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The Three Motives of Raskolnikov:
A Reinterpretation of
Crime and Punishment

MAURICE BEEBE

The wide appeal of *Crime and Punishment*, probably the most teachable of Dostoevsky's novels, seems to depend primarily on its subject matter. Students of varied backgrounds and interests are attracted to and held by this story of a young man who brutally murders two women and pays the price of his crime. After reading it, students are likely to find the latest Mickey Spillane novel or last night's TV drama pale and thin in comparison. It is only when they ask themselves how and why it is better than the modern psychological thrillers they have seen or heard or read that they begin to realize that the value of this novel, like all works of art, depends more on its manner than on its matter.

If we approach *Crime and Punishment* with a knowledge of Dostoevsky's character and his method of writing, we are likely to be surprised at the disciplined skill the structure of the novel reveals. Dostoevsky was a man who could not control the events of his own life, a neurotic who dissipated and wasted his energies in several directions at once, yet who managed somehow not merely to control the imagined life in his novel, but to order it with an almost Jamesian economy. *Crime and Punishment* meets the test of unity in fiction: all the parts contribute to the whole, and the parts may be fully understood only when the whole is known. Joseph Warren Beach has demonstrated that this unity may be attributed in part to what he calls the technique of the "dramatic present"—Dostoevsky's careful restriction of time, place, and center of interest (*The Twentieth-Century Novel*, 1932, pp. 155-163).

We may recognize Dostoevsky's adherence to the dramatic unities, yet fail to see that the ideological content of the novel is as carefully unified as the narrative structure. For instance, some critics regret the Epilogue. To them, Raskolnikov's regeneration appears to be insufficiently motivated, and they see no necessary connection between the crime and its ultimate result: as Ernest J. Simmons has put it, "The Epilogue is manifestly the weakest section of the novel, and the regeneration of Raskolnikov under the influence of the Christian humility and love of Sonya is neither artistically palatable nor psychologically sound" (*Dostoevski*, 1940, p. 165). I shall try to show that, on the contrary, the ending is artistically and psychologically inevitable because the basic motive of regeneration is the same as the underlying motive for the crime. The spiritual principle of the novel, represented in part by Sonia, is equated with the passive will-to-suffering that impelled Raskolnikov to punish himself by murdering Alyona Ivanovna and her sister. Without the Epilogue much that precedes would seem confused and contradictory.

Theme and technique overlap. One of the ways in which Dostoevsky unifies his novel is through this technique of "doubles." The dual nature of his heroes is, of course, a commonplace of criticism. Because his protagonists are usually split personalities, the psychological and philosophical drama in a Dostoevsky novel is expressed in terms of a conflict between opposite poles of sensibility and intelligence, spirit and mind, passiveness and aggressiveness, self-sacrifice and self-
assertion, God-man and Man-god, or, sometimes, “good” and “bad.” To dramatize this conflict, Dostoevsky often gives his characters several alter egos or doubles, each projecting one of the extremes of the split personality. Even when the hero is not present in the scene, he may remain the center of interest because the characters present are likely to represent different facets of his personality. According to most interpretations of Crime and Punishment, the struggle within Raskolnikov becomes physical, external action as he wavers between Svidrigailov, epitome of self-willed evil, and Sonia, epitome of self-sacrifice and spiritual goodness.

When we apply this thesis of doubles to the novel, we meet difficulties. The doubles are themselves complex personalities. Self-effacing Sonia, who became a prostitute to support her family, refuses to give up a pretty ribbon. She reads not only the New Testament, but also “books of romantic tendency” and, “with great interest,” George Lewes’s Physiology. Svidrigailov, whom critics describe as “a man who has chosen to be above the moral law, merely to satisfy his appetites and greed” (Slonim), “a kind of obscene double or shadow” (Beach), “the entirely loathsome Svidrigailov” (Woodhouse), “the incarnation of the evil will” (Murry), “the monster” (Lloyd), and “unredeemed scoundrel” (Roe), is, I think, a somewhat attractive and genial villain, an allegedly self-willed man who, ghost- or conscience-ridden, has trouble deciding just what to will and who ends by doing good. The conclusion suggests that Raskolnikov’s problem was solved when, quite suddenly, “He was simply feeling. Life had stepped into the place of theory” (Mod. Lib. ed., p. 531). For Dostoevsky, here at any rate, the intellect is evil, the senses good. What, then, are we to say about Svidrigailov, who lives by senses and feelings alone, all of whose sins are sins of passion?

