

# Naming and Forgetting in Queneau's *Pierrot mon ami*

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*Pierrot mon ami* (1943) ranks among Raymond Queneau's most inscrutable works. While "clearly written with the [detective] genre in mind,"<sup>1</sup> it nonetheless fails to specify exactly what crime—if any—has been committed. While set primarily in the ahistorical hedonism of an amusement park—the Uni-Park—the novel depicts characters who incessantly turn a wistful, even melancholy gaze toward a distant past, a sort of lost Golden Age. And even as it elaborates this constant stream of reminiscences, it erects a screen of forgetfulness, of disappearance, of loss that renders the very idea of memory (and thus of investigation, and thus of knowledge) somehow suspect. As Eugénie Pradonet, estranged wife of the manager of the Uni-Park, tells for her adolescent daughter: "Some day you'll have a past, Yvonne, and you'll see what a funny thing it is. Over here, it's in pieces: nothing left. Over there, it's all cluttered with weeds, and doesn't look familiar either. And then some parts of it seem so pretty that you repaint them every year, sometimes one color, sometimes another, until they don't look anything like they used to."<sup>2</sup> Eugénie characterizes memory as an abandoned building, and the act of remembering as a stroll around this building; thus the act of remembering is, it would seem, nothing more than the act of realizing what one has forgotten.

To remember is to forget: such might be the organizing principle of *Pierrot mon ami*. Or, perhaps, to read is to forget, for the forgetfulness that afflicts the characters seems also to prey upon the reader. To read *Pierrot mon ami* is to be faced with an array of pseudonyms, a variety of names and events that somehow resemble each other while stubbornly remaining distinct, and a pile of details as insignificant as they are elaborately described; the reader simply cannot be expected—is not allowed—to remember everything. "Constructed on the denial of information,"<sup>3</sup> the novel thwarts resolution, both on the part of the reader and on the part of the characters. Nowhere is the perversity of this "denial of information" more pronounced than in the use the novel makes of the proper name: the characters (and sometimes the narrator) display an astonishing ability to forget each other's names and identities, as well as a contrary ability to cling tenaciously to names that stand for nothing. Like the crime around which the novel is centered (but is there a crime?), the name constantly eludes the characters' memory and their grasp, despite their sometimes fervid attempts to make some sense of it.

The simplest form of this disappearance of the name constitutes a minor leit-motif of the novel: the difficulty the characters seem to encounter in recognizing

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<sup>1</sup> Christopher Shorley, *Queneau's Fiction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985) 79.

<sup>2</sup> Raymond Queneau, *Pierrot mon ami*, Folio 226 (Paris: Gallimard, 1979) 98. All references are to this edition; all translations are mine.

<sup>3</sup> Daniel Delbreil, "La Genèse de *Pierrot mon ami*," in *Lectures de Raymond Queneau 2* (1989): 26. My translation.

each other. Pierrot fails to recognize Pradonet, his employer and the father of a woman with whom he is madly infatuated (61); Pradonet can never quite place Pierrot, who has been a thorn in his side since their first encounter (154, 213). Pierrot fails to recognize Yvonne, the object of his almost obsessive affection (129); Yvonne can't put a name to what should be Pierrot's very familiar face (221). Pierrot forgets even his own name, quite literally: Mounnezergues, the caretaker of the Poldevian chapel, names Pierrot as his sole heir, and asks him to take the codicil bearing the name to his lawyer's office; but upon trying to do so Pierrot "realized that he had lost it, or rather that he had forgotten it at Mounnezergues' house" (220). The name constantly escapes the characters' memory, even (or especially) when they have some reason not to forget it. And they are not the only ones. Our first glimpse of Yvonne has her recalling a recent conquest—"since last night, she has a new lover, the Perdrix boy who works at the Enchanted River. She gave herself to him in one of the little boats" (37). Some forty pages later, she again muses on this interlude: "She saw herself again with him in the boat at the Magic River" (85). Both reminiscences undoubtedly concern the same event, and almost certainly the same place, unless there are two "Rivers" at the Uni-Park, which seems unlikely. Someone, then, has forgotten the name of the attraction in question—but is it Yvonne or the narrator (or the author)?

