

Proust's name, *Valentin*, needs an *e*

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For Arayoo

"Happiness is beneficial for the body but it is grief that develops the powers of the mind."(Marcel Proust)

The above quotation by Marcel Proust is so pessimistic to commence writing about the day of love. However, since Proust is known as one of few literary geniuses, his melancholy also will serve us to reach the power of love or to search for it in his way. Swann's Way, if we refer to the first volume of his massive novel, *In Search of Lost Time*.

Proust is that passionate and pious writer who searched so long for something missing in our life. In his works he calls that *Time*, critics and readers name it *Love*, whereas I see it as something that is so fragile to deal with and so difficult to visualize it, something as tiny and small as the vowel of *e*, without which Proust still is not our Valentine man and his two favored words *Time* and *Love* are not yet complete and absolute.

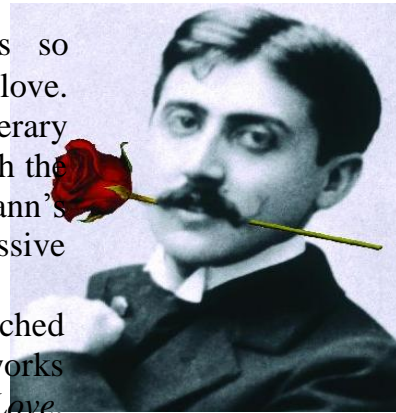
It is unfortunate to say that my journey with Marcel Proust has started in my washroom, where I finally found myself trying to enter his world by reading the first part of the first volume of the longest novel in the world of literature.

A week before the Valentine Day, I brought the book home from the public library; the hard cover copy of Swann's Way. In addition to that, later in my dream what I would be held responsible for wasn't my pushy plan to read Marcel Proust in the post modern era. But it was because of the place where I decided to read Swann's Way, also where I hide this book from my love and my time.

"You spend long time sitting in the washroom, are you O.K.!? " She said.

"....." I giggled and said nothing to her.

From this very petite conversation I saw myself already defeated and not promising to finish a huge novel that each part of it contains more than five hundred pages.



A couple years ago I had a better chance to read the complete works of Marcel Proust, but unluckily that didn't happen to me because in another scene a bad girl had dropped a cigarette and burned my friend's apartment.

My friend is a devoted poet and I call him Sultan or UN.

Before the fire, he was about to lend me the complete volumes of *In Search of Lost Time*. I phoned him to lend me more books after finishing three poetry books by three of his favored poets Baudelaire, Cavafy, and Osho.

Before the fire, my poet friend was so happy showing me two large cases full of Kurdish and Arabic books.

"My dear friend these are fruits of my travel to our homeland." He was telling me while holding the complete volumes of *In Search of Lost Time* like a bouquet of roses; then he kissed them.

Weeks after that very day, he was sobbing like a child on the phone not because counting all burned stuff in his apartment, but for the two full cases of books.

He thanked me for saving the books of poetry and another book about Tao philosophy. In fact he regretted of not lending me all his books including *In Search of Lost Time* by Marcel Proust.

"That bitch has ruined my hopes!" He said to me.

Now in respect to Proust, there is my dream in which I was sitting with a respected Kurdish Poet in a Parisian café. He was reading poems from his latest work called *Name Me Home*. While was reading his poem to me, his voice was so quelled in the emptiness of my dream and café. There were neither people in the cafe nor was anybody serving us. Until all of Sudden a face appeared close to our table and it was so resemble to Marcel Proust's, the large eyes, the nose, the lips and its upper mole. Thus my dream like all other dreams was so rapid for changing and a self of the face unexpectedly turned to be a very pretty girl who still having Proust's eyes and was joyfully serving us coffees and cakes.

I believe I was so happy being in a dream like that, but as soon as my dream started to shrink, the pretty girl also became some one else. Despite of her womanly body a waxed moustache started to grow on her face and her lips hastily turned to a red rose.

He handed the rose to the respected Kurdish poet. However, before he would disappear and end my dream, he turned again to the poet and graciously said "My dear Kurdish friend, don't lose your time with this young fellow. He is not a good reader!"