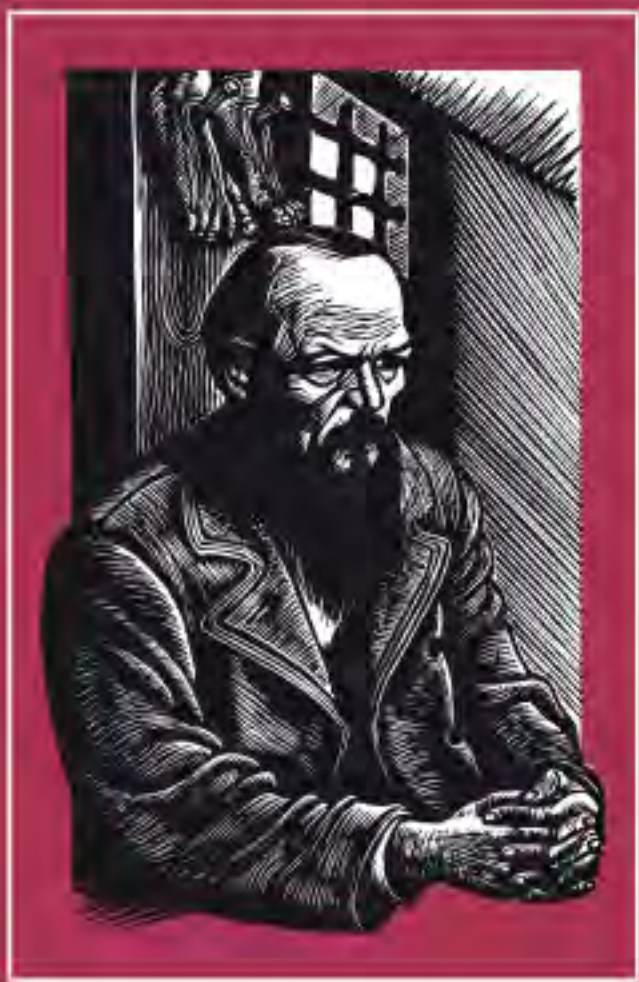


THE GOSPEL IN DOSTOYEVSKY



ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ EICHENBERG

The Gospel in Dostoyevsky
SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS

A WORD FROM

J.I. PACKER

FOREWORD BY

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

INTRODUCTION BY

ERNEST GORDON

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Contents

<i>A Word from J. I. Packer</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>vi</i>
<i>Introduction</i>	<i>ix</i>
The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor	2
Rebellion.....	18
The Devil.....	31
The Failure of Christendom.....	52
The Story of Marie	58
A Fool for Christ.....	69
The Awakening of Lazarus	82
Hymn of the Men Underground.....	101
Reprieve and Execution.....	104
The Onion.....	110
The Last Judgment	112
The Crucifixion	117
From the Life of the Elder Zossima.....	120
The Wedding at Cana.....	156
Talks With an Old Friend of God	163
Conversations and Exhortations of Father Zossima.....	177
<i>Afterword</i>	<i>193</i>
<i>Fyodor Dostoyevsky Biographical Sketch</i>	<i>195</i>

A Word from J. I. Packer

DOSTOYEVSKY IS TO ME both the greatest novelist, as such, and the greatest Christian storyteller, in particular, of all time. His plots and characters pinpoint the sublimity, perversity, meanness, and misery of fallen human adulthood in an archetypal way matched only by Aeschylus and Shakespeare, while his dramatic vision of God's amazing grace and of the agonies, Christ's and ours, that accompany salvation, has a range and depth that only Dante and Bunyan come anywhere near. Dostoyevsky's immediate frame of reference is Eastern Orthodoxy and the cultural turmoil of nineteenth-century Russia, but his constant theme is the nightmare quality of unredeemed existence and the heartbreaking glory of the incarnation, whereby all human hurts came to find their place in the living and dying of Christ the risen Redeemer. In the passages selected here, a supersensitive giant of the imagination projects a uniquely poignant vision of the plight of man and the power of God. If it makes you weep and worship, you will be the better for it. If it does not, that will show that you have not yet seen what you are looking at, and you will be wise to read the book again.

REGENT COLLEGE, VANCOUVER
14 MARCH 1987

Foreword

LIKE SO MANY OF my generation, I first read Dostoyevsky's novel, *Crime and Punishment*, when I was very young. I read it like a thriller, with mounting excitement. Later, when I came to read Dostoyevsky's other works, especially his great masterpiece, *The Brothers Karamazov*, I realized that he was not just a writer with a superlative gift for storytelling, but that he had a special insight into what life is about, into man's relationship with his Creator, making him a prophetic voice looking into and illumining the future. I came to see that the essential theme of all his writing is Good and Evil, the two points round which the drama of our mortal existence is enacted.

Dostoyevsky was a God-possessed man if ever there was one, as is clear in everything he wrote and in every character he created. All his life he was questing for God, and found Him only at the end of his days after passing through what he called "the hell-fire of doubt." Freedom to choose between Good and Evil he saw as the very essence of earthly existence. "Accept suffering and be redeemed by it"—this was Dostoyevsky's message to a world hurrying frenziedly in the opposite direction; seeking to abolish suffering and find happiness. Since Dostoyevsky's time, the world has known much trouble and found little happiness, and so may be the better disposed to heed his words.

Dostoyevsky, who normally stayed as far away as possible from museums and art galleries, paid a special visit to the Museum of Art in Basel to see a

painting, “Christ Taken Down from the Cross,” by Hans Holbein the Younger. He had heard about this picture, and what he had heard had greatly impressed him. His wife Anna in her Diary described Dostoyevsky’s reaction to seeing the original:

The painting overwhelmed Fyodor Mikhailovich, and he stopped in front of it as if stricken ... On his agitated face was the sort of frightened expression I had often noted during the first moments of an epileptic seizure. I quietly took my husband’s arm, led him to another room and made him sit down on a bench, expecting him to have a seizure any minute. Fortunately, it didn’t come. Little by little Fyodor Mikhailovich calmed down, and when we were leaving he insisted on going to take another look at the painting that had made such an impression on him.

Anna’s own reaction was one of revulsion. She writes of the painting that, contrary to tradition, Christ is depicted “with an emaciated body, the bones and ribs showing, the hands and feet pierced by wounds, swollen and very blue, as in a corpse that is beginning to rot. The face is agonized, and the eyes are half open, but unseeing and expressionless. The nose, mouth, and chin have turned blue.”

The reason that Anna was so horrified was that Holbein’s picture shows the body of Christ in a state of decomposition. On the other hand, as far as Dostoyevsky was concerned, the picture’s fascination was precisely that it *did* show Christ’s body decomposing. If His body was not subject to decay like other bodies, then the sacrifice on the Cross was quite meaningless; Christ had to be a man like other men in order to die for men. In other words, at the Incarnation, God did truly become a Man.

Dostoyevsky was a truly prophetic figure, plunging down frenziedly into his kingdom of hell on earth and arriving at Golgotha. He had a tremendous insight into the future and foresaw the world we have today. He also proclaimed the coming of a universal brotherhood brought about, not by

socialism and revolution, but by the full and perfect realization of Christian enlightenment.

In the serener circumstances of his last years, Dostoyevsky's essential love of life and joy in all God's creation found a surer expression than ever before. "Beauty", he makes Dmitri Karamazov say, "is not only a terrible thing, it is also a mysterious thing. There God and the Devil strive for mastery, and the battleground is the heart of men."

I continue to marvel at the chance—if chance it was—whereby the works of one of the greatest Christian writers of modern times should have continued to circulate in the world's first avowedly atheistic state—Dostoyevsky's devastatingly penetrating exposition of sin and suffering and redemption. Supposing one were asked to name a book calculated to give an unbeliever today a clear notion of what Christianity is about, could one hope to do much better than *The Brothers Karamazov*?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Introduction

THIS BOOK OF EXCERPTS from the writing of Dostoyevsky begins, very rightly, with “The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor,” from *The Brothers Karamazov*. This is the high point of the stories he incorporates into his novels and essays. They are similar to the parables told by Jesus. They provide the reader with a practical illustration of a universal truth that can be described in no other way. “The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor” is a superb parable of human existence. It raises the great, or cursed, questions so characteristic of Dostoyevsky’s passion for the *living* Gospel. Only in the light of the Gospel is the complexity of human existence made understandable, purposeful, and hopeful. Without it there is no meaning to the daily round of human life.

One might expect the Legend of the Grand Inquisitor to be narrated by a believer. It is not. It is a prose poem composed by Ivan, the Karamazov brother who is the rationalist and the man of “the Euclidean mind.” He, like the believer, is passionately involved in the Gospel but in terms of its rejection, because it does not conform to his logic or his demand for “justice.” He cannot understand why the world is arranged as it is. The only logical thing left for him to do is to return his ticket to existence. But to whom is he to return it? “And so I hasten to give back my entrance ticket, and if I am an honest man, I am bound to give it back as soon as possible. And that I am doing. It’s not God that I don’t accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return him the ticket.” Thus the idea of God is essential even for someone who is trying passionately to deny Him.

Alyosha, the believing brother, understands this tormented position and classifies it as rebellion; the rebellion of the disbeliever, who must have “justice.” If he cannot have it, then he has no recourse but to destroy himself. In analyzing his brother’s position Alyosha is describing man after the fall, man in rebellion against God, man seeking to be as God. Thus sin is not passive but active; not simply a failure to obey God’s command, but a deliberate refusal to obey; indeed, an act of defiance.

Ivan, in telling “The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor,” is thus telling his own story. He rebels against God’s ordering of creation and denies the effectiveness of Christ’s redemption. His Euclidean mind rejects the reality of God, man, and nature because it does not measure up to his formula of justice. Although he agonizes over the suffering of innocent children, he does so nevertheless, not from his love of them, but rather from his idea of its injustice. He confesses, “I never could understand how one can love one’s neighbors. It’s just one’s neighbors, to my mind, that one can’t love, though one might love people at a distance.” “One can love one’s neighbors in the abstract.” Such is the position of the Grand Inquisitor.

For love of humanity he has assumed the burden of its freedom, a freedom too great for the people to bear. In assuming this burden he has chosen the way of the three temptations, which Jesus rejected for the sake of freedom. Thus he tells Jesus, “At last we have completed that work in Thy name... Today people are more persuaded than ever that they have perfect freedom, yet they have brought their freedom to us and laid it humbly at our feet.”

The freedom to which the Grand Inquisitor refers is the freedom of illusion. At best it is an idea and no more than that. Thus he believes himself to be justified in giving the masses bread in exchange for its soul. The mystery of his ideology replaces the divine mystery. By means of it the people assume that the bondage enforced by “the sword of Caesar” is indeed the freedom they seek.

The tragic irony of Ivan’s situation is thus reflected in the image of the Grand Inquisitor. Both of them understand the mystery of the Gospel as the

mystery of divine/human freedom, yet they cannot accept it. They are in bondage. In rejecting the deliverance offered to them in the God-man they have chosen to be the man-God; the man who rules the Tower of Babel, or any tyranny in any time and in any place. It is on this note that the Legend ends. Jesus whom the Grand Inquisitor has condemned, kisses “his bloodless, aged lips.” “The kiss glows in his heart, but the old man adheres to his idea.” For the sake of his idea he condemns Jesus who is the Word become flesh. The passion of his Euclidean thinking leaves him with no alternative.

Dostoyevsky raises the question about the Gospel: What is it? The answer is that it is the good news of our deliverance. St. Paul’s great affirmation in Galatians 5:1 is the triumphant note of freedom achieved for us in and by Christ, “For freedom Christ set us free.” This is not just an idea invented by scholars. It is the costly action of God in His freedom. This freedom has awful consequences. We have the freedom to defy the living God who has created us. What we term the Fall is an act of freedom. It is a negative freedom, however; it is that of rebellion. This is our condition without God—rebels who are driven by pride to assume what they imagine to be the power of God over others. We claim the freedom to sin, but we are unwilling to assume its consequences. We turn to Satan for justification, as the Grand Inquisitor (or Ivan) did. He is their invention as the justifier of their rebellion. These are the Grand Inquisitor’s words: “The wise and dread spirit, the spirit of self-destruction and nonexistence, the great spirit talked with Thee [Jesus] in the wilderness.” For both him and Ivan the miracle is not our Lord’s rejection of the three temptations, but their own invention and preservation of them. They are “the whole future history of the world and of humanity.” They represent the choice of human pride, the original sin.

Although humankind has chosen to rebel against God, God has not rebelled against it and all its members. His love will not let them go. Makar presents this truth, “I’d be frightened to meet a truly godless man...I’ve never really met a man like that. What I have met were restless men, for that’s what

they should really be called.... They come from all classes, even the lowest... but it's all restlessness." This restlessness describes the situation of all who were called to be pilgrims on the way to the Eternal City but have lost their way because they have lost sight of their destination. They have, therefore, given away their inheritance and lost their destiny, like the Prodigal Son. God, however, is there! He has made us for Himself!

Dostoyevsky seems to be indicating that man without God is nothing. The background for his writing is that of nineteenth century secularism. The "Enlightenment" had surpassed the Reformation to affirm as truth the idea of a godless cosmos, in which the state is supreme and its subjects have lost the dignity of the divine image. Erich Fromm was correct in stating that the intellectuals got rid of God in the eighteenth century and of man in the nineteenth. Dostoyevsky reminds us, however, that God and man cannot be destroyed by this idea. Perhaps two of the darkest rebels are the old father Karamazov, who represents the collective sin of Russia, and Stavrogin in *The Possessed*, who is the second generation rebel and revolutionary. Like Lenin and his successors, Stavrogin had come to the position of assuming that without God all things such as terrorism and murder—are permissible. The Elder Zossima describes such a condition as hell; he reflects upon the question, "What is hell?" and answers it by replying that it is "the suffering of being unable to love." Such is the awful consequence of the freedom granted to us to negate God, and with Him our origin and destiny.

Creative freedom, on the other hand, is an act of Grace. The Gospel bears witness to the only One who was and is truly free. Like the pious people of the peasantry, Dostoyevsky saw the humiliation of God in Jesus, as it is described by St. Paul in Philippians 2:5-11, as the essence of the Gospel. This humiliation as the essence of the Gospel is, however, a phase of the divine exaltation in which we are included. In this respect the teaching of Irenaeus in the second century A.D. had a great deal of influence upon the spiritual life of the Russian Orthodox Church. His teaching is more timely than ever: namely,

God became man that man might become one with God.

