A PRODUCTION BOOK FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL STAGING OF NIKOLAI GOGOL'S
THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

APPROVED:

[Signatures]

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A PRODUCTION BOOK FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL STAGING OF NIKOLAI GOGOL'S
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THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the North Texas State University in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

For the Degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

By

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Denton, Texas
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The January 17 and 18, 1966, thesis production presented at North Texas State University was an experimental production of The Inspector General, as based on historical, philosophical, and analytical study of both the play and the author, Nikolai Gogol. A thesis production consists of a written analysis and evaluation of the play and its author and the actual production of the play. The thesis production enables the candidate to illustrate his mastery of theatre discipline. The written portion demonstrates his ability to develop the concepts necessary to the production of a play, and the presentation of the play offers the candidate the opportunity to show his creativity and aesthetic understanding of theatre.

The initial step in preparation for this thesis was the selection of a play for production. The Inspector General, by Nikolai Gogol, possessed several qualities which made it an ideal selection. The writer had had much experience with farce both as actor and director. These past experiences had given the writer ample opportunity to experiment with concepts of comedy which had proved successful. The play was intriguing in its departure from a stereotyped farcical treatment; it was this unusual characteristic of the play
which first attracted the writer. It was thought that The Inspector General would present a situation which was both familiar and challenging. The limitations of the theatre in which the play was to be produced also presented a challenge. The original conceptions for set and lighting presented interesting problems in adaptation and improvisation.

The writer first became familiar with The Inspector General in Treasury of the Theatre, edited by John Gassner, the Professor of Playwriting at Yale University. Gassner's choice of translation was that of George Noyes and John Laurence Seymour. The suitability of this translation for educational purposes was apparent both from its inclusion in this noted anthology and the treatment of its language. The Seymour-Noyes translation contains English terms which are more easily understood in a contemporary setting than those in other available translations.

The organization of the thesis follows basically the same pattern as did the preparation for presentation of the play. The order and content of the thesis is important in that it indicates the preparatory steps the director should take in presenting a play. The first chapter explores Nikolai Gogol's biographical background and the influences upon his writing and manner of thinking. An understanding of any play cannot be fully attained without some information

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about the author, and some works require a thorough realiz-
ation of the writer's motivations and aims. The Inspector
General is one of the latter, and an understanding of Niko-
laï Gogol's motivations and aims necessitates a knowledge of
his life and the influences thereon. Chapter Two completes
a study of Gogol's thoughts and intentions with a discussion
of his philosophies and their effect on The Inspector Gener-
al. Chapter Three is an explanation of how the information
contained in Chapters One and Two affected the director's
preconceptions of how to produce The Inspector General and
will take into consideration the relative merits of past
productions. After a director has acquired a thorough
understanding of an author, a detailed analysis of the play
must be made so that the director can formulate concepts
which will guide his interpretation of the work. Thus an
analysis of The Inspector General will propose the director's
intentions, and contain a detailed analysis of both the char-
acters and the play. Chapter Four contains a program of the
play, the edited script, the blocking directed to the actors,
music cues, photographs of the designs for the production,
and representative photographs of the production itself.
Chapter Five is an evaluation of the production of The In-
spector General based on the validity of the director's
biographical and philosophical research, and an evaluation
of his interpretation derived from these studies.
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CHAPTER I

NIKOLAI GOGOL: THE MAN AND THE PLAYRIGHT

Introduction

Nikolai Gogol has been acclaimed throughout the world for the literary genius he showed in such works as Dead Souls and The Inspector General. This novel and this play are representative of the shift to realism in Russian literature. Gogol has been awarded such titles as "the father of Russian realism" and "the great romantic" for being one of the most puzzling figures between the romantic and realistic periods in European literature. To illustrate the enigma of Gogol, it would not be unseemly to label him "the great melancholic," "the persecution maniac," and "the religious maniac." Paradoxically, although Gogol is considered to be one of Russia's most important writers, his suffered from acute mental illness. He clung to every illusion which illuminated his ego; self-praise became a frequent indulgence; this lack of objectivity, in turn, drew him sometimes to "obliterate the line between truth and mystification."1 Study reveals that this characteristic became both the unique quality in his writing and the great flaw of his

mental being. Although all authors and their writings are interrelated, Gogol's personality was so related to his writing that a study of his life becomes necessary before one is able to fully understand his works. Thus, in order to entirely comprehend the meanings of Gogol's writings, it is necessary to delve into his background. Chapter One will explore Gogol's biographical background and the influences upon his writing and manner of thinking. Chapter Two will complete the study of Gogol's background by a study of the author's philosophies and their effect on the subject of this thesis, The Inspector General.

The Man

Nikolai Vassilyevitch Gogol was born March 31, 1809, in Novochintsy, a small provincial village in the Ukraine. His parents were of small land-owning nobility and claimed their descent from genuine Cassock stock. Gogol's mother was very young when she married. She gave birth to Gogol when she was fifteen years old after having lost two children in their infancy. Because her other children had been frail and sickly like Gogol, she developed a strong attachment to him, fearing that he too would not survive. She persisted in pampering and over-protecting him. Gogol did struggle for survival during the first few months of his life as he lacked vitality and good health. Consequently, he was weak and dwarfish-looking in his youth; he continued to suffer
From ill health throughout his life. His health was a major factor in forming his personality. His growth had been stunted by his early frailty, and he was overly conscious of this deficiency. Because of his physical imperfections, Gogol became a hypocondriac, and this condition probably contributed to his melancholy.

The accounts of Gogol's childhood are misleading. His mother once wrote:

When he was three years old ... and had not yet begun to learn anything, his father would point out the different countries in an atlas, and he memorized each of them so well from the different colors that when asked to show them a short time later, he could name them all without mistake. We were surprised at his memory. Then we gave him cards with the letters of the alphabet and before he was five he would write out words with chalk on the table and put them together into sentences, so that we stopped paying attention to it. It never occurred to us to find out what he was doing at the table, but when the late Vassily Vassilyevich Kapnist paid us a visit, he saw my five-year-old son bending over the table and writing something on a piece of paper. He took the paper from him and saw that my son was trying to write some poetry. He then told us that we ought to place him in the hands of a good teacher.

This report is probably exaggerated, for Gogol's mother praised him excessively throughout his life. Gogol himself repeatedly requested that she not praise him so much. Many of the accounts of Gogol's life might be questioned if they base assumptions of his genius on his mother's account.


The enigma of Nikolai Gogol is increased by the contrasting observations about his school days. Vladimir Nabokov states that Gogol was an exceptionally bad student. He gives no substantial evidence to support this particular contention. However, he does develop Gogol's social incompetence while at school in Bychino.

"He [Gogol] was a weakling, a trembling mouse of a boy, with dirty hands and greasy locks, and pus trickling out of his ear. He gorged himself with sticky sweets. His schoolmates avoided touching the books he had been using ... As a schoolboy he would walk with perverse perseverance on the wrong side of the street, would wear the right shoe on the left foot, emit courtyard morning sounds in the middle of the night and distribute the furniture in his room according to a kind of Alice-in-the-Looking-Glass logic." 4

If Gogol possessed such physical and mental aberrations, it is not surprising that his school fellows referred to him as the "mysterious dwarf."

In contrast to Nabokov's reports of Gogol's school days, Setchkarev is of the opinion that many of Gogol's biographers were again attempting to find traces of genius in his early life. They magnified Gogol's eccentricities, distorting the writer's real personality. Setchkarev does not deny that Gogol was somewhat eccentric, but he was not the estranged student he is said to have been. Setchkarev portrays Gogol as "a well behaved, sensible boy." 5

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5Setchkarev, op. cit., p. 10.
Whatever his behavior, Gogol was unsocated by his classmates; he was forced to turn within himself for empathy. His interest quickly turned to literature and to painting, for they provided aesthetic outlets whereby he could express himself. Soon he began writing small vignettes and became engrossed in the techniques of writing. Gogol also found another outlet for his emotions through acting in school plays. He was especially successful in character roles. He had become acutely aware of the unusual physical traits of others and portrayed them to perfection. Perhaps, then, one could conclude that Gogol may have been socially underdeveloped, and he may not have been a scholarly student in terms of recognized academic requirements, but he certainly developed himself artistically.

Upon finishing his studies in Kyiv in 1829, Gogol made a sudden decision to go to St. Petersburg. After arriving in the city, he wrote a rather dramatic letter to his mother explaining that Petersburg would recognize his talents. Several months passed while his mother sent him money for support in anticipation of his finding a job. Gogol used this money to publish a badly written poem. The reviews of the poem were so unmerciful that Gogol spent any remaining money buying all of the copies of the magazine containing the poem and destroying them.

After the fiasco with his poem, the author decided to attempt acting as a profession. He presented himself before
The exact reasons for Gogol's failure to be hired by the theatre are not known. Many people have attributed the failure to his small stature, his weak voice, and/or a conflict with the examiner concerning acting methods. It would probably be inaccurate to believe Gogol incapable of acting because of either his appearance, his voice, or his acting ability, for his successes at school belied these accusations. However, in keeping with the puzzle posed by Gogol, Mundt, secretary to the theatre director, was present at the audition, and she "informs us that Gogol's uncertainty and anxiety were the cause of failure." There is no evidence for determining whether or not his "uncertainty and anxiety" were caused by his appearance, voice, or talent.

Although Gogol did publish a successful short story, "The Evenings on a Farm in Buckska," in 1830, the recent blows to his ego had not yet healed. The failures of his poem and his acting auditions caused his already neurotic state to grow. He began to develop extreme egotistical tendencies; and, in order to compensate for them, he obliterated "the line between truth and mystification." A vicious circle was created, for it is this very reaction which caused Gogol's mental condition to worsen. This egotism, which he developed to an obnoxious degree, caused him to
alienate those who might have become friends. Only those who recognized his true abilities continued to associate with him. Gogol was painfully aware of his mental condition, but he could not discipline himself; and the distortion of his mind continued to develop. Nevertheless, his writing became a frequent topic of conversation in the Petersburg literary circle, and he was accepted because of them.

With his own growing influence and the help of Pushkin, Gogol obtained a chair of history at Petersburg University in 1834. His early lectures were well delivered and enthusiastically attended; however, his paranoia interfered with his teaching duties, and he became lax in his responsibilities. His lectures became dry, unprepared, and sometimes only loosely connected with the subject matter. Attendance slackened. Only once, when Pushkin attended one of Gogol's lectures, did Gogol deliver another enthusiastic lecture.

Surganov, who was among Gogol's students, writes of his teacher:

"I attended Gogol's lectures in 1835 when he was teaching history at St. Petersburg University. To tell the truth, this "teaching" was carried on in a peculiar manner. First of all, Gogol was sure to miss two lectures out of three; secondly, even when he did appear on the rostrum, he didn't speak, but whispered something rather incoherent...and was extremely embarrassed throughout the whole period."

By the end of this year, 1835, Gogol compliantly handed in his resignation.

\[7\text{Ibid., p. 43.}\]
There is controversy surrounding Gogol's failure as a professor. It has been attributed to his laziness and to his insecurity. However, the period between 1834 and 1836 was the most productive in Gogol's life. During this time he wrote and published *Arabesques*, containing assorted essays on history and geography, literary criticism, fragments of novels, and three short stories, "The Portrait," "The Nevsky Prospect," and "The Diary of a Madman." He also completed another short story, "The Rose," and the subject of this thesis, *The Inspector General*. In addition, he began work on another play, *The Marriage*. In view of this burst of literary achievement, it would be presumptuous to assume that Gogol was lazy. It is more probable that the neglect of his job stemmed from disinterest.

Following Gogol's resignation at St. Petersburg University, a period of only sixteen years remained before his untimely death. Gogol began this period with an obsession to travel, but his mental condition allowed him to find only brief intervals of happiness; his creative energy began to dwindle, and he would sink into deep states of depression. In a desperate attempt to find peace, he would journey from one location to another. He writes:

"Harder and harder is life; steadily it becomes more and more petty; and before the eyes of all there grows only the gigantic figure of boredom; it grows and assumes infinite dimensions every day. Oh Lord! Empty and terrible becomes thy world."

—*Levkin, p. 5.*
In a final attempt to find the answers to his frustrations, Gogol turned to religion. Thus, he began preaching "the word of God." In his conversation, his writing, and his thoughts he was constantly searching to find peace of mind through God. He thought that perhaps God would fill the emptiness he felt within himself. But regardless of the extensive search, he still could not satisfy his inner needs. In a final effort to find peace, he traveled to Jerusalem so that he could pray at Christ's tomb. He found, however, that his mental state prevented his finding contentment. Gogol's frustrations began to consume his sanity, and his melancholic periods began to appear frequently. A friend of his writes of their last meeting after the writer's return from Jerusalem:

I saw Gogol for the last time in 1850, in Moscow. He came to say good-bye to me and began to talk so disconnectedly, in such a vague and obscure manner, that I became alarmed and confused. Then I said something about the originality of Moscow, Gogol's face became brighter, a spark of his former gaiety flashed into his eyes, and he told me in his Corolian fashion an extremely interesting and typical anecdote. But immediately after the anecdote he became sad again and entangled himself in such confused speech that I realized he was past recovery.9

Although there is possible exaggeration in the writer's recollection, Gogol's further withdrawal from reality was evident.

9Ibid., p. 235.
Because of Gogol's exceptional fervor, he felt that he must sacrifice more than was expected of him during the Lent season of 1852. He decided to fast. His physical condition made it inevitable that this should soon reduce him to a state of delirium. In a few weeks he reached such a state of delirium that either intentionally or unintentionally he burned the manuscript of the second volume of Dead Souls. This work, had it remained intact, could have been among the greatest of his writings. To his host, Count A. P. Tolstoy, on the night of February 11, Gogol said:

"Look what I have done. I only wanted to burn certain things, that should have been burned a long time ago, and I burned everything! How strong the Evil One is--He caused me to do that. . . ."

After burning this manuscript, which had consumed nine years of his life, Gogol withdrew to his room and refused nourishment entirely. On February 21, 1852, one month before his forty-third birthday, Nikolai Gogol died of exhaustion.

The influences on Gogol

A study of the influences, both literary and personal, on Nikolai Gogol's life gives insight into his motives as an author. Gogol was influenced by the French Classical School, or neoclassicism, and the romantic literary period as they existed in Russia.

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Getchekarev, p. 90.
Before one is able to relate the influences of the neo-classical and romantic forms on Gogol's life, a knowledge of how the major literary periods coincided in Europe and Russia is necessary.

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<td>2. Romantic</td>
<td>1780-1900</td>
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<td>3. Realistic</td>
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Two important factors are illustrated in this chart. First, the neoclassical period ended in Europe forty years before it ended in Russia. Second, the realistic period began in Russia sixty years before it began in Europe.

Jollère's neoclassical technique was strongly felt in Russia until 1820, and Russian theatre was still affected by his style when Gogol began his writing. It was inevitable, therefore, that Gogol be aware of Jollère's techniques; however, Gogol was unable to accept Jollère's neoclassical form. Sctchkarov says Gogol "was extremely dissatisfied with the usual stereotyped techniques of comedy and rightly considered them outdated."[11] Gogol himself states, "The

public ... was quite right in being dissatisfied with the neoclassical drama. Even Molière who, if he had been alive now, would have done away with the present rambling type of play, even Molière himself ... is felt to be long-winded and boring on the stage."\textsuperscript{12} Nevertheless, there are elements in Gogol's writing which show his indebtedness to Molière. "It \textit{(Romantic Comedy)} was marked by exaggeration ... and by an overpowering use of local color, costume, and scenery."\textsuperscript{13}

It is difficult to ascertain how much the romantic period influenced Gogol, because although John Gassner states, "His sense of the grotesque places him among the romanticists,"\textsuperscript{14} Gogol's "sense of the grotesque" might easily be attributed to the distortion of his mind.

Even more important than the literary movements was the influence of people on Gogol. His style, and, in fact, his very existence as a writer can be attributed to his personal attachments. Gogol was very aware of humanity, and, as a consequence, of social and political customs. This awareness was clearly illustrated in \textit{The Inspector}...

\textsuperscript{12}Magersheek, p. 135.
\textsuperscript{14}John Gassner, \textit{A Treasury of the Theatre}, I (New York, 1955), 598.
General, which is a social and political satire containing humanistic qualities.

Although Nikolai Gogol was influenced by all people, he was affected more strongly by two individuals, Alexander Pushkin and his mother, Iulia Ivanovna Kosyrevsky Gogol. Gogol was so strongly inspired in his writings by Alexander Pushkin that he wrote of the great Russian poet:

I didn't undertake anything, I didn't write anything without his advice. Everything that is good in me, I owe it all to him. Even my present work is his creation. He made me swear that I would write, and I didn't write a line without his form appearing before my eyes.\textsuperscript{15}

Pushkin contributed three essential elements to Gogol's literary achievements: style, philosophy, and motivation. Even in his youth Gogol held Pushkin in high esteem, and Gogol closely copied Pushkin's style in his early attempts at writing. Simplicity and straightforwardness were marks of Pushkin's literary form, and when Gogol matured as a writer, his works, such as The Inspector General, contained this same simplicity and straightforwardness in spite of a tendency for exaggeration.

Pushkin's art-for-art's-sake philosophy embraces the concept that ethics and morality have nothing to do with art. How much this philosophy influenced Gogol is rather dubious:

\textsuperscript{15}Setchkarov, p. 52.
Gogol's admiration for Pushkin is sufficiently well known. We know that he submitted everything he wrote to Pushkin for approval and that he accepted Pushkin's criticism without contradiction and was guided by it. Pushkin usually offered criticism based on a well-thought-out and rounded system of aesthetics. Its main thesis was the principle of art for art's sake, and it would absolutely not tolerate the concept of profit in the realm of art.16 Any attempt of Gogol's to create art for art's sake appears to be unsuccessful, because even in some of Gogol's most incredible short stories, such as "The Nose" and "The Carriage," there is a tendency for Gogol to present some lesson or thought beyond the work itself. Because of Gogol's constant and acute observation of humanity, it appears that it was impossible for him to refrain from moralizing.

It was Pushkin who gave Gogol the needed thrust of confidence to write dramatic literature. After reading one of Gogol's short scenarios, he said, "How can you with this ability to divine a man's character and display him as if he were alive—how can you possibly fail to write a big work? It's simply scandalous!"17 It was Pushkin who gave Gogol the plot of The Inspector General. Between the two writers there was an open exchange of ideas, and Pushkin, upon Gogol's request for a plot, had related this experience of being mistaken for a government official while traveling.

16 Ibid., p. 155.
17 Lagersbach, p. 72.
through the provinces. Tushkin's influence on the author of The Inspector General should not be underestimated.

Although Nikolai Gogol's mother may not have been the most profound influence on him, she was at least a most interesting personality. The general consensus is that Maria Gogol strongly influenced her son's views on sex, furthered his insecurity complexes, and was responsible for his primitive devil and hell-fire religious conceptions. The idea has been advanced by Nabokov that the similarity of their religious views was due to a similarity of temperament.

Maria Ivanovna Gogol was hysterically and devoutly religious according to all accounts. She put all of her faith in God and thought that he was responsible for all happenings; as a consequence, she always had a ready scapegoat when things did not turn out as she expected. Gogol, in the last years of his life, when his religious mania manifested itself in the fullest degree, adopted this same blind, uncompromising, orthodox belief. Again the enigma of Nikolai Gogol creates contradictory views, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to state whether his mother's orthodoxy or their similarity of temperament was responsible for his conversion to a religious fanatic.

Even if Nikolai Gogol had not been burdened with a mother described by Nabokov as "That mother of his . . .

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13 Nabokov, p. 10.
fantastical, hysterical, superstitious, and hypersuspicious, but rather loveable Maria Gogol, he would have been somewhat insecure. But this "weird provincial lady," so overindulged and over-praised her son that he was almost totally unsure of his capabilities. Her praise of him was so excessive that he wrote to her after she had repeatedly called him a genius:

"Mother, never call me that again, particularly in conversation. . . Literature is not at all a matter of intelligence. . . . If only you knew how unpleasant to hear your parents talk continuously about their children and praising them."

One can easily imagine Gogol's extreme exasperation at finding himself elevated to inventor of the steam engine and the railroad by his mother's overzealous picturization of him. Although this account is, one may hope, Maria Gogol at her most ridiculous, it is easy to perceive how any child raised in such an environment would be confused and insecure about his position and his abilities. His compensation for these feelings of insecurity was the adoption in his youth of a strongly egotistical manner. This egotism increased as Gogol grew older and contributed much to the distortion of his mind.

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19 Ibid., p. 13.
20 Hagerahack, p. 127.
21 Setchkarev, p. 7.
There is little or no evidence that Maria Gogol attempted to personally influence her son's views on sex. However, Gogol's views of his mother had much to do with his feelings toward women. His mother, having borne twelve children and being so strictly religious, could have easily communicated the feeling to Gogol that sexual experience was to be rejected as physically and emotionally base.

There is only one account of any attachment between Gogol and a woman which was not entirely platonic. He proposed marriage to the countess Anna Vielgorskaya, whose intelligence he greatly admired. However, it is interesting to note that the countess was quite religious. Gogol's attraction to the countess seems to have been based more on his typical idealization of women than on a physical attraction.22

She possesses something that I know of in no other woman; not an analytical mind, but the higher power to reason; but one does not get to know her at once: she lives completely within herself.23

The inability of Gogol to perceive a romantic relationship is reflected in The Inspector General. Whether a union between Countess Vielgorskaya and Nikolai Gogol would have caused any radical change in his idealization will never be known; the countess' family rejected his proposal.22

22 Ibid., p. 84.
23 Ibid., p. 84.
Of course Gogol was not a social recluse until shortly before his death, and he was acquainted with many people besides Pushkin and his mother who had some influences, albeit minor ones, on him. Vissarion Belinsky, editor of a St. Petersburg journal and patron of Gogol, wrote that Gogol was "the head of Russian literature" and that he "occupies the place vacated by Pushkin." When one considers the worshipful esteem in which Gogol held Pushkin it is easy to discern that such a comment would make a tremendous impression on Gogol. Most of Gogol’s friends were in the Petersburg literary circle and the publisher Mikhail Fogodin was no exception. This man solicited works from Gogol for publication in his periodical, The Moscow Observer. At Pogodin’s urging, Gogol wrote two of his most famous short stories, "The Nose" and "The Carriage."

As Gogol grew older and turned more and more to religion as a balm to seeth his confused mind, he made the acquaintance in 1847 of Matthew Konstantinovsky, a priest of the Church at Achev. Father Matthew was "an uneducated, fanatical believer who impressed Gogol by his uncompromising attitude." Gogol, in 1852, in an effort to comply with the priest’s uncompromising attitude, abstained, at Matthew's

24 Nasershekh, pp. 126-127.
26 Ibid., p. 125.
request, "from food—so literally that it became a decisive factor in his death."27

Nikolai Gogol was a highly sensitive man, and, as a consequence, he was acutely aware of people and the society in which he and they lived. A study of his works makes it clearly evident that the influence of people in general on Gogol cannot be underestimated. He had a great ability, as he himself said, "... not only to mimic but also to divine a man, that is to say, to divine what he would say in certain circumstances and the exact words in which he would put his thoughts..."28 This ability coupled with his concern about man and society led directly to the writing of the Inspector General. He said, "See how many good people we have, but also how many weeds which make life unbearable for the good and which no law can control. On the stage with them!"29

A study of the influences on Gogol quickly reveals that it is almost impossible to label any one influence as being more important to his thoughts and actions. But these influences aided Gogol in developing his own philosophy of playwriting. An examination of his philosophy will reveal the reasons why he became known as the "father of Russian realism."

29Hagarshak, p. 136.
CHAPTER II

NIKOLAI GOGOL'S PHILOSOPHIES AND THEIR IMPACT
ON THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

One can usually determine a philosophy in the works of any author, but the philosophies of Nikolai Gogol must be viewed with a double perspective. An analysis reveals that his attitudes were developed both consciously and subconsciously in his distorted mind.

This chapter will discuss Nikolai Gogol's philosophies, and how these philosophies are specifically related to the subject of this thesis, The Inspector General.

As has been previously stated, Gogol "was extremely dissatisfied with the usual stereotyped techniques of comedy and rightly considered them outmoded." These "stereotyped techniques of comedy" referred specifically to Moliere and generally to French neoclassical comedy. The comedy of manners style satirized the aristocracy by emphasizing morals, manners, dialogue, would-be wit, and stock characters. It also ridiculed loveless marriages, love intrigue, religious hypocrisy, middle class pretensions to aristocratic behavior, learning and affectation of women, and medical eneptness. Most of these elements of ridicule and exaggeration appeared in every comedy of manners. The result was a
rambling type of play which was, according to Gogol's philosophy, "boring, long-winded, and a source of dissatisfaction to the public." Gogol both accepted and rejected this comedy style. Although he was basically opposed to the conventional comedy of manners, the prevalence of this style strongly influenced his playwriting techniques. What effect this style had on Gogol is seen clearly in The Inspector General.

"Modern drama, 'Gogol thought', must reflect the problems of modern society..."¹ French neoclassical drama did not reflect the problems of modern society in that it dealt only with the problems of aristocracy. It was Gogol's philosophy that modern drama should also expose "the springs that bring it [modern society] into motion..."² It is the common people in all countries who are the "springs" that bring a society into motion; therefore, it is not surprising that "what he [Gogol] excels in portraying is not trivial man, but man in general, man as he is, plain and unvarnished."³ Gogol found that "man in general" was portrayed more completely by alluding to the lesser classes rather than to the aristocracy. The middle and lower class

¹Magershock, ibid., p. 138.
²Ibid., p. 138.
stations of the characters in *The Inspector General* can be determined simply by reading the list of characters. There is no one of higher rank than Anton Antonovich, the Chief of Police of the small provincial town of Podkatilovka, and the list ranges down, with the exception of the servants, to merchants and a sergeant's widow. These minor provincial officials and workers do indeed portray "not trivial man, but man in general, man as he is."

There was widespread corruption in nineteenth century Russia of which Gogol was aware. He says, "there is not a single man in our country who is not to some extent guilty. . . ."\(^4\) He did not attempt to place the blame for this guilt, for according to Gogol's philosophy, "... in real life good and evil, triviality and greatness are to him not separate entities but human qualities that are evenly divided."\(^5\) As a consequence, Gogol "... decided to gather in one place and deride all that is bad in Russia, all the evils which are being perpetrated in these places where the utmost rectitude is required from man."\(^6\) Obviously if common man is the mainspring of society, then it is here that the "utmost rectitude is required." Gogol's masterpiece *The Inspector General* with its qualities of realism was

\[^4\text{Ibid., p. 256.}\]
\[^5\text{Ibid., p. 14.}\]
\[^6\text{Lavrin, p. 150.}\]
created because Gogol wanted to show "... how many good people we have, but also how many weeds which make life unbearable for the good..." He wanted to "Let the whole nation see them!" The Inspector General is an expose of provincial governmental corruption; however, it was Gogol's intention not only to disclose corrupt people to the nation but also to "Let it [the nation] have a good laugh at them!" It was Gogol's philosophy of what laughter should accomplish which impaired the realistic tone of his play. "Oh laughter is a great thing! Man fears nothing so much as laughter... afraid of laughter, man will refrain from doing what no power in the world would have been able to restrain him from doing." He used his plays, especially The Inspector General, to promulgate his own views of Russian provincial life, and this subjectivity resulted in exaggerations to the extent that his characters and plots affected a distorted quality. Gogol was unaware of the distorted quality of his play, because his subjectivity, fed by his egotism, so dominated his objectivity that he "obliterated the line between truth and mystification." The Inspector General is funny as was intended, but because of its subjective

8Ibid., p. 136.
9Ibid., p. 136.
viewpoint it is exaggerated beyond Gogol's farcical intentions. Gogol's realism, with its distortions, is unique for two reasons. First, Gogol created The Inspector General not for the sake of realism but because he sincerely desired to portray common man as he was and to expose evils that could be recognized and understood. Second, the distortions in The Inspector General which created its exaggerated atmosphere and added to the delight and enjoyment of the play are probably unintentional projections of Gogol's mind warped by mental illness. The result is Gogol's own realism which results in a unique stage view. This view may be defined as an observation of Man through the distorted mind of the author.

An example of Gogol's distorted expose of corruption is the Chief of Police and the incredible scene in which he argues with the Judge about which one is more justified in taking bribes.

Ammos Fedorovich: . . . I tell everybody openly that I take bribes—but what kind of bribes? Wolfhound puppies. That's absolutely another matter.

Chief of Police: Well, puppies or anything else—it's bribes, all the same.

Ammos Fedorovich: Indeed not, Anton Antonovich. Here, for instance, if a man accepts a fur coat worth five hundred roubles, or a shawl for his wife. . .

Chief of Police: Well, and what if you do accept only wolfhound puppies as bribes? To make up for it, you don't believe in God; you never go to church; but I am at least firm in the faith, and I go to church every Sunday.

Act I, Scene I
The distorted aspect of the plot of The Inspector General is illustrated by frequent inconsistencies in time.

Act I, Scene VI ends with Anna Andreyevna and Karya Antonovna standing at a window. At least one hour later, in Act III, Scene I, Anna and Karya are still standing at the window in the same positions. There is also inconsistency concerning Plastakov's length of stay in Podolestlovka. Dobchinsky and Dobchinsky both say in Act I, Scene III that Plastakov has been in town for two weeks, but in Act II, Scene I, Osip says of Plastakov, "You came here two months ago...", and in Act II, Scene II, Osip indicates that they have been in town for three weeks. The inconsistencies in time have no effect on the action of the play and research seems to indicate that they have never been a source of consternation to historians. But the time variations could be a manifestation of Gogol's inability to distinguish truth. The important aspect of the inconsistencies is not that they exist but that Gogol may have been unaware of them. He appears to have been equally unaware of other mild distortions in the play which were created in his attempts to portray "man as he is."

The complete play and all of the characters create an exaggerated image both in reading and in production. Not one character escapes an exaggerated image from the postmaster who opens mail... not as a precaution, but more
out of curiosity...", Act I, Scene II; or the supervisor of charitable institutions who thinks that "Men's a simple creature: if he's going to die, he dies; if he's going to get well, he gets well," Act I, Scene I; to the wife of the locksmith who forgets herself in her righteous indignation and shouts at the pseudo-government inspector, ". . . you're a villain! May none of your relatives ever see the light of God!", Act IV, Scene VI.

Gogol's own production notes lead to the general incredibility of the play and give an indication of the distorted way in which he viewed life. He advises in his notes to the actors that

The actors should pay particular attention to the last scene. The last speech should produce upon all a sudden electric shock. The whole group should strike its pose in a twinkling. A cry of astonishment should be uttered by all the women at once, as if proceeding from a single bosom. From a disregard of these remarks may result a total loss of effect.

By expressing his attitudes that men are neither good nor bad and that drama should be concerned with "men as he is, plain and unvarnished," Gogol rejected other aspects of the comedy of manners besides portrayal of the aristocracy. He also disapproved of the use of stock characters since such a device was in opposition to his theory that good and evil are present in all men. Gogol managed to portray all of his characters with such objectivity that even the Devil in his short story "Christmas Eve" is not an unsympathetic
character, nor is Klestakov, the worthless rascal from The Inspector General, of whom Gogol says, "... let everyone find a part of himself in that role, and at the same time not be afraid to look around him lest someone should point the finger of scorn at him and call him by his right name." The dialogue of the comedy of manners was artificial, and it would have been impossible for Gogol to write of the common man using affected, artificial language. Since it was his intention to portray men in a "plain and unvarnished" state, he had to use men's "plain and unvarnished" language. When Gogol does use affected language it is in a satirical manner. The discourse between Anna and Klestakov in Act III, Scene VI is an example of this satirical affected language which will be discussed in relation to Gogol's philosophies in Chapter Three.

It has been shown that Nikolai Gogol was opposed to the philosophies of the French classical school of literature in regard to social class, characterization, and dialogue to the extent that his treatment of these elements was in direct opposition to those of neoclassicism. The elements of the comedy of manners style that Gogol did not oppose were treated in his play, but where the French ridiculed, Gogol parodied. His treatment included parodies, evident to any reader, on such things as religious hypocrisy, middle class

10 Ibid., p. 137.
pretensions to aristocratic behavior, morals, love intrigue, loveless marriages, learning and affectation of women, and medical ineptness.

The Chief of Police is an example of a common, widespread "weed" known as the religious hypocrite. In admonishing the Judge about taking bribes, the Chief of Police says in Act I, Scene 1, "... you don't believe in God; you never go to church; but I am at least firm in the faith, and I go to church every Sunday." But in Act IV, Scene 1, the merchants tell Klestakov that the Chief of Police uses his name day, St. Anthony's, to coerce them into paying bribes and even borrows an extra saint, "... he says St. Onufry's his name day too. What can we do? We bring him stuff on St. Onufry's also." Then, in Act V, Anton Antonovich hypocritically informs the audience of the merchant's hypocrisy, "... before you know your Lord's prayer, you give short measure..." In Act III after the audience is quite familiar with how corrupt and indolent he is, the Chief of Police offers a prayer, "O Lord my God, how can I bring it to pass that the authorities may perceive my zeal and be satisfied?"

