

Chapter 1 : 19th Century Russian Literature – Hunter College

On reaching home, he sat down at once at the table, supped his cabbage soup up quickly, and swallowed a bit of beef with onions, never noticing their taste, and gulping down everything with flies and anything else which the Lord happened to send at the moment.

Themes Themes and Colors Key LitCharts assigns a color and icon to each theme in *The Overcoat*, which you can use to track the themes throughout the work. The Narrator decides that it is better to avoid mentioning too many details, as he is worried about offending a sensitive official or other bureaucrat. He comments that these days, every Russian citizen believes the whole state to be insulted when he himself is. He cites a recent incident in which a police inspector complained that the Russian government was riddled with problems, and that people were maligning his name. As evidence the inspector supplied an extremely long romantic novel in which a police inspector often appears, sometimes in a drunken state. He is a short man with unmemorable, unattractive features. He is born on March 22, and his mother, needing to come up with an appropriate name for the baby, rejects many proposals and finally names him after his father Akaky, sensing that this is fate. During the christening, baby Akaky grimaces, as though foreseeing the dull life ahead of him. Gogol starts off by painting a very unimpressive picture of Akaky Akakievich, and throughout the story he will test our ability to empathize with this pathetic character. Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations The Narrator claims that no one remembers how Akaky Akakievich was appointed to his specific department. While the younger clerks constantly make fun of him, Akaky usually does not let it affect his work. He always copies his documents diligently and carefully. But at certain moments when the younger officials go too far, Akaky shouts at them to leave him alone. It also implies that Akaky himself is easily replaceable—he is merely a cog in the Russian bureaucracy. That Akaky works diligently at his copying and rarely interacts with his peers suggests that Akaky has little personality—that he is perhaps a kind of machine, or a non-entity. Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations Akaky loves his job as a copyist so much that he makes it his entire life. He takes joy in reading different documents and carefully copying each letter. But he is never promoted—once, a director who wished to reward Akaky for his hard work ordered him to add a few small changes to a document, but Akaky grew nervous and requested to copy something instead. After this incident, no one offered to promote Akaky again. He never notices the taste of his food, and after he returns home and has dinner, he continues copying papers that he brought from work. Instead, Gogol proposes that it is possible to find joy in any type of labor one undertakes—even as he also goes back to briefly portraying Akaky as a kind of caricature. The Narrator then immediately turns around and mocks Akaky for neglecting every other aspect of his life—his clothes, food, social life, and immediate surroundings. Petersburg harbors a major obstacle to those who make the low salary of four hundred rubles per year—the northern cold. Akaky, after being punished by this cold, decides that it is time for him to get a new overcoat. The clerk decides to take the coat to Petrovich, the tailor, to get it repaired. In an aside, the Narrator describes Petrovich as a decent tailor, but a heavy drinker. Gogol criticizes the Russian government for paying its civil servants a low salary on which they can barely survive. This also introduces the theme of the importance of material goods. Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations Akaky, noting that Petrovich appears to be sober, is worried that he will not be able to bargain as effectively. He begins nervously, unable to complete his sentence. Petrovich takes his coat and examines it. After some time, he shakes his head and declares it impossible to mend. He insists that Akaky must have a new coat. Petrovich tells Akaky that a new coat will cost him a hundred fifty rubles. Akaky, after first traveling in the wrong direction, returns home in a daze. Throughout the story, Gogol criticizes various characters for only caring about their appearances, shirking their real duties and even basic virtues to instead focus only on appearing important and powerful. When he visits the tailor again, he hands Petrovich a ten-copeck piece and asks him once again to mend his coat. The tailor thanks him for the money, but insists that Akaky needs a completely new coat. Akaky, discouraged, wonders where he will get the money to pay for the brand new garment. Even if the director gives him a generous Christmas bonus of forty or fifty rubles, he already owes most of it to paying off debts he has accrued. He knows that Petrovich might