In *Crime and Punishment* Dostoyevsky tells the story of Raskolnikov, who believes himself to be liberated from the old morality of Christian culture to the extent that he is free to murder a woman whom he presumes to be a useless member of society. His crime appears to be without purpose and without passion. He is one of those who prides himself upon his inability to love. Yet it is by the love of Sonia, a Russian version of Mary Magdalene, that he is claimed by Grace. He sees in her “a sort of insatiable compassion” which leads him to his first act of repentance. While still trying to believe in his freedom from God he turns to her, bends down, drops to the ground, and kisses her foot. This irrational act adds to his confusion to the extent that he tries to dismiss her as a “religious maniac.” Nevertheless, he asks her to read the miracle of the raising of Lazarus. This she does. In doing so she reads it in such a way that her reading of it is her great confession: “Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the son of God which should come into the world.” By her faith the power of Grace that brought Lazarus from the corruption of the grave is repeated in the experience of Raskolnikov. He has the assurance that by this Grace he will be forgiven at the Last Judgment. He is thus liberated from the bondage of sin, guilt, and fear.

As Sonia, the humiliated woman, is the agent of Raskolnikov’s redemption, so the humiliated people of Russia will be the agent of its deliverance from the consequences of the sin of the nineteenth century intellectuals. This is a prophecy that may well be in the process of being fulfilled at the moment. “But God will save Russia as He has saved her many times. Salvation will come from the people, from their faith and their weakness.” It is those who share in the fellowship of suffering that share in the liberating action of the living God. The eyes of their faith are opened by Grace so that they behold the mystery of God revealed in Christ’s agony on the Cross. They understand, as the intellectuals cannot, that their salvation is beyond rational knowledge. It is of faith, for faith is our response to God’s revelation in Christ.

At this point it may be well to think about Dostoyevskv's free characters. Three in particular are:

1. The underground man—or the equivalent of the ant who lives under the floorboards—is the man who dares to be free no matter how irrational such a claim may be. Despite the rational structuring of society and the attempted abolition of human freedom, he refuses to be a stop in the organ that can be pulled and pressed at the command of some superorganist. He is free to be absurd and to defy the system.
2. Prince Myshkin of *The Idiot* is the aristocrat who disregards the position granted to him by birth and wealth in order to take his place among the people in his freedom to be a fool in the eyes of his peers for Christ's sake. His identity is with the humiliated Christ, and as such he is called upon to engage in His acts of deliverance. In his love for Nastasya Filippovna he is moved to bring—or at least to make the attempt to bring—Christ's salvation to her, mad though she may be. In doing so he is reflecting the image of Christ—thus incurring the wrath of his critics who abuse and despise him and yet inwardly love him, even as the repentant rebel on the Cross turned to Jesus beseeching deliverance. In describing the witness of the Prince, Dostoyevsky seems to be drawing upon the image of the suffering Messiah of Isaiah 52:13—53:12, which in turn is similar to the great kenotic passage in Philippians 2; Prince Myshkin thus is free to suffer. This is the cross he has accepted.
3. Alyosha is the pilgrim, and disciple, who learns that by repentance we participate in the benefits of Christ's deliverance and are thus set free to love and to be responsible. Like Raskolnikov he is captured by Grace. It is not his doing nor even of his seeking. Salvation is a happening beyond the control of church or state. It is an ecstasy of response to the wind of God that blows where it wills.

The miracle of Grace in Alyosha's life is related to Christ's first miracle at the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee. By the narration of this miracle

Alyosha becomes aware that Christ visits people in their gladness to intensify their joy. Again, it is the humiliated who possess the gladness to respond ecstatically to the joy of Christ.

It is the Elder Zossima, who in reflecting the Grace of Jesus, leads Alyosha into His presence. By him he was called to participate in the joy of the celebration. Thus, in his dream, he perceives that the dead Elder Zossima is alive in the power of the resurrection. It is to this life eternal that he is invited as the Elder Zossima takes him by the hand to raise him from his knees. As he rises he hears the starets say, "We are drinking the new wine, the wine of new, great gladness."

Suddenly the mystery is revealed. His soul is filled to overflowing with rapture. In his ecstasy he throws himself down on the earth to kiss it and water it with his tears. By this unprecedented act "He had fallen on the earth a weak boy, but he rose up a resolute champion.... 'Someone visited my soul in that hour.'" How similar this is to the humiliation and exaltation of Raskolnikov.

Alyosha not only waters the earth with his tears and loves the stars, he also assumes the responsibility of "all men's sins." By such an act of love he fulfills the purpose of his freedom and participates in God's continuing work of redemption. It is only by such love that he learns to "perceive the divine mystery in things." This exhortation by Zossima is a moving poem of agape. In such love we may understand better the beatitude of the meek inheriting the earth.

Alyosha is the Christian who, in his freedom, responds to the living Gospel. In responding he freely accepts responsibility for the sins and salvation of his fellow sinners. He loves *in* the love of Christ. By such love the condemnation of the ultimate judgment is overcome, and the mystery of the revelation is understood. Behind such a position we may note the good news of John 3:16: God loved, God gave His Son, God gives eternal life, God sets us free from the bondage of sin. Along with it is the testimony of St. John in the fourth chapter of his first letter: "God is love... There is no room for fear in love; perfect love banishes fear... We love because He loved us first." Dostoyevsky's love of the

Gospel is thus clearly evident in his writings, and Alyosha reflects his own pilgrimage to the City of God, the Kingdom which is not of this world.

Dostoyevsky's hosanna of faith was hammered out on the anvil of doubt. Doubt does not imply ignorance, nor denial of the Gospel, but rather the testing of the truth of the Gospel. He tells in his *Diary of a Writer* that he was brought up in a pious Russian family. He received instruction in the Gospel "almost from the cradle." Such an upbringing was unusual among the Russian intellectuals of that time. Their interest was not in the Church and the tradition it represented but in the apparently new and exciting philosophies of the Enlightenment. The theories of rationalism, romanticism, positivism, agnosticism, humanism, nihilism, anarchism, and communism were standard fare at the dinner tables of the aristocratic intellectuals. It is sometimes affirmed that the tragedy of Russia is that it never enjoyed the civilizing influence of the Renaissance. I do not think this is true. From the time of Peter the Great on the intellectual climate of Russia was influenced by the ideas spawned in the post-Renaissance period of the West. Those of the 19th century expressed the rejection of Christianity and its moral principles, which had contributed to the development of Western democracy. Such was the intellectual atmosphere that involved Dostoyevsky in the struggle of faith.

His writings reveal that he remembered a great deal of his early Christian education. The book of Job made a lasting impression upon him. It is the story of the righteous man who suffered and through his suffering came to participate in a personal dialogue with the living God. What had once been hearsay was transcended into fact by meeting God face-to-face. In seeing God, Job repented in humiliation through which his former life of superficial righteousness was discarded for the righteousness of the right relationship granted to him by the action of God. Reference to this spiritual experience is made by Staretz Zossima in his account of his fascination with Job at the age of eight.

Along with his instruction in the Gospel went instruction in the stories of the

saints. The one that made a deep impression on him was the account of a fourteenth-century Russian saint by the name of Sergey. This saint lived as a hermit in the forest, sustaining himself daily by a piece of bread. One day he encountered a large bear at the entrance of his hut. Instead of running away, the saint befriended the bear and shared his meager rations with him. Thereafter, the bear visited him daily. Dostoyevsky refers to this story in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Its influence is obvious in Staretz Zossima's great poem of love: "Love all God's creation... Love the animals, love the plants, love everything."

Another influence was that of the monks in their monasteries. Dostoyevsky regarded them as expressing the purest form of spiritual life. They turned away from the lusts of the flesh and worldly power to be with God, to identify with the poor and the outcasts just as Jesus had done, and to serve them in love. Thus the portrait Dostoyevsky gives us of his ideal Christian is that of Zossima, who like himself had once been a slave of pride. In his pride and anger and for no reason, he had mercilessly beaten his batman (servant) in the army. By repentance he participated in the new life of the Spirit and in utter humility sought the forgiveness of the peasant he had wronged.

The publication of his *Poor Folk* in 1846 may mark the time of his change from being a conventional Christian to becoming a radical socialist and atheist. Belinsky befriended him and hailed his book as a work of great literary art. The radical intellectuals of this period regarded Belinsky as their hero. In following his leadership Dostoyevsky took the way that led to his arrest and the death sentence in 1849. At the moment of execution he was reprieved. We may imagine what a traumatic experience that was. It marks the change from the intellectual dilettante playing with ideas like a Greek hero-God to his involvement with sinners as a sinner. He gives us a description of this terrifying moment in *The Idiot* when he describes the scene of the mass of people come to watch the execution and the loneliness of the victim. As spectators they watch the priest holding the cross for the victim to kiss "with his blue lips."

After this reprieve he served four years of hard labor and then five years of

exile in Siberia. Those were years of utter humiliation. His very moving *The House of the Dead*, which was written from his diary, tells the story of his suffering and his depression. It was “a time of living burial.” It was also the time of his crucifixion and resurrection. On his way to prison a woman thrust a New Testament into his hand. This provided him with the means of entering into and dwelling in the passion and exaltation of Jesus. Suffering had become a way of the cross for him even after his return from Siberian exile. His lot was one of sickness, poverty, debts, and overwork. The fruits of his suffering, however, are his literary achievements. Because of his debts he was forced to become an exile, yet once again. In this exile he wrote *The Idiot* and *The Possessed*.

As well as being a description of his degradation, *The House of the Dead* is a metaphor of human existence similar to the one used earlier by Pascal: namely, we are all cast into the death cell, and we experience daily our own death in the death of the other. This may be regarded as the basis of Christian existentialism. Descartes’ famous dictum, *Cogito, ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am), presumes that reason precedes existence. This is the fallacious premise which closed the Fabian intellect of Ivan Karamazov to the primacy of existence. But sin is not a failure of conditioning or an unwholesome idea. It is the major fact of the human condition. It was this fact that turned Dostoyevsky from Belinsky and his nihilistic revolutionary theories, to Christ and His Gospel. *The Possessed* (or *The Devils*) is an illustration of the descent from utopian socialism to the blind, black pit of demonic rebellion. It is also a prophecy of Russia’s future, in which it would surrender to the Temptations of “wonder” bread and power and give its soul to the Grand Inquisitor.

The awful nature of evil as our rebellion against God, which Dostoyevsky portrayed so vividly, has troubled many of his critics. He has been judged as a pathologically disturbed person unduly fascinated by the despair of depression. Such a criticism is in essence a reflection of the Euclidean mind. The romantic vision of a utopia governed by the ideologically enlightened “philosopher kings” is one that ignores our present existence. Such utopias are

seldom more than the projections of the present place and time idealized in order to conform to our judgments. In other words, they are constructed from what is at hand, including the injustices we wish to correct. One example of this is Freud's analysis of Dostoyevsky in which he accused him of denigrating acceptable morality by plunging his characters into the pit of evil and then exalting them, as in the case of Raskolnikov, to the heights of moral excellence. Another example is that of a critic who described Dostoyevsky as "The Rasputin of literature." In the manner of Ivan, such critics can allow no place for the acceptance of the mystery of Grace.

Admittedly his works could be described as psychopathological but only by those who are ignorant of the Gospel he came to love so well. The Good News is that God in Christ has entered into our condition to the extent of dying for us on the Cross. He is with us, that is, at the moment of our ultimate failure, to transform it into the beauty of eternal life. By faith, we enjoy the wonder of Christ's presence. As at the Wedding Feast at Cana, His presence is an occasion of great joy.

The present revival of religion in the Soviet Union owes much to Dostoyevsky and his early admirers. He has made an enormous contribution to the Christian thinkers who have been, and are, leaders in this spiritual reformation. Perhaps the best and most revealing testimony to his witness is that made by Nicholas A. Berdyaev in his admirable book *Dostoyevsky*. He writes, "He stirred and lifted up my soul more than any other writer or philosopher has done, and for me people are always divided into 'dostoyevskyites' and those to whom his spirit is foreign... 'The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor,' in particular, made such an impression on my young mind that when I turned to Jesus Christ for the first time, I saw him under the appearance that He bears in the Legend."

ERNEST GORDON
AUTHOR OF *Miracle on the River Kwai*

FAITH IN GOD—MAN'S
VENTURE

The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor

This "prose poem" from The Brothers Karamazov is probably the climax of Dostoyevsky's religious confessions. It is recited by Ivan Karamazov, who refuses to recognize God although he admits God's existence.

HE CAME SOFTLY, UNOBSERVED, and yet, strange to say, everyone recognized Him. The people are irresistibly drawn to Him, they surround Him, they flock about Him, follow Him. He moves silently in their midst with a gentle smile of infinite compassion. The sun of love burns in His heart; light and power shine from His eyes; and their radiance, shed on the people, stirs their hearts with responsive love. He holds out His hands to them and blesses them and a healing virtue comes from contact with Him, even with His garments. An old man in the crowd, blind from childhood, cries out, 'O Lord, heal me and I shall see Thee!' and as it were, scales fall from his eyes and the blind man sees Him. The people weep and kiss the earth under His feet. Children throw flowers before Him, sing, and cry hosannah. 'It is He—it is He!' all repeat. 'It must be He, it can be no one but He!' He stops at the steps of the Seville cathedral at the moment when the weeping mourners are bringing in a little open white coffin. In it lies a child of seven, the only daughter of a prominent citizen. The dead child lies hidden in flowers. 'He will raise your child,' the crowd shouts to the weeping mother. The priest, coming to meet the coffin, looks perplexed and frowns, but the mother of the dead child throws herself at His feet with a wail. 'If it is You, raise my child!' she cries, holding out her

hands to Him. The procession halts, the coffin is laid on the steps at His feet. He looks with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce, ‘Talitha cumi!’ and the maiden arises. The little girl sits up in the coffin and looks round, smiling with wide-open wondering eyes, holding white roses they had put in her hand.