This would not be the first time that the narrator has displayed a certain absentmindedness. Riding the bumper cars with Yvonne, Pierrot adroitly smashes into another vehicle piloted by an apparently unknown driver: "The man, who thought himself skillful, turned around to make note of the audacious soul who had failed to show him the proper respect. This man was called Petit-Pouce" (28). There follows a long sentence in pure Balzacian style, indicating Petit-Pouce's familial origins, his personality, and his appearance. This descriptive sentence does indeed tell us something new about Petit-Pouce, and the sentence that introduces his name is written as if it were no less informative, as if this were our first meeting with the character—but we have already seen Petit-Pouce, duly named, twenty pages before (8). Together, the introduction of the name and the presence of the descriptive sentence, more fitting to the introduction of a character than to his reappearance, suggest that the narrator has forgotten that the character and his name are already known to the reader. And both Yvonne's and the narrator's apparent lapses are intimately linked to reminiscence—the former explicitly (she recalls the event to herself), the latter implicitly (the narrator of a novel written in the past tense seeks at least to give the appearance of recalling a series of events). As Léonie's remark to her daughter suggests, to remember—and especially to remember names—is inevitably to forget.

We should note that these two lapses also impose the characters'—and the novel's—forgetfulness upon the reader. Few will notice that the "River" has changed names from the first reference to the second, and many will find themselves turning back to the beginning of the novel when they read the reintroduction of Petit-Pouce, wondering if this really is the character they met in the first few pages. But the narrator has another method of imposing his own forgetfulness on the reader: his habit of introducing a name with a studied offhandedness that alerts the well-trained reader to its potential significance, only to let it fall immediately into oblivion, rarely or never to be mentioned again. Early in the novel, Pradonet tells his new fakir Crouïa-Bey the history of the Uni-Park, alluding to a

"Negro who came from Martinique and who was named Louis Durand" (47), who, after a brief fistfight, joined with Albéric Prouillot (the late husband of Léonie, Pradonet's mistress), to buy a roller coaster, the Alpinic-Railway; later, with the death of Durand and the subsequent association of Prouillot and Pradonet, the Alpinic-Railway becomes the centerpiece of the new Uni-Park. The carefully cavalier manner in which the name "Louis Durand" is introduced alerts the reader to some possible future importance: surely that is the only reason that this name should be mentioned, endowed with an origin ("a Negro who came from Martinique") and associated with an enigmatic event (why did Durand and Prouillot fight, and how did this conflict result in their association?). But the mystery suggested by this anecdote never takes root: the name disappears as quickly as it appears, and the reader, like the characters, like the narrator, soon forgets its existence.

The same is true of the other name cited in Pradonet's story: "Prouillot." Pradonet emphasizes their association: "Then Durand died, and when I created the Uni-Park it was in association with Prouillot alone. Notice that I'm not saying that he was my only associate, because to start a business like that, we needed capital, I'm only saying that at that point, the Alpinic belonged to Prouillot alone" (47). Why, particularly just after claiming to have entered into association with "Prouillot alone," should Pradonet state with such insistence that Prouillot was in fact not his only associate? And why is it so important for us to know that Prouillot was the sole owner of the Alpinic-Railway? The reader awaits in vain some resolution of the mystery encoded into the name "Prouillot" by this passage; the point of Pradonet's narration is never made clear, and the name is quickly forgotten, to be mentioned only once more—a reappearance, furthermore, that explains nothing. In the Uni-Bar, Petit-Pouce displays to his friends Pierrot and Paradis his knowledge of the history of the Uni-Park: Pradonet and Prouillot, he tells them, joined forces to found the Uni-Park, in association with Perdrix (Yvonne's lover's father, presumably) and Pansoult (Léonie's uncle), who actually owned the land. This brief history lesson in no way contradicts Pradonet's version, but neither does it explain its significance. We can assume that it was Perdrix and Pansoult who contributed their capital toward the founding of the Uni-Park; Pradonet thus correctly remembers the role that they played, and yet, even after carefully providing us with the name of the relatively insignificant Albert Durand, he avoids using the names of his other associates (I'm not saying that he was my only associate"). Has he forgotten them? Or is he hiding them for some reason? The new appearance of the name "Prouillot" (and the first and only appearance of "Pansoult") thus constitutes a new mystery that, in turn, immediately disappears, along with the names, victims of the forgetfulness of the novel and of the reader. And the more carefully one reads—the more assiduously one attempts to pick up the trail of a name and follow it to some resolution—the less one's efforts are repaid. Impatient or superficial readers will scarcely notice the disappearance of these names; only those seeking to keep everything present in their minds will be aware of the loss (to remember is to forget).