agree to make an overcoat for as little as eighty rubles. Akaky has saved up about forty rubles over the course of several years, but he does not know where he will get the other half. Gogol emphasizes how poor Akaky Akakievich is. It seems that the clerk is always trying to catch up with himself—whenever he comes into some extra money, he must use it to pay off his debts. It is especially troubling that Akaky is not even at the lowest rung of the Russian government—the title of titular counsellor belonged to the ninth of fourteen bureaucratic ranks—so we can only imagine how his inferiors manage to survive the cold. Active Themes Akaky resolves to deprive himself of many of his ordinary expenses. He stops drinking tea at night, burns no candles, walks lightly so as not to wear out his shoes, and goes hungry at night. With the goal of purchasing a new overcoat in mind, he becomes livelier and more decisive. After three more months of saving up, Akaky has the eighty rubles he needs. He and Petrovich go shopping for supplies: His goal, to save up money in order to purchase the coat, gives him a new sense of purpose, a reason to live beyond the drudgery of his copying. Here, Gogol emphasizes the value of material goods not only for basic human survival, but also for emotional and spiritual wellbeing. Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations Petrovich works on the overcoat for two weeks and charges twelve rubles for the job, the lowest price possible. The coat arrives just in time, for an extreme cold has taken over St. Petrovich proudly displays the coat, which he made from scratch, to Akaky and helps the clerk put it on. The tailor declares that it is only because he works on a small street and has known Akaky for so long that he made the coat so cheaply. Akaky pays and thanks Petrovich and sets off for work. Petrovich follows him, watching the coat move off in the distance, and then he runs through a side street so that he can catch a glimpse of Akaky and his overcoat from the front. They insist that the event must be celebrated, and that Akaky must host an evening party. Akaky is extremely embarrassed until a higher-ranking civil servant, an assistant head clerk, offers to host the party instead, and invites everyone to tea that night. The other officials accept his invitation, and pressure Akaky to come as well. Akaky passes the rest of the day in a very good mood. Upon returning home, he compares his new cloak to his old one, laughing at the difference. After dinner he does not do any copying, but instead rests until dark, and then heads to the evening party. At the same time, the coat opens up a whole new dimension of experience for Akaky: Gogol repeatedly draws out the absurdity of social interactions—they are based on the most superficial self-presentation, but they are also an important element of a fulfilling life. Active Themes Related Quotes with Explanations Akaky gazes with awe upon the high society populating the streets around him. He has not been out at night in years. He looks into a shop window and sees a picture of a beautiful woman displaying a naked foot, as behind her, a man looks at her through a doorway. Akaky laughs and walks on. The Narrator speculates about why Akaky laughed in that moment: In contrast to the beginning of the story, in which Akaky barely noticed his surroundings, we now see him paying attention to things beyond his work. The overcoat has not only raised his social status, but has also introduced him to new ways of relating to the world. He enters the main room and is greeted by a bustling scene full of officials, card tables, and conversation. Akaky is unsure of how he should behave, but his fellow clerks greet him happily and crowd into the anteroom to look at his cloak once more. Akaky is overjoyed by their compliments, but soon after this, the officials return to their card games, leaving Akaky alone. Feeling awkward and overwhelmed, Akaky sits down in a stupor. He is tired and wants to leave, but his peers push him to drink champagne. Akaky feels better after having a drink, but as it is midnight, he decides to sneak out of the party. To his dismay, he finds his overcoat is lying on the floor of the anteroom. Akaky picks it up, brushes it off, and leaves the apartment. The coat impresses his coworkers, but Akaky is still an outsider in their social scene, and he lacks the conversation skills and, presumably, the inflated ego to fit in. And though the other officials are friendly to Akaky and courage him to stay, Gogol implies that they do not truly care about the clerk. His overcoat gets knocked to the floor, and no one notices when he leaves. As hard as he has tried, Akaky remains insignificant. In a flight of fancy, he runs after a lady who passes him on the street, but then immediately stops and again walks quietly down the street, unsure of why he was running. The streets grow deserted and dark. The festive neighborhood he was in transitions into a poorer district of low houses and dim lamps. Akaky suddenly feels afraid as he enters the square. He closes his eyes, wishing to pass through as quickly as possible. When he opens his eyes, he is suddenly standing in front of two bearded men. One of the thieves grabs his overcoat. Akaky is about to shout for help, but then the other

thief threatens to hit him. The men take his cloak and push him to the ground, and Akaky loses consciousness. Again, we see Akaky behaving uncharacteristically with his new overcoat. Whereas before he was only comfortable living according to his strict routine, unable to make even simple changes to documents, now he acts spontaneously and even pursues a sexual or romantic feeling on a whim. The tragic loss of his overcoat, then, once again exposes Akaky as a helpless, impoverished man. The overcoat seemed to give Akaky a sense of purpose and value in life, and even to make him into a more complete human being, but now that has been snatched away from him. We cannot help feeling that this was fated to happen all along.

qu ite inevitably and that to give him any other name was out of the question. No one has been able to remember when and how long ago he entered the department, nor who gave him the job.

This web edition published by eBooks Adelaide. Last updated Wednesday, December 17, at HOWEVER, copyright law varies in other countries, and the work may still be under copyright in the country from which you are accessing this website. It is your responsibility to check the applicable copyright laws in your country before downloading this work. For that morning Barber Ivan Yakovlevitch, a dweller on the Vozkresensky Prospekt his name is lost now – it no longer figures on a signboard bearing a portrait of a gentleman with a soaped cheek, and the words: Raising himself a little, he perceived his wife a most respectable dame, and one especially fond of coffee to be just in the act of drawing newly baked rolls from the oven. To his intense surprise he saw something glimmering there. He probed it cautiously with the knife – then poked at it with a finger. His hands dropped to his sides for a moment. Then he rubbed his eyes hard. Then again he probed the thing. Yes, and one familiar to him, somehow! Oh, horror spread upon his feature! Three customers have told me already about your pulling at their noses as you shaved them till they could hardly stand it. This was the more the case because, sure enough, he had recognised the nose. It was the nose of Collegiate Assessor Kovalev – no less: Oh, you old stick! You loafer, you wastrel, you bungler, you blockhead! Take it away, then. Take it anywhere you like. He thought and thought, but did not know what to think. But certainly things look as though something out of the way happened then, for bread comes of baking, and a nose of something else altogether. At the thought that the police might find the nose at his place, and arrest him, he felt frantic. Yes, already he could see the red collar with the smart silver braiding – the sword! He shuddered from head to foot. His one idea was to rid himself of the nose, and return quietly home – to do so either by throwing the nose into the gutter in front of the gates or by just letting it drop anywhere. Yet, unfortunately, he kept meeting friends, and they kept saying to him: Once, true, he did succeed in dropping the thing, but no sooner had he done so than a constable pointed at him with his truncheon, and shouted: Meanwhile his desperation grew in proportion as more and more booths and shops opened for business, and more and more people appeared in the street. At last he decided that he would go to the Isaakievsky Bridge, and throw the thing, if he could, into the Neva. But here let me confess my fault in not having said more about Ivan Yakovlevitch himself, a man estimable in more respects than one. Like every decent Russian tradesman, Ivan Yakovlevitch was a terrible tippler. Daily he shaved the chins of others, but always his own was unshorn, and his jacket he never wore a top-coat piebald – black, thickly studded with greyish, brownish-yellowish stains – and shiny of collar, and adorned with three pendent tufts of thread instead of buttons. But, with that, Ivan Yakovlevitch was a great cynic. Whenever Collegiate Assessor Kovalev was being shaved, and said to him, according to custom: So the worthy citizen stood on the Isaakievsky Bridge, and looked about him. Then, leaning over the parapet, he feigned to be trying to see if any fish were passing underneath. Then gently he cast forth the nose. At once ten puds-weight seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders. Suddenly he sighted a constable standing at the end of the bridge, a constable of smart appearance, with long whiskers, a three-cornered hat, and a sword complete. Oh, Ivan Yakovlevitch could have fainted! Then the constable, beckoning with a finger, cried: Come and tell me what you have been doing on the bridge. Be so good as to answer me truthfully. Aye, or even three times a week. Now, tell me, I ask again, what you have just been doing? What happened after that is unknown to all men. Then he stretched himself, had handed to him a small mirror from the table near by, and set himself to inspect a pimple which had broken out on his nose the night before. But, to his unbounded astonishment, there was only a flat patch on his face where the nose should have been! Greatly alarmed, he called for water, washed, and rubbed his eyes hard with the towel. Yes, the nose indeed was gone! He prodded the spot with a hand-pinch to make sure that he was not still asleep. But no; he was not still sleeping. Then he leapt from the bed, and shook himself. No nose had he on him still! Finally, he bade his clothes be handed him, and set forth for the office of the Police Commissioner at his utmost speed. Here let me add something which may enable the reader to perceive just what the Collegiate

