better to have two. And if frankly heterosexual love scenes are exciting, how much better to suggest illicit love. Hemingway indulges in quite a few love scenes between the couples, but only suggests—reports—the lesbian dimension. David twice uses the word "perversion" to himself as he tries to come to terms with the direction Catherine is taking them. Catherine is the evil genius. She is wilful, spoiled, rich, and bored, and she is jealous of David's absorption in his creative work. She is not even satisfied with their abandonment to sexual pleasure—she needs more. She needs to dominate. She must rule, she must manipulate. She will have her way, much like Helen in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." And, like Helen, Catherine will lose her writer-husband, though in a different way. *The Garden of Eden* represents once again the loss of innocence, most notably through the "perversion" that David Bourne senses.

Hemingway earlier worked the theme of the writer destroyed by a too-rich, selfish, indulgent woman, and he does it again. He seems to have been excessively sensitive to such a problem.

It is not a good book. It should have remained unpublished. Hemingway's own judgment was better than that of his survivors. It will not add to his stature, and well may diminish it. The book does serve one good purpose, however, and future scholars may make use of it. David Bourne, spokesman for the author himself, describes the writing process, how the writer proceeds, how he feels, how he puts a story together. Those particular passages, scattered through Book III, would be of help and use to aspiring writers who need to know just a bit more of what a writer does. Beyond that, the novel is a disappointment.

Pascal Quignard
LE SALON DU WURTEMBERG
Paris: Gallimard, 1986. Pp. 369
Reviewed by John Taylor

Pascal Quignard, born in 1948, is a prolific author already well-known in France for his essays on Michel Deguy (1975), Maurice Scève (1974), Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1969) and Louis-René des Forêts (1985), for the three volumes of his *Petits traités* (1981-1984), and especially for literary works of erudite, indeed antiquarian inspiration: *Le lecteur* (1976), *Les tablettes de buis d'Apronenia Avitia* (1984), *Echo* (1975), *Epistolè Alexandroy* (1975), *Sang* (1976), *Hiems* (1977), *Inter Aerias Fagos* (1977).

French critics were thus caught off guard when a novel much more personal in tone than these other works appeared, *Le Salon du Wurtemberg*, a *roman d'analyse* (as, for example, Vincent Landel observed in the *Magazine littéraire*, No.233, Sept. 1986) in the tradition running from Mme de Lafayette to André Gide. It is a novel dealing with the reconstruction of the past—the narrator refers repeatedly to notes preserved in old appointment books—and inevitably the name of Marcel Proust has also been invoked: like Proust, Quignard endeavors to recreate the sentiments of childhood and of amorous attachment. Also like Proust, the narrator in *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* meditates on the philosophical nature of reminiscence, whether such a reconstruction of the past is indeed possible at all.

Overlooked by the French critics, however, is the fact that the German novelistic tradition is also a literary backdrop to the book. *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* is in some of its facets a *Bildungsroman*, set in the narrator-hero's early manhood, and it is not surprising that an engraved portrait of Christoph Martin Wieland is kept in the narrator's room. Wieland, born in Biberach, Württemberg, in 1733, wrote one of the first *Bildungsromane, Geschichte des Agathon* (1766). In that novel as in other works such as *Die Abderiten* (1774), *Agathodämon* (1799) and *Musarion* (1768), Wieland attempts, as Quignard did in his previous books, to use classical erudition in a contemporary way. Finally, no connoisseur of Goethe will miss the echoes of *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (1809), for Quignard's novel is also in great part the story of an unsuccessful (though triadic, not tetradic) cohabitation of friends: Charles Chenogne, the narrator, is eventually seduced by Isabelle, the wife of his best friend Florent Seinecé. The Seinecés' marriage breaks up and Isabelle goes off to live with Charles for a while. The years go by, other lovers come and go; towards the end of the book Charles and Florent meet

again, as do Charles and Isabelle. The most poignantly written passages in the book evoke those very encounters: Isabelle's alcoholism, Charles's guilt, Florent's hate transformed into forgiveness. *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* is a meditation on the meaning of fidelity and friendship.

