

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO
ANTHONY KERRIGAN

Selected Works of Miguel de Unamuno

Novela/Nivola, Volume 6



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Selected Works of Miguel de Unamuno

Volume 6

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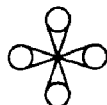
Anthony Kerrigan and Martin Nozick

1. *Peace in War*
2. *The Private World*
3. *Our Lord Don Quixote*
4. *The Tragic Sense of Life*
5. *The Agony of Christianity*
6. *Novela/Nivola*
7. *Ficciones: Four Stories
and a Play*

Miguel de Unamuno

Novela / Nivola

*Translated, with an Introduction,
by Anthony Kerrigan*



*And with a Foreword
by Jean Cassou
Annotated by Martin Nozick
and Anthony Kerrigan*

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Introduction

Miguel de Unamuno's Non-Novels

*If one dreams
of dying,
death is a dream.*

From Unamuno's last poem: *Cancionero*, no. 1755.

WHEN HE ESSAYED fiction, Unamuno did not write novels, exactly. And so the present volume is not so much a selection of *novelas* as it is of *nivolas*. And what are *nivolas*? First, they have no plot; or rather, their plot is existential, unknown to the author; plot makes itself up as it goes along, put together by the characters themselves; plot makes itself felt as it plotlessly becomes life-as-it-is-created, in this case by protagonists in a "fiction." And yet, in a fictional world, the existential moves are predestined. And there *is* an author, who can close the book on them, the protagonists, when he (He?) wants.

Our author did not believe in any genre of writing (or of living). And, if the critics insisted on judging his books according to the rules, he would invent his own genre, and did, changing existing names: he also invented *tragedias* and *drumas*. He was against classification in life or literature; he was against the idea of professional novelists, and even of professional readers (he was very Spanish); he was against "plots." In the case of his *Niebla*, translated as *Mist*,

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in calling it a *nivola* he was making use of the double play on the semi-assonance of *Niebla* and *novela*, thus inventing a nebulous genre indeed. And then, as had almost happened to Cervantes, and to Carlyle, and to Kierkegaard, whose characters took on a life of their own after their creators had imagined them, Unamuno found his imagined characters rising in revolt and getting out of hand. The book in which this first happens, our *Mist*, was written, it should be remembered, before and not after the dramatic *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, imagined by Pirandello: that is, *Mist* was published in Madrid in 1914, while *Six Characters* appeared in Rome (in print and on the stage) in 1921. Thus a historic moment in modern writing occurs when Augusto Pérez in *Mist* turns on Unamuno his maker and cries out: "I am to die as a creature of fiction? Very well, my lord creator, Don Miguel de Unamuno, you will die too! . . . God will cease to dream you. . . . Because you, my creator, my dear Don Miguel, you are nothing more than just another 'nivolistic' creature, and the same holds true for your readers. . . ." And the fictional entity argues with his maker that perhaps he as character has created the author rather than the other way around. Moreover, he threatens to kill Unamuno, for imagining him into existence and then willing him out of it. And this dialogue between author and character occurs seven years before the characters in the Pirandello play appear on stage, after being rejected by their creator, and attempt to dislodge the actors who merely represent them. After the play was produced in Paris in 1923, the echoes followed in Anouilh, Ionesco, and Beckett. For his part, Unamuno is most clearly echoed in Borges: "To dream that one exists . . . Well and good! That might be endured. But to be dreamt by

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someone else . . . !" The words are Unamuno's, but they might have been written by Borges. And the Argentinian has developed (in *The Circular Ruins*) Unamuno's thought as expressed by the protagonist Augusto Pérez as he muses on his life, wondering whether it may be no more than a novel, a *nivola*: "Perhaps all this is no more than God dreaming, or somebody else dreaming, whoever, and perhaps it will all evanesce as soon as He wakes?" And the Borgesian idea that Shakespeare and other creators tended to be not only everyman and all-men, but nobody, is a concept which begins with the Spanish mystics and carries through to Unamuno in such passages in *Mist* as where he speaks of "Hamlet, one of the protagonists who invented Shakespeare" and his "profoundly empty" phrase *To be or not to be* which is justified by the truth that "the more profound a phrase, the emptier it is," as the character Víctor Goti points out (he also writes a Prologue to the book in which he is a character: there is an index card on him in the Library of the University of Salamanca, recording his Prologue). This Víctor continues by saying that the greatest truth is certainly not *Cogito, ergo sum* but simply " $A=A$." And when Augusto Pérez says, "But that's nothing," Víctor counters: "That's exactly why it's the greatest of all truths, because it's nothing."

As a novel—or play: it has been performed as a play in Spain—*Mist* could stand re-writing, to make it live. In any case, it exists as a piece of *nivolistic* history.

* * *

In *Abel Sánchez* we have a barebones narrative of an obsession, one only. With an unclassical passion for immortality burning in one's soul, it is an easy

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step to greed and envy of a special kind: greed for immortality and envy for the immortality and fame of another. And here we have the record of Joaquín (Jo-Cain: Jehovah's Cain), who feverishly envies the unfairly favored Abel his easy fame and the possible immortality inherent in his painting, envies him from a driving desire to supersede and to himself live on. Even the Christian God is engaged in this struggle for eternal glory and survival: did He not create the world for His own greater glory? And not to struggle for immortality is not to be alive: "The physical eunuch does not feel the need to reproduce himself in the flesh, the spiritual eunuch does not feel the hunger to perpetuate himself." In the end, Unamuno could not pass judgment against his Cain. "In rereading my *Abel Sánchez* (he writes in the Prologue to the second edition) I have sensed the greatness of my Joaquín's passion and his moral superiority to all Abels. It is not Cain who is evil, but the Cainites. And the Abelites. The evil is in the petty Cainists, in the petty Abelists."

It could be objected that the monomaniacal Joaquín of our story is scarcely a real personage. In that case, then, he is a quintessential person, for there *are* people who live a love, or a hate, and whose whole life is their passion. More often than not the great dreamers, and creators, and players are monomaniacs—perhaps unfortunately.

Joaquín Monegro is no developing, evolutionary character, but a man obsessed with jealousy, who subsists on no other emotion. Later, Funes, the Memorious, or the Memorist, insomniac alter ego to Borges himself (in the memorial of the same name), has to do with nothing but his own memory. Since Joaquín and Funes are nothing but jealousy or memory, respectively, they are also almost nothing: further examples

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of Víctor Goti's intuition that "the more profound . . . the emptier."

* * *

As an obsessive, Unamuno begins with Juana la Loca. The obsession with Last Causes is a permanent symptom of Spanish madness (and madness seems definitely to have national forms: madness among the Japanese is altogether different from madness in Austro-Hungary), and the obsession is present from Mad Joan through Philip II among the titled, and, among spiritual brooders and meditators, from Teresa of Avila to Miguel de Molinos through to the paradox which was Miguel de Unamuno, the immortalist.

It would be hard to find a more obsessive tract than *How to Make a Novel*, wherein the novel is the narrator's obsession with his own death.

The decisive action begins along the Seine, which turns into a mirror. The protagonist, U. Jugo de la Raza (U for Unamuno, plus two of his family surnames which translate to Marrow of the Race: our author's full name actually included these surnames, in the form Jugo de Larraza) has bought a book to which he is instantly and fatally attracted, and almost at once reads: "When the reader comes to the end of this painful story he will die with me." The waters of the Seine had frozen into a hateful mirror (in modern Hispanic writing, mirrors are fearful, even hateful, to Unamuno, Pérez de Ayala, and Borges), and now the mirror breaks and spills over the pages and words of the fateful book. The protagonist hurries home, along the river. And he finds himself crossing le Pont de l'Alma—the Bridge of the Soul! And he is on the point of hurling himself into the Seine, into the mirror below.

