

Crime And Punishment- Fyodor Dostoevsky

“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.”

“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!”

“Do you pray to God, Rodya, as you used to, and do you believe in the goodness of our Creator and Redeemer? I fear in my heart that you have been visited by the fashionable new unbelief. If so, I pray for you.”

“He kept tormenting and taunting himself with these questions, even taking a certain delight in it. None of the questions was new or sudden, however; they were all old, sore, long-standing. They had begun torturing him long ago and had worn out his heart. Long, long ago this present anguish had been born in him, had grown, accumulated, and ripened recently and become concentrated, taking the form of a horrible, wild, and fantastic question that tormented his heart and mind, irresistibly demanding resolution.”

The general contrast between Razumkhin and Raskolnikov.

“Razumikhin was one of his former university friends. Remarkably, Raskolnikov had almost no friends while he was at the university, kept aloof from everyone, visited no one, and had difficulty receiving visitors. Soon, however, everyone also turned away from him. General gatherings, conversations, merrymaking—he somehow did not participate in any of it. He was a zealous student, unsparing of himself, and was respected for it, but no one loved him. He was very poor and somehow haughtily proud and unsociable, as though he were keeping something to himself. . . Razumikhin was also remarkable in that no setbacks ever confounded him, and no bad circumstances seemed able to crush him. He could make his lodgings even on a rooftop, suffer infernal hunger and extreme cold. He was very poor, and supported himself decidedly on his own, alone, getting money by work of one sort or another.”

Ownership aspect of killing is disturbing

“Hands off! It’s my goods! I can do what I want. Get in, more of you. Everybody get in! She’s damn well going to gallop!”-Mikolka

Rationalization of the crime with greed, self-appointment as moral arbiter/ allotment of karmic points

“A hundred, a thousand good deeds and undertaking that could be arranged and set going by the money that old woman has doomed to the monastery!”

“We may note, incidentally, one peculiarity with regard to all the final decisions he came to in this affair. They had one strange property: the more final they became, the more hideous and absurd they at once appeared in his own eyes.”

Idea that world must adapt to him, rather than vice versa

“But somehow he had no luck: they would not go into the keyholes. It was not so much that his hands were trembling as that he kept making mistakes: he could even see, for instance, that the key was the wrong one, that it would not fit, and he still kept putting it in.”

“He did not sleep, but was if oblivious. If anyone had come into his room then, he would have jumped up at once and shouted. Bits and scraps of thoughts swarmed in his head; but he could not grasp any one of them, could not rest on any one, hard as he tried. . .”

“One new, insurmountable sensation was gaining possession of him almost minute by minute: it was a certain boundless, almost physical loathing for everything he met or saw around him, an obstinate, spiteful, hate-filled loathing. All the people he met were repulsive to him—their faces, their walk, their movements were repulsive.”

The equivocation of intelligence and moral worth

“Well, listen: I came to you because aside from you I don’t know anyone who would help... to start... because you’re kinder than the rest of them—smarter that is—and you’re able to talk about things... But now I see that I need nothing, do you hear, absolutely nothing... no favors, no concern from anyone... I myself... alone... And enough! Let me be, all of you!”

Hard to describe relationship with money. Almost like he is too good for it? He gives it away to Sonya on impulse, wastes his mother’s hard saved money, declines Razumkhin’s essentially free ‘make-work’, and then... “It seemed as if he were flying upwards somewhere, and everything was vanishing from his sight... inadvertently moving his hand, he suddenly felt the twenty-kopeck piece clutched in his fist. He opened his hand, stared at the coin, swung, and threw it into the water; then he turned and went home. It seemed to him that at that moment he had cut himself off, as with scissors, from everyone and everything.”

A good measure of person—acting like what they do matters

“He [Razumikhin] put his left hand behind the sick man’s head as before, raised him up, and began giving him tea from a spoon, again blowing on each spoonful repeatedly and with a special zeal, as though it were this process of blowing that constituted the main and saving point for recovery.”

“That’s just the point: an honest and sensitive man opens his heart, and the man of business listens and goes on eating—and then he eats you up.”

Pyotr the communist

“But it is my personal view, if you like, that something has been done: useful new ideas have been spread, and some useful new books, instead of the former dreamy and romantic ones; literature is acquiring a shade of greater maturity; many harmful prejudices have been eradicated and derided... In short, we have cut ourselves off irrevocably from the past, and that in itself, I think, is already something sire.”