“There are cries, sobs, confusion among the people, and at that moment the cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal’s robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Roman Church—at this moment he is wearing his coarse, old monk’s cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the ‘holy guard.’ He stops at the sight of the crowd and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them set the coffin down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick grey brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the guards take Him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately make way for the guards, and in the midst of deathlike silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away. The crowd, like one man, instantly bows down to the earth before the old inquisitor. He blesses the people in silence and passes on. The guards lead their prisoner to the close, gloomy vaulted prison in the ancient palace of the Holy Inquisition and shut Him in it. The day passes and is followed by the dark, burning, breathless night of Seville. The air is fragrant with laurel and lemon. In the pitch darkness the iron door of the prison is suddenly opened and the Grand Inquisitor himself comes in with a light in his hand. He is alone; the door is closed at once behind him. He stands in the doorway and for a minute or two gazes into His face. At last he goes up slowly, sets the light on the table and speaks.

“‘Is it You? You?’ but receiving no answer, he adds at once, ‘Don’t answer,

be silent. What can You say, indeed? I know too well what You would say. And You have no right to add anything to what You have said of old. Why then, are You come to hinder us? For You have come to hinder us, and You know that. But You know what will be tomorrow? I know not who You are and care not to know whether it is You or only a semblance of Him, but tomorrow I shall condemn You and burn You at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Your feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Your fire. Know You that? Yes, maybe You know it,' he added with thoughtful penetration, never for a moment taking his eyes off the Prisoner."

"I don't quite understand, Ivan. What does it mean?" Alyosha, who had been listening in silence, said with a smile. "Is it simply a wild fantasy, or a mistake on the part of the old man—some impossible confusion?"

"Take it as the last," said Ivan, laughing, "if you are so corrupted by modern realism and can't stand anything fantastic. If you like it to be a case of mistaken identity, let it be so. It is true," he went on, laughing, "the old man was ninety, and he might well be crazy over his set idea. He might have been struck by the appearance of the Prisoner. It might, in fact, be simply his ravings, the delusion of an old man of ninety, over-excited by the auto-da-fé of a hundred heretics the day before. But does it matter to us after all whether it was a mistake of identity or a wild fantasy? All that matters is that the old man should speak out, should speak openly of what he has thought in silence for ninety years."

"And the Prisoner too is silent? Does He look at him and not say a word?"

"That's inevitable in any case," Ivan laughed again. "The old man has told Him He hasn't the right to add anything to what He has said of old. One may say it is the most fundamental feature of Roman Catholicism, in my opinion at least. 'All has been given by You to the Pope,' he says, 'and all, therefore, is still in the Pope's hands, and there is no need for You to come now at all. You must not meddle for the time, at least.' That's how they speak and write too—the Jesuits,

at any rate. I have read it myself in the works of their theologians.

“‘Have You the right to reveal to us one of the mysteries of that world You have come from?’ my old man asks Him, and answers the question for Him. ‘No, You have not; so You may not add to what has been said of old, and may not take from men the freedom which You exalted when You were on earth. Whatever You might reveal anew will encroach on men’s freedom of faith; for it will be manifest as a miracle, and the freedom of their faith was dearer to You than anything in those days fifteen hundred years ago. Did You not often say then, “I will make you free”? But now You have seen these “free” men,’ the old man adds suddenly, with a pensive smile. ‘Yes, we’ve paid dearly for it,’ he goes on, looking sternly at Him, ‘but at last we have completed that work in Your name. For fifteen centuries we have been wrestling with Your freedom, but now it is ended and over for good. Do You not believe that it’s over for good? You look meekly at me and do not deign even to be wroth with me. But let me tell You that now, today, people are more persuaded than ever that they have perfect freedom, yet they have brought their freedom to us and laid it humbly at our feet. But that has been our doing. Was this what You did? Was this Your freedom?...

“‘The wise and dread spirit, the spirit of self-destruction and non-existence’ the old man goes on, ‘the great spirit talked with You in the wilderness, and we are told in the books that he “tempted” You. Is that so? And could anything truer be said than what he revealed to You in three questions and what You rejected, and what in the books are called “the temptations”? And yet if there has ever been on earth a real and stupendous miracle, it took place on that day, on the day of the three temptations. The statement of those three questions was itself the miracle. If it were possible to imagine simply for the sake of argument that those three questions of the dread spirit had perished utterly from the books and that we had to restore them and to invent them anew and to do so had gathered together all the wise men of the earth—rulers, chief priests, learned men, philosophers, poets—and had set them the task to invent three

questions such as would not only fit the occasion but express in three words, three human phrases, the whole future history of the world and of humanity—do You believe that all the wisdom of the earth brought together could have invented anything in depth and force equal to the three questions which were actually put to You then by the wise and mighty spirit in the wilderness? From those questions alone, from the miracle of their statement, we can see that we have to do here not with the fleeting human intelligence but with the absolute and eternal. For in those three questions the whole subsequent history of mankind is foretold, as it were, gathered together into one whole and uniting in them all the unsolved historical contradictions of human nature. At the time it could not be so clear, since the future was unknown; but now that fifteen hundred years have passed, we see that everything in those three questions was so rightly divined and foretold and so truly fulfilled that nothing can be added to them or taken from them.

“Judge Yourself who was right—You or he who questioned You then. Remember the first question; its meaning, in other words, was this: “You would go into the world, and are going with empty hands, with some promise of freedom that men in their simplicity and their natural unruliness cannot even understand, that they fear and dread—for nothing has ever been more unbearable for a man and a human society than freedom. But see You these stones in this parched and barren wilderness? Turn them into bread, and mankind will run after You like a flock of sheep, grateful and obedient, though for ever trembling, lest You withdraw Your hand and deny them Your bread.” But You would not deprive man of freedom and rejected the offer, thinking, “What is that freedom worth if obedience is bought with bread?” You replied that man lives not by bread alone. But do You know that for the sake of that earthly bread the spirit of the earth will rise up against You and will strive with You and overcome You, and all will follow him, crying, “Who can compare with this beast? He has given us fire from heaven!” Do You know that the ages will pass, and humanity will proclaim by the lips of their sages that there is

no crime, and therefore no sin; there is only hunger? “Feed men, and then ask of them virtue!” That’s what they’ll write on the banner they will raise against You, with which they will destroy Your temple. Where Your temple stood will rise a new building; the terrible tower of Babel will be built again, and though, like the one of old, it will not be finished, yet You might have prevented that new tower and have cut short the sufferings of men by a thousand years; for they will come back to us after a thousand years of agony with their tower. They will seek us again, hidden underground in the catacombs, for we shall be again persecuted and tortured. They will find us and cry to us, “Feed us, for those who have promised us fire from heaven haven’t given it!” And then we shall finish building their tower, for he who feeds them finishes the building. And we alone shall feed them in Your name, declaring falsely that it is in Your name. Oh, never, never can they feed themselves without us! No science will give them bread so long as they remain free. In the end they will lay their freedom at our feet and say to us, “Make us your slaves, but feed us.” They themselves will understand at last that freedom and bread enough for all are inconceivable together, for never, never will they be able to share fairly between them! They will be convinced, too, that they can never be free, for they are weak, vicious, worthless, and rebellious.

“You promised them the bread of Heaven, but I repeat again, can it compare with earthly bread in the eyes of the weak, ever sinful and ever ignoble race of man? And if for the sake of the bread of Heaven thousands and tens of thousands will follow You, what is to become of the millions and tens of thousands of millions of creatures who will not have the strength to forego the earthly bread for the sake of the heavenly? Or do You care only for the tens of thousands of the great and strong while the millions, numerous as the sands of the sea, who are weak but love You must exist only for the sake of the great and strong? No, we care for the weak too. They are sinful and rebellious, but in the end they too will become obedient. They will marvel at us and look on us as gods because we are ready to endure freedom and rule over them—so

awful will freedom seem to them.

“But we shall tell them that we are Your servants and rule them in Your name. We shall deceive them again, for we will not let You come near us again. That deception will be our suffering, for we shall be forced to lie. This is the significance of the first question in the wilderness, and this is what You rejected for the sake of that freedom which You exalted above everything. Yet in this question lies hidden the great secret of this world. Choosing “bread,” You would have satisfied the universal and everlasting craving of humanity—to find someone to worship. So long as man remains free he strives for nothing so incessantly and so painfully as to find someone to worship. But man seeks to worship what is established beyond dispute, so that all men would agree at once to worship it. For these pitiful creatures are concerned not only to find what one or the other can worship but to find something that all would believe in and worship; what is essential is that all may be *together* in it. This craving for *community* of worship is the chief misery of every man individually and of all humanity from the beginning of time. For the sake of common worship they’ve slain each other with the sword. They have set up gods and challenged one another, “Put away your gods and come and worship ours, or we will kill you and your gods!” And so it will be to the end of the world, even when gods disappear from the earth; they will fall down before idols just the same. You knew, You could not help knowing, this fundamental secret of human nature, but You rejected the one infallible banner which was offered You to make all men bow down to You alone—the banner of earthly bread; and You rejected it for the sake of freedom and the bread of Heaven. Behold what You did further. And all again in the name of freedom! I tell You that man is tormented by no greater anxiety than to find someone quickly to whom he can hand over that gift of freedom with which the ill-fated creature is born. But only the one who can appease their conscience can take over their freedom. In bread there was offered You an invincible banner; give bread, and man will worship You, for nothing is more certain than bread. But if someone

else gains possession of his conscience—oh! then he will cast away Your bread and follow after the one who has ensnared his conscience. In that You were right. For the secret of man's being is not only to live but to have something to live for. Without a clear conception of the object of life, man would not consent to go on living and would rather destroy himself than remain on earth, though he had bread in abundance. That is true. But what happened? Instead of taking men's freedom from them, You made it greater than ever! Did You forget that man prefers peace and even death to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil? Nothing is more seductive for man than his freedom of conscience, but nothing is a greater cause of suffering. And behold, instead of giving a firm foundation for setting the conscience of man at rest forever, You chose all that is exceptional, vague, and enigmatic; You chose what was utterly beyond the strength of men, acting as though You did not love them at all—You who came to give Your life for them! Instead of taking possession of men's freedom, You increased it, and burdened the spiritual kingdom of mankind with its sufferings forever. You desired man's free love so that he should follow You freely, enticed and taken captive by You. In place of the rigid, ancient law, man must hereafter with free heart decide for himself what is good and what is evil, having only Your image before him as his guide. But did You not know he would at last reject even Your image and Your truth if he is weighed down with the fearful burden of free choice? They will cry aloud at last that the truth is not in You, for they could not have been left in greater confusion and suffering than You have caused, laying upon them so many cares and unanswerable problems.

“So that, in truth, You Yourself laid the foundation for the destruction of Your kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. Yet what was offered You? There are three-powers, three powers alone, able to conquer and hold captive forever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their own happiness—those forces are miracle, mystery, and authority. You have rejected all three and have set the example for doing so. When the wise and dread spirit

set You on the pinnacle of the temple and said to You, "If You would know whether You are the Son of God, then cast Yourself down, for it is written: the angels shall hold him up lest he fall and bruise himself, and You shall know then whether You are the Son of God and shall prove then how great is Your faith in Your Father." But You refused and would not cast Yourself down. Oh! of course, You did proudly and well, like God; but the weak, unruly race of men, are they gods? Oh, You knew then that in taking one step, in making one movement to cast Yourself down, You would be tempting God and have lost all Your faith in Him, and would have been dashed to pieces against that earth which You came to save. And the wise spirit that tempted You would have rejoiced.

"But I ask again, are there many like You? And could You believe for one moment that men too could face such a temptation? Is the nature of men such that they can reject miracles and at the great moments of their life, the moments of their deepest, most agonizing spiritual difficulties, cling only to the free verdict of the heart? Oh, You knew that Your deed would be recorded in books, would be handed down to remote times and the utmost ends of the earth, and You hoped that man, following You, would cling to God and not ask for a miracle. But You did not know that when man rejects miracles, he rejects God too; for man seeks not so much God as the miraculous. And as man cannot bear to be without the miraculous, he will create new miracles of his own for himself and will worship deeds of sorcery and witchcraft, though he might be a hundred times over a rebel, heretic, and infidel. You did not come down from the Cross when they shouted to You, mocking and reviling You, "Come down from the cross and we will believe that You are He." You did not come down, for again You would not enslave man by a miracle and craved faith given freely, not based on miracle. You craved love freely given and not the base raptures of the slave before the might that has overawed him forever. But You thought too highly of men therein, for they are slaves, of course, though rebellious by nature. Look round and judge: fifteen centuries have

passed; look upon them. Whom have You raised up to Yourself? I swear, man is weaker and baser by nature than You have believed him! Can he, can he do what You did? By showing him so much respect, You did, as it were, cease to feel for him for You asked far too much from him—You who have loved him more than Yourself! Respecting him less, You would have asked less of him. That would have been more like love, for his burden would have been lighter. He is weak and vile. What though he is everywhere now rebelling against our power, and proud of his rebellion? It is the pride of a child and a schoolboy. They are little children rioting and barring out the teacher at school.

“But their childish delight will end; it will cost them dear. They will cast down temples and drench the earth with blood. But they will see at last, the foolish children, that though they are rebels, they are impotent rebels, unable to keep up their own rebellion. Bathed in their foolish tears, they will recognize at last that He who created them rebels must have meant to mock at them. They will say this in despair, and their utterance will be a blasphemy that will make them more unhappy still, for man’s nature cannot bear blasphemy, and in the end always avenges it on itself. And so unrest, confusion, and unhappiness—that is the present lot of man after You bore so much for their freedom!

“Your great prophet tells in vision and in image that he saw all those who took part in the first resurrection and that there were of each tribe twelve thousand. But if there were so many of them, they must have been gods, not men. They had borne Your cross, they had endured scores of years in the barren, hungry wilderness, living upon locusts and roots—and You can indeed point with pride at those children of freedom, of love freely given, of free and splendid sacrifice for Your name. But remember that they were only some thousands—and what of the rest? And how are the other weak ones to blame because they could not endure what the strong have endured? How is the weak soul to blame that it is unable to receive such terrible gifts? Can You have simply come to the elect and for the elect? But if so, it is a mystery and

we cannot understand it. And if it is a mystery, we too have a right to preach a mystery and to teach them that it's not the free judgment of their hearts, not love that matters, but a mystery that they must follow blindly, even against their conscience. So we have done.