How strange that James Joyce in Paris a few years

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before, crossing the same Bridge of the Soul to go to his own birthday party—to a celebration of his birth!—a celebration planned to hail his body's birth and the birth of his fateful Book, *Ulysses*, on the same dark night, was accosted by a perfect stranger, a dark stranger from nowhere and whom Joyce had never seen, who hurled a curse at him—in Latin!—and damned him, and dubbed him “An execrable writer!” (whatever the words in Latin). It is reported that Joyce clutched the balustrade on this Bridge of the Soul, and nearly toppled (into the mirror below?). Encountering the dark stranger, Joyce turned pale. U. Jugo de la Raza “had to hold on to the parapet.” And “He arrived home, his home in the house of passage . . . and there fell into a swooning trance.”

No matter, for the protagonist survived the book which had unhinged him, his Book, but he wonders, in the last sentence of his novel proper: “And you, reader, who have come this far: are you alive?” Does he thus beg the question, or does he thereby postulate that there is no such question; does he not simply suggest that the question—or answer—is beside the point, suggesting, too, that we are all of us imbedded in a dream; or mirrored, perhaps?

The title in Spanish is *Cómo se hace una novela*. In titling it in just this way Unamuno engaged in a grammatical paradox: he placed an accent on the *Cómo* which makes it, automatically (as against *Como*, without an accent: *As, Like*) the introduction to a question, *How?* and then he deliberately omitted the (double) question marks of Spanish, ¿*Cómo* . . . ?, the “turned” (inverted) interrogation at the beginning and the “untuned” interrogation mark at the end. So that the title in the form he gave it could be read as *How to Write a Novel?* or *How Is a Novel Written?* or *How*

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Write a Novel? or *How Is a Novel Made?* or, declaratively, *How a Novel Is Made*, or *The Making of a Novel*, or *How to Make a Novel*: we chose the last for title. It was published, integrally, not in Spain but in the Argentine, in 1927, after having appeared in French the year before (the French edition of 1926 is naturally lacking the additions made by Unamuno for the first Spanish edition). In 1950 an edition finally appeared in Spain. A good deal of political matter had been censored. Much furor was made—outside Spain—at the deletions, almost every word of which concerned the last king of Spain, Alfonso XIII, and his prime minister, Miguel Primo de Rivera. Unamuno had immured the pair in invective. The original, integral, text is given here, mostly for reasons of completeness (nothing of aesthetic value had been lost in the censoring; the censorship was motivated by politics, mainly nostalgic, since there was no attack on any contemporary institution, save the memory of the family of Primo de Rivera, whose son, José Antonio, much later was the founder of the Falange). The reader will find that Unamuno, in between vituperation, confesses his love for the monstrously all-too-human pair (the king and his prime minister). In his last years, Don Miguel is reported to have said (according to his oldest son and heir), "If I could have known what was to follow . . . I would have held my fire."

The implicit question of the title is answered by other implicit questions: *How to Make a Novel* is the same question as *How to Make a Novelist* and *How to Make a Reader*. Unamuno left the answer up to the reader of his book, and he appealed to that reader to answer. For they would have to answer the question together. And the last sentences of his added "Con-

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tinuation" point out that by thinking and being, *making* himself think and be by *making* his antagonists think and be and by their *making* him do the same reciprocally he—and they—are *making* a novel: and to make a novel of oneself is to live, to be. "And that is how, reader, to make a novel, forever." Unamuno was a spiritual contender, his own antagonist, an *agonist*.

But, as before, he wondered, in that final question of his at the end of his novel of a novel (a book on the reading and reacting to a book found on a bookstall along the Seine by U. Jugo de la Raza), whether the greatest truth was not that everything—and we—are "nothing," or that the more profound a thing, "the emptier," wondering now anew, "And you, reader, who have come this far: are you alive?" Not just *still* alive, not *all* alive, but simply "alive?"

* * *

On March 26, 1927, in Hendaye, France, just before finishing this novel on how to make a novel (he finished the text proper at the end of May 1927, and the *Continuation* on June 17), Unamuno wrote an incandescent letter to Jorge Luis Borges, commenting on a recent essay by Borges on Quevedo, and ending with a litany on his own preoccupations at the time: "I keep going over and over in my mind the question of whether God will remember me always and whether these memories of God remember themselves or are aware of each other so that an eternity of eternities would be no more than a moment in time, under time, and the infinite circle its own center and the entire universe an atom, that is, 0, zero, and from these soundings and fathomings in the unfathomable mystery of *existing* and *insisting* I come up sometimes

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with ferocious sarcasm, with a mockery fit only to hurl at the heads of my country's hangmen. . . ." And he concluded by offering Borges greetings from "your gratified reader, and—why not?—comrade and friend." The "0" in those lines is a nought, and Borges, years later, expanded this notion and, even more specifically, Unamuno's thought of "the infinite circle its own center," in his masterly history of this metaphor, "The Sphere of Pascal," dated Buenos Aires, 1951.

We have already called Unamuno an immortalist, a spiritual contender, an agonist. We might well add that he was a spiritual *conquistador*. A native Basque and a Basque-speaker, he had taken Castilian Spanish "by right of conquest," as he announced in the Spanish Parliament, and he would if he could take the kingdom of immortality by force, for "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," as he tirelessly repeated, citing Matthew 11:12 as authority.

At the opposite end of the intellectual spectrum, a Viennese Jew eight years older than Unamuno, had written, in mid-career: "I am . . . not at all a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, not a thinker. I am by temperament nothing but a *conquistador*, an adventurer . . . with all the inquisitiveness, daring and tenacity characteristic of such a man." Thus Sigmund Freud, following the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (his greatest work, he thought) in 1900. A few years later, Unamuno was to publish his dream book, *Mist*, in which all of life is seen as a dream where creators and created are such stuff as dreams are made on. Both writers were, as Freud noticed of himself, made to the measure of *conquistadores*. The *Zeitgeist* in

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which both contemporaries dreamed, before applied technological science and the unchallenged notion of progress blighted civilization, is elucidated by Freud's character-description, which succinctly encompasses two Europeans of utterly different bent and temper.

* * *

In summary: *Mist* (*Niebla*) was published in Madrid in 1914, again in 1928 in another edition, in still another edition in 1935, in Buenos Aires in 1939, and again in 1942; in Madrid again in the *Obras Completas* (*OC*¹) in 1951, in *Obras Completas* (*OC*²) in 1958, in the *Obras Completas* (Escelicer) in 1967. In the Austral paperback series, there had been twelve editions by 1968, issued either in Madrid or Buenos Aires. Among the translations, the Italian version was first, due to the vogue of Pirandello, and the resemblance of the earlier *Mist* to the Italian's work. The Italian translation appeared in Florence in 1922, but, surprisingly, the same year saw the appearance of a Hungarian version of *Mist* issued at Budapest: German translations appeared in Munich in 1926 and in Leipzig in 1933. A French version was issued in Paris in 1926. In 1928, there were four translations: into Dutch (Arnhem); into Polish (Warsaw); Swedish (Stockholm); and the first English version, by Warner Fite, was issued in New York. In 1929, there were translations into Rumanian (Bucharest) and a Serbo-Croatian version (Zagreb). A Latvian translation appeared (Riga) in 1935. In 1955 there was a second Italian version (Rome), by a new translator.

Abel Sánchez (*Abel Sánchez, historia de una pasión*) was published in Madrid in 1917, again in

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1928, in Buenos Aires in 1940, and there was a remarkable and most helpful edition issued in New York—in Spanish, but with an Introduction in English, and a “Vocabulary” in both languages, in a most convenient “Dutch-door” arrangement at the bottom of the entire text—in 1947; this edition was the work of Ángel del Río and Amelia de del Río; much use was made of this edition by the present translator.

The first translation was put into German (Munich), 1925. There followed a translation into Dutch (Arnhem), 1927; into Czech (Prague), 1928; a second German version (Leipzig), 1933; into French (Paris), 1939; into Italian (Milan), 1953; there was a second Dutch edition, also in 1953; a new translation into Italian (Rome), 1955. The only previous translation into English was by the present translator and was issued in Chicago, 1956, under the title *Abel Sánchez and Other Stories*, with an Introduction by the translator, who here offers a more definitive version.