Assessor was like. Of course, it goes without saying that Collegiate Assessors who acquire the title with the help of academic diplomas cannot be compared with Collegiate Assessors who become Collegiate Assessors through service in the Caucasus, for the two species are wholly distinct, they are "Stay, though. Russia is so strange a country that, let one but say anything about any one Collegiate Assessor, and the rest, from Riga to Kamchatka, at once apply the remark to themselves" for all titles and all ranks it means the same thing. I have my flat in Sadovaia Street. And, finally, Major Kovalev had come to live in St. Petersburg because of necessity. That is to say, he had come to live in St. Petersburg because he wished to obtain a post befitting his new title "whether a Vice-Governorship or, failing that, an Administratorship in a leading department. Nor was Major Kovalev altogether set against marriage. Merely he required that his bride should possess not less than two hundred thousand rubles in capital. The reader, therefore, can now judge how the Major was situated when he perceived that instead of a not unpresentable nose there was figuring on his face an extremely uncouth, and perfectly smooth and uniform patch. Presently he turned aside towards a restaurant for he wished yet again to get a sight of himself in a mirror. No; as he went along he must look at no one, and smile at no one. Then he halted as though riveted to earth. For in front of the doors of a mansion he saw occur a phenomenon of which, simply, no explanation was possible. Before that mansion there stopped a carriage. The unlooked-for spectacle made everything swim before his eyes. Scarcely, for a moment, could he even stand. Sure enough, the Nose did return, two minutes later. It was clad in a gold-braided, high-collared uniform, buckskin breeches, and cockaded hat. And slung beside it there was a sword, and from the cockade on the hat it could be inferred that the Nose was purporting to pass for a State Councillor. It seemed now to be going to pay another visit somewhere. Poor Kovalev felt almost demented. The astounding event left him utterly at a loss. For how could the nose which had been on his face but yesterday, and able then neither to drive nor to walk independently, now be going about in uniform? Kovalev too hastened to the building, pushed through the line of old beggar-women with bandaged faces and apertures for eyes whom he had so often scorned, and entered. Only the devil knows what is to be done! Yet somehow, I think, I think, that "well, I think that you ought to know your proper place better. All at once, you see, I find you" where? Do you not feel as I do about it? Then, again taking courage, he went: Hence you will realise how unbecoming it is for me to have to walk about without a nose. Of course, a peddler of oranges on the Vozkresensky Bridge could sit there noseless well enough, but I myself am hoping soon to receive a "Hm, yes. Also, I have amongst my acquaintances several ladies of good houses Madame Chektareva, wife of the State Councillor, for example, and you may judge for yourself what that alone signifies. But at least the immediate point should be plain, unless you are determined to have it otherwise. Merely "you are my own nose. And in any case there cannot ever have existed a close relation between us, for, judging from the buttons of your undress uniform, your service is being performed in another department than my own. What to do, even what to think, he had not a notion. Yes, an elderly, lace-bedecked dame was approaching, and, with her, a slender maiden in a white frock which outlined delightfully a trim figure, and, above it, a straw hat of a lightness as of pastry. Behind them there came, stopping every now and then to open a snuffbox, a tall, whiskered beau in quite a twelve-fold collar. Kovalev moved a little nearer, pulled up the collar of his shirt, straightened the seals on his gold watch-chain, smiled, and directed special attention towards the slender lady as, swaying like a floweret in spring, she kept raising to her brows a little white hand with fingers almost of transparency. But all at once he recoiled as though scorched, for all at once he had remembered that he had not a nose on him, but nothing at all. But the Nose, behold, was gone!

Chapter 3 : The Overcoat - Wikipedia

The Overcoat In the department of but it is better not to name the department. There is nothing more irritable than all kinds of departments, regiments, courts of justice and, in a word, every branch of public service.

