Madame Bovary (Penguin Classics)
The notorious and celebrated novel that established modern realism. For this novel of French bourgeois life in all its inglorious banality, Flaubert invented a paradoxically original and wholly modern style. His heroine, Emma Bovary, a bored provincial housewife, abandons her husband to pursue the libertine Rodolphe in a desperate love affair. A succès de scandale in its day, Madame Bovary remains a powerful and scintillating novel. This Penguin Classics edition is translated with notes and an introduction by Geoffrey Wall. It includes a preface by Michele Roberts. For more than seventy years, Penguin has been the leading publisher of classic literature in the English-speaking world. With more than 1,700 titles, Penguin Classics represents a global bookshelf of the best works throughout history and across genres and disciplines. Readers trust the series to provide authoritative texts enhanced by introductions and notes by distinguished scholars and contemporary authors, as well as up-to-date translations by award-winning translators.

**Book Information**

Paperback: 384 pages  
Publisher: Penguin Classics; Revised edition (December 31, 2002)  
Language: English  
ISBN-10: 0140449124  
Product Dimensions: 5.1 x 0.9 x 7.7 inches  
Shipping Weight: 9.6 ounces (View shipping rates and policies)  
Average Customer Review: 4.2 out of 5 stars  
Best Sellers Rank: #69,274 in Books (See Top 100 in Books)  
#72 in Books > Literature & Fiction > World Literature > European > French  
#399 in Books > Literature & Fiction > History & Criticism > Criticism & Theory  
#1267 in Books > Mystery, Thriller & Suspense > Thrillers & Suspense > Psychological Thrillers

**Customer Reviews**

In this masterpiece of French literature, Gustave Flaubert tells the tale of Emma Bovary, née Roualt, an incurably romantic woman who finds herself trapped in an unsatisfactory marriage in a prosaic bourgeois French village, Yonville-l'Abbaye. Her attempts to escape the tedium of her life through a series of adulterous affairs are thwarted by the reality that the men she chooses to love are shallow and self-centered and thus are unable to love anyone but themselves. In love with a love that can never be and dreadfully overstretched financially, Emma finds herself caught in a
downward spiral that can only end in tragedy. Part of the difficulty, and the pleasure, of reading Madame Bovary comes from the fact the Flaubert refuses to embed his narrative with a moral matrix; he refuses, at least explicitly, to tell the reader, what, if any, moral lesson he should draw from the text. It is this lack of moral viewpoint that made Madame Bovary shocking to Flaubert’s contemporaries, so much so that Flaubert found himself taken to court for the novel’s offenses to public and religious decency. Although today’s readers will find no such apparent scandals in the book, they will still be challenged to make sense of both Emma and her story. It is quite common to see Emma Bovary as silly, extravagant and much too romantically inclined. An avid consumer of romantic literature (a habit into which the heroine was indoctrinated in her convent school upbringing), Emma has made the morbid mistake of buying into the notion of romantic love in its fullest sense, and the mortal mistake of believing she can reach its fulfillment in her own life. As such, Emma Bovary becomes a tragic figure of almost mythic proportion.

I first read Madame Bovary in Geoffrey Wall’s translation for Penguin and throughout the book I felt as if something was off, this can’t be the same novel acclaimed by many as the pinnacle of the written word as art. Then I picked up Francis Steegmuller’s version and right from start the difference was palpable. Consider the following excerpt from when Emma’s father tells Charles about the death of his own wife: WALL: “I dropped down under a tree, I wept, I called to the good Lord, I ranted at him... I just wanted to be like those moles... jiggered, you know... I thought as how other folks, just that second, had their nice warm little wives in their arms... I was out of my mind very near, stopped eating, I did.” STEEGMULLER: “I lay down under a tree and cried. I talked to God, told him all kinds of crazy things... I wished I were dead, like the maggoty moles... I thought of how other men were holding their wives in their arms at that very moment... I was almost out of my mind. I couldn’t eat.” Wall published his version in 1992, so he should have known that many readers are bound to pick up that Yodaesque tone at the end which also pops up in many other places, it does. From what little I can glean from the French text, his translation actually appears structurally more faithful than Steegmuller’s, at least judging by the number and spacing of punctuations. And yet somehow it comes out as the more stilted of the two. Wall should have heeded Flaubert’s eerily prescient advice to his future translators, given right around the third page: (in Steegmuller’s version) “For while he had a fair knowledge of grammatical rules, his translations lacked elegance. Download to continue reading...