How to Make a Novel (Cómo se hace una novela) was first published, as indicated above: in France, 1926; in the Argentine, 1927; in Spain, 1950. The successive Spanish editions kept progressively restoring and printing more and more of the matter originally censored in 1950, so that by the time of the two Madrid editions of 1966 (there was even an earlier printing of *OC*² which contained the integral, original text), there was no longer any call for alarm from abroad about omitted passages: they were all, and continue to be, available in Spain in all their original and colorful (now sadly, nostalgically, dated) vituperation. The French version printed in *Avant et après la Révolution* (Paris, 1933), which contains

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all of Unamuno's additions to the first French edition of 1926, plus thirteen essays on various subjects, was usefully consulted in making the present version.

For some reason—perhaps some good reason—this novel of a novelist's Last End had never appeared before in English, though it was put into another foreign language before it appeared in Unamuno's Spanish. Except for the two translations into French (both by Jean Cassou: poet, art historian, Director of Paris' Musée d'Art Moderne, and Unamuno's half-Spanish intimate) there appear to have been no other versions in any other foreign languages—to date.

ANTHONY KERRIGAN

Palma de Mallorca
1974

Foreword

THE POSSIBILITY that a monologist might also be a novelist is, in itself, a complete contradiction. But Miguel de Unamuno was nothing if not contradictory: contradictions made him what he was. And this fact is decisive. Unamuno had based his entire philosophy on the consciousness of his own being, and had concentrated all his energy on the resistance to death by the person who was himself: and so he could only truly express himself in a perpetual soliloquy. His every word, his correspondence, his entire work, all were soliloquy. The thinker and the man were fused in the vehement Don Miguel ceaselessly imposing himself on the world. How could he impose anyone else? Evoke another's persona? Live a discourse that was not his own but someone else's? Someone else's monologue? Other people's monologues? And consequently a dialogue, an exchange of dialogues? Nevertheless, Unamuno was a novelist, that is to say, a creator of characters.

The paradox is clarified if one considers his willful self-assertion, one aspect of which is his will to procreation. It is not enough merely to be oneself; the self has its own force, engenders action, moves and creates. In his will to procreation, Unamuno displays, not only his biological nature, but his peculiarly Spanish essence. For this will becomes a point of honor in the Spaniard. Spanish man takes pride in his virility, Spanish woman in motherhood. Whenever there was

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talk of children in Don Miguel's presence, he would be quick to declare, with an air of wild defiance, as if it were a challenge, "I have eight." He was worried by Don Quixote's being a bachelor. Of course, there was Dulcinea . . . Dulcinea, the lady of Toboso, the lady of Don Quixote's dream-thoughts. But he was even more reassured by the real Dulcinea, the peasant-maid Aldonza Lorenzo, a plump, good-looking wench, the possible mother of any number of sturdy children. Here we touch one of the sensitive spots of the Spanish "question." It constitutes the node of Federico García Lorca's plays, in which all lands are barren and all weddings bloody. And if the Spanish people have made Saint Teresa of Avila one of their symbolic figures, it is because she represents the Mother. And she was celibate! There is no end to the paradox. Along this road procreation remains desire.

Let us consider this critical, tragic, essential desire. Let us consider the mother. A mother gives birth, and therefore every living creature must feel, in relation to her, like a child. But Unamuno balks, and wishes to see in the mother figure the same procreative quality he sees in himself. Spain is his mother. Good enough. But she is also, and more exactly, his daughter. He has been created by her, but he, in his turn has created her. He has created her daily as he has created himself and his characters. And by creating his characters he becomes their eternal creator and absolute master. Pirandello's characters wander through limbo in search of an author. They are born of reality. And they are still reeking of and throbbing with reality—a horrible reality, a truly dramatic horror—which they claim to imitate, when they appear on stage at rehearsals in an attempt to give flesh and blood to the play, so at last it can be performed. But

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then the really dramatic horror of the happening which they have experienced becomes a theatrically dramatic horror: it becomes the act of an author. They are the author's characters. And while they clamor for the author, they also rebel against him. The process is painful to them. Their reincarnation, their second birth, desired by them, is torture. Unamuno's characters, on the other hand, are born author's characters. They exist only through him and from the first moment, from their first appearance. They do not come from elsewhere to receive the breath of life, theatrical, novelistic life. He gives them this breath of life at the very beginning, as he brings them out of nothingness. And the only one among them who objects and seeks out the author in his study to demand justice, is made to listen to the authority of his law, which, when all is said and done, is the same authority and law to which he, the author, is subjected. What is this rebellious character demanding? The right to commit suicide? We understand that by this gesture he would prove his independence to the full. But his author cannot bring himself to accept this final demand. He will make his character die a natural death like everyone else, like—as he knows full well—himself.

Nonetheless, the character, while he exists, is master of his existence. In *Niebla*, Augusto Pérez is within his rights when he emphasizes the value of this existence. With customary penetration, Américo Castro, in a study of "Pirandellism" in Unamuno and in Cervantes ("Cervantes y Pirandello," in the book *Santa Teresa y otros ensayos*, Madrid, 1929), dwells on the second chapter of Part Two of *Don Quixote*, where the two heroes, knight and squire, are concerned with certain writings describing their adventures,

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which are said to be going the rounds. But how are their adventures described? With what degree of truth? Do these literary—imaginary—accounts conform to the reality of their being, the beings of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? It is amazing that in his *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, Unamuno should have skimmed over this chapter so quickly and not have commented on it more fully. Of course, Unamuno's book as a whole is a commentary on that chapter; even more, Unamuno's entire *oeuvre*, particularly his novels, is a commentary on this theme.

And it is a commentary continually agitated by sharp contradictions. Why did Unamuno not pause at that passage in the *Quixote*? As we have just said, it is surely because he returns repeatedly to this precise passage throughout his book. His central theme is indeed that Don Quixote and Sancho are more real than Miguel de Cervantes, poor man. And if he does not allow his Augusto Pérez to rebel against him and shout "I want to live," and protest about his life and his right to terminate it himself by a voluntary act, that of suicide, if he does not allow this rebellion, he is, indeed, in the wrong. We must accuse him, then, of contradicting himself. His pride, and his jealous, creative despotism, cause him to be provoked at this protest, and make him condemn his character to the common fate, the common grave, to make him die when sovereign paternal authority commands it. This supreme dialogue in *Mist* achieves an overwhelming pathos precisely because it really is a dialogue. It is a dialogue between two characters as human as they could possibly be, human all-too-human, and thus liable to error and madness. Augusto Pérez admittedly, is presented to us as a most pathetic char-

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acter. But Don Miguel, his creator, is no less pathetic for he defends his author's prerogative with a scornful sneer or with a tyrannical fury.

But let us concentrate on an Unamuno not yet transformed into a character in his own comedy, and playing the part of The Author. Let us think of Unamuno the author in objective reality. Unamuno who thinks according to Unamuno's philosophy, who thinks in an Unamunian way. In order to be true to himself, what must this Unamuno demand of his characters? What more than that they become in turn authors of themselves, that they create themselves, that they form themselves! A thousand obstacles block the way, the obstacles of life, of real life; other men's passions and their own. To create oneself, to author or make oneself in this world governed by all forms of domination and whim, of greed, absurdity, hate, envy—awful envy, Cainite envy—and all the ingenious, sordid combinations that society places in the way of our will to, and even more, in the way of our chance to create others, that is, to love. All these social combinations, all these artificial and self-centered strategies multiply the individual to infinity: there are countless ways of getting married and producing children, which are, equally, ways of destroying love. Society—systematic, theoretic, methodical—has established a rich repertoire of combinations. One of the most disastrous is, without a doubt, *a priori* reasoning, premeditated rationalizing, pedagogy. For human beings live and move in the realm of action, real work, real life! We live and move in the realm of the potential man, of the man who would be *nothing less than a whole man!* But do we wish to be a potential man or would we rather exhaust

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all the possibilities offered us by common legalistic reason, preconceived to prevent us from ever becoming that whole man?

Clearly, the world of Unamuno's dramatic characters is a dark one. In this it resembles other worlds in Spanish literature: those in which so-called realism prevails. And yet, Unamuno's world is a dramatic one. A dramatic action is played out there, and played out by characters. Its imaginary nature is affirmed from the first, altogether different from the express intention of describing reality affirmed by Balzac, Flaubert, or Pérez Galdós. But Unamuno's characters, brought forth from their creator's will and not from the reality of their time, accord with this reality during the period their author gives them to live, the time the author gives them to attempt to live and fulfill themselves. And this reality is cruel, atrocious.