Every character in the play creates some pretense about the aristocratic behavior. The two strongest scenes in the play are parodies on these pretenses. Klestakov's long speech in Act III about his life in St. Petersburg is absurd
to anyone except the characters in the play, who, having even less of a conception of what constitutes aristocratic behavior than Hlestakov, hang on his every word and phrase. The reception in the last act in celebration of Merya's betrothal is a parade of the townspeople doing and saying the things which they feel are proper since they believe the Chief of Police and his family will soon become members of the aristocracy.

Conventional morals are sadly lacking in Podstilovka, but no one seems particularly concerned or aware of this lack until the inspector comes on the scene. Artemy Filipovitch tells the government official:

There's a certain landowner here named Dobchinsky, whom you have seen; and no sooner does this Dobchinsky go out of his house somewhere, than the Judge goes over to sit with his wife, and I'm ready to swear... and you have only to look at the children: there's not one that looks like Dobchinsky, but every one of them, even the little girl, is the spit'n image of the Judge.

Act IV, Scene VI

Anna Andreyevna's lack of morals is plain. She is so eager to commit adultery with Hlestakov that she is completely blinded by his intentions toward her. Hlestakov describes her in his letter to Tryapichkin as "... ready to go the limit."

The exaggerated love intrigue in The Inspector General results in some of the most comical scenes in the play. Hlestakov's pursuit of the innocent Merya in a parody of a
stereotyped comedy of manners chase scene, and Ann's pursuit of Klestakov as she evades her husband's suspicion humorously illustrates Gogol's attitudes toward such immoral intrigues in neoclassical comedy.

Ann prevents the Chief of Police from finding out about her misconduct with Klestakov, not out of love, but because convention demands it. Whether or not Ann and Anton ever loved each other, the audience cannot tell, and it is not important; their attentions toward each other in The Inspector General are motivated by selfish reasons; they ignore one another unless they are being inconvenienced or are in a position to benefit one another. Ann's thwarted attempts to elicit information from the Chief of Police to satisfy her curiosity about the government inspector, in Act I, Scene VI, result in her threatening him for ignoring her. "I'll remember that against you!" she says. The Chief of Police repeatedly insults both his wife and daughter in Act III, Scene X when all three are trying to interrogate Osip. Neither Ann nor Anton is concerned with the questions of the other, and Anton ends the scene by commenting that "... if I went to listen to them, I'd have to stuff my ears." By Act V, Scene I, when there is a chance that Anton will receive a promotion, he asks Ann for her opinion about their future, but it becomes evident, as one speaks of rank and food and the other of society and drawing-rooms,
that neither one is the least bit concerned about what advantages and benefits the other will receive. More indicative of a loveless marriage than their insults and indifference is a complete lack of dialogue to indicate that there is any real feeling between them.

Society and drawing-rooms are the limits of Anna's world. She is described by Gogol in the notes to the actors as having been "... brought up half on novels and albums, half on bustling about her housekeeping supplies and supervising her maids." As a consequence, she knows little about either but pretends to know much. In Act III, Scene II, Bluestakov has no difficulty at all in convincing Anna that he is the author of several well known works by famous writers. Anna, in her affected intellectualism, even suggests works for Bluestakov to claim as his.

In The Inspector General medical ineptness is a way of life. Artemy Filippovich, the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, is described by Gogol as a "schemer and rogue." He is not concerned with procedure as long as it's economical. In Act I, Scene I, he says, "Oh, so far as doctoring goes, Christian Ivanovich and I have taken our measures: the closer you get to nature, the better; we don't use expensive medicines." The district physician Christian Ivanovich is either an idiot or a foreigner. In any case, Filippovich tells the Chief of Police, as he continues the above speech, that "... it would be hard for Christian
Ivanovich to consult with them [the patients]: he doesn't know a word of Russian."

It is impossible to discover whether these parodies which made The Inspector General a masterpiece were intentional or the products of Gogol's distorted mind. However, the result is a play which is not "boring, long-winded, and a source of dissatisfaction to the public." Once again, with this purposeful or accidental satire, the enigma of Nikolai Gogol is recalled.

The romantic literary period prevailed in Russia between 1820 and 1840, and Nikolai Gogol created the majority of his works during the height of this period. As a consequence, the influence of the romantic period on Gogol is more obscure than that of the neoclassical period which ended about 1820 and can be viewed more objectively.

The romantic qualities of exaggeration which Gogol projected into his writings can be attributed logically to his twisted mind rather than to his literary philosophies. However, to expose this enigma of Gogol, there are similar philosophies which are projected by the true romantic writers. During the romantic period "the common man appeared on the stage as a grotesque figure," and, coincidentally or intentionally, a characteristic of Gogol's writings is the portrayal of the common man in a distorted, grotesque fashion.

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11Ossner, p. 501.
A major characteristic of romantic literature is didacticism; however, "It can be argued that all or almost all of the world's great literature is partly didactic: satire censures certain kinds of behavior." Therefore, one can conclude on the basis of Gogol's satirical style that his literature is didactic. But Gogol is much too complex a character to allow himself to be so easily classified.

There is no doubt that Gogol's writings after October, 1836, with the exception of The Marriage (1835-42), are extremely moralistic. But there is controversy over didacticism in his earlier works, and it is particularly centered around The Inspector General. Magarshack says that the effect of the public's reaction to this satire substantiated Gogol's philosophy of the moralistic influence of art. Before the production of The Inspector General, Gogol explained his reasons for writing a play. "The theatre... teaches a living and useful lesson..." In contrast, Nabokov and Setonkarev say that The Inspector General is completely devoid of any didacticism; however, both of these authors are basing their opinions on Gogol's belated religious justification of the play, their inference being that

13Magarshack, p. 149.
14Ibid., p. 136.
If Gogol did not previously attach moral significance to *The Inspector General*, then it had none.

Whether or not Gogol was influenced by the romantic period cannot be determined, but it was his realistic style which brought the romantic period to an end in Russia because the greatest influence on the inauguration of the realistic period in Russia can be attributed directly to Nikolai Gogol, the "father of Russian realism."

Gogol had no precedent for his realistic style, and he did not set out intentionally to become the "father of Russian realism." His intention was merely to project "a true portrayal of character." It was Gogol's philosophy that such a portrayal was the only one that was "of any real use." Of great consequence, therefore, in understanding Gogol, is knowing what did motivate his desire to portray "man as he is."

The satirical comedy *The Inspector General* is introduced by a popular Russian proverb, "Do not blame the mirror when it is your face that is crooked." This motto was meant to be interpreted figuratively to remind the audience that should they see any unattractive attributes being portrayed which reminded them of themselves, they should not blame the play or the author. In defense of this position, Gogol said, "I know that some of us are ready to have a good laugh at a

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15 Ibid., p. 136.
men's crooked nose, but haven't the courage to laugh at a man's crooked soul. Nikolai Gogol possessed this "courage to laugh at a man's crooked soul." However, because of his mental condition, he himself was confused by a view through a crooked mirror.

Although Gogol had no difficulty in fulfilling his desire to create a true portrayal of men, his ability to discern men in depth was impaired by his mental condition. His art depended largely upon his own complexes. As a result, his characters, although composed of highly accurate details, "all the rags to the last pin of the daily round of a man's life..." project a distorted dream-like quality.

This dream-like quality to be defined in Chapter II is the source of the perplexing enigmas surrounding Gogol. It is impossible to separate Gogol's mental condition from his philosophies; therefore, it is impossible to know how much of his realism was intentional and how much was a result of his view in a crooked mirror. However, it was a combination of his personal involvement and his proclivities to observe and record minutiae which resulted in the realistic mood of his plays.

16 Ibid., p. 146.
17 Levrin, p. 31.
18 Op. cit., p. 34.
Gogol did not specifically belong to any movement; however, his expose of corruption and his subjective views could be described in more specific literary terms as expressionism. "The world, as seen in many expressionistic plays, is distorted because it is sensed subjectively, or because it is refracted by the author's criticism of society."¹⁹ The distortion in The Inspector General was a result of both Gogol's subjectivity and his satirical social criticism. However, categorization of Gogol's style is not possible because his works contain elements of realism, romanticism, and expressionism; and although he wrote during the romantic period, and initiated the realistic period in Russia, the expressionistic period did not begin until after World War I in Germany.

CHAPTER III

CONCLUSIONS FOR PRESENTATION AS BASED ON A
DETAILED ANALYSIS OF THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

Introduction

A director of drama is as much an artist as the playwright is. As the author of a play has an interpretation of the play, so, indeed, does a director. Although a director should endeavor to discover and retain the intentions of the author, their interpretations might not necessarily coincide. Therefore, since a director is usually not the author, he must make a careful study of the author and the play in order to determine his directing approach. A director should give consideration to the author by a biographical and philosophical study to ascertain what hidden or abstract meanings a play might contain which are necessary to a production. If possible, a director usually makes a survey of past productions of a play to discover what production problems he might encounter and to study the interpretations of other directors. After a director thoroughly familiarizes himself with the script and has explored the author's background and attitudes and representative productions of a play, he should be adequately prepared to utilize that
knowledge and his own artistic creativity to determine his directing approach.

Because a director is an artist he must develop an aesthetic rapport with the medium he utilizes, the play. Between a director and a play this aesthetic rapport can be defined as the rhythm of the play. The rhythm of a play refers to its flow of action. Every play has its own rhythm, and, the director, through his own feeling for a work and by using information about the author, should formulate concepts of how a play should be produced to fit this rhythm.

The Inspector General contains neither a profound, original message nor classical characters. It is the rhythm of the play which makes it a unique, enduring piece of literature. Although the director’s empathy for the rhythm of The Inspector General was the main factor in the analysis presented in Chapter Three, the abstract qualities of this term negates any value a reader would derive from an understanding of this rhythm while reading the analysis of the play. An understanding can be gained only by reading the play itself. Therefore, the director’s definition of the dream-like rhythm of The Inspector General and its influence on the production of the play will be discussed in the summary of Chapter Three.
Chapter Three will contain a study of the director's approach to *The Inspector General* as based on a study of the author and the script with references to past productions. Section One will propose the director's intentions toward *The Inspector General*; Section Two will contain a detailed analysis of the characters in the play following the director's procedure as outlined in the first paragraph of the introduction; and Section Three is a scene-by-scene evaluation using this same procedure. These three sections constitute the director's premise from which conclusions will be drawn as to how *The Inspector General* can be adapted and successfully produced in the given situation.

The Director's Concept of
*The Inspector General*

*The Inspector General* is a direct reflection of both Gogol's distorted mind and his attitudes as a writer, and a director should preserve these reflections in his production of the play. As was stated in Chapter II, Nikolai Gogol unknowingly imbued *The Inspector General* with distorted expressionistic qualities in his subjective satire of Russian society. The director considers this distorted expressionism vital to the dream-like rhythm of the play, and as a consequence, has endeavored, through the techniques to be discussed in this section, to preserve not only the realistic and farcical qualities but also the exaggerated expressionism which *The Inspector General* contains.
Since Gogol projected expressionistic qualities into the play, and because the play also contains distorted realistic and farcical elements, *The Inspector General* will be staged in a presentational style because this style can encompass and blend all of these elements. Presentational staging emphasizes the stage platform and removes the "fourth wall." The result of this removal brings the audience into direct contact with the actors, and this rapport is inherent in the play.

Music can easily communicate feelings and moods, and an appropriately composed score can be of value in any play. Therefore, the director is of the opinion that an original score for *The Inspector General* could more adequately illustrate the exaggeration of the play than music usually associated with the comedy of manners style because there are several requirements which the music must meet. The absence of an orchestra pit and inadequate space will limit the orchestration, but the composer has been instructed to select a minimum of instruments which will create an unusual blend and a Slavic feeling. Three instruments have been chosen: a bass, a trombone, and a vibraphone. The music will be used to set the mood and period of the play, cover scene changes, introduce new scenes, and to complement action within scenes.

The dream-like, expressionistic time lapse between act I, Scene VI and act III, Scene I when Anna and Marya
are left in the same position for the duration of Act II, has led the director to the utilization of freezes throughout the play. Although the technique of freezes, as they will be utilized during asides in the director’s production, have no exact historical basis, Vsevolod Meyerhold, in a 1926 production of *The Inspector General*, utilized moving platforms on which the actors had executed frozen positions which they held until the platforms were in place. The freezes in the thesis production of *The Inspector General* are intended to convey the idea of interrupted impressions of the mind to contrast with the usual continuity of story progression. By conveying this idea, the freezes will be used to emphasize the distortion of Gogol’s mind and thereby separate this play from the usual satirical force. The freezes are intended to maintain and stimulate the interest of the audience as they follow the play to the concluding tableaux. This final freeze of the cast seems a logical conclusion after the series of freezes which will precede it. It is hoped that the audience will, by viewing these freezes, be aware that they are hearing the conscious thoughts of the characters as expressed in the asides and also remind them of the presentational style of the drama.

The most outstanding feature of the set will be its composition of set pieces rather than stationary units.

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Solidarity is needed to achieve the feeling of reality which Gogol intended; however, spatial limitations prevent the use of massive sets. The set should also add a suggestion of mental impressions, and because the mind is seldom concerned with detail during recall, the set pieces will eliminate any background which is not directly connected with the action. At the same time, the audience should be totally unaware of a space problem.

There will be three major set pieces used: a door and window unit, representing the front of the Chief of Police's house; a revolving unit which will represent the interior of the Chief's house in an upstage position to give a feeling of some spaciousness; and, when reversed in a downstage position, will represent the interior of a small, cramped inn room; another piece, a window, to be used only at the beginning of the play, will allow the audience to look into the chief's house and perhaps into the minds of those present there as the "fourth wall" is physically removed. The set pieces should be ideal for another reason other than space limitation. Scene changes encompassing set changes should occupy a minimum of time; therefore, all of the set must be easily and quickly moved. The revolving set should facilitate these rapid changes. The revolving unit should increase the dream-like duality of the play as the audience will be aware that the piece is reversing and changing position on
the stage. Credit for the concept of this piece is to be given to staging limitations and to Auerhold's 1926 production. Although his pieces did not revolve, they were mobile and moved on and off stage.

The windows in the set will be a major element in setting the mood of the play. These windows with their distorted shutters have no historical background but are an interpretation of the director. The window used at the beginning of the play should set the mood which will be recalled as the audience views the other windows in the set. This first window will be positioned in a parting of the act curtain on center stage. The window with its distorted panes covered with light blue scrim will be dimly illuminated as the audience is being seated. As the play begins, the Chief of Police will be revealed standing behind this window. As he begins the opening dialogue the window parts. This parting will be accomplished by dividing the unit in the middle and removing the halves with the act curtain as it is pulled. The treatment of the distorted window should disclose both physical and mental aspects of the characters. It is hoped that the audience will have the feeling they are being allowed to view these aspects in a somewhat distorted manner.

The colors and shapes in the set will be repetitions, acting as a unifying element. Muted but colorful shades of the Chief of Police's house will be found in Auerhold's
room at the inn, and cracks painted in the set to represent corruption will be repeated in both of these places. Of course the windows all being similarly distorted will lend continuity, as will the shape of either side of the revolving unit.

Little license will be taken with costumes in contrast to a 1927 production in which Igor Terentyev dressed the post-master in stamps and envelopes and had a skull painted on the sleeves of the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions. There is little doubt that this costuming resulted in distortion, but it is the director's opinion that such extraordinary dress would be detrimental to the realistic aspect of the play. However, an intentional misapplication of color should cause distortion through its exaggeration and be in keeping with the mild distortion of the set. While the basic costume lines will be in keeping with the period, this exaggerated use of color will not be. Both color and the costume lines will complement the characters, and the lines will be distorted only when such a distortion lends itself to character identification. The unified color in costumes and set will be used primarily to authenticate the period and to distort the play.

Lighting will be simple and will be evenly distributed over the entire acting area. Throughout the play the use of rich colors—pinks, blues, and yellows—against the black

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cyclorama will vivify the set pieces and costumes making them a more integral part of the rhythm. There will be no special lighting except for magenta spots which will be used to punctuate the fragmentary segments of action within the play.

The utilization of freezes during asides, the use of mobil set pieces, costumes that are somewhat exaggerated in line and color, and the utilization of emphatic lighting should all convey a feeling of mild distortion to the audience. Since Gogol's projection of his distorted reality is the essence of *The Inspector General*, it is hoped that these techniques, through a presentational method of staging, will convey images of distorted mental impressions vital to the production.

**Character Analysis**

In continuing preparation for producing *The Inspector General*, the director finds it necessary to acquire a thorough understanding and interpretation of the characters in the play. An analysis will be made from dialogue by and about each character; from a consideration of the philosophies of the play and the author, and what he was trying to achieve; from a study of historical references to the characters; and from the director's own creative interpretation.

The first thing which a director must consider in casting a play on the educational level is the available acting
personnel in the school he must also give consideration to modern audiences in terms of the length of a production. The logical solution to both of these situations is to eliminate characters whose absence does not detract from the play and whose absence will help create a play of satisfactory length. Consequently, there will be several characters eliminated from the director's production of The Inspector General. The following characters having met one or both of the above requirements will be removed from the director's script:

Fedor Andreyevich Ilulyukov—a retired official of the town
Svistunov
Pugovitsyn—policeman
Derkhimeidas
Abdulin—a merchant
Mishka—servant of the Chief of Police
Crowd scenes will either be eliminated or cut to a minimum of personnel.

The character descriptions in this chapter attributed to Gogol are from his notes to the actors in the text of the play unless otherwise specified.

The following characters will appear in the script and will be discussed in an order which gives some regard to their importance.

Anton Antonovich Skvoznik-Dumkhanovsky, the Chief of Police, is described by Gogol in detail.

The Chief of Police has grown old in the service and is, in his own way, anything but a stupid man. Although a bribe-taker, he behaves with marked dignity; he is rather serious, and is even somewhat inclined to
morelize, he speaks neither loudly nor softly, much nor little. His every word is significant. His features are harsh and coarse, such as are common in people who have advanced with difficulty from the lowest ranks. The change from fear to joy, from servility to arrogance, is very sudden, as in the case of a man with crudely developed personal traits. He is dressed in the usual manner, in his uniform with frogs, wearing high boots with spurs. His hair is cut short and shows grey streaks.

The only major deviation anticipated from this description will be in costuming; however, no difficulty is seen in creating the same impression with the available costume facilities. A utilization of the author's description should result in a successful interpretation of the character. The only past production available to the director in which Gogol's analysis was not used was the 1927 Terentyev production in which the Chief of Police was interpreted as "... a rascal, ignorant, sly but not vicious, basically weak and, at the end, slightly pitiful." In view of Terentyev's earlier mentioned costume interpretation, it seems obvious that he either missed or chose to ignore the purpose of the play, since even the translation of Skvoznik-Dmukhanovsky—Rascal-Puftup—supports Gogol's description. The dialogue in *The Inspector General* spoken by and about the Chief of Police also unequivocally confirms this description throughout the play.

It is important to note that the Chief of Police, or Городничем in Russia, had a much more responsible position in city government than his American counterpart. Appointment to this position was by the imperial authorities in the capital, St. Petersburg. His duties were more closely aligned with an American city manager or mayor as he is called in some translations. The position was abolished in 1862.

Anna Andreyevna, the wife of the Chief of Police, is described by Gogol as:

...a provincial coquette, still in middle life, brought up half on novels and albums, half on bustling about her housekeeping supplies and supervising her maids. She is very inquisitive, and on occasion displays vanity. Sometimes she gets the upper hand of her husband simply because he is unable to answer her, but this power extends only to trifles and consists of curtailing lectures and nagging. During the course of the play she changes her costume four times. It is the director's opinion that this description is quite adequately confirmed by the dialogue of the play. In addition to the corroborating dialogue, it would seem that any other portrayal of Anna would not be consistent with the Chief of Police and would, in all likelihood, detract from both of the characters.

Marya Antonovna, the daughter of Anton and Anna, is not among the characters described by Gogol. He apparently considers her among the lesser characters of the play whom he...
describes as "... prototypes [who] may be found in almost any community." Marya, like the other characters described as "prototypes," is that only in Gogol's eyes. One must always be aware of the effect of his distorted mind on the presentation of the characters.

Marya is practically a non-entity. The only function she serves is to further the interests of her parents and Hlestakov, and they all manipulate her almost as if she were a puppet. Hlestakov requests permission to marry Marya to aid his advances toward her, and Anna and Anton accept the proposal in hopes of becoming Petersburg aristocrats. Marya is never consulted in this matter; she accepts their arrangements meekly, making no comment for or against the marriage.

An example of Marya's almost complete passivity is her submission to her mother's maneuvering. Her strongest reaction to Anna is in act III, Scene VIII:

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, what a charming man!

Marya Antonovna: Oh, what a darling!

Anna Andreyevna: But what refinement in everything he does! ... he took a fancy to me; I noticed that he kept glancing my way.

Marya Antonovna: Why, mamma, he was looking at me!

Anna Andreyevna: I'll thank you to be off with your nonsense. It's quite out of place here.

Marya Antonovna: No, mamma, really!
Anna Andreyevna: Well, I declare! God forbid we should quarrel about it! That will do! Why should he look at you? What reason would he have for looking at you?

Marya Antonovna: Really, mamma, he kept looking at me. First when he began to talk about literature, he gave me a look; and then when he was telling about how he played whist with the ambassadors, he looked at me again.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, maybe, once or twice, but that's all it amounted to. "Oh, I'll just take a look at her!" he said to himself.

Marya's submissiveness is evidence of naivety and immaturity. Anna describes her daughter, "... you act like a three-year-old child. No one in the world would ever think she was eighteen years old." Marya's naivety is aptly illustrated in her love scene with Hlestakov:

Marya Antonovna: Love! I don't understand love! ... I have never known what love is. ... (She moves her chair away)

Hlestakov: Why do you move your chair away? It would be better for us to sit close together.

Marya Antonovna: (Moving away) Why close together? We're as well off nearer.

Marya Antonovna: (Moving away) But why is that?

Act IV, Scene XIII

Marya's puppet-like naive acquiescence is vital to her portrayal. Unless she is completely unaware of being manipulated, the effect of her character will not be realized nor will her behavior be in accord with the other characters' treatment of her.
Ivan Alexandrovich Hlestakov, who masquerades as the Inspector general, is Gogol's attempt to create a universal character. He says of Hlestakov, "... let everyone find a part of himself in that role..." Gogol describes Hlestakov in his notes to the actors:

Hlestakov is a young man twenty-three years old, very thin and lean; he is rather stupid, and, as they say, rattle-headed, one of those people who in their offices are called hopelessly "dumb." He speaks and acts without any reflection. He is incapable of focusing his attention on any thought whatsoever. His speech is abrupt, and the words fly out of his mouth quite unexpectedly. The more sincerity and simplicity the actor puts into his role, the better he will play it. He is dressed fashionably.

In a letter to Pushkin, Gogol offers a further description of Hlestakov:

Hlestakov is not cheating at all; he is not a professional liar; he forgets himself that he is lying and almost believes what he says... and for that reason alone he speaks quite frankly, smoothly, unconstrainedly, and while telling lies he reveals himself in them as he really is... Hlestakov Gogol goes on does not lie at all wildly or in a boastfully theatrical way; he lies with feeling; you can see the pleasure he derives from other young men... To all appearances, he does not differ from other young men. Indeed, he carries himself well, sometimes he even speaks with authority, and only when presence of mind or character is required does his mean and trivial nature come to light..."

The name Hlestakov and its translation, Shipper-snapper, both help create a picture of Ivan Alexandrovich Hlestakov. Shipper-snapper, according to the Britannica World Language

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5Magarshack, p. 137.
6Ibid., p. 137.
Nabokov describes the effect of Khlestakov's name:

Khlestakov's very name is a stroke of genius, for it conveys to the Russian reader an effect of lightness and rashness, a prattling tongue, the swish of a slim walking cane, the slapping sound of playing cards, the bragadocio of a nincompoop and the dashing ways of a lady-killer.

The historical references to interpretations of Khlestakov's character are, as a whole, similar to Gogol's descriptions. The most important aspect seems to be an avoidance of stereotype. Gogol's letter to Pushkin containing the description of Khlestakov was written after the first production of The Inspector General in St. Petersburg in 1836. Gogol said of that production:

I was disgusted with my own play... just as though it were not I who had written it. The chief part was ruined. Dyur (the actor who took the part of Khlestakov) had no idea what Khlestakov was like. Khlestakov in his interpretation had become... something like a naughty boy in a French farce. He became simply an ordinary stage liar—a colourless character which has been appearing in the same costume for the last two hundred years.

The stereotyped stage liar always conveys to the audience that he is purposely lying. The other characters involved with his lying may or may not be aware of these prevarications. Khlestakov can not be portrayed as "an ordinary stage
liar." As Gogol says, ", . . . he [Hlestakov] forgets himself that he is lying and almost believes what he says. . . ."\(^{3}\)

Hlestakov is accompanied by a servant named Osip whom Gogol describes as:

"," the usual sort of elderly manservant. He talks seriously, and has a rather condescending air; he is inclined to moralize, and likes to sermonize his master behind his back. His voice is almost unchanging: in conversation with his master he assumes a severe, abrupt, and even rather rude expression. He is cleverer than his master, and therefore grasps a situation more quickly; but he does not like to talk much, and is a silent rascal. He wears a grey or blue frock coat, much worn.

There will be one major change in Gogol's description in regard to Osip's character. It is the director's opinion that Osip can be successfully portrayed with less of a contrast between his and Hlestakov's age than is indicated by Gogol's description, and since at least eight of the characters in The Inspector General must be elderly, the director has foreseen a shortage of character actors. Therefore, since none of the dialogue is contradictory, it seems expedient to reduce Osip's age. It does not seem that a younger servant would be dressed in a "much worn" coat, especially a servant of the fashionably dressed, fun-loving Hlestakov.

Both Hlestakov and Osip should, by their costumes, show that they are removed from provincial life.

Luka Lukich Hlopov, the Superintendent of Schools, is a typical, browbeaten schoolman. Of his profession he says,\(^{3}\)

\(^{3}\text{Ibid.}, \text{p. 137.}\)
"God save us from serving in the educational line! A fellow's afraid of everybody: all sorts of people interfere, and they all went to show that they're educated too." Gogol may be using Luke to express his own ideas of the Russian educational system. During his school days Gogol had been strongly attached to a teacher Nikolai Belousov whom he described as "... the idol of the school boys."\(^{10}\) This teacher was exiled as a result of an accusation that he had been "spreading subversive and 'freethinking' ideas among his pupils that were not consistent 'with the Christian religion.'\(^{11}\) Luke tells the Chief of Police of his being admonished for the conduct of one of his teachers. "Of course he [the teacher] did it with the best heart in the world, but I got called down; 'Why,' says they, 'are our young people being exposed to the contagion of freethinking?!'"

Luke Lukich is extremely class conscious. He says, "I confess I was so brought up that if I have to talk with a man one rank higher than mine, I get heart failure and my tongue seems to stick in the mud." As a consequence, he is terrified of Hlestakov. The stage directions and dialogue in Act IV, Scene V, when Hlestakov and Luke are alone indicate his fear. Hlestakov offers a cigar to Luke:

\(^{10}\)Nagurschek, p. 23.

\(^{11}\)Ibid., p. 29.
(Luke Lukich tries to light his cigar and trembles all over)

Hlestakov: But that's the wrong end!

Luke Lukich: (Dropping the cigar in his fright, spitting, and waving his hand aside) Devil take everything! By damned timidity has ruined me.

The Judge Amos Fedorovich Lyapkin-Tyapkin is described by Gogol as:

... a man who has read five or six books, and is consequently something of a freethinker. He is very fond of conjectures, and therefore gives much weight to his every word. The actor who plays the role must always preserve a knowing expression of countenance. He speaks in a bass voice with a prolonged drawl, with a sound of wheezing and strangling, like an old clock, which first squeaks and then strikes.

Education theatre is again anticipated to make difficult the casting of a person with the elderly characteristics indicated by the description of Lyapkin-Tyapkin's voice. There should have to be no other changes in his portrayal as the dialogue adequately justifies Gogol's description of the rascally Judge whose name, Lyapkin-Tyapkin, translates to Bungle-Steal.

Artemy Filippovich Zemlyanika, the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, is also described by Gogol:

Zemlyanika, the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, is a very stout, awkward, and clumsy man, but for all that a schemer and a rogue. He is very officious and bustling.

His scheming combined with his official demeanor makes plausible the translation of his name, Zemlyanika, into Strawberry, a fruit which is not easily classified, having
both the characteristics of a fruit and a berry. Artery, while appearing officious, is merely concealing his ineptitude in the administration of his medical duties. His suggested procedure for bribing Aleshkov only hides his intentions to expose the corruption of the other officials, his friends, in order to save himself.

Zemlyanika has as his assistant Christian Ivanovich Gibner, the district physician. The script does not indicate whether Christian is a foreigner or a blithering idiot. He is said not to speak a word of Russian, and yet the sound he makes is described by Gogol as "somewhat like the letter 'e' and a little like 'a'." We should therefore be played for comedy as an idiot. The contrast between his portrayal as an idiot and his profession of doctor should contribute to the bizarre mood of the play.

Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky and Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky are, like their names, very much alike and yet not identical. Gogol describes them as being:

... short and stubby and very inquisitive, extraordinarily like each other; both are slightly corpulent; both speak very fast with an extraordinary amount of gesticulation. Dobchinsky is a little taller and more serious than Bobchinsky, but Bobchinsky is more expansive and lively than Dobchinsky.

Given two such delightful comic characters, it is difficult to refrain from over-playing them. Other directors have, to the detriment of the play, not resisted such impulses. Gogol himself commented on one such portrayal of the two Ivans.
In the first production of *The Inspector General* and also added to their description:

... when I saw them in their costumes, I gasped with horror. These two men, who are essentially tidy and neat, rather stout, with carefully smoother hair, were got up in ungainly high grey wigs, tousled, untidy, with enormous shirt-fronts sticking out of their breeches. On the stage they looked so unnatural and affected that it was simply unbearable. Generally speaking, the costumes were bad and made the actors look like caricatures.

It is well that Gogol did not see the Terentyev production of his play in 1927 when "Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky were transformed into garrulous women."\(^1\)

As Gogol says Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky should not be caricatures. The dialogue and stage directions offer sufficient comic opportunities for these two town gossips which do not detract from the natural performance of their roles.

Bobchinsky's line in Act I to Dobchinsky is one of these opportunities: "Hey, don't interrupt, Petr Ivanovich; please don't interrupt; you won't be able to tell it, God knows you won't; you lisp." By having both Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky speak with a lisp, the line should be extremely funny. Such comedy as this does not have to rely on eccentric appearances. Gogol's stage directions in Act II, Scene X to Bobchinsky, although approaching slapstick, are in keeping with the character and should not appear unnatural:

\(^{12}\)Slonim, p. 283.
Having written, he hands the notes to Bobchinsky, who approaches the door; but at that moment the door falls off its hinges, and Bobchinsky, who has been listening on the other side, flies into the room with it. All utter explanations. Bobchinsky picks himself up.

The Postmaster Ivan Kuzmich Shpek in is described by Gogol as being "... simple-hearted to the point of naivete." His one joy in life is the mail, and he places his entire faith in the information contained in letters. He accepts without question the Chief of Police's statement that their situation is not caused by a pending war with the Turks merely because Anton says, "I know that already; I have a letter." Ivan Kuzmich reads all the mail "not as a precaution, but more out of curiosity; "I'm deadly fond of finding out what's new in the world. I tell you, it's most interesting reading." In his innocence he apparently has never considered the implications of such an act.

Ammos Fedorovich: Look out, or you'll catch it for that, sometime!

Postmaster: Great Scott!

Act I, Scene II

Stepan Ilyich Ukhovertov the police captain, offers little to the play, and consequently, all of his lines which do not contribute important exposition or comedy will be cut. With his reduced dialogue, the police captain will be played as the ultimate "yes" man writing down all of the Chief's instructions and everything else he says. This
interpretation should lend to the comic effect of his character.

The locksmith's wife Fevrona Petrova Poshelepkin, Setchkarrev says, is "... the only one who could possibly arouse our sympathy. She considerably dampens the growing positive feelings toward her by her classic cannonade of insults.  

In her brief scene, she becomes so enraged by the unjust conscription of her husband that she threatens Hlestakov, of whom she is presumably terrified. Comic effect should be increased by making a contrast between her wheedling lines such as, "I'm a weak woman..." and almost in the same breath, "... and you're a villain! Act IV, Scene XI.

The Sergeant's widow accompanies Mrs. Poshelepkin to see Hlestakov. She is not so excitable as her friend and lodges her complaint against the Chief of Police as Hlestakov has asked, "... in a few words." By making her extremely meek in contrast to the locksmith's wife, the director believes that a humorous situation will be created.

The obedient inn servant is full of sarcastic disdain for Hlestakov, whom he considers to be a vagabond. It should be obvious that his obsequiousness is merely to hide his sarcasm:

Hlestakov: Oh, you blockhead!

Servant: Yes, sir.

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13 Setchkarrev, p. 169.
Hlestakov: You contemptible little swine!... Why, damn it all, can't I do as they do? aren't they travelers just like me?

Servant: Why, everybody knows that they ain't.

Hlestakov: What are they, then?

Servant: The regular sort! everybody knows: they pay their bills!

Act II, Scene VI

Ivan Lazarevich Iljastovskiy, Stepan Ivanovich Korobkin, and Luke Sukich's wife, along with the men and women guests, are all minor characters who appear only in the last act. Their most obvious characteristics are affectation and hypocrisy. The individual characterizations of these people will largely depend on casting. The actors will be allowed as much freedom as they want provided that their interpretations are in keeping with the general analysis of the characters. The men and women guests may possibly be cast in other minor roles which will not conflict with the last act.