A phrase that applies to Raskolnikov “a certain joy of offense”

His wild and abrupt mood changes

“He went down slowly unhurriedly, all in a fever, and filled, though he was not aware of it, with the new, boundless sensation of a sudden influx of a full and powerful life. This sensation might be likened to the sensation of a man condemned to death who is suddenly and unexpectedly granted a pardon.”

“Strength, what’s needed is strength; without strength you get nowhere, and strength is acquired by strength—that’s something they don’t know.”

“ ‘What do you think?’ Razumikhin shouted, raising his voice even more. ‘You think it’s because they’re lying? Nonsense! I like it when people lie! Lying is man’s only privilege over all other organisms. If you lie—you get to the truth! Lying is what make me a man. Not one truth has ever been reached without first lying fourteen times or so, maybe a hundred and fourteen, and that’s honorable in its way; well, but we can’t even lie with our own minds! Lie to me, but in your own way, and I’ll kiss you for it. Lying in one’s own way is almost better than telling the truth in someone else’s way; in the first case you’re a man, and in the second—no better than a bird!’”

“And we realized as soon as he came in today that he was not a man of our kind. Not because he came with his hair curled by a hairdresser, not because he was in a hurry to show off his intelligence, but because he’s a stool pigeon and a speculator; because he’s a Jew and a mountebank, and it shows.”

“Although Pulcheria Alexandrovna was already forty-three years old, her face still kept the remnants of its former beauty, and besides, she looked much younger than her age, as almost always happens with women who keep their clarity of spirit, the freshness of their impressions, and the honest, pure ardor of their hearts into old age. Let us say parenthetically that keeping all this is the only means of preserving one’s beauty even in old age.”

“But all the same he could not go on being a cynic and a dirty sloven: he had no right to offend other people’s feelings, all the more so in that those others needed him and were calling him to them....Who cares! I’ll be grubby, salacious, tavern-mannered on purpose, and to hell with it! I’ll be even more so!”

“What can I tell you? I’ve known Rodion for a year and a half: sullen, gloomy, arrogant, and proud; recently (and maybe much earlier) insecure and hypochondriac. Magnanimous and kind. Doesn’t like voicing his feelings, and would rather do something cruel than speak his heart out in words. At times, however, he’s not hypochondriac at all, but just inhumanly cold and callous as if there really were two opposite characters in him, changing places with each other. At times he’s terribly taciturn! He’s always out of time, everyone’s always in his way, yet he lies there doing nothing. Not given to mockery, and not because he lacks wit, but as if he has no time for such trifles. Never hears people out to the end. Is never interested in what interests everyone else at a given moment.”

“Indeed, in that sense we’re all rather often almost like mad people, only with the slight difference that the ‘sick’ are somewhat madder than we are. So that it’s necessary to draw a line here. And the harmonious man, it’s true, almost doesn’t exist; out of tens, maybe hundreds of thousands, one will be found, and quite a weak specimen at that.”

“Having said this, he suddenly became more confused and turned pale: again that terrible, recent feeling passed like a deathly chill over his soul, again it suddenly became perfectly plain and clear to him that he had just uttered a terrible lie, that not only would he never have the chance to talk all he wanted, but that it was no longer possible for him to talk at all, with anyone, about anything, ever. The impression of this tormenting thought was so strong that for a moment he almost forgot himself entirely. He got up and, without looking at anyone, started out the door.”

“He’s an intelligent man, but it takes something more than intelligence to act intelligently.”

“I’ll show you their books: with them one is always a ‘victim of the environment’—and nothing else! Their favorite phrase! Hence directly that if society itself is normally set up, all crimes will at once disappear, because there will be no reason for protesting and everyone will instantly become righteous. Nature isn’t taken into account, nature is driven out, nature is not supposed to be! With them it’s not mankind developing all along in a historical, living way that will finally turn by itself into a normal society, but, on the contrary, a social system, coming out of some mathematical head, will at once organize the whole of mankind and instantly make it righteous and sinless, sooner than any living process, without any historical and living way! That’s why they have such an instinctive dislike of history: ‘there’s nothing in it but outrage and stupidity’—and everything is explained by stupidity alone! That’s why they so dislike the *living* process of life: There’s no need for the living soul! The living soul will demand life, the living soul won’t listen to mechanics, the living soul is suspicious, the living soul is retrograde.”