“We have corrected Your work and have founded it upon *miracle, mystery* and *authority*. And men rejoiced that they were again led like sheep and that the terrible gift that had brought them such suffering was at last lifted from their hearts. Were we right teaching them this? Speak! Did we not love mankind when so meekly acknowledging their feebleness, lovingly lightening their burden, and permitting their weak nature even sin with our sanction?

“Why have You come now to hinder us? And why do You look silently and searchingly at me with Your mild eyes? Be angry. I don't want Your love, for I love You not. And what use is it for me to hide anything from You? Don't I know to Whom I am speaking? All that I can say is known to You already. And is it for me to conceal from You our mystery? Perhaps it is Your will to hear it from my lips. Listen, then. We are not working with You but with *him*—that is our mystery. It's long—eight centuries—since we have been on *his* side and not on Yours. Just eight centuries ago, we took from him what You rejected with scorn, that last gift he offered You, showing You all the kingdoms of the earth. We took from him Rome and the sword of Caesar, and proclaimed ourselves sole rulers of the earth, though hitherto we have not been able to complete our work. But whose fault is that?

“Oh, the work is only beginning, but it has begun. It has long to await completion and the earth has yet much to suffer, but we shall triumph and shall be Caesars, and then we shall plan the universal happiness of man. But You might even then have taken the sword of Caesar. Why did You reject that last gift? Had You accepted that last counsel of the mighty spirit, You would have accomplished all that man seeks on earth—that is, some one to worship, some one to keep his conscience, and some means of uniting all in one unanimous and harmonious ant-heap; for the craving for universal unity

is the third and last anguish of men. Mankind as a whole has always striven to organize a universal state. There have been many great nations with great histories, but the more highly they were developed the more unhappy they were, for they felt more acutely than other people the craving for worldwide union. The great conquerors, Timurs and Genghis Khans, whirled like hurricanes over the face of the earth striving to subdue its people, and they too were but the unconscious expression of the same craving for universal unity. Had You taken the world and Caesar's purple, You would have founded the universal state and have given universal peace. For who can rule men if not he who holds their conscience and their bread in his hands? We have taken the sword of Caesar, and in taking it we of course have rejected You and followed *him*. Oh, ages are yet to come of the confusion of free thought, of their science and cannibalism. For having begun to build their tower of Babel without us, they will end with cannibalism. But then the beast will crawl to us and lick our feet and spatter them with tears of blood. And we shall sit upon the beast and raise the cup, and on it will be written, "Mystery" But then, and only then, the reign of peace and happiness will come for men.

"You are proud of Your elect, but You have only the elect, while we give rest to all. And besides, how many of those elect, those mighty ones who could become elect, have grown weary waiting for You and have transferred and will transfer the powers of their spirit and the warmth of their heart to the other camp and end by raising their *free* banner against You. You Yourself lifted up that banner. But with us all will be happy and will rebel no more nor destroy one another as under Your freedom.

"Oh, we shall persuade them that they will only become free when they renounce their freedom to us and submit to us. And shall we be right or shall we be lying? They will be convinced that we are right, for they will remember the horrors of slavery and confusion to which Your freedom brought them. Freedom, free thought, and science will lead them into such straits and will bring them face to face with such marvels and insoluble mysteries that some

of them, the fierce and rebellious, will destroy themselves; others, rebellious but weak, will destroy one another; while the rest, weak and unhappy, will crawl fawning to our feet and whine to us: "Yes, you were right, you alone possess His mystery, and we come back to you—save us from ourselves!"

Receiving bread from us, they will see clearly that we take from them the bread made by their hands to give it to them without any miracle. They will see that we do not change the stones to bread, but in truth they will be more thankful for taking it from our hands than for the bread itself! For they will remember only too well that in the old days, without our help, even the bread they made turned to stones in their hands, while since they have come back to us, the very stones have turned to bread in their hands. Too, too well they know the value of complete submission! And until men know that, they will be unhappy. Who is most to blame for their not knowing it? Speak! Who scattered the flock and sent it astray on unknown paths? but the flock will come together again, will submit once more, and then it will be for good. Then we shall give them the quiet, humble happiness of weak creatures such as they are by nature. Oh, we shall persuade them at last not to be proud, for You lifted them up and thereby taught them to be proud. We shall show them that they are weak, that they are only pitiful children, but that childlike happiness is the sweetest of all. They will become timid and will look to us and huddle close to us in fear, as chicks to the hen. They will marvel at us and will be awe-stricken before us and will be proud at our being so powerful and clever that we have been able to subdue such a turbulent flock of thousands of millions. They will tremble impotently before our wrath, their minds will grow fearful, they will be quick to shed tears like women and children, but they will be just as ready at a sign from us to pass to laughter and rejoicing, to happy mirth and childish song. Yes, we shall set them to work, but in their leisure hours we shall make their life like a child's game, with children's songs and innocent dance.

"Oh, we shall allow them even sin—they are weak and helpless—and they will love us like children because we allow them to sin. We shall tell them

that every sin will be expiated if it is done with our permission, that we allow them to sin because we love them, and that the punishment for these sins we take upon ourselves. And we shall take it upon ourselves, and they will adore us as their saviors who have taken on themselves their sins before God. And they will have no secrets from us. We shall allow or forbid them to live with their wives and mistresses, to have or not to have children—according to whether they have been obedient or disobedient—and they will submit to us gladly and cheerfully. They will bring to us all the most painful secrets of their conscience—all—and we shall have an answer for everything. And they will be glad to believe our answer, for it will save them from the great anxiety and terrible agony they endure at present in making a free decision for themselves. And all will be happy, all the millions of creatures except the hundred thousand who rule over them. For only we, we who guard the mystery, shall be unhappy. There will be thousands of millions of happy babes and a hundred thousand sufferers who have taken upon themselves the curse of the knowledge of good and evil. Peacefully they will die, peacefully they will expire in Your name, and beyond the grave they will find nothing but death. But we shall keep the secret, and for their happiness we shall allure them with the reward of heaven and eternity. Though if there were anything in the other world, it certainly would not be for such as they.

“It is prophesied that You will come again in victory, You will come with Your chosen, the proud and strong, but we will say that they have only saved themselves, whereas we have saved all. We are told that the harlot who sits upon the beast and holds in her hands the *mystery* shall be put to shame, that the weak will rise up again and will rend her royal purple and will strip naked her loathsome body. But then I will stand up and point out to You the thousand millions of happy children who have known no sin. And we who have taken their sins upon us for their happiness will stand up before You and say: “Judge us if You can and dare.” Know that I fear You not. Know that I too have been in the wilderness, I too have lived on roots and locusts, I too prized the freedom

with which You have blessed men, and I too was striving to stand among Your elect, among the strong and powerful, thirsting “to make up the number.” But I awakened and would not serve madness. I turned back and joined the ranks of those *who have corrected Your work*. I left the proud and went back to the humble for the happiness of the humble. What I say to You will come to pass, and our dominion will be built up. I repeat, tomorrow You shall see that obedient flock who at a sign from me will hasten to heap up the hot cinders about the pile on which I shall burn You for coming to hinder us. For if anyone has ever deserved our fires, it is You. Tomorrow I shall burn You. I have spoken.’

“When the Inquisitor ceased speaking, he waited some time for his Prisoner to answer him; His silence weighed down upon him. He saw that the Prisoner had listened intently all the time, looking gently in his face and evidently not wishing to reply. The old man longed for Him to say something, however bitter and terrible. But He suddenly approached the old man in silence and softly kissed him on his bloodless, aged lips. That was all his answer. The old man shuddered. His lips moved. He went to the door, opened it, and said to Him: ‘Go, and come no more—come not at all, never, never!’ And he let Him out into the dark alleys of the town. The Prisoner went away.”

“And the old man?”

“The kiss glows in his heart, but the old man adheres to his idea.”

MAN'S REBELLION AGAINST GOD

Rebellion

In The Brothers Karamazov, "Rebellion" immediately precedes "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." Like this legend it is directed by Ivan to Alyosha Karamazov, his younger brother, who is a novice living in a monastery outside the city.

"I MUST MAKE YOU one confession," Ivan began. "I could never understand how one can love one's neighbors. It's just one's neighbors, to my mind, that one can't love, though one might love people at a distance. I once read somewhere of John the Merciful, a saint, that when a hungry, frozen beggar came to him, he took him into his bed, held him in his arms, and began breathing into his mouth, which was putrid and loathsome from some awful disease. I am convinced that he did that in self-laceration, in a self-laceration of falsity, for the sake of the charity imposed by duty, as a penance laid on him. A man must be hidden for anyone to love him, for as soon as he shows his face, love is gone."

"Father Zossima has talked of that more than once," observed Alyosha. "He, too, said that the face of a man often hinders many people not practised in love from loving him. But yet there's a great deal of love in mankind, almost Christ-like Love. I know that myself, Ivan."

"Well, I know nothing of it so far, and can't understand it, and the innumerable mass of mankind are with me there. The question is whether that's due to men's bad qualities or whether it's inherent in their nature. To my thinking, Christ-like love for men is a miracle impossible on earth. He was

God. But we are not gods. Suppose I, for instance, suffer intensely. No one else can ever know how much I suffer, because he is another and not I. And what's more, a man is rarely ready to admit another's suffering (as if it were a distinction). Why won't he admit it, do you think?—because I smell bad, because I have a stupid face, because I once trod on his foot. Besides there is suffering and suffering; degrading, humiliating suffering such as humbles me—hunger, for instance—my benefactor will perhaps allow me; but when you come to higher suffering for an idea, for instance he will very rarely admit that, perhaps because my face strikes him as not at all what he fancies a man should have who suffers for an idea. And so he deprives me instantly of his favor, not at all from badness of heart. Beggars, especially genteel beggars, ought never to show themselves but ask for charity through the newspapers. One can love one's neighbors in the abstract or even at a distance, but at close quarters it's almost impossible. If it were as on the stage, in the ballet, where if beggars come in, they wear silken rags and tattered lace and beg for alms dancing gracefully, then one might like looking at them. But even then we should not love them.

“But enough of that. I simply wanted to show you my point of view. I meant to speak of the suffering of mankind generally, but we had better confine ourselves to the sufferings of children. That reduces the scope of my argument to a tenth of what it would be. Still we'd better keep to the children, though it does weaken my case. For in the first place, children can be loved even at close quarters, even when they are dirty, even when they are ugly (though I fancy children are never ugly). The second reason why I won't speak of grown-up people is that, besides being disgusting and unworthy of love, they have a compensation—they've eaten the apple and know good and evil, and they have become 'like gods.' They go on eating it still. But the children haven't eaten anything, and so far are innocent.

“Are you fond of children, Alyosha? I know you are, and you will understand why I prefer to speak of them. If they too suffer horribly on earth, they

must suffer for their fathers' sins, they must be punished for their fathers, who have eaten the apple; but that reasoning is of the other world and is incomprehensible for the heart of man here on earth. The innocent must not suffer for another's sins, and especially such innocents! You may be surprised at me, Alyosha, but I am awfully fond of children, too. And observe—cruel people, the violent, the rapacious, the Karamazovs, are sometimes very fond of children. Children while they are quite little—up to seven, for instance—are so remote from grown-up people; they are different creatures, as it were, of a different species. I knew a criminal in prison who had, in the course of his career as a burglar, murdered whole families, including several children. But when he was in prison, he had a strange affection for them. He spent all his time at his window, watching the children playing in the prison yard. He trained one little boy to come up to his window and made great friends with him... You don't know why I am telling you all this, Alyosha? My head aches and I am sad."

"You speak with a strange air," observed Alyosha uneasily, "as though you were not quite yourself."

"By the way, a Bulgarian I met lately in Moscow," Ivan went on, seeming not to hear his brother's words, "told me about the crimes committed by Turks and Circassians in all parts of Bulgaria through fear of a general uprising of the Slavs. They burn villages, murder, outrage women and children, they nail their prisoners by the ears to the fences, leave them so till morning, and in the morning they hang them—all sorts of things you can't even imagine. People talk sometimes of bestial cruelty, but that's a great injustice and insult to the beasts; a beast can never be so cruel as a man, so artistically cruel. The tiger only tears and gnaws, that's all he can do. He would never think of nailing people by the ears, even if he were able to do it. These Turks took a pleasure in torturing children too; cutting the unborn child from the mother's womb, and tossing babies up in the air and catching them on the points of their bayonets before their mother's eyes. Doing it before the mother's eyes was

what gave zest to the amusement. Here is another scene that I thought very interesting. Imagine a trembling mother with her baby in her arms, a circle of invading Turks around her. They've planned a diversion; they pet the baby, laugh to make it laugh. They succeed, the baby laughs. At that moment a Turk points a pistol four inches from the baby's face. The baby laughs with glee, holds out its little hands to the pistol, and he pulls the trigger in the baby's face and blows out its brains. Artistic, wasn't it? By the way, Turks are particularly fond of sweet things, they say."

"Brother, what are you driving at?" asked Alyosha.

"I think if the devil doesn't exist but man has invented him, he has created him in his own image and likeness."

"Just as he did God, then?" observed Alyosha.

"It's wonderful how you can turn words,' as Polonius says in *Hamlet*," laughed Ivan. "You turn my words against me. Well, I am glad. Yours must be a fine God, if man created Him in his own image and likeness. You asked just now what I was driving at. You see, I am fond of collecting certain facts, and would you believe, I even copy anecdotes of a certain sort from newspapers and books, and I've already got a fine collection. The Turks, of course, have gone into it, but they are foreigners. I have specimens from home that are even better than the Turks. You know we prefer beating—rods and scourges—that's our national institution. Nailing ears is unthinkable for us, for we are, after all, Europeans. But the rod and the scourge we have always with us and they cannot be taken from us. Abroad now they scarcely do any beating. Manners are more humane, or laws have been passed, so that they don't dare to flog men now. But they make up for it in another way just as national as ours. And so national that it would be practically impossible among us, though I believe we are being inoculated with it, since the religious movement began in our aristocracy.

