



Library podcast

Thrilling Tales, A Storytime for Grownups presents: “The Nose” by Nikolai Gogol

[00:00:00] This is the Seattle Public Library podcast of a special session of Thrilling Tales: A Storytime for Adults. Thrilling Tales occurs regularly on the first and third Mondays of the month at noon in the Central Library Auditorium. As part of Seattle Reads, Jhumpa Lahiri is “The Namesake”. Thrilling Tales on April 2nd featured a reading of “The Nose” by Nikolai Gogol. Gogol is the 19th century Russian writer for whom the Gangulis, a Bengali Hindu couple in *The Namesake* named their son.

[00:00:33] Hello, everyone, and thanks for coming to today's reading of Nikolai Gogol's “The Nose”. My name is David Wright. I'm a librarian here at the Central Branch of the Seattle Public Library and the Fiction Department. If you're ever looking for a good book, come up and see us sometime. This reading is part of our regular program. Thrilling Tales: A Storytime for Adults, which takes place here at the Central Library on the first and third Monday of every month at noon. The author of today's tale, Nikolai Gogol, plays a curious role in *The Namesake*, the featured title for this year's Seattle Reads program. The hero of that book through an odd mishap winds up with Gogol's name. Interestingly enough, Gogol himself got the name in an odd way. It belonged to an imaginary nobleman invented by Gogol's grandfather to lend nobility to the family tree. And now “The Nose”, by Nikolai Gogol. On the 25th day of March, an extraordinarily strange incident occurred in Petersburg. The barber Ivanna Kavulich, who lives on version is INSKEEEP Prospect woke up quite early and sensed the smell of hot bread, raising himself a little in bed. He saw that his wife, quite a respectable lady who very much liked her cup of coffee, was taking just baked loaves from the effin.

[00:02:04] Today, Prisco, of your little sip of honor.

[00:02:07] I will not have coffee said if on your coverage. But instead I'd like to have some hot bread with onion. That is, if on your koplovitz would have liked the one and the other. But he knew that it was utterly impossible to ask for two things at the same time for press Kovil Osip over very much disliked such women. Let the fool eat bread. So much the better for me. The wife thought to herself to be an extra portion of coffee left, and she threw a loaf of bread on the table for the sake of propriety. If Onya Koplovitz put his tail coat on over his undershirt and settling at the table, poured out some salt prepared to onions, took a knife in his hands and assuming a significant air began cutting the bread, having cut the loaf in two. He looked into the middle and to his surprise, saw something quite Yvonne Yakovlev, which poked cautiously with his knife, and felt with his finger firm. He said to himself, What

could it be? He stuck in his fingers and pulled out. Unknow is. If Onya Karlovic began rubbing his eyes and feeling it and knows precisely Uno's. And what's more, it seemed like a familiar one.

[00:03:25] Terror. showed on Yvonne Yakovlev it his face. But this terror was nothing compared to the indignation that came over his wife. Where did you cut that? Notes off, you beast! She shouted, raffel, a crook drunkard. I'll denounce you to the police myself. What a bandit.

[00:03:41] I've heard from three men already that you pull nose's so hard when you give a shave that they barely stay attached.

[00:03:47] But if Vanya Karlovic was more dead than alive, he recognised this nose as belonging to none other than the collegiate assessor. Kovalyov, whom he shaved every Wednesday and Sunday.

[00:04:02] Wait, press kovil osip off now wrapped in a rag and put it in the corner. I'll take it out later. I won't hear of it. Then I should leave some cut off. knows.. lying about my room. You dried-up crust. Then I should have to answer for you to the police. You muck worm out with it out. Take it wherever you like. So that I never hear of it again.

[00:04:23] If on your Karlovic stood totally crushed, he thought and thought and did not know what to think. Devil knows how it happened. Whether I came home drunk yesterday or not, I can't say for sure that by all tokens this incident should be unfeasible for bread, as it is a baking matter and a nose is something else entirely. I can't figure it out. If on Yakovlev, which fell silent, the thought of the police finding the nose at his place and accusing him drove him to complete distraction. He trembled all over.

