

LENDIS | We know

Sonata and Other Stories and *The Sebastopol Sketches*, and Nikolai Leskov's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. He has also translated Babel's *Collected Stories* and Bely's *Petersburg* for Penguin.

FYODOR
DOSTOYEVSKY

Crime and
Punishment

Translated with an Introduction and Notes by
DAVID McDUFF

PENGUIN BOOKS



Penguin
Random House
UK

This translation first published by Viking 1991
Published in Penguin Classics 1991
Reissued with revisions 2003

089

Translation and editorial material copyright © David McDuff, 1991, 2003
All rights reserved

The moral right of the translator has been asserted

Penguin Random House values and supports copyright.

Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes freedom
of expression and supports a vibrant culture. Thank you for purchasing
an authorized edition of this book and for respecting intellectual property
laws by not reproducing, scanning or distributing any part of it by any
means without permission. You are supporting authors and enabling
Penguin Random House to continue to publish books for everyone.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner for the
purpose of training artificial intelligence technologies or systems. In accordance
with Article 4(3) of the DSM Directive 2019/790, Penguin Random House
expressly reserves this work from the text and data mining exception.

Set in 10.25/12.25 pt PostScript Adobe Sabon
Typeset by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, Elcograf S.p.A.

The authorized representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-0-140-44913-6

Penguin Random House is committed to a sustainable future
for our business, our readers and our planet. This book is made from
Forest Stewardship Council® certified paper.



Contents

Chronology	vi
Introduction	x
Further Reading	xxxiii
Note on the Translation	xxxv
A Note on Money	xxxvi

Crime and Punishment

PART ONE	3
PART TWO	107
PART THREE	233
PART FOUR	333
PART FIVE	429
PART SIX	521
EPILOGUE	635
Notes	657

LIBRIS

We know
books

PART ONE

CHAPTER I

At the beginning of July, during a spell of exceptionally hot weather,¹ towards evening, a certain young man came down on to the street from the little room he rented from some tenants in S— Lane and slowly, almost hesitantly, set off towards K—n Bridge.²

He had succeeded in avoiding an encounter with his landlady on the stairs. His room was situated right under the roof of a tall, five-storey tenement,³ and sooner resembled a closet than a place of habitation. His landlady, from whom he rented this room with dinner and a maid, lived on the floor below in a separate apartment, and each time he wanted to go down to the street he had to pass his landlady's kitchen, the door of which was nearly always wide-open on to the stairs. And each time, as he passed it, the young man had a morbid sensation of fear, of which he was ashamed and which caused him to frown. He was heavily in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of running into her.

Not that he was particularly timid or cowed — quite the opposite, indeed; but for some time now he had been in a tense, irritable state of mind that verged upon hypochondria. So absorbed in himself had he grown, so isolated from everyone else, that he was actually afraid of meeting anyone at all, not simply his landlady. He had been crushed by poverty; but even his reduced circumstances had of late ceased to be a burden to him. His vital interests no longer concerned him; he did not even wish to think about them. As a matter of fact, no landlady on

earth had the power to make him afraid, whatever she might be plotting against him. But to have to stop on the stairs and listen to all that mediocre rubbish that had nothing whatsoever to do with him, all those pestering demands for payment, those threats and complaints, and be compelled in response to shift his ground, make excuses, tell lies – no, it was better to slink down the stairs like a cat and steal away unseen by anyone.

As he emerged on to the street on this occasion, however, his terror of meeting his creditress shocked even him.

‘I plan to attempt a thing like this, yet I allow that kind of rubbish to scare me!’ he thought with a strange smile. ‘Hm . . . yes . . . Everything lies in a man’s hands, and if he lets it all slip past his nose it’s purely out of cowardice . . . that’s an axiom. It’s a curious reflection: what are people most afraid of? Of doing something new, saying a new word of their own that hasn’t been said before – that’s what scares them most. But I’m rambling. That’s why I never do anything – because I ramble on to myself like that. Or perhaps it’s the other way round; I ramble because I never do anything. It’s during this past month that I’ve picked up this habit of rambling, lying on my back for whole days and nights on end in my room and thinking . . . about Cloud-cuckoo-land. Well, why am I on my feet now? Am I really capable of *this*? Is *this* a serious matter? Of course it isn’t. It’s just a fantasy to amuse myself with: it’s just pretty pictures! Yes, I do believe that’s all it is – pretty pictures!’