Perhaps no other young French novelist in recent years has set his sights so high. One senses in *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* the author's desire to compose what Roland Barthes in his last writings, after defending for two decades the French literary avant-garde, referred to recurringly as a "real novel," a novel in other words which could be set alongside the classics of nineteenth-century fiction. In such company certain shortcomings inevitably become manifest in *Le Salon du Wurtemberg*, the most grievous among them being that, apart from Isabelle, Florent, and Mademoiselle Aubier, an elderly lady from whom the couple rents rooms in the plush Parisian suburb of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, most of the other characters remain mere accessories, not because they are minor characters, but rather because the narrator has no lasting interest in them. It is the narrator's self-centeredness which the reader must bear throughout the middle third of the novel, and because the self-centeredness is not dealt with thematically—as an eccentricity, for example, or philosophically as a common denominator of human intercourse—one wearies of its mere role as the instigator of increasingly lengthy ruminations on acts which have lost their interest for all except the doer. During the several years which follow the ending of Charles and Isabelle's relationship and precede their reunion as well as that of Charles and Florent one senses generally absent the perduring tension under which one might have expected the narrator to live: the tension deriving from the constant possibility of meeting up with one or both of them and thus with his past and thus with himself. What anguish Charles feels—and it is an anguish more of existential than of interpersonal origin—leads him rather to painful remembrances of his relationship with his mother and beyond to his troubled (though not always believable) relationship with the German language and culture into which he was born. A parallel with Wieland might also be drawn here. It is in this dispersion of the emotions that the novel loses some of its cohesiveness and hence a part of its potential emotional impact.

That such questions can be raised at all exemplifies the extent to which Quignard in *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* has revived the importance of the emotions in contemporary French literature. "In my novel," confided the author to Josyane Savigneau in an interview published in *Le Monde* (3 Oct. 1986), "the emotion is always out of harmony with the moment; the emotion never arises at the moment that it should." Alas, what more accurately describes the emotional structure of the book is that Quignard, as opposed to Proust, is unable to sustain an underlying emotional rhythm throughout the progression of these fictionalized memoirs; the long, lyrical, meditative passages give way to short, telegraphically written ones designed to bring the plot up to date and especially, one fears, to give at all costs a chronological structure to the book. Upon the perplexingly intricate structure of memory is imposed the more facile chronological reconstruction of action. Unlike Proust once again, Quignard is unable to make these two disparate literary methodologies work harmoniously and seem as if they were one.

To such criticisms it might be replied that it is unfair to compare a contemporary work on nearly every point to such authors as Proust, Wieland, Goethe, Mme de Lafayette, and André Gide. But the novel too easily reveals its inspiration, hence inviting such comparisons; one's interest in the plot is interrupted with distracting reminders of literary traditions, be they explicit allusions or stylistic tones. It is in this sense that the author's approach remains, as in his previous works, erudite and ultimately derivative. Yet *Le Salon du Wurtemberg* is a novel showing such potential that one can only hope that in coming works Pascal Quignard will have mastered artistically his penchant for erudition and at last have forged a style uniquely his own.

Dina Sherzer
REPRESENTATION IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH FICTION
Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986. Pp. 205
Reviewed by Ben Stoltzfus

This is a lively, intelligent, and useful book that highlights four modes of representation (serial constructs, multimedia montages, reflexivities, and postmodern feminist writing) in selected fictions by Jean Ricardou (*L'Observatoire de Cannes*), Alain Robbe-Grillet (*La Maison de rendez-vous*), Claude Simon (*Triptyque*), Michel Butor (*Mobile*), Maurice Roche (*Circus*), Philippe Sollers (*H*), Samuel Beckett (*L'Innommable*), Robert Pinget (*Quelqu'un*), Roger Laporte