[00:05:03] Finally he took his shirt and boots, pulled all this trash on him, and to the accompaniment of press Kovil Osip of notes, weighty admonitions, rapped the nose in a rag, and went out. He wanted to leave it somewhere in an iron hitching post under a gateway, or just somehow accidentally drop it and turned down an alley. But unfortunately, he kept running into someone he knew who would begin at once by asking where you off to or who you're going to shave so early, so that if Onya coverage could never seize the moment another time, he had already dropped it entirely. But a policeman pointed to it from afar with his halberd and said, Pick that up. You dropped something there. And if on your koplovitz had to pick the nose up and put it in his pocket, despair came over him, especially as there were more and more people in the street. As the stores and shops began to open. He decided to go to St. Isaac's bridge. Nighty not somehow managed to throw it into the Naver. First he glanced around. Then he leaned over the rail as if looking under the bridge to see if there were lots of fish darting about, and quietly threw down the rag with the nose, felt as if a 300 pound weight had suddenly fallen from him.

[00:06:20] If only a couple of which even grinned. Instead of going to shave the chins of functionaries, he was heading for an institution under the sign that read food and tea to ask for a glass of punch, when suddenly he saw at the end of the bridge a police officer of noble appearance with broad side whiskers and a three cornered hat wearing a sword.

[00:06:42] He went dead, and meanwhile the policeman was beckoning to him with his finger and saying, Come here, my good man. If on your koplovitz, knowing the rules took off his peaked cap while still far away and approaching rapidly said Good day to your honor. Now, now, brother, never mind my honor. Tell me what you would doing standing on the bridge. Oh, by God, sir. Just on my way to give a shave. And I just stopped to see if the river's flowing fast. Lies, lies. You won't get off with that. Be so good as to answer. I'm ready to shave you twice a week, sir. Even three times with no objections. If on your koplovitz answer now frand. That's trifles. I have free bobbars to shave me and they consider it a great honor. Kindly tell me what you were doing there.

[00:07:28] If on the cover of which blanched. But here the incident becomes totally shrouded in mist and of what happened further. Decidedly nothing is known.

[00:07:41] Part two. The collegiate assessor Kovalyov woke up quite early and went with his lips, something he always did.

[00:07:50] Upon waking up, though, he himself was unable to explain the reason for it. Kovalev stretched and asked for the little mirror that stood on the table. He wished to look at a pimple that had popped out on his nose the previous evening. But to his greatest amazement, he saw that instead of a nose, he had a perfectly smooth place. Frightened, Kovalev asked for water and wiped his eyes with a towel. Right? No nose. He began feeling with his hand to find out if he might be asleep. But it seemed he was not the collegiate assessor. Kovalev jumped out of bed, shook himself, no nose. He ordered his man to dress him and flew straight to the chief of police. But meanwhile, it is necessary to say something about Kovalev so that the reader may see what sort of collegiate assessor he was. He had held this rank for only two years, and therefore could not forget it for a moment and to give himself more nobility and weight. He never referred to himself as a collegiate assessor, but always as a major. Listen diary, he used to say on meeting a woman selling shirtfront in the street. Come to my place. I live on sort of ayar. Just ask, where does Major Kovalev live? Anyone will show you. And if he met some comely little thing, he would give her a secret order. On top of that asking. Ask for Major Kovalev apartments, sweetie. For which reason we shall in future refer to this collegiate assessor as a major. Major Kovalev had the habit of strolling on Nevsky Prospect every day.

[00:09:24] The colour of his shirt front was always extremely clean and starched. His side whiskers were of the sort that can still be seen on provincial and regional surveyors, architects, regimental doctors and generally on all men who have plump round ruddy cheeks. These side whiskers go right across the middle of the cheek and straight to the nose. Major Kovalev wore many seals of carnelian with crests and the sort that have. Wednesday. Thursday. Monday. So on. Carved on them. Major Kovalev had come to Petersburg on business, namely to seek a post suited to his rank as vice governor, or if he was lucky. Or else as an executive in some prominent department, Major Kovalev would not have minded getting married, but only on the chance that the bride happened to come with two hundred thousand in capital. And therefore, the reader may now judge for himself what the state of this major was when he saw instead of a quite acceptable and moderate nose stupid, flat, smooth place. As luck would have it. Not a single coachmen appeared in the street and he had to go on foot,

wrapping himself in his cloak and covering his face with a handkerchief as if it were bleeding. But maybe I just imagined it that way. It's impossible for a nose to vanish so idiotically, he thought, and went into a pastry shop on purpose to look at himself in the mirror. Luckily, there was no one in the pastry shop. He timidly approached a mirror and looked.

[00:10:59] Devil. What nonsense, he said, spitting the bite, at least be something instead of a dose. But there's nothing.