But reality is always cruel and atrocious; the sight of it creates a bitter impression. To a greater or lesser extent this is the result achieved by all realistic art. But it appears that there is a greater-than-average bitterness to be found in certain examples of Spanish realism. Why? Because the author has purposely aimed at making the reader experience this bitterness. He has experienced it himself while writing the work. And the vitriol of pitiless sarcasm has infiltrated his writing from the start. We are gripped by this kind of taunting sarcasm in *La Celestina*. It permeates all the picaresque and Quevedo; it appears in certain pages of Galdós; and it sparkles in Unamuno's contemporary, Pío Baroja. And of course it is everywhere in Goya.

In the domain of cases and causes, of comic and tragic and tragicomic situations, Unamuno's imagination never runs dry. His is the imagination of the

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logician, the demiurgos who strips dramas down to the equation, the schema, the barest outline. Down to dialogue. But to pure dialogue, without any hint of décor or stage directions, tone of voice or facial expression, dialogue reduced to pure dialogue, dry, stripped and bare, brutal, primitive, striking. It is a dialogue in retaliation for a monologue. But in this dialogue form each of the adversaries reaches the zenith of individual self-affirmation.

Under this sign the characters lose nothing in pathos; on the contrary, they gain from this ease of representation, quick figures on a blackboard. They are presented in a situation from which varying consequences can ensue. And the author takes them out of this situation to push them into still another equally uncomfortable one. On a subsidiary plane, he invents other characters to live other cases, analogous or opposed, but just as likely to end up in ridiculous shambles, in some sorry fiasco. Is there cruelty in all this? Certainly there is, but it is cruelty combined with a strange tenderness, a father's tenderness: the tenderness of a frightfully lucid father who never laughs outright, but contains this laughter in a spasm which makes him all the fiercer. A fierce tenderness, therefore, but tenderness all the same. And is it not in the interests of love, out of love of love, which is action, work, and life, that Unamuno makes use of a farcical ferocity? This love is all the more admirable because it does not fulfill itself in effective procreation, but rather, as with the beloved, sublime *Tía Tula*, must confine itself to patterns of substitution or sublimation, and therefore evolves into a passion, a boiling point for love, and this passion reveals itself as pure will, pure spirituality. It is not possible to love on a higher plane than this, nor more intensely.

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However much of a monologist Unamuno was—and he was an untiring, irrepressible monologist—let there be no mistake: the flame of love burned in him, that is to say: he was a novelist, the author of personae. Whence his heartfelt interest in others, his vehement outpourings to others. These life-companions belonged to him, but they belonged less to his creator's demiurgic empire than they pertained and were an adjunct to the extraordinary tenderness he showed as a man toward other men, a tenderness which possessed him and which he communicated totally. As potential animator of potential personae (every friend was in the latter category), he intuited the spark of life wherever it was to be found and the sacred though slender chance of each one being himself, oneself. Hence his forceful, highly emotive use of the possessive of the first person singular in connection with everyone for whom he cared. His way of appropriating them was something which each one—each of his friends, each of his personae—was bound to accept with heartfelt consent. His appropriation of them was at the same time the recognition of their own existence, of their own free will, a hallmark on their being alive for good or for ill—and they felt it so with tender gratification! When he called his friends, whoever they were, Pedro or Juan, "my Pedro, my Juan," he seemed to mean that he claimed them—for their own good, in order to certify their attempt to become themselves, to make their own destiny.

* * *

Exile undermined his condition as father, his paternal role, his own claim to paternity. From his exile on, Unamuno could no longer assume he was at home in the universe, he could no longer say with any assur-

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ance "my Universe." He was at a loss: cut off, disarmed, discountenanced. And thus he must have appeared to the curious public of Paris—more or less aware of who he was—which received him in a city as foreign to him as he was to it. Moreover, in that year of 1924—when he was deported to Fuerteventura, escaped, and began his exile in France—people were still not accustomed to the internments, banishments, expulsions, emigrations which were to become common currency of our century and make of existence, whether individual or collective, a matter of chance. This precursor of the age's exiles was as surprising to others as he was himself surprised. I recall an evening at the house of some friends. Everyone gathered around Unamuno to hear that evening's monologue: like every other evening's monologue it was necessarily heavy-handed, maladroit, confused, inadequate. . . . Next to me sat André Spire, observing Unamuno with an air of concerned melancholy; at one point he whispered the half line from Victor Hugo, first among exiles: ". . . *Oh! l'exil est impie.*" Impious, yes, even ungodly: for it menaces everything vital, everything personal, everything potentially active and decisive about a person, it menaces his will to be. And therefore it affects his creative freedom, his power to create others. Unamuno exiled could no longer create personae; nor could he be the author of his principal character, himself. Nor could he be father to his daughter, Spain, for she had run away, to languish in a tyrant's grip. His role as father was abolished, and he was now merely a son; his daughter Spain became his mother Spain, a wronged mother, and he powerless to redress her wrongs. He could no longer do anything for her nor with her. When the Dictator's agents came to arrest Unamuno, his wife

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had cried out: "*Hijo mío!*" "My son!" And with this cry from the depths of her being, the wife had become the mother. And not only the mother of the children which nature had given her but of the man she had loved, of the man she loved, the man who was her other self in day-to-day life on earth and whom she created each day just as he created her. But all creative action came to an end when he was no longer any more than a son.

As a result of this development he was constrained to face up to the fatality he shared with all men but to which he had always put up a frantic and paradoxical resistance: the inevitability of one's own disappearance. All of Unamuno's will to engender, all the originality of his thought, all his genius consisted in his admitting the inevitable and—battling against it. He had lived in struggle—agony—with this tragic sense of life.

To be a son, a child, to be a creature and not a creator, a creature who is nothing but a creature and who exists only to die, might have its own charm, a terrible melancholic but powerful enough charm. When he had had enough of Paris life, Don Miguel established himself in exile at Hendaye, at the very farthest reach of the French *pays basque* where it borders his own Spanish Basque country. From there, his senses strained to catch the sights and sounds across the frontier. He could clearly hear the bells of Fuenterrabía. His thoughts turned toward death. He began the first poem of his *Romancero del desierto*

If I should die here, in this green land . . .

From that time, he accepted death, the only act by which he could still express his connection with some-

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thing alive—the memory of his origins, of his mother. In the poems he wrote as well as in those he read—and they were one and the same thing for a man who could do only by un-doing, create only by un-creating—he habitually underlined those passages which spoke of denuding oneself and of a return, a going back to primitive sleep, to the original nucleus, to the peace which is both beginning and end, to the mother and all that pertains to the mother: cradle, lap, womb. Whenever he read a poem aloud, whether one of his own or someone else's, he would underline this type of passage with a peculiar and particular gesture: he would cup his hand and open it out at the same time to indicate both receiving and gathering, a graceful gesture of pious solicitude; at the same time his voice would become more mellow and yet more somber.

In this retrospective state he wrote the novel which must inevitably be considered (a few later novellas are another matter) to be his last novel, a novelist's last novel. This novelist is his last character: the author becomes his own final persona, namely, Don Miguel the author who has no further role to play, no other destiny to fulfill but the role and destiny of the man who must die. No longer his own father, he is his own son, and as such he begins to fade, to diminish, to shrink. He becomes a *peau de chagrin*, a body of vexations, a chagrined spirit, a shrunken skin.

The idea for the book came to him one gloomy day during his exile in Paris. The Spanish title, *Cómo se hace una novela*, I changed in my French translation to *Comment on fait un roman*, his "How a Novel Is Made" into "How One Makes a Novel." I could have just as well called it "*Comment se fait un roman*," but the Spanish reflexive is equivalent also to the French

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"on," which suggests a particular, individual, personal decision amidst the universal anonymity. The French "on" is everyone, and so in consequence is someone, Latin *unus*. Inasmuch as the key word is "Make," Unamuno would not have been adverse to the suggestion that the making of the novel was the work of someone, that the verb involved a subject. Still, the neuter, passive nuance suggested by the fact of the novel's "being made" is paradoxically and equally Unamunian. At this stage of his life as author, the last state of the deprivation of his creative powers, it was no longer he who wrote the novel, the novel of a novel, but rather it was the Novel itself which told How It Made Itself. And, How did It Make Itself? It Made Itself in the measure that the author, reduced to ghostliness, achieved annihilation.