The merchants, for whose oppressed state we could have sympathy if it were not for the fact that they, like their oppressors, are swindlers, will be limited to alleviate casting difficulties. The merchants' main characteristic is hypocrisy. In their complaints to Hlestakov, they are quite vociferous in describing the injustices they suffer at the hands of the Chief of Police.

... try to say no to him, and he'll quarter a whole regiment on you. And if you object, he'll have the doors locked on you. "I'm not going to subject you to corporal punishment," he says, "or put you to the
torture—that's forbidden by law," he says; "but you're going to eat salted herring..."

Act IV, Scene X

However, the merchants themselves are not beyond reproach. The Chief of Police describes their illegal actions. "You make a contract with the government and swindle it out of a hundred thousand by supplying rotten cloth..." (Act V, Scene IV)

The expressionistic qualities of The Inspector General can be ascertained in the character analysis because the characters are personifications of Gogol's subjectivity and the instruments he uses in his criticism of corruption. The subjective presentation of these characters projected through Gogol's mind can be represented by characters who are essentially realistic as Gogol thought he saw them but with some exaggerated character facets as he actually created them.

The actors will be allowed to create their own exaggerated character within limits set by the director in this analysis because such freedom should encourage them to establish a necessary rapport between themselves and their character.

Scene-by-Scene Evaluation

The scene-by-scene evaluation of The Inspector General is the director's final step in familiarizing himself with the play. Each scene will be analyzed, giving consideration to the contribution of the scene to the play, the relation of the scene to the author's philosophies, the points of
major interest in the scene, past interpretations of the scenes, and any points which the director considers worthy of mention in relation to his own interpretation.

The Inspector General followed the French influence in its division into scenes delineated by actor's entrances. Since such division results in many short scenes, and clear definition of them would impair the discussion, some of the scenes will be combined in the analysis.

Act I, Scene I is vitally important since the exposition offered sets the mood of the entire play. The revelation in the first four lines of the play that a government inspector is coming is the major point of interest in this scene, and it is also the basis for the play. The overture will be used here not only to set the mood of the play but also to lead into the feeling of anticipation necessary to this scene. The reaction of the officials to this news should be exaggerated for two reasons: (1) it, along with the distorted window used in the opening, helps to set the exaggerated mood which will prevail throughout the play; (2) the excess of fear should convey to the audience that these officials fear an inspection because of corruption in the village. Exposition in Scene I is important also because it combines the points of interest with Gogol's philosophies. It was his desire to "disclose corrupt people to the nation," and "Let it have a good laugh at them," that prompted the
At the same time, it was Gogol's desire to expose "the springs that bring it [modern society] into motion. . . ." Consequently, as is revealed in Scene I, the characters in the play will not be the usual stereotyped aristocratic characters in the style of comedy of manners but middle class people in a provincial setting. Scene I contains an example of Gogol's parody on religious hypocrisy and medical ineptness, and his satirical treatment of politics and education.

All of the action in Scenes I and II serve to introduce characters who must create personalities which the audience can readily recognize when the characters appear in later scenes.

The third scene gives indication of the excitement generated by the inspector as Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky and Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky come running into the room to explain, with great verbosity, that the inspector is already in their midst and staying at the inn. The policemen Svistunov as indicated below will be cut, as he meets the requirements set forth in the character analysis for those who can be eliminated. The lines indicated, like the character, add nothing to the scene or to the play and will be removed:

Chief of Police: . . . Hey, Svistunov!
Svistunov: What sir?
Chief of Police: Go call the police captain right away—but no, I need you. Tell someone outside to go for him as quickly as possible, and then come back here.

(The Sergeant of Police runs out at full speed)

The following line will not be cut since it motivates the departure of Ammos and Artemy; however, Ammos' line will be cut as will the first sentence of Artemy's speech which follows it:

Artemy Filippovich: Let's go, let's go, Ammos Fedorovich! There may be some trouble, for a fact.

Ammos Fedorovich: Aw, what are you afraid of? Put clean nightcaps on the patients, and cover up your tracks.

Artemy Filippovich: To hell with your nightcaps!

This scene ends with the exit of all characters except the Chief of Police.

The entire fourth scene will be cut except part of one line by the Chief of Police. The line is reproduced below, showing its alteration:

Chief of Police: (Clutching his head) Oh, my God, my God! Hurry into the street, or no, run first to my room—did you hear?—and bring me my sword and my new hat. Well, Petr Ivanovich, let's be going!

Chief of Police: (Clutching his head) Oh, my God, my God! I'll need my sword and my new hat.

The alteration of this line motivates the action in Scene V in which any lines referring to policemen or to Petr Ivanovich will be cut. The police captain was used to represent the police force. He is a "yes" man under the control
of the corrupt Chief of Police; his demeanor indicates that
the force is corrupt. By having the captain copy virtually
every syllable uttered by the Chief, one should be able to
make the scene humorous.

Scene VI introduces Anna Andreyevna and Marya Antonov-
na. Anna's scolding nature and curiosity and Marya's meek-
ness are indicated in this short scene. The two characters
will freeze posed in the window at the end of the scene, and
a magenta spot brought up briefly and then faded should
leave the audience with a dream-like impression of the ac-
tion of the play to this point. A brief musical interlude
will be interjected here to cover a scene change and to give
the feeling of a change in locale.

Act II, Scene I is a soliloquy by Osip, Klestakov's
servant in their room at the inn. His speech contains expo-
sition about their background and reveals much about Klesta-
kov's character. Osip, of all the characters in the play,
most closely resembles a stock character, the wily, cunning
servant. Only his hunger, which humanizes him, reduces the
farcical effect. The scene will be shortened by cutting
several lines which do not contribute to important exposi-
tion because such a long-winded soliloquy may bore the audi-
ence.

Scenes II through VI further develop the characters of
Osip and Klestakov and introduce an interlude within the
plot of the play. The interlude is important for several reasons. It introduces the inn servant whose character is well developed as he stops just short of serious reprisal with her sarcastic insults about Hlestakov's financial status. It fully reveals how far Hlestakov is from being a government inspector by illustrating Gogol's treatment of a comedy of manners element. Hlestakov's pretensions to aristocratic behavior become farcical as he dreams of impressing the provincials by his opulence and then complains of the inferiority of his meal before consuming it with relish. The interlude interjects a realistic element into the play as the hungry, moneyless "hero" attempts to secure a free meal. At the same time, the interlude illustrates the exaggerated quality of Gogol's writing as projected into The Inspector General since six scenes are required to resolve the conflict presented. Scene VII, being unnecessary to the development of the play, will be cut.

In Scenes VIII through X, the plot takes definite shape as the Chief of Police mistakenly assumes that Hlestakov is the government inspector, and Hlestakov, realizing that he is not to be jailed for vagrancy, because he has been mistaken for someone else, begins to accept and enjoy the situation. The Chief of Police, in an attempt to ingratiate himself with the inspector, offers the first bribes in the play by giving money to Hlestakov to pay his bill and suggesting that Hlestakov come stay at his house. In preparation
for scenes to come, the Chief of Police sends a note to his wife telling her to prepare for a guest, and he plans to get Klestakov drunk in order to find out the purpose of his trip.

Bobchinsky, after pecking through the door with every opportunity, climaxes the scene by tumbling into the room as the door falls off its hinges. The absence of this slapstick action would not detract from the play in any way but seems to be motivated only by the comic effect it can produce, and perhaps by its contribution to the exaggerated mood of the play. This scene, like the last scene in Act I, will end with a freeze and a magenta spotlight as Gaspole leaves the room carrying Klestakov's nondescript belongings. A scene change here will return the action to the Chief's house. Music will be used as in Scene I to convey a feeling of locale change.

Act III, Scenes I-III contain closely related action. As Scene I opens, Anne and Marya will be found frozen in precisely the same poses they held at the end of Act I. Obviously a time distortion is present because the two have been in these positions for not less than an hour. Gogol, because of his own distorted mind, may have been entirely unaware of this distortion. Its existence contributes greatly to the exaggeration of the play and the feeling of Gogol's possibly unintentional mental projections. Scene II
brings Dobchinsky with the Chief's note. The note contains very realistic, humanizing qualities as the Chief writes, as any husband might, "... you needn't go to any extra trouble for dinner because we're going to have a bite at the hospital. ..." Dobchinsky summarizes the feelings of all of the characters except Anna, who is too curious to be scared, and Marya, who is too dumb, as he says, "Well, you know how it is when a bigwig talks: you feel scared." The character Mishka has been cut. Anna's instructions to her will be directed to Dobchinsky and Marya.

Since Mishka is cut, the dialogue between him and Osip comprising Scene IV will be eliminated and the scene utilized to initiate Scene V. Scene IV will open with Osip's arrival at the Chief's house with Hlestakov's belongings. His entrance will be timed with lights and music. The lights will be brought up as he moves on-stage, and the music will be synchronized with his movement across stage. His actions should convey a feeling of satisfaction. He is followed immediately by Hlestakov and his entourage as Scene V opens.

The scene begins with Hlestakov's ironic line, "They didn't show me anything in the other towns." The distortion of the play is continued as the Chief blatantly tells the inspector the exact opposite about how their town is run, and audaciously says they have "... no other thought but to deserve, by good order and vigilance, the attention of"
the authorities." Klestakov's reply exemplifies his superficiality as he speaks of his lunch. The shallowness of his character is revealed as he says, "I'm fond of eating. That's what we live for: to pull the flowers of pleasure. . . ."

Artemy, in an attempt to get himself on the back, again illustrates Gogol's parody on medical ineptness, while the Chief of Police creates a parody on religious hypocrisy.

Artemy, commenting in an aside on the Chief's hypocritical attempts to ingratiate himself with Klestakov, indicates, for the first time, that the Podkatillovs' officials are not quite a harmonious group.

A mention of card games by Artemy should offer interesting comedy. At the mention of cards, Artemy, in his effort to please the inspector, will display a deck for the audience to see while the others seem to anticipate a game. The Chief of Police, wary of Klestakov's motives, comments in an aside, "Ah, my boy, we know what windowpane you're peeping now!" Artemy, who will be supplied with magician's cards, will present an interesting picture as he freezes with the cards suspended in mid-air. With a "God forbid!" and an elbow in Artemy's ribs, the Chief will squelch the game and scatter the cards on the stage. While the others scramble to conceal the cards, the Chief of Police will continue, "... if I ever happen to catch sight of such a thing as a king of diamonds, such disgust comes over me. . . ."
In this line, Dobchinsky, because of his eager anxiety, will automatically display the king of diamonds for the audience to see.

Scene VI is a particularly important illustration of Gogol's philosophies and his personality as projected through Nlestantkov. The lack of continuity in Nlestantkov's speeches fits Gogol's description of Nlestantkov: "He speaks and acts without any reflection. His speech is abrupt, and the words fly out of his mouth quite unexpectedly."

The result, despite the exaggeration of what is being said, is realistic dialogue. Gogol also suggests that Nlestantkov should be played with "sincerity and simplicity." This does not necessarily indicate that Gogol was aware of creating realism, but rather serves to confirm the theory that he used "plain and unvarnished" language to portray "plain and unvarnished" men. At the same time, Gogol managed to interject a satire on affected language as Nlestantkov attributes works of art to himself, and, in an attempt to appear sophisticated, gives literal pronunciation to the French, _comprenez-vous_.

Several of Nlestantkov's illusions in Scene VI can be interpreted as Gogol's own opinions and experiences. Nlestantkov echoes Gogol in his praise of St. Petersburg, and Nlestantkov's position of copy clerk is one formerly held by Gogol. "Nlestantkov mentions that he has written theatrical sketches and is "... on friendly terms with Pushkin."
Gogol's attachment to Pushkin has been discussed, and, of course, Gogol wrote theatrical sketches. As in the case of Pushkin, it was probably Gogol's relationship with the publisher, -Pushkin which prompts Gleostakov to mention his name also. As Gleostakov launches into his wild description of his government position it is enlightening to know that Gogol had aspirations of government service.

Scene VI also contains parodies on learning and affectation of women and middle class pretensions to aristocratic behavior. Anna, in an attempt to appear knowing, suggests a famous Russian novel for which Gleostakov can claim authorship. The novel _Yury Miloslavsky_ by Pushkin will be changed to _Lava Bubbe_ by Nikolai Gogol, and one of Gleostakov's plagiarisms _Robert the Devil_ will be changed to _The Disenchanted_. It is the director's opinion that the audience will be able to more easily identify with these changes.

Although Anna is guilty of affected behavior in attempting to impress Gleostakov with her knowledge of society, Gleostakov, with his grandiloquent descriptions of Petersburg society, is nearly a personification of affectation as it is apparent that he does not really know what he is talking about.

Gleostakov's lines offer one particularly interesting opportunity for comic effect. With Gleostakov seated, the other characters will be grouped in a semicircle behind him with the Chief of Police and Anna at one end. As Gleostakov
tells them that he had once been mistaken for the commander-in-chief, the Chief of Police will nudge the man next to him, and the reaction will move to the end of the line. On Glestakov’s line “I’m acquainted with the pretty actresses,” the reaction will move back to the Chief, who, in his confusion, will nudge Anne. She, in turn, will return his nudge with a slap. Done rapidly, this business will not detract from the dialogue.

There are no stage directions in Scene VI to indicate that Glestakov drinks during this scene; however, it seems logical to have him do so not only because of his actions and incoherent dialogue at the end of the scene but also because of the Chief of Police’s opening line in Scene IX when he returns from putting Glestakov to bed, “I’m sorry I got him drunk.” Scene VI will end as Glestakov is escorted to his room by the Chief. Music will be used to emphasize Glestakov’s drunken condition and to facilitate the transition into Scene VII.

Scene VII indicates that everyone present has been thoroughly convinced that Glestakov is an impressively important government official, and the exit of Artery, Luke, Bobchinsky, and Bobchinsky leaves Anne and Vera on stage for Scene VIII. In Scene VIII, Anne and Maria argue about which one Glestakov found most attractive. Their discussion indicates that Glestakov has been plying them both and prepares the audience for development of this plot.
Scene IX reveals the Chief of Police's confused opinion of Klestakov. He is aware that Klestakov lied, but expressing a universality, he says, "Unless you lie a little bit, no conversation is possible." Whatever his opinions of Klestakov he is not going to turn any chances. Part of the Chief's last line will be cut since it is repetition of his perplexity.

In Scene I, the Chief of Police, Anna, and Sonya attempt to elicit information about Klestakov from Oly. Their attempts turn into comedy as they play verbal tug-of-war with him. Blocking will be such that the scene is also a physical tug-of-war. Scene XI will be cut except for the Chief of Police's lines to Oly which will conclude Scene X, at the end of which Oly and the Chief will freeze in a spent spot. A variation of the overture will end Act I.

The audience should be sufficiently interested in Klestakov's pretense to justify an intermission before Act IV. This is an advantageous place for an intermission also because Acts IV and V comprise approximately one-half of the play. By the director's ending Act III with a variation of the overture and introducing Act IV with the overture, the audience will be reminded of the mood of the play.

In Act IV, Scene X, the men of the town prepare to meet Klestakov and prepare the action for later scenes by deciding to go to the Inspector one by one and bribe him. Ankos's line, "... gathered, make a circle as quickly as
possible...", will be funny if the gentlemen misinterpret
assumptions' intentions and form a tight, little circle. As the
gentleman makes a wild exit upon hearing the inspector's ap-
proach, Klestov enters for Scene III and reveals that he is
still unaware of his mysterious identity. He cues about his
ances with Iurya and Anna further preparing the audience
for romantic developments.

Scenes III through VII consist of the council members
presenting themselves individually to Klestov.

In Scene III, Amos Venedorovich hypocritically calls
upon the powers of heaven to give him strength as he offers
his line to Klestov, although there are no directions
to indicate it, the dialogue and character of Amos indicate
that the scene should be successful if his lines are deliv-
ered as if he were making a political speech. His manner of
speaking should satirize the politician's attempt to create
a favorable impression. In Scene IV when the protagonist
presents himself to Klestov, and in Scene V with Iura,
comedy is derived, as it is in these other scenes, from the
fact the council members have of Klestov.

In Scene VI, Artemy Filippovich, who has already re-
vealed his own corruption and ineptness, eagerly informs on
the prosecutor's inefficiency, the judge's lack of morals,
and Iura's freethinking tendencies. Although Klestov is
crassly uninterested in Artemy's information, the scene
gives clear indication of the widespread evils in Podiłskov-
ka.

Dobchinsky and Dobchinsky, as they make their entrance
in Scene VII, are the only two who are not prepared to bribe
Hlestakov. After they scrape up sixty-five rubles, each of
them asks Hlestakov for a favor, which is a further deviation
from the pattern set by their fellows. Dobchinsky wishes to
have his eldest son declared legitimate, which reveals further
moral decay. Dobchinsky poignantlly appeals to Hlestakov to
simply mention his existence to the aristocracy in Peters-
burg, "Just tell them [the nobles] that there is such a per-
son as Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky." This plea may be an
attempt on Gogol's part to remind the aristocracy that the
 provincials do exist and should not be forgotten.

In Scene VIII, Hlestakov reveals to the audience that
he is at last aware that he has been mistaken for an im-
portant government official, but by being so slow in his
realization, he further confirms Gogol's description that
he "... is rather stupid." Hlestakov speaks of writing his
experience to a writer in Petersburg who will "... write
a little satire and take them [the villagers] off first-rate." 
This idea parallels the situation in which Pushkin, after
being mistaken for an official, suggested the idea to Gogol.
The last two lines in the scene will be cut.
In Scene IX, Osip convinces Hlestatkov that it is time to leave before they are discovered. Since the policeman Dorzhimords has been cut, his lines will either be cut or directed to Osip. Any reference to the merchants being outside the window will be cut since there will be no window on the set.

Scene X opens with the merchants presenting their petitions to Hlestatkov. The merchant's line is cut so as to lessen repetition of the Chief of Police's conduct. Since Osip has gone to mail Hlestatkov's letter, his line is cut. The lines at the end of the scene announcing the arrival of the women have been cut, and they will consist only of a general mumbling off stage.

Scene XI, like Scene X, reveals the extent of the Chief's corruption. The situations presented by the two women will add a comic element. The lines at the end of the scene concerning other petitioners has been cut.

Neither Scene X nor Scene XI is important to the plot of the play; however, they are important for two reasons. The characters in both of these scenes are at the bottom of the social scale, but Gogol shows, in the case of the merchants, that even at that level there is evil in the form of corruption, and the women illustrate how the lower classes suffer from the corruption of the officials. The extra characters required by these scenes aid the purpose of educational theatre by giving more women an opportunity for acting experience.
Scenes III through XI were presented most uniquely by Meyerhold in his 1926 presentation of *The Inspector General*. A semi-circular arrangement of fifteen doors introduced each of Hlestakov's visitors when it was time for their entrance. While awaiting their entrances, the characters peered in "fearfully" from their respective doors. Since a feeling of locale is an integral part of the director's thesis production, and because a minimum of space for scenery storage will be available, it is thought that a permanent set of fifteen doors would be impractical. As the lines in these scenes contain important philosophy and comedy in themselves, such distractions as characters peering "fearfully" on stage are considered by the director to be superfluous.

Scenes XII through XIV comprise the anticipated love plots between Marya and Hlestakov in Scene XII and between Anna and Hlestakov in Scene XIII. Gogol's parody on love intrigue culminates in Scene XIV with Hlestakov's asking Anna for Marya's hand. In Scene XII Hlestakov uses all of the generally successful stereotyped romantic advances while Marya attempts to utilize the standard devices of a coquette in avoiding the advances. Comedy results from the baseness of Hlestakov's motives as compared to Marya's awkward attempts to conduct a proper courtship. She has no conception concerning a proper courtship; and consequently, she manages to thwart all of Hlestakov's advances. When he at last corners

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her with a kiss, she repulses him. There is no time for a further assault by Hlestaicov, for at that moment Anna enters for Scene XIII and sends Marya to her room for such scandalous behavior. She immediately engages in almost identical scandalous behavior except that it is obvious that Hlestaicov will be more successful in his pursuit. Her eagerness to be pursued illustrates a parody on loveless marriage; Anna reminds Hlestaicov that she is, "...as they say...married." Hlestaicov is as unconcerned over her marital state as Anna appears to be. When Marya interrupts the indiscreet scene, Hlestaicov in an attempt to extricate himself from a dangerous situation asks for Marya's hand.

The music used in these scenes is particularly important. Since Marya's entrance after Scene XI begins a progression of the people who have come to see Hlestaicov, a new mood must be created since she has no ulterior motives. Her entrance music will be light with a feeling of comedy and innocence. As Hlestaicov begins his pursuit of her, the music will become a melodramatic romance tune. This same melodramatic melody will be repeated as Hlestaicov pursues Anna indicating that Hlestaicov is totally indifferent to whom he is chasing.

Scene XV begins with the entrance of the Chief of Police, who thinks that he has been ruined by the complaints of the merchants. To his amusement and bafflement, he finds
that Hlestakov is to become his son-in-law. As the Chief becomes convinced of his good fortune, Osip enters with the beginning of Scene XVI, which will conclude Act IV. Hlestakov's servant brings news that arrangements have been completed for their departure. Hlestakov reassures the Chief of Police by saying that he will return the next day. The scene has been cut after Hlestakov's first goodbye to the family.

As Hlestakov leaves the stage, the action of Act V continues without interruption as Anton and Anna selfishly discuss the changes that Marya's marriage will make in their lives.

In Scene II, the Chief of Police informs the merchants that their complaints were in vain, as the government inspector is to marry his daughter.

Scenes III through VII comprise the arrival of the townspeople, who, having heard of Anna and Anton's good fortune, come to congratulate them. The scenes are an example of Gogol's parody on middle class pretensions to aristocratic behavior. The exaggerated solicitude of the guests as they attempt to act like the nobility is a cover for their true feelings about the success of their neighbor. Their true feelings are revealed in asides. Artemy Filippovich is one of those who comments. He says, "Luck always comes to such swine as he (the Chief)" A woman guest comments, "I know her Anna. Let her sit at the table and she'll put her feet on it."
At the end of Scene VII, as the group socializes, the men and women will be separated into respective groups. The men will follow the Chief and Ammos as the Judge offers Anton a bribe. The women, at the same time, will move to the opposite side of the stage as Korobkin's wife offers her affected, insincere congratulations. This separation of the sexes is considered stereotyped behavior in social gatherings and is consistent with Gogol's attitudes toward middle class pretensions to aristocratic behavior.

Lines in Scenes III through VII will be cut when concerned with characters who have been cut, and since the characters will remain standing until the end of the play, lines referring to their being seated will be cut.

In Scene VIII the postmaster enters with the news that he has intercepted the letter Hlestakov wrote to Tryapishkin which exposes Hlestakov's true identity. The letter also enumerates the vices of the principal characters in the play. The reading of the letter proceeds rather sporadically as each of the characters tries to avoid being exposed. The retired official Korobkin, being a neutral party since he is not mentioned in the letter, is finally delegated to read it. In their apprehensive eagerness to hear its contents, the group will crowd up on the platform behind Korobkin, who will be seated. The 1926 Meyerhold production of The Inspector General played the entire scene with the crowd on a small platform; however, it is the director's opinion.
that such confinement would impair the mood of the scene and eliminate several comic situations. With the crowd closely grouped behind Korobkin, the audience will see only faces as the characters react to the news in the letter. This effect, besides adding to the grotesque exaggeration of the play, should increase the humor of the situation and give motivation to the Chief of Police's line after the letter has been read, "I can see absolutely nothing in front of me but pig's snouts instead of faces."

With the conclusion of the letter reading, the Chief of Police looks around for someone to blame for their predicament. The choice is Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky, who originally brought news that the inspector was staying at the inn. As the men are on the verge of trouncing these two, who have now reversed their positions and try to blame the other for the mistake, a gendarme enters with the following announcement:

The official who has come from Petersburg by imperial order demands your instant appearance before him. He is stopping at the inn.

The stage directions for the reaction of the crowd and their positions for the dumb-show are as follows:

The words just pronounced strike all like a thunderbolt. A sound of astonishment escapes from the lips of all the ladies at once; the whole group, having suddenly changed its position, remains as if petrified.

Dumb Show

The Chief of Police stands in the midst like a post, his arms outspread and his head tilted backwards; on
the right his wife and his daughter appear on the verge of rushing towards him, beyond them the Postmaster, transformed into a question mark, is turned towards the spectators; beyond him Lukashkin, in the most innocent bewilderment; beyond him, at the very edge of the scene, three lady guests are leaning towards each other with the most sarcastic expressions of countenance, aimed directly at the Police Chief's family. On the Police Chief's left stands Zemlyanika, his head inclined somewhat to one side, as if he were listening to something; beyond him the Judge, with outspread arms, almost squatting on the floor, and making movements of the lips as if about to whistle or say, "So you see what you've come to, old lady." Beyond him is Korobkin, turned towards the spectators, with one eye cocked and a derisive gesture towards the Chief of Police; beyond him, on the extreme side, Bobchinsky made movements of their hands towards each other, their mouths open, and regarding each other with bulging eyes. The other guests simply stand like statues. For nearly a minute and a half the group remains in this position. The Curtain Falls.

This dumb-show is of particular importance to the play, both from Gogol's viewpoint and the director's interpretation. Gogol admonishes the actors in his notes to the preface of the play:

The actors should pay particular attention to the last scene. The last speech should produce upon all a sudden electric shock. The whole group should strike its pose in a twinkling. A cry of astonishment should be uttered by all the women at once, as if proceeding from a single bosom. From a disregard of these remarks may result a total loss of effect.

We commented further on this dumb-show after viewing the first production of The Inspector General:

One more word about the last scene. It was a complete failure. The curtain comes down at a sort of confused moment and the play does not seem to be over. But that was not my fault. They refused to listen to me. I still maintain that the last scene will not be successful until it is understood that it is simply a mute scene, that it ought to represent a group turned to
stoneman, that here the drama comes to an end and is replaced by dumb-show, that the curtain must not come down for two or three minutes, that all this ought to resemble the so-called "tableaux vivants." But I was told that this would craze the actors, that the scene would have to be produced by a choreographer. . . . I persist in my opinion and I say for the hundredth time: "No, this will not craze the actors--this is not humiliating." I don't even mind if a choreographer designs and produces the group, provided he is capable of feeling the real position of each character. . . A sensitive actor can express everything. . . . It is only the grouping that is composed. And in this dumb-show there is infinite variety. The panic of each character is as different as his nature, and the extent of his fear depends on the extent of his transgressions. The mayor is struck dumb in a different way from his wife or daughter; the judge is scared in a different way, and so are the postmaster and the superintendent of schools, etc. Dobchinsky and Dobchinsky are struck dumb in a special way and turn to each other with a question frozen on their lips; only the guests are struck dumb in the same way, but they form the background for the scene, which must be painted with one stroke of the brush and in one and the same colour.  

The Meyerhold production in 1926 would probably have elicited much stronger comment from Gogol regarding the staging of the dumb-show:

Quickly the lights go down, the curtain goes up, and the lights returning, show us the company once more in a final tableau. Strewn about the stage in contortions in all their finery lie--no longer the characters--but a crowd of gaping papier-mache dummies.

The director is of the opinion that Meyerhold's interpretation erroneously removes the human qualities that this scene should possess. The staging of the dumb-show in the director's thesis production will resemble Gogol's descriptions.

15Nagershock, p. 109.
16Gorelik, p. 525.
with changes to conform to the director's interpretation and
the modern audience.

The dumb-show will be effected with a series of freezes
as various groupings of characters are struck with the mag-
nitude of the gendarme's announcement. The freezes will
begin with the lesser townspeople and build to the Chief of
Police and his family since they should be the center of at-
traction. The freezes will be signaled by a music cue which
will sound like a broken spring. This sound should convey
the philosophy of the author and the interpretation of the
director that these people are the mainsprings of society,
and, at the same time, should audibly illustrate how the
news of the gendarme has affected them. The entire dumb-
show should not last over twenty seconds. It is thought
that modern audiences should not need more time than this,
with the aid of the musical accompaniment, to comprehend
the meaning of the scene.

With each music cue a magenta spot will light the stage
until the entire group is frozen in a tableau. As the
tableaux is completed, the overture, which has been playing
throughout the scene, will become discordant and will dis-
integrate as the lights slowly fade.

Summary

Chapter Three has contained an evaluation of The In-
spector General from three approaches. These approaches--
the director's concept, the character analysis, and the scene-by-scene evaluation—have been guided by studies by the director of the play and its author, and the former's interpretation of these studies. These three sections endeavor to illustrate how the director's interpretations of the three approaches were guided by his initial empathy with the rhythm of the play defined in the introduction to Chapter Three as its flow of action.

The flow of action of The Inspector General is fragmentary, and yet the fragments have been combined by Gogol to form a complete and continuous story. The expressionistic effect of the play is much like a dream in which the mind projects a complete episode using a minimum of images and motivations. The director first gained insight into the fragmentary action of The Inspector General in Act I, Scene VI, when Anne and Marys are left standing at the window and in Act III, Scene I, when the action suddenly returns to them still standing in the window as if they had not moved. There is no motivation for the insertion of the action in Act II at this point. It is as if the mind was creating images, not in logical sequence, but as they occurred. After this initial encounter with the dream-like quality of The Inspector General, the director realized that the entire action of the play, the characters, and the plot all possessed a fragmentary, dream-like quality. The plot
of the play is complete in itself, but it is an incomplete segment of a more complete episode. One never discovers the repercussions of the true Inspector’s arrival or where Pestoval and Osip went. They just leave, and the play just ends. The characters are almost recognizable stereotypes of characters both on and off stage, but they are basically fragments of real people. The audience sees only their most pronounced features. They have no subtle or psychological aspects. The action of the play in its entirety and in its acts and scenes is, like the characters, fragmentary with an absence of detail. Only those actions which have direct bearing on the plot progression are present.

The dream-like absence of detail in The Inspector General results in an exaggerated, larger-than-life quality. There is not merely confusion in the play; as Korobkin’s wife in Act V, there is “... confusion worse confounded.” Chapter III reflects the director’s interpretation of the vivid, larger-than-life qualities of the play. The character analysis and the scene-by-scene evaluation have been made to preserve the fragmentary rhythm in the production of the play.
CHAPTER IV

THE DIRECTOR'S PROMPT BOOK CONTAINING

PICTURES AND DESIGNS

Chapter Four includes a copy of the program for the director's production of The Inspector General, a copy of the script, a description of the blocking with diagrams and music cues, and photographs of the production, of set and costume designs, and photographs of the floor plans. The photographs of the production are inserted into the script to correspond with the scene portrayed.
NIKOLAI GOGOL'S

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL
The Department of Speech and Drama of North Texas State University is presenting the thesis production, *The Inspector General*, as partial fulfillment of the requirements of the director's thesis. A thesis production is a combination of the written Master's thesis and the actual production of a play. The written portion consists of a detailed analysis of the play, set and costume designs, and the director's prompt book. The play is produced to give the candidate the opportunity to illustrate his mastery of theatre discipline.

*The Inspector General* frequently effects a dreamlike quality the way the mind often distorts reality. This distorted reality, which is grotesque and exaggerated to contemporary audiences, gained for Nikolai Gogol the title of “the father of Russian realism” because this early nineteenth century play had a contemporary, provincial setting and treated a controversial topic from the viewpoint of the common man. The style of the comedy of manners, which satirizes aristocratic life, was the prevalent type of drama in Russia when Nikolai Gogol was writing. Gogol, however, was concerned with the common man and, as the aristocracy constituted only one fourth of the people in Russia, he felt that the style of the comedy of manners was unsuited to the populace. It was inevitable that Gogol be influenced by the literary style of the times; therefore, *The Inspector General* is indeed a comedy of manners. However, Gogol blended realism with the style of the comedy of manners and created *The Inspector General*.

The director's intent is to produce *The Inspector General* in a grotesque and exaggerated manner. This has been done to portray the distorted reality Gogol projected into the play. The sets and the costumes have been designed from a realistic premise with line distortion breaking the usual realistic pictures one expects to see. The unity of the production is created when the set, the costumes, and the lighting meet with the exaggerated characters from the play.