This enforced absentmindedness shares in the creation of one of the novel's most troubling nominal mysteries: the identity of Crouïa-Bey and his putative brother, Jojo Mouilleminche. Early in the novel, Crouïa-Bey dines with his new employers, Pradonet and Léonie. With her first glimpse of the fakir, Léonie demon-

strates a remarkable memory, as obstinate as it is incongruous, which, by its opposition to the monumental forgetfulness that springs up all around it, makes the novel possible. For unlike the narrator, who seems on page 28 not to recognize in Petit-Pouce a character that he had already named and described on page 8, and unlike the parade of characters who, even as they boast of their sharp eyesight, often fail to recognize their acquaintances and friends, Léonie sees in Crouïa-Bey a family resemblance with a man who was her lover for only six months, and whom she has not seen for twenty years: "That's it, I've got it, exclaimed Léonie. Aren't you the brother of Jojo Mouilleminche who used to sing at the European under the name of Chaliaqueue?" (39). Here at least are three names clearly remembered; Léonie will cling tenaciously to the first for the rest of the novel, but the other two fade away unceremoniously, despite—or because of—their possible significance for the discovery of the brothers' identity. The name "Chaliaqueue" will reappear only once, and we will never again hear of the "European." Why, then, is the narrator so careful to provide us with Mouilleminche's stage name and with the name of the music hall where he sang? Once more, the astute reader expects these details to lead somewhere, and once more they simply vanish, rather like the name that emerges when the fakir finally confesses: "You hit it on the nose, answered Mouilleminche. My name is Robert, and you're right, my brother was the singer" (41). The name "Robert"—the fakir's "real" name—never quite takes hold; it is used only once after this passage, and with it disappears the tension and the mystery created by the attribution of this very European name to a fakir who at any moment might break into Arabic in order to evoke the beauties of Tunisia.

As for Jojo Mouilleminche, Crouïa-Bey reveals that he has died after falling from a horse before the home of his lover (Léonie's successor). Léonie presses him for information concerning the identity of this young woman, but he cannot oblige her: "I don't know a damn thing about it, answered the fakir. I couldn't even tell you her name or her address. Back then, I was in Alexandria, you know, in Egypt. My mother told me the story in a letter, and by the time I got back to Europe, my mother was dead, I had no family" (43). Although he can describe the physical circumstances of Jojo's death in great detail, although his mother might well have mentioned the name of the young woman in her letter, although we might legitimately expect this name to hold a certain importance for Crouïa-Bey, the name has vanished, and the only person who might be able to remember it is dead: the woman's identity is thus definitively and irrecoverably forgotten, to live on only—but dramatically—in Léonie's mind and in her obsessive desire to discover her name. But this woman immortalized in Léonie's memory does not exist: Crouïa-Bey's story is pure fiction. Why, then, should he insist on the loss of the young woman's name? He could easily have invented a name to satisfy Léonie's ferocious curiosity, but he chooses instead to give her only a forgotten name. The loss of the name recurs, even in this false story that motivates much of the "true" story of the novel, and this insistence on disappearance, paradoxically, makes Léonie's astonishing memory an expression of loss. Even in his lies, then, Crouïa-Bey insists on the disappearance of names, as does that other fiction—*Pierrot mon ami*—that contains him. And as if to underscore the inevitability of this disappearance, Crouïa-Bey cites in his story a name that truly embodies loss: "Alexandria," the name of a city (in Egypt, Crouïa-Bey reminds his audience, in case they had forgotten) known in antiquity for its vast library, a library destroyed by fire (like the Uni-Park) and which thus represents a lost and forgotten knowledge. Alexandria is the capital of

the land of loss: little surprise, then, that Crouïa-Bey should allude to it in order to narrate another loss, even (and particularly) if this narration is nothing more than fantasy.