Title Listing In the department of -- but it is better not to mention the department. There is nothing more irritable than departments, regiments, courts of justice, and, in a word, every branch of public service. Each individual attached to them nowadays thinks all society insulted in his person. Therefore, in order to avoid all unpleasantness, it will be better to describe the department in question only as a certain department. So, in a certain department there was a certain official -- not a very high one, it must be allowed -- short of stature, somewhat pock-marked, red-haired, and short-sighted, with a bald forehead, wrinkled cheeks, and a complexion of the kind known as sanguine. Petersburg climate was responsible for this. As for his official status, he was what is called a perpetual titular councillor, over which, as is well known, some writers make merry, and crack their jokes, obeying the praiseworthy custom of attacking those who cannot bite back. His family name was Bashmatchkin. This name is evidently derived from "bashmak" shoe ; but when, at what time, and in what manner, is not known. His father and grandfather, and all the Bashmatchkins, always wore boots, which only had new heels two or three times a year. His name was Akakiy Akakievitch. It may strike the reader as rather singular and far-fetched, but he may rest assured that it was by no means far-fetched, and that the circumstances were such that it would have been impossible to give him any other. This is how it came about. Akakiy Akakievitch was born, if my memory fails me not, in the evening of the 23rd of March. His mother, the wife of a Government official and a very fine woman, made all due arrangements for having the child baptised. She was lying on the bed opposite the door; on her right stood the godfather, Ivan Ivanovitch Eroshkin, a most estimable man, who served as presiding officer of the senate, while the godmother, Anna Semenovna Byelobrushkova, the wife of an officer of the quarter, and a woman of rare virtues. They offered the mother her choice of three names, Mokiya, Sossiya, or that the child should be called after the martyr Khozdazat. I truly never heard the like. Varada or Varukh might have been borne, but not Triphiliy and Varakhasiy! And since such is the case, it will be better to name him after his father. They christened the child, whereat he wept and made a grimace, as though he foresaw that he was to be a titular councillor. In this manner did it all come about. We have mentioned it in order that the reader might see for himself that it was a case of necessity, and that it was utterly impossible to give him any other name. When and how he entered the department, and who appointed him, no one could remember. However much the directors and chiefs of all kinds were changed, he was always to be seen in the same place, the same attitude, the same occupation; so that it was afterwards affirmed that he had been born in undress uniform with a bald head. No respect was shown him in the department. The porter not only did not rise from his seat when he passed, but never even glanced at him, any more than if a fly had flown through the reception-room. His superiors treated him in coolly despotic fashion. And he took it, looking only at the paper and not observing who handed it to him, or whether he had the right to do so; simply took it, and set about copying it. The young officials laughed at and made fun of him, so far as their official wit permitted; told in his presence various stories concocted about him, and about his landlady, an old woman of seventy; declared that she beat him; asked when the wedding was to be; and strewed bits of paper over his head, calling them snow. But Akakiy Akakievitch answered not a word, any more than if there had been no one there besides himself. It even had no effect upon his work: But if the joking became wholly unbearable, as when they jogged his hand and prevented his attending to his work, he would exclaim, "Leave me alone! Why do you insult me? There was in it something which moved to pity; so much that one young man, a new-comer, who, taking pattern by the others, had permitted himself to make sport of Akakiy, suddenly stopped short, as though all about him had undergone a transformation, and presented itself in a different aspect. Some unseen force repelled him from the comrades whose acquaintance he had made, on the supposition that they were well-bred and polite men. Long afterwards, in his gayest moments, there recurred to his mind the little official with the bald forehead, with his heart-rending words, "Leave me alone! It would be difficult to find another man who lived so entirely

for his duties. It is not enough to say that Akakiy laboured with zeal: In his copying, he found a varied and agreeable employment. Enjoyment was written on his face: If his pay had been in proportion to his zeal, he would, perhaps, to his great surprise, have been made even a councillor of state. But he worked, as his companions, the wits, put it, like a horse in a mill. Moreover, it is impossible to say that no attention was paid to him. One director being a kindly man, and desirous of rewarding him for his long service, ordered him to be given something more important than mere copying. So he was ordered to make a report of an already concluded affair to another department: This caused him so much toil that he broke into a perspiration, rubbed his forehead, and finally said, "No, give me rather something to copy. Outside this copying, it appeared that nothing existed for him. He gave no thought to his clothes: The collar was low, so that his neck, in spite of the fact that it was not long, seemed inordinately so as it emerged from it, like the necks of those plaster cats which wag their heads, and are carried about upon the heads of scores of image sellers. And something was always sticking to his uniform, either a bit of hay or some trifle. Moreover, he had a peculiar knack, as he walked along the street, of arriving beneath a window just as all sorts of rubbish were being flung out of it: But Akakiy Akakievitch saw in all things the clean, even strokes of his written lines; and only when a horse thrust his nose, from some unknown quarter, over his shoulder, and sent a whole gust of wind down his neck from his nostrils, did he observe that he was not in the middle of a page, but in the middle of the street. On reaching home, he sat down at once at the table, supped his cabbage soup up quickly, and swallowed a bit of beef with onions, never noticing their taste, and gulping down everything with flies and anything else which the Lord happened to send at the moment. His stomach filled, he rose from the table, and copied papers which he had brought home. If there happened to be none, he took copies for himself, for his own gratification, especially if the document was noteworthy, not on account of its style, but of its being addressed to some distinguished person. Even at the hour when the grey St. No one could ever say that he had seen him at any kind of evening party. Thus flowed on the peaceful life of the man, who, with a salary of four hundred rubles, understood how to be content with his lot; and thus it would have continued to flow on, perhaps, to extreme old age, were it not that there are various ills strewn along the path of life for titular councillors as well as for private, actual, court, and every other species of councillor, even for those who never give any advice or take any themselves. There exists in St. Petersburg a powerful foe of all who receive a salary of four hundred rubles a year, or thereabouts. This foe is no other than the Northern cold, although it is said to be very healthy. At an hour when the foreheads of even those who occupy exalted positions ache with the cold, and tears start to their eyes, the poor titular councillors are sometimes quite unprotected. Akakiy Akakievitch had felt for some time that his back and shoulders suffered with peculiar poignancy, in spite of the fact that he tried to traverse the distance with all possible speed. He began finally to wonder whether the fault did not lie in his cloak. He examined it thoroughly at home, and discovered that in two places, namely, on the back and shoulders, it had become thin as gauze: In fact, it was of singular make: The patching did not exhibit great skill on the part of the tailor, and was, in fact, baggy and ugly. Seeing how the matter stood, Akakiy Akakievitch decided that it would be necessary to take the cloak to Petrovitch, the tailor, who lived somewhere on the fourth floor up a dark stair-case, and who, in spite of his having but one eye, and pock-marks all over his face, busied himself with considerable success in repairing the trousers and coats of officials and others; that is to say, when he was sober and not nursing some other scheme in his head. It is not necessary to say much about this tailor; but, as it is the custom to have the character of each personage in a novel clearly defined, there is no help for it, so here is Petrovitch the tailor. On this point he was faithful to ancestral custom; and when quarrelling with his wife, he called her a low female and a German. As we have mentioned his wife, it will be necessary to say a word or two about her. Unfortunately, little is known of her beyond the fact that Petrovitch has a wife, who wears a cap and a dress; but cannot lay claim to beauty, at least, no one but the soldiers of the guard even looked under her cap when they met her. Petersburg houses -- ascending the stairs, Akakiy Akakievitch pondered how much Petrovitch would ask, and mentally resolved not to give more than two rubles. The door was open; for the mistress, in cooking some fish, had raised such a smoke in the kitchen that not even the beetles were visible. Akakiy Akakievitch passed through the kitchen unperceived, even by the housewife, and at length reached a room where he beheld Petrovitch seated on a