Perhaps the ambiguity results from a failure to recognize that man is not split into two parts, but divided into three: Mind, Body, and Spirit. The conflict in the tripartite Raskolnikov is a struggle between the intellectual, sensual, and spiritual parts of his nature. Each of these three parts corresponds to a reason or motive for his crime, and for each part, each motive, there is a separate alter ego: Luzhin, who stands for the intellect; Svidrigailov, who represents the senses; and Sonia, who is a symbol of spirit. If we read the novel in terms of “triples” rather than “doubles,” we may not only do justice to Svidrigailov, but also discover that the novel is unified thematically as well as dramatically.

Dr. Frederic Wertham, in his The Show of Violence (1944, p. 168), makes a useful distinction between reason and motive: “Reason is the conscious explanation a man makes for himself or an outsider before, during, and after a deed. Motive is the real driving force which is at least partly unconscious and which can be understood only as part of a continuing and developing process.” Using this distinction, we may say that within Raskolnikov there are three motives which during the course of the narrative rise to the surface of his consciousness and become reasons for his crime. The first of these, his wish to rob and murder the old pawnbroker that he may administer justice by distributing her ill-gotten riches to the more deserving poor or, more probably, that he may finance the education that is to make him a benefactor of mankind, is motive only in that it is rooted in Raskolnikov’s dominating characteristic, the egotistic pride that makes him want to play God. Pride combined with intelligence and unencumbered with spiritual or ethical feeling leads to the doctrine of expedient self-interest, which is the intellectual justification of the crime. Because this motive supplies the idea for the crime, it becomes a reason almost immediately—and as immediately it is repudiated as the real cause.
The final dismissal of “thinking” in the last few pages of the novel should come as no surprise, for throughout the book the intelligence is presented as essentially an evil power. “Compassion is forbidden nowadays by science itself,” says Marmeladov (p. 14). He quotes Lebeziatnikov, the young progressive, who is supposed to have said in regard to Sonia, “How can a highly educated man like me live in the same rooms with a girl like that?” (p. 19). After Raskolnikov has given almost the last of his coppers to the destitute family of Marmeladov, he reproaches himself with the significant words, “What a stupid thing I’ve done” (p. 28). Intelligence without feeling is indicted often in the following pages of the novel, most memorably in the mention of the Paris scientists who were conducting experiments “as to the possibility of curing the insane, simply by logical argument” (p. 411) and in Raskolnikov’s dream of the intelligent microbes (pp. 528-529). The “progressive” Lebeziatnikov can do good only because he “really was rather stupid” and had “attached himself to the cause of progress and ‘our younger generation’ from enthusiasm” (p. 354).

Luzhin, on the other hand, adopts “many of the convictions of ‘our most rising generation’” (p. 36) because he finds them useful; they help him to get ahead. Attempting to make an impression upon the students Raskolnikov and Razumihin, he defends the “progress” that has been made “in the name of science and economic truth”:

Hitherto, for instance, if I were told, “love thy neighbour,” what came of it? . . . It came to my tearing my coat in half to share with my neighbour and we both were left half-naked. . . . Science now tells us, love yourself before all men, for everything in the world rests on self-interest. You love yourself and manage your own affairs properly and your coat remains whole. Economic truth adds that the better private affairs are managed in society—the more whole coats, so to say—the firmer are its foundations and the better is the common welfare organised too. Therefore, in acquiring wealth solely and exclusively for myself, I am acquiring, so to speak, for all, and helping to bring to pass my neighbour’s getting a little more than a torn coat; and that not from private, personal liberty, but as a consequence of the general advance. The idea is simple, but unhappily it has been a long time reaching us, being hindered by idealism and sentimentality. (pp. 147-148)

This theory stated baldly by a man whom Raskolnikov detests strikes close to home, and the young murderer retorts, “Why, carry out logically the theory you were advocating just now, and it follows that people may be killed” (p. 150).

For this is precisely what has happened. The link between the first of Raskolnikov’s motives and the theory represented by Luzhin is made explicit through the word prejudice. Luzhin is “an opponent of all prejudices” (p. 36), pleased that “many injurious prejudices have been rooted up and turned into ridicule” (p. 147). The young man whose conversation overheard in a restaurant first gave Raskolnikov the idea for the murder said, “We have to correct and direct nature, and, but for that, we should drown in an ocean of prejudice” (p. 67).