[00:11:07] Biting his lips in vexation, he walked out of the pastry shop and decided, contrary to custom, not to look at anyone or smile to anyone.

[00:11:16] And suddenly he stopped as if rooted outside the doors of one house before his eyes. An inexplicable phenomenon occurred. A carriage stopped at the entrance. The door opened. A gentleman in a uniform jumped out, hunching over, and ran up the stairs. What was Cova Lefse Horror as well as amazement, when he recognized him as his own nose at this extraordinary spectacle.

[00:11:45] Everything seemed to turn upside down in his eyes. He felt barely able to stand, but trembling all over, as if in a fever. He decided that whatever the cost, he would await his return to the carriage. Two minutes later, the nose indeed came out. He was in a gold embroidered uniform with a big standing collar. He had kids skin trousers on. At his side, hung a sword from his plumed hat it could be concluded that he belonged to the rank of a state councillor.

[00:12:13] By all indications, he was going somewhere on a visit. He looked both ways. Shouted here to the coachman, got in and drove off. Poor Kovalev nearly lost his mind. He did not know what to think of such a strange incident. How was it possible, indeed, that the nose, which just yesterday was on his face, unable to drive or walk, should be in a uniform? He ran after the carriage, which luckily had not gone far and was stopped in front of the Kazam Cathedral. He hastened into the cathedral, made his way through a row of old beggar women with bandaged faces and two openings for the eyes at whom he had laughed so much before and went into the church. There were not many people praying in the church. They all stood just by the entrance. Kovalev felt so upset that he had no strength to genuflect, and his eyes kept searching and all the corners for the gentleman. He finally saw him standing to one side. The nose had his face completely hidden in his big standing collar, and was praying with an expression of the greatest piety.

[00:13:19] How shall I approach him? Thought Kovalev, by all tokens, by his uniform, by his hat, one can see. He's a state councillor. Teva knows how to go about it. He began to cough beside him. But the nose would not abandon his pious attitude for a minute and kept bowing down. My dear sir, said Kovalev, inwardly, forcing himself to take heart. My dear sir. What can I do for you? The nose said turning. I find it strange. An idea, sir. It seems to be you should know your place. And suddenly I find you wear it at church. You must agree. Excuse me. I don't understand what you're talking about. Explain, please. How should I explain to him? Thought Kovalev, gathering his courage. He began, of course. Anyhow, I'm a major fabby to go around, without a doubt.

[00:14:23] Is this proper? You must agree. I have some pedlar woman selling peeled oranges on voters as its key bridge could sit without a dose, but having prospects in view being equated. Moreover, with ladies it Betty houses check the river. The wife of a state councillor and others.

[00:14:43] Judge for yourself. I don't know her, my dear sir. Pardon me, but if one looks at it in conformity with rules of duty and order, you yourself could understand. I understand. Decidedly nothing, replied the nose. Explain more satisfactorily.

[00:15:04] My dear Sir Kovalev said with dignity. I don't know how to understand your word. The whole thing seems perfectly obvious. Or do you want to? But you're my own dose. The nose looked at the major and scowled slightly. You are mistaken, my dear sir, I am by myself. Besides, there can be no close relationship between us. Judging by the buttons on your uniform, you must serve in a different department. Having said this, the no's turned away and continued praying. Kovalev was outwardly bewildered, not knowing what to do or even what to think at that moment. The pleasant rustle of a lady's dress was heard. An elderly lady all decked out in lace approached, followed by a slim one in a white dress that Verilli very prettily outlined her slender waist, wearing a pale yellow hat as light as a pastry. Kovalev stepped closer, strengthened the seals hanging on his gold watch chain and smiling to all sides, rested his attention on the inferior lady who, bending slightly like a flower in spring, brought her white little hand with its half transparent fingers to her brow.

[00:16:24] The smile on Covenant's face broadened still more when he saw under her had a rounded chin of a bright whiteness, and part of a cheek glowing with a color of a first spring rose.

[00:16:36] But he suddenly jumped back as if burnt. He remembered that in place of a nose, he had absolutely nothing. And tears squeezed themselves from his eyes. He turned with the intention of telling the gentleman in the uniform outright that he was only pretending to be a state councilor, that he was a knave and a scoundrel, and nothing but his own nose.

[00:16:58] But the nose was no longer there. He had already driven off again, probably to visit someone. This through Kovalev into despair.

[00:17:08] He went back and paused for a moment under the colonnade, looking carefully in all directions in case he might spot the nose.