"I have a charming pamphlet, translated from the French, describing how quite recently (five years ago) a murderer, Richard, was executed—a young

man of twenty-three, I believe—who repented and was converted to the Christian faith at the very scaffold. This Richard was an illegitimate child who was given at the age of six by his parents to some shepherds on the Swiss mountains. They brought him up to work for them. He grew up like a little wild beast among them. The shepherds taught him nothing and scarcely fed or clothed him but sent him out at seven to herd the flock in cold and wet, and no one hesitated or scrupled to treat him so. Quite the contrary, they thought they had every right, for Richard had been given to them as a chattel, and they did not even see the necessity of feeding him. Richard himself describes how in those years, like the Prodigal Son in the Gospel, he longed to eat of the mash given to the pigs, which were fattened for sale. But they wouldn't even give him that and beat him when he stole from the pigs. And that was how he spent all his childhood and his youth until he grew up and was strong enough to go away and be a thief.

“The savage began to earn his living as a day laborer in Geneva. He drank what he earned, he lived like a brute, and finished by killing and robbing an old man. He was caught, tried, and condemned to death. They are not sentimentalists there. And in prison he was immediately surrounded by pastors, members of Christian brotherhoods, philanthropic ladies, and the like. They taught him to read and write in prison, and expounded the Gospel to him. They exhorted him, worked upon him, drummed at him incessantly, till at last he solemnly confessed his crime. He was converted. He wrote to the court himself that he was a monster, but that in the end God had vouchsafed him light and shown grace. All Geneva was in excitement about him—all philanthropic and religious Geneva. All the aristocratic and well-bred society of the town rushed to the prison, kissed Richard and embraced him: ‘You are our brother, you have found grace.’ And Richard does nothing but weep with emotion, ‘Yes, I’ve found grace! All my youth and childhood I was glad of pigs’ food, but now even I have found grace. I am dying in the Lord.’ ‘Yes, Richard, die in the Lord; you have shed blood and must die. Though it’s not your fault

that you knew not the Lord, when you coveted the pigs' food and were beaten for stealing it (which was very wrong of you, for stealing is forbidden); but you've shed blood and you must die.' And on the last day, Richard, perfectly limp, did nothing but cry and repeat every minute: 'This is my happiest day. I am going to the Lord.' 'Yes,' cry the pastors and the judges and philanthropic ladies. 'This is the happiest day of your life, for you are going to the Lord!' They all walk or drive to the scaffold in procession behind the prison van. At the scaffold they call to Richard: 'Die, brother, die in the Lord, for even thou hast found grace!' And so, covered with his brothers' kisses, Richard is dragged on to the scaffold and led to the guillotine. And they chopped off his head in brotherly fashion, because he had found grace. Yes, that's characteristic.

"That pamphlet is translated into Russian by some Russian philanthropists high in society and sympathetic to Lutheranism and has been distributed gratis for the enlightenment of the people. The case of Richard is interesting because it's national. Though to us it's absurd to cut off a man's head, because he has become our brother and has found grace, yet we have our own speciality, which is not much better. Our historical pastime is the direct satisfaction of inflicting pain. There are lines in Nekrassov describing how a peasant lashes a horse on the eyes, 'on its meek eyes.' Everyone must have seen that. It's peculiarly Russian. He describes how a feeble little nag founders under too heavy a load and cannot move. The peasant beats it, beats it savagely, beats it at last not knowing what he is doing in the intoxication of cruelty, thrashes it mercilessly over and over again. 'However weak you are, you must pull, if you die for it.' The nag strains, and then he begins lashing the poor defenseless creature on its weeping, 'meek eyes.' The frantic beast tugs and draws the load, trembling all over, gasping for breath, moving sideways, with a sort of unnatural spasmodic action—it's awful in Nekrassov. But that's only a horse, and God has given horses to be beaten. So the Tartars taught us, and they left us the knout as a remembrance.

"But men, too, can be beaten. A well-educated, cultured gentleman and

his wife beat their own child with a birch rod, a girl of seven. I have an exact account of it. The papa was glad that the birch was covered with twigs. 'It stings more,' said he, and so he began stinging his daughter. I know for a fact there are people who at every blow are worked up to sensual pleasure, to literal sensuality that increases progressively at every blow they inflict. They beat for a minute, for five minutes, for ten minutes, more often and more savagely. The child screams. At last the child cannot scream, it gasps, 'Daddy! daddy!' By some diabolical unseemly chance the case was brought into court. A counsel is engaged. The Russian people have long called a barrister 'a conscience for hire.' The counsel protests in his client's defense. 'It's such a simple thing,' he says, 'an everyday domestic event. A father corrects his child, and to our shame it is brought into court.' The jury, convinced by him, give a favorable verdict. The public roars with delight that the torturer is acquitted. Ah, pity I wasn't there! I would have proposed to raise a subscription in his honor!...Charming pictures.

"But I've still better things about children. I've collected a great, great deal about Russian children, Alyosha. There was a little girl of five who was hated by her father and mother, most worthy and respectable people of good education and breeding.' You see, I must repeat again, it is a peculiar characteristic of many people, this love of torturing children, and children only. To all other types of humanity these torturers behave mildly and benevolently, like cultivated and humane Europeans; but they are very fond of tormenting children, that even is their fondness of children in a sense. It's just their defenselessness that tempts the tormentor, just the angelic confidence of the child who has no refuge and no appeal, that sets his vile blood on fire. In every man, of course, a demon lies hidden—the demon of rage, the demon of lustful heat at the screams of the tortured victim, the demon of lawlessness let off the chain, the demon of diseases that follow on vice.

"This poor child of five was subjected to every possible torture by those cultivated parents. They beat her, thrashed her, and kicked her for no reason

until her body was one bruise. Then, they went to greater refinements of cruelty—shut her up all night in the cold and frost in a privy, and because she didn't ask to be taken up at night (as though a child of five sleeping its angelic, sound sleep could be trained to wake and ask), they smeared her face and filled her mouth with excrement, and it was her mother, her mother who did this. And that mother could sleep, hearing the poor child's groans! Can you understand why a little creature, who can't even understand what's done to her, should beat her little aching heart with her tiny fists in the dark and the cold, and weep her meek unresentful tears to 'dear kind God' to protect her? Do you understand that, friend and brother, you pious and humble novice? Do you understand why this infamy must be and is permitted? Without it, I am told, man could not have existed on earth, for he could not have known good and evil. Why should he know that diabolical good and evil when it costs so much? Why, the whole world of knowledge is not worth that child's prayer to 'dear, kind God'! I say nothing of the sufferings of grown-up people; they have eaten the apple, damn them, and the devil take them all! But these little ones! I am making you suffer, Alyosha, you are not yourself. I'll leave off if you like."

"Never mind. I want to suffer too," muttered Alyosha.

"One picture, only one more, because it's so curious, so characteristic, and I have only just read it in some collection of Russian antiquities. I've forgotten the name. I must look it up. It was in the darkest days of serfdom at the beginning of the century, and long live the Liberator of the People! There was in those days a general of aristocratic connections, the owner of great estates, one of those men—somewhat exceptional, even then I believe—who, retiring from the service into a life of leisure, are convinced that they've earned absolute power over the lives of their subjects. There were such men then.

'So our general, settled on his property of two thousand souls, lives in pomp, and domineers over his poor neighbors as though they were dependents and buffoons. He has kennels of hundreds of hounds and nearly a hun-

dred dog-boys—all mounted and in uniform. One day a serf boy, a little child of eight, threw a stone in play and hurt the paw of the general's favorite hound. 'Why is my favorite dog lame?' He is told that the boy threw a stone that hurt the dog's paw, 'So you did it.' The general looked the child up and down. 'Take him.' He was taken—taken from his mother and kept shut up all night. Early that morning the general comes out on horseback, with the hounds, his dependents, dog-boys and huntsmen, all mounted around him in full hunting parade. The servants are summoned for their edification, and in front of them all stands the mother of the child.

"The child is brought from the lock-up. It's a gloomy, cold, foggy autumn day, a capital day for hunting. The general orders the child to be undressed; the child is stripped naked. He shivers, numb with terror, not daring to cry... 'Make him run,' commands the general. 'Run! run!' shout the dog-boys. The boy runs... 'At him!' yells the general, and besets the whole pack of hounds on the child. The hounds catch him and tear him to pieces before his mother's eyes!... I believe the general was afterwards declared incapable of administering his estates. Well—what did he deserve? To be shot? To be shot for the satisfaction of our moral feelings? Speak, Alyosha!"

"To be shot," murmured Alyosha lifting his eyes to Ivan with a pale, twisted smile.

"Bravo!" cried Ivan delighted. "If even you say so. You're a pretty monk! So there is a little devil sitting in your heart, Alyosha Karamazov!"

"What I said was absurd, but—"

"That's just the point that 'but'" cried Ivan! "Let me tell you, novice, that the absurd is only too necessary on earth. The world stands on absurdities, and perhaps nothing would have come to pass on it without them. We know what we know!"

"What do you know?"

"I understand nothing," Ivan went on, as though in delirium. "I don't want to understand anything now. I want to stick to facts. I made up my mind long

ago not to understand. If I try to understand anything I shall be false to facts and I have determined to stick to fact.”

“Why are you trying me?” Alyosha cried, with sudden distress. “Will you say what you mean at last?”

“Of course, I will; that’s what I’ve been leading up to. You are dear to me, I don’t want to let you go, and I won’t give you up to your Zossima.”

Ivan for a minute was silent, his face became all at once very sad.

“Listen! I took the case of children only to make my case clearer. Of the other tears of humanity with which the earth is soaked from its crust to its center, I will say nothing. I have narrowed my subject on purpose. I am a bug, and I recognize in all humility that I cannot understand why the world is arranged as it is. Men are themselves to blame, I suppose; they were given paradise, they wanted freedom, and they stole fire from heaven, though they knew they would become unhappy, so there is no need to pity them. With my pitiful, earthly Euclidian understanding, all I know is that there is suffering and that there are none guilty; that cause follows effect, simply and directly; that everything flows and finds its level—but that’s only Euclidian nonsense. I know that, and I can’t consent to live by it! What comfort is it to me that there are none guilty and that cause follows effect simply and directly, and that I know it—I must have justice, or I will destroy myself. And not justice in some remote, infinite time and space, but here on earth so that I could see it myself. I have believed in it. I want to see it, and if I am dead by then, let me rise again, for if it all happens without me, it will be too unfair. Surely I haven’t suffered, simply that I, my crimes and my sufferings, may manure the soil of the future harmony for somebody else. I want to see with my own eyes the lamb lie down with the lion and the victim rise up and embrace his murderer. I want to be there when everyone suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer.

“But then there are the children, and what am I to do about them? That’s a

question I can't answer. For the hundredth time I repeat, there are numbers of questions, but I've only taken the children, because in their case what I mean is so unanswerably clear. Listen! If all must suffer to pay for the eternal harmony, what have children to do with it—tell me please? It's beyond all comprehension why they should suffer and why they should pay for the harmony. Why should they too furnish material to enrich the soil for the harmony of the future? I understand solidarity in sin among men. I understand solidarity in retribution, too; but there can be no such solidarity with children. And if it is really true that they must share responsibility for all their fathers' crimes, such a truth is not of this world and is beyond my comprehension. Some jester will say, perhaps, that the child would have grown up and have sinned, but you see he didn't grow up, he was torn to pieces by the dogs, at eight years of age.

“Oh, Alyosha, I am not blaspheming! I understand, of course, what an upheaval of the universe it will be, when everything in heaven and earth blends in one hymn of praise and everything that lives and has lived cries aloud: ‘Thou art just, O Lord, for Thy ways are revealed.’ When the mother embraces the fiend who threw her child to the dogs and all three cry aloud with tears, ‘Thou art just, O Lord!’ then, of course, the crown of knowledge will be reached and all will be made clear. But what pulls me up here is that I can't accept that harmony. And while I am on earth, I make haste to take my own measures. You see, Alyosha, perhaps it really may happen that if I live to that moment, or rise again to see it, I too may perhaps cry aloud with the rest, looking at the mother embracing the child's torturer, ‘Thou art just, O Lord!’ But I don't want to cry aloud then. While there is still time, I hasten to protect myself and so I renounce the higher harmony altogether. It's not worth the tears of that one tortured child who beat itself on the breast with its little fist and prayed in its stinking outhouse with its unexpiated tears to ‘dear, kind God!’ It's not worth it, because those tears are unatoned for. They must be atoned for, or there can be no harmony. But how? How are you going to atone for them? Is it possible? By their being avenged? But what do I care for avenging them? What do I care for

a hell for oppressors? What good can hell do, since those children have already been tortured? And what becomes of harmony, if there is hell? I want to forgive. I want to embrace. I don't want more suffering.

“And if the sufferings of children go to swell the sum of sufferings which was necessary to pay for truth, then I protest that the truth is not worth such a price. I don't want the mother to embrace the oppressor who threw her son to the dogs! She dare not forgive him! Let her forgive him for herself if she will, let her forgive the torturer for the immeasurable suffering of her mother's heart. But the sufferings of her tortured child she has no right to forgive; she dare not forgive the torturer, even if the child were to forgive him! And if that is so, if they dare not forgive, what becomes of harmony? Is there in the whole world a being who would have the right to forgive and could forgive? I don't want harmony. From love for humanity I don't want it. I would rather be left with the unavenged suffering. I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation, *even if I were wrong*. Besides, too high a price is asked for harmony; it's beyond our means to pay so much to enter. And so I hasten to give back my entrance ticket, and if I am an honest man, I am bound to give it back as soon as possible. And that I am doing. It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return Him the ticket.”

“That's rebellion,” murmured Alyosha, looking down.

“Rebellion? I am sorry you call it that,” said Ivan earnestly. “One can hardly live in rebellion, and I want to live. Tell me yourself, I challenge you—answer. Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—that baby beating its breast with its fist, for instance—and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me, and tell the truth.”

“No, I wouldn't consent,” said Alyosha softly.

“And can you admit the idea that men for whom you are building it would

agree to accept their happiness on the foundation of the unexpiated blood of a little victim? And accepting it would remain happy for ever?"

"No, I can't admit it. Brother," said Alyosha suddenly, with flashing eyes, "you said just now, is there a being in the whole world who would have the right to forgive and could forgive? But there is a Being and He can forgive everything, all and for all, because He gave His innocent blood for all and everything. You have forgotten Him, and on Him is built the edifice, and it is to Him they cry aloud, 'Thou art just, O Lord, for Thy ways are revealed!'"