To refuse to give away half a coat is one thing; to steal a coat is another. But as long as man is not alone, self-interest begins in the passive refusal to help others and leads almost inevitably to the aggressive use of others. Luzhin thinks of Dounia as a potential business and social asset, of sex solely in terms of possession: “This creature,” he thinks, “would be slavishly grateful all her life for his heroic condescension, and would humble herself in the dust before him, and he would have absolute, unbounded power over her!” (pp. 301-302). The most unfeeling, cold-blooded, and self-willed crime in the novel is not Raskolnikov’s murder of the old pawnbroker nor Svidrigailov’s attempted seduction of Dounia, but Luzhin’s false accusation of Sonia on the day of her father’s funeral. In fact,
if we look for the real symbolic antithesis of Sonia, we are much more likely to find it in Luzhin, the enemy who attempts to use her for his own selfish interests, than in Svidrigailov, the benefactor who makes a disinterested offering before her. If Luzhin appears to be an unlikely representative of the principle of intelligence, so do the Paris scientists and the microbes. The paradox results from Dostoevsky's conception of intelligence, which he consistently associates with the "western" and "progressive" doctrines of expediency and utilitarianism. Because self-interest cannot be disinterested, it is not even particularly intelligent in an objective sense, but it is the only kind of intelligence presented as intelligence in Crime and Punishment.

Raskolnikov’s first reason, his rational one, is dismissed even before Luzhin appears to make it look ridiculous. Raskolnikov knows that there is a deeper motivation for his crime. “If it all has really been done deliberately and not idiotically,” he asks himself, “if I really had a certain and definite object, how is it I did not even glance into the purse and don’t know what I had there, for which I have undergone these agonies, and have deliberately undertaken this base, filthy degrading business?” (p. 110).

Raskolnikov’s second motive also appears to him first in the form of a rational theory: his much-discussed notion of the “extraordinary” man who, above good and evil, may transgress any law that stands in the way of his uttering a “new word.” “If such a man,” he says, “is forced for the sake of his idea to step over a corpse or wade through blood, he can, I maintain, find within himself, in his conscience, a sanction for wading through blood” (p. 256). The second theory or reason is only a refinement upon the first, but the distinction is an important one. It is not the “idea” that sanctions the bloodshed, but the “conscience” of the doer. It is this aspect of the theory which shocks Razumihin:

“Well, brother, if you are really serious . . . You are right, of course, in saying that it’s not new, that it’s like what we’ve read and heard a thousand times already; but what is really original in all this, and is exclusively your own, to my horror, is that you sanction bloodshed in the name of conscience, and, excuse my saying so, with such fanaticism . . . That, I take it, is the point of your article. But that sanction of bloodshed by conscience is to my mind . . . more terrible than the official, legal sanction of bloodshed” (p. 258).

Raskolnikov commits a murder not that he may be an “extraordinary” man but that he may see if he is one. “I wanted to find out then and quickly whether I was a louse like everybody else or a man,” he tells Sonia, “whether I can step over barriers or not, whether I dare stoop to pick up or not, whether I am a trembling creature or whether I have the right . . .” (p. 406). And he adds, “Listen: When I went then to the old woman’s I only went to try . . . You may be sure of that” (p. 407). The real “extraordinary” man, he has already admitted, does not have to test himself: “No, those men are not made so. The real Master to whom all is permitted storms Toulin, makes a massacre in Paris, forgets an army in Egypt, wastes half a million men in the Moscow expedition and gets off with a jest at Vilna. . . . Napoleon, the pyramids, Waterloo, and a wretched skinny old woman, a pawnbroker with a red trunk under her bed. . . . ‘A Napoleon creep under an old woman’s bed! Ugh, how loathsome’” (pp. 268-269).

The real motive behind this second reason is suggested when Raskolnikov admits to himself that he knew before the murder that he would be shaken and horrified by it, that he would be unable to withstand the test. “And how dared I,” he asks himself, “knowing myself, knowing how I should be, take up an axe and shed blood! I ought to have known beforehand. . . . Ah, but I did know!”
THE THREE MOTIVES OF RASKOLNIKOV

(p. 268). He has, in a sense, committed a murder for the thrill of it, because of his fascination with the horror of the very idea; and the murder is, in part, an act of aggressive lust.