large unpainted table, with his legs tucked under him like a Turkish pasha. Afterwards, to be sure, his wife would come, complaining that her husband was drunk, and so had fixed the price too low; but, if only a ten-kopek piece were added, then the matter was settled. But now it appeared that Petrovitch was in a sober condition, and therefore rough, taciturn, and inclined to demand, Satan only knows what price. Akakiy Akakievitch felt this, and would gladly have beat a retreat; but he was in for it. Petrovitch screwed up his one eye very intently at him, and Akakiy Akakievitch involuntarily said: I -- to you, Petrovitch, this --" It must be known that Akakiy Akakievitch expressed himself chiefly by prepositions, adverbs, and scraps of phrases which had no meaning whatever. If the matter was a very difficult one, he had a habit of never completing his sentences; so that frequently, having begun a phrase with the words, "This, in fact, is quite --" he forgot to go on, thinking that he had already finished it. Such is the habit of tailors; it is the first thing they do on meeting one. And a little work --" Petrovitch took the cloak, spread it out, to begin with, on the table, looked hard at it, shook his head, reached out his hand to the window-sill for his snuff-box, adorned with the portrait of some general, though what general is unknown, for the place where the face should have been had been rubbed through by the finger, and a square bit of paper had been pasted over it. Having taken a pinch of snuff, Petrovitch held up the cloak, and inspected it against the light, and again shook his head once more. The thing is completely rotten; if you put a needle to it -- see, it will give way. How will this, in fact --" "No," said Petrovitch decisively, "there is nothing to be done with it. The Germans invented them in order to make more money. He liked to produce powerful effects, liked to stun utterly and suddenly, and then to glance sideways to see what face the stunned person would put on the matter. If you have a marten fur on the collar, or a silk-lined hood, it will mount up to two hundred. But Petrovitch stood for some time after his departure, with significantly compressed lips, and without betaking himself to his work, satisfied that he would not be dropped, and an artistic tailor employed. Akakiy Akakievitch went out into the street as if in a dream. On the way, a chimney-sweep bumped up against him, and blackened his shoulder, and a whole hatful of rubbish landed on him from the top of a house which was building. There only, he finally began to collect his thoughts, and to survey his position in its clear and actual light, and to argue with himself, sensibly and frankly, as with a reasonable friend with whom one can discuss private and personal matters. I will make you a capital new one, so let us settle about it now. It may even be, as the fashion goes, that the collar can be fastened by silver hooks under a flap. How, in fact, was it to be done? Where was the money to come from? He might, to be sure, depend, in part, upon his present at Christmas; but that money had long been allotted beforehand.

Chapter 4 : The Overcoat Summary - racedaydvl.com

Full text of "Akaky's Undoing: A Reading of Gogol's "Overcoat"" See other formats [Type text] Akaky's "Awakening" in The Overcoat by Nicolai Gogol. Akaky Akakievich Bashmachkin is presented very much as an anti-hero in the beginning paragraphs of "The Overcoat."

Summary[edit] A stamp depicting "The Overcoat", from the souvenir sheet of Russia devoted to the th birth anniversary of Nikolai Gogol , The story narrates the life and death of titular councillor Akaky Akakievich Bashmachkin Russian: , an impoverished government clerk and copyist in the Russian capital of St. Akaky is dedicated to his job, though little recognized in his department for his hard work. Instead, the younger clerks tease him and attempt to distract him whenever they can. His threadbare overcoat is often the butt of their jokes. Akaky decides it is necessary to have the coat repaired, so he takes it to his tailor, Petrovich, who declares the coat irreparable, telling Akaky he must buy a new overcoat. Meanwhile, he and Petrovich frequently meet to discuss the style of the new coat. Finally, with the addition of an unexpectedly large holiday salary bonus, Akaky has saved enough money to buy a new overcoat. Akaky and Petrovich go to the shops in St. Petersburg and pick the finest materials they can afford marten fur was too expensive, so they use cat fur for the collar. His superior decides to host a party honoring the new overcoat, at which the habitually solitary Akaky is out of place; after the party, Akaky goes home, far later than he normally would. En route home, two ruffians confront him, take his coat, kick him down, and leave him in the snow. Akaky finds no help from the authorities in recovering his lost overcoat. Finally, on the advice of another clerk in his department, he asks for help from an "important personage" Russian: After keeping Akaky waiting, the general demands of him exactly why he has brought so trivial a matter to him, personally, and not presented it to his secretary. Soon afterward, Akaky falls deathly ill with fever. In his last hours, he is delirious, imagining himself again sitting before the general; at first, Akaky pleads forgiveness, but as his death nears, he curses the general. Petersburg, taking overcoats from people; the police are finding it difficult to capture him. The narrator ends his narration with the account of another ghost seen in another part of the city. Characters[edit] Akaky Akakievitch Bashmachkin: Bureaucrat in one of the departments of the Russian government in St. Bashmachkin, about fifty, is a quiet, self-effacing man with red hair and a receding hairline. His job is to copy documents such as letters. Although he enjoys his work and never makes a mistake, he has no desire to take on more challenging work, realizing that he has limited capabilities. Because he is meek and dresses shabbily, most of his coworkers regard him as a nobody and frequently pick on him. When his cloak becomes so frayed that it can no longer protect him against the bitter cold, he dedicates himself to saving enough money to purchase a new cloak. One-eyed, heavy-drinking, decent, tailor whom Bashmachkin hires to make his new cloak. Petrovitch was once a serf. Woman of plain looks whom the narrator says Petrovitch calls "a low female and a German" when they argue. Men who rob Akaky of his new cloak. Elderly woman who advises Akaky to report the theft of his cloak to the district police chief. The policeman asks Akaky embarrassing questions, as if he were a criminal. The policeman is of no help. Coworker of Akaky who advises him to see a certain prominent personage in a government office who will help Akaky track down his stolen cloak. Bureaucrat mainly concerned with demonstrating the power he wields as a supervisor. He excoriates Akaky for not going through the proper government channels to get an interview. He is of no help. Doctor called after Akaky develops a throat infection. In addition, the literal meaning of the name, derived from the Greek, is "harmless" or "lacking evil", showing the humiliation it must have taken to drive his ghost to violence. Akaky is not merely introverted, but described as humorously fit for his position as a non-entity. He is not oppressed by the nature of bureaucratic work because he enjoys performing bureaucratic tasks. Enjoyment was written on his face. Why do you insult me? Gogol is noted for his instability of style, tone, genre among other literary devices, as Boris Eichenbaum notes. Co-workers start noticing him and complimenting him on his coat and he ventures out into the social world. His hopes are quickly dashed by the theft of the coat. He attempts to enlist the police in recovery of the coat and employs some inept rank jumping by going to a very important and high ranking individual but his lack of status perhaps lack of the coat is obvious and he is treated with disdain. He