"Ah! the One without sin and His blood! No, I have not forgotten Him; on the contrary I've been wondering all the time how it was you did not bring Him in before, for usually all arguments on your side put Him in the foreground. Do you know, Alyosha—don't laugh! I made a poem about a year ago. If you can waste another ten minutes on me, I'll tell it to you."

"You wrote a poem?"

"Oh, no. I didn't write it," laughed Ivan, "and I've never written two lines of poetry in my life. But I made up this poem in prose and I remembered it. I was carried away when I made it up. You will be my first reader—that is, listener. Why should an author forego even one listener?" smiled Ivan. "Shall I tell it to you?"

"I am all attention," said Alyosha.

"My poem is called 'The Grand Inquisitor'; it's a ridiculous thing, but I want to tell it to you."

The Devil

This is a delirious dream or nightmare of Ivan Karamazov. It is probably unique in world literature as an attempt to portray how the uncontrolled ego of a conscious atheist expresses itself, an atheist who knows a great deal more about God than most believers. The dream has only an inner connection with the novel as a whole. Ivan is physically ill as well. His illness ("brain fever") was caused by outer circumstances, but its hallucinations come from the deepest emotional content of his subconscious.

Ivan had just had a bad inner shake-up after the onset of his illness. Smerdyakov, the servant and illegitimate son of Ivan's murdered father, had confessed to him that it was he who had murdered the older Karamazov, not Ivan's half-brother Dmitri, who was in prison for the crime. To prove the truth of his confession, Smerdyakov handed over to Ivan the 3000 rubles for the sake of which the murder had been committed. He went on to tell Ivan, that it was actually Ivan himself who had mainly incited him, Smerdyakov, to commit this crime. This he had done not only through his godless talking, his continual denial of God's existence; but even more, Smerdyakov had been firmly convinced after an exchange with Ivan before the murder that in committing it he would be acting completely according to Ivan's wishes. Ivan cannot possibly doubt the sincerity of these confessions. Accordingly, he suddenly sees himself as his father's murderer. To escape despair, he now needs God, whom he was unwilling to recognize before.

I AM NOT a doctor, but yet I feel that the moment has come when I must of necessity give the reader some account of the nature of Ivan's illness. Looking ahead, I can say at least one thing: he was at that moment on the very eve of an attack of brain fever. Though long affected by it, his health had offered a stub-

born resistance to the fever that in the end gained complete mastery. Though I know nothing of medicine, I venture to suggest that perhaps he really had, by a terrible effort of will, succeeded in delaying the attack for a time, hoping of course to check it completely. He knew that he was unwell, but he loathed the thought of being ill at that fateful time, at the approaching crisis in his life, when he needed to have all his wits about him, to say what he had to say boldly and resolutely, and “to justify himself to himself.”

He had, however, consulted the new doctor, who had been brought from Moscow by a fantastic notion of Katerina Ivanovna’s to which I have referred already. After listening to him and examining him, the doctor came to the conclusion that he was actually suffering from some disorder of the brain and was not at all surprised by an admission that Ivan had reluctantly made to him. “Hallucinations are quite likely in your condition,” the doctor said, “though it would be better to verify them...you must take steps at once, without a moment’s delay, or things will go badly with you.” But Ivan did not follow this judicious advice and did not take to his bed to be nursed. “I am walking about, so I am strong enough; if I drop, it will be different—then anyone may nurse me who likes,” he decided, dismissing the subject.

And so he was sitting, almost conscious himself of his delirium, and as I have said already, looking persistently at some object on the sofa against the opposite wall. Someone appeared to be sitting there, though goodness knows how he had come in, for he had not been in the room when Ivan came into it on his return from Smerdyakov. This person or, more accurately speaking, this Russian gentleman of a particular type, no longer young, “had made his fiftieth” as the French say, with rather long, still thick, dark hair, slightly streaked with grey, and a small pointed beard. He was wearing a brownish reefer, rather shabby but evidently made by a good tailor and of a fashion that had been discarded by the smart and well-to-do for the last two years. His linen and his long scarflike necktie were such as are worn by people who aim at being stylish, but on closer inspection his linen was not overclean and his

wide scarf was very threadbare. The visitor's check trousers were of excellent cut but were too light in color and too tight for the present fashion. His soft fluffy white hat was out of keeping with the season.

In brief there was every appearance of gentility on straitened means. It looked as though the gentleman belonged to that class of idle landowners who used to flourish in the times of serfdom. He had unmistakably been, at some time, in good and fashionable society, had once had good connections, had indeed possibly preserved them, but after a gay youth, becoming gradually impoverished after the abolition of serfdom, he had sunk into the position of a poor relation of the best class, wandering from one good old friend to another and received by them for his companionable and accommodating disposition and as being, after all, a gentleman who could be asked to sit down with anyone, though of course not in a place of honor. Such gentlemen of accommodating temper and dependent position, who can tell a story, take a hand at cards, and who have a distinct aversion for any duties that may be forced upon them, are usually solitary creatures, either bachelors or widowers. Sometimes they have children, but if so the children are always being brought up at a distance, at some aunt's to whom these gentlemen never allude in good society, seeming ashamed of the relationship. They gradually lose sight of their children altogether, though at intervals they receive a birthday or Christmas letter from them and sometimes even answer it.

The countenance of the unexpected visitor was not so much good-natured as accommodating and ready to assume any amiable expression that occasion might require. He had no watch, but he had a tortoise-shell lorgnette on a black ribbon. On the middle finger of his right hand was a massive gold ring with a cheap opal stone in it.

Ivan was angrily silent and would not begin the conversation. The visitor waited and sat exactly like a poor relation who had come down from his room to keep his host company at tea and was discreetly silent, seeing that his host was frowning and preoccupied. But he was ready for any affable conversation

as soon as his host should begin it. All at once his face expressed a sudden solicitude.

“I say,” he began to Ivan, “excuse me, I only mention it to remind you. You went to Smerdyakov’s to find out about Katerina Ivanovna, but you came away without finding out anything about her; you probably forgot...”

“Ah, yes,” broke from Ivan and his face grew gloomy with uneasiness. “Yes, I’d forgotten...but it doesn’t matter now, never mind, till tomorrow,” he muttered to himself, “and you,” he added, addressing his visitor, “I should have remembered that myself in a minute, for that was just what was tormenting me! Why do you interfere? So that I should believe that you prompted me and that I didn’t remember it of myself?”

“Don’t believe it then,” said the gentleman, smiling amicably, “what’s the good of believing against your will? Besides, proofs are no help to believing, especially material proofs. Thomas believed, not because he saw Christ risen, but because he wanted to believe before he saw. Look at the spiritualists, for instance...I am very fond of them...they imagine that they are serving the cause of religion because the devils show them their horns from the other world. They say that is a material proof, so to speak, of the existence of another world. The other world and material proofs—what next! And if you come to that, does proving there’s a devil prove that there’s a God? I want to join an idealist society, I’ll lead the opposition in it, I’ll say I am a realist but not a materialist, he-he!”

“Listen,” Ivan suddenly got up from the table. “I seem to be delirious. I am delirious, in fact; talk any nonsense you like. I don’t care! You won’t drive me into a fury, as you did last time. But I feel somehow ashamed...I want to pace about the room...sometimes I don’t see you and don’t even hear your voice as I did last time, but I always guess what you are prating, for it is I, *I myself speaking, not you*. Only I don’t know whether I was dreaming last time or whether I really saw you. I’ll wet a towel and put it on my head and perhaps you’ll vanish into air.”

Ivan went into the corner, took a towel, and did as he said, and with a wet towel on his head began walking up and down the room.

“I am so glad you treat me so familiarly,” the visitor began.

“Fool,” laughed Ivan, “do you suppose I should stand on ceremony with you? I am in good spirits now, though I’ve a pain in my forehead—and in the top of my head—only please don’t talk philosophy, as you did last time. If you can’t take yourself off, talk of something amusing. Talk gossip; you are a sponger, you ought to talk gossip. What a nightmare to have! But I am not afraid of you. I’ll get the better of you. I won’t be taken to a madhouse!”

“How charming, a sponger. Yes, I am in my natural shape. For what am I on earth but a poor relation? By the way, I am listening to you and am rather surprised to find you are actually beginning to take me for something real, not simply your fancy, as you persisted in declaring last time. . .”

“Never for one minute have I taken you for reality,” Ivan cried with a sort of fury. “You are a lie, you are my illness, you are a phantom. It’s only that I don’t know how to destroy you, and I see I must suffer for a time. You are my hallucination. You are the incarnation of myself, but only of one side of me—of my thoughts and feelings, but only the most nasty and stupid of them. From that point of view you might be of interest to me, if only I had time to waste on you. . .”

“Excuse me, excuse me, I’ll prove it. You flew out at Alyosha under the lamppost this evening and shouted to him: ‘You learnt it from *him!* How do you know that *he* visits me?’ You were thinking of me then. So for one brief moment you did believe that I really exist,” the gentleman laughed blandly.

“Yes, that was a moment of weakness...but I couldn’t believe in you. I don’t know whether I was asleep or awake last time. Perhaps I was only dreaming then and didn’t really see you at all...”

“And why were you so surly with Alyosha just now? He is a dear; I’ve treated him badly over Father Zossima.”

“Don’t talk of Alyosha! How dare you, you flunkey!” Ivan laughed again.

“You berate me, but you laugh—that’s a good sign. But you are ever so much more polite than you were last time and I know why: that great resolution of yours. . .”

“Don’t speak of my resolution,” cried Ivan savagely.

“I understand, I understand, so noble, so charming, you are going to defend your brother and sacrifice yourself... That is chivalrous.”

“Hold your tongue, or I’ll kick you!”

“I shan’t be altogether sorry, for then my object will be attained. If you kick me, you must believe in my reality, for people don’t kick ghosts. Joking aside, it doesn’t matter to me, abuse me if you like, though it’s better to be a trifle more polite even to me. ‘Fool, flunkey!’ what words!”

“Berating you, I berate myself,” Ivan laughed again, “you are in myself, myself, only with a different face. You just say what I am thinking...and are incapable of saying anything new!”

“If I am like you in my way of thinking, it’s all to my credit,” the gentleman declared with delicacy and dignity.

“You choose out only my worst thoughts, and what’s more, the stupid ones. You are stupid and vulgar. You are awfully stupid. No, I can’t put up with you! What am I to do, what am I to do!” Ivan said through his clenched teeth.

“My dear friend, above all things I want to behave like a gentleman and to be recognized as such,” the visitor began in an increase of deprecating but good-natured pride, typical of a sponging relation. “I am poor, but...I won’t say very honest, but it’s an axiom generally accepted in society that I am a fallen angel. I certainly can’t imagine how I can ever have been an angel. If I ever was, it must have been so long ago that there’s no harm in forgetting it. Now I only prize the reputation of being a gentlemanly person and live as I can, trying to make myself agreeable. I love men genuinely, I’ve been greatly slandered! Here when I stay with you from time to time, my life gains a kind of reality and that’s what I like most of all. You see, like you, I suffer from the fantastic and so I love the realism of earth. Here, with you, everything is

circumscribed, here all is formulated and geometrical, while we have nothing but indeterminate equations! Here I wander about dreaming. I like dreaming. Besides, on earth I become superstitious. Please don't laugh, that's just what I like, to become superstitious. I adopt all your habits here: I've grown fond of going to the public baths—would you believe it? And I go and steam myself with merchants and priests. What I dream of is becoming incarnate once for all and irrevocably in the form of some merchant's wife weighing 250 pounds and believing all she believes. My ideal is to go to church and offer a candle in simple-hearted faith, upon my word it is. Then there would be an end to my sufferings. I like being doctored too; in the spring there was an outbreak of smallpox and I went and was vaccinated in a foundling hospital—if only you knew how I enjoyed myself that day. I subscribed ten roubles to the cause of the Slavs!... But you are not listening. Do you know, you are not at all well this evening? I know you went yesterday to that doctor... well, what about your health? What did the doctor say?"

"Fool!" Ivan snapped out.

"But you—you are clever, anyway. Are you berating me again? I didn't ask out of sympathy. You needn't answer. Now rheumatism has come in again..."

"Fool!" repeated Ivan.

"You keep saying the same thing; but I had such an attack of rheumatism last year that I remember it to this day."

"The devil have rheumatism!"

"Why not, if I sometimes put on human form? I put it on and I take the consequences. I am Satan, and nothing that is human seems strange to me."

"What, what? 'I am Satan and nothing that is human'... That's not bad for the devil!"

"I am glad I've pleased you at last."

"But you didn't get that from me," Ivan stopped suddenly, seeming struck. "That never entered my head, that's strange."

“It’s original, isn’t it? This time I’ll act honestly and explain to you. Listen, in dreams and especially in nightmares, from indigestion or anything, a man sometimes sees such artistic visions, such complex reality, even a whole world of events, woven into a plot with such unexpected details from the most exalted matters to the last button on a cuff, as I swear Leo Tolstoy has never invented. Yet such dreams are sometimes seen not by writers, but by the most ordinary people, officials, journalists, priests... The subject is a complete enigma. Indeed, a statesman confessed to me that all his best ideas came to him when he was asleep. Well, that’s how it is now—though I am your hallucination, yet just as in a nightmare, I say original things that had not entered your head before. So I don’t repeat your ideas; yet I am only your nightmare, nothing more.”

“You are lying, your aim is to convince me you exist apart from me and are not my nightmare, and now you are asserting you are a dream.”

“My dear fellow, I’ve adopted a special method today, I’ll explain it to you afterwards. Stay, where did I break off? Oh, yes! I caught cold then, only not here but yonder.”

“Where is yonder? Tell me, will you be here long? Can’t you go away?” Ivan exclaimed almost in despair! He ceased walking to and fro, sat down on the sofa, leaned his elbows on the table again and held his head tight in both hands. He pulled the wet towel off and flung it away in vexation. It was evidently of no use.