This motive is revealed symbolically in Raskolnikov's dream of the horse beaten by drunken peasants. Just before he has this dream, Raskolnikov encounters a drunken girl, apparently seduced and abandoned by one gentleman and now pursued by another. He tries to help her by giving a policeman money to see her home, but no sooner has he performed this act of disinterested charity than he is overcome by revulsion. "Let them be!" he calls to the astonished policeman. "What is it to do with you? Let her go! Let him amuse himself" (p. 51). The girl, who has mumbled, "Oh shameful wretches, they won't let me alone!" and who has placed both Raskolnikov and the policeman in the same category of wretches, is the association which brings on the dream. The girl becomes the unfortunate horse, and the "shameful wretches" are now the peasants who brutally beat the horse with sticks and finally an axe until it is dead. Significantly, when Raskolnikov awakens, he immediately exclaims, "Can it be, can it be, that I shall really take an axe, that I shall strike her on the head, split her skull open . . .?" (p. 61). The progression from seduced girl to beaten horse to murdered pawnbroker tells us much about the strain of aggressive sensuality that lies within Raskolnikov, a taint which he denies himself on the conscious level. After the murder he continues to associate the drunken girl with his victims: "But when he reached the K—— Boulevard where two days before he had come upon that girl, his laughter suddenly ceased. Other ideas crept into his mind" (p. 109).

The introvert Raskolnikov is, however, more masochistic than sadistic. The passive will-to-suffering is stronger within him than the aggressive will to make others suffer. Dostoevsky does little more than suggest the sadistic side of Raskolnikov in order that he may place more emphasis on the will-to-suffering which is finally revealed as the basic, underlying motive of his crime. The greatest advantage of Dostoevsky's technique of alter egos is that it permits him to write with greater economy and clarity than would otherwise be possible. Once he has established the link between the hero and his symbolic "double" or "triple," he can show both sides at once. Thus Svidrigailov not only stands for the sensualist in Raskolnikov but also represents the outer-directed form of the sensuality which in Raskolnikov is primarily inner-directed. For Dostoevsky, who wrote that "experience pro and contra" is essential for "life's calling and consciousness" (Simmons, p. 150), each thing requires its opposite—indeed, includes its opposite.

Svidrigailov is usually described as self-willed. He is self-willed in the sense that he recognizes no spiritual force outside of himself—even the ghosts that plague him rise, he insists, from his own illness—but if self-willed implies that he controls his existence, then the designation is a misleading one. He is the victim of instincts within himself that he has not summoned into existence, but which are simply there. When he finally appears in person, he seems to have difficulty living up to the reputation that has preceded him, and he proves as capable of doing good as proficient in doing evil. His references to a certain "journey" indicate that he considers suicide from the time he first appears in Raskolnikov's room, and at that time there is no reason why we should not accept his assertion that his offer of money to Dounia is made "with no ulterior motive" (p. 286). What he does for Sonia and the Marmeladov orphans appears to be disinterested. As for his pursuit of Dounia, "you've only to assume," he tells Raskolnikov, "that I, too, am a man et nihil humanum . . . in a word, that I am capable of being attracted and falling in love (which does...
not depend on our will), then everything can be explained in the most natural manner. The question is, am I a monster or am I myself a victim?” (p. 275).

Although Svidrigailov appears to be a victim of the lust within him, he tries to rationalize his sensuality. Defending his passion for women, he says: “In this vice at least there is something permanent, founded indeed upon nature and not dependent on fantasy, something present in the blood like an ever-burning ember, for ever setting one on fire and maybe not to be quickly extinguished, even with years” (p. 456). Because he has seen no evidence of anything else more noble or permanent than this natural instinct, his only purpose in life is to seek out new thrills.

Svidrigailov’s view rests, of course, upon an unfavorable impression of human nature. And nothing ever happens to him that would disprove his theory that man is a brute. It is significant that all of his victims appear to be willing and that he, when the chance arises, is incapable of rape. When he struck his wife with a switch, she was, he suggests, “very likely pleased at my, so to say, warmth,” for “human beings in general, indeed, greatly love to be insulted” (p. 277). The young girl to whom he is engaged, who sometimes throws him a glance that “positively scorches”; the five-year-old in the dream who with a look of shameless depravity invites his embrace; even Dounia, who once was “softened in the heat of propaganda” (p. 480) and who, when there is no turning back, discovers that she would rather submit than kill the man who would rather be killed than denied—these are typical of Svidrigailov’s victims, victims not of Svidrigailov but of what they share in common with Svidrigailov.

For Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov is as embarrassing a personification of his second theory as Luzhin was of his first theory. “My own conscience is quite at rest on that score” (p. 276), Svidrigailov’s reply to Raskolnikov’s accusation that he has murdered his wife, is undoubtedly as disquieting as Luzhin’s talk of overcoming “prejudice.” The second theory, like the first, is repudiated both subjectively and objectively. Raskolnikov sees in Svidrigailov that his theory does not work, for Svidrigailov proves that it is impossible to live by instinct or “conscience” alone. When he has a chance to take Dounia by force, he finds that he cannot do so. Haunted by his victims, overcome by revulsion, he can only commit suicide, and his suicide, a repudiation of all that he has done earlier, is probably his first and only entirely self-willed act.

The third and most important of Raskolnikov’s three motives is his will to suffer. The motive becomes a conscious reason when he says to himself, “And what shows that I am utterly a louse . . . is that I am perhaps viler and more loathsome than the louse I killed, and I felt beforehand that I should tell myself so after killing her. Can anything be compared with the horror of that! The vulgarity! The abjectness!” (p. 270). He is like Marmeladov, who said, “I drink that I may suffer twice as much!” (p. 16). And when he confesses to Sonia, she is horrified not by the deed itself nor by the fate of the slain women, but by the effect that Raskolnikov’s crime has had upon him: “What have you done—what have you done to yourself!” (p. 399).

Only if we recognize this masochistic motive in Raskolnikov can we understand much of his conduct both before and after the murder. Motive, “a continuing and developing process,” determines Raskolnikov’s actions after the reasons are rejected. The absence of remorse may be explained not only by his sense of the chain of fate that led to the murder but also by his overwhelming conviction that he is the principal victim of his crime. To protect his mother and sister, he tries to cling desperately to the theories or reasons that he thinks can justify the crime, but he is also driven by the urge to confess and take his punishment, a private form of which he has already begun
to inflict upon himself in his semi-confessions and in his return to the scene of the crime. When finally he does confess, it is not because he has been trapped by Porfiry Petrovich—he could, after all, take Svidrigailov’s way out—nor because he has yet submitted to Sonia’s “humanity,” but because the desire to accept suffering has been the underlying motive of his life.

We are told on the first page of the novel that Raskolnikov “had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting . . . any one at all.” This sense of alienation is not the product of his obsession with the idea of murder, but something that appears to be deeply rooted in his nature. It revealed itself long before he thought of the murder. We know very little of his childhood, but the dream-episode of the beaten horse tells us that he was extremely sensitive, and we may conjecture that perhaps from that moment—or some such moment—he began to withdraw, denying in himself what he held in common with the human brutes. At the university, “he kept aloof from every one, went to see no one, and did not welcome any one who came to see him, and indeed every one soon gave him up. . . . He seemed to some of his comrades to look down upon them all as children, as though their beliefs and interests were beneath him” (p. 52). We know too that he was once engaged to his landlady’s daughter. “She was an ugly little thing,” he tells his mother and sister, “I really don’t know what drew me to her then—I think it was because she was always ill. If she had been lame or hunchback, I believe I should have liked her better still” (p. 227). No doubt he felt compassion for the girl, but in the relish with which he describes her ugliness there is something of that masochism which made Stavrogin of The Possessed marry a simple-minded cleaning woman and to confess “anything more monstrous it was impossible to imagine.” There is pride, too, and a sense of God-like superiority, not unrelated to Luzhin’s comments on the advantages of marrying a penniless woman, and what in retrospect appears to have been a rather desperate attempt to escape aloneness, to participate at any cost. If the girl had lived, Raskolnikov would probably not have committed a crime.