In justifying to himself crime so long as the great men have a great excuse

“Newton would have the right, and it would even be his duty... to remove those ten or a hundred people in order to make his discoveries known to all mankind.... It is only in this sense that I speak in my article of their right to crime... However there’s not much cause for alarm: the masses hardly ever acknowledge this right in them; they punish them and hang them (more or less) thereby quite rightly fulfilling their conservative purpose; yet, for all that, in subsequent generations these same masses place the punished ones on a pedestal and worship

them (more or less). The first category is always master of the present; the second—master of the future. The first preserves the world and increases it numerically; the second moves the world and leads it towards a goal. Both the one and the other have a perfectly equal right to exist. In short, for me, all men's rights are equivalent—and vive la guerre eternelle—until the New Jerusalem, of course!”

“Generally, there are remarkably few people born who have a new thought, who are capable, if only slightly, of saying anything new—strangely few, in fact.”

Raskolnikov most angry about the characteristics he himself has

“But that is not the point at all” Raskolnikov interrupted with loathing. “You are quite simply disgusting, whether you are right or not, and so people don't want to have anything to do with you, they chase you away—so, go!”

“Generally speaking, Pyotr Petrovich belonged to that category of people who appear extremely affable in company, and with a special claim to affability, but who, as soon as something grates on them, instantly lose all their resources and being to seem more like sacks of flour than casual and convivial cavaliers.”

“She herself doesn't notice how impossible it all is that there should be justice in people, and it vexes her... Like a child, like a child! She's a just woman! A just woman!”

“I said it of you not for your dishonor and sin, but for your great suffering., But that you are a great sinner is true,” he added, almost ecstatically, “and most of all you are a sinner because you destroyed yourself and betrayed yourself in vain. Isn't that a horror! Isn't it a horror that you live in this filth which you hate so much, and at the same time know yourself (you need only open your eyes) that you're not helping anyone by it, and not saving anyone from anything! But tell me, finally” he uttered almost in a frenzy, “how such shame and baseness can be combined in you beside other opposite and holy feelings? It would be more just, a thousand times more just and reasonable, to jump headfirst into the water and end it at once!”

“Moreover, it was also a mistake not to give them any money at all” he was thinking, as he sadly made his way back to Lebezyatnikov's closet. Devil take it, why did I turn into such a Jew! There wasn't even any calculation in it!”

“Not at all to spit, but to protest. With a useful purpose. I might contribute indirectly to development and propaganda. It's the duty of every man to develop and propagandize, and the sharper the better, perhaps.”- Pyotr

“And though I confess to you that, on principle, I cannot sympathize with private philanthropy, because it not only does not eradicate evil at the root, but even nourishes it still more, nevertheless I cannot help confessing that I looked upon your action with pleasure.”- Commie roommate of Pyotr

“Perhaps what had greatest influence here was that special poor man's pride, which brings it about that in some of the social rituals obligatory for one and all in our daily life, many poor people turn themselves inside out and spend every last kopeck of their savings, only so as to be ‘no worse than others’ and ‘not to be condemned’ somehow by these others.”

“powerlessness before necessity”

“But I turned spiteful and didn't want to. Precisely, I turned spiteful (it's a good phrase!) Then I hid in my corner like a spider. You were in my kennel, you saw it.. And do you know, Sonya, low ceilings and cramped rooms cramp the soul and mind! Oh, how I hated that kennel! And yet I didn't want to leave it!”

“Then I realized, Sonya, he went on ecstatically, ‘that power is given only to the one who dares to reach down and take it. Here there is one thing, one thing only: one has only to dare! And then a thought took shape in me, for the first time in my life, one that nobody had ever thought before me! Nobody!’”

“Was it the old crone I killed? I killed myself, not the old crone! Whopped myself right then and there, forever!... And it was the devil killed the old crone, not me... Enough, enough, Sonya, enough! Let me be!”

“After the service, Raskolnikov went up to Sonya. She suddenly took both his hands and leaned her head on his shoulder. This brief gesture even struck Raskolnikov as puzzling; it was even strange: what, not the least loathing for him, not the least revulsion, not the least tremor in her hand? Here was some sort of boundlessness of one’s own humiliation. So he understood it, at least. Sonya said nothing. Raskolnikov pressed her hand and walked out.”

“It had happened that he would leave town, go out to the high road, once he even went as far as a little wood; but the more solitary the place was, the stronger was his awareness as of someone’s near and disquieting presence, not frightening so much as somehow extremely vexing, so that he would hurriedly return to the city, mingle with the crowd, go into taverns, pothouses, to the flea market, the Haymarket. Here it seemed easier, and even more solitary.”