And yet, despite the predominance of loss, the nominal mysteries sown in this conversation persist. A few days after the dinner, Pradonet realizes that something indefinable has been bothering him, some problem whose nature he can't quite recall. Finally it comes back to him: "He pondered a few moments more and finally decided that what was eating him was the identity of Crouïa-Bey; because the fakir had shown him his papers, and they definitely didn't give his name as Mouillemirche. So how could he be the brother of someone named Mouillemirche? . . . Pradonet had thought about this question since then, because it didn't occur to him at first" (112). Once again, the name creates a mystery (what is Crouïa-Bey / Mouillemirche's real name, and why should he lie about it to Léonie?), a mystery whose resolution is made impossible by forgetfulness (Pradonet apparently can't remember the name he read on the fakir's papers—he knows only that it wasn't "Mouillemirche"). And Pradonet seems even to have forgotten the existence of the mystery—not only the name, but the motive for the apparent lie—several times since he first perceived it. He claims not to have noticed the discrepancy at first, but it has clearly remained present in his mind, since he has thought about it since. He must therefore have seen the problem at the beginning, then immediately forgotten it, and forgotten that he had forgotten it (that is, forgotten that it had ever existed). He then remembered it again, seemingly more than once, each time forgetting it again (and again forgetting that he had forgotten it). And he reinvokes the memory only to forget it: "since . . . Crouïa-Bey might have a legitimate reason for not being named Mouillemirche like his brother, [Pradonet] decided not to bother himself too much about this question" (112-13). He decides to forget the mystery created by the name he has forgotten, and the novel follows his example: never again will we be reminded of the discrepancy, and never will we learn the real name of Crouïa-Bey. We do learn that the former Jojo Mouillemirche now calls himself "Vousois" (192), but of course that in no way implies that the fakir is also named "Vousois" (the narrator refers to him only as "Crouïa-Bey" throughout the scene in which we learn Vousois' "real" name), nor even that he is truly Vousois' brother, although that is indeed the (necessarily inconclusive) hypothesis put forward by at least one critic.<sup>4</sup>

In fact, the scene in which the name "Vousois" is revealed only adds to the loss, for despite the strong impression that its bearer has apparently left on Léonie's memory, he has no idea who she is: "he couldn't manage, despite his efforts, to find among [his past mistresses] a Léonie who used to cut the rug in a dance hall" (192). He goes on to further muddle the question: "He vaguely recalled having been a little bit taken with a Lili who used to dance at the Boîte à Dix Sous, near the place de la République, but no Léonie" (194). The name "Lili" creates a new mystery (who is she?) that is, as usual, immediately forgotten. And as usual, any attempt on the part of the reader to resolve this mystery must presuppose the omnipresence of nominal disappearance. There are, it would seem, three possibilities: either Lili and Léonie are two different people, and Vousois remembers one

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<sup>4</sup> Steven Noreiko, "Pierrot mon ami" Themes and an Enigma," in *Mélanges de Littérature française moderne offerts à Garnet Rees*, ed. Cedric Pickford (Paris: Minard, 1980) 248.

while forgetting the other; or else Voussois, his mind clouded by an accident that recalls Crouïa-Bey's fiction (193) has replaced in his memory the name "Léonie" with the vaguely similar "Lili;" or else Léonie used to call herself "Lili," just as Mouilleminche called himself "Chaliaqueue," and has forgotten this important detail. Each is possible, and all depend on the inevitable loss of the name. And once again, the mystery itself disappears, never to be resolved or mentioned after this scene. Léonie and Voussois are "reunited" at the end of the novel, but, as before, nothing assures us that Voussois is indeed Jojo Mouilleminche. Inaugurated by Léonie's miraculous memory, this entire series of mysteries—who is Crouïa-Bey, who is Mouilleminche, who is Lili, and so on—leads to nothing more than a series of questions that must remain unanswered owing to the name's inevitable disappearance, questions that are themselves in turn forgotten: it is as if the capacity of the name and its mysteries to disappear varies directly with the importance the name holds for the full comprehension of the novel.

