

Among the four very young visitors, however, there was one man of about thirty, the retired lieutenant from Rogozhin's gang....Of the remainder, the foremost and most prominent position was taken by the young man to whom the designation "son of Pavlishchev" had been given, though he introduced himself as Antip Burdovsky. He was a young man poorly and untidily dressed, in a jacket with sleeves sullied to the point of a mirror shine, with a greasy waistcoat buttoned up to the neck, with linen that had disappeared somewhere, with an impossibly soiled black silk scarf that was twisted like a rope, with unwashed hands, with an extremely pimply face, fair hair and, if one may so express it, with an innocently insolent gaze. He was about twenty-two, thin, and tallish. There was not a trace of irony or reflection in his face; on the contrary, there was a complete, obtuse intoxication with his own rights and, at the same time, something like a strange and incessant craving to be and feel constantly offended. He spoke with agitation, hurrying and stumbling over his words, as if not enunciating them completely, just as though he were tongue-tied or even a foreigner, though he was, in fact, entirely of Russian origin. (Fyodor Dostoevsky, *The Idiot*, translated by Anna Brailovsky, based on the Constance Garnett translation (New York: Modern Library 2003), 28-281.)