“Your nerves are out of order,” observed the gentleman, with a carelessly easy, though perfectly polite, air. “You are angry with me even for being able to catch cold, though it happened in a most natural way. I was hurrying then to a diplomatic soirée at the house of a lady of high rank in Petersburg, who was aiming at influence in the Ministry. Well, of course an evening suit, white tie, gloves, though I was God knows where and had to fly through space to reach your earth... Of course, it took only an instant, but you know a ray of light from the sun takes fully eight minutes, and fancy!—in an evening

suit and open waistcoat. Spirits don't freeze, but when one's in human form, well...in brief, I didn't think and set off, and you know in those ethereal spaces, in the water that is above the firmament, there's such a frost...one can't call it mere frost, just fancy, 150° below zero! You know the game the village girls play—they invite the unwary to lick an axe in thirty degrees below zero; the tongue instantly freezes to it, and the stupid fellow jerks his tongue away, torn and bleeding. But that's only in 30°; in 150° I imagine it would be enough to put your finger on the axe for it to be the end of it...if that is, there could be an axe there."

"And can there be an axe there?" Ivan interrupted, carelessly and disdainfully. He was exerting himself to the utmost not to believe in the delusion and not to sink into complete insanity.

"An axe?" the guest interrupted in surprise.

"Yes, what would become of an axe there?" Ivan cried suddenly, with a sort of savage and insistent obstinacy.

"What would become of an axe in space? What an idea! If it were to fall to any distance, it would begin, I think, flying round the earth without knowing why, like a satellite. The astronomers would calculate the rising and the setting of the axe, Gatzuk would put it in his calendar, that's all."

"You are stupid, awfully stupid," said Ivan peevishly. "Lie more cleverly or I won't listen. You want to get the better of me by realism, to convince me that you exist, but I don't want to believe you exist! I won't believe it!"

"But I am not lying, it's all the truth; the truth is unhappily hardly ever amusing. I see you persist in expecting something big of me and perhaps something fine. That's a great pity for I only give what I can..."

"Don't talk philosophy, you ass!"

"Philosophy, indeed, when all my right side is numb and I am moaning and groaning. I've tried all kinds of doctors; they can diagnose beautifully, they have the whole of your disease at their finger-tips, but they've no idea how to cure you. There was an enthusiastic little student here, 'You may die,'

said he, 'but you'll at least know perfectly well what disease you are dying of!' And then what a way they have of sending people to specialists. 'We only diagnose,' they say, 'but go to such and such a specialist; he'll cure you.' The old doctor who used to cure all sorts of diseases has completely disappeared, I assure you; now there are only specialists and they all advertise in newspapers. If anything is wrong with your nose, they send you to Paris—there, they say, is a European specialist who cures noses. If you go to Paris, he'll look at your nose; 'I can only cure your right nostril,' he'll tell you, 'for I don't cure the left nostril, that's not my speciality, but go to Vienna where a specialist will cure your left nostril.' What are you to do? I returned to popular remedies; a German doctor advised me to rub myself with honey and salt in the bath-house. Just to get an extra bath I went, smeared myself all over, and it did me no good at all. In despair I wrote to Count Mattel in Milan. He sent me a book and some drops, bless him, and only fancy, Hoff's malt extract cured me! I bought it by accident, drank a bottle and a half of it, and I was ready to dance; it took it away completely. I made up my mind to write to the papers to thank him; I was prompted by a feeling of gratitude, and it led to no end of a bother: not a single paper would take my letter. 'It would be very reactionary,' they said, 'no one will believe it. The devil simply doesn't exist. You'd better remain anonymous.' What use is a letter of thanks if it's anonymous? I laughed with the men at the newspaper office; 'It's reactionary to believe in God in our days,' I said, 'but I am the devil, so I may be believed in.' 'We quite understand that,' they said. 'Who doesn't believe in the devil? Yet it won't do, it might injure our reputation. As a joke, if you like.' But I thought as a joke it wouldn't be very witty. So it wasn't printed. And do you know, I have felt sore about it to this day. My best feelings, gratitude for instance, are literally denied me simply from my social position."

"Philosophical reflections again?" Ivan snarled malignantly.

"God preserve me from it, but one can't help complaining sometimes. I am a slandered man. You upbraid me every moment with being stupid. One can

see you are young. My dear fellow, intelligence isn't the only thing! I have a naturally kind and merry heart. I also write comic theatricals of all sorts. You seem to take me for Hlestakov grown old, but my fate is a far more serious one. Before time was, by some decree which I could never make out, I was predestined 'to deny' and yet I am genuinely good-hearted and not at all inclined to negation. No, you must go and negate; without negation there's no criticism and what would a journal be without a column of criticism? Without criticism it would be nothing but one 'hosannah.' But hosannah alone is not enough for life; this hosannah must be tried in the crucible of doubt and so on, in the same vein. But I don't meddle in that, I didn't create it, I am not answerable for it. Well, they've chosen their scapegoat, they've made me write the column of criticism and so life was made possible. We understand that comedy; I, for instance, simply ask for annihilation. No, I am told, live, for there'd be nothing without you. If everything in the universe were sensible, nothing would happen. There would be no events without you, and there must be events. So against the grain, I serve to produce events and do what's irrational because I am commanded to. For all their indisputable intelligence, men take this farce as something serious and that is their tragedy. They suffer, of course...but they live; they live a real life, not one of fantasy, for suffering is life. Without suffering what would be the pleasure of it? It would be transformed into an endless church service; it would be holy, but tedious. But what about me? I suffer but still don't live. I am x in an indeterminate equation. I am a sort of phantom in life who has lost all beginning amid end and who has forgotten his own name. You are laughing—no, you are not laughing, you are angry again. You are forever angry, all you care about is intelligence, but I repeat again that I would give away all this superstellar life, all the ranks and honors, simply to be transformed into the soul of a merchant's wife weighing 250 pounds, setting candles at God's shrine."

"Then even you don't believe in God?" said Ivan, with a smile of hatred.

"What can I say—that is, if you are in earnest. . ."

“Is there a God or not?” Ivan cried with the same savage intensity.

“Ah, then you are in earnest! My dear fellow, upon my word I don’t know. There! I’ve said it now!”

“You don’t know, but you see God? No, you are not someone apart, you are myself, you are I and nothing more! You are rubbish, you are my fancy!”

“Well, if you like, I have the same philosophy as you, that would be true. ‘I think, therefore I am,’ I know for a fact; all the rest, all these worlds, God and even Satan—all that is not proved to me. Does all that exist of itself, or is it only an emanation of myself, a logical development of my ego, which alone has existed forever—but I make haste to stop, for I believe you will be jumping up to beat me directly.”

“You’d better tell me some anecdote!” said Ivan miserably.

“There is an anecdote precisely on our subject, or rather a legend, not an anecdote. You reproach me with unbelief. ‘You see,’ you say, ‘yet you don’t believe.’ But, my dear fellow, I am not the only one like that. We are all in a muddle over there now, and all through your science. Once there used to be atoms, five senses, and four elements, and then everything hung together somehow. There were atoms even in the ancient world, but since you’ve discovered the chemical molecule and protoplasm and the devil knows what, we had to pull in our horns, so to speak. There’s a regular muddle, and above all, superstition and scandal; there’s as much scandal among us as among you, you know; a little more in fact, even denouncements, for we have our secret police where informers are received. Well, this wild legend belongs to our middle ages—not yours but ours—and no one believes it even among us, except the old 250-pound wives, not your old wives but ours. We’ve everything you have; I am revealing one of our secrets out of friendship for you, though it’s forbidden. This legend is about Paradise. There was, they say, here on earth a thinker and philosopher. He rejected everything, ‘laws, conscience, faith,’ and above all, the future life. He died; he expected to go straight to darkness and death, and he found a future life before him. He was astounded and indignant. ‘This is against my principles!’

he said. And he was punished for that...that is, you must excuse me, I am just repeating what I heard myself, it's only a legend...he was sentenced to walk a quadrillion kilometres in the dark (we've adopted the metric system, you know) and when he has finished that quadrillion, the gates of heaven would be opened to him and he'll be forgiven..."

"And what tortures have you in the other world besides the quadrillion kilometres?" asked Ivan with a strange eagerness.

"What tortures? Ah, don't ask. In the old days we had all sorts, but now they have taken chiefly to moral punishments—'the stings of conscience' and all that nonsense. We got that too from you, from the softening of your manners. And who's the better for it? Only those who have no conscience, or how can they be tortured by conscience when they have none? But decent people who have a conscience and a sense of honor suffer for it. Reforms—when the ground has not been prepared for them, and especially if they are institutions copied from abroad—do nothing but mischief! The ancient fire was better. Well, this man who was condemned to the quadrillion kilometres stood still, looked round, and lay down across the road. 'I won't go, I refuse on principle!' Take the soul of an enlightened Russian atheist and mix it with the soul of the prophet Jonah, who sulked for three days and nights in the belly of the whale, and you get the character of that thinker who lay across the road."

"What did he lie on there?"

"Well, I suppose there was something to lie on. You are not laughing?"

"Bravo!" cried Ivan, still with the same strange eagerness. Now he was listening with an unexpected curiosity. "Well, is he lying there now?"

"That's the point, he isn't. He lay there almost a thousand years, and then he got up and went on."

"What an ass!" cried Ivan, laughing nervously and still seeming to be pondering something intently. "Does it make any difference whether he lies there forever or walks the quadrillion kilometres? It would take a billion years to walk it?"

The Failure of Christendom

Toward the end of the novel The Idiot, Prince Myshkin is being introduced (to a party in high society at the home of General Epanchin) as the possible fiancé of the youngest Epanchin daughter, Aglaia. Unexpectedly, Myshkin hears of the conversion to Roman Catholicism of his guardian and protector, Nikolay Andreyevitch Pavlishtchev. Myshkin's outburst against Roman Catholicism comes as an embarrassment to the respectable gathering but is laughed off when he breaks an enormous china vase.

This passage reflects Prince Myshkin's strong passion for the soul and heart of Russia. Is his indignation not a reflection on the failure of the whole of Christendom after Constantine and the third century: "universal political supremacy" grasped by "the sword" supplanting faith, "the most holy" bartered for the most unholy. Dostoyevsky's Myshkin might be grieving for the original Church of Jesus Christ set right into this world to make it a place of justice and love, the Church of Jesus' own prayer, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth...!"

"PAVLISHTCHEV WAS A CLEAR-HEADED man and a Christian, a genuine Christian," Myshkin brought out suddenly. "How could he have accepted a faith... that's unchristian? Catholicism is as good as an unchristian religion!" he added suddenly, looking about him with flashing eyes as though scanning the whole company.

"Come, that's too much!" muttered the old man, and he looked with surprise at General Epanchin.

"How do you mean Catholicism is an unchristian religion," said Ivan Petrovitch, turning round in his chair. "What is it then?"

ON THE WAY TO GOD

The Story of Marie

The story is told by Prince Myshkin in The Idiot. The prince tells it to his new acquaintances and distant relatives, the women of the Epanchin family, who are questioning him about his past. He has just returned to Russia on business after a long period of medical treatment in Switzerland under Professor Schneider, a specialist in illnesses such as Myshkin's. Schneider had taken over full responsibility for him after his benefactor Pavlishtche's death two years earlier. The story of the tragic Marie and the children reveals Myshkin's character — his love quietly accepts ridicule and the taunt of idiot.

VERY WELL," ADELAIDA INTERPOSED hurriedly again, "but if you are such an expert on faces, you certainly must have been in love...Tell us about it."

"I haven't been in love," answered Myshkin as gently and gravely as before. "I...have been happy in a different way."

"How? In what?"

"Very well, I'll tell you," said Myshkin, as though meditating profoundly.

"You are all looking at me with such curiosity," began Myshkin, "that if I didn't satisfy it you might be angry with me. No, I am joking," he added quickly, with a smile. "There were lots of children there, and I was always with the children, only with the children. They were the children of the village, a whole crowd of schoolchildren. It was not that I taught them. Oh, no, there was a schoolmaster for that — Jules Thibaut. Perhaps I did teach them too, but for the most part I was simply with them, and all those four years were spent in their company. I wanted nothing else. I used to tell them everything;

A Fool for Christ

In the same novel, The Idiot, "A Fool for Christ" describes Prince Myshkin's first meeting with Nastasya Filippovna. She arrives unexpectedly at the home of Ganya (Gavril Ardalionovitch), who has asked her to marry him. His motive is not love for her but of the money offered him by the wealthy landowner Totsky. Totsky wants to free himself of her, whom he had reared as an orphan and then had groomed to be his mistress. Ganya's family is opposed to the match because of her ill repute.

At the family gathering, among others, are Nina Alexandrovna, Ganya's mother; Varya, his sister (fiancée of Ptitsyn, the money lender); and Kolya, his younger brother. Ferdyshtchenko is a lodger in the house. The day is Nastasya Filippovna's birthday, and she has promised to announce her decision about the proposed marriage during the evening, at a party.

Rogozhin is a newly rich ruffian who is insanely in love with Nastasya Filippovna. He brings in a rowdy group of supporters, including Lebedyev.

Prince Myshkin has just moved into this house as another lodger.

MYSHKIN **CROSSED** THE DINING room into the hall on the way to his room. As he passed the front door, he heard and noticed someone outside making desperate efforts to ring the bell. But something seemed to have gone wrong with the bell; it moved a little without making a sound. Myshkin unbolted the door, opened it, and stepped back in amazement, startled. Nastasya Filippovna stood before him. He knew her at once from her photograph. There was a flash of annoyance in her eyes when she saw him. She walked quickly into the hall, shouldering him out of her way, and said angrily, flinging off

The Awakening of Lazarus

Raskolnikov, the main character of the novel Crime and Punishment, has murdered both an old woman who is a money-lender and a youthful relative of hers called Lizaveta, who had just happened to come in and who is mentioned several times. Raskolnikov committed the murder "to prove to himself that he was a man and not a louse." Now, right after the deed, his inner collapse begins. He admits that the act itself was wrong, even though he is still trying to persuade himself that it wouldn't have been wrong if only he had measured up to it. He intends to turn himself in and has basically done so already through careless remarks. But first he wants to assure himself of at least one sympathetic and forgiving soul, since he cannot bear the loneliness caused by his unconfessed deed.

Sonia Marmeladov, whom he then visits, had become a prostitute so as to be able to help her tubercular stepmother Katerina Ivanovna and Katerina's sick children. (All women's work in those days received extremely low pay.) Her father, formerly a minor official and also an incurable drunkard, had been run over and killed just the day before. Raskolnikov had once met this man in a low-class tavern or bar and after hearing from him the whole story of his family had then taken him home. Right after Marmeladov's death he had given the widow all the money he had.