At that time, when Don Miguel told me of his plans for the pathetic work, he did so with an air of imparting an appalling confidence; it was a note he struck often enough even when gossiping; on this occasion, however, such a panic-stricken air seemed more pointed and pertinent than usual. For in conceiving this story—whose point and finality was that of his own history, his own story—Miguel de Unamuno arrived at the terminal point of his own philosophy, the philosophy he had formed, lived, experienced, tested; he arrived at the end point of his thought as an existential thinker. Here we had a man who refused to accept death; we beheld, all of us, the spectacle of a man who all his life battled against death and, in the death struggle, the agony, with his tragic sense of life, was implacably bent on keeping his sense of immortality intact to the end, to the breaking point where the will despairs. But in his final period, caught in the wilderness of exile, in its disarray, it is no longer a matter

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of positive, creative struggle—but the reverse. It is this reverse that we must unavoidably take into account. In the measure that the story develops, in proportion to the effort expended by the author in relating it, the storyteller grows dim, exhausted, is diminished. In the end, soon enough, he will be annihilated.

If we accept my suggestion that all of Unamuno's later characters—for example, San Manuel Bueno—are supplementary, repetitive creations of an ever-flowing talent, or are mere episodic exceptions, we must then accept that the central character of *How to Make a Novel* is Unamuno's last creation. For Unamuno, creator of characters, himself identified with this last character to the point of dying whenever he dies. So that we should consider San Manuel Bueno a posthumous character. And Unamuno traced—or rather followed—the decline and fall of his last character until he himself was to all appearances breathing his last. Of course we must remember that his character was formed in the barrenness of exile, when he had lost, given up, his own fruitful paternity and become no more than a son. He was quite aware of all these circumstances, or his genius was aware of them, for he named this last character U. Jugo de la Raza, a name which begins with the initial *U* of Unamuno and goes on to combine the surnames of his maternal grandfather and paternal grandmother. Thus he re-establishes the maternal lineage, the side of the mothers. The play of words on *la Raza* (the race) whereby he deforms the equally Basque surname Larraza, only serves to stress his decline—accepted if not contrived—back to the merely filial condition. He is reduced to being the essence of the race; he becomes the source, the sensual marrow, the blood and seminal

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juice which can produce no more, a descendant who is no more than descent, pure descent, arrested in its flow, stanchèd.

The creator of characters, having died in the person of the character christened U. Jugo de la Raza, all that remained of Unamuno was the man of action. But in the given circumstances he had already been deprived of any and all means of action. His own history became that of a historical character, but at a time when there was no longer any history. Since Spain was no longer his daughter, he no longer had any influence over her, any hold on her. Spain was now only his mother, ill-treated, abused, dishonored, dispossessed, a docile captive. There was little hope that things might change. The only possible attitude for a historical personage without a history—Unamuno's fate—was one of protest.

He had taken up residence in a modest family pension, at 2, rue Lapérouse, in the Étoile quarter. I would visit him there, one of the regulars at his discussions, on his walks. I translated his writings: he would read me the pages as they came to life and I returned them to him translated, and he would give me what followed. In this way *The Agony of Christianity* and *How to Make a Novel* were written and translated, to be published in French before they were published in Spanish. The translation of the latter appeared in the *Mercure de France* dated 15 May 1926, with my study of the author titled *Portrait d'Unamuno*. I think about it today, since, as I have just shown, this work theoretically closed the cycle of novels, and its hero was the final, supreme character of the author. I intuitively expected that, all the same, there was still another possible character, but this time truly the final one: Unamuno himself. He himself, no longer incarnate in this twilight character,

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but he himself alive, real, not just the creator of characters but the creator of his whole work. Miguel de Unamuno, in flesh and blood, in short, a man, who can be portrayed. As it turned out, I had the right idea in including in the publication of *How a Novel Is Made* a portrait of the author. And in so doing, was I not following the spirit of Unamuno, according to which ideas, and moreover, all things, only have meaning and value when made man? You may analyze the *Critique of Pure Reason* and the whole Kantian system, but the efficacious and authentic effort lies in arriving at the same explanatory light by making the system live in "Kant the man." Somewhere I have spoken of this continual *anthropomorphization* which is Unamuno's philosophy. Nearly half a century later, I confirm that explaining Unamuno by portraying him was to conform to his obstinately humanistic philosophy. It would have been useless for me to bring the work of this foreign writer to the notice of the French public, who had only a very vague notion of him, by merely supplying them with a list of his books and a résumé of his philosophy. It would have been a useless undertaking to speak of this philosophy as philosophers would have spoken, to speak of these numerous novels, plays, essays, and poems as literary critics would. It would have been simply more *pedagogy*. But there was a possibility, a necessity even, and that was to give it the form of a descriptive portrait. I had to *portray* this philosophy, this literary creation, these novels. Or more exactly, I had to gather all this into a portrait which could be rightfully entitled, as I had entitled it, Unamuno.

And by so doing, I had stirred Unamuno to the quick. Since it was indeed his business to understand that henceforth only *he* remained.

After the disappearance of U. Jugo de la Raza in

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the final pages of his prophetic novel, the central question could only be Unamuno himself, the creator of this last, imaginary character and of so many imaginary things, and figurehead of the whole vast output of the man. These works are only perceptible and real in the light of this figurehead. So my *Portrait of Unamuno* moved this impassioned man to comment on and argue about everything, as was the nature of his personal demon. He therefore wrote a reply to my *Portrait* and both our texts were published in the Spanish edition of *Cómo se hace una novela* which was, moreover adorned, enriched, spiced with many other observations.

Thus in his little Paris hotel room I would see him dying away from himself while he continued to dream of an impossible political future for his people, while he engaged in polemics, while he despaired. The perpetual soliloquy was continued without any imaginary, possible reply, or any surprising change. Then came the great chain of surprises: the fall of the dictatorship, the triumphal return of Unamuno to his liberated Spain, and later the fall of the monarchy and the establishment of the Republic. Other events followed, the last one being the height of tragic horror. History had become threadbare, then destroyed, not by wear and tear, but by a catastrophe. Miguel de Unamuno, historical character, and in this capacity, one of the most magnificent *personalizations* in Spanish history, was effaced by the Spanish Civil War, and thereupon disappeared into his abyss.

JEAN CASSOU

Paris
1970
1971

Mist

Prologue

DON MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO INSISTS on my contributing a prologue to this book of his, in which he recounts the lamentable life and mysterious death of my good friend Augusto Pérez. Since the wishes of Señor Unamuno are for me commands, in the full sense of the word, I can do no less than write it. For, though I have not succumbed to the Hamlet-like skepticism reached by my poor friend Pérez, who went so far as to doubt of his own existence, I am firmly persuaded that I lack what psychologists call free will. I am somewhat consoled by the thought that Don Miguel possesses no more free will than I do.

It will doubtless strike some readers as strange that I, a complete unknown even in the republic of Spanish letters, should be the one to prologue a book by Don Miguel, who is more advantageously known than I. A prologue customarily serves for a better-known writer to introduce a lesser-known one. But Don Miguel and I have decided to reverse this pernicious custom, inverting the terms so that the unknown should introduce the known. Books are bought, we assume, for the main body of the text rather than for the prologue, so that it is only natural that a young beginner like myself, wishing to make himself known, should ask a veteran man of letters, not for a prologue by way of presentation, but for the opportunity to prologue one of the master's works. This practice would

at the same time solve one of the problems in the eternal dispute between the young and the old.

I am linked to Don Miguel de Unamuno by more than one tie. First of all, in this novel or *nivola* (and it should be made clear that it was I who invented this word) he quotes from the many conversations between myself and the ill-fated Augusto Pérez; he recounts the story of my son Victorcito's late birth; finally, it appears that I am distantly related to Don Miguel, my surname being the same as that of one of his ancestors, at least according to the very learned genealogical investigations of my friend Antolín S. Parrigópulos, a famous man in the world of learning.