“A hundred rabbits will never make a horse, a hundred suspicious will never make a proof, as a certain English proverb says.”

“No, my good Rodion Ramanych, there’s no Mikolka here! Here we have a fantastic, gloomy case, a modern case, an incident of our times, sire, when the human heart is clouded, when one hears cited the phrase that blood ‘refreshes’ when people preach a whole life of comfort. There are bookish dreams here, sire, there is a heart chafed by theories; we see here a resolve to take the first step, but a resolve of a certain kind—he resolved on it, but as if he were falling off a mountain or plunging down from a bell-tower, and then arrived at the crime as if he weren’t using his own legs. He forgot to lock the door behind him, but killed, killed two people, according to a theory. He killed, but wasn’t able to take the money, and what he did manage to grab, he went and hid under a stone. It wasn’t enough for him to endure the torment of standing behind the door while the door was being forced and the bell was ringing—no later he goes back to the empty apartment, in half-delirium, to remind himself of that little bell, feeling a need to experience again that spinal chill.. Well, let’s say he was sick then, but here’s another thing: he killed, and yet he considers himself an honest man, despises people, walks around like a pale angel—no forget Mikolka, my dear Rodion Romanych, there’s no Mikolka here!”

“Katya drank the wine down as women do—that is, without a pause, in twenty sips.”

“There’s nothing in the world more difficult than candor, and nothing easier than flattery.”

“The people are drinking, the educated youth are burning themselves up in idleness, in unrealizable dreams and fancies, crippling themselves with theories; Yids come flocking from somewhere, hiding the money away, and the rest of it falls into depravity. The city breathed its familiar breath on me from the first hours.”

“In our educated society, Avdotya Romanovna, we have no especially sacred traditions; except for what someone somehow pieces together from old books... or something drawn from the old chronicles. But they are mostly scholars and, you know, they’re all dunces in their way, so that for a man of the world it’s even indecent.”

“He would have given anything in the world to be left alone, yet he felt himself that he could not have remained alone for a minute.”

“One need only be a gentleman, and the rest can all be acquired by talent, knowledge, reason, genius.”

“Duty is one thing, and... what is another? You thought I was going to say pleasure—no, sir, you’ve guessed wrong! Not pleasure, but the feeling of a citizen and a human being, the feeling of humanness and love for the Almighty.”

“Sonya wrote further that he had been placed together with all the others in prison; that she had not seen the inside of the barracks, but assumed it was crowded, ugly, and unhealthy; that he slept on a plank bed with a piece of felt under him and did not want to make any other arrangements for himself. But that he lived so poorly and crudely not at all from some preconceived plan or purpose, but simply from inattention and outward indifference to his lot.”

“This alone he recognized as his crime: that he had not endured it, but had gone and confessed.”

“But never, never had people considered themselves so intelligent and unshakeable in the truth as did these infected ones. Never had they thought their judgments, their scientific conclusions, their moral convictions and beliefs more unshakeable. Entire settlements, entire cities and nations would be infected and go mad. Everyone became anxious, and no one understood anyone else; each thought the truth was contained in himself alone, and suffered looking at others, beat his breast, wept, and wrung his hands. They did not know whom or how to judge, could not agree on what to regard as evil, what as good. They did not know whom to accuse, whom to vindicate. People killed each other in some sort of meaningless spite. They gathered into whole armies against each other, but, already on the march, the armies would suddenly be destroying themselves, the ranks would break up, the soldiers would fall upon one another, stabbing and cutting, biting and eating one another. In the cities the bells rang all day long: everybody was being summoned, but no one knew who was summoning them or why, and everyone felt anxious. The most ordinary trades ceased, because everyone offered his own ideas, his own corrections, and no one could agree. Agriculture ceased. Here and there people would band together, agree among themselves to do something, sweat never to part—but immediately being something completely different from what they themselves had just suggested, being accusing one another, fighting, stabbing. Fires broke out; famine broke out. Everyone and everything was perishing.”

“He did not even know that a new life would not be given him for nothing, that it still had to be dearly bought, to be paid for with a great future deed... But here begins a new account, the account of a man’s gradual renewal, the account of his gradual regeneration, his gradual transition from one world to another, his acquaintance with a new hitherto completely unknown reality. It make the subject of a new story—but our present story is ended.”