Act I. A room in the house of the chief of police  
Act II. A small room at the inn  
Act III. A room in the house of the chief of police

INTERMISSION 15 minutes

Act IV. A room in the house of the chief of police  
Act V. The same
THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

By NIKOLAI GOGOL

January 17, 18, 1966

CAST

Anton Antonovich Skvoznik-Dmukhanovsky, chief of police .......................... Eddie Edwards
Anna Andreyvna, his wife .............................................. Judy Wright
Marya Antonovna, his daughter ...................................... Lynn LeQuire
Ammos Fedorovich Lyapkin-Tyapkin, judge ...................... John Cassteel
Artemy Filippovich Zemlyanika, supervisor of charitable institutions .......... Larry Rice
Luka Lukich Hlopov, superintendent of schools .................. Jack Bethurum
His wife ................................................................. Leslie Sams
Ivan Kuzmich Shepkin, postmaster .............................. Bruce Saperston
Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky ........................................... Eddie Cheatham
Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky ........................................... Charlie Dell Smith
Ivan Alexandrovich Hlestakov, an official from St. Petersburg .... Larry Pine
Osip, his servant ...................................................... Gary Brockett
Christian Ivanovich Gibner, district physician ................. John Cissne
Ivan Lazarevich Rastakovsky ...................................... Mike Smith
Stepan Ivanovich Korobkin .......................................... Jesse Morrison
His wife ................................................................. Robin Jones
Fevrona Petrova Poshlepkin, locksmith's wife .............. Jane Abbott
Widow of a sergeant ................................................... Elizabeth Brown
Inn servant .............................................................. Tedd Sipkowski
Merchants ............................................................... Cary Glick, Patty Wheless
Society women ......................................................... Jane Abbott, Elizabeth Brown

Director ................................................................. John E. Peninger
Assistant Director .................................................... Barbara Boggess
Major Professor ....................................................... Dr. E. R. Black
Director of Department ............................................... Dr. R. V. Holland
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Act I.
Act II.
Act III

CREWS

Construction:
Tony Alterman*
Larry McKinney**
Elizabeth Brown
Toni Powers
Karla Aden
Barbara Kerr
Carolyn Green
Cast

Props:
Pam Purvis**
Carol Monferdini
Barbara Kerr
Pat Sweatt
Susan White
Cast

Make-Up:
Pam Purvis**
Cast

Orchestra:
Conductor — Gary Sapp
Trombone — Connie Seidel
Bass — Steve Graham
Original score — Gary Sapp and Jim Cuomo
Vibraphone — Rich Margolis

Acknowledgements:
We wish to extend special thanks to Ethel Glenn for the use of her costumes.

* Graduate Assistant
** Undergraduate Assistant
BLOCKING KEY

Stage Directions
S - stage
X - cross
L - left
R - right
D - down
U - up
C - center
← follow direction in script

Blocking Symbols
↑ - direction of movement
C - Chief of Police
A - Anne
M - Marya
L - Luke Lukich
J - Judge
Z - Artemy
K - Postmaster
D - Dobchinsky
B - Bobchinsky
H - Hlestakov
0 - Osip
G - Christian
PC - Police Captain
P - Locksmith's Wife
W - Sergeant's Widow
S - Inn Servant
0 - Merchants
 AX - Korobkin
8 - Gendarme
Act I, Scene I

(A room in the house of the Chief of Police)

(Chief of Police, Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, Superintendent of Schools, Judge, Police Captain, District Physician, and two Sergeants of Police)

Chief of Police: I have invited you here, gentlemen, in order to communicate to you a most unpleasant piece of news: a government inspector is coming to visit us.

Ammos Fedorovich: What, an inspector?

Artemy Filipovich: What, an inspector?

Chief of Police: An inspector from Petersburg, incognito. And furthermore, with secret instructions.

Ammos Fedorovich: Well, I declare!

Artemy Filipovich: As if we didn't have troubles enough already!

Luka Lukich: Oh, my God, and with secret instructions too!

Chief of Police: I had a sort of presentiment. All last night I kept dreaming about two most extraordinary rats. Honest, I've never seen any like them: black, and awfully big. They came, sniffled about and went away again. And now I'm going to read you a letter that I've received from Andrey Ivanovich Chmykhov, whom you know, Artemy Filipovich. Here's what he writes: "My dear friend, godfather and benefactor," (He mutters in an undertone, rapidly glancing over the letter.) . . . "and to inform you, by the way, that an official has arrived with instructions to inspect the whole province and especially our district. (Raising his fingers significantly.) I have found this out from most reliable people, although he is representing himself as a private individual. Knowing as I do that you, like everybody else, are liable to your little failings, because you're a smart chap and don't like to miss anything that fairly swims into your hands. . . ." (After a pause.) Well, this is a friendly party. . . . "I advise you to take precautions, because he may arrive at any moment, if he hasn't already, and isn't living somewhere around now, incognito. . . ."
Overture up

Overture out

Casually X from C to UC on level with chairs

All rise with build of sentence then fall back into chairs. Christian remains seated and looks up up at the instant they fall.
CHIEF OF POLICE: I HAVE INVITED YOU HERE GENTLEMEN...
Yesterday I . . .” Well, next there's some family matters: "Cousin Anna Kirilovna has come to see us with her husband; Ivan Kirilovich has grown very stout, and he plays on the fiddle all the time . . ." and so forth, and so on. Now there's a fix for you!

Ammos Fedorovich: Yes, and such an unusual fix; absolutely extraordinary! There's something up.

Luka Lukich: But why on earth, Anton Antonovich; what's this for? Why send an inspector here?

Chief of Police: What for? Evidently it's fate. (Sighing.) Up to this time, thanks be to God, they've poked into other people's business; but now it's our turn.

Ammos Fedorovich: I think, Anton Antonovich, that in this case it's for a subtle and more political reason. Here's what it means: Russia... yes... Russia's going to war; and the ministry, you see, has sent the official to find out if there's any treason brewing.

Chief of Police: Where do you get that stuff? Aren't you the smart man! Treason in a provincial town! Is this a frontier town? Why, you can gallop away from here for three years without reaching a foreign country.

Ammos Fedorovich: No, I tell you, you don't understand... you don't... The authorities have subtle ideas; even if it is a long distance, they aren't taking any chances.

Chief of Police: Whether they are or not, gentlemen, I've warned you. See here: I've made, for my part, some kind of arrangements, and I advise you to do the same. Especially you, Artemy Filippovich! No doubt the passing official will want first of all to inspect the charitable institutions belonging to your department, and therefore you'd better see that everything's in decent shape: the nightcaps had better be clean, and the patients had better not look like blacksmiths, as they usually do, in their little home circle.

Artemy Filippovich: Come, that's all right. They can put on clean nightcaps if you want.
Build with spontaneous thoughts

Nudge Christian

Make a pun on "duck"

Skim over first part and emphasize tribe cunningly

Judge reacts

A p o l o g e t i c

X right of Judge
Chief of Police: Yes. And also above each bed write up in Latin or some such language—here, that's your job, Christian Ivanovich—the name of each disease, when the person was taken ill, and the day of the week and month . . . And it's a bad thing that your patients smoke such strong tobacco that a fellow always begins to sneeze as soon as he goes in. Yes, and it would be better if there were fewer of 'em; people will attribute it right off to bad supervision or to the doctor's lack of skill.

Artemy Filippovich: Oh, so far as the doctoring goes, Christian Ivanovich and I have taken our measures: the closer you get to nature, the better; we don't use expensive medicines. Man's a simple creature: if he's going to die, he dies; if he's going to get well, he gets well. And besides it would be hard for Christian Ivanovich to consult with them: he doesn't know a word of Russian.

(Christian Ivanovich utters a sound somewhat like the letter "е" and a little like "е").

Chief of Police: I'd also advise you, Ammos Fedorovich, to pay some attention to the courthouse. There in the hall where the petitioners usually appear, the janitors have started raising domestic geese and goslings, and they all duck under your feet as you walk. Of course it's praiseworthy for every man to look after his domestic enterprises, and why shouldn't a janitor? Only in such a place, you know, it's hardly suitable . . . . I meant to bring that to your attention before, but somehow I forgot it.

Ammos Fedorovich: Well, I'll order them all taken away to my kitchen this very day. Come to dinner if you want to.

Chief of Police: Besides that it's a bad thing that you have all kinds of rubbish drying up right in the court room, and a hunter's whip right over the cupboard where the documents are kept. I know that you like hunting, but all the same you'd better remove it for a while; and then, when the government inspector has gone away, you can hang it up there again. And your assessor likewise . . . of course, he's a well-informed man, but he smells exactly as if he'd just come out of a distillery—and that's no good either. I've been going to speak to you about that for some time back; but I was distracted,
With significance

X to Anton
Proclamation
Proud smile after proclamation
Other councilmen react in horror

X US behind chairs and past Christian

Build
I don't remember now. There's a remedy against that smell, if, as he says, it's actually natural to him; he can be advised to eat onions or garlic or something else. In that case Christian Ivanovich might help out with some drugs.

(Christian Ivanovich utters the same sound.)

Ammos Fedorovich: No, it's impossible to drive it out. He says that in his childhood his nurse bumped him and that since that time he smells a little of vodka.

Chief of Police: Well, I only brought it to your notice. So far as internal arrangements go and what Andrey Ivanovich calls in his letter little failings, I can't say anything, and it would be queer to talk about them, for there's no man who hasn't some weaknesses or other. Why, God himself has fixed it like that, and the Voltaireans make a great mistake to say anything to the contrary.

Ammos Fedorovich: And what do you presume to call failings, Anton Antonovich? There are sins and sins. I tell everybody openly that I take bribes—but what kind of bribes? Wolfhound puppies. That's absolutely another matter.

Chief of Police: Well, puppies or anything else—it's bribes, all the same.

Ammos Fedorovich: Indeed not, Anton Antonovich. Here, for instance, if a man accepts a fur coat worth five hundred rubles, or a shawl for his wife . . .

Chief of Police: Well, and what if you do accept only wolfhound puppies as bribes? To make up for it, don't believe in God; you never go to church; but I am at least firm in the faith, and I go to church every Sunday. But you . . . Oh, I know you; if you begin to talk about the creation of the world, my hair simply stands on end.

Ammos Fedorovich: But you see I reasoned it out for myself, with my own intellect.

Chief of Police: Well, in some cases it's worse to have too much intellect than to have none at all. However, I merely wanted to mention the district court; but to tell the truth, I doubt that any one will ever take a peep at it; it's such an enviable place, God
X left toward Christian

All react as if they understood Christian

Sympathetic pat on Judge's shoulder

Measure, then indicate through inflection that Anton is guilty of these actions

Begin to argue

Shouting

In hot pursuit
Cooling down
Himself must protect it. Now, as for you, Luke Lukich, as supervisor of educational institutions, you'd better take special care of the teachers. Of course they're learned people, educated in various colleges; but they have very strange ways, naturally inseparable from their learned calling. One of them, for instance, the one with the fat face . . . I don't remember his name . . . when he gets on the platform can't do without making faces, like this (making a grimace) and then begins to iron out his beard with his hand, from under his eve. Of course, when he calls a snout like that at one of his pupils, it doesn't matter much, and it may even be necessary for all I can say; but judge for yourself if he should do it to a visitor—that would be awful; the government inspector or whoever it was might consider it personal, and the devil knows what might come of it.

Luke Lukich: Surely, but what can I do with him? I've spoken to him about it several times already. Here, just a few days ago, when our marshal of nobility happened to drop in on the class, he cut such a mug as I've never seen before. Of course he did it with the best heart in the world, but I got called down: "Why," says they, "are our young people being exposed to the contagion of freethinking?"

Chief of Police: I ought also to mention your history teacher. His head's full of learning, that's evident, and he's picked up information by the ton; only he gets so hot in his explanations that there's no understanding him. I once listened to him; well, while he was talking about the Assyrians and the Babylonians, it was all right; but when he got as far as Alexander of Macedon I can't tell you what came over him. Damme if I didn't think there was a fiend; he ran down from the platform, and banged a chair against the door with all his might. Of course, Alexander of Macedon was a hero; but why smash the chairs over him? It causes a loss to the treasury.

Luke Lukich: Yes, he's hot-headed. I've remarked the fact to him several times already. . . . He says, "Just as you please: for science I won't spare life itself."
X to Luka and Luka crosses to meet him. Both walk DS.

Pantomime action

Emphasize "life"
Chief of Police: Yes, such is the inexplicable law of the
Fates: a wise man is either a drunkard or he makes
such faces that you've got to carry out the holy
icons to avoid shocking them.

Lake Lukich: God save us from serving in the educational
line! A fellow's afraid of everybody: all sorts of
people interfere, and they all want to show that
they're educated too.

Chief of Police: But all this wouldn't amount to anything--
it's that damned incognito! He'll look in all of a
sudden with an "Oh, here you are, sweethearts! and
who's the judge here?" he'll say.--"Lyapkin-Tyap-
kin."--"All right, hand over Lyapkin-Tyapkin! And
who's the supervisor of charitable institutions?"
--"Zemlyenika."--"Well, hand over Zemlyenika!"--That's
what's bad!

act I, Scene II
(The same and the Postmaster.)

Postmaster: Will you explain, gentlemen, what sort of of-
ficial is coming, and why?

Chief of Police: But haven't you heard?

Postmaster: I heard something from Petr Ivanovich Bobchin-
sky. He just called on me at the post office.

Chief of Police: Well, then, what do you think about it?

Postmaster: What do I think? I think we're going to war
with the Turks.

Ammos Fedorovich: Right-o! That's exactly what I thought.

Chief of Police: Yes, but you're both talking through your
hat!

Postmaster: Sure, it's war with the Turks. The French keep
spoil ing everything.

Chief of Police: War with the Turks, your grandmother! We're
going to be in a mess, not the Turks. We know that
already; I have a letter.
Backing up to Judge then lunge at him. Same action to Artemy.

Running in from DSR entrance just past the door window unit DSR.
Anton X to Postmaster. Amos counter.

Proclamation in direction of audience.
X between Postmaster and Anton
Postmaster: If that's so, then there's not going to be war with the Turks.

Chief of Police: Well, then, how about you, Ivan Kuzmich?

Postmaster: About me? Now about you, Anton Antonovich?

Chief of Police: Well, what about me? I'm not afraid: that is, only a little.... The merchants and the townspeople make me uneasy. They say that I'm somewhat hard-boiled; but if I've ever taken anything from anybody, God knows it was without the least ill feeling. I even think (Taking him by the arm and leading him aside), I even think there may have been some private denunciation of me. Otherwise why in the world send the inspector to us? Now listen here Ivan Kuzmich, hadn't you better, for our mutual benefit, just unseal and read every letter that arrives at the post office, both incoming and outgoing? You know, just in case there should be some sort of denunciation, or simply, correspondence. If there isn't, of course you can seal them up again; or, so far as that goes, you can even deliver them opened.

Postmaster: I know, I know.... Don't try to teach me. I do it already, not as a precaution, but more out of curiosity; I'm deadly fond of finding out what's new in the world. I tell you, it's most interesting reading. There are piles of letters that you'll thoroughly enjoy, certain passages are so descriptive.... and they're so instructive.... lots better than the Moscow News.

Chief of Police: Well, tell me, haven't you ever come across anything about some such official from Petersburg?

Postmaster: No, absolutely nothing about any one from Petersburg, but there's a lot said about those from Kostroma and Saratov. However, it's a pity that you don't read the letters; there are some corking places in them. Not long ago a lieutenant was writing to a friend and he described a ball in the most playful way.... it was awfully good: "My life, my dear friend, is being passed in the empyrean," he says; "there are lots of young ladies; the band is playing; the standard gallops by...." He described it all with very great feeling. I kept the letter out just on purpose. Do you want me to read it to you?
Anton and Postmaster X DSG
Luka counters
Amos X's USR

Naively delighted

A joke

Pull out a bundle of opened and unopened letters, dropping a few
Chief of Police: Well, this is hardly the time for it. So you'll do me the favor, Ivan Kuzmich, if you accidentally come across a complaint or a denunciation, to keep it back without any question.

Postmaster: With the greatest of pleasure.

Ammos Fedorovich: Look out, or you'll catch it for that, sometime!

Postmaster: Great Scott!

Chief of Police: Never mind, never mind, it would be another story if you were to make anything public out of it; but you see, this is a family matter.

Ammos Fedorovich: Yes, a nasty mess has been brewed! I admit I was going to call on you, Anton Antonovich, to make you a present of a little bitch. She's a sister to the dog you know. You've doubtless heard that Chaptochich and Verkhovinsky have started a lawsuit, so that now I'm living in luxury: I course here's now on one man's land, now on the other's.

Chief of Police: Holy Saints, I don't care anything about your hares now! I can't get that damned incognito out of my head. You wait until the door opens, and then suddenly--

Act I, Scene III

(The same, with Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky, who both come in panting.)

Bobchinsky: An extraordinary event!

Dobchinsky: What unexpected news!

All: Why, what is it?

Dobchinsky: A most unforeseen affair. We went into the inn--

Bobchinsky: (Interrupting) Petr Ivanovich and I went into the inn--

Dobchinsky: (Interrupting) Hey, if you please, Petr Ivanovich, I'll tell it!
Quickly trying to hide them so others will not see what is going on.

Turn US and toward Amos


X to door window unit DSR. Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky burst through door almost knocking Anton out the window.

Running around confusedly
Both collide at CS. Councilmen cower USL.

Pointing to door
Point to door and jab Dobchinsky in the action
Bobchinsky: hey yourself, let me . . . let me, let me . . . you haven't got the right style. . . .

Bobchinsky: But you'll get all balled up and won't remember everything.

Bobchinsky: I'll remember, by George, I'll remember! Only don't mix in, let me tell it; don't meddle! Gentlemen, please tell Petr Ivanovich not to interfere!

Chief of Police: Yes, for God's sake, tell us what's up! My heart's in my mouth. Be seated, gentlemen; take chairs! Petr Ivanovich, here's a chair for you.

(All seat themselves around the two Petr Ivanoviches) Well now, what's up?

Bobchinsky: Allow me, allow me; I'll tell everything in order. No sooner had I had the pleasure of leaving you after you had got all upset over the receipt of that letter—yes, sir—than I just dropped in . . . now, please don't interrupt, Petr Ivanovich! I already know all, all, all about it, sir! So, as you'll be kind enough to see, I dropped in on Korobkin. But not finding Korobkin at home, I turned it at Rastakovsky's; and not finding Rastakovsky, I went straight to Ivan Kuzmich in order to communicate to him the news you had received; and then, going away from there, I met Petr Ivanovich—

Bobchinsky: (Interrupting) Near the stall where they sell meat pies.

Bobchinsky: Near the stall where they sell meat pies. Yes, I met up with Petr Ivanovich; and I said to him, "Have you heard the news that Anton Antonovich has received in a trustworthy letter?" But Petr Ivanovich had already heard about it from your housekeeper, Avdotya, who had been sent, I don't know what for, to Filipp Antonovich Pochechuyev's.

Bobchinsky: (Interrupting) For a little keg for French brandy.

Bobchinsky: (Pushing his hands aside) For a little keg for French brandy. So Petr Ivanovich and I went to Pochechuyev's. . . . For heaven's sake, Petr Ivanovich, don't interrupt; please don't interrupt! . . . We went to Pochechuyev's, and on the way Petr Ivanovich said to me: "Let's stop," he says, "at
X over Bobchinsky

Pulling Dobchinsky back to SR by his collar

Run back to others

Pull up chair for Dobchinsky. All get chairs. Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky create chaos by switching from chair to chair, sitting on each other and other characters as timing allows.

All grow silent after they are seated.

Breaking the tense silence.

Dobchinsky starts to interrupt.

Postmaster is continually wiping Bobchinsky's saliva from his glasses.

Bobchinsky gestures back and Dobchinsky sticks his head under Bobchinsky's arm.

Double take on realizing he is pointing at Dobchinsky's head.

Pantomiming keg in his hands.

Pushing hands away.
the inn. I haven't had anything in my stomach since morning, and it's simply flopping about. . . ." Yes, sir, Petr Ivanovitch's belly was. . . . "But they've just brought some fresh salmon into the inn," he says, "and we'll take a snack." Well, no sooner were we in the hotel, when suddenly a young man—

Dobchinsky: (Interrupting) Not bad-looking, in civilian clothes. . . . 

Bobchinsky: Not bad-looking, in civilian clothes, was walking up and down the room with such a thoughtful expression on his face and in his actions, and here (putting his hand over his forehead) much of everything, very much. I had a sort of presentiment, and I says to Petr Ivanovitch: "There's more in this than meets the eye." Yes, I did. But Petr Ivanovitch beckoned to me with his finger and we called the innkeeper, sir, the Innkeeper Vlas. His wife was confined three weeks ago; and such a smart boy, too, he's going to take care of the inn just like his daddy. Well, having called Vlas, Petr Ivanovitch asked him on the quiet: "Who's that young man?" he says. And Vlas answered, "Why that . . . ." Hey, don't interrupt, Petr Ivanovitch; please don't interrupt; you won't be able to tell it, God knows you won't: you lisp. I know you've got a tooth in your head that whistles. . . . "That young man," he says, "is an official." Yes, sir. "He's come from Petersburg," says Vlas, "and his name is Ivan Alexandrovitch Flestarov, sir; and he's going," says Vlas, "into the Province of Saratov; and," he says, "he's certainly acting queer: this is the second week he's been here, he never goes outside of the tavern; he orders everything on account; and he won't pay a kopek." As soon as he had told me that, I saw through it at once. "Aha!" I said to Petr Ivanovitch—

Dobchinsky: No, Petr Ivanovitch, it was I who said "Aha!"

Bobchinsky: You said it first, but I said it next. "Aha!" said Petr Ivanovitch and I. "But why has he come here if he's headed for the Province of Saratov?"—Yes, sir. And so he must be that official.

Chief of Police: Who? What official?

Bobchinsky: Why, that there official that you received the notice about, the government inspector.
Laughing
Dobchinsky elbows Dobchinsky
Immediate deadpan and into
the remaining lines

Pantomime with hands

Look into each other's eyes
Change story, very conversational

Anticipate Dobchinsky's interruption
Place hand over his mouth and hold it there

Release hand from Dobchinsky's mouth to gesture

Place Dobchinsky's hand over his own mouth. It remains there without help.

Pause before line to relate that Anton and the others have forgotten by this time

Big reaction from everyone.
Chief of Police: (Frightened) What the deuce are you saying? That can't be he!

Dobchinsky: Yes, it is! He doesn't pay and he doesn't go. How could it be anybody else? And his traveling papers are made out for Saratov.

Dobchinsky: It's he; it's he, by God, it's he. . . . and what an observing fellow! He inspected everything. He even noticed that Petr Ivanovich and I were eating salmon, chiefly because Petr Ivanovich, on account of his stomach. . . . well, yes, he even took a look in our plates. I fairly shivered with fright.

Chief of Police: O Lord, forgive us sinners! There's he staying?

Dobchinsky: In number five, under the staircase.

Bobchinsky: In the very same room where those traveling officers had a fight last year.

Chief of Police: Has he been here long?

Dobchinsky: Just two weeks. He came on the day of St. Vasily of Egypt.

Chief of Police: Two weeks! (Aside) Holy Saints and Martyrs, get us out of this! In these two weeks the sergeant's wife has been beaten up! No provisions have been issued to the prisoners! The streets are like a dramshop, such filth! Oh, shame! Disgrace! (He clutches at his head)

Artemy Filippovich: What do you think, Anton Antonovich: shall we go in a body to the hotel?

Ammos Fedorovich: No, no! Let the Chief of Police go first, then the clergy, and the merchants—isn't that the way it is in the book, The Deeds of John the Mason?

Chief of Police: No, no, please leave it to me. Difficult situations have occurred in my life, but they have turned out all right, and I have even been thanked. Maybe God will get us off this time. (Turning to Bobchinsky) You say he's a young man?

Bobchinsky: He is; not much over twenty-three or four.
Standing up and hopping in a small circle

As Bobchinsky gestures to one side of the semi-circle, Dobchinsky gestures to the other. Crawling up Bobchinsky's arms.

Stand up

Luke stands and peers between Anton and Dobchinsky.

All freeze in position except Anton during his aside.

X DSR to look out window

X back to others; break freeze on "Oh, shame! Disgrace!" All huddle together like football squad. Bobchinsky's hand is seen to rise out of middle of huddle like a periscope and point to right, then to left. Then Artemy's line... Stepping forward.
PLATE II

CHIEF OF POLICE: ... OH, SHAME! DISGRACE!
Chief of Police: All the better: you can smell out a young one quicker. It's fierce when it's an old devil; but a young one is all on the surface. Get your own business fixed up, gentleman; but I'll go by myself, or maybe with Petr Ivanovich here, privately, just for a walk, to inquire whether the transient strangers are suffering any annoyances.

Artemy Filippovich: I ordered oatmeal porridge served to the patients, but all the same the corridors stink so of cabbage that you have to hold your nose!

Ammos Fedorovich: Well, I'm easy for my part. As a matter of fact, whoever 'll look into a district court? But if he does happen to glance at any paper, he'll lose all joy in life. Here I've been sitting on the judge's bench for fifteen years, and if I merely look at a report, all I can do is wave my hand! Solomon himself couldn't make out what's truth in it and what isn't.

(The Judge, the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, the Superintendent of Schools, and the Postmaster go out, and at the door encounter the returning Sergeant of Police)

Chief of Police: (Clutching his head) Oh, my God, my God! My sword and my new hat.

Act I, Scene V

(The same and Police Captain)

Chief of Police: Ah, Stepan Ilyich! Say, for God's sake, where've you been hiding out? Whoever heard the like!

Police Captain: Why, I was right outside the gates.

Chief of Police: Well, listen here, Stepan Ilyich! An official has come from Petersburg. Here's your job: Police Sergeant Pugovitayn . . . he's tall, so you can post him on the bridge for the sake of law and order. Then clear away the old fence next to the shoemaker's as quick as you can, and put up a straw waymark as if surveyors were doing some leveling. The more pulling-down there is, the more it shows activity on the part of the governor of the town. Oh, my God! I had forgotten that there's about
Starting to leave. X with Amos DS reaching back casually to grab Christian and pull him along.

X'ing toward door DSR

Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky exit with others

X to DSL. Exit. Sound effect: rummaging in closet. Enter with rusty sword and hat in hat box. Remove hat from box and place the items on the chairs in semi-circle. Enter from DSR.

X to DSG

Stepan copies down every word, mouthing them as he writes.

Speech starts and stops, forgetting and remembering.
forty cartloads of every sort of rubbish heaped up against that fence! That a rotten town! You no sooner set up a monument of some kind, or simply a fence, than people bring on all manner of rubbish, the devil knows where from! (He sighs) And if that traveling official asks the people in service whether they're satisfied, have 'em say, "We're satisfied with everything, your Honor." And if any one is not satisfied, I'll give him something afterwards to be dissatisfied about! ... Ow, ow, ow, I'm a sinner, a sinner in many ways! (He picks up the cardboard hatbox instead of his hat) Just grant, O Lord, that I may get all this off my hands as quickly as possible, and I'll set up such a candle as was never lighted before; I'll make every brute of a merchant contribute a hundred pounds of wax. Oh, my God, my God! (He attempts to put on the box instead of his hat)

Police Captain: Anton Antonovich, that's the box, not your hat.

Chief of Police: (Throwing away the box) Box, is it? Oh, to hell with it! And if they ask why the church for the almshouse hasn't been built, for which an appropriation was made five years ago, don't forget to say that it was started, but it burned down. I even presented a report on the matter. Even so I suppose some idiot out of sheer stupidity will forget and say that it wasn't ever started. Yes, and tell Derzhimordva not to be too free with his fists; he's always making people see stars in the name of law and order, innocent and guilty alike. Let's go, let's go, Petr Ivanovich! (He goes out, but returns) And don't let the soldiers out on the street without a stitch on; those dirty garrison will put on their uniforms just over their shirts, but with absolutely nothing below! ... 

(They all go out)

Act I, Scene VI

(Anna Andreyevna and Marya Antonovna, who come in running)

Anna Andreyevna: Where are they? Where are they? Oh, my heavens! ... (Opening the door) Husband! Antosha, Anton! (To her daughter, speaking quickly) It's
Grabbing hatbox and X'ing RS

XL, throw the box down; get hat

On return run into Stepan

As they exit

Running in from stairs at LLC
To window
Maryse sees note in chair ← DSR and picks it up
Close door
your fault, it's all because of you! You would be
rummaging for a pin or a neckerchief. (She runs to
the window and calls out) Anton, where are you go-
ing? Who's come? a government inspector? With a
mustache? What sort of mustache?

Voice of the Chief of Police: I'll tell you later, dearie.

Anna Andreyevna: Later? What d'you know about that! Later!
I don't want to wait till later... Tell me in a
word; what is he, a colonel? Ha? (With indiffer-
ence) He's gone! I'll remember that against you
and this girl keeps saying, 'Mamma dear, mamma, wait
a minute, I'm pinning my neckerchief behind; I'll come
right away.' Here's your right away for you! And
so we haven't found out a thing! Always your damned
primping! You heard that the postmaster was here,
and you had to go and primp before the mirror, twist-
ing this way and that! She imagines that he's court-
ing her; but he's making faces at you as soon as you
turn your back.

Marya Antonovna: Well, what's to be done, mamma? It's all
the same! We'll find out everything in two hours.

Anna Andreyevna: In two hours! I most humbly thank you!
There's an obliging answer! I wonder you never
thought of saying that we'd know better yet in a
month! (Leaning out of the window) Hey, Avdotya!
He? What? Avdotya, haven't you heard that somebody
has arrived? . . . You haven't? What a block head!
He waved you off? Well, let him, you might have
pumped him all the same. You couldn't find that
out! Your head's full of nonsense—nothing but your
beauty. Ha? They went away in a hurry? Well, you
could have run after the cab. Now get along with
you this minute! Listen: run and ask where they've
gone; and find out everything; who the newcomer is
and what he's like, d'you hear? Peek through a
crack and find out everything; and what kind of
eyes he has, black or not; and come back this min-
ute, d'you hear? Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up,
hurry up!

(She keeps shouting until the curtain falls, both
of them still standing at the window)
After "Who's come?" see
Marya with note. Grab it
and mumble through, em-
phasizing "A government
inspector?" and "With a
mustache."

Closing shutters and X'ing
LC
Marya follows
Marya thinks it's amusing
until Anna slaps Marya on
shoulder with fan

X right to window

Yelling down the street
Mutter "What a blockhead!"

Freeze in position
PLATE III

ANNA ANDREYEVNA: ... HURRY UP, HURRY UP, HURRY UP!
Act II, Scene I

(A small room at the inn. A bed, a table, a trunk, an empty bottle, top-boots, a clothes-brush, and other objects.)

(Osip alone.)

Osip: (Lying on his master’s bed) Devil take me; I’m so hungry that there’s a continual rumbling in my stomach as though the whole regiment were beginning to blow their trumpets. I s’pose we’ll never get home, and that’s all there is to it. What do you want me to do? You came here two months ago, all the way from Petersburg! You squandered your dough on the road, my boy, and now you sit with your tail between your legs and keep cool. There would have been plenty of money for fares; but no, you had to spread yourself in every town! (Taking him off) "Hey, Osip, run along and look up the best room for me, and order the best dinner possible. I can’t eat a poor dinner; I have to have the best." That would be all right if he were really something decent, but he’s just a junior clerk. You get acquainted with some traveler or other—then out with the cards, and first you know you’re cleaned out! Hah! I’m sick of such a life! To be sure, it’s better in the country: although there’s not much society, there’s less anxiety; you get yourself a woman and spend your life lying on the sleeping-shelf of the stove and eating meat pies. Of course if anybody wanted to argue about it and get at the truth, living in Petersburg is best of all. Only one thing is bad; you eat swell one day, but the next you may croak with hunger, like now, for instance. But he’s always to blame. What’s to be done with him? His dad will send him money, but instead of hanging on to it—nothing of the kind; off he goes on a spree. He rides in cabs, gets a theatre ticket every day, and then at the end of a week he sends me to the old-clothes shop to sell his new dress-coat. Sometimes he’ll sell even his last shirt so that he’s nothing to put on but his frock-coat, and his overcoat... That’s the truth, by God! And such fine English cloth, too! One coat cost him one hundred and fifty rubles, but the old clo’ dealer got it from him for twenty. As for the trousers, there’s nothing to be said: they go for nothing. And why? Because he won’t attend to business. Instead of going to his work, he strolls up and down
Groaning

Stand up on bed

Drop to knees
dealing out cards
Drop down into sitting position on bed

Pantomime getting a meat pie from the air

Croak on bed, then up into sitting position

Bouncing as if in a cab
the Novsky Prospect and plays cards. If the old
gentleman should find out—wowl he wouldn’t con-
sider the fact that you’re an official, but he’d
snatch up your little shirt-tail and give you such
a hiding that you’d rub yourself for four days. If
you’re in the service, do your work. Here’s the
innkeeper now who says he won’t give us anything
more to eat until we pay for what we’ve had; but
what if we don’t pay? (frighting) Oh Lord, my God,
if only I had some cabbage soup, good or bad! I
think I could gobble up the world. There’s a knock;
that’s him coming, sure. (He hops off the bed in a
hurry)

Act II, Scene II

(Osip and Glestakov.)

Glestakov: Here, take this. (He gives Osip his hat and
cane) So you’ve been lolling on the bed again?

Osip: Why should I? Haven’t I ever seen a bed before?

Glestakov: You’re lying, you were lolling! You see, it’s
all messed up.

Osip: What should I miss it for? Don’t you suppose I
know what a bed is? I have legs; I know how to
stand up. What’s your bed to me?

Glestakov: (Walking about the room) See if there’s any
tobacco in the bag yonder.

Osip: How could there be any? You smoked up the last four
days ago.

Glestakov: (Walks about and purses up his lips in a variety
of ways, finally speaking in a loud and determined
voice) Listen! ... Hey, Osip!

Osip: What do you want?

Glestakov: (In a loud but not so determined voice) You go
down there.

Osip: Where?

Glestakov: (In a voice quite lacking in determination,
softer, and almost entreating) Downstairs, to the
bar ... and tell them to ... to send me my dinner.
Pulls out handkerchief and begins dusting as Hlesta-
kov enters SL

X to bed on SR

Lying hat and cane on edge of bed and quickly straightening covers

X to table; sit on stool R on "I know how to stand up."

x to Osip

Attempting to be communike, but retreating to SR un-
sure to look Osip in face.
Osip: Oh no, I don't want to.