is plunged into illness fever and cannot function. He dies quickly and without putting up much of a fight. The Overcoat is a philosophical tale in the tradition of a stoic philosopher or Schopenhauer. The story does not condemn private acquisition and materialism, but asserts that human beings can have fulfillment from attention to material goods. People are brought together by material goods. It is also possible to read the text from a psychoanalytic perspective. After he acquires the coat, he expresses sexual interest. Akaky also treats the coat with the tenderness and obsession of a lover. But with Gogol this shifting is the very basis of his art, so that whenever he tried to write in the round hand of literary tradition and to treat rational ideas in a logical way, he lost all trace of talent. When, as in the immortal *The Overcoat*, he really let himself go and pottered on the brink of his private abyss, he became the greatest artist that Russia has yet produced. Here the story is transposed to the East End of London and the protagonists are poor Jews working in the clothing trade. A recent adaptation by Morris Panych and Wendy Gorling, set to various music by Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich, was performed by actors using dance and mime. The principal role was performed by Rudolph Nureyev at the world premiere at the Edinburgh Festival in the summer of 1964. He revived his play in 1971. His last version of "The Overcoat" toured the United States in 1978. *Torok* premiered at the Yale Repertory Theater on May 5, 1978. It was subsequently published by Samuel French, Inc. In popular culture[edit] The protagonist in the novel *The Namesake*, by Jhumpa Lahiri, is named for Gogol because of the importance that "The Overcoat" had on his father as a young man in Calcutta. The "Gogol" of this novel finds meaning in the story, after struggling with the name given to him by his father. One day you will understand

Chapter 5 : "The Overcoat" by Nikolai Gogol | Books Without Any Pictures

The Overcoat by Nikolai Gogol - Full Text in English The Overcoat by Nikolai Gogol Full Text in Russian The Petersburg Stories - Chapter six from Gogol's Art: A Search for Identity by Laszlo Tikos.

External links 9 Summary A stamp depicting "The Overcoat", from the souvenir sheet of Russia devoted to the 100th anniversary of Nikolay V. Gogol, The story narrates the life and death of titular councillor Akaky Akakievich Bashmachkin, an impoverished government clerk and copyist in the Russian capital of St. Petersburg. Akaky is dedicated to his job, though little recognized in his department for his hard work. Instead, the younger clerks tease him and attempt to distract him whenever they can. His threadbare overcoat is often the butt of their jokes. Akaky decides it is necessary to have the coat repaired, so he takes it to his tailor, Petrovich, who declares the coat irreparable, telling Akaky he must buy a new overcoat. Meanwhile, he and Petrovich frequently meet to discuss the style of the new coat. Finally, with the addition of an unexpectedly large holiday salary bonus, Akaky has saved enough money to buy a new overcoat. Akaky and Petrovich go to the shops in St. Petersburg and pick the finest materials they can afford marten fur was too expensive, so they use cat fur for the collar. His clerk superior decides to host a party honoring the new overcoat, at which the habitually solitary Akaky is out of place; after the event, Akaky goes home from the party, far later than he normally would. En route home, two ruffians confront him, take his coat, kick him down, and leave him in the snow. Akaky finds no help from the authorities in recovering his lost overcoat. Finally, on the advice of another clerk in his department, he asks for help from a "Person of Consequence", a general recently promoted to his position who belittles and shouts at his subordinates to solidify his position. After keeping Akaky waiting, the general demands of him exactly why he has brought so trivial a matter to him, personally, and not presented it to his secretary. Soon afterward, Akaky falls deathly ill with fever. In his last hours, he is delirious, imagining himself again sitting before the general; at first, Akaky pleads forgiveness, but as his death nears, he curses the general. Petersburg, taking overcoats from people; the police are finding it difficult to capture him. The narrator ends his narration with the account of another ghost seen in another part of the city. Characters Akakiy Akakievitch Bashmachkin: Bureaucrat in one of the departments of the Russian government in St. Petersburg, about fifty, is a quiet, self-effacing man with red hair and a receding hairline. His job is to copy documents such as letters. Although he enjoys his work and never makes a mistake, he has no desire to take on more challenging work, realizing that he has limited capabilities. Because he is meek and dresses shabbily, most of his coworkers regard him as a nobody and frequently pick on him. When his cloak becomes so frayed that it can no longer protect him against the bitter cold, he dedicates himself to saving enough money to purchase a new cloak. One-eyed, heavy-drinking tailor whom Bashmachkin hires to make his new cloak. Petrovitch was once a serf. Woman of plain looks whom the narrator says Petrovitch calls "a low female and a German" when they argue. Men who rob Akakiy of his new cloak. Elderly woman who advises Akakiy to report the theft of his cloak to the district police chief. The policeman asks Akakiy embarrassing questions, as if he were a criminal. The policeman is of no help. Coworker of Akakiy who advises him to see a certain prominent personage in a government office who will help Akakiy track down his stolen cloak. Bureaucrat mainly concerned with demonstrating the power he wields as a supervisor. He excoriates Akakiy for not going through the proper government channels to get an interview. He is of no help. Doctor called after Akakiy develops a throat infection. In addition to the scatological pun, the literal meaning of the name, derived from the Greek, is "harmless" or "lacking evil", showing the humiliation it must have taken to drive his ghost to violence. Akaky progresses from an introverted and hopeless but functioning non-entity with no expectations of social or material success to one whose self-esteem and thereby expectations are raised by the overcoat. Akaky is not merely introverted, but described as humorously fit for his position as a non-entity. He is not oppressed by the nature of bureaucratic work because he is petty bureaucracy himself. Enjoyment was written on his face. Why do you insult me? Gogol is noted for his instability of style, tone, genre among other literary devices, as Boris Eichenbaum notes. Co-workers start noticing him and complimenting him on his coat and he ventures out into the social world. His hopes are