I am not at all certain what kind of reception Don Miguel's reading public will give this *nivola*, or what attitude they will take toward Don Miguel. For some time now I have been attentively following Don Miguel's campaign against public gullibility, and I have been astounded to learn how profound and candid that gullibility is. Following the appearance of a series of newspaper articles recently, Don Miguel received a number of letters as well as press clippings which confirmed the presence of a rich vein of ingenuousness and dovelike simplicity of mind still to be found among the public. Some people were shocked that our Don Miguel had said that Señor Cervantes (that other Don Miguel) was not entirely devoid of genius: they took it as a needless irreverence. Others were overcome by his melancholy musings on the falling leaves of autumn. Still others are stirred by his cry, "War against war!", a cry wrung from Don Miguel by the painful sight of seeing men die without being killed. Some of the provincial papers reprinted—because they recognized them as their own—that bag of un-paradoxical truisms which Don Miguel had

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collected from cafés, clubs, and gatherings, where they had gone bad from so much handling and which reeked of surrounding vulgarity. There were even guileless doves who were indignant because Don Miguel, the *logomachist*, sometimes spells Kulture—with a capital K—and then admits that, although he can claim some skill in the fortunate use of words, he is unable to make puns. For puns are the essence of artistic expression as conceived by the public, always ingenuous as to genius.

It is just as well that the ingenuous public seems not to have noticed some of the other peculiar practices indulged in by Don Miguel. For instance, his use of italics, when in some of his articles he underlines certain words chosen entirely at random, turning the manuscript pages upside down to make sure he does not see which words they are. When I asked him once why he did this, he answered, "How do I know? From sheer good humor! To cut a caper! Besides, underlined or italicized words annoy me, put me out of humor altogether. They're an insult to the reader. It's a way of calling him stupid, of saying 'Look here, my good man, pay attention: this means something!'" I once advised a man to have all his articles set in italics, so that the public would know that he meant every word he said, from first to last. It's all a matter of pantomime in the field of writing: substituting gestures for what should be clear from intonation and emphasis. Look at how the ultra-right journals here overindulge in italics, small and large capitals, exclamation marks, every known typographical resource. All pantomime! Their means of expression is simple-minded, or rather, their view of the gullibility of their readers is simple-minded. And the point is that we must put an end to this gullibility."

I have sometimes heard Don Miguel maintain that humor, as it is generally known, true humor, has never taken root in Spain, nor will it easily do so in the foreseeable future. Those who are known here as humorists are either satirists or ironists, when they are not mere jesters. To call our Taboada a humorist, for example, is to misuse the word. And there is nothing less humorous than the harsh, even if transparently obvious, satire of Quevedo, in which the moral of the sermon is always apparent. "The only real humorist we have had in Spain is Cervantes," Don Miguel said once. "And if he were to raise his head again, how could he help but laugh at all those who became indignant when I suggested he was ingenious, and how could he help laughing at all those ingenuous simpletons who have taken some of his most subtle spoofing seriously? For it is clear enough that it was part of his burlesque of the books of chivalry—very serious burlesque—to parody their style; and that the passage 'Hardly had the rubicund Phoebus . . . ;' which some ingenuous Cervantists offer as a model of style, is nothing more than a genial caricature of literary Baroque. There is scarcely any point in speaking of the fashion of considering as idiomatic a passage like the one with which Cervantes starts a chapter, following one ending with the word 'hour,' where he begins: 'It must have been that of the dawn. . . .'"

Our public, like any public of little culture, is naturally wary, just as our people as a whole are wary. Everyone is on guard against letting anyone else take advantage of him, make a fool of him, put something over on him, "take" him in any way. In consequence, whenever anyone opens his mouth, everyone else wants to know, from the first instant, what he is up

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to, what he is getting at, and whether he is in earnest or is jesting. I doubt if the people of any other nation are so thoroughly upset as ours by any mixture of jest and earnest, of parody and truth. And what Spaniard can countenance any doubt as to whether or not something or somebody is serious? It is very difficult for the average suspicious Spaniard to understand that a thing may be said in jest and in earnest at the same time, as a joke and yet seriously, and both from the same point of view.

Don Miguel is fascinated with the idea of the *buffo*-tragic, and more than once he has told me he would not like to die without having written a tragic *buffo*-nade or a *buffo*-tragedy, a tragic farce or a farcical tragedy, not one in which the farcical or grotesque elements are mixed with the tragic, but one in which these elements are fused—and confused—into one. And when I observed that all this represented the most unbridled romanticism, he answered:

“I don’t deny it. But putting names to things doesn’t lead anywhere. In the twenty years I have spent teaching the classics I have never entertained the idea of a classicism as opposed to romanticism. Hellenism, they say, is a matter of distinguishing, of defining, of separating. Well then, my role is to un-define, to confound.”

And the background for this attitude is the concept, or more than a concept, a sense of life which, however, I dare not label pessimistic, knowing as I do how Don Miguel loathes that adjective. His *idée fixe*—and on this point he is a monomaniac—is that if his own soul is not immortal, if the souls of all other men and even of all other things are not immortal, and immortal in the sense meant by the ingenuous Catholics of the Middle Ages, then nothing is worthwhile,

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nothing is worth the slightest effort. From the same source we have Leopardi's doctrine of tedium, following the demise of his most extreme deception,

Ch'eterno io mi credei

the illusion of thinking himself eternal. It is only natural that three of Don Miguel's favorite authors should be Sénancour, Quental, and Leopardi.

His rough and ready, his confounding humor not only wounds the sensibilities of all those who want to know from the first what the other person is getting at, but it also upsets countless others. People want to laugh, but to laugh as an aid to digestion and to counter their troubles; certainly not to provoke their vomiting up what they should never have swallowed and what could give them indigestion. And they have no real desire to digest their affliction. Don Miguel insists that if the point is to make people laugh, it should not be a matter of helping them to contract their diaphragms for easier digestion, but rather to provoke their vomiting up whatever they have gobbled down. The meaning of life and of the universe can be more clearly seen on an empty stomach—without sweetmeats or banquets. And he will not admit of any sweet-tempered irony or discreet humor, of any irony without bitterness or any humor without gall. He says that without gall there is no irony and without indiscretion no humor, or as he prefers to call it, no illhumorism.

The task he reserves for himself boils down to the disagreeable and thankless job of masseur, for he envisages himself giving the ingenuous public a rub-down, in an attempt to make it gradually and collectively more agile and subtle. He becomes furious when he hears it said that Spaniards, especially South-

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erners, are genial in either sense of the word. "Any people which is diverted by the bullfight and which finds variety and rewarding complexity in such a primitive spectacle betrays its own mentality," he claims. And he goes on to add that it would be difficult to find a more simple-minded, callous, or horny mentality than that of your *aficionado*. "Just try out some more or less humorous paradoxes on someone who has just been carried away by the sword-work of *Maestro Vicente Pastor!*" And he cannot stand the festival mannerisms of bullfight critics, those high-priests of word-games and kitchen-wit.

Now if we add to this approach his delight in playing with metaphysical conceits, we can understand why there are so many people who refuse to read him, some because he gives them a headache and others because they are mesmerized by the rule *sancta sancte tractanda sunt*, sacred matters should be treated sacredly, and thus they look askance at anyone taking liberties in certain areas. For his part he does not suffer such objections from the spiritual descendants of men who made mock of the most sacred matters in their own time, that is, of the most sacred beliefs and hopes of their brothers. If men have mocked God, why may we not mock Reason, Science, and even Truth? If men have uprooted our dearest and innermost vital hope, why not go the whole hog and confound ourselves just to kill time, to kill eternity, or just to get even?

It would be easy enough for someone to say that this book contains off-color, even pornographic passages. Don Miguel has asked me to say something on this head. He denies that any crudities to be found here are meant to pander to fleshly appetites, or that they have any other purpose than to serve as an imagi-

native point of departure for higher considerations.