Hlestakov: How dare you, blockhead!

Osip: Why, because it'll be all the same; even if I go, we won't get anything. The boss said he wouldn't give us any more dinners.

Hlestakov: How does he dare not give us any? That's nonsense.

Osip: "I'm going to the Chief of Police," says he; "the gentleman hasn't paid anything for three weeks. You and your master are swindlers," he says, "and your master's a rascal. We've seen spongers and scoundrels like you before."

Hlestakov: And I'll bet you're happy, you brute, to be telling me all that now.

Osip: He says: "A fellow like that will come, live high, run up a bill, and afterwards there's no driving him out. I'm not going to joke," he says; "I'm going to complain straight off and have him taken to the police station and then to jail."

Hlestakov: Well, that's enough, you blockhead! Get along with you and tell him! That's a vulgar animal!

Osip: It would be better for me to call the proprietor up here to you.

Hlestakov: Why call the proprietor? Do yourself and tell him.

Osip: But really, sir...

Hlestakov: Well then, d'nce take you, call the proprietor!

(Osip goes out)

Act II, Scene III

(Hlestakov alone.)

Hlestakov: It's awful how hungry I am! I thought that if I'd just take a walk my appetite would go; but no, damned if it would! If I hadn't gone on a spree at tenz, I'd have had the money to get home. That
X threateningly
Back ing a few short steps and talking fast

Backing Hlestakov across stage enjoying every second

Retreating with a scowl

Shaking finger under Hlestakov's nose
Cringing

Giving in
Exits victoriously

Sitting on stool R of table
infantry captain hooked me for fair: he plays wonderful faro, the cheat! We sat down for a quarter of an hour in all, and he fleeced me clean. All the same I was crazy to have another go at him, but I didn't have the opportunity. What a rotten hick town! In their lousy shops they won't sell a thing on credit. I call that simply mean. (He begins to whistle an air from "Robert the Devil," then "The Red Seraph," and finally no particular tune) Nobody'll come.

Act II, Scene IV

(Hlestakov, Osip, and an Inn Servant.)

Servant: The proprietor told me to ask for your orders.

Hlestakov: Good day, my boy! How's your health?

Servant: Good, thank God.

Hlestakov: Well, how are things with the inn: everything going all right?

Servant: Yes, thank God, everything's all right.

Hlestakov: Many travelers?

Servant: Yes, enough.

Hlestakov: Listen, my boy, they haven't brought me my dinner yet, so please hurry up and bring it as quickly as possible; you see, I have something to attend to directly after dinner.

Servant: But the boss said he wasn't going to send up anything more. He came near going to the Chief of Police to-day with a complaint.

Hlestakov: But why complain? Just consider, my boy, what's the use? You see, I've got to eat. Otherwise I might get thin. I'm awfully hungry; and I'm not joking either.

Servant: Exactly, sir. But he said, "I shan't give him anything to eat until he's paid for what he's had." That's what his answer was.

Hlestakov: Well, you reason with him; talk him over.
Reminiscing with pleasure and displeasure spontaneously

Stand and pace
Peek out door
X back and sit on bed

Osip and Servant enter S.L.
Servant X to S.R.; Osip X to table
Hleostakov jumps up
Knowing full well what is to happen
Slap servant on back, getting on his good side
Start to write; then answer

Start to write

Start to write

Quickly

Imitating proprietor
Servant: What in the world shall I say to him?

Hleustakov: You put it to him seriously that I need to eat. The money is another matter.... He thinks that if a peasant like him can go without eating for a day, other people can. What an idea!

Servant: All right, I'll tell him.

Act II, Scene V

(Hleustakov alone.)

Hleustakov: It's rotten, all the same, if he won't give me anything at all to eat. I never was so hungry in my life. I wonder whether I could raise something on my clothes? Could I sell my trousers? No, I'd rather go hungry than not go home in my Petersburg suit. It's a pity that Joaschim wouldn't rent me a carriage. It would have been fine, confounded it all, to drive up like a swell to some neighboring landowner's front door, with lanterns, and Osip behind in livery. I can imagine how excited they'd all get! Who's there? What does he want? And the footman would go in (Drawing himself up straight like a footman) and announce: "Ivan Alexandrovich Hleustakov, from Petersburg; will you receive him?" They, country bumpkins as they are, don't even know what "will you receive him?" means. When any goose of a landowner goes to see them, he wallows straight into the parlor like a bear. I'd go up to some good-looking young daughter and say, "Madam, how happy I..." (He rubs his hands and scrapes with one foot) Feh! (Spitting) I'm sick at my stomach, I'm so hungry.

Act II, Scene VI

(Hleustakov, Osip, then the Servant.)

Hleustakov: Well, what now?

Osip: They're bringing dinner.

Hleustakov: (Clapping his hands and making a slight jump in his chair) Hurrah, they're bringing dinner!

Servant: (With plates and a napkin) This is the last dinner the proprietor will send.
X L and exit. Nikolaev motions for Osip to follow. Osip, understands, exits.

As if this is the first time he has ever thought about it.
Pause and dream
Pantomime action

Imitate and look out towards audience
X L to assume character of footman

Ultra-debonair
Bows and his stomach pains

Osip enters SL excitedly
X DS of table

Both jump on spools simultaneously
Enter SL with tray of food
Blestakov: Oh, the proprietor, the proprietor! . . . I spit on your proprietor! What have you got there?

Servant: Soup and roast.

Blestakov: What, only two courses?

Servant: That's all, sir.

Blestakov: What trash is this? I won't accept it. You tell him that this is the limit! . . . That's not enough.

Servant: No, the boss says that it's a lot.

Blestakov: But why isn't there any sauce?

Servant: There isn't any sauce.

Blestakov: Why isn't there any? I saw them preparing a lot of it myself when I passed by the kitchen, and in the dining-room this morning there were two rather short fellows eating salmon and a lot of other things.

Servant: Well, there is some, of course, and there isn't.

Blestakov: What do you mean, isn't?

Servant: There just ain't.

Blestakov: And salmon, and fish, and cutlets?

Servant: They're for better people, sir.

Blestakov: Oh, you blockhead!

Servant: Yes, sir.

Blestakov: You contemptible little swine! Why do they eat when I don't? Why, damn it all, can't I do as they do? Aren't they travelers just like me?

Servant: Why, everybody knows that they ain't.

Blestakov: What are they, then?

Servant: The regular sort! Everybody knows: they pay their bills!
Slap Osk's hand as he tries to reach under lid

Picking up lid. All do a double take at the dirty serving.

Overplayed. No sense to keep quiet.

Cringing a few steps back
HLESTAKOV: ... I SPIT ON YOUR PROPRIETOR.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?
Hlestakov: I don't care to argue with you, you blockhead. (He helps himself to soup and begins to eat) What kind of soup is this? You've just poured water into the tureen; it hasn't any taste; it merely stinks. I don't want this soup; bring me some other.

Servant: I'll remove it, sir. The proprietor said, "If he doesn't want it, he needn't have it."

Hlestakov: (Protecting the food with his hands) Well, well, well... leave it, you blockhead! You may be used to treating other people like that; but I'm not that sort, my boy... I advise you not to act like that with me... (He eats) My God, what soup! (He continues eating) I think no man on earth to date has ever eaten such soup; there's some kind of feathers swimming around in it instead of grease! (He cuts the chicken in the soup) Ow, ow, ow, what a bird! Give me the roast! There, Osip, there's a little soup left; take it yourself. (He carves the roast) What kind of roast is this? This is no roast.

Servant: Why, what is it?

Hlestakov: The devil knows what it is, but it's not roast. It's roasted ox instead of ox. (He eats) Swindlers, riffraff! What stuff they hand you! Your jaw begins to ache if you swallow a single bite. (He picks his teeth with his finger) Rascals! It's just like bark—you can't pull it out anyhow; and your teeth will turn black after such dishes. Swindlers! (Wiping his mouth with his napkin) Isn't there anything more?

Servant: No.

Hlestakov: Riffraff! Rascals! And not even a little sauce or a pudding. Grafters! They simply fleece travelers.

(The Servant and Osip collect the dishes and carry them away)

Act II, Scene VIII

(Hlestakov, Chief of Police, and Dobchinsky, upon entering the room, the Chief of Police stands still. He and Hlestakov stare at each other wide-eyed in fright for several moments.)
Turning away
imulate proprietor

Osip grape bowl and drinks

Push dish away. Osip
sees meager remains.
Dots up crumbs.

Hlestakov dives into bed
prepared to throw a fit

Osip follows servant but
doors is shut in his face

As he turns away, there is
a knock at the door.
Enter Anton and Bobchinsky
scared to death.
Bobchinsky remains at
doors. Hlestakov spots
Anton's badge and shaker
with horror.
Chief of Police: (recovering somewhat and standing at attention) Please accept my greetings!

Gllestakov: (bowing) And mine to you, sir.

Chief of Police: Pardon me...

Gllestakov: Oh, certainly...

Chief of Police: It is my duty as the chief official of the town to see that travelers and members of the nobility experience no inconvenience...

Gllestakov: (at first stammering a little, but finally speaking loudly) But what's to be done? ... It's not my fault... I'll pay, honest... They'll send me some money from the country.

(Dobohinsky peeks in at the door)

He's more to blame; he sends me beef as tough as a wooden beam; as for soap, the devil knows what he slops into it; I should have thrown it out the window. He starves me out for days at a time... And such queer tea; it smells of fish, but not of tea. Why should I? ... What an idea!

Chief of Police: (Losing courage) Pardon me, I'm really not to blame. There's always good beef in our market. Dealers from Molnogory supply it, sober men and well-behaved. I don't know where he could get such as you describe. But if anything is not just right... Permit me to propose that I remove you to other lodgings.

Gllestakov: No, I won't. I know what you mean by other lodgings—the jail. But what right have you? How dare you? ... Look here, I... I, I, I...

Chief of Police: (Aside) Oh, Lord my God, how angry he is! He's found out everything, those damned merchants have told him!

Gllestakov: (More bravely) Even if you came with a whole regiment, I wouldn't go. I'll go straight to the minister! (Striking the table with his fist) What's the matter with you, anyway?
Bowing to Osip at CS and Osip returns bow

Judging Osip back with elbow. Bowing. Realizing the mistake

X R to Hlestakov

Point towards door. Bobchinsky quickly withdraws

Exchange a knowing glance with Osip. Hlestakov and Osip freeze

Deliver to audience

Break freeze

Seeing Anton sinking with fright
PLATE V

CHIEF OF POLICE: PLEASE ACCEPT MY GREETINGS!
HLESTAKOV: AND MINE TO YOU SIR.
CHIEF OF POLICE: PARDON ME. . . .
HLESTAKOV: OH, CERTAINLY. . . .
Chief of Police: (Drawing himself up straight and trembling in every limb) Have mercy; don't ruin me! Consider my wife, my little children! Don't make a man wretched!

Nlestanov: So, I won't go. The idea! What's all that to me? Because you have a wife and children, I have to go to jail—that's grand!

(Nobchinsky peeks through the door, then hides in fright)

So, I humbly thank you, I won't go!

Chief of Police: (Trembling) It's my inexperience, God knows, just my inexperience. The insufficiency of my income... Please, sir, judge for yourself: my official salary doesn't even buy our tea and sugar. If I've taken a few bribes, they were mere trifles, something or other for the table or for a suit of clothes. And as for the sergeant's widow who keeps a shop, whom I'm supposed to have flogged, that's all slander, God knows it is. All that was thought up by my enemies; they're people who are ready to make an attempt on my life.

Nlestanov: What or it? I have nothing to do with them... (Meditating) Still, I don't know why you're talking about your enemies and some sergeant's widow or other. A sergeant's widow is quite another matter, but you won't dare to flog me; you're a long way from that job... The ideal! What a chap you are!... I'll pay, I'll pay the money, but I haven't it now. I'm sticking around here because I haven't a kopek.

Chief of Police: (Aside) Oh, a sly trick! What a hint! It makes things hazy, and you can take 'em as you please! There's no knowing how to get at him. Well, I'll make a stab at it, no matter what happens. That will be, will be. I'll take a shot at random. (Aloud) If you're really needing money or something else, I'm ready to help you this very minute. It's my duty to assist travelers.

Nlestanov: Lend me, do lend me some! I'll settle with the dirty inn-keeper at once. I owe him only about two hundred rubles, a little more or less.

Chief of Police: (Producing some notes) Exactly two hundred rubles, but don't trouble to count them.
Play up wife and children
X DSL

←

Freeze
To audience

Break freeze

Pull out wallet
Pause before comprehending
Emphasize "more"

Give Hlestakov a wad of bills
Blestakov: (Taking the money) I thank you heartily. I'll return the amount at once from the country. . . . This was a sudden embarrassment. . . . I see that you are a gentleman. Now things are very different.

Chief of Police: (Aside) Well, thank God, he took the money! Now I think everything will go smoothly. I slipped him four hundred instead of two.

Blestakov: Hey, Caid!

(Oap comes in)

Tell that waiter here! (To the Chief of Police and Dobchinsky) But why are you standing? Do me the favor to be seated! (To Dobchinsky) Do please sit down.

(Chief of Police and Dobchinsky sit down. Dobchinsky peeps through the door and listens)

Chief of Police: (Aside) I'll have to be more daring. He wants us to consider him as traveling incognito. Very good, we can fake, too; we'll pretend we haven't the least idea who he is. (Aloud) While strolling about on my official duties with Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky here, a landed proprietor of the vicinity, I came into the inn on purpose to inquire whether the travelers were being well entertained; because I'm not like some police chiefs who don't care about anything. Aside from my duty, out of a Christian love of humanity, I want every mortal to be given a good reception; and here, as if to reward me, chance has afforded me this pleasant acquaintance.

Blestakov: I also am very glad. I confess that except for you, I should have had to stay here a long time; and I absolutely didn't know how I could pay.

Chief of Police: (Aside) Why, how you talk! He didn't know how he was going to pay! (Aloud) And may I venture to inquire where you are going?

Blestakov: I'm going to my own village in the province of Saratov.

Chief of Police: (Aside, with an ironical expression of countenance) To Saratov, he? And he doesn't blush! Oh, one needs a sharp ear with him! (Aloud) You have undertaken a good task. Concerning the road,
Throw off line. It has been said again and again.

Freeze

Break freeze

Osip steps up

Osip exits

X LS

Anton sits on stool at R

Bobchinsky sits on stool at L

Freeze with Bobchinsky looking in

Break freeze

Syrupy

Freeze. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

after "psy."

Unfreeze

Freeze

Unfreeze
they say that while, on the one hand, there is unpleasantness because of the delay for horses, on the other, it's a distraction for the mind. I suppose that you're traveling chiefly for your own pleasure?

Blestakov: No, my father wants to see me. The old gentleman is angry because so far I've not been promoted in Petersburg. He thinks that you've only to go there and they'll stick the Vladimir ribbon in your buttonhole. So—I'd like to send him to hustle about in the office!

Chief of Police: (Aside) Listen to the yarns he's spinning! He's even tangling up his old daddy! (Aloud) And shall you be gone long?

Blestakov: Indeed, I don't know. You see, my father is obstinate and silly, the old duffer, stubborn as a post. I shall say to him right out: "Whether you like it or not, I can't live away from Petersburg. Why, as a matter of fact, must I ruin my life among peasants? Nowadays a man's needs are quite different: my soul thirsts for enlightenment."

Chief of Police: (aside) Now well he strings it together! He lies and lies and never tripe himself. And he's such an insignificant little fellow, I think I could squeeze him with my finger nail. "Well, just hold on!" (Aloud) Your remark is quite correct. That can you do in the wilderness? How, take it here, for instance: you work all night long; you labor for your fatherland; you spare yourself in no way; but as for your reward, no one knows when you'll get it. (He glances about the room) It strikes me this room is a little damp?

Blestakov: A beastly room, and the bugs surpass any I've ever seen; they bite like bulldogs.

Chief of Police: You don't say! Such a cultured guest, and he suffers, from what?—from worthless bugs that should never have been born into the world! Isn't it also a little dark in this room?

Blestakov: Yes, quite dark. The proprietor has introduced the custom of not allowing candles. Sometimes when I want to do something, to read a little, or if I take a fancy to compose something, I can't: it's dark, always dark.
Freeze
Unfreeze

Freeze

Unfreeze
Chief of Police: Might I ask you--? But no, I'm unworthy.

Hlestakov: Why, what is it?

Chief of Police: No, no, I'm unworthy; I'm unworthy.

Hlestakov: But what in the world is it?

Chief of Police: I might venture . . . At my house there's a room that would just suit you: light, and quiet. . . . But no, I realize that it would be too great an honor for me. . . . Don't be angry! Honest to God, I offered it only in the simplicity of my soul.

Hlestakov: On the contrary, I'll accept with pleasure, if you please. It would be much more agreeable for me in a private home than in this dump.

Chief of Police: How glad I shall be! And how glad my wife will be, too! That's my disposition, hospitable from my childhood, especially if the guest is a man of culture. Don't think I'm saying this in flattery; no, I haven't that vice; I am expressing myself out of the fullness of my heart.

Hlestakov: I thank you heartily. I'm the same: I don't like two-faced people. I'm delighted with your candor and cordiality; and I confess I ask nothing more than to be shown devotion and respect, respect and devotion.

Act II, Scene IX

(The same and the Inn Servant, introduced by Olyp. Bobchinsky continues peeking through the door.)

Servant: Did you send for me, sir?

Hlestakov: Yes; bring me my bill.

Servant: I handed it to you long ago for the second time.

Hlestakov: I don't remember your stupid bills. Tell me: how much is it?

Servant: On the first day you ordered dinner; on the second you just ate a little kippered salmon; and then you began to order everything on credit.
Stand and step DS

Humble, humble, humble

Hleostkov starts to accept

Jumping at the chance

Gaining confidence

X R

Slap Anton on back

X R; Anton counters L

Enter Servant, X LS. Hleostkov above on level. Osip stop just inside of door. Almost catch Bobchinsky's head between door and frame. "Here we go again" attitude.

Somewhat surprised

Take out pad and pencil

Pouring over bills
Hlestanov: Blockhead! He's begun to reckon it all over again. What does it come to in all?

Chief of Police: Don't trouble yourself; he can wait. (To the Servant) Go away; the money'll be sent down.

Hlestanov: Yes, indeed; just so.

(He puts away the money. The Servant goes out; Dobchinsky peeks through the door.)

Act II, Scene X

(Chief of Police, Hlestanov, Dobchinsky.)

Chief of Police: How wouldn't you like to inspect some of the institutions in our town, the charitable ones and others?

Hlestanov: What is there to see?

Chief of Police: So you can see how things go with us ... what sort of order ... .

Hlestanov: With great pleasure; I'm ready.

(Bobchinsky sticks his head through the door)

Chief of Police: Also, if you wish it, we can go next to the district school to see how the sciences are taught there.

Hlestanov: Yes, let's do so.

Chief of Police: Then, if you want to visit the prison and the city jails, you will see how we treat criminals.

Hlestanov: But why the city jails? We'd better inspect the charitable institutions.

Chief of Police: Just as you please. How do you intend to go: in your own carriage, or with me in a cab?

Hlestanov: Well, I think I'd better go with you in a cab.

Chief of Police: (To Dobchinsky) Well, Petr Ivanovich, there'll be no place for you.

Dobchinsky: Never mind; I'm all right.
Stopping servant from reading further

Exit servant
Realizing he is to keep the money

With arm about Hlestakov; X L

Stop; searching

Start to leave

X'ing toward door

Hlestakov stops dead on "city jails" X R

X to Hlestakov

As if he had a cab

X L to Dobchinsky
Chief of Police: (Softly to Bobchinsky) Listin: you run lickety-split and carry two notes, one to Zemlyanika at the hospital and the other to my wife. (To Hlestakov) May I venture to ask your permission to write in your presence a line to my wife, bidding her prepare for the reception of an honored guest?

Hlestakov: Certainly... Here's the ink; but as for paper, I don't know... How about the back of this bill?

Chief of Police: I'll write on that. (He writes, meanwhile talking to himself) Now we'll see how things will go after lunch and a big-bellied bottle! We have some provincial Madeira—not much to look at, but it'll knock an elephant off its feet. If I could only find out what sort of fellow he is, and how much I need to be afraid of him.

(having written, he hands the notes to Bobchinsky, who approaches the door; but at that moment the door falls off its hinges, and Bobchinsky, who has been listening on the other side, flies into the room with it. All utter exclamations. Bobchinsky picks himself up.)

Hlestakov: I hope you didn't hurt yourself anywhere?

Bobchinsky: Not at all, not at all, sir, not the least derangement, sir; only a little scratch over my nose. I'll run over to Christian Ivanovich; he has some kind of little plaster, sir, and it'll soon get well.

Chief of Police: (To Hlestakov, after making a reproachful sign to Bobchinsky) That's nothing, sir. If you please, we'll go now. And I'll tell your servant to bring your trunk over. (To Osip) By good fellow, just bring everything over to my house, to the Police Chief's residence—any one will show you the way. After you, sir. (He permits Hlestakov to go out first and follows him; then, turning around, he speaks reproachfully to Bobchinsky) That's you all over! You couldn't find any other place to fall! And there you sprawled like the devil knows what!

(He goes out, Bobchinsky after him. The curtain falls)
Osip finishes gathering Hlesfakov's belongings and freezes as he takes a step toward the door.

Olympus snubs Bobchinsky, leaves like a wounded dog.

Bobchinsky leaves ULke a hand bill to Anton.
Act III, Scene I
(The same room as in Act I)

Anna Andreyevna and Marya Antonovna are standing at the window in the same positions.

Anna Andreyevna: Well now, we've been waiting a whole hour, and all the time you with your silly primping: You were all dressed, but no! you still had to rummage! . . . I shouldn't have listened to her at all. What an annoyance! As if on purpose, there's not a soul about! It's as if everything had died.

Marya Antonovna: But really, mamma, in two minutes we'll find out everything. Marya must be back soon. (She looks out of the window and exclaims) Oh, mamma, mamma! Someone's coming, there at the end of the street!

Anna Andreyevna: Where is he? You're always having crazy notions. Well, sure enough. But who is it? Medium-sized . . . in a dress coat . . . Who can it be? Ha? Isn't that annoying? Who in the world can it be?

Marya Antonovna: It's Dobchinsky, mamma!

Anna Andreyevna: Dobchinsky, my foot! You're always imagining things! . . . it can't be Dobchinsky. (She waves her handkerchief) Hey, you, come here! Hurry up!

Marya Antonovna: Really, mamma, it is Dobchinsky.

Anna Andreyevna: There you go, always quarreling! I tell you it's not Dobchinsky.

Marya Antonovna: Ah, mamma, what did I tell you? You see, it is Dobchinsky.

Anna Antonovna: Well, yes, it's Dobchinsky; I see now—why are you arguing about it? (Shouting out of the window) Hurry up, hurry up; you're too slow! Well, where are they? Huh? Go ahead and talk from where you are. What? Very severe? Huh? And my husband? Where's my husband? (Leaning slightly out of the window, with vexation) What a booby: until he gets into the very room, he won't tell a thing!
Looking out window
X SRC

Sticking hand through shutter as she points

Running back to window
Push Marya out of the way

Trying to see

Slap Marya on shoulder with fan

Slap Marya on shoulder again
Act III, Scene II

(The same and Dobchinsky.)

Anna Andreyevna: Now, please tell me: well, aren't you ashamed? I relied on you as a decent man. They all rode off in a hurry, and you after them; and I can't get a sensible word from anybody since. Aren't you ashamed? I christened your Johnny and your Lizzie, and then you act like that with me.

Dobchinsky: Heavens, godmother, I ran so fast to prove my respect for you that I can't catch my breath. By respects, Marya Antonovna.

Marya Antonovna: How do you do, Petr Ivanovich.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, what's the news? Tell me what happened and how.

Dobchinsky: Anton Antonovich has sent you a note.

Anna Andreyevna: But what's the man like? Is he a general?

Dobchinsky: No, he's not a general; but he's not inferior to one in education and elegant manners.

Anna Andreyevna: Ah! Then he must be the one they wrote to my husband about.

Dobchinsky: The very same. I was the first to discover the fact, along with Petr Ivanovich.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, tell us what happened and how.

Dobchinsky: Well, thank God, everything is all right. At first he wanted to treat Anton Antonovich rather roughly; yes, he did. He got angry and said that everything was bad at the inn, that he wouldn't go to his house, and wouldn't go to jail on his account; but afterwards, when he found out Anton Antonovich's innocence, and had talked a little more to the point with him, he changed his attitude all at once, and, thank God, everything came out fine. Now they've gone to have a look at the charitable institutions. . . . I admit that Anton Antonovich was thinking that there had been some secret denunciation; I was a little bit scared myself.
Dobchinsky rushes in through door almost knocking Anne out window. He stops at DSC.

Circle behind Dobchinsky to DSL

Anna and Marya close in on Dobchinsky

Holding up note

Disregarding it
Anna Andreyevna: What have you to be afraid of? You're not in the service.

Dobchinsky: Well, you know how it is when a bigwig talks: you feel scared.

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, the ideal... That's all nonsense. Now tell us: what's he like? Is he old or young?

Dobchinsky: Young—a young man, about twenty-three years old; but he talks just like an old man. "By all means," he says, "I'll go there, and there, too"... (squeezing his hands) and he says it all so grandly. "I like to write and to read," he says, "but I'm annoyed by the darkness of the room."

Anna Andreyevna: But what does he look like? Is he light or dark-complexioned?

Dobchinsky: No, more of a chestnut. And he has such quick eyes, like some little animal's; they're positively disconcerting.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, what's he written me in this note? (She reads) "I hasten to inform you, my dear, that my situation is altogether lamentable; but trusting in God's clemency, I bought two salted cucumbers and for half a portion of caviar, twenty-five kopeks—" (Pausing) I don't understand a thing: what's this about pickles and caviar?

Dobchinsky: Oh, Anton Antonovich just wrote that on a piece of scratch paper to save time: some sort of bill had been written on it.

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, I see. (Continuing her reading) "But trusting in God's clemency, it looks as if everything would come out all right. Hurry and get a room ready for an important guest; the one hung with yellow wall paper; you needn't go to any extra trouble for dinner because we're going to have a bite at the hospital, with Artemy Filippovich, but order a lot of wine; tell the dealer Abdulin to send his very best; if he doesn't, I'll overhaul his whole cellar. Kissing your little hand, sweetheart, I remain your Anton Skvoznik-Drukhenevsky."... Oh, good heavens! We'll have to hurry! Hey, who's there? Mishka?

Dobchinsky: (Running to the door and shouting) Mishka! Mishka! Mishka!
Anna and Marya very excited

Grab note from Dobchinsky's hand

Look to Marya who looks at Dobchinsky

Look to Marya who returns look to Anna

Pause, then realize what needs to be done

Cut lines concerning Mishka
(Anna comes in)

Anna Andreyevna: Listen: run to the merchant Abdulin... wait, I'll give you a note. (She sits down at the table and writes a note, talking meanwhile) Give this note to the coachman, Sidor, and have him run to the merchant Abdulin's and get some wine. You yourself go at once and get the room in fine shape for a guest. Put up a bed and a washstand, and so forth.

Dobchinsky: Well, Anna Andreyevna, I'll hurry off now to see how the inspection's going on.

Anna Andreyevna: To along, go along! I'm not keeping you!

Act III, Scene III

(Anna Andreyevna and Marya Antonovna.)

Anna Andreyevna: Now, Mashenka, we'll have to see about the way we're dressed. He's a Petersburg dandy; God forbid he should laugh at anything! The most becoming thing you can put on is your blue dress with the little flounces.

Marya Antonovna: Judge, mamma, the blue! I don't like it at all! Lypkin-Lypkin's daughter wears blue, and so does Kalybenka's. No, I'd better put on my flowered dress.

Anna Andreyevna: The flowered dress!... Really, you're saying that to be spiteful. The other'll be much better, because I want to wear my straw-colored; I'm very fond of straw color.

Marya Antonovna: Oh, mamma, it doesn't become you at all!

Anna Andreyevna: it doesn't become me?

Marya Antonovna: No, it doesn't; I'll bet anything you please, it doesn't; you've got to have dark eyes to wear straw color.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, upon my word! and haven't I got dark eyes? As dark as can be. What nonsense she's talking! How can they be otherwise when I always tell my fortune by the queen of clubs?
Directing line to Dobchinsky

Directing line to Marya
Marya is reluctant
Substitute

Exit DSR

Both X USC with a flourish

Drawing back to slap her
Marya Antonovna: Why, madam! You usually tell it by the queen of hearts!

Marya Antonovna: Nonsense, absolute nonsense! I never was the queen of hearts! (She hastily goes out with Marya Antonovna and continues talking in the wings) What's she imagining now? The queen of hearts! Heaven knows what she means!

After they have gone out a door opens, and Mishka is seen throwing out some trash. Through another door Mishka comes in with a trunk on his head.

Act III, Scene V

(The Policemen open both wings of the door. Klestakov comes in, after him the Chief of Police, the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, the Superintendent of Schools, Dobchinsky and Sobchinsky, the latter with a plaster on his nose. The chief of Police shows the Policemen a piece of paper on the floor; they run to pick it up, bumping each other at full speed.)

Klestakov: Very good institutions. I'm delighted that you show visitors everything in the town. They didn't show me anything in the other towns.

Chief of Police: In other towns, I venture to inform you, the city managers and the other officials are more concerned about their own profit; but here, I may say, there is no other thought but to deserve by good order and vigilance the attention of the authorities.

Klestakov: The lunch was very good. I quite overate myself. Do you fare like that every day?

Chief of Police: That was especially for our welcome guest.

Klestakov: I'm fond of eating. That's what we live for; to call the flowers of pleasure. What was that fish called?

Artemy Filippovich: (Running up) Aberdeen cod, sir.

Klestakov: Very tasty. Where was it we had lunch—in the hospital?
Majenta light
Blackout
Mishka is cut

*Music

Enter Osip carrying Hlestatkov's belongings. Exits upstairs on SL.

All enter and form groups across DS

The policemen are cut

Picking teeth with toothpick

Stepping out
Artemy Filippovich: Fact so, sir, in the charity hospital.

Klestakov: I remember, I remember, there were some beds there. Have the patients all recovered? It seems to me there weren't many.

Artemy Filippovich: About ten remain, no more; the rest have all got well. That's the way it's arranged: such order! From the time I undertook the management—incredible as it may seem to you—all of them have been getting well, like flies. A patient can hardly enter the hospital before he's cured, not so much by the medicines as by the reliability of the management.

Chief of Police: The obligations of a chief of police are, I venture to inform you, simply heartbreaking! So many different things devolve upon him, concerning sanitation alone, repairs, and reconstruction... in a word, the wisest men might find himself in a quandary; but, thanks be to God, everything is coming out splendidly. Any other police chief, of course, would look out for his own profit; but—would you believe it?—even when I lie down to sleep I think: "O Lord my God, how can I bring it to pass that the authorities may perceive my zeal and be satisfied?"... Whether they will reward me or not is, of course, up to them; but at least I shall be at peace in my own heart. Then there is order everywhere in the city, the streets swept clean, the people under arrest well cared for, and few drunkards... why, what more can I do? And in truth, I want no honors. Of course, honors are alluring, but compared to virtue, they are all ashes and vanity.

Artemy Filippovich: (Aside) Oh, the grouch, how thick he spreads it! God gave him a gift for it!

Klestakov: That is true. I admit that I myself like to philosophize once in a while; I toss things off sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse.

Bobchinsky: (To Bobchinsky) Correct, all correct. Petr Ivanovich! Such remarks... one can see he's studied the sciences.

Klestakov: Well, please, don't you ever have any amusements or social gatherings—where one might, for instance, play a game of cards?
Take Hleostakov DSL

Some resentment is seen by the others

Praying

Freeze

Unfreeze

All except Anton respond in the affirmative. Artemy pulls out a deck of cards.
CHIEF OF POLICE: "OH, LORD MY GOD, HOW CAN I PERCEIVE MY ZEAL AND BE SATISFIED?"
Clara: (Aside) Oh, my boy, we know what window-pane you're pecking now! (Aloud) God forbid! There's not even a rumor about such social gatherings here! I've never had cards in my hands; I don't even look at them calmly; and if I ever happen to catch sight of such a thing as a king of diamonds, such disgust comes over me that I simply have to spit. It happened once that to amuse the children I built a little house of cards, but afterwards I had the damndest dreams all night long. Denos take them! How can people kill such precious time with them?

Ivan Lukich: (Aside) But you cleaned me out of a hundred rubles yesterday, you scoundrel!

Chief of Police: I could use that time better in the service of the state.

Eleastakov: However, you put it too strongly. All depends upon the way in which you look at the thing. If, for instance, you pass when you ought to raise your ante... then, of course... So, I disagree; sometimes playing is very tempting.

Act III, Scene VI

(The same, Anna Andreyevna, and Sonya Antonlyna.)

Chief of Police: I venture to present my family: my wife and daughter.

Eleastakov: (Making a bow) You fortunate man, madam, to have, as it were, the pleasure of seeing you.

Anna Andreyevna: It is even more agreeable for us to see such a personage.

Eleastakov: (Scowling) Ferdinand, madam, quite the contrary: my pleasure is greater.

