

CHAPTER 3

The first place to which my friend conducted us was what is known as a Cabber A. Giving the pass-word and a present of do to a man stationed there for that purpose, we wended our way amongst crowds of the rich and Ornate. Presently we were trying to sit at a small table closely pressed by male and female legs. I asked, And now we are here what of it and what do we do. Well, he answered, you can take the Girl here and dance with her and I will overlook it and applaud, and when you feel tired come back here and there will be a wet waiting for you.

With this I gripped my lady friend firmly round the waist though you never can tell in these days and using her as a battering ram forced my way into the very midst of the motley crowd. All was confusion. The lack of breathing spayse seemed if anything to add to the general air of mock enjoyment. The atmosphere which was thick with penetrating perfume was rent with cries of Hoaya

(How do you do) and Kanyabetit (How extraordinary). However the Proximity of a beautifully constructed damsel was not without its Effect which grew greater as the evening progressed and we had several tots. At last I was hardly surprised to here what seemed to be my own voice inquiring Will you marry me say yes or no. Why, she replied I would gladly say yes but it so happens that I am married Already. But I may be divorced one day soon because that often happens in the Staytes and if so shall be pleased to wed with either you or your friend T—— just as you decide.

The three of us had quite a laughing discussion on our way home sweet home as to who should be the Unlucky one. My pal lost the tossup and was married next week in fine style in the cathedral while overhead airoplanes winged their way emitting clouds of white smoke which spelled out across the blue vault the words lucky strike.

— GEOFFREY KERR

The End

THE SLEEPER

(George Sterling—November 1926)

By Dwight L. Clarke

FOR one who lies in slumber on an eve
 When every happy thing with life is warm
 For such should we feel pity? Should we grieve
 That eyes and ears and nostrils do perform
 Their wonted tasks no longer; that the air,
 So vibrant with a music of its own,
 Caressing, finds the sleeper unaware?
 Nay, rather should we leave our friend alone,
 Attended by the concourse of the spheres
 And envy him that mantling time with grace
 As tender shed as any mother's tears,
 Enwrapping him, draws peace across his face.
 For that dark nurse who touched his brow the last
 But lifted crushing weights from off his soul;
 The infinite he groped for in the past
 Become the common trappings of his goal.

A NOTE AND A DIFFICULTY

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THIS contribution to "Variety" was to have been offered under the title "A Note on Madame Bovary". It was suggested by the fact that among the season's books is a little volume on "Flaubert's Youth" by Lewis Piaget Shanks of Johns Hopkins University, the development of a brochure published by Mr. Shanks some years ago, and in its turn designed to lead to a more extended popular biography.

Then in "Our Bow", the first of "A Bookman's Notes" in the September issue, the writer ran plump against the list of Mr. Rascoe's pet aversions. Among them is the use of the "*mot juste*". That seemed to settle the matter. How can one write about Gustave Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" without some reference to the *mot juste*?* Even with the most careful avoidance it will be there by inference.

"Flaubert's Youth" deals with the years 1821-1845, the first twenty-four years of the author's life. "Madame Bovary" did not appear until 1857. The actual composition, which occupied many years, did not begin till some time early in the 1850's. Yet "Madame Bovary" dominates Mr. Shanks's book. There are fifty-seven references to it in the Index.

The reason is that "Madame Bovary" was Flaubert's life. "*Madame Bovary, c'est moi*" he wrote to Louise Colet, the lady who was the most permanent of his sentimental attachments. In the preparatory years which come within the scope of Mr. Shanks's volume he was unconsciously building the foundations of the future masterpiece. As a youth Flaubert was the wildest of romanticists, always dreaming of the East. He once wrote: "I was born to be an emperor of Cochin-China, to smoke pipes thirty-six fathoms long, to have 6000 wives and 1400 ministers, scimetars to cut off the heads of

people whose faces I don't like, Numidian mares and fountains of marble".

In the days of those dreams "Salamambo" may have been near, but "Madame Bovary" was very far away. Happily his financial condition enabled him to realize his dreams, to visit the East, to wear a red fez in Egypt, to spend two years wandering, sating his lust for strange climes and local color. It was on the banks of the Nile that he first realized that there was romance in the gray Normandy of his birth. It was the East that gave "Madame Bovary" to the world.

"Madame Bovary" reaches its height in the passage where the priest administers the extreme unction to the dying Emma Bovary. No other bit of description in the French prose of the nineteenth century has been so widely quoted. Twenty years after Flaubert's death the various drafts of the famous passage were discovered among his unpublished papers. It was only after five rewritings that Flaubert found the permanent and definite form. The first draft read:

"The priest said the *Misereatur* and the *Indulgentiam*, and, extending his right hand, pronounced the unctions for the redemption of her sins, touching the different parts of her body with the end of his right thumb, which he dipped each time in the oil which he carried in a silver vessel. He touched the eyes, then the eyelids—shutting them—then the nostrils, then the lips, then the hands."

In the first draft Flaubert merely outlined the general idea. He indicated the five senses, but he had not yet found the figures of speech with which to illustrate them. The second draft was simply an elaboration of the first. In the third draft he introduced some figures of speech to accompany allusions to each of the five senses. The fourth version represents the passage completely built up. Flaubert had been adding bit by bit until in his fourth draft he had said everything that he thought possible to say. That much

*Note: One can't, Mr. Maurice, one can't; but what I am tired of is seeing the phrase in pieces that have nothing to do with Flaubert.—B. R.