RASKOLNIKOV WENT STRAIGHT TO the house on the canal bank where Sonia lived, It was an old green house of three stories. He found the porter and obtained from him vague directions as to the whereabouts of Kapernaumov, the tailor. Having found in the corner of the courtyard the entrance to the dark and narrow staircase, he mounted to the second floor and came out onto a gallery that ran round the whole second story over the yard. While he was

Hymn of the Men Underground

These words are spoken by Dmitri (Mitya) Karamazov who was unjustly accused of murdering his father and sentenced to twenty years of forced labor in Siberia. (More fully explained in the introductory paragraphs on page 31.) Precisely through this terrible fate he found the way back to God. He had never actually denied God; his sinful passions had only kept him far from Him. This passionate outburst is poured out to Dmitri's half-brother Alyosha (Alexey) when Alyosha visits Dimtri once more in prison just before he is deported to Siberia. Rakitin, the seminary student mentioned here, plays only the role of adversary in the novel; that is, an unscrupulous, career- and material-minded person.

DMITRI WENT UP TO Alyosha excitedly and kissed him. His eyes glowed.

“Rakitin wouldn’t understand it,” he began in a sort of exaltation, “but you, you’ll understand it all. That’s why I was thirsting for you. You see, there’s so much I’ve been wanting to tell you for ever so long here, within these peeling walls, but I haven’t said a word about what matters most; the moment never seems to have come. Now I can wait no longer. I must pour out my heart to you. Brother, these last two months I’ve found in myself a new man. A new man has risen up in me. He was hidden in me, but he would never have come to the surface if it hadn’t been for this blow from heaven. I am afraid! And what do I care if I spend twenty years in the mines, breaking out ore with a hammer? I am not a bit afraid of that—it’s something else I am afraid of now: that that new man may leave me. Even there in the mines, underground, I may find a human heart in another convict and murderer by my side, and I

Reprieve and Execution

These two extracts are also from The Idiot. "Reprieve" is a description by Prince Myshkin of the near execution of a political prisoner. Such a last-minute reprieve began Dostoyevsky's own ten-year period of imprisonment and exile with the drastic effect on his life described in the Introduction, page 17. "Execution" follows with an utter realism stemming from the inner experience of his own reprieve.

REPRIEVE

“**THERE MAY BE TWO** opinions about life in prison,” said Myshkin. “A man who spent twelve years in prison told me his story. He was one of the invalids in the care of my professor. He had fits; he was sometimes restless, wept, and even tried to kill himself. His life in prison had been a very sad one, I assure you, but not at all petty. Yet he had no friends but a spider and a tree that grew under his window... But I'd better tell you how I met another man last year. There was one very strange circumstance about it strange—because such things rarely happen. This man had once been led out with others to the scaffold, and a sentence of death was read over him. He was to be shot for a political offence. Twenty moments later a reprieve was read to them, and they were condemned to another punishment instead. Yet the interval between those two sentences, twenty minutes or at least a quarter of an hour, he passed in the fullest conviction that he would die in a few minutes.

“I was always eager to listen when he recalled his sensations at that time,

The Onion

In The Brothers Karamazov this little story is told by Grushenka to Alyosha, whom she had tried to seduce but who not only had resisted her but even respected her sincerely as his equal and thus brought about her conversion and spiritual self-examination. This is typical of how redemption comes about in Dostoyevsky.

Grushenka had been seduced as a young girl, abandoned, and then driven out of her parents' home. She lived in this town with her expenses paid by a rich old merchant whose mistress she had been. She had matured to rare beauty and from then on, until this experience with Alyosha, had sought to avenge herself at random on the whole world of men. The older Karamazov pursues her and so does Dmitri, who then succeeds just before his arrest in winning her sincere liking.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a peasant woman, and a very wicked woman she was. And she died and did not leave a single good deed behind. The devils caught her and plunged her into the lake of fire. So her guardian angel stood and wondered what good deed of hers he could remember to tell to God. 'She once pulled up an onion in her garden,' said he, 'and gave it to a beggar woman.' And God answered: 'You take that onion then, hold it out to her in the lake, and let her take hold and be pulled out. And if you can pull her out of the lake, let her come to Paradise, but if the onion breaks, then the woman must stay where she is.' The angel ran to the woman and held out the onion to her: 'Come,' said he, 'catch hold and I'll pull you out,' And he began cautiously pulling her out. He had almost pulled her right out, when the other

The Last Judgment

This is a section of the description from Crime and Punishment of Raskolnikov's meeting with Semyon Zaharovitch Marmeladov, father of the prostitute Sonia. The place of these main characters in the story is given in the introductory paragraphs to the story "The Awakening of Lazarus."

MARMELADOV STOPPED AGAIN in violent excitement. At that moment a whole party of revelers already drunk came in from the street, and the sounds of a hired concertina and the cracked piping voice of a child of seven singing "The Homestead" were heard in the entry. The room was filled with noise. The tavern-keeper and the boys were busy with the newcomers. Marmeladov, paying no attention to the new arrivals, continued his story. He appeared by now to be extremely tipsy, but as he became more and more drunk, he became more and more talkative. The recollection of his recent success in getting his position back seemed to revive him and was reflected in a radiance on his face. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

"That was five weeks ago, sir. Yes...As soon as Katerina Ivanovna and Sonia heard of it, mercy on us, it was as though I stepped into the kingdom of Heaven, it used to be: "You can lie there like a beast"—nothing but abuse. Now they were walking on tiptoe, hushing the children. 'Semyon Zaharovitch is tired with his work at the office, he is resting, shh!' They made me coffee before I went to work and boiled cream for me! They began to get real cream for me, do you hear that? And how they managed to get together the money

The Crucifixion

Holbein's painting, "Christ Taken Down From the Cross," inspired this description taken from The Idiot. A copy of the painting hanging in Rogozhin's house is first mentioned in an exchange between him and Prince Myshkin over its effect on their faith. The impression the original made on Dostoyevsky's is more fully told in the Foreword.

The question of faith also ends this extract about the painting, a description taken out of a long statement written by Ippolit (the young consumptive protégé of Myshkin). He entitled his statement "A Necessary Explanation" and read it aloud to a gathering in Lebedyev's house just before making an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself.

THE PICTURE DEPICTED CHRIST who has only just been taken down from the cross. I believe artists usually paint Christ, both on the cross and after He has been taken from the cross, still with extraordinary beauty of face. They strive to preserve that beauty even in His most terrible agonies. In Rogozhin's picture there's no trace of beauty. It is in every detail the corpse of a man who has endured infinite agony before the crucifixion; who has been wounded, tortured, beaten by the guards and the people when He carried the cross on His back and fell beneath its weight, and after that has undergone the agony of crucifixion, lasting for six hours at least (according to my reckoning). It's true it's the face of a man *only just* taken from the cross—that is to say, still bearing traces of warmth and life. Nothing is rigid in it yet, so that there's still a look of suffering in the face of the dead man, as though he were still feeling it (that has been very well caught by the artist). Yet the face has not been spared

From the Life of the Elder Zossima

These are episodes from The Brothers Karamazov, entirely independent and complete in themselves. Zossima is a very strict and most highly esteemed monk, a recluse, of the kind called starets (elder), and at the same time the spiritual father and eternal example for Alyosha (Alexey) Fyodorovitch Karamazov. Just before Zossima dies, he tells his friends, the monks, how he found the way to God, and this is taken down by Alyosha.

FATHER ZOSSIMA'S BROTHER

BELoved FATHERS AND TEACHERS, I was born in a distant province in the north, in the town of V. My father was a gentleman by birth but of no great consequence or position. He died when I was only two years old, and I don't remember him at all. He left my mother a small house built of wood, and some capital—not much but sufficient to keep her and her children in comfort. There were two of us, my elder brother Markel and I. He was eight years older than I was, of hasty, irritable temperament but kindhearted and never ironical. He was remarkably silent, especially at home with me, his mother, and the servants. He did well at school but did not get on with his schoolfellows, though he never quarrelled—at least so my mother has told me. Six months before his death, when he was seventeen, he made friends with a political exile who had been banished to our town from Moscow for freethinking and led a solitary existence there. He was a good scholar who had gained distinction in philosophy in the university. Something made him take a fancy to Markel,

The Wedding at Cana

Alyosha Karamazov had experienced a deep shock. The body of his starets or elder Zossima, whom he had loved above all, had not resisted corruption after death in an odor of sanctity, as was definitely expected and had been observed in the case of almost all the others who had died like him. On the contrary, very soon after his death a pronounced smell of death had come from his body, very much to the malicious pleasure of the many monks who had opposed and envied Zossima. This had made such an impression on Alyosha that suddenly nothing on this earth mattered to him anymore, and he allowed Rakitin to take him along to see Grushenka. (The relationships of these three characters is told more fully in the introductory paragraphs on pages 110 and 101.) He withstood her efforts to seduce him, however, brought her to her senses, and returned, inwardly renewed, to the monastery where he took on the death watch with the dead man so beloved by him. Here begins his vision or dream.

IT WAS VERY LATE, according to monastery order, when Alyosha returned to the hermitage; the door keeper let him in by a special entrance. It had struck nine o'clock—the hour of rest and repose after a day of such agitation for all. Alyosha timidly opened the door and went into the elder's cell where his coffin was now standing. There was no one in the cell but Father Païssy, reading the Gospel in solitude over the coffin, and the young novice Porfiry, exhausted by the previous night's conversation and the disturbing incidents of the day, was sleeping the deep, sound sleep of youth on the floor of the other room. Though Father Païssy heard Alyosha come in, he did not even look in his direction. Alyosha turned to the right from the door to the corner, fell on his

LIFE IN GOD

Talks With an Old Friend of God

This passage is taken from The Adolescent (A Raw Youth), Dostoyevsky's too little esteemed psychological novel, which he wrote immediately before his last work, The Brothers Karamazov. Makar Evanovich Dolgoruky is a former serf and the legal husband of the mother of the "adolescent," the illegitimate son of the onetime landowner Versilov, who is also spoken of here. Arkady Dolgoruky, "the adolescent," is narrator in this exchange with Makar.

AH, IT'S BAD TO be old and sick," he sighed. "One wonders why the soul should hang on like that in the body and still enjoy being alive. It seems that, if I were given a chance to start my life all over again, my soul wouldn't mind at all, although I guess that's a sinful thought."

"Why sinful?"

"Because it's a wish, a dream, while an old man should leave life gracefully. Murmuring and protesting when one meets death is a great sin. But I guess God would forgive even an old man if he got to love life out of the gaiety of his soul. It's hard for a man to know what's sinful and what's not, for there's a mystery in it that's beyond human ken. So a pious old man must be content at all times and must die in the full light of understanding, blissfully and gracefully, satisfied with the days that have been given him to live, yearning for his last hour, and rejoicing when he is gathered like a stalk of wheat unto the sheaf when he has fulfilled his mysterious destiny."

"You keep talking about 'mystery'? What does it mean 'fulfilling one's mysterious destiny'?" I asked, looking around toward the door.

Conversations and Exhortations of Father Zossima

This passage from The Brothers Karamazov follows immediately after the biographical notes of the Elder Zossima. (See introductory paragraph on page 120.) There is no doubt that here we have before us Dostoyevsky's religious testament.

THE RUSSIAN MONK AND HIS POSSIBLE SIGNIFICANCE

FATHERS AND TEACHERS, WHAT is the monk? In the cultivated world the word is nowadays pronounced by some people with a jeer, and by others it is used as a term of abuse; and this contempt for the monk is growing. It is true, alas, it is true, that there are many sluggards, gluttons, profligates, and insolent beggars among monks. Educated people point to these: "You are idlers, useless members of society, you live on the labor of others, you are shameless beggars." And yet how many meek and humble monks there are, yearning for solitude and fervent prayer in peace. These are less noticed, or are passed over in silence. And how surprised men would be if I were to say that from these meek monks, who yearn for solitary prayer, the salvation of Russia will perhaps come once more. For they are in truth made ready in peace and quiet "for the day and the hour, the month and the year." Meanwhile in their solitude they keep the image of Christ fair and undefiled, in the purity of God's truth, from the times of the Fathers of old, the Apostles, and the martyrs. And

Afterword

Extracts From the German Edition

By Karl Notzel, Editor

LIKE TOLSTOY, DOSTOYEVSKY HAD been a religious church member when a child, but already as a young man he had turned to the progressive beliefs of Russian intellectuals of the time. Later he gained a very deep insight into the horrors of human misery and called God himself into question, the God who allowed it all. Dostoyevsky, champion of the innocent sufferer, still lacked the selflessness needed to accept God without rebellion. Spiritual pride seems to have held him back, plus injured self-esteem.

All this lost its importance for him before the firing squad and most of all during the near decade in Siberia, first in prison and then in exile.

In his last great masterpieces Dostoyevsky shows the wounded soul the way to healing, which is to be unavenging. Such a person is thereby immediately immune to attack — to the helpless amazement of all, and is most clearly portrayed in the character of Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*.

So he passes beyond revenge. By doing so he is now able to see all of the reality that is not God, in a relationship to God that will never be lost.

In Dostoyevsky, the search for the meaning of life turns into the question of faith in God—not of God's existence. For knowledge of God is simply inescapable. And faith in God really means only acknowledging Him. For if God is God, the spiritual origin of all that is, there is an absolute chasm

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Biographical Sketch

November 11, 1821, born in Moscow, son of a staff doctor at a charity hospital.

1838, entered army engineering college in St. Petersburg (Leningrad). Did not like this training, read much literature.

June 1839, his father was murdered by his own serfs, who had been brutally mistreated.

October 1844, gave up army commission to finish first novel, *Poor Folk*, in April 1845. Praise by the critic Belinski brought immediate success.

1849, his participation in a revolutionary group was punished by four years in a Siberian prison.

1850s, epilepsy developed.

1854 to 1858, stayed on in Siberia. Wrote "Uncle's Dream" and "Friend of the Family" while there.

February 6, 1857, first marriage a failure.

1859, returned to St. Petersburg. Published a monthly periodical called *Time*.

1866, *Crime and Punishment* put Dostoyevsky in the front rank of Russian writers.

February 15, 1867, three years after his first wife's death, Dostoyevsky married a young stenographer, who proved to be a good manager of his finances.