[00:17:14] He remembered very well that he was wearing a plumed hat and a gold embroidered uniform, but he had not noted his overcoat, nor the colour of his carriage, nor of his horses. And besides, there were so many carriages racing up and down and at such speed that it was even difficult to notice anything. The day was beautiful and sunny. There were myriads of people on Nevsky whole floury cascade of ladies poured down the sidewalk from the police to the UN each can bridge. Oh, there goes an acquaintance of his, a court counsellor. There's Yadi Egan, chief clerk of the Senate. There's another major waving his arm, inviting him to come over.

[00:17:55] Devil take it, said Kovalev. Hey, cabbie. Drive straight to the chief of police, gallop. The whole way is the chief of police in?

[00:18:03] He cried, entering the front hall. Now he's not, the doorman replied. You just left. Worse luck? Yeah. The doorman added, not so long ago. But he left. If you'd come one little minute sooner, you might might've found him at home.

[00:18:17] Kovalev, without taking the handkerchief from his face, got into the cab and shouted in a desperate voice. Drive.

[00:18:24] Where to? Said the cabbie. Straight ahead. Well, how straight ahead is the turn here, right, left. This question stopped Kovalev and made him think again. In the end, it seemed that heaven itself gave him an idea.

[00:18:41] He decided to address himself directly to the newspaper office and hasten to take out an advertisement with a detailed description of his nose's qualities so that anyone meeting him could bring him to him or at least inform him of his whereabouts. And so, having decided on it, he told the cabbie to drive him to the newspaper office. roski finally pulled up, and Kovalev, breathless, ran into a small reception room where a gray haired clerk in an old tailcoat and spectacles sat at a table, holding a pen in his teeth and counting the copper money brought to him. Who here takes advertisements? Cried covered nfr. How do you do? I respect. Said the gray haired cleric, raising his eyes for a moment, and lowering them again to the laid out stacks of coins. I wish to place. Excuse me one minute, said the clerk, setting down a number on a piece of paper with one hand and with the fingers of his left, moving to beads on his abacus around. Them's to the host of Old Women, shop clerks and porters, all holding notices. The room into which all this company crowded was small, and the air in it was very heavy. But the collegiate assessor, Kovalev could not smell it because he had covered his face with a handkerchief, and because his nose itself was in God knows what parts.

[00:19:57] My dear sir, allow me to ask. He's finally said with impatience. Right away. Right away. Two ruble's a 43 kopecks.

[00:20:05] One minute, one ruble, 64 kopecks. The gray haired gentleman was saying as he flung the notices into the old women's and porter's faces. How?

[00:20:14] What can I do for you? He said at last. Turning to Coverley, if I ask, said Kovalev, some swindling or knavery has occurred. I haven't been able to find out. I only ask you to advertise that whoever brigs this scoundrel, 2-B will get a sufficient reward. What is your name?

[00:20:35] If I may inquire why the name? Oh, oh, I can't tell you how many acquaintances. Checked Arava, wife of a state councilor. pelagÉya egÓrovna Paul dontchaknow. The wife of a staff officer. God forbid that they should suddenly find out. You could simply write collegiate assessor. Oh, no. Better still, wonder holding the rag of Bajor and the runaway was your household self.

[00:21:04] What household survey, though, that would be The Great Swindle? No, the rub that ran away was my nose. Those strange name. And did this Mr. DOZ, steal a large sum of money from you? Those I set out. You've got it all wrong.

[00:21:24] By you, my own. Those disappeared. I don't know where devil's decided to make fun of me. Disappeared in what fashion? Afraid I don't quite understand. I really can't say in one fashion, but the bad thing is that he's now driving around town calling himself a state counsellor.

[00:21:46] Therefore, I ask you to announce that whoever catches him, should he be presented to be with the shortest time? Maybe consider for yourself. How indeed could I do without such a conspicuous part of the body? But it's not like some little toe that I could put it a boot, and no one will see. It's not there. On Thursdays, I call up the wife of the state counsellor.

[00:22:07] Check the Raven pelagÉya egÓrovna Pilchard, a staff officer whose wife. She has a very pretty daughter. They too, are my good acquaintances. And consider for yourself. How could I just. I can't go to the bar.

[00:22:19] How the clerk fell to pondering, as was indicated by his tightly compressed lips. No, I can't place such an announcement in the newspaper. He said finally after a long silence. Well, why not? Because the newspaper may lose its reputation.

