### PART I

#### CHAPTER I

**abject** – hopeless

**agitation** – frustration; tension

**akin** – like; similar to

**axiom** – a true statement

**concertina** – an accordion-like instrument

**conspicuous** – obvious, noticeable

**contempt** – hatred

**derangement** – insanity, madness, disorder

**diminutive** – tiny, very small

**disconcerted** – confused

**dray** – a cart

**fastidiousness** – the act of being hard to please; care

**flat** – an apartment

**garret** – an attic

**hatter** – a hat maker

**hypochondria** – a mental disorder in which people imagine they have physical ailments or diseases

**ikon** – [icon] a religious image

**impotence** – lacking power, helplessness; weakness

**inquisitive** – curious, questioning

**loathsome** – disgusting, repulsive

**malignant** – cruel, wicked, evil

**mangy** – dirty, scruffy; matted

**manifestations** – visible demonstrations

**muslin** – a type of cotton fabric

**oppress** – to torment; burden

**overwrought** – agitated, extremely nervous

**preponderance** – the majority

**prevaricate** – to lie

**resolutely** – firmly

**tantalizing** – tempting; teasing

**tremulously** – tremblingly, unsteadily

**trifles** – things of little value; trivialities

**untenanted** – unoccupied

#### CHAPTER II

**admonishes** – warns

**affectation** – a false display

**ascribed** – attributed; referred to the source

**bravado** – courage, bravery