quickly dashed by the theft of the coat. He attempts to enlist the police in recovery of the coat and employs some inept rank jumping by going to a very important and high ranking individual but his lack of status perhaps lack of the coat is obvious and he is treated with disdain. He is plunged into illness fever and cannot function. He dies quickly and without putting up much of a fight. The Overcoat is a philosophical tale in the tradition of a stoic philosopher or Schopenhauer. The story does not condemn private acquisition and materialism, but asserts that human beings can have fulfillment from attention to material goods. People are brought together by material goods. It is also possible to read the text from a psychoanalytic perspective. After he acquires the coat, he expresses sexual interest. Akaky also treats the coat with the tenderness and obsession of a lover. But with Gogol this shifting is the very basis of his art, so that whenever he tried to write in the round hand of literary tradition and to treat rational ideas in a logical way, he lost all trace of talent. When, as in the immortal *The Overcoat*, he really let himself go and pottered on the brink of his private abyss, he became the greatest artist that Russia has yet produced. Here the story is transposed to the East End of London and the protagonists are poor Jews working in the clothing trade. A recent adaptation by Morris Panych and Wendy Gorling, set to various music by Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich, was performed by actors using dance and mime. The principal role was performed by Rudolph Nureyev at the world premiere at the Edinburgh Festival in the summer of 1964. He revived his play in and His last version of "The Overcoat" toured the United States in 1970. It premiered at the Yale Repertory Theater on May 5, 1970. It was subsequently published by Samuel French, Inc. In popular culture The protagonist in the novel *The Namesake*, by Jhumpa Lahiri, is named for Gogol because of the importance that "The Overcoat" had on his father as a young man in Calcutta. The "Gogol" of this novel finds meaning in the story, after struggling with the name given to him by his father. One day you will understand Penguin Books, *A Psychoanalytic Study*, Anne Arbor: Gogol From the Twentieth Century: Lectures on Russian Literature. Critical Studies in Russian Literature London: Bristol Classical Press, *The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol*.

Chapter 6 : The Overcoat Summary & Analysis from LitCharts | The creators of SparkNotes

The Overcoat: A Musical "the endless hum of the insomniac streets" The freeform melodies and shifting energies of jazz make it the perfect soundtrack to Nikolai Gogol's St Petersburg, writes Michael Costi.

Part one[edit] On the 25th of March, the barber Ivan Yakovlevich finds out that his wife has made bread. During breakfast, he cuts a loaf in half and finds a nose in his bread. He tries to get rid of the nose by throwing it into the Neva River , but he is caught by a police officer. Ivan attempts to bribe the police officer, but the officer refuses. Part two[edit] Major Kovalyov awakens to discover that his nose is missing. He grabs a mirror to see his face, and there is only a smooth, flat patch of skin in its place. He leaves his home to report the incident to the chief of police. On his way to the chief of police, Major Kovalyov sees his nose dressed in the uniform of a high-ranking official. His nose is already pretending to be a human being. He chases his nose to a bazaar called the Great Gostiny Dvor , but the nose refuses to return to his face. Kovalyov becomes distracted by a pretty girl, and while he is not watching, the nose escapes. Kovalyov attempts to contact the chief of police, but he is not home, so he visits the newspaper office to place an ad about the loss of his nose, but is refused. He then speaks to a police inspector who also refuses to help. Finally, Kovalyov returns home. Kovalyov returns to his flat, where the police officer who caught Ivan returns the nose which was apprehended at a coach station, trying to flee the city. The next day, Kovalyov writes a letter to Madame Alexandra Podtochina Grigorievna, a woman who wants him to marry her daughter, and accuses her of stealing his nose; he believes that she has placed a curse on him for his fickleness toward her daughter. He writes to ask her to undo the spell, but she is confused by his letter, and reiterates her desire to have him marry her daughter. Her reply convinces him that she is innocent. Part three[edit] On the 7th of April, Kovalyov wakes up with his nose reattached. He is carefully shaved by the barber and returns to his old habits of shopping and flirting with girls. Characters[edit] Collegiate Assessor Kovalyov â€” the main character of the story is a civil servant of average rank. He is obsessed with his rank, and one day, he wakes up to find his nose missing. A caricature depicting Gogol himself encountering the Nose of Major Kovalyov. The Nose â€” this character is a body part that is personified in the story. By the way it is dressed, it seems to have achieved a higher rank of civil service than Kovalyov. Ivan Yakovlevitch â€” he is the barber who finds the nose in his bread. He attempts to throw the nose into the river. When the nose is miraculously reattached to Kovalyov again, he comes to Ivan to get shaved. Newspaper Advertising Clerk â€” he is who Kovalyov contacts to get an ad in the paper about his missing nose. When the newspaper advertising clerk first hears about the story, he is unable to understand what has happened. Madame Podtochina â€” she is the mother of the girl that Kovalyov has been flirting with for some time. He refuses to propose to her because he believes he can marry someone even better, so Madame Podtochina is constantly bugging him about marrying her daughter. The doctor Olfactory perception[edit] Some reviewers analyze the story literally instead of searching for symbolic significance. His behavior reflects the influence of vision-oriented Western culture that emphasizes deodorization and hygiene. In a society that was obsessed with status, people had to always look their best and prioritize their outside appearance. When Major Kovalyov sees his own nose dressed in the uniform of a higher-ranking official than himself, he is momentarily embarrassed and unable to approach the nose. However, the nose is able to slip away from Kovalyov by disguising itself as a doctor. Major Kovalyov is a minor official who acts like he is much higher ranking than he actually is. He refers to women as prostitutes and asks them to come to his apartment. His main objectives in life are to climb the table of ranks and marry well, but without his nose, he can do neither. The nose is able to transform its size depending on what is needed to further the plot. This strange ability plays into the absurdity of the story and adds to its comedic tone. Rather than focusing on his inner appearance, all of his energy and thought goes towards maintaining his outward appearance. It is never explained why the Nose fell off in the first place, why it could talk, nor why it found itself reattached. By doing this, Gogol was playing on the assumptions of readers, who may happily seek absurd stories, but at the same time, still be wanting for a normal explanation. The loss of his nose represents a loss of his identity. Since his identity is primarily defined by his outward appearance, the loss of that appearance devastates him.