This odd symbiosis makes itself felt even more strongly through the novel's other great mystery: the identity of the Poldevians. One corner of the Uni-Park is occupied by a mysterious chapel; in the course of one of his many perambulations through the neighborhood, Pierrot meets the chapel's caretaker, Mounnezergues, who tells him his life story. Mounnezergues's life underwent a sudden change years before when a young man was thrown from a horse to his death in Mounnezergues's garden (as in the apparently true story of Voussois's injury and the apparently false story of Mouilleminche's death). The dead man is none other than Luigi Voudzoï, a "Poldevian prince" whose death creates a brief sensation in the Parisian press. The public quickly forgets the Poldevians, but not so Mounnezergues: he creates a touching memorial for Voudzoï, and undertakes to learn all he can of the Poldevians, a project that leads him into a more general autodidacticism, thanks to which "I learned or relearned the rules governing the agreement of participles . . . the crucial dates of French history, the names of all the departments of France, their chief towns and sub-prefectures" (70). Mounnezergues's encounter with the prince restores forgotten facts to his memory, as does the visit, some time later, of a second Poldevian, who asks Mounnezergues to tell him of Voudzoï's death: this second encounter, Mounnezergues tells Pierrot, "made me only more ardent to pursue my studies in order that I might better know the Poldevian people and their princes. It also renewed my memories" (72). The Poldevians seem to have the curious ability to reanimate all that is forgotten; little surprise, then, that the *raki* offered to Mounnezergues during a second visit by this unnamed prince again evokes the past: "It reminded me of my time in North Africa . . ." (73). And the Poldevians also inspire a more concrete memory: "if the street [that runs the length of the chapel] is called the rue des Larmes [street of Tears], it is because the municipality wanted to pay homage to the Poldevian princes, whose coat of arms bears that figure in orle" (75).

But who are these creatures who inspire such persistent memories? Prince Voudzoï himself, "without descendants and without vassals" (75), incarnates the disappearance of his own name, rather like Mounnezergues, whose father was the "last representative of an old family from Argenteuil" (64). And the Poldevians in general are hardly less ephemeral: having bought Mounnezergues's garden in order to build their chapel, and having promised to pay in installments, they immediately vanish without a trace (nevertheless, Mounnezergues scrupulously main-

tains the chapel, just as Léonie keeps alive her memory of the fleeting Jojo Mouilleminche). "No one even knew anymore where they were, who they were," says Mounnezergues (75). The "anymore" implies that something was indeed once known of the Poldevians, and that this knowledge has been forgotten. But in fact it is quite clear that the Poldevians are nothing more than a hoax that someone, for some reason, has perpetrated at Mounnezergues's (or Pradonet's) expense,<sup>5</sup> and it is equally clear that even at the height of their fame—just after Voudzoi's death—nothing whatsoever was known of them except that they were, in the words of the press, "autochthonous to their region" (69): a perfect tautology, created to satisfy a momentary curiosity and then to be forgotten. Thus, the Poldevians, who seem inevitably to inspire memory, are in fact the most ephemeral and the most impalpable element of *Pierrot mon ami*: that which does not exist (and only that which does not exist) is endlessly remembered.

But the Poldevians did exist, albeit fictively, in "real" life. They sprang from the imagination of journalist Alain Mellet (of *L'Action française*), who, in March 1929, wrote to a group of radical and socialist members of the French parliament in order to expose the atrocities suffered by "100,000 wretched Poldevians, modern-day slaves" at the hands of their owners.<sup>6</sup> The victims of this hoax did not hesitate to take the bait: Mellet promptly received a dozen or so responses, all very sympathetic and very indignant, and whose credulous authors had not bothered to verify the existence of Poldevia. And although "the Poldevian affair" created "a veritable tidal wave at the Palais-Bourbon,"<sup>7</sup> the "real" Poldevians have been forgotten almost as thoroughly as the "fictive" ones. Few exegetes of Queneau have spoken explicitly of this name, and many of those who do seem to be unaware of its source: one tells us that "there is no such place so Poldevia,"<sup>8</sup> while another notes only that the prince is "vaguely Slavic."<sup>9</sup> More recently, critics seem to have rediscovered the Poldevians,<sup>10</sup> but the fact remains that for many years, both inside and outside *Pierrot mon ami*, their name—the very font of memory within the novel—languished, forgotten. It thus monumentally incarnates forgetfulness, nonexistence, even the forgetting of this nonexistence, even if this nonexistence did in fact in some way exist. In a sense, the name "Poldevia" contains the entire novel within itself.

Given the seemingly necessary link between naming and forgetting in *Pierrot mon ami*, it seems odd that certain letters should be "remembered" from name to name—that is, that many of the names begin with a "P" or an "M." This enigma has given rise to a wide variety of interpretations: some see the alliteration purely and simply as a game,<sup>11</sup> while others view it as a deliberate display of the construc-

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<sup>5</sup> For an examination of the possible motives for this hoax, see Noreiko.

<sup>6</sup> Quoted in Jacques Franju, "Les Poldèves," in *Le Grand Canular* (Paris: Seghers, 1963) 121. My translation.

<sup>7</sup> Franju 124.