[00:22:38] Everybody starts writing that his nose is run away with it. People say we publish a lot of absurdities and false rumors as it is. But what's absurd about this matter, it seems to be that he's nothing of the sort. To you, which seems so. No, I absolutely cannot play such an announcement. But by DOZ really has vanished. If so, it's a medical matter. They say there are people who can attach and he knows you. Like I observe, however, that you must be a man of a married disposition and fond of joking in company.

[00:23:09] I swear to you, as God is holy. Very well. If it's come to that, I'll show you. Why trouble yourself? The clerk went on, taking a pinch of snuff. However, if it's no trouble, he added, with a movement of curiosity might be desirable to have a look.

[00:23:29] The collegiate assessor took the handkerchief from his face. Extremely strange indeed, said the clerk.

[00:23:38] The place is perfectly smooth like a just made pancake. Yes, an unbelievable flatness. Well, you've got to argue now. You could see for yourself that you've got to print it. I'd be especially grateful to you. And I'm very glad that this incident has afforded me the pleasure of making your acquaintance. The major, as may be seen from that, had decided to fawn a bit this time. Of course, printing it is no great matter, said the clerk, only. I don't see any profit in it for you. If you really want, you should give it to someone with a skillful pen who can describe. It is a rare work of nature. Men publish the little article in The Northern Bee. Here he took another pinch of snuff for the benefit of the gum. Here he wiped his nose. Or just for general curiosity. The collegiate assessor was totally

discouraged. The clerk himself seemed to be moved by Kovalev, difficult situation, wishing to soften his grief. Somehow he deemed it fitting to express his sympathy in a few words. I'm truly sorry that such an odd thing has happened to you.

[00:24:52] Would you care for a pinch? It dispels headaches and melancholy states of mind. Even good for with regard to hemorrhoids. So saying the clerk held the snuff box out to Kovalev. Quite definitely flipping back the lid. This unintentional act brought Kovalev patients to an end.

[00:25:08] I do not understand how you could find it possible to choke. He said in a passion. Can you not see that I precisely lack what's needed for the pitch of stuff? Devil, take your stuff.

[00:25:21] Having said this, he left the newspaper office in deep vexation. He returned home, scarcely feeling his legs under him. It was already dark, dismal, or extremely vile. His apartment seemed to him after his host's unsuccessful search going into the front room. He saw his lackey, Yvonne, lying on his back on the soiled leather sofa, spitting at the ceiling and hitting the same spot quite successfully. The man's indifference infuriated him. He gave him a whack on the forehead with his hat. And you, pig! You're always busy with stupidities. Yvonne suddenly jumped up from his place and rushed to help him off with his cape going into his bedroom. The major, weary and woeful, threw himself into an armchair, and finally, after several sighs, said, My God, my God, why this before Chip?

[00:26:17] The fine reacted at a hard borah a leg. It would still be better if I lacked ears. It would be bad, but still more bearable. But lack a good dose.

[00:26:30] A bad double dose. Not a bird.

[00:26:33] But still you could check it out the window. Then, if it had been cut off, it a war or a a duel. Cost it myself. But it finds the gun, said Vedder's foot. Nothing. All.

[00:26:53] It can't be. He added after reflecting briefly.

[00:26:58] It's incredible. Those are just vanished. It's simply incredible.

[00:27:04] I must be dreaming big or just too bad. You dig it, baby, by mistake.

[00:27:09] Somehow, instead of water, I drank the vodka that I used to pet by chid after shaving that Foley bar didn't take it away, and I must have found it to make absolutely sure that he was not drunk.

[00:27:19] The major pinched himself so painfully that he cried out this pain, completely reassured him that he was acting and living in a waking state.

[00:27:28] He slowly approached the mirror, and at first closed his eyes, thinking that the nose might somehow show up where it ought to be. But he jumped back at the same moment, saying, What a lab

look. This was indeed incomprehensible. I mean, if it had been a button, a silver spoon, a watch, something of that sort that had vanished but to vanish. And who was it that had vanished? And what's more, in his own apartment.

[00:28:02] Mean no one had come into his room, the barber. If Yakovlev, it had shaved him on Wednesday and the nose had been there the whole of Wednesday and even all day Thursday, he remembered that. And he knew it very well. And besides, he would have felt the pain. The wound undoubtedly could not have healed so quickly and become smooth as a pancake.