Anna Andreyevna: How can that be, sir? You are pleased to say that out of compliment. Don't you please be seated?

Eleastakov: Simply to stand beside you is happiness; nevertheless, if such be unmistakably your wish, I shall be seated. How happy I am at last to be sitting beside you!
Freeze; Artemy has trick deck; cards are suspended passing from one hand to the other.

Unfreeze on "God forbid!

Nudge Artemy who drops cards.

They pick them up quickly while Anton covers. Upon the mention of "King of Diamonds", Dobchinsky holds it up. Bobchinsky jerks his arm down.

Freeze

Unfreeze

Enter Anne and Marya USL. They pose at bottom of stairs.

Anne clears throat

Anne move down and curtsy deeply

Marya move down and curtsy deeply

Kiss her hand

Giggle and shiver at kiss

Start to lead him up but he does not budge

But then he leads her up and sits as others US to form a semi-circle around him.

Marya starts to sit, but Anna slaps her on the shoulder without changing the smile aimed at
Anna Andreyevna: Really, sir, I cannot take that compliment to myself... I suppose that after the capital, a tour of the country has seemed very unpleasant?

Hlestantov: Exceedingly unpleasant. Accustomed to live, comprendez-vous, in society and suddenly to find oneself on the road: dirty eating-houses, the darkness of ignorance... I confess, that were it not for this circumstance (Glancing at Anna Andreyevna and posing) which has compensated me for everything...

Anna Andreyevna: Indeed, how unpleasant it must have been for you.

Hlestantov: However, madam, at this minute it is very pleasant for me.

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, really, sir! You do me too much honor. I do not deserve it.

Hlestantov: Why do you not deserve it? You do deserve it, madam.

Anna Andreyevna: I live in the country...

Hlestantov: But the country also has its hillocks and its streamlets... Of course, who'd compare it with Petersburg? Oh, Petersburg! What a life, truly! You may think that I am only a copying clerk; but no, I'm on a friendly footing with the chief of my department. He'll clap me on the shoulder and say, "Come have dinner with me, my boy!" I drop in at the office for two minutes, only long enough to say how things are to be done. And there the copy-clerk, poor rat, goes scribbling away with his pen, tr, tr, tr. They even wanted to make me a collegiate assessor; but I thought, what for? And the porter flies up the stairs after me with a brush: "If you please, Ivan Alexandrovich," he says, "I'll clean your boots." (To the Chief of Police) Why are you standing, gentlemen? Please be seated.

Chief of Police, Artemy Filippovich, and Luke Lukich: (Speaking together) Our rank is such that we can stand. We'll just stand. Please don't disturb yourself.

Hlestantov: All rank aside, I beg you to be seated.

(The Chief of Police and all sit down)
He kisses her hand again. Again she giggles and shivers. Then they proceed into "social conversation" as she pours Hlestakov's wine. Drink wine at every opportunity.

Anna continues to fill the glass throughout scene.

Kiss Anna's hand. She giggles and wiggles.

Look away. Cannot think of an answer so return with... Pathetically

Refer to Anna on hillocks and Marya on streamlets

Petersburg is a dream to everyone

Sit on "I don't like ceremony."

←
I don't like ceremony. On the contrary, I try and try to slip through unnoticed. But it's impossible to hide oneself, quite impossible! I can hardly go out anywhere but they begin saying, "There goes Ivan Alexandrovich!" Once they even took me for the commander-in-chief; the soldiers jumped out of the wardrobes and presented arms. Afterwards an officer with whom I am well acquainted said to me: "Well, my boy, we positively took you for the commander-in-chief."

Anna Andreyevna: You don't say!

Ilyaschev: I'm acquainted with the pretty actresses. You see, I've written a few theatrical sketches... I often see literary people. I'm on friendly terms with Pushkin. I often say to him, "Well, now Pushkin, my boy, how goes it?" "Oh, so-so, old chap," he'll reply, "just so-so..." He's a great character!

Anna Andreyevna: And so you even write? How delightful it must be to be an author! Do you really contribute to the magazines?

Ilyaschev: Yes, I contribute to the magazines. Besides, my works are numerous: The Marriage of Figaro, Robert the Devil, Tales. I don't even remember all their titles. And it was all by accident: I didn't want to write, but the theatre management said, "Please write something, old boy." So I thought to myself, "Well, go ahead, old fellow." And then all of a sudden, one evening, I think it was, I wrote the whole thing and astonished everybody. I have extraordinary ease in thinking. Everything that has appeared under the name ofAreas Trubbeu--The Frigate Hope, and the Moscow Telegraph... I wrote all that.

Anna Andreyevna: You don't say! And so you were Trubbeus?

Ilyaschev: Of course; I correct all their articles. Plaidy pays me forty thousand for doing it.

Anna Andreyevna: I dare say these articles is your work also.

Ilyaschev: Yes, that's my work.

Anna Andreyevna: I feared it at once.
Brag, brag

All react to the words "Commander in Chief." He jokes, but they don't think it too funny. Anton nudges Artemy with elbow. The nudge is passed down the line. The nudge begins with Bobchinsky and passes back. Anton, excited, nudges Anne who, in return, slaps him across the shoulders. Hlestakov laughs, then they all laugh. He continues to drink.

Robert the Devil is changed to The Misanthrope
Marya Alexandrovna: That, come, it says in the binding that it was written by T. Nekol.

Anna Andreyevna: There you go! I knew that you'd argue even here.

Hostess: Oh, yes, that is true; that is Nekol's, but there's another 'Yaros Balba', and that's mine.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, it's certain that I read yours, so well written!

Hostess: I confess that I exist by literature. This is the foremost house in Petersburg, it's even known as Ivan Alexandrovich's house. (Turning to all present) Do me the favor, ladies and gentlemen, to come to see me when you are in Petersburg. I also give balls.

Anna Andreyevna: I suppose that balls there must be given with remarkable taste and magnificence?

Hostess: It's simply beyond description. On the table, for instance, is a watermelon—a watermelon costing seven hundred rubles. Soup ready in the tureen has come directly from Paris by steamer; raise the lid and there's a fragrant steam the like of which you can't find in nature. I go to balls every day.

I've formed our own whist club: The Minister of Foreign Affairs, the French Ambassador, the English, the German Ambassadors, and I. We nearly kill ourselves playing; really, you never saw anything like it. As I run up the stairs to my fourth-story apartment, I just say to the cook: "Here, Nyrushka, my overcoat!..." That am I lying about! I quite forgot that I live on the second floor. My staircase alone is worth... But it would be curious to glance into my hall before I'm awake mornings: counts and princes jostle each other and hum there like bees, you can hear nothing but buzz, buzz... Sometimes even the Minister (The Chief of Police and others timidly rise from their chairs) my hair even comes addressed to "Your excellence," once I was even the director of a department. It's strange; the director went away—and now who? Well, naturally there was a lot of talk as to who should occupy the post. Any of the generals applied eagerly and got it, but when they started to work, it was too hard. The job looks easy enough, but just examine it; why, it's the very devil! Afterwards
Gritting her teeth

An "Oh!" from all after "watermelon."
An "Oh!" from all after "rubles."
A larger "Oh!" after "steam-
er."
Everyone smells after "lid."
Break after "nature."

Drink

Drink

Drink

Drink

Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky pick up the "buzz, buzz."
↑ All follow.
All are startled by the word "minister."
they saw there was nothing to do but give it to me.

All that very minute they sent messengers through the streets, messengers, messengers, and messengers... You can imagine for yourself: thirty-five thousand messengers! Must be a situation, I ask you! Ivan Alexandrovich, go take charge of the department! I confess that I felt somewhat uneasy. I came out in my dressing gown... wanted to decline, but I thought, this will get to the taunt; and then, there's the service record!... "Very well, gentlemen, I accept the post," I said; "I accept it," I said; "So be it," I said; "I accept; only look out for me; I have sharp ears! You know me..." and that's the way it was; it used to be, when I walked through the department, as if an earthquake had struck them: every one was trembling and shivering like a leaf.

(The chief of police and the others stand with fear; Mlestov grows more excited)

"No, I don't like to joke; I gave them all a bowing-out. The council of State itself is afraid of me. And why not, indeed? Because I'm that kind of man, don't care for anybody... Tell 'em all, "I know my business; shut up!" I go everywhere, everywhere! I drive to the Palace every day. Why, tomorrow they're going to make me a field-marsh—i.e. slips and almost sprawls upon the floor, but the officials respectfully support him)

Chief of Police: (approaching, establishing in every limb, and striving to speak out) You—your—your...

Mlestov: (in a topic, abrupt tone) What is it?

Chief of Police: You—your—

Mlestov: (in the same tone) I can't make out anything; it's all nonsense.

Chief of Police: You... your... your Excellency, don't you wish to rest... Here's your room, and everything that you need.

Mlestov: Most—host! All right. I'm willing to have a rest. Your lunch, gentlemen, was good... I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied... (declaring) Aberdeen! Aberdeen coal! (He goes into a side room, followed by the Chief of Police)
Joke. Hlestakov works into hysteric. They follow with loud nervous laughter. Finally they calm down.

Still smiling though scared

Everyone falls deadpan

Start to rise but knees give out

Kick chair and it tumbles. They lead him off one by one, letting go until it is only Anton who helps him up the stairs.
PIATE VII

HLESTAKOV: . . . YOU CAN IMAGINE FOR YOURSELF: THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND MESSENGERS!
Act III, Scene VII

(The scene without Kloustakov and the chief of police)

Bobchinsky: (To Dobchinatcy) There's a man for you, Petr Ivanovich! That's what I call a man! Never in my life have I been in the presence of so important a personage; I all but died of fright. What do you think his rank may be, Petr Ivanovich?

Dobchinatcy: I think almost a general.

Bobchinsky: And I think a general isn't fit to pull off his boots; but if he's a general, he's a generalissimo. Did you hear how he squashed the Council of State? Let's go quick and tell Armos Fedorovich and Korobkin. Good-by, Anne Andreyevna!

Dobchinatcy: (To Anne Andreyevna) Good-by, godmother!

(They both go out)

Artemy Filippovich: (To Lake Lukich) It's simply terrifying, but just why, you can't tell, yourself. We haven't even got into our uniforms. Well, do you suppose he'll send off a report to Petersburg when he wakes up?

(They go out thoughtfully along with the Superintendent of Schools, saying as they go)

Good-by, madam!

Act III, Scene VIII

(Anne Andreyevna and Marya Antonovna.)

Anne Andreyevna: Oh, what a charming man!

Marya Antonovna: Oh, what a darling!

Anne Andreyevna: But what refinement in everything he does! You can see at once he's a Petersburg swell. His manners, and all that... Oh, how nice! I'm crazy over young men like him! I simply lose my head over them. And moreover, he took a fancy to me; I noticed that he kept glancing my way.
All are looking upstairs after Hlestakov and Anton

Anna X quickly DSR

Kiss Anna and Marya's hands on exit. Leave DSR.

Kiss Anna and Marya's hands on exit. Leave DSR.

Running to stairway SL
Following a little behind

X DSL. Twist and turn checking folds in skirt.
Lady Antonovna: "My, mama, he was looking at me!"

Anna Andreyevna: I'll thank you to be off with your nonsense. It's quite out of place here.

Lady Antonovna: To, mama, really!

Anna Andreyevna: Well, I declare! God forbid we should quarrel about it! That will do! Why should he look at you? What reason would he have for looking at you?

Lady Antonovna: Really, mamma, he kept looking at me. First when he began to talk about literature, he gave me a look; and then when he was telling about how he played whist with the ambassadors, he looked at me again.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, maybe, once or twice, but that's all it amounted to. "Oh, I'll just take a look at her!" he said to himself.

Act III, Scene IX
(The same and the Chief of Police.)

Chief of Police: (Coming in on tiptoes) Sh, sh!

Anna Andreyevna: What is it?

Chief of Police: I'm sorry I got him drunk. What if half he says is true? (Reflecting) And why shouldn't it be true? When he's on a spree, a man brings everything to the surface; whatever is in his heart is on his tongue. Of course, he lied a little; but unless you lie a little bit, no conversation is possible. He plays cards with the ministers and drives to the Palace... And so really, the more you think about it... the devil knows who he is... I don't know what's going on in my head; it's as if I were either standing on a sort of steeple or were just about to be hanged.

Anna Andreyevna: And I felt absolutely no timidity whatever; I simply saw in him an educated, high-toned man of the world, and his rank was nothing to me.
Marya X DS to Anna

Slap Marya on shoulder with a fan

Blushing

Tossing it off over shoulder as she turns to X US to stairs
Marya follows Anna

Enter from stairs LSC
Upon seeing him both Anna and Marya emit a squeal of delight.
Anton X and sit on chair at R of table
Exhausted
Thoughts come fast and incoherently

Gulp down remainder of wine left in Hleстokov's glass

On cloud nine
PLATE VIII

ANNA ANDREYEVNA: AND I FELT ABSOLUTELY NO TIMIDITY WHATEVER...
Chief of Police: That's the way with you women! That word "women" sums it all up! They always fall for fiddle-faddle! They wise-crack about anything that comes into their noodies. They get off with a whipping, but the husband's as good as dead. You, sweet soul, behave as familiarly with him as if he were another Dubchinsky.

Anna Andreyevna: I advise you not to be uneasy on that score. We know a thing or two... (Glancing at her daughter)

Chief of Police: (To himself) Well, what's the use of talking to you women?

Act III, Scene X

(The same and Osip. They all run to meet him, beckoning.)

Anna Andreyevna: Come here, my good fellow.

Chief of Police: Oh... Tell, what about it? Is he asleep?

Osip: Not yet; he's stretching a bit.

Anna Andreyevna: Listen; what's your name?

Osip: Osip, madam.

Chief of Police: (To his wife and daughter) That'll do for you! (To Osip) Tell now, my boy, have they fed you well?

Osip: They have, I thank you heartily; very well indeed.

Anna Andreyevna: Tell me: an awful lot of counts and princes call on your master, don't they?

Osip: (Aside) What shall I say? If they've fed me well now, they'll do even better later. (Aloud) Yes, even counts come.

Marya Antonovna: My dear Osip, how good-looking your master is!

Anna Andreyevna: And please tell us, Osip, how he...
Anna and Marya X USL to look up stairway

Osip enter USL from stairs

Grab him and pull him on down stairs
Run up; take Osip by arm; lead him away from stair. X L of Anna and Marya.

Anna and Marya X behind and to the L of Osip and Anton

X to SLC with Osip

X R of Osip; Marya X between Anton and Osip
Freeze
Unfreeze
Chief of Police: Oh, please stop! You only mix me up with such silly talk. Now then, my friend . . .

Anna Andreyevna: What rank has your master?

Osip: Oh, he has the usual thing.

Chief of Police: Oh, my God, you keep asking such silly questions! You won't let me get in a word to the point. How, my friend, what sort of man is your master? . . . Strict? Does he like to bawl people out or doesn't he?

Osip: Yes, he likes to have things orderly. He sees to it that everything around him is kept ship-shape.

Chief of Police: I like your face very much, my friend, you must be a good fellow. Now, what--?

Anna Andreyevna: Listen, Osip, does your master wear his uniform at home?

Chief of Police: Really, that'll do, chatterboxes that you are! This is a serious business: it's a question of a man's life. (To Osip) Well, now, my friend, I like you very much. When traveling there's no harm, you know, in taking an extra little glass of tea—the weather has turned colder—so here's a couple of rubles for tea.

Osip: (taking the money) Thank you very much, sir! God grant you the best of health! I'm a poor man, and you've helped me.

Chief of Police: Good, good, the pleasure is mine. Now what, my friend—?

Anna Andreyevna: Listen, Osip, what kind of eyes does your master like best?

Marya Antonovna: Osip, dear, what a darling little nose your master has!

Chief of Police: Oh, stop! Let me! . . . (To Osip) Now please tell me, my boy: to what does your master pay the most attention, that is, what pleases him most in traveling?

Osip: What he likes depends on circumstances. Most of all he likes to be well received; he likes good entertainment.
X to RSC with Osip on L
X to L of Osip

X DS one or two steps
Anna and Marya counter LS one or two steps. Then X down on level with Osip and Anton

Step away from women

Pull a couple of bills from pocket

X L to Osip. Marya squeezes between Anton and Osip

X DSR with Osip on L

Anna and Marya giggle
Chief of Police: Good entertainment?

Osip: Yes, sir. How treat me, for instance, I'm only a serf, but he sees that I'm well treated, too. Darned if he doesn't! Sometimes when we go to a place, he'll say: "Well, Osip, did they treat you well?" "Badly, your honor!" "Hm," he'll say, "he's a bad host, Osip. Remind me of that when I get home." "Ahe," I think to myself (shaving his hand); "I should worry; I'm a plain man."

Chief of Police: Very good, you're talking sense. There, I've given you something for tea; here's something more for biscuits.

Osip: Why do you favor me, your honor? (he pockets the money) I'll drink your health.

Anna Andreyevna: Come to me, Osip, and I'll give you something, too.

Merya Antonovna: Osip, dear, take your master a kiss from me!

(Mlestekov is heard coughing in the next room)

Chief of Police: Shh... (Rising upon tiptoe, and finishing the scene in a subdued voice) God forbid your making any noise! Go to your own rooms—you've said enough. . . .

Anna Andreyevna: Let's go, Meshenka! I told you that I noticed something in our guest that only we two can talk about.

Chief of Police: Oh, they'll talk enough! I think if I went to listen to them, I'd have to stuff my ears. (Turning to Osip) Now, my friend, run along and get everything ready for your master. Command everything there is in the house.

Act IV, Scene 1

(The same room in the house of the Chief of Police. Writer carefully, almost on tiptoe, names Fedorovich, Artemy Ilippovich, the Postmaster, Luke Lukich, Bobchinsky, and Bobchinsky in full dress uniforms. The whole scene proceeds in an undertone.)
Take stage
Feeling very confident

Pull more money from pocket

←

Take step toward Osip

Blow kiss
Osip leans toward Marya to receive kiss and almost loses balance

←

Freeze
Majenta spot
Blackout: Curtain
Intermission
Ammos Fedorovich: (Arranging them all in a semicircle) For God's sake, gentlemen, make a circle as quickly as possible and put on your best manner! Confound him, he rides to the Palace and bawls out the Council of State! Draw up in military order; it must be in military order. You run over to that side, Petr Ivanovich; and you, Petr Ivanovich, stand right here. Both Petr Ivanoviches run on tiptoe

Ammos Fedorovich: If you're willing, Ammos Fedorovich, we ought to undertake something or other.

Ammos Fedorovich: Just what exactly?

Ammos Fedorovich: Everybody knows what.

Ammos Fedorovich: Slip him something?

Ammos Fedorovich: It's dangerous, deuce take it! We might raise Cain—a government man like him! But how about an offering on the part of the nobility for a memorial of some sort?

Postmaster: Or say this: "Here is some money left unclaimed at the post office."

Ammos Fedorovich: Look out that he doesn't send you away somewhere by post! Listen: things aren't done like that in a well-regulated state. Why is there a whole squadron of us here? We should introduce ourselves one by one; and then, between man and man, everything is fixed, and nothing leaks out. That's the way it's done in a well-regulated society! Now you'll be the first to begin, Ammos Fedorovich.

Ammos Fedorovich: It would be better for you: our august guest broke bread in your establishment.

Ammos Fedorovich: It would be still better for you, Luke Lukich, as the enlightener of youth.

Luke Lukich: I can't, I can't, gentlemen! I confess I was so brought up that if I have to talk with a man one rank higher than mine, I get heart failure and my tongue seems to stick in the mud. So, gentlemen, you really must relieve me!
All enter SR

Others draw within a tight circle facing each other at CS.
Break up circle into semi-circle. Place Dobchinsky on R and Bobchinsky beside him.

Pushing Amos toward stairs

Retreat and push Artemy toward stairs

Retreat and push Luka toward stairs

Retreat
Artemy Filippovich: Yes, Aminos Fedorovich, there's no one but you. You have only to say a word, and Cicero briskly flies off your tongue.

Aminos Fedorovich: What are you talking about? Cicero! See here, what have you thought up! What if I do get carried away sometimes, talking about my house dogs or my hunting hounds? . . .

All: (Surrounding him) No, not only about dogs; you can talk about the Tower of Babel, too. . . No, Aminos Fedorovich, don't abandon us, be a father to us! . . . No, Aminos Fedorovich!

Aminos Fedorovich: Let me be, gentleman!

(At this moment steps and coughing are heard in Pleestakov's room. All vie with each other in their haste to reach the door, crowding and trying to get out, which they do only with some squeezing. A few exclamations are heard in undertones)

Voice of Chichlinsky: Owl, Petr Ivanovich, you stepped on my foot, Petr Ivanovich!

Voice of Artemy Filippovich: Let me out, gentleman! You've squeezed me as flat as a soul in Purgatory!

(A few gasping exclamations of "Owl, owl" are heard; finally all have been pushed out, and the room remains empty)

Act IV, Scene II

(Plestakov alone, entering sleepy-eyed.)

Plestakov: I think I must have snored properly. Where did they get such mattresses and feather beds? I fairly perspired. They must have slipped me something strong at lunch yesterday; my head still goes bang. So far as I can see, a fellow can spend his time agreeably here. I'll embrace cordiality; and I admit I like it best of all when people gratify me out of sheer kind-heartedness rather than for their personal interest. The Chief of Police's daughter isn't half bad to look at, and even her mamma might perhaps . . . Well, I don't know, but I sure like this life.
Pushing Amos again

Trying to retreat

Trying to push him toward door

Too loud

All push each other

Trying to exit SR. Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky are pulled back until they are last to leave.

Enter from SLC at stairs carrying candle. Set candle on table.

Take stage
Act IV, Scene III

(Hlestakov and the Judge Ammos Fedorovich.)

Ammos Fedorovitch: (Upon entering, stops, and says to himself) My God, my God! Make this come out right! My knees will hardly hold me up. (Aloud, drawing himself up, and grasping his sword-hilt) I have the honor to introduce myself: Judge of the local District Court, Collegiate Assessor Lyapkin-Tyapkin.

Hlestakov: I beg you to sit down. So you're the Judge here?

Ammos Fedorovitch: In 1816 I was elected to a three-year term by the will of the nobility and I have held the post ever since.

Hlestakov: It's profitable to be Judge, isn't it?

Ammos Fedorovitch: After three terms I was presented with the order of Vladimir of the Fourth Class, with the commendation of the authorities. (Aside) The money is in my fist, and my fist is on fire!

Hlestakov: I like the Vladimir. How the Anna of the Third Class isn't so good.

Ammos Fedorovitch: (Little by little thrusting forward his closed fist, aside) O Lord God! I don't know where I'm sitting. It's as if I had live coals under me.

Hlestakov: What have you got in your hand?

Ammos Fedorovitch: (Flustered, and letting some notes fall to the floor) Nothing, sir.

Hlestakov: Nothing, you say? I see you've dropped some money.

Ammos Fedorovitch: (Trembling all over) Not at all, sir! (Aside) O God, here I am in the dock, and they're bringing up the police cart to get me!

Hlestakov: (Picking it up) Yes, it's money.

Ammos Fedorovitch: (Aside) Well, it's all over! I'm lost and done for!

Hlestakov: I say, won't you lend it to me?
Creep on from SR hanging on to proscenium for support.

X over to table R and US of Hlestakov. Clear throat. Hlestakov has been eyeing a box of cigars on table, and Amos gives him a start, and upon turning around, Amos shouts out his introduction. Hlestakov rises startled. When they sit, neither knows which should sit first. Finally both sit simultaneously. Hlestakov fights for conversation. Amos delivers lines like a politician.

Unable to control himself. He throws money on floor in front of them.
AMMOS FEDOROVICH: WELL, IT'S ALL OVER! I'M LOST AND DONE FOR!
Ammos Fedorovich: (Hastily) Certainly, why not, sir? . . . With the greatest pleasure. (Aside) Now, bolder, bolder! Pull me through, Most Holy Mother!

Hlestakov: On the road, you know, I spent every kopek, on this and that. . . . Of course, I'll send it to you at once from my country home.

Ammos Fedorovich: Please, sir, the ideal! It's honor enough without repayment. . . . Of course, in my poor, weak way, by zeal and diligent service of the authorities . . . I shall always strive to deserve . . . (He rises from his chair and draws himself up to an attitude of attention) I won't venture to disturb you longer by my presence. Have you no orders for me?

Hlestakov: What sort of orders?

Ammos Fedorovich: I considered that you might have some orders for the local District Court.

Hlestakov: What for? I haven't any need of it at present; no, there's nothing. Thank you very much.

Ammos Fedorovich: (Bowing and going out, aside) The town is ours!

Hlestakov: (When alone) The Judge is a good fellow!

Act IV, Scene IV

Hlestakov: (Hlestakov and the Postmaster, who, clad in his uniform, stands at attention, hand on sword.)

Postmaster: I have the honor to introduce myself: Postmaster and Court Councilor Shpekin.

Hlestakov: Ah, do come in! I'm very fond of pleasant society. Be seated. I suppose you live here all the time?

Postmaster: Just so, sir.

Hlestakov: I like this little town. Of course, it's not very populous; but what of that? It's not the capital, is it?

Postmaster: That's perfectly true.
Start to shake head no, then realize what Hlesta-kov has said
Freeze
Unfreeze

Same old line, however, not realizing it has been said before
More than willing
Creeping back into politician attitude

Realize it is time to withdraw
Not understanding

Quick freeze and unfreeze
Exit SR
Returning to table

Enter SR
Nervous

Both sit by table

Trying to make a joke

Not catching on
Illestakov: You find bony song only in the capital, where there are no provincial geese. What's your opinion: isn't that right?

Postmaster: Quite right, sir. (Aside) I see he's not a bit haughty: he asks about everything.

Illestakov: You'll have to admit, I suppose, that it's possible to live happily even in a small town?

Postmaster: Just so, sir.

Illestakov: In my opinion all one needs is to be respected and sincerely liked—isn't that right?

Postmaster: Absolutely right.

Illestakov: I confess I'm glad that you're of my opinion. Of course they call me peculiar, but that's the kind of disposition I have. (Looking into the Postmaster's eyes and speaking) A strange sort of thing has happened to me: I got entirely cleaned out on the road. Couldn't you lend me three hundred rubles?

Postmaster: Why, certainly; I'd consider it the greatest pleasure. Here you are, sir. I'm heart and soul at your service.

Illestakov: I'm much obliged. I confess I hate like hell to deny myself anything when travelling; and why should I? How does that strike you?

Postmaster: Just so, sir. (He rises and stands at attention, hand on sword) I won't venture to disturb you any longer by my presence. . . . Have you perchance some remarks to make upon the management of the post office?

Illestakov: So, nothing.

(The Postmaster bows and goes out)

Illestakov: (Lighting a cigar) The Postmaster, it seems to me, is also a nice fellow; at any rate, he's obliging. I like such people.
Corruption of French "bon-ton"

Freeze
Unfreeze
Fighting for conversation

The approach

Not able to look away from Hleustakov's eyes. Pull out opened letter to give instead of money; realize mistake; correct it quickly

Finally taking a cigar and lighting it
Starts to exit but...
Act IV, Scene V

(Ullestikov and Luke Lukich, who is almost pushed through the door. Behind him a voice says, half aloud, "What are you afraid of?")

Luke Lukich: (Drawing himself up in trepidation and holding tight to his sword) I have the honor to introduce myself: Superintendent of Schools and Titular Councillor Hlopov.

Ullestikov: Oh, pleased to meet you. Sit down, sit down. Have a cigar? (Handing him a cigar)

Luke Lukich: (Undecidedly, to himself) Well, I declare! I didn't expect this. Shall I take it or not?

Ullestikov: Go ahead, take it; that's a good cigar. Of course it's not like those you get in Petersburg. There, my dear man, I used to smoke little cigars at twenty-five rubles the hundred—they simply make you want to kiss your hand after smoking. Here's a candle; have a light! (He holds out a candle to him)

(Luke Lukich tries to light his cigar and trembles all over)

Ullestikov: But that's the wrong end!

Luke Lukich: (Dropping the cigar in his fright, spitting, and waving his hand aside) Devil take everything! My damned timidity has ruined me!

Ullestikov: Well, I see you don't care for cigars. I confess they're my weakness. Also, where the fair sex is concerned, I simply can't be indifferent. How about you? Which do you like better, brunettes or blondes?

(Luke Lukich finds himself in utter bewilderment as to what to say)

Ullestikov: No, tell me frankly which: brunettes or blondes?

Luke Lukich: I don't venture to judge.

Ullestikov: No, no, now, don't offer excuses! I wish positively to find out your taste.
Luka is pushed on stage
Stammering and stuttering
Offer box with lid open
Freeze looking around side of box
Unfreeze

Take candle and light cigar

Coughing; put cigar in front pocket. Then realize it is burning. Beat it out. Shove cigar under chair.
Unfreeze

Slyly

→ Catching him off guard
Luka Lukich: I venture to inform you... (Aside) Well, I myself don't know what I'm saying.

Hlestakov: Ah, ha! You don't want to say! I believe some little brunette has got you into a slight embarrassment. Admit it now; hasn't she?

(Luka Lukich remains silent)

Hlestakov: Ah, ha! You blushed! You see! You see! Why don't you talk?

Luka Lukich: I got scared, your Hon--... Excel--... Gra--... (Aside) My damned tongue has betrayed me!

Hlestakov: Got scared? Well, there is something in my eyes that inspires timidity. At least I know there's not a woman who can hold out against them, is there?

Luka Lukich:quite right, sir.

Hlestakov: A very strange thing has happened to me: on the road I got cleaned out. Couldn't you lend me three hundred rubles?

Luka Lukich: (To himself, clutching at his pocket) What a fix if I haven't got it! I have! I have! (He produces and tremulously hands over the notes)

Hlestakov: Thanks ever so much.

Luka Lukich: (Drawing himself up, hand on sword) I won't venture to disturb you longer by my presence.

Hlestakov: Good-by.

Luka Lukich: (Hurries out almost running, speaking aside) Well, thank God! Here's hoping he won't peep in on the classes!

Act IV, Scene VI

(Hlestakov and Artemy Filipovich, who draws himself up, hand on sword.)

Artemy Filipovich: I have the honor to present myself: the Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, Court Councilor Zemlyanika.
Freeze
Unfreeze

Luka stutters trying to decide

Not knowing what to call Hlestakov--each name worse than the first

Freeze
Unfreeze

Over-willing to agree
Gaining confidence

Freeze
Unfreeze

At attention

Freeze
Unfreeze

Artemy is thrown into room
PLATE X

HLESTAKOV:  COULDN'T YOU LEND ME THREE HUNDRED RUBLES?
LUKA LUKICH: WHAT A FIX IF I HAVEN'T GOT IT...
Klestakov: How do you do? Pray be seated.

Artemy Filippovich: I had the honor of escorting you, and of receiving you personally in the charitable institutions entrusted to my care.

Klestakov: Ah, yes, I remember. You treated me to a very good lunch.

Artemy Filippovich: I'm happy to do my best in the service of my country.

Klestakov: I like good cooking; I admit it's my weakness. . . . Tell me, please, weren't you a little shorter in height yesterday? It seems so to me.

Artemy Filippovich: It may well be. (A brief silence) I may say that I spare nothing, and zealously fulfill my duties. (He draws his chair nearer and speaks in a lower voice) The Postmaster here does absolutely nothing; all the business is greatly neglected; the mail is kept back—you can find it out for yourself. The Judge also, who was here before I came, does nothing but course hares; he keeps dogs in the court rooms, and his behavior, if I may admit it in your presence—of course, for the good of my country, I must do it, although he's both a relative and a friend of mine—his behavior is most reprehensible. There's a certain landowner here named Dobchinsky, whom you have seen; and no sooner does this Dobchinsky go out of his house somewhere, than the Judge goes over to sit with his wife, and I'm ready to swear . . . and you have only to look at the children: there's not one that looks like Dobchinsky, but every one of them, even the little girl, is the spit'n image of the Judge.

Klestakov: You don't say so! I never thought of it.

Artemy Filippovich: Then there's the Superintendent of Schools. . . . I don't know how the authorities could entrust him with such a responsibility: he's worse than a Jacobin, and he inspires in the youth such radical principles that it's hard even to express them. Don't you want me to put all this on paper for you?

Klestakov: Yes, put it on paper. I'd be much pleased. You know, when I'm bored I like to read over something amusing. . . . What is your name? I've quite forgotten.
Slap Artemy on back too hard
Artemy goes up on tip-toes

Regaining composure. Awkward silence. Suddenly
blurs out . . .

Speechless

Not knowing what else to say
PLATE XI

ARTEMY FILIPPOVICH: . . . EVEN THE LITTLE GIRL IS THE SPIT’N IMAGE OF THE JUDGE.
ar temy Filipovich: Zemlyaniks.

Illestakov: Ah, yes, Zemlyaniks. and tell me, please, have you any children?

Artemy Filipovich: I should say so, sir! Five of them, two grown up.

Illestakov: You don't say! Grown up! And what are they? . . . How do you . . . ?

Artemy Filipovich: Do you wish to ask what their names are?

Illestakov: Yes, what are their names?

Artemy Filipovich: Nikolay, Ivan, Elizaveta, Marya, and Perepetova.

Illestakov: That's nice.