His repugnance for all forms of pornography is well enough known. He is against it not only because of received moral conventions, but also because he considers erotic preoccupation a terrible drain, the most vitiating, on the intelligence. In short, writers of pornography, and even merely erotic writers, strike him as the least intelligent of men, unimaginative idiots in fact. I have heard him declare that of the three classic vices of wine, women, and gambling, the last two weaken the mind more than any wine: and it is well known that Don Miguel drinks nothing but water. "One can talk to a drunken man," he once told me; "he even says interesting things. But who can stand the conversation of a gambler or a ladykiller? The only thing worse is to talk bulls to an *aficionado*, the height of Spanish stupidity."

For my part I am not at all surprised at the evident relationship between the erotic and the metaphysical. I remember rightly enough that our European peoples began by being, as their literatures show, warriors and saints, developing later into eroticists and metaphysicians. The cult of the woman coincided with the cult of conceptual subtleties. In the spiritual dawn of our European peoples, in the Middle Ages, in short, barbarian society possessed a sense of religious, even mystic, exaltation alongside and accompanying a martial exaltation: the sword's hilt is a cross. But woman occupied a much smaller and very secondary place in that society's imagination. Concurrently, philosophical ideas as such, enveloped in theology, slumbered on in the cloisters. Eroticism and metaphysics developed together. Religion is martial, warlike. Metaphysics is erotic and voluptuous.

The religious instinct is what makes man bellicose,

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combative, or perhaps it is belligerence which makes him religious. On the other hand, the metaphysical instinct, curiosity to know what is none of our business—original sin, in short—is what makes man sensual; or perhaps sensuality is what arouses, as it did in Eve, the metaphysical instinct, a longing to apprehend the knowledge of good and evil. Beyond lies mysticism, a religious metaphysics born of the sensuality of bellicosity.

This truth was well known to Theodota, the Athenian courtesan of whom Xenophon speaks in the *Memorabilia*. He records her conversation with Socrates, who enchanted her with his method of investigation, or rather of midwifery, his style of delivery at the birth of truth, and to him she proposed he become her procurer in the search for "friends": that he become her fellow-hunter, her *synthérites*, as the text puts it, according to Don Miguel, the professor of Greek, to whom I owe this highly colorful and revealing information. And all through that most interesting conversation between Theodota, the courtesan, and Socrates, the philosopher-midwife or maieutical philosopher, we clearly discern the intimate relation between the two professions: we see how philosophy in great good part is pandering and pandering is philosophy.

And if I have got it all wrong, it cannot be denied that the analogy is ingenious—and that's good enough.

I am not unaware, of course, that my beloved master Don Fulgencio Entrambosmares del Aquilón (whom Don Miguel enshrined in his *novela* or novel *Amor y Pedagogía*) is not likely to concur on this distinction between religion and bellicosity on the one side and philosophy and eroticism on the other. I presume that

the illustrious author of the *Ars magna combinatoria* will establish the bases for the following possibilities: a warlike religion and an erotic religion, a warlike metaphysics and an erotic metaphysics, a religious eroticism and a metaphysical eroticism, a metaphysical bellicosity and a religious bellicosity; in addition, there could be a metaphysical religion and a religious metaphysics, a bellicose eroticism and an erotic bellicosity; and even further, a religious religion, a metaphysical metaphysics, an erotic eroticism and a bellicose bellicosity. It all adds up to sixteen binary combinations, without counting the combinations of three, such as, for example, a metaphysico-erotic religion or a bellico-religious metaphysics. But I will not go on, for I possess neither the inexhaustible genius for combinations of a Don Fulgencio, nor the confusionist and indefinist passion of a Don Miguel.

There is much I would like to say concerning the unexpected end of the present narrative and the version therein given by Don Miguel of the death of my unfortunate friend Augusto—a version I consider erroneous. But it would scarce be proper to quarrel in a prologue with the subject of that prologue. Still, in duty to my conscience, I should record that I am utterly convinced that Augusto Pérez, in the course of acting out his proposal of suicide as outlined in our last interview, actually did commit suicide, in the flesh and not merely in idea. I believe that the proofs in my possession are authentic and support my opinion; they are such and so many that my opinion turns, in fact, into certainty.

With that, I conclude.

VÍCTOR GOTI

Post-Prologue

I WOULD BE more than willing to question some of the assertions made by Víctor Goti, my prologuist, but, since I am in on the secret of his—Goti's—existence, I had best assign him all the responsibility for what he says in his Prologue. Besides, since it was I who called on him to write it, undertaking in advance—that is, *a priori*—to accept whatever he said and in whatever form he said it, I cannot off-handedly now—*a posteriori*—reject it or even revise it. But neither need I let certain views of his stand without adding my own.

I am not sure of the legitimacy of publishing statements made in the confidence of friendship or of publicly revealing opinions not meant for the public, and in his Prologue, Goti has committed the indiscretion of making known certain judgments of mine which were not meant to be bruited about; in any case I never expected to see them publicly stated in the same rough and ready language I used in private.

Then, he claims that the “unfortunate” (yet why “unfortunate”? Well, all right, let us assume he was unfortunate), that the unfortunate, or whatever he was, Augusto Pérez committed suicide and did not die in the way I say he did, that is, in accord with my most utterly free will and decision. Such a claim only makes me laugh. There are opinions, of course, which are only good for a laugh. My friend and prologuist Goti would do well to tread softly when it comes to

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questioning my decisions, because if he makes a nuisance of himself I will do with him what I did with his friend Pérez: I'll let him die, or I'll kill him, just like a doctor. Every reader knows that doctors are caught in a dilemma: either they let the patient die from fear of killing him, or they kill him from fear of his dying on them. And I, too, am capable of killing Goti if I could see he is going to die on me, or of letting him die if I should fear that I might have to kill him.

I do not wish to prolong this post-prologue, now that it has served me well enough to vouch for, as well as point out the alternatives to, my friend Víctor Goti, whose work I appreciate.

M. de U.

Prologue to the Third Edition

THE FIRST EDITION of this work of mine—mine alone?—appeared in 1914 under the imprint of *Biblioteca "Renacimiento,"* an entity since fallen victim to swindlers and their swindling. There was a second edition, apparently, in 1928, but I know of it only through bibliographical reference; I have never seen it, which is not so strange, for it was issued during the years of the Praetorian Dictatorship and I was in exile in Hendaye, avoiding even indirect support. When in 1914 I was thrown out—or rather de-caged—from my first rectorship of the University of Salamanca, I took up a new life, coincident with the outbreak of the World War which shook our country, even though Spain was non-belligerent. The War divided us into Germanophiles and anti-Germanophiles (Allied-ophiles, if you wish), along lines dictated more by our national temperaments than by the War's assumptions. This development set the course of our subsequent history up until the hypothetical revolution of 1931: the suicide of the Bourbon monarchy. At that juncture I felt trapped in the historic mist of our Spain, of our Europe, even of our human universe.

Now that I am offered the opportunity, in 1935, to reissue my *Mist*, I have reread it and, in rereading it, have redone it within myself, I have remade it: I mean, I have relived it. For the past does live: remembrance revives, it relives and remakes itself. It is a

new work for me, as it will be, no doubt, for those readers who once read it and now reread it. Let them reread me in rereading my book. For one brief moment I thought to redo it, renovate it. But then it would have been another book. An *other*?

The "Other" plagues me! That Augusto Pérez of mine appeared to me in dreams twenty-one years ago (I was then fifty) after I had put an end to him, I thought, once and for all, and just as I was dreaming—repentant for having done away with him—of reviving him, and he asked me if I believed it possible to resurrect Don Quixote. I answered: "Impossible!" And he said: "Well, the rest of us creatures of fiction are in the same state." I asked: "But supposing I were to dream you again." He answered: "No one dreams the same dream twice. Whoever it is that you dream again, it will not be me you dream, whatever you think. It will be someone else, an Other." An Other? How this Other, an Other, has persecuted me and continues to persecute me! I found myself forced to write a tragedy called *The Other*. And as regards the question of resuscitating or resurrecting Don Quixote, I believe I did resuscitate Cervantes' Don Quixote—and so does everyone who contemplates and listens to him. I don't mean the scholars, of course, or the Cervantists. The hero is resurrected in the way that Christians resurrect Christ by following Paul of Tarsus. Thus history, or legend. And there is no other resurrection.