[00:28:22] His reflections were interrupted when Yvonne appeared carrying a candle in brightly, lighting up the whole bedroom. Combatives first impulse was to grab the handkerchief and cover the place where his nose had been just a day before so that the stupid man would not actually start gaping. When an unfamiliar voice came from the front room saying, Does the collegiate assessor, Kovalev, live here come in? Major co-benefits here, said Kovalev, hastily, jumping up and opening the door.

[00:28:51] In came a police officer of handsome appearance, quite plump cheeks and side whiskers. The very same one who, at the beginning of this tale, was standing at the end of St. Isaac's bridge.

[00:29:06] Did your honor lose his nose? Right. It has now been found.

[00:29:13] What's that you say? Cried Major Kovalev. Joy robbed him of speech. He steered with both eyes at the policeman standing before him, over whose plump lips and cheeks the tremulous candlelight flickered brightly. How did it happened?

[00:29:29] By a strange chance, he was intercepted almost on the road. He was getting into a stagecoach to go to Riga, and he had a passport long since filled out in the name of some official. Strange thing was that I myself first took him for a gentleman. Now, fortunately, I was wearing my spectacles, and I saw at once that he was a nose for I'm I'm nearsighted.

[00:29:50] And if you're standing right in front of me, I can only see that you have a face. But I won't notice any nose, a beard. My mother in law, my my wife's mother. She can't see anything either.

[00:29:59] Kovalev was beside himself. Where is it? Where? I'll run there at once. Oh, don't trouble yourself knowing you had need of him. I brought him with me. And it's strange that the chief participant in this affair is that crook of a barber on voters in Sky Street who is now sitting in a police station.

[00:30:16] Now, I've long suspected him of being a drunkard and a thief. Your nose is exactly as it was here.

[00:30:24] The policeman went to his pocket and took out a nose wrapped in a piece of paper. That's it. Cried Covenant. All right. Kindly take a cup of tea with me today. I'd consider it a great pleasure, but I really can't. I must get to the House of Correction.

[00:30:43] The prices of all products have gone up so expensively. I've got my mother in law, my wife's mother living with me and the children, the oldest in particular, we have great hopes. He's a very clever lad, but testis no means at all for his education. Kovalev understood. And snatching a red banknote from the table put it in the hand of the officer who bowed and scraped his way out. And at almost the same moment, Kovalev heard his voice in the street, where he delivered an admonition into the mug of a stupid Mucci could driven his cart right onto the boulevard. On the policeman's departure, the collegiate assessor remained in some vague state for a few minutes and only after several minutes acquired the ability to see and feel such obliviousness came over him on account of the unexpected joy.

[00:31:32] He carefully took the found nose in his too cupped hands and once again studied it attentively. That's it. That's it. All right. Major Kovalev kept repeating the pimple that popped out of the left side yesterday. The major almost laughed for joy. But nothing in this world lasts long. And therefore, Joy, in the minute that follows the first is less lively. In the third minute it becomes still weaker.

[00:32:02] And finally, it merges imperceptibly with one's usual state of mind as a ring in the water borne of a stone's fall finally merges with the smooth surface.

[00:32:14] Kovalev began to reflect and realized that the matter was not ended yet. He knows had been found, but it still had to be attached, put in its place.

[00:32:27] And what if it doesn't stick?

[00:32:30] At this question presented to himself, the major blanched with a feeling of inexplicable fear, he rushed to the table and set the mirror before him so as not to put the nose on somehow askew.

[00:32:43] His hands were trembling carefully and cautiously. He applied it to its former place. Ha ha.

[00:32:53] The nose did not stick. He held it to his mouth, warmed it a little with his breath and again brought it to the smooth place between his two cheeks. But in no way would the nose hold on.

[00:33:08] Well, it's over. Stay there, you fool!

[00:33:12] He said to it. But the nose was as if made of wood, and kept falling to the table with a strange cork like sound. The major's face twisted convulsively.

[00:33:24] Could it be that it won't grow back on?

[00:33:27] He repeated in fear. But no matter how many times he put it in its proper place, his efforts remained unsuccessful.

[00:33:35] He called Yvonne and sent him for the doctor who occupied the best apartment on the first floor of the same building. This doctor was an imposing man possessed of a handsome pitch-black side whiskers, end of a fresh, robust, robust, dark dress. Eight fresh apples in the morning and kept his mouth extraordinarily clean. By rinsing it every morning for nearly three quarters of an hour and polishing his teeth with five different sorts of brushes. The doctor came that same minute, having asked him how long ago the misfortune had occurred. He raised Major Coverly f.'s face by the chin and flicked him with his thumb in the very place where the nose had formerly been, which made the major throw his head back so hard that he struck the wall behind. The physician said it was nothing, advised him to move away from the wall a bit, and told him to tip his head to the right first, and having palpated the spot where the nose had been said.