<sup>8</sup> Vivian Mercier, "Raymond Queneau: The Creator as Destroyer," in *The New Novel from Queneau to Pinget* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1971) 89.

<sup>9</sup> Alexandre Kojève, "Les Romains de la sagesse," *Critique* 60 (1952): 393. My translation.

<sup>10</sup> François Caradec, "Raymond Queneau 75012 Paris," in *Raymond Queneau*, ed. Andrée Bergens, *Cahiers de l'Herne* 29 (Paris: L'Herne, 1975) 311; Pierre Bastien, "Gotha Poldève," *Cahiers Raymond Queneau* 7 (1987): 47, Noreiko 250 n. 14.

<sup>11</sup> Claude Simonnet, *Queneau déchiffré: Notes sur Le Chiendent* (Geneva: Slatkine, 1981) 62 n. 1.

tion of the text.<sup>12</sup> For still others, the letters constitute a sort of code: the names beginning with "M," the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, refer to one of Queneau's well-known numerological fancies,<sup>13</sup> unless the names that begin with "P" somehow symbolize *le père*, the father, and the names that begin with "M" *la mère*, the mother.<sup>14</sup> It is also possible that the repetition of a single letter serves "to lay bare the interchangeability of them all."<sup>15</sup> Each of these interpretations is valid, but they all seem to have forgotten a more fundamental effect of the alliteration: the reader tends to forget exactly who is who, especially after finishing the novel. These similar sounding names conglomerate in the reader's mind, and it is only with some difficulty that he or she will remember the difference between Mounnezergues and Mouilleminche, between Pradonet, Paroudant, and Prouillot, between Mimi, Mizzy, Milou, Muche, and Marcel, between Psermis and Pansoult.

But we needn't speculate on the sense of the alliteration; Jacques Bens actually asked Queneau to explain it: "I asked him . . . why the names of two characters out of three begin with 'P' and those of the other third with 'M.' Well, he told me 'Yes, yes of course . . . I did it intentionally, but I'd have to look through my notes, I can't remember anymore."<sup>16</sup> Bens finds such a degree of forgetfulness "unthinkable" (96), and rightly so: Queneau's answer seems simply absurd, and all the more so since there is no mention of the reason for the alliteration in Queneau's notes.<sup>17</sup> Would it be going too far to suggest that Queneau was enjoying a sort of private joke in his answer to Bens, that this answer does not mean quite what it seems?

There is, of course, no need to go that far: Queneau's rejoinder aside, the role of disappearance in *Pierrot mon ami* remains unforgettable, and its symbiosis with the proper name virtually determines the construction of the novel. Pierrot exists "outside of history,"<sup>18</sup> but he is not alone: the entire novel is marked by a sort of temporal immobility (the present is continually forgotten, and thus is identical to the past), an immobility determined by "erasure, disappearance, forgetting"<sup>19</sup>—in other words, by the very attributes that determine the use of the proper name. And since the discovery of proper names lies at the heart of this or any detective novel ("Who did it?") and thus represents one element of that elusive certainty to which human cogitation aspires, the constant disappearance of the name in *Pierrot mon ami* creates a pessimistic subtext to the novel's apparent frivolity, a subtext well known to readers of Queneau's "darker" novels: the inaccessibility, the uncertainty, the frailty of knowledge.

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<sup>12</sup> Mary Campbell-Sposito, "Onomastics as a Defamiliarizing Device in Raymond Queneau's Novels," *French Review* 61.5 (1988): 725.

<sup>13</sup> Shorley 63.

<sup>14</sup> Claude Debon, "Pierrot mon ami, roman des initiales?" *Lectures de Raymond Queneau* 2 (1989): 29.

<sup>15</sup> Allen Thiher, *Raymond Queneau* (Boston: Twayne, 1985) 95.

<sup>16</sup> Jacques Bens, et al., "Entretiens," in *Queneau et après . . .* (Rouen: Bibliothèque municipale de Rouen, 1980) 96. My translation.

<sup>17</sup> Raymond Queneau, Notebook 31, MS, Centre de Documentation Raymond Queneau, Verviers, Belgium.

<sup>18</sup> Paul Gayot, *Raymond Queneau* (Paris: Éditions Universitaires, 1967) 103. My translation.

<sup>19</sup> Jacques Bens, "Sur une question du temps dans *Pierrot mon ami*," *Lectures de Raymond Queneau* 2 (1989): 39. My translation.