Artemy Filipovich: I won't venture to disturb you any longer by my presence, depriving you of time dedicated to your sacred duties... (He bows and is about to go out)

Illestakov: (accompanying him) No, that's all right. That was all very funny, what you were telling me. Come and see me again. I enjoy it so much. (He returns, and opening the door, calls after him) Hey, you! What's your name? I keep forgetting your name.

Artemy Filipovich: Artemy Filipovich.

Illestakov: Do me a favor, Artemy Filipovich! A queer thing has happened to me: I got quite cleaned out on the road. Haven't you some money you could lend me—say four hundred rubles?

Artemy Filipovich: Yes.

Illestakov: Well, how opportune! I thank you heartily.

Act IV, Scene VIII

(Illestakov, Bobchinsky, and Dobchinsky.)

Bobchinsky: I have the honor to introduce myself: Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky, a resident of this town.
Fighting for conversation

Brief pause

Forgetting to ask for money

X back over counting money

Pushed on from SR
Dobchinsky: Petr Ivanovich Dobchinsky, a landowner.

Hlestakov: Oh, yes, I've seen you before. I think you had a fall: well, how's your nose?

Dobchinsky: First rate! Don't feel any anxiety, please; it's quite well and dried up.

Hlestakov: I'm glad it's healed. I'm very glad... (Suddenly and abruptly) Have you any money on you?

Dobchinsky: What do you mean, money?

Hlestakov: Lend me a thousand rubles.

Dobchinsky: Good Lord, I haven't such a sum. But haven't you, Petr Ivanovich?

Dobchinsky: I haven't it about me, because my money, if you care to know, has been deposited with the Charitable Board.

Hlestakov: Well, if you haven't a thousand, a hundred will do.

Dobchinsky: (Rummaging in his pockets) Haven't you a hundred rubles, Petr Ivanovich? I have only forty altogether, in notes.

Dobchinsky: (Looking in his bill-fold) Twenty-five rubles in all.

Dobchinsky: Just take a better look, Petr Ivanovich. I know there's a hole in your right-hand pocket, and really, something may have fallen through.

Dobchinsky: No, really, there's nothing in the hole.

Hlestakov: Well, it's all the same. I just asked. Good: sixty-five rubles will do... That's all right. (He takes the money)

Dobchinsky: I venture to ask your help about a very delicate matter.

Hlestakov: What is it?

Dobchinsky: It's a thing of very great delicacy, sir: my eldest son, you see, was born before my marriage...
Pushed on from SR and bumping into Bobchinsky

X to them

Confident

Appalled

Feeling in pocket clear down to his knee

Grabbing money and X CS

X CS
PLATE XII

BOBCINSKY: JUST TAKE A BETTER LOOK, PETR IVANOVICH. I KNOW THERE'S A HOLE IN YOUR RIGHT-HAND POCKET.
Blestakov: Yes?

Bobchinsky: Of course, that's only so to speak, sir, because he was born absolutely the same as if in wedlock; and I afterwards fixed everything up properly by the lawful bonds of matrimony, sir. And so, you see, I now want him to be my son entirely, that is, legally, sir, and to bear my name, Bobchinsky, sir.

Blestakov: Very good, let him; that's all right.

Bobchinsky: I shouldn't have troubled you, but I'm sorry for the boy, who has such talents. He fills us with the greatest hopes: he can repeat different poems by heart; and if he happens to get hold of a pocket knife, he makes a little cab right off, as skillfully as a juggler, sir. Petr Ivanovich here knows all about it.

Bobchinsky: Yes, he has great talents.

Blestakov: Very good, very good. I'll see about it... I'll speak to... I have hopes... that all be done; yes, yes... (Turning to Bobchinsky) Haven't you something to say to me?

Bobchinsky: Why, yes, I have a very humble petition.

Blestakov: Well, what about?

Bobchinsky: I humbly beg you, when you return to Petersburg, to say to all those various grandees, senators, and admirals, "Your Grace," or, "Your Excellency, here lives in such-and-such a town a certain Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky." Just tell them that there is such a person as Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky.

Blestakov: Very well.

Bobchinsky: And likewise, if you should meet the tsar, just say to him, "Your Imperial Majesty, in such-and-such a town there lives a certain Petr Ivanovich Bobchinsky."

Blestakov: Very well.

Bobchinsky: Excuse me for troubling you with my presence.

Bobchinsky: Excuse me for troubling you with my presence.

Blestakov: That's all right! That's all right! It was a pleasure. (He shows them out)
Shruggingly

Dobchinsky X's back to SR
Bobchinsky X to CS

Spraying Hlestakov with saliva

Politely refraining

Politely refraining

They exit SR

Pull out huge handkerchief and wipe face
Act IV, Scene VIII

(Klestakov, alone)

Klestakov: There are a good many functionaries here, and, by the way, it strikes me that they take me for an important government official. I really threw dust in their eyes yesterday. What foolishness! I believe I'll write all about it to Tryapichkin in Petersburg; he'll write a little satire and take them off first-rate. Hey, Osip! Bring me paper and ink.

Act IV, Scene IX

(Klestakov, and Osip with ink and paper)

Klestakov: Well, you blockhead, do you see how they receive and entertain me? (He begins to write)

Osip: Yes, thank God! Only do you want me to tell you something, Ivan Alexandrovich?

Klestakov: What?

Osip: Get away from here! By Heaven, it's time!

Klestakov: (Writing) What nonsense! Why?

Osip: Because, please take 'em all! We've hummed two days here, and that's enough. Why tie up with 'em any longer. Spit on 'em! Before you know it some one else may arrive. . . . Yes, Ivan Alexandrovich, by heavens! There are more splendid horses here— they'd give us a fine ride.

Klestakov: (Writing) No, I'd like to stay here a little longer. Wait till to-morrow.

Osip: But why to-morrow? Good God, let's skip, Ivan Alexandrovich! Although it's a great honor for you, all the same you know that we'd better be off quick; they've really taken you for some one else. . . . And your dad will be peaved because you've dawdled so long. Really, we'd have a grand ride! They'd furnish you tiptop horses here.
Take stage

Realize for the first time

Sitting at table

Osip enters from stairs SLC X to table
Take ink and paper and begin writing
Klestakov: (writing) Well, all right. But first take this letter and get an order for post horses. And so the drivers that I'll give them a ruble apiece if they'll bowl along as if I were a special courier and sing songs! (He continues writing) — imagine Tryapichkin will be laughing. . . .

Osip: I'll send the letter by the house servant, sir; but I'd better attend to our packing to save time.

Klestakov: (continuing to write) I'm curious to know whether he lives on Post Office Street or Gorokhovaya Street. He likes to change his lodgings frequently without paying up. I'll take a chance on addressing him at Post Office Street. (He folds up the letter and addresses it)

(Osip brings in a candle. Klestakov seals the letter.)

(Reading Osip the letter) There, take it away.

Voices of merchants: Let us in, please! You can't refuse; we've come on business.

Osip: Go away! Go away! He's not receiving; he's asleep.

(The noise increases)

Klestakov: What's going on there, Osip? To see what the noise is about.

Osip: (Peering out of the window) Some merchants want to come in, but the policeman won't let 'em. They're having some papers; they really want to see you.

Klestakov: (going to the window) That do you want, my good men?

Voices of merchants: We appeal to your kindness. Give orders to receive our petitions, your Honor.

Klestakov: Let 'em in, let 'em in! Let 'em come. Osip, tell 'em to come in.

(Osip goes out)
Hlestakov seals letter with wax from candle on table. Hands it to Osip.

"Go see what the noise is about," is cut.

"... but the policemen won't let 'em," is changed to "but I won't let 'em."

X DSR. "Men" is changed to "women."

This line is changed to "Come in, come in!"

Osip exits DSR as the merchants enter from DSR. 
"Lestakov: (Accepts the petitions through the window, unrolls one of them and reads) "To his Honorable Excellency the Minister of Finance from the merchant Abdulin." ... That the devil! There's no such man!

Act II, Scene X

"Lestakov, and the Merchants, who carry a basket of wine and loaf sugar.

Lestakov: "That do you want, my good men."

Merchants: "We humbly implore your favor.

Lestakov: "But what do you want?"

Merchants: "Don't ruin us, sir! We are suffering insults for no cause at all."

Lestakov: "From whom?"

One of the Merchants: "All from the Chief of Police of this town. There never was such a Chief of Police, your honor. He invents such insults as are beyond description. He has ruined us with billeting, until we want to hang ourselves. And his behavior is simply awful. He'll seize a man by the beard and say, "He, you Peter!" By Heaven, he does! It isn't as though we hadn't shown him respect; we always do the regular thing, giving him cloth for his dear wife's clothes and his daughter's—we don't object to that. But, bless you, that's not enough for him; oh, no! He walks into the shop and takes anything he can lay his hands on. He'll see a piece of cloth and say, "Hey, my dear fellow, that's a fine piece of cloth; just send it over to me." Hell, you take it over—and there's pretty close to forty yards in the piece.

Lestakov: "Is it possible? He's a regular highwayman!"

Merchant: "I'll say! And just try to say no to him, and he'll quarter a whole regiment on you. And if you object, he'll have the doors locked on you. "I'm not going to subject you to corporal punishment," he says; "or put you to the torture—that's forbidden by law," he says; "but you're going to eat salted herrings, my man.""
Takes the petition from one of the merchants.

X to Hlestakov; other merchant counter.
Hlestakov: Oh, what a swindler! Why, he ought to be sent to Siberia!

Merchants: We don't care where your Honor packs him off to; any place'll do so long as it's far from us. Don't scorn our bread and salt, father: we beg to present you with this loaf of sugar and this basket of wine.

Hlestakov: No, don't think of such a thing; I accept absolutely no bribes. But, for instance, if you should propose to lend me three hundred rubles—well, that would be another matter: I can accept loans.

Merchants: Please do, your Honor! (Taking out money) But why three hundred? You had better take five; only help us!

Hlestakov: Thanks, I have nothing to say against a loan; I'll take it.

Merchants: (Handing him the money on a silver tray) And please take the tray with it.

Hlestakov: Well, you can throw the tray in.

Merchants: (Bowing) And for once you might take the sugar.

Hlestakov: Oh, no, I never take any bribes... .

Merchants: Just do us the favor, your Grace! If you don't help us out as we ask you to, we shall know what to do: we might as well hang ourselves.

Hlestakov: Without fail! without fail! I'll do my best. (The Merchants go out)

A woman's voice: (Outside) No, don't you dare refuse to admit me! I'll complain to him himself! Stop shoving so hard!

Voices of two women: We beseech your favor, sir! Please hear us, your Honor!
Lays tray on table

Exit DSR

Locksmith's wife and sergeant's widow run in from DSR
Act IV, Scene XI

(Lhestakov, the Locksmith's Wife, and the Sergeant's Widow.)

Locksmith's Wife: (bowing down to his feet) I implore your favor... .

Sergeant's Widow: I implore your favor... .

Hlestakov: Who are you, my good women?

Sergeant's Widow: I'm the widow of Sergeant Ivanov.

Locksmith's Wife: I'm the wife of a locksmith of the town, Fevronya Petrova Poshlepkin, sir.

Hlestakov: Wait; speak one at a time. What do you want?

Locksmith's Wife: I implore your aid against the Chief of Police! May God send his every evil! May his children, and he, the swindler, and his uncles and his aunts, prosper in nothing they ever do!

Hlestakov: Why?

Locksmith's Wife: He sent my husband away as a soldier, and it wasn't our turn, the scoundrel! And it's against the law, too, he being a married man.

Hlestakov: How could he do that?

Locksmith's Wife: He did it, the scoundrel, he did it! May God smite him in this world and the next! May every misfortune visit him and his aunt, too, if he has one, and if his father's living, the rascal, may he croak or choke himself forever—such a scoundrel he is! He ought to have taken the tailor's son, who's a drunkard anyway; but his parents made him a handsome present; so he jumped on the son of Mrs. Panteleyev, the shopkeeper; but Mrs. Panteleyev sent his wife three pieces of cloth, and so he came to me. "What good's your husband to you?" says he. "He's no use to you." As if I didn't know whether he's any use or not; that's my business—the scoundrel! "He's a thief," says he; "although he hasn't stolen anything yet, it's all the same," he says, "he will; and anyway he'll be sent as a recruit next year." How can I manage without my husband—the scoundrel! I'm a weak woman, and you're a villain! May none of your relatives ever see the light of God! And if you have a mother-in-law, may she—I
Speaking together but not simultaneously
Deep awkward curtsies

Speaking together

Advance upon Hlestakov

Back him DSL, up around table, X RS, DSR and finish SDR
PLATE XIII

HLESTAKOV: WAIT; SPEAK ONE AT A TIME.
Klestakov: All right, all right. (He shows the old woman out. Then to the other woman) And you, now?

Locksmith's Wife: (Going) Don't forget, honored sir! Be merciful to me!

Sergeant's Widow: I've come to complain against the Chief of Police, sir.

Klestakov: Well, what about? Put it in a few words.

Sergeant's Widow: He beat me up, sir!

Klestakov: Now?

Sergeant's Widow: By mistake, your Honor! Some of our peasant women were fighting in the market, but the police didn't get there soon enough, so they nabbed me, and reported me: I couldn't sit down for two days.

Klestakov: Well, what's to be done about it, now?

Sergeant's Widow: Of course, there's nothing to be done now. But you can make him pay damages for making the mistake. I can't turn my back on my own luck, and the money would help me a lot just now.

Klestakov: Well, well, run along, run along; I'll see to it.

Act IV, Scene XII

(Klestakov and Marya Antonovna.)

Marya Antonovna: Oh!

Klestakov: What are you afraid of, young lady?

Marya Antonovna: No, I wasn't frightened.

Klestakov: (Posing) It is most gratifying to me, young lady, that you should take me for a man who . . .

Marya Antonovna: Well, really, I wasn't going anywhere.

Klestakov: And why weren't you, if I may ask?
Daintily

Attempting to do just that

Fun

She exits DSR

*MUSIC*

Enter from SLC. She exits DSR and nearly bump into Hlestekov

The fox is lurking in the forest
Marya Antonovna: I thought mamma might be here....

Hlestakov: No, I'd like to know why you weren't going anywhere.

Marya Antonovna: I've disturbed you. You were engaged with more important matters.

Hlestakov: (Posing) Your eyes are more important than mere business.... You couldn't possibly disturb me, not in any manner whatsoever; on the contrary, you only bring me pleasure.

Marya Antonovna: You're talking in Petersburg style.

Hlestakov: To such a beautiful creature as you. Dare I be so happy as to offer you a chair? But no, you need not a chair but a throne.

Marya Antonovna: Really, I don't know.... I think I ought to be going. (She sits down)

Hlestakov: What a beautiful fichu you have on!

Marya Antonovna: You men are flatterers; you just want to laugh at us provincials.

Hlestakov: How I should like to be your fichu, young lady, that I might embrace your lily-white neck.

Marya Antonovna: I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about: a little fichu.... What strange weather we're having to-day!

Hlestakov: But your lips, young lady, are better than any kind of weather!

Marya Antonovna: You keep talking like that!.... I'd better ask you to write me some verses in my autograph album, as a souvenir. You surely know a lot of them.

Hlestakov: For your sake, young lady, I'll do anything you want. Command me, what sort of verses do you wish?

Marya Antonovna: Oh, any kind.... such as.... good ones.... and new.

Hlestakov: But what are verses! I know a lot of them.
Looking around

Start to leave

X over to chairs by table, start to seat her, then jerk her up and cross around to stuffed chair on level. Pose at R of chair.

Reaching around her neck with both hands, but not touching her

X DSR

Follow her
Marya Antonovna: Just say over the kind you're going to write for me.

Hlestakov: Why say them? I know them without doing that.

Marya Antonovna: I'm so fond of poetry.

Hlestakov: Well, I know a lot of different poems. For instance, I might write this for you:

O man, who in thine hour of grief
Against thy God in vain complainest...

And there are others... I can't recall them now; however, that's all right. Instead I had better present you with my love, which your eyes have...

(Moving his chair nearer)

Marya Antonovna: Love! I don't understand love!... I have never known what love is... (She moves her chair away)

Hlestakov: Why do you move your chair away? It would be better for us to sit close together.

Marya Antonovna: (Moving away) Why close together? We're as well off at a distance.

Hlestakov: (Moving nearer) Why at a distance? We're as well off nearer.

Marya Antonovna: (Moving away) But why is that?

Hlestakov: (Moving nearer) It just seems to you that we're close; but you ought to imagine we're far apart. How happy I should be, young lady, if I could only hold you in my embrace.

Marya Antonovna: (Looking out the window) I wonder what that was that flew by. Was it a magpie or some other bird?

Hlestakov: (Kissing her shoulder and looking out the window) That was a magpie.

Marya Antonovna: (Rising in indignation) No, this is too much!... Such impudence!...

Hlestakov: (Detaining her) Forgive me, young lady, I did it from love, only from love.
X to C sweepingly

Over-done
Marya totally absorbed

Take Marya and lead her to chairs by table; both sit gracefully

Almost fall in floor as
Marya jumps up and runs
DSR peering in direction of audience

Look; say line; then kiss her on neck and shoulder

Running to CS

X to her
PLATE XIV

HLESTAKOV: THAT WAS A MAGPIE.
Marya Antonovna: You consider me only a common provincial girl... (She tries to get away)

Klestakov: (Continues to detain her) From love, truly, only from love. I was only joking. Marya Antonovna; don't be angry. I'm ready to beg forgiveness on my knees. (He falls upon his knees) Forgive me, please forgive me! You see, I'm on my knees.

Act IV, Scene XIII

(The same and Anna Andreyevna.)

Anna Andreyevna: (Seeing Klestakov on his knees) Oh, what a scene!

Klestakov: (Rising) Oh, the deuce!

Anna Andreyevna: (To her daughter) What does this mean, young lady? What sort of behavior is this?

Marya Antonovna: Mama, I...

Anna Andreyevna: Go away at once, do you hear? Go away, go away! Don't you dare show yourself before my eyes.

(Marya Antonovna goes out in tears)

Pardon me, but I confess I was carried away by astonishment...

Klestakov: (Aside) She's also rather appetizing, not half bad-looking. (Throwing himself upon his knees) Madam, you see, I am consumed with love.

Anna Andreyevna: What, on your knees? Oh, please get up. The floor is anything but clean.

Klestakov: No, upon my knees, absolutely upon my knees, I wish to know my fate. Is it life or death?

Anna Andreyevna: I beg your pardon, but I still don't entirely understand your words. If I am not mistaken, you are declaring your sentiments regarding my daughter.

Klestakov: No, I am in love with you. My life hangs by a hair. If you do not crown my constant love, then I am unworthy of earthly existence. With flames in my bosom I beseech your hand.
"Music out on Anna's entrance"

"Enter SLC"

"Walking down to Marya"

"Exit SLC"

"All smiles"

"Music"

"Subtlety start to get up. Anna calmly refuses to allow the action."

"Showering kisses on her hand"
HLESTAKOV: MADAM, YOU SEE, I AM CONSUMED WITH LOVE.
Anna Andreyevna: "Permit me to remark that I am—well, as they say... married.

Klestakov: That's nothing! In love that makes no difference. Even Karamzin says, "The laws condemn it." We shall flee to the shade of the streams!...
Your hand, I ask your hand.

Act IV, Scene XIV

(The same and Karya Antonovna, who comes in running.)

Karya Antonovna: Mama, papa says for you to... (Seeing Klestakov on his knees, and exclaiming) Oh, what a scene!

Anna Andreyevna: Well, what's the matter with you! What did you come in for? What flightiness! She runs in like a cat in a fit! What have you found that's so surprising? What have you thought up? Really, you act like a three-year-old child. No one in the world would ever think she was eighteen years old. I don't know when you'll have any more sense, or when you'll behave like a well-brought-up girl, or when you'll know what good principles and propriety are.

Karya Antonovna: (Through her tears) Really, mamma, I didn't know...

Anna Andreyevna: You always have wheels in your head; you pattern after Lyapkin-Tyapkin's daughters! Much good it does you to imitate them! You needn't copy them. There are other models for you—you have your mother, for example. That's the example you ought to follow!

Klestakov: (Seizing the daughter's hand) Anna Andreyevna, do not oppose our felicity, bless our constant love!

Anna Andreyevna: (Astonished) And so you're in love with her?

Klestakov: Decide! Is it life or death?

Anna Andreyevna: There, you see, you little fool, you see: all on your account, you rubbish, our guest was on his knees; and you had to run in like a chicken with its head off. I really ought to refuse my consent; you're unworthy such good fortune.
Giggling

Kissing up her arm
She sticks her hand in Hlestakov's face upon his request
#Music stop

Enter from SLC

Run DS

Breaking

X to Marya

Smiling for Hlestakov's benefit

X behind Anna; take Marya's hand

Over-dramatic

Pinch Marya on arm
Marya Antontsevna: I won't do it again, mamma; really, I won't do it again.

**Act IV, Scene XIV**

(The same and the Chief of Police, who enters out of breath.)

Chief of Police: Your Excellency, don't ruin me, don't ruin me!

Hlestakov: What's the matter?

Chief of Police: The merchants have been complaining to your Excellency. I assure you on my honor that not half of what they say is true. They're the ones who cheat and overreach the people. The sergeant's widow lied to you, saying I'd flogged her; she's lying, by God, she's lying! She flogged herself.

Hlestakov: Damn the sergeant's widow; I've nothing to do with her!

Chief of Police: Don't believe it, don't believe it! . . . They're all liars! Not even a baby would believe them. They're known for liars all over town. And so far as swindling goes, I venture to inform you that they are swindlers such as the earth has never produced before.

Anna Andreyevna: Do you know the honor that Ivan Alexandrovich has done us? He is asking for our daughter's hand.

Chief of Police: What in the world! . . . You've gone crazy, my dear! Don't be angry, your Excellency; she's a little bit off, and her mother was the same.

Hlestakov: But I actually am asking for her hand. I'm in love.

Chief of Police: I can't believe it, your Excellency!

Anna Andreyevna: But when you're told so!

Hlestakov: I'm not joking you. . . . I may go mad from love.

Chief of Police: I don't dare believe it; I'm unworthy of such an honor.
Enter from DS; run across DS directly to Hlestakov; fall on knees

X to RS
Stand up and X CS

X to Anton with Marya

Working back and forth between Hlestakov and Anna

Threateningly
Klestakov: Yes, if you do not agree to give me Marya Antonovna's hand, then I'm ready to do the devil knows what

Chief of Police: I can't believe it! Your Excellency is having his joke!

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, what a blockhead you are! When he's explaining it to you?

Chief of Police: I can't believe it!

Klestakov: Give her, give her to me! I'm a desperate man, ready for anything: when I shoot myself, you'll be put on trial!

Chief of Police: Oh, my God! I'm really not to blame, in intention or in fact! Please don't be angry! Just act as your Honor wishes! My poor head, really . . . I don't know myself what's going on. I've made a bigger blockhead of myself than ever.

Anna Andreyevna: Well, give 'em your blessing!

(The Klestakov approaches him with Marya Antonovna)

Chief of Police: May God bless you! It's not my fault!

(Klestakov kisses Marya Antonovna. The chief of Police watches them)

What the devil! They really are! (Wiping his eyes) They're kissing! Holy Saints, they're kissing! They're actually engaged! (Shouting and prancing with joy) Hey, Anton! Hey, Anton! Hey, Police Chief! That's the way it's turned out!

Act IV, Scene XVI

(The scene ends."

Osip: The horses are ready.

Klestakov: Oh, all right . . . In a minute, chief of Police: What, sir? Are you leaving?

Klestakov: Yes, I am.
Try to laugh

Giving Merya to Hle stakov

Turn her US. Shortly her feet start kicking but she quickly begins to weaken.

Enter DSR
Exit DSR
Only looking up to say lines
Chief of Police: But where... That is... you hinted something about a wedding, didn't you?

Blestakov: Oh, as to that... It's only for a minute—just a day with my uncle. He's a rich old man—and to-morrow I'll be back.

Chief of Police: We dare not detain you and we hope for your prosperous return.

Blestakov: Why, of course, of course, I'll be right back.

Chief of Police: But don't you need anything for traveling? You were somewhat short of money, weren't you?

Blestakov: Oh, no, what for? (Upon reflection) However, if you wish.

Chief of Police: How much would you like?

Blestakov: Well, you gave me two hundred, that is, not two hundred, but four—I don't want to profit by your mistake—so perhaps you'd be willing to let me have as much again, to make it even eight hundred.

Chief of Police: At once! (He takes it from his pocketbook) Fortunately I have it in brand-new bills.

Blestakov: Ah, yes. (He takes the notes and looks at them) That's fine. They say that new notes bring good luck.

Chief of Police: Just so, sir.

Blestakov: Good-by, Anton Antonovich! I'm much obliged for your hospitality. I confess from the bottom of my heart, I've never had such a kind reception. Good-by, Anna Andreeyevna! Good-by, my darling Marya Antonovna!

(They go out)

(Voice behind the scenes)

Blestakov's voice: Good-by, Marya Antonovna, my soul's angel!
Jerk up suddenly

Kisses her again

Voices behind scene are cut

Exit DSR

Anton, Anne, and Murye group together to appear united
Act V, Scene I

(The same room. The Chief of Police, Anna Andreyevna, and Marya Antonovna.)

Chief of Police: Well, Anna Andreyevna, what about it? Would you ever have expected it? That a rich prize, hang it all! Now, admit it candidly: you never even dreamed of such luck! From being a mere police chief's wife suddenly to... oh, the deuce... to make connections with such a devil as this!

Anna Andreyevna: Not at all; I knew it all the time. It seems wonderful to you, because you're an ordinary man and have never seen decent people.

Chief of Police: I'm a decent man myself, dear. On the other hand, really, when you think of it, Anna Andreyevna, what fine birds you and I have become! Oh, Anna Andreyevna? We'll fly high, deuce take it! Just wait, now I'll pepper those guys for presenting petitions and denunciations! Hey, who's there?

(A policeman comes in)

Oh, it's you, Ivan Zarpovich. Call the merchants in, my boy. I'll give it to them, the rascals! To complain about me! Nothing but a damned bunch of Jews! Just wait, sweethearts! Up to date I've rarely warmed your breeches, but now I'll ten your whole hides! Write down the name of every man who came to peacock on me, and, above all, the scribblers who fixed up their petitions for them. And you can announce so they'll all know it, what an honor God has bestowed on the Chief of Police, who is marrying his daughter to no ordinary man, but to one whose like can't be found on earth, a man who can do everything, everything, everything! Announce it so they'll all know it. Shout it to the whole population! Ring the bells, dammit! This is a regular holiday.

(Who policeman goes out)

That's the way, Anna Andreyevna, huh? What'll we do now, where shall we live: here or in Petersburg?

Anna Andreyevna: In Petersburg, of course. How could we stay here!
They laugh, shout, and hug each other

Stepan Illyich comes in DSR

"Ivan Karpovich" changed to the above
Stepan Illyich writes down everything Anton says

Exit Stepan Illyich
Chief of Police: Well, if it's to be Petersburg, so be it; but it wouldn't be so bad here. And I suppose the police business may go to hell, huh, Anna Andreyevna?

Anna Andreyevna: Of course; what's a police job!

Chief of Police: Don't you think, Anna Andreyevna, I may now land a swell title? He's chummy with all the ministers and goes to the Palace, so he may get me promoted in time to a generalship. What do you think, Anna Andreyevna, may I get to be a general?

Anna Andreyevna: Sure, of course you may.

Chief of Police: It's damned nice to be a general! They hang decorations across your breast! Which ribbon is better, Anna Andreyevna, the red or the blue?

Anna Andreyevna: Of course the blue is best.

Chief of Police: Eh? So that's what you fancy. Well, the red's nice, too. Why do I want to be a general? Because if it happens that you travel anywhere, messengers and adjutants gallop ahead everywhere, shouting, 'Vorossel'! And at the posting stations they won't give any to any one else; all have to wait--all those titular councilors, captains, police chiefs--and you don't give a snap of your fingers. You dine somewhere at a governor's, and there a police chief has to stand! He, he, he! (He laughs himself into a perspiration) That's what's so attractive, dam it!

Anna Andreyevna: You always like everything vulgar. You must remember that we've got to change our whole manner of living; that your acquaintances won't be like the dog fancier Judge with whom you course hares, or like Zemlyanikin; on the contrary, your acquaintances will be from the most refined society, counts and swells... Though I'm really scared of your account: you'll let slip occasionally some word that simply isn't heard in polite society.

Chief of Police: What of it? A word doesn't hurt.

Anna Andreyevna: It was all right while you were a police chief; but in Petersburg life will be quite different.
Repremanding Anton like a mother to her child
Chief of Police: Yes; they say that there are two kinds of fish there, seagulls and sparlings, which simply make your mouth water when you begin to eat.

Anna Andreyevna: He's always thinking about fish! I want to be sure that our house is the swellest in the capital, and I want such an odor of ambergris in my drawing-room that there'll be no going into it: you'll simply have to shut your eyes. (She shuts her eyes and sniffs) Oh, how nice!

Act V, Scene II
(Chef and the Merchants.)

Chief of Police: Oh, how are you, you flock of hawks!

Merchants: (Dowin,) We wish you good health, sir!

Chief of Police: Well, darlings, how are you? How's trade, eh? That, you tea-swilling cloth-stretchers, you'll complain, will you? You arch-reascals, you dirty brutes, you swollen swindlers, you'll complain will you? Well, did you get much? They thought they'd have me thrown in the jug! . . . Do you know, I'll swear by seven devils and one witch that . . .

Anna Andreyevna: Oh, good Heavens, Antosha, what words you use!

Chief of Police: (Greatly displeased) Words don't matter now. Do you know that that very official to whom you complained is marrying my daughter? Do you? What did you say now? How I'll fix you! . . . Well, God forgive you! That'll do! I'm not vindictive; only see that you look sharp from now on! I'm not marrying my daughter to any ordinary noble: let your congratulations be . . .! you understand? Don't try to wriggle out of it with a chunk of dried sturgeon or a loaf of sugar. . . . Now, go to the devil!

(The Merchants go out)
Stepan Illyich forces merchants in from DSR

X USL with Marya, directing Marya to hold her ears

Remembering his position

Forgetting his position

Merchants exit DSR

Turn to Anna and Marya.

Hold out arms to them.

Both run to him. Marya still holds her ears until Anton pulls hands away.
Act V, Scene III

(The same, Anna Fedorovitch, Artom Filippovitch, and Lestakovitch.)

Anna Fedorovitch: (Still in the door.) Can I believe the rumours, Anton Antonovitch? Has this unusual good luck really struck you?

Artom Filippovitch: I have the honor to congratulate you upon your unusual good fortune. I rejoiced with all my soul when I heard about it. (He goes to kiss Anna Andreyevna's hand.) Anna Andreyevna! (He goes to kiss Marya Antonovna's hand.) Marya Antonovna!

Lestakovitch: (Entering:) I congratulate Anton Antonovitch! May God prolong your life and that of the new pair, and give you a numerous posterity of grandchildren and great-grandchildren! Anna Andreyevna! (Going to kiss her hand.) Marya Antonovna! (Going to kiss her hand.)

Act V, Scene IV

(The same, Bobchinsky and his wife, and Lyul'kovitch.)

Bobchinsky: I have the honor to congratulate Anton Antonovitch! Anna Andreyevna! (Going to kiss her hand.) Marya Antonovna! (Going to kiss her hand.)

Bobchinsky's Wife: I congratulate you from my soul, Anna Andreyevna, upon your new happiness!

Act V, Scene V

(A number of guests in frock coats and swallowtails come up first to kiss the hand of Anna Andreyevna, saying her name, then to Marya Antonovna, saying hers. Bobchinsky and Bobchinsky push their way forward.)

Bobchinsky: I have the honor to congratulate you!

Bobchinsky: Anton Antonovitch, I have the honor to congratulate you!

Bobchinsky: Upon this prosperous event!
Amos starts the procession of townspeople from DSR

Enter DSR with Christian

Enter DSR

X to talk to Amos

Enter DSR

The men move table and chairs out of the way

X to SC

Guests enter DSR

Enter DSR
Dobchinsky: Anna Andreyevna!

Bobchinsky: Anna Andreyevna!

(Both go up to kiss her hand at the same time and knock their heads together)

Dobchinsky: Marya Antonovna! (He goes to kiss her hand) I have the honor to congratulate you. You will be very, very happy; you will walk in cloth of gold and eat all sorts of delicate soups, and pass your time very entertainingly.

Bobchinsky: (interrupting) Marya Antonovna, I have the honor to congratulate you. May God give you all kinds of riches and gold and a baby boy no bigger than that! (Showing with his hand) So small he can sit on the palm of your hand, yes, ma'am; and all the time he'll cry we, we, we!

Act V, Scene VI

(Still more guests come to kiss the ladies' hands, among them Luke Lukich and his Wife.)

Luke Lukich: I have the honor...

Luke Lukich's Wife: (Running forward) I congratulate you, Anna Andreyevna! (They kiss) I was so delighted, truly. They told me, "Anna Andreyevna is marrying off her daughter." "Oh, my goodness," I thought to myself; and I was so delighted that I said to my husband, "Listen, Luky-dukly, here's a new happiness for Anna Andreyevna!" "Well," I thought, "thank God!" And I said to him, "I'm so beside myself with joy that I'm burning with impatience to declare it personally to Anna Andreyevna." "Oh, good heavens!" I thought to myself, "Anna Andreyevna was just waiting for a good match for her daughter, and now see what fate has done; it has all happened exactly as she wished." And truly, I was so glad that I couldn't speak. I wept and wept; why, I fairly sobbed. Luke Lukich even said, "Nastenka, what are you sobbing about?" "Luky-dukly," I said, "I don't know, myself; the tears are just flowing in a stream."
Pushing Dobchinsky into room

Men and women guests silently converse with each other


X into room
Act V, Scene VII

(The same, the Police Captain, and Sergeants of Police.)

