A FURTHER RANGE

Studies in Modern Spanish Literature from Galdós to Unamuno

In Memoriam Maurice Hemingway

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Anthony H. Clarke

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The Turn of the Novel in Spain

From Realism to Modernism in Spanish Fiction

Alex Longhurst

The year 1902 is generally reckoned to be the point at which Spanish fictional narrative breaks new ground. That the appearance of radically new kinds of novels by Unamuno, Baroja, Valle and Azorín, all in that *annus mirabilis*, marks the beginning of a new age for the Spanish novel has by now been repeated *ad nauseam*.[1] Yet in a sense this is an oversimplification: not only because, other than furnishing a convenient *terminus a quo*, it fails to explain anything, but also because it ignores the wider context of a developing genre with its community of writers, publishers and readers. In retrospect, 1902 may be seen as a special year in terms of publications; but it may be a mistake to treat it as unheralded apocalypse. That the wind was blowing from a different direction few today would want to question; but who pulled on the tiller for the vessel to begin its wondrous turn is not an easy matter upon which to decide.

The modern Spanish novel (Realist, post-Romantic, that is) is an especially interesting case, since it develops late and in the virtual absence of an autochthonous tradition, something which is not true of the English or the French novel. Within Spanish literature itself—ignoring, that is, the highly influential translations of Scott, Dickens, Balzac and other foreign writers—the *costumbristas* are the only close forerunners of the Realist fiction-writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, and a novelist like Galdós appears to create a new genre almost in a void, with only the distant Cervantes, in his own national culture and language, to inspire him. And even Baroja, who starts his career a quarter of a century later, seems to belong more in the English nineteenth-century narrative tradition than in

the Spanish. What I am saying in effect is that the historical process that took the novel from Realism to Modernism was rather more condensed in Spain than it was in England or France. When the novel takes a Modernist turn in these countries, it does so after the best part of a century since its beginnings with Stendhal, Balzac, Austen and Thackeray (not to mention such sturdy eighteenth-century predecessors as Diderot, Defoe, Fielding). In Spain we have but three decades of continuous Realist fiction before the turn comes, yet come it does at about the same time as in other European countries. The critical decade, as I shall argue, is that of the 1890s, which means that, in Spain at any rate, the first Modernist manifestations come hard on the heels of the great Realist novels of the 1880s.

European Modernism has tended to be associated above all with the literary production of the period from World War I to the Great Depression, and it is true that many of the great experimental novels that have since become part of the Modernist canon were published during that period (*Les Caves du Vatican* [1914], *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* [1916], *Demian* [1919], *Ulysses* [1922], *Confessions of Zeno* [1923], *The Magic Mountain* [1924], *The Trial* [1925], *Les Faux-monnayeurs* [1925], *A la Recherche du temps perdu* [1913–1927], *To the Lighthouse* [1927], *Point Counter Point* [1928], *The Man without Qualities* [1930], to name but a handful). What we can immediately say about these and many other works of the period (one could add Unamuno's *Niebla* and Pérez de Ayala's later novels) is that they are incontrovertibly and self-consciously different—explorations rather than reactions. For that reason they are unmistakably non-realist. Yet many other works of fiction written well before the First World War may share the same kinds of assumptions about art without showing the same manifestly differentiating features. Kafka, Proust and Joyce are in far less danger of being misunderstood than earlier novelists who may well have made similar aesthetic assumptions but whose work appears on the surface to be applying the old formula, with no visible signs of aesthetic rebelliousness. Some thirty years ago Frank Kermode divided Modernism into two phases, Paleo-Modernism and Neo-Modernism, the former being associated with the production of the period 1907–1925 and the latter with a much later, post-World War II phenomenon (which has subsequently been loosely termed post-Modernism). Kermode saw the 1890s as a precursor of Modernism, but Malcolm Bradbury had no