In Dostoevsky’s first outline of the plot of the novel, preserved in a letter to the editor Katkov, he wrote, “The feeling of separation and dissociation from humanity which he [Raskolnikov] experiences at once after he has committed the crime, is something he cannot bear.” But the alienation is cause as well as temporary result of the crime. When, after the murder, he tells Sonia, “Did I murder the old woman? I murdered myself, not her!” (p. 407), he means, I take it, that he has destroyed his separateness. For a time, his action has seemed to alienate him more than ever from his fellow men, but by the end of the novel he has identified his particular suffering with the suffering that is the natural lot of humanity: making this discovery, he joins society. What, intellectually rationalized, was to have proven his superiority and right to detachment from lesser men only reveals to him what he has in common with mankind.

Porfiry Petrovich tells Raskolnikov of a prisoner he once knew who “seized a brick and flung it at the governor . . . [and] ‘took his suffering’” (p. 441). The incident is described in greater detail in The House of the Dead, Dostoevsky’s reminiscences of his experiences in a Siberian prison:

There was a convict in the prison who . . . was distinguished for his mild behaviour. . . . he hardly ever spoke to anyone. He was looked upon as a bit queer in the religious way. . . . he was continually reading the Bible. . . . One day he went up and told the sergeant that he would not go to work. It

was reported to the major; he flew into a rage. . . . The convict threw himself upon him with a brick he had got ready beforehand, but he missed his aim. He was seized, tried and punished . . . Three days later . . . As he lay dying he said that he meant no harm to anyone, but was only seeking suffering. (trans. Garnett, 1915, p. 30)

Here is, in gist, the subject of Crime and Punishment: a man who "hardly ever spoke to anyone," who was in comparison with his fellows an intellectual, determines to attack or kill an expendable person (the major in The House of the Dead is as despicable as the old pawnbroker) in order that he may attain suffering, which is somehow related to religion.

Porfiry mentions the incident in relation to Nikolay, who has inexplicably confessed to a crime he did not commit, and who, like the prisoner, is deeply religious: "And do you know he is an Old Believer, or rather a dissenter? There have been Wanderers in his family, and he was for two years in a village under the spiritual guidance of a certain elder. . . And what's more, he wanted to run into the wilderness! . . . Do you know, Rodion Romanovitch, the force of the word 'suffering' among some of these people! It's not a question of suffering for some one's benefit, but simply, 'one must suffer' " (pp. 440-441). Raskolnikov, the young intellectual, has denied religion, but he has been deeply attracted to the religious sufferers: to the landlady's daughter; to Marmeladov, who drank that he might "suffer twice as much" and who enjoyed being beaten by his wife; and to Sonia, whom he defended, he told her, "because of your great suffering" (p. 316). For this aspect of his character, Raskolnikov has not one, but three alter egos: Sonia, her father, and Nikolay.

The western reader—and certainly the average student—may have difficulty understanding this association of suffering with religion. But suffering is a matter of feeling, and feeling may be either sensual or spiritual. As long as Raskolnikov seeks in suffering a masochistic pleasure demanded by his particular psychological make-up, his aloneness, the second motive remains dominant; when he recognizes in suffering a force greater than himself outside of himself, his motivation becomes spiritual and, in time, a conscious reason by which to live. The God in Whom Raskolnikov comes to believe, Sonia's God, "does everything" (p. 318). He is more like the amoral God of the Book of Job than like the benevolent God of conventional belief, and He is superior to human reason. "Dostoevsky's heroes inherit the Kingdom of God," said André Gide (Dostoevsky, 1926, p. 98), "only by the denial of mind and will and the surrender of personality."

Raskolnikov never repented of his crime because he did not hold himself responsible for the murder. He had fancied that he could plan and carry out the deed, but when the time came to act, it was as if he were impelled by forces over which he had no control, by "some decree of blind fate" (p. 525). Man must suffer, he decides, because man, his intellect a delusion and its power demonic, trapped by his instinctive brutality and the conspiracy of his victims, does not will his destiny. "Not on earth, but up yonder," Marmeladov has cried out, "they grieve over men, they weep, but they don't blame them, they don't blame! But it hurts more when they don't blame!" (p. 23). The aloneness of man is offended by the gods' refusal to blame what they cannot blame, but once suffering, man's bondage, is accepted, man feels a part of something beyond aloneness, feels no longer that he can be a god but that he is a part of the God that is "everything." The revelation that comes to Raskolnikov through love and humility "in prison, in freedom" (p. 525), is inevitable because it is the obverse side, the pro, of the will-to-suffering, the contra, that has been throughout the entire novel his primary motivation.