[00:34:33] Then he told him to tip his head to the left. Said.

[00:34:39] And in conclusion, flicked him again with his with his thumb, which made Major Kovalev jerk his head back like a horse having its teeth examined. After performing this test, the physician shook his head and said.

[00:34:52] No. Impossible.

[00:34:56] You'd better stay the way you are because it might come out to worse. Of course it could be attached. I could perhaps attach it for you now, but I assure you it will be the worse for you.

[00:35:08] Well, that's just fine. How could I stay without a DOAs? Said Kovalev. It can't be worse than now. This is simply the devil knows what. Where can I show myself? I have good acquaintances. Today alone I have to be at swell raised in two houses. I know many people check the radio. State councillor's wife. Pardot Yida. Staff Officers. Wife Duby Vicci.

[00:35:31] This cofan I've said in a pleading voice is that this brevity attach itself. Maybe not perfectly. So long as it holds is I can even prop it up with my hand. Dangerous occasions. Besides, I don't the so I can't injure it with some careless move. But regarding my gratitude for your visits and rest assured that everything by Bede's will permit. Believe me, the doctor said in a voice, neither loud nor soft, but extremely affable and magnetic.

[00:36:03] I never treat people for profit that is against my rules and my art. True. I take money for visits, but solely so as not to give offense by refusing. Of course I could attach your nose, but I assure you on my honor, if you do not believe my word, that it would be much worse. You'd better leave it to the effect of nature herself. Wash it frequently with cold water, and I assure you that you'll be as healthy without a nose as with one. As for the nose, I advise you to put it in a jar of alcohol.

[00:36:38] Better still, add two tablespoons of aqua fortis and warm vinegar and then you get decent money for it. I'd even buy it myself if you don't put too high a price on it. No, no. I won't sell it for anything. Cried the desperate Major Kovalev. Betterment and perish.

[00:36:58] Excuse me? Said the doctor, bowing out. I wish to be of use to you. Nothing to be done. At least you see how I tried. Having said this, the doctor with a noble bearing left the room.

[00:37:14] Meanwhile, rumors of this remarkable incident spread all over the capital and as usually happens, not without special additions. Just then, everyone's mind was precisely attuned to the extraordinary. Only recently the public had been taken up with experiments and the effects of magnetism. What's more, the story about the dancing chairs on Confucian Aya's street was still fresh, and thus it was no wonder that people soon began saying that the nose of the collegiate assessor Kovalyov went strolling on Nevsky Prospect at exactly three o'clock. Hordes of the curious throng there every day. Someone said the nose was supposed to be in junkers shop and such a crowd, and crushed formed outside junkers that the police even had to intervene.

[00:37:55] One speculator of respectable appearance with side whiskers who sold various kinds of cookies at the entrance to the theater, had some fine, sturdy wooden benches specially made, which he invited the curious to stand on for 80 kopeks per visitor, one where the colonel left home earlier specifically for this, and made his way through the crowd with great difficulty. But to his great indignation he saw in the shop window instead of the nose, an ordinary woolen jacket and a lithograph portraying a girl, straightening a stocking and ifop with turnback waistcoat and a small beard peeping at her from behind a tree. A picture that had been hanging at the same place for over ten years. Then the rumour spread that major combatives nose went strolling, not on Nevsky Prospect, but in the tavern, which is quite garden and had long been going there. One noble, respectable lady, in a special letter, asked the overseer of the garden to show this rare phenomenon to her children, and, if possible, with an explanation, instructive and edifying for the young. All of these events were an extreme joy for those inevitable frequenters of social gatherings who delight in making the ladies laugh and whose stock was by then completely exhausted. A small portion of respectable and right minded people were extremely displeased. One gentleman said with indignation that he did not understand how such preposterous inventions could be spread in our enlightened age, and that he was astonished that the government paid no attention to it. This gentleman was obviously one of those gentlemen who wished to mix the government into everything, even their daily quarrels with their wives after that. But here again, the whole incident is shrouded in mystery. And what came later is decidedly unknown.