Police Captain: I have the honor to congratulate you, your Honor, and to wish you prosperity and long life!

Chief of Police: Thanks, thanks!

Ammos Fedorovich: Now please tell us, Anton Antonovich, how all this started, the whole thing, step by step.

Chief of Police: The course of the affair was extraordinary; he was kind enough to make the proposal in person.

Anna Andreyevna: Very respectfully, and in the most refined manner. He put everything extraordinarily well.

"It's only out of respect for your virtues, Anna Andreyevna," he said. And he's such a handsome, well-bred man, of the most aristocratic manners.

"Believe me, Anna Andreyevna," he said, "my life isn't worth a kopek; I'm doing this only because I respect your rare qualities."

Marya Antonovna: Why, mamma, he said that to me!

Anna Andreyevna: Stop it! You don't know anything about it. Don't mix into everything! "I'm astonished, Anna Andreyevna," he says. Then he launched forth into the most flattering words... and when I wanted to say, "We really don't dare hope for such an honor," he suddenly fell upon his knees and said in the most aristocratic style: "Anna Andreyevna, don't make me wretched! Please consent to reciprocate my feelings, or I shall let death end it all."

Marya Antonovna: Really, mamma, he said that about me...

Anna Andreyevna: Yes, of course... it was about you, also... I don't deny it at all.

Chief of Police: As it was he frightened me; he said he would shoot himself. "I'll shoot myself, I'll shoot myself!" he said.

Numerous Guests: Really, you don't say!

Ammos Fedorovich: Well I declare!
Stepan Illyich enters DSR

Step forward from crowd
Crowd agrees
The family X CS

Through her teeth

Seeing Anton glaring at her

Sheepishly
At the Policemen's Club

Luka Lukich: It was surely fate that brought this to pass.

Artemy Filippovich: Not fate, old man, fate's too flighty a bird: his merits have done it. (Aside) Luck always comes to such swine as he!

Ammos Fedorovich: If you want him, I'll give you that pup you were bargaining for, Anton Antonovich.

Chief of Police: No, I've no use for pups now.

Ammos Fedorovich: Well, if you don't want him, we can agree on another dog.

Korobkin's Wife: Oh, Anna Andreyevna, how glad I am of your happiness! You simply can't imagine!

Korobkin: And where, if I may ask, is our eminent guest now? I heard that he had gone away for some reason.

Chief of Police: Yes, he has left for one day, on a very important matter.

Anna Andreyevna: To see his uncle and ask his blessing.

Chief of Police: To ask his blessing; but to-morrow . . .

(He sneezes, and is greeted by a din of good wishes)

Thanks very much! But to-morrow he'll be back . . .

(He sneezes again; renewed chorus of good wishes; the following people speak louder than the others)

Police Captain: We wish you good health, your Honor!

Bobchinsky: A hundred years and a sack of gold!

Dobchinsky: God prolong your days forever and ever!

Artemy Filippovich: May you croak!

Korobkin's Wife: The devil take you!

Chief of Police: I humbly thank you! I wish you the same.

Anna Andreyevna: We're planning to live in Petersburg now. I confess that in this town there's an atmosphere that's too . . . well, countrified! . . . I confess it's very disagreeable. . . . And my husband—he'll be made a general there.
Freeze

Unfreeze

Women wandor to LS, men to RS

As the following lines are said, the crowd opens and closes naturally to let Anton and Anna reveal themselves for their lines
Chief of Police: Yes, and I admit, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like awfully to be a general.

Lute Makish: God grant you may be!

Kastovsky: That is impossible for man is possible for God.

Nazar Fedorovich: A big ship travels far.

Artyom Filippovich: Your merits deserve the honor.

Nazar Fedorovich: (Aside) That will be the limit, if they actually make him a general! A generalship will suit him like a saddle on a cow; but no, it's a far cry from this to that. There are men here more respectable than you that aren't generals yet.

Artyom Filippovich: (Aside) and so he's crawling into a general's boots! That the devil! but there's no telling; he may yet to be a general. The devil knows he's got conceit enough for it. (Turning to him) Don't forget us then, Anton Antonovich.

Nazar Fedorovich: And if anything should happen—for instance, some emergency in our affairs—don't deny us your patronage!

Morobkin: Next year I shall take my son to the capital to enter the government service. Please do us the favor to grant him your protection; be like a father to an orphan child.

Chief of Police: I'm quite ready, for my part, to do what I can.

Anna Andreyevna: Antonia, you're always ready to make promises. In the first place, you'll have no time to think about that. How can you, and why should you, burden yourself with such promises?

Chief of Police: Why not, my dear? Sometimes one can do something.

Anna Andreyevna: Of course one can; but one can't patronize all the small fry.

Morobkin's Wife: Do you hear how she's treating us?

A Woman Guest: Yes, she was always like that. I know her. Let her sit at the table and she'll put her feet on it.
Freeze
X a step or two DS

X back to position
Unfreeze
Freeze
X down a step

X back into position
Unfreeze

The two groups wander back together

X to him at CS

At edge of crowd
PLATE XVI

ARTEMY FILIPPOVICH: . . . A GENERALSHIP WILL
SUIT HIM LIKE A SADDLE ON A COW! . . .
Act V, Scene VIII

(The same and the Postmaster, who enters out of breath, with an unsealed letter in his hand.)

Postmaster: An astonishing thing, ladies and gentlemen! The official whom we took to be the government inspector, was not the inspector at all.

All: What—not the inspector?

Postmaster: Absolutely not; I've learned from this letter.


Postmaster: Why, from his own letter. They brought me a letter to the post office. I glanced at the address and saw, "Post Office Street." I was stupefied. "Well," I thought to myself, "he's surely found some irregularity in the post office and is notifying the authorities." So I took and opened it.

Chief of Police: How did you dare?

Postmaster: I don't know; some supernatural power inspired me. I was about to call a messenger to dispatch it by express; but such curiosity as I have never felt before overcame me. I couldn't let it go; I simply couldn't! I was just drawn to open it. In one ear I seemed to hear, "Don't unseal it! You'll croak on the spot!" But in the other some demon kept whispering, "Open it, open it, open it!" And when I pressed the wax, a fire ran through my veins; and when I unsealed it, I was frozen, by Heaven I was. My hands shook, and all went black before my eyes.

Chief of Police: But how did you dare open the letter of such an august emissary?

Postmaster: But that's just the point; he ain't an emissary and he ain't august!

Chief of Police: Well, what do you think he is?

Postmaster: A mere nobody; the devil knows what he is.

Chief of Police: (Testily) What do you mean? How dare you call him a nobody and the devil knows who? I'll have you arrested!
Enter DSR

X to Postmaster

Involved with himself
Postmaster: Who? You?

Chief of Police: Yes, I!

Postmaster: You ain't the size!

Chief of Police: Don't you know that he is marrying my daughter, that I'm to be a dignitary myself, and that I can bundle you off to Siberia?

Postmaster: Oh, Anton Antonovich! What a Siberia? Siberia's far away. I'd better read you the letter. Ladies and gentlemen, shall I read the letter?

All: Read it, read it!

Postmaster: (Reading) "I hasten to inform you, my dear Tryspiekhin, what wonders are happening to me. On the road I was cleaned out by an infantry captain, with the result that the innkeeper was going to have me jailed. Then all of a sudden, because of my Petersburg countenance and clothes, the whole town took me for a Governor-General. And now I'm living at the Police Chief's enjoying myself, and flirting desperately with his wife and daughter. I haven't yet decided which one to begin with—I think the mother, because she seems to be ready to go the limit. Do you remember how hard up we used to be, and dined by being foxy; and how once a confectioner grabbed me by the collar because of some pastery we had eaten, telling him to charge it to the King of England? Now it's the other way around. Everybody lends me money, all I want. They're terrific freaks: you'd die laughing at them, I know you write articles; stick them in your contributions. In the first place, there's the Police Chief, as stupid as a gray jackass...."

Chief of Police: It can't be! It isn't there!

Postmaster: (Showing the letter) Read it yourself.

Chief of Police: (Reading) "as a gray jackass." It can't be! You wrote that yourself!

Postmaster: How was I to write it?

Artemy Filippovich: Read it!

Luka Lukich: Read it!
Anna faints in stuffed chair USR; Marya consoles her.

Take letter.
Postmaster: (Continuing his reading) "the Police Chief—as stupid as a grey jackass..."

Chief of Police: Oh, damn you! Do you have to repeat it? As if we didn't know it was there!

Postmaster: (Continuing his reading) Hm... hm... hm... "a grey jackass. The Postmaster is also a nice chap..." (Stopping) Well, then he goes on to express himself rather indecently about me.

Chief of Police: No, read it!

Postmaster: What for?

Chief of Police: What the devil! If you're reading it, read it! Read it all!

Artemy Filippovich: Here, just let me read it. (Putting on his spectacles and reading) "The Postmaster is the exact image of our department janitor, Mikheyev; and the reason must be just such another old soak."

Postmaster: (To the spectators) Well, he's a contemptible brat who needs a hiding; that's all.

Artemy Filippovich: (Continuing) "The Supervisor of CharitableInsti... tu... tu..." (He begins to stammer)

Korobkin: Why are you stopping?

Artemy Filippovich: The writing is illegible... however, I can see he's a scamp.

Korobkin: Give it to me! I think I have better eyes. (Taking hold of the letter)

Artemy Filippovich: (Rolling on to it) No, we can skip that part; further on one can make it out.

Korobkin: Come on, I can do it.

Artemy Filippovich: If it has to be read, I'll do it myself; further on, really, it's quite legible.

Postmaster: No, read it all! So far everything has been read.

All: Give him the letter, Artemy Filippovich, give him the letter! (To Korobkin) Read it!
Take letter back

Anton start to hit Postmaster but refrains

Takes letter. Postmaster X's US
Artemy Filippovich: All right. (Giving the letter) Here, if you please . . . (Covering part with his finger) Read from here on. (All gather around him)

Postmaster: Read it, read it! Nonsense! Read it all!

Korobkin: (Reading) "The Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, Zamiranka, is a regular pig in a nightcap."

Artemy Filippovich: (To the spectators) It isn't even witty! A pig in a nightcap! When did a pig ever have a nightcap?

Korobkin: (Continuing) "The Superintendent of Schools reeks of onions from head to foot."

Luka Lukich: (To the spectators) By God, I never had an onion in my mouth!

Ammos Fedorovich: (Aside) Thank God, at least there's nothing about me!

Korobkin: (Reading) "The Judge . . ."

Ammos Fedorovich: Now I'll catch it . . . (Aloud) Ladies and gentlemen, I think the letter's rather long. Devil take it, why read such trash?

Luka Lukich: No!

Postmaster: No, read it!

Artemy Filippovich: No, just read it!

Korobkin: (Continuing) "The Judge, Lyapkin-Tyapkin, is moosy tone in the highest degree. . . ." (Stopping) That must be a French word.

Ammos Fedorovich: The devil knows what it means! It's all right if it's nothing but a swindler, but it may mean something worse!

Korobkin: (Continuing) "But after all they're a hospitable and kindhearted lot. Good-by, my dear Tryapichkin. I myself, following your example, want to become a writer. It's a bore to live like this, my boy; one needs food for one's soul. I see exactly what I need is something lofty to occupy me. Write to me in the Saratov Province, to the village of Podkolentovka." (He turns over the letter and reads the address) "To Ivan Vasilyevich Tryapichkin, Esquire,
Artemy Filippovich: All right. (Giving the letter) Here, if you please . . . (Covering part with his finger) Read from here on. (All gather around him)

Postmaster: Read it, read it! Nonsense! Read it all!

Korobkin: (Reading) "The Supervisor of Charitable Institutions, Zemlyaniko, is a regular pig in a nightcap."

Artemy Filippovich: (To the spectators) It isn't even witty! A pig in a nightcap! When did a pig ever have a nightcap?

Korobkin: (Continuing) "The Superintendent of Schools reeks of onions from head to foot."

Luka Lukich: (To the spectators) By God, I never had an onion in my mouth!

Ammos Fedorovich: (Aside) Thank God, at least there's nothing about me!

Korobkin: (Reading) "The Judge . . . ."

Ammos Fedorovich: Now I'll catch it . . . (Aloud) Ladies and gentlemen, I think the letter's rather long. Devil take it, why read such trash?

Luka Lukich: No!

Postmaster: No, read it!

Artemy Filippovich: No, just read it!

Korobkin: (Continuing) "The Judge, Lyskin-Tyapkin, is very tone in the highest degree. . . ." (Stopping) That must be a French word.

Ammos Fedorovich: The devil knows what it means! It's all right if it's nothing but swindler, but it may mean something worse!

Korobkin: (Continuing) "But after all they're a hospitable and kindhearted lot. Good-by, my dear Tryapichkin. I myself, following your example, want to become a writer. It's a bore to live like this, my boy; one needs food for one's soul. I see that exactly what I need is something lofty to occupy me. Write to me in the Saratov Province, to the village of Podkatalovka." (He turns over the letter and reads the address) "To Ivan Vasilyevich Tryapichkin, Esquire,
PLATE XVII

ANNA ANDREYEVNA: ANTOSHA, YOU’RE ALWAYS READY TO MAKE PROMISES.
X USL to chair on level

Crowd follows. All cram behind him peering over each others' shoulders.

Crowd separates to reveal Luka. He backs up against wall.

Crowd back to letter Freeze.

Unfreeze

Freeze, unfreeze
PLATE XVIII

KOROBKIN: "THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS REEKS OF ONIONS FROM HEAD TO FOOT."
Third Floor, Number Ninety-seven, turning to the right from the yard entrance, Post Office Street, St. Petersburg.

One of the Ladies: That an unexpected setback!

Chief of Police: He’s as good as cut my throat! I’m killed. I’m simply killed dead. I can see absolutely nothing in front of me but pigs’ snouts instead of faces. . . . Get him back, get him back! (He waves his arm)

Postmaster: How can we get him back? It’s just my luck to have ordered the superintendent to give him the fastest horses; and the devil put me up to sending similar orders ahead.

Korobkin’s Wife: This is certainly confusion worse confounded!

Ammos Fedorovich: But, damn it, gentlemen, he borrowed three hundred rubles from me!

Artemy Filippovich: Three hundred from me, too.

Postmaster: (Sighing) Oh, and three hundred from me!

Bobchinsky: And from me and Petr Ivanovich, sixty-five, sir, in notes, yes, sir!

Ammos Fedorovich: (Shrugging his shoulders in perplexity) How did this happen, gentlemen? How in the world did we make such a mistake?

Chief of Police: (Striking his brow) How could I, how could I, old blockhead that I am! Stupid old rascal! I’ve outlived my good sense! . . . Thirty years I’ve been in the service; not a merchant, not a contractor has been able to impose on me; I’ve fooled swindlers upon swindlers; sharpers and rascals who could fool the whole world I have hooked neatly! I’ve bamboozled three governors! . . . What are governors? (Waving his hand) Governors aren’t worth mentioning!

Anna Andreyevna: But this can’t be, Antosha, he’s betrothed to Mashenka.
Fold up letter

X DS

Crowd fills out the stage

Stepping out

X'ing DS to Anton
Chief of Police: (Angrily) Betrothed! A cat and a fiddle! Betrothed indeed! She dares to throw the engagement in my face! . . . (In desperation) Here, just look—all the world, all Christianity, all of you—just see how the Police Chief has made a fool of himself! Blockhead that he is! Now, who was the first to let out the notion that he was the government inspector? Speak up!

Artemy Filipovich: (Shrugging his shoulders) I couldn't tell you how it happened if my life depended on it! It's as if a fog had descended upon us and the devil misled us.

Ammos Fedorovich: Who started it? There's who; those two smart Aleciks! (Pointing to Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky)

Bobchinsky: Not at all! Not me! I never even thought . . .

Dobchinsky: I didn't do anything, absolutely not . . .

Artemy Filipovich: Of course you did.

Luka Lukish: It stands to reason. They ran in from the tavern like two lunatics, yelling: "He's come! He's come! and he doesn't pay anything! . . ." They found a rare bird!

Chief of Police: Naturally, it was you. You town scandalmongers, you damned liars!

Artemy Filipovich: May the devil take you with your inspectors and your yarns!

Chief of Police: You just snoop about the town and mess things up, you damned chatterboxes! You scatter scandals, you bobtailed magpies!

Ammos Fedorovich: You damned bunglers!

Luka Lukish: Dances!

Artemy Filipovich: Pot-bellied little shrimps!

(They all surround them)

Bobchinsky: By God, it wasn't I, it was Petr Ivanovich!

Dobchinsky: It was not, Petr Ivanovich, you said it first.

Bobchinsky: Certainly not; you were the first yourself.
Jump together

They are pushed DSL

Beating on each other
Last Scene

(The same and a Gendarme.)

Gendarme: The official who has come from Petersburg by Imperial order demands your instant appearance before him. He is stopping at the inn.

(The words just pronounced strike all like a thunderbolt. A sound of astonishment escapes from the lips of all the ladies at once; the whole group, having suddenly changed its position, remains as if petrified.)

Dumb Show

The Chief of Police stands in the midst like a post, his arms outspread and his head tilted backwards; on the right his wife and his daughter appear on the verge of rushing towards him; beyond them the Postmaster, transformed into a question mark, is turned towards the spectators; beyond him Luke Luxich, in the most innocent bewilderment; beyond him, at the very edge of the scene, three lady guests are leaning towards each other with the most sarcastic expressions of countenance, aimed directly at the Police Chief's family. On the Police Chief's left stands Lenlyanik, his head inclined somewhat to one side, as if he were listening to something; beyond him, the Judge, with outspread arms, almost squatting on the floor, and making movements of the lips as if about to whistle or say, "So you see what you've come to, old lady!" Beyond him is Korobkin, turned towards the spectators, with one eye cocked and a derisive gesture towards the Chief of Police; beyond him, on the extreme side, Bobschinsky and Bobchinsky make movements of their hands towards each other, their mouths open, and regarding each other with bulging eyes. The other guests simply stand like statues. For nearly a minute and a half the group remains in this position.
Enter Gendarme DSR

*MUSIC*

On the music cue of the sound of a broken spring Korobkin, his wife, Rastakovskiy, and Stepan Illyich freeze.

On second sound the three ladies on DSR freeze.

On third sound Arsya, Arctoy, Dobchinsky, Bobchinsky, Postmaster, Luka, and Christian freeze.

On fourth sound Anton, Anna, and Marya freeze.

On each sound a majenta spot comes on. By last sound the stage is flooded with majenta.

Light fades as the music breaks up into discord.

Blackout

Curtain
PLATE XIX

GENDARME: HE IS STOPPING AT THE INN.
PLATE XX

FLOOR PLAN: ACT I, ACT III, ACT IV, ACT V
PLATE XXII

DOOR-WINDOW UNIT
PLATE XXIII

REVOLVING UNIT IN POSITION FOR ACTS I, III, IV, V
PLATE XXIV

REVOLVING UNIT IN POSITION FOR ACT II
PLATE XXV

ANTON ANTONOVICH SKVOZNIAK-DUMUKHANOFSKY,
CHIEF OF POLICE
PLATE XXVI

IVAN ALEXANDROVICH HLESTAKOV, AN OFFICIAL FROM PETERSBURG
PLATE XXVII

ANNA ANDREYEVNA, WIFE OF ANTON ANTONOVICH
PLATE XXVIII

MARYA ANTONOVNA, DAUGHTER OF ANNA ANDREYEVNA AND ANTON ANTONOVICH
PLATE XXIX

AMMOS FEDOROVICH LYAPKIN-RYAPKIN, JUDGE
PLATE XXX

LUKA LUKECH HLOPOV, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
PLATE XXXI

IVAN KUZMICH SHPEKIN, POSTMASTER
PLATE XXXII

ARTEMY FILIPPOVICH ZEMLYANIKH, SUPERVISOR OF CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS
PLATE XXXIII

PETR IVANOVICH DOBCHINSKY AND PETR IVANOVICH BOBCHINSKY, LANDED PROPRIETORS
LIVING IN THE TOWN
CHAPTER V

EVALUATION OF THE THESIS PRODUCTION

An objective evaluation of the production of *The Inspector General* must be made by the director to determine the significance of this thesis. The evaluation will be made in terms of how the two most important properties of the play, its rhythm and its philosophies, were retained in the production and presented to the audience. The evaluation will be made from pictorial reproductions and in terms of the director's intentions and his observation of audience reaction during performances and on tape recordings. The elements of the play to be evaluated are the characterizations, script alterations, set, costumes, and make-up.

The rhythm, or flow of action, and the philosophies of *The Inspector General* were influenced primarily by the characters in action and dialogue. The character evaluation can be made entirely in terms of rhythm because the presentation of the play's philosophies, an inherent part of the rhythm, was entirely determined by the actor's understanding of the flow of action. As a criterion for evaluation, the rhythm of the play enabled the director to judge the degree of success of each characterization. Audience reaction confirmed the validity of these judgements.
Fortunately the largely inexperienced cast was guided by an experienced actor, in the role of Klestakov, who understood the necessity of emphasizing one main facet of his character to preserve the fragmented, dream-like flow of action in the play. To aid the actors in establishing necessary rapport between themselves and their characters, the director only explained the presentational staging method of the rhythm of the play and guided the cast in acting technique while allowing them to choose which aspects of their characters they would exaggerate. Although most of the characterizations were successful, there were two scenes in particular which illustrated the actors' understanding of the rhythm of the play because they most strongly projected this rhythm. These two scenes offered an opportunity to observe most of the characters and to study the different techniques utilized by the actors to portray their characters.

Act II, Scene VI, in which Klestakov drinks himself into a stupor was noted in the scene-by-scene evaluation as being particularly important because it contained insight into Gogol's philosophies and his personality. The audience could not be expected to recognize Gogol's personal references, but the way in which the scene was played assured that the audience would be aware of the philosophies in the play whether they connected them with Gogol or not. The satire of Anna's affected, intellectual misnomers combined
with her provincial reaction to her husband's sly nudging
left no doubt that learning and affectation of women were
under attack. Klestakov's use of affected language was also
obvious to the audience as they responded to his absurdly
exaggerated statement that thirty-five thousand messengers
were used to announce his government appointment (Plate VII)
and to his literal pronunciation of comprendez-vous.

The most enjoyable, delightful action in the play in
the opinion of the director and the audience occurred in
Act IV, Scene XII, with Klestakov's romantic pursuit of
Marya (Plate XIV). There can be no doubt of the success of
Marya's innocent, puppet-like circumvention of Klestakov's
lecherous pursuit; applause stopped the show during both
performances.

The success of these two scenes contrasts vividly with
the relative lack of success of the scenes with the mer-
chants. As was indicated in Chapter Three these scenes were
retained only for their contribution to Gogol's "common man"
philosophy. The rhythm of the play was totally lacking in
these scenes partially because of poorly defined characters
portrayed by inexperienced actors. The importance of using
experienced actors to infuse small parts with personality
and identification was illustrated in the crowd scenes in
Act V (Plates XVI-XIX), where the use of several experienced
actors in minor roles contributed to the success of these
scenes. These actors not only understood the rhythm of the play but were able to visualize a stage picture and thus facilitated blocking.

The freezes and asides utilized throughout the play were a very successful part of the characterizations and contributed largely to the success of the play. They were the most concrete presentations of the dream-like mood of the play. Indeed, the mental imagery was so strong that the audience physically participated as if they were on stage with the cast. As the actors on stage froze, many of the members of the audience unconsciously froze momentarily with them while a character revealed his inner thoughts in an aside. This visual indication that the audience was communicating with the rhythm of the play gave the director a satisfying but unanticipated feeling of aesthetic accomplishment. It is difficult to adequately illustrate the presentational freezes and asides utilized in the production by plate reference since it was the stillness of live actors which captivated the audience. However, examples of each stage aside may be viewed in Plates XX, X, and XVI.

The actors were faced with two special problems in acting technique which were overcome with instruction from the director. All of the characters had to convey feelings of fear at various times throughout the play. Although the feeling of fear did prevail, it was not adequately captured
in Act IV when the officials met individually with Hlestakov (Plates IX, X). The second problem concerned correlation of acting style with the period and presentational staging of the play. Although costumes and make-up aided the feeling of period, the stylized poses and movements of the actors were needed to complete the feeling. Those actors who felt the rhythm of the play had less difficulty in assuming proper physical attitudes than those who did not feel the rhythm. The success and authenticity of the acting style have been determined because there was no obvious conflict between the style and the mood of the show. As has been mentioned previously, the merchant scenes were not successful in relation to the rest of the play. The lack of application of acting technique on the part of these actresses did conflict with the rhythm of the play and partially contributed to a serious drop in tempo in the scenes.

After three weeks of rehearsal the actor who had been cast as the Chief of Police because he ideally fit the role had to be replaced. The replacement did not naturally have either the gruff demeanor or the physical attributes called for by the role and was an inexperienced actor in relation to the size of the role. His performance during production entirely belied any lack of confidence the director may have felt in choosing him for the role. Costuming and make-up overcame his physical limitations (Plate VIII), and his
diligent study and understanding of the play overcame any personality limitations by the time of performance.

The Inn Servant presented a rather unique problem in casting. The role was cast three times, the last change being made during final dress rehearsal. The actor chosen on such short notice possessed capabilities far beyond the demands of this small role, and, consequently, had little difficulty in learning lines and blocking and giving a polished performance. He may be viewed in character in Plate IV. The acting success of both the Chief of Police and the Inn Servant was audibly indicated by audience applause during curtain call.

The alterations of the script were concerned mainly with cutting characters and dialogue and with the addition of music. As mentioned in Chapter Three, the script was cut because of both the excessive length of the play and the available acting personnel. Intact The Inspector General will run approximately three hours and forty-five minutes, which is too long to maintain the attention of a modern audience. The final length of the director's production was three hours. The cuts made were entirely satisfactory but were not extensive enough. Scene X of Act IV and Scene II of Act V with the merchants were originally thought vital to the philosophies of the play and did, indeed, contribute greatly to Gogol's conception of corruption on all levels of society and his idea that common men should be represented.
Because the purpose of educational theatre is to offer novice actors the opportunity to develop their talents, and because actors were available for these particular roles, portions of these two scenes were retained. However, the scenes are weak in the script and the actors' portrayal did not fit the rhythm of the play. The result was a drop in the tempo late in the production when the audience had been experiencing the most exciting scenes of the play. Besides having sat for over two hours, the audience was required to rebuild their interest level twice in a relatively short time. Such emotional exercise is always tiring under the best of circumstances. The director has concluded in retrospect that Scene XI of Act IV with the locksmith's wife and sergeant's widow (Plate XIII) would have conveyed Gogol's philosophies adequately. This scene contains dialogue which is a bit more dynamic in delivery, and even though the philosophical content is not so clearly defined, it is thought that a fatigued audience would probably not be alert to the implications in Scene X. If these two scenes had been cut entirely the length of the play would have been reduced by approximately twenty minutes, and the audience, not having been subjected to the emotional fatigue, would probably have been more satisfied.

The availability and cooperation of music students in the University was instrumental in the director's decision
to include music in the production of *The Inspector General*. The composition of an original score by students who became familiar with the presentational aspects of staging this play and the rhythm of the play through the director's explanation and who understood the style of music usually connected with the comedy of manners drama resulted in an addition to the production that conveyed the mood and period of the play and aided in unifying the action. The use of music was particularly noteworthy in two areas when it was integrated directly into the action. Identical music utilized in the love scenes between Hlestakov and Marya and Hlestakov and Anna to augment dialogue, clearly conveyed to the audience that Hlestakov felt exactly the same about the two women and that his feelings were entirely insincere.

The dumb-show at the end of the play was reduced from Gogol's suggested one and one-half minutes to twenty seconds, but the musical effects simulating broken springs and deterioration through discord more vividly illustrated Gogol's intention to portray the astonishment and anguish of the characters than would an extended view of the tableau.

The only other alteration of the script having direct bearing on the production was the reduction of Osip's age to alleviate casting problems. In Chapter III the director expressed the opinion that a shortage of character actors would make it difficult to cast Osip as the elderly manservant described by Gogol. In production, a younger Osip
complemented Hlesta's character and did not conflict with any action, dialogue, or characters, and because the audience was not aware of the change in the script, they readily accepted a younger man.

The aesthetic contribution of the expressionistic set to the presentational dream-like imagery of the play particularly pleased the director. The set was designed primarily for two purposes, and although the degree of success could not be measured in overt audience reaction, the set created a harmonious mood that was instrumental in communicating the flow of action to the audience. The distortion of the windows repeated throughout the play was intended to convey the somewhat exaggerated and distorted mood of the play, and the window unit which opened the play was intended to create the impression that the audience was viewing the action from a detached and out-of-focus observation point. As the window parted, the audience was compelled to integrate themselves with the action. This window unit was not part of the original design but occurred to the director during rehearsals. The feeling created by the scrim covered unit unified the set because the repetition of the distorted windows was a constant reminder to the audience of their distorted point of view (Plate XV).

The utilization of isolated set pieces contributed remarkably to the fragmentary, dream-like rhythm of the play.
The original sketches of the large rotating unit (Plates XXIII, XXIV) and the window-door unit (Plate XXII) were the director's visual concept of a mental image that might be projected by the mind during recall. Photographs of the actual set pieces (Plates XVIII, IV, III) indicate that the concept was successfully transferred to the stage. Observation of the plates indicated above will reveal that the set pieces are constructed in a conventional manner. The director is of the opinion that despite the function or appearance of a set, the feasibility of its construction should, in most cases, be observable in design. A study of plates (XXII, XXIII, XIV) will reveal that these designs do indicate feasibility of construction. The revolving unit was the dominant set piece, and the audible audience comment elicited by its visible rotation in an intentional partial black-out indicated that the audience was experiencing the aesthetic excitement of the theatre. The fact that the audience was fully aware of the mobility of the expressionistic set pieces added to the feeling of disassociated mental imagery.

Two problems were encountered with the set which were unanticipated during design; however, they were adequately overcome and the audience was not distracted by the modifications. When the large rotating unit was assembled on stage, it was discovered that the nine foot, five inch high
flats, standard for this particular stage and satisfactory when used in a stationary position, did not clear the short tessers with ease. The removal of these tessers solved the problem, and adequate sight lines were still maintained.

The door-window unit was originally designed to be rolled smoothly on and off stage, but spatial limitations and the size of the unit prevented this facile maneuver. The unit, mounted on gliders, was also impeded in its movement by unevenness of the stage floor. A solution was found in a well-trained stage crew who learned to handle the unit adroitly.

Costuming and make-up comprise the final area of evaluation. Because the terms both relate to physical appearance, they will be referred to synonymously as costumes unless otherwise specified.

The most successful aspect of costuming was the adaptation of available materials to the director’s concept of how the actors should appear on stage and the execution of these concepts to perpetrate the feeling of his designs. Particularly successful execution of designs is illustrated by a comparison of the following costume sketches and photographs of the actual costumes: Marya (Plates XIV, XXVIII), Anne (Plates VIII, XXIV), Chief of Police (Plates II, XXV), and Klestekov (Plates VI, I, XXVI).
Costuming was intended to create an appearance of period and to aid novice actors in assuming the stylized action and expressions necessary to the period feeling of the production. The feeling of period contributed by costumes and stylized poses is illustrated in Plates V, VI, VIII, and XV. These plates also illustrate how sideburns added a period touch to the men.

Special problems in costuming were removed with little difficulty. Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky were effective in their roles partially because of a similarity in their acting techniques and partially because their costumes were identical. Both of these elements can be detected in Plates VI and XII. Olestakov and Osip were given a more urban appearance than the village officials by being dressed in stretch pants (Plates V, VI) which research revealed were in vogue during the period. For these costumes the director took advantage of the present popularity of women's stretch pants, and adaptation was not discernible by the audience. The resemblance of tailed tuxedos to the tailed coats of the period eliminated costume problem for the officials except for the medical personnel, who were attired in smocks, and the Chief of Police, who wore a modified naval uniform (Plate II). The addition of color to the lapels of the tuxedos, as was intended, added to the exaggeration of the play (Plates IX-XII). The costume of the gendarme was an
Intentional deviation from the feeling of the period. His appearance was brief, and his announcement was intended to astonish the other characters and to amuse the audience. Therefore, the costume was designed to be both vivid and comical. The effect, a combination of army surplus and drum majorette can be seen in Plate XIX.

The simple, vivid overall stage lighting accomplished what was intended by giving the set and costumes a mild feeling of distortion. The brightness of the lighting against a black background heightened the fragmentary feeling of the set pieces by emphasizing their isolated positions. The magenta spots, being unusually bright, seemed to cause a momentary visual retention of the stage picture after black-out. This illusion increased the expressionistic mood of the play and thereby enhanced the presentational method of staging.

In conclusion, the unique flow of action of The Inspector General could be preserved only if the elements of distorted realism and farcical expressionism were present. A presentational approach to the production seemed the most feasible because, as was stated in the director's concept, this method can blend all of these elements. The set, lighting, costumes, and the freezes and asides were successful, integral parts of the presentational style.
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