

Lecturing Raskolnikov

Ion Dissonance

"Everyone spills it, the blood" - he answered, out of himself.
Blood flows and has always flowed, as a cascade.
Those that make it flow like champagne are crowned at the Capitol
And are named the benefactors of Humanity."

"I, once desired the good of men and would've done hundreds,
Thousands of good actions in exchange for this unique stupidity
, not even, this clumsiness!
For the Idea in itself wasn't that stupid has it appears now (to
the light of Failure)"

"...to the light of Failure, everything seems stupid,
...to the light of Vengeance, everything seems justified,
...to the light of Pity, everything seems out of value."

"But nonetheless, I will not adopt your views: if I had been successful,
I would've been crowned, instead."

[Dounetchka:] "But it's not like that, not at all! Brother, what say you?"

"Ah! The form isn't good; the form is not acceptable from the standpoint
view of aesthetic!
And well, really, I don't understand how dropping bombs on the people
during a siege in rule, replies to a more honourable form?"

"The fear of aesthetic is the first sign of powerlessness..."

"Never, never before have I so consciously seen until now,
And less than ever do I understand why my particular deed is a
crime! A crime?
Never, never before have I been more convinced than as of now.
Never!"

(The blood brought colour to his pale and exhausted face.)
But while pronouncing the last sentence, his look met the gaze
of Dounia,
And he read so much suffering in that gaze, he succumbed.
(He felt that, despite all, he had brought sadness to these two
poor women.)

For He was, the cause of it all...