Outside the heat was terrible, with humidity to make it worse; and the crowds of people, the slaked lime everywhere, the scaffolding, the bricks, the dust and that distinctive summer aroma, so familiar to every inhabitant of St Petersburg who has not the means to rent a dacha in the country – all these things had a shattering effect on the young man’s already jangled nerves. The unbearable stench from the drinking dens, of which there are in this quarter of the city inordinately many, and the drunks he kept running into every moment or two, even though it was still working hours, completed the sad and loathsome colouring of the scene. An emotion of the most profound repugnance flickered for a moment in the young man’s features. It may be worth observing that he was remarkably handsome,

with beautiful dark eyes and dark, chestnut-coloured hair; he was taller than average, slim and well-built. But soon he appeared to fall into a deep brooding, which might more correctly have been described as a kind of oblivion, and now, as he walked along, he ceased to be aware of his surroundings, nor had he any desire to be aware of them. Only occasionally did he mutter something to himself – a consequence of that addiction to monologues that he himself had so recently acknowledged. At this moment he himself was conscious that every so often his thoughts grew confused, and that he was very weak: for two days now he had had practically nothing at all to eat.

So poorly dressed was he that another man, even one inured to such a style of living, would have been ashamed to go out on the street during the daytime in such rags. However, this particular district was of such a kind that it would have been difficult to surprise anyone by one’s manner of dress. The proximity of the Haymarket, the abundance of brothels and the local population which was, for the most part, made up of tradesmen and craftsmen, and huddled together in these streets and lanes of St Petersburg’s centre, sometimes enlivened the general panorama with such picturesque subjects that it would have been odd for anyone to be surprised at encountering the occasional freak. But by this time so much vicious contempt had built up in the young man’s soul that, in spite of all his sometimes very youthful finickiness, he was least ashamed of his rags while out on the streets. It would have been another matter had he run into people he knew, or any of his erstwhile student colleagues, whom in general he hated meeting at all times . . . And yet when a drunken man, who at that moment was being hauled off down the street, heaven knows where or why, in an enormous waggon drawn by an equally enormous cart-horse, suddenly shouted to him as he rode past: ‘Hey, you – German hatter!’ and began to bellow at him at the top of his voice, pointing at him – the young man suddenly stopped and grabbed convulsively at his hat. This hat had been one of those tall, round affairs from Zimmerman’s,⁴ but was now completely worn out and faded, covered in holes and stains and missing its brim, so that it cocked over to one side at a most outlandish angle. It was not shame

that had assailed him, however, but an emotion of quite a different kind, one more akin to terror.

'I might have known it!' he muttered in confusion. 'I thought as much! This is worse than any of it! It is exactly this sort of nonsense, some vulgar little trivial detail, that could ruin the whole plan! Yes, a hat that's too conspicuous . . . It's absurd, and that's why it's conspicuous . . . What I need to go with my rags is a peaked cap – any old flat-top will do, but not this museum-piece. Nobody wears things like this, it would be spotted a mile off, people would remember it . . . the main thing is that it would be remembered afterwards, and bang! – they'd have their evidence. In this sort of business you have to be as inconspicuous as possible . . . The details, it's the details that matter more than anything else! . . . It's that sort of detail that always ruins everything . . .'

He did not have far to go; he even knew how many paces he had to take in order to reach the front entrance of his tenement: seven hundred and thirty exactly. He had somehow managed to count them once, when he had been doing rather a lot of dreaming. At the time he had not yet had much faith in these dreams of his, and had merely irritated himself with their outrageous but seductive daring. Now, a month later, he was beginning to see them differently and, in spite of all his teasing monologues about his own impotence and lack of decision, had even come to view his 'outrageous' dream as a practical undertaking, though he still did not really believe he was capable of carrying it through. What he was actually doing now was going to perform a *rehearsal* of his undertaking, and with every step his excitement mounted higher and higher.

His heart standing still, a nervous tremor running through him, he approached an enormous tenement building that overlooked the Canal⁵ on one side, and — Street on the other. This building consisted entirely of tiny apartments and was inhabited by all kinds of jobbers and people trying to make a living: tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of various descriptions, prostitutes, petty clerks and the like. People kept darting in and out of both entrances and through both courtyards. Here three or four yardkeepers were usually on duty. The young man was most