[00:39:44] Part free. Perfect nonsense goes on in this world. Sometimes there's no plausibility at all. Suddenly, as if nothing was wrong, that same nose which had driven about in the rank of state councilor and made such a stir in town, was back in place. It is precisely between the two cheek's of Major Kovalev. This happened on the 7th of April. Waking up and chancing to look in the mirror. He saw the nose. He grabbed it with his hand. Yes, the nose, said Kovalev, and in his joy he nearly burst into a jig all around the room. But Yvonne hindered him by coming in. He ordered a wash at once. And as he was washing again, glanced in the mirror. The nose drying himself with a towel. He again

glanced in the mirror. The no. Is it little Kavon? I think I've got a pimple on my nose, he said. And thought. Meanwhile, what a disaster. If Yvonne says no, sir. Not only no pimple, but no nose either. But Yvonne said no. Nothing, sir. No pimple at all. The nose is clean. God! Devil! Take it! The Major said to himself, and snapped his fingers at that moment. The barber. If on your kavulich peeked in the door. But as timelessly as a cat that has been beaten for stealing lard.

[00:41:08] Tell me first, are your hands clean? Kovalev cried to him from afar. Yes. Lies by God.

[00:41:15] They're clean, sir. Watch yourself now.

[00:41:18] Kovalev sat down on your cover, which covered him with a towel, and in an instant, with the aid of a brush, transformed his whole chin and part of his cheeks into a lather.

[00:41:28] Look at that. If on the kavulich said to himself, glancing at the nose, then he tipped the head the other way and looked at it from the side. Now, really just think of it. He continued and went on looking at the nose for a long time.

[00:41:46] At last, politely, as cautiously as one could imagine. He raised two fingers so as to grasp the tip of it. Such was Yvonne Yakovlev it his system.

[00:41:57] I watch out like Kovalev. If on your Kontorovich dropped his arms. More confused and taken aback than they'd ever been before. Finally, he started tickling carefully under his chin with the razor. And though it was quite difficult and inconvenient for him to give a shave without holding onto the smelling part of the body. Nevertheless, resting his rough thumb on the cheek and lower jaw, he finally overcame all obstacles and shaved him when everything was ready. Kovalev hastened at once to get dressed. Hired a cab and drove straight to the pastry shop going in. He cried from afar, a cup of hot chocolate boy, and instantly went up to the mirror. The nose was there. He gaily turned around, and with a satirical air squinting one eye a little looked at two military men, one of whom had a nose no bigger than a waistcoat button. After that, he went to the office of the department, where he had solicited a post as vice governor of failing that as an executive. Passing through the waiting room, he looked in the mirror. That nose was there on his way out. He met Tolchin. Other staff, officers, wife with her daughter, greeted them and was met with joyful exclamations. Nothing. Then he was in no way damaged. He talked with them for a very long time, and purposely taking out a snuff box spent a very long time in front of them, filling his nose from both entrances, murmuring to himself there. That's for you. Females, hen, folk. And even so, I won't marry the daughter. Just like that. Parramore You play. And Major Kovalev strolled on thereafter as if nothing was wrong on Nevsky Prospect and in the theaters and everywhere. And the nose also sat on his face as if nothing was wrong, not even showing a sign that it had ever gone anywhere. And after that, Major Kovalev was seen eternally in a good humor, smiling, chasing after decidedly all the pretty ladies, and even stopping once in front of a shop in the merchant's arcade to buy some ribbon or other. No one knows for what reasons, and he was not himself the bearer of any decoration.

[00:44:07] Such was the story that occurred in the northern capital of our fast country. Only now, on overall reflection, we can see that there is much of the implausible in it to say nothing of the strangeness of the supernatural detachment of the nose and its appearance in various places in the guise of a state councillor.

[00:44:32] How was it that Kovalev did not realize that he ought not to make an announcement about the nose through the newspaper office? Indecent, inept, injudicious. And then. How did the nose end up in the baked bread? And how did it von yakovlev it himself? Know that I just do not understand. I decidedly do not understand. But what is strangest? What is the most incomprehensible of all is how Orpheus can choose such subjects. And I confess that is utterly inconceivable. It's simply said no.

[00:45:16] No. I utterly fail to understand.

[00:45:19] In the first place, there is decidedly no benefit to the fatherland. And in the second place, in the second place there is also no benefit. I simply do not know what it.

[00:45:31] And yet for all that, though, it is certainly possible to allow for one thing and another and a third, perhaps even and then to other, not incongruities everywhere.

[00:45:43] And yet once you reflect on it, there really is something to all this. Say what you like, but such incidents do happen in the world rarely. But they do happen. The end.