Creatures of fiction? Creatures of reality? Of the reality of fiction, which is a fiction of reality. One day I unexpectedly came upon my son Pepe, a child at the time, drawing a doll and muttering, "I'm flesh and blood! I'm flesh and blood, not paint!" And he had written the words down, under the doll. The scene

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brought me back to my own childhood and I was remade myself. I saw, as if through the keyhole of a door I couldn't open, myself as a child. I was almost frightened by the reaction to what was in the nature of a spiritual apparition. And then, not long ago, my grandchild Miguelín asked me if Felix the Cat in the children's tales was flesh and blood: if he were alive, he meant. When I hinted, insinuated, that he was pure story, storybook—dream or falsehood—he said: "But a flesh and blood dream?" Here we have an entire metaphysics. Or meta-history.

I also considered amplifying the biography of my Augusto Pérez, continuing the narrative of his life in the other world, the other life. But the other world and the other life are in this world and this life. All there is, all that exists is the biography and the universal history of somebody, some player or character whoever, and that specific character can be what we call historic or literary or fictional. For a while I thought to have my Augusto write his autobiography, where he could correct my version of him and tell how he dreamed himself. In that way I might have been able to bring this story to two different conclusions—to be printed in two columns, perhaps—so that the reader could choose between them. But no reader would be likely to accept this alternative, no one would tolerate being pulled out of his own dream and plunged into the dream of the dream, into the terrifying consciousness of consciousness—which is agonizing anguish. No one wants his illusion of reality taken from him. There is a story told of how a rural preacher once spoke of Christ's Passion with such feeling that some countrywomen were soon weeping loudly, whereupon he exclaimed: "Stop your crying. All this took place nearly twenty centuries ago. Besides, it may not have

happened in the way I've told you at all. . . ." And there are times when we might say: "Perhaps not at all. . . . Perhaps it didn't happen at all. . . ."

And I recall hearing a story of an archeological architect who planned to bring down a tenth-century basilica and, rather than restore it to what it had been, rebuild it from scratch—in accordance with how it should have been built and *not* how it actually was built. He would base himself, he said, on a plan he claimed to have found, a tenth-century architect's project. What kind of a plan was that? He seemed not to know that basilicas evolved by themselves, going beyond all the plans, forcing the hand of the builders. Much the same happens even with a novel, or with an epic poem or a drama: a plan is drawn up, and then the novel, or the epic poem, or the drama imposes itself, imposes its own laws upon the presumed authors, and takes over. Or, the agonists, the author's supposed creatures, impose themselves, take over. Thus did Lucifer and Satan, first, and then Adam and Eve, impose themselves upon Jehovah. And there you have, if not a proper novel, a *nivola*—or for that matter *opic* poetry or *opopoeia*, an *opic*, then, or a *trigedy*! For what Augusto Pérez had done to me was just that: impose himself upon me. But when it appeared, this obvious *trigedy* was seen for what it was only by my friend the Catalán critic Alejandro Plana. The rest of the critical pack wearily harried the notion of a *nivola*, that diabolic invention of mine.

The bright idea of calling it a *nivola*—not my bright idea, strictly speaking, but one which occurred in the manner recounted by me in the text of this book—was simply one more ingenuous piece of cunning designed to unnerve the critics. The book is a novel like any other novel which is a novel. That is, let it

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be called or named such, since in this context to be is to be named or called. For, what is all that talk about the era of the novel having come and gone? Or of epic poems if it comes to that? As long as novels out of the past still live, the novel lives and will live and relive. History is to redream history.

Before I set myself to dream Augusto Pérez and his *nivola*, I had re-dreamed the Carlist War, of which I was in some small way a witness during my childhood: I wrote my *Peace in War*, a historical novel, or rather a novelized history, in accordance with the academic precepts of the genre, which is called realism. I re-lived, at thirty, in writing this novel, what I had lived at ten. I still re-live it in living present-day, passing, ephemeral history: passing and remaining history. Next, I dreamt my *Love and Pedagogy* (which appeared in 1902), another tormenting tragedy. At least it tormented me. I thought that by writing it I would free myself of the torment and transfer it to the reader. (And now, even in the present book, there re-appears that tragicomic and nebulous *nivola-lesque* Don Avito Carrascal who tells Augusto that one learns to live only by living—just as one learns to dream by dreaming.) Then came (in 1905) *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, According to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, Explained and Expounded*. But not just explained and expounded, but re-dreamt, relived, remade. And what if my Don Quixote and my Sancho are not those of Cervantes? What of that? The Don Quixotes and Sanchos who live in eternity—which lies within time and not outside it, all of eternity in all time and all of it in each moment of time—do not belong exclusively to Cervantes nor are they mine nor do they belong to any one dreamer who dreams them, but they live and re-live as they

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are dreamed by each dreamer. For my part I do believe that Don Quixote revealed to me intimate secrets of his own which he did not reveal to Cervantes, especially regarding his love for Aldonza Lorenzo. And then in 1913, before this *Mist* of mine, came *The Mirror of Death*, a collection of short novels gathered under the title of one of them. After *Mist* was issued, *Abel Sánchez* was published in 1917: it was the most painful experiment I ever carried out, for I plunged my scalpel into the most terrible communal tumor of our Spanish race. In 1921, *Aunt Tula* appeared, and it was taken up by the Freudian circles of *Mitteleuropa*, thanks to translations into German, Dutch and Swedish. In 1927, there was issued, in Buenos Aires, my autobiographical *How to Make a Novel*, a novel itself; the excellent critic Eduardo Gómez de Baquero, *Andrenio* by pseudonym, sharp and all as he was, fell into the same kind of trap that surrounded the word *nivola* and announced he hoped I would write a novel on how a novel is made. Finally, in 1933, my *Saint Manuel Bueno, Martyr, and Three Other Stories* was published. Each title was a chapter in the same nebulous dream, a pursuit through the mist.

As of this date, early 1935, books of mine have been translated, not at my instance ever, into fourteen languages (that I know of): German, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Polish, Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian, Serbian, and Latvian. Of all the books rendered into foreign languages, the most translated has been the present book, *Mist*. The versions in other languages began in 1921, seven years after the book's birth, with an Italian version: *Nebbia, romanzo*, translated by Gilberto Beccari, with a Preface by Ezio Levi. Then in 1922, into Hungarian: *Köd*, translated by Garády Viktor (Buda-

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pest). In 1926 into French: *Brouillard*, in a series issued by *La Revue Européenne*, and in a version by Noémi Larthe. In 1927 into German: *Nebel, ein phantastischer Roman*, by Otto Buck (München). In 1928, there were three translations. Into Swedish: *Dimma*, by Allan Vought. Into English: *Mist, a Tragicomic Novel*, by Warner Fite (New York). And into Polish: *Mgła* (the l here traversed by an oblique line), by Dr. Edward Boyé (Warsaw). In 1929, into Rumanian: *Negura*, by L. Sebastian (Bucharest). In the same year, into Serbian: *Magla*, by Bođdan Raditsa (Zagreb). Finally, in 1935 into Latvian: *Migla*, by Konstantins Raudive (Riga). Ten translations in all, two more than the translations of my *Three Exemplary Novels and a Prologue*, which included *Nothing Less Than a Whole Man*.

Why, then, this predilection for *Mist*? Why has it "taken" in foreign places before other books of mine, this volume which the German translator Otto Buck called "a Fantastic Novel" and which the North American Warner Fite subtitled "A Tragicomic Novel"? Precisely because of the fantastic and the tragicomic. Early on, I guessed it would be thus, and said so. I wrote that this book I called a *nivola* would become my most universalized work: not my *Tragic Sense of Life* (in six foreign languages as of this date), because that book requires a certain philosophical and theological knowledge, less widespread than is commonly supposed. Given this fact, I was frankly surprised by that particular book's success in Spain, and still am.

And it could never have been my *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* (three translations to date), for the simple reason that the original book by Cervantes is not as well known, is less popular, outside Spain—