relieved not to run into any of them, and he immediately slipped unnoticed through the front entrance and up a staircase to the right. The staircase was dark and narrow, a 'back stair', but he was already familiar with all this, had studied it, and on the whole the setting appealed to him: in darkness like this even an inquisitive glance would hold no risk. 'If I'm as scared as this now, what would I be like if I were really to *go ahead* with my plan?' he found himself thinking as he reached the fourth floor. Here his way was barred by some loaders in soldiers' uniforms who were carrying the furniture out of one of the apartments. He knew from earlier observation that a German government clerk and his family were living in this apartment: 'This means that that German's moving out now, and it also means that for a while now, on this staircase and this landing, the old woman's apartment is the only one that's going to be occupied. That's just as well . . . you never know . . .' he thought again, and rang the old woman's doorbell. The bell clanked faintly, as though it were made of tin rather than brass. The doorbells of the small apartments in buildings such as this nearly always make that kind of noise. He had forgotten what it sounded like, and the strange clanking suddenly appeared to remind him of something that came to his mind with great clarity . . . He gave a terrible shudder; on this occasion his nerves were simply not up to it. After a while the door opened the merest slit: through it the occupant was scrutinizing the newcomer with evident suspicion, and all that could be seen of her in the darkness was her small, glittering eyes. Observing all the people on the landing, however, she took courage and opened the door the whole way. The young man stepped over the threshold into a dark hallway divided by a partition, behind which there was a tiny kitchen. The old woman stood in front of him, looking at him questioningly. She was a tiny, dried-up little old woman of about sixty, with sharp, hostile eyes, a small, sharp nose and no headcovering. Her whitish hair, which had not much grey in it, was abundantly smeared with oil. Wound round her long, thin neck, which resembled the leg of a chicken, was an old flannel rag of some description, and from her shoulders, the heat notwithstanding, hung an utterly yellowed and motheaten fur jacket.

Every moment or so the old woman coughed and groaned. The young man must have glanced at her in some special way, for her eyes suddenly flickered again with their erstwhile suspicion.

'My name's Raskolnikov, I'm a student, I came to see you about a month ago,' the young man muttered hastily, bowing slightly because he had recalled that he must be as courteous as possible.

'I remember, dearie; I remember your visit very well,' the old woman said distinctly, without removing her earlier, questioning gaze from his features.

'So you see . . . I'm here again, about the same thing . . .' Raskolnikov went on, feeling slightly put out, taken off his guard by the old woman's suspicious attitude.

'I suppose she must always be like this, and I simply didn't notice it last time,' he thought, with an unpleasant sensation.

The old woman was silent for a moment, as though she were deliberating; then she moved to one side and said, pointing to the door of a room as she admitted her visitor ahead of her: 'In you go, dearie.'

The little room into which the young man passed, with its yellow wallpaper, its geraniums and its muslin curtains, was at that moment brightly illuminated by the setting sun. 'So the sun will be shining like this *then*, too! . . .' was the thought that flickered almost unexpectedly through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a swift glance he took in everything in the room, in order as far as possible to study and remember its position. But the room contained nothing very much in particular. The furniture, all of it very old and made of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with an enormous curved back, an oval table that stood in front of it, a mirrored dressing-table standing in between the two windows, chairs along the walls and one or two cheap prints in yellow frames depicting German girls with birds in their hands – and that was all. In one corner a lamp burned in front of a small icon. Everything was very clean; both furniture and floors had been rubbed until they shone. 'That's Lizaveta's work,' the young man thought to himself. There was not a speck of dust to be found in the whole apartment. 'It's the sort of cleanliness you generally find in the homes of sour old widows,' Raskol-

nikov reflected, continuing his train of thought as he cast a dubious and inquisitive look at the chintz curtain that masked the door into a second tiny room; this accommodated the old woman's bed and chest of drawers, and he had never yet glimpsed its interior. The entire apartment consisted of these two rooms.

'What's your business?' snapped the little old woman, coming into the room and positioning herself in front of him as before, in order to be able to look him straight in the face.

'I've got something I want to pawn. Here, look!' And from his pocket he produced an old, flat, silver watch. Its back bore an engraving of a globe. The chain was of steel.

'But you haven't redeemed the thing you pawned last time, yet. Your time-limit ran out two days ago.'

'I'll pay you another month's interest; be patient.'

'Dearie, it's up to me whether I'm patient or whether I sell what you pawned this very day.'

'How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?'

'Well, dearie, you come to me with such rubbish, it's practically worthless. I let you have two tickets for that ring last time, and you could buy one new at a jeweller's for a rouble fifty.'

'Let me have four, I promise I'll redeem it – it belonged to my father. I'm expecting some money soon.'

'A rouble fifty, and the interest in advance, that's the best I can do.'

'A rouble fifty?' the young man exclaimed.

'It's up to you.' And the old woman handed his watch back to him. The young man took it, so angry that he nearly stormed out of the apartment; he at once had second thoughts, however, remembering that there was nowhere else he could try, and that in any case he had another purpose for his visit.

'All right, go on then!' he said, roughly.

The old woman reached into her pocket for her keys and went behind the curtain into the other room. Left alone in the middle of the room, the young man listened curiously, trying to work out what she was doing. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers. 'It must be the top drawer,' he thought. 'So she keeps her keys in her right-hand pocket . . . All in one bunch,