Noses, and even heads, which run about on their own, which disappear and then return, which are even baked in bread as in Part I of Gogol's story, are to be found in Russian literature of the 18 and 19. In it more than anywhere else Gogol displays his extraordinary magic power of making great comic art out of nothing. Saint Petersburg landmarks[edit] As a Petersburg tale, "The Nose" has many references to the city of Saint Petersburg, where the action of the story takes place. Kazan Cathedral, where the nose was praying. Ivan, the barber, lives on this street. Ivan throws the nose into the river Neva from this bridge. Major Kovalyov lives on this street. Major Kovalyov takes daily walks down this street. Major Kovalyov confronts his nose in this cathedral. A rumor arises that the nose took to walking in these gardens Gostiny Dvor: Another animated short film, made in 1974, directed by Mordicai Gerstein and narrated by Brother Theodore, shifted the story to Pittsburgh and changed the names the barber is named "Theodore Schneider" and the nose-loser is named "Nathan Nasspigel". Petersburg in search of his nose. A play based on the short story was written by Tom Swift and produced by The Performance Corporation in 1997. The Fat Git Theatre Company performed their adaptation of the short story in 2005. The Moscow Museum of Erotic Art put on an adaptation based on Vladimir Putin losing his genitalia to coincide with the presidential election. A translated audio book version of the short story was published in Malayalam by Kathacafe in 2011.

Chapter 7 : The Overcoat By Nikolai Gogol Full Text Pdf

"The Overcoat" (Russian: Шинель, translit. Shinel; sometimes translated as "The Cloak") is a short story by Ukrainian-born Russian author Nikolai Gogol, published in

Akaky Akakievich Bashmachkin is presented very much as an anti-hero in the beginning paragraphs of "The Overcoat. The christening itself was less than propitious: Perhaps he also had a premonition of how his life would end. Yet in spite of his lowly status, being also the usual butt of office jokes and pranks by the younger workers, there is one point about Akaky that should not be overlooked: At night he would eat his simple meal and recopy some of his favorite documents from the day; indeed, if he had been rewarded according to his zeal, he would have been promoted by several grades Gogol Some critics have viewed Petrovich as the devil because of suggestive physical details such as his one deformed toenail, his being all but blind in one eye, and his having a snuff box with a faceless portrait. Petrovich , however, is firm: Akaky would have to find a way to finance a new coat. This challenge for Akaky is a source a stress and consternation to which he first responds with near panic. However, over time, as he acclimates to the notion of saving up for a new coat, he changes. With almost religious dedication and punctiliousness, Akaky rations his food and drink, even giving up candle light by which to read, in order to save up for the new coat. Nor is the immediate impact of the new coat itself any less satisfying: Akaky makes plans to socialize that evening, possibly for the first time ever. He begins to feel and act more like a normal man and even chuckles at a slightly risque add in a store window. Shortly after the party, he all but pursues an attractive woman in the street. But this state of awakening would not last long. The unfortunate attack on Akaky as he walks home from the evening soiree when a band of thieves assault him and snatch his new overcoat, is life-altering. This meek little man who rarely spoke on behalf of himself, hollered frantically otchayannee. When his landlady, appalled at his state upon arriving home, recommends that he go straight to the Police Commissioner and bypass the local police inspector, he does just that. Although put off by the delaying tactics of the Police Commissioner, Akaky, on better advice, goes the next day to the office of "an important personage," znachitelnyoe litso. Our hero actually persists and stands up for himself more than could have been predicted. Still, the dramatic rebuke he receives from the newly important official vanquishes him, and ultimately, he arrives at home in an almost unconscious state, only to die shortly after It is not unlikely that Gogol, an observant Christian himself, had the following passage from Matthew in mind: Akaky mistook the vehicle for the reality of spiritual rebirth. Rather than end this way, it would have been better to have Petrovich repair the old dressing gown so that Akaky could focus again on his simple pleasures in life: Works Cited Chishevsky, Dmitri. Princeton University Press, Upper Saddle River, NJ: Primary source citations in English are to this text.

Chapter 8 : The Overcoat by Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol @ Classic Reader

It took Gogol two years to write the nearly 13, words that make up "The Overcoat." The story about a low ranking official who gains and loses a fine coat was published in a volume of Gogol's Collected Works in

Chapter 9 : Bibliomania: Free Online Literature and Study Guides

"The Overcoat," by Russian novelist Nikolai Vassilyevich Gogol, has weathered the test of time.