problem in pushing back the early manifestations of Modernism to the 1890s, if we judge according to certain essential features which emphasize 'the perceptual resources of the artist himself as a high subjective consciousness; [...] the heightened resonance that might be attached to certain observed objects; [...] presentation through the consciousness of characters rather than through an objective presentation of material; [...] the direction of art as the writer's essential subject matter'.[2] If we look for these kinds of underlying assumptions as the indicators of a fundamental change of direction in literary production, it is not difficult to identify works that signal an aesthetic shift long before the First World War. David Daiches, for example, convincingly placed Joseph Conrad, whose most significant work was published between 1900 and 1911, alongside Joyce, Lawrence and Virginia Woolf as part of the great modern quartet that transformed the English novel.[3] And if we look beyond creative literature, the Modernist milestones of the late nineteenth century are many and incontestable: Nietzsche published his most influential works in the 1870s and 1880s; Bergson began his campaign against Determinism in 1889 with his *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience* which was to culminate in his famous *L'Évolution créatrice* (1907); Dilthey effectively demolished Hippolyte Taine's brand of Positivism in 1900 with his essay *The Origin of Hermeneutics*; and in that same year Freud published *The Interpretation of Dreams*. In 1902 the brilliant French mathematician Henri Poincaré published a widely-read book, *La Science et l'Hypothèse*, in which he defended the role of intuition and creative thought in science and argued that scientific explanations of phenomena were not truths but conventions, hypothetical metaphors. All this signals the end of standard nineteenth-century ways of thinking across a range of disciplines.

If we accept Paul Valéry's idea that a literary mode or age (*époque*) is first and foremost a reaction, then we must presumably infer that Modernism was a reaction against Realism and Naturalism and their philosophical fellow-travellers Positivism and Determinism. But there is, in any case, plenty of evidence that this is how the early Modernists themselves perceived the situation. Those who decried such nineteenth-century doctrines and practices are legion. Shortly before his death, Flaubert—hardly a Modernist but so often nowadays quoted as a precursor—denounced Zola's brand of Naturalism

because it neglected 'poetry and style' in favour of materialism. Thomas Hardy said much the same thing in his pointedly titled essay 'The Science of Fiction' (1891):

> The fallacy [of scientific realism] appears to owe its origins to the just perception that with our widened knowledge of the universe and its forces, and man's position therein, narrative, to be artistically convincing, must adjust itself to the new alignment, as would also artistic works in form and colour, if further spectacles in their sphere could be presented. Nothing but the old illusion of truth can permanently please, and when the old illusions begin to be penetrated, a more natural magic has to be supplied.[4]

What Hardy is saying, then, is that the old Realist illusion of historicity is crumbling, and that Naturalism, the 'more natural magic', is but an attempt to bolster it. Joseph Conrad, too, a major figure caught between two styles who could never bring himself to abandon the history-likeness of the novel, an idea which he persistently defended, insisted nevertheless that the novel 'puts to shame the pride of documentary history' because as 'a form of imagined life' it transcended the uncertainty of document and factual reconstruction. While accepting Henry James's contention that the novelist acted as a historian, he added that fiction, by going beyond the reading of documents, was nearer the truth:

> Henry James claims for the novelists the standing of the historian as the only adequate one, as for himself and before his audience. I think that the claim cannot be contested, and that the position is unassailable. Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it starts on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms.[5]

What we have here, in a nutshell, is the parting of the ways between an art that aspired to measure itself against reality (Realism) and an art that stated its own separateness. With Conrad we are at the very beginning of this process: fiction is a form, not just a record; that is why his narrator, Marlow, is both eye-witness and creator, interpreting, manipulating, distorting the narration of events. The events are treated as if they were history; but their form of presentation precludes certainty and objectivity. Gide, who in 1891 had defended Symbolism as closer to the real than Realism because the symbol,

unconstrained by historical time, was closer to the underlying truth of phenomena, had changed his mind by 1895 and was arguing (in *Paludes*) that, far from being a transmitter of a truth, a literary text is semantically open-ended, dependent on the particularities of a given reader. This relativism is of course one of the basic characteristics of Modernism. Just a few years later Gide turned his attention to Realism and Naturalism, denouncing the art of the Goncourt brothers as 'a diminution of life'. This rejection of both Realism and Symbolism was to reappear in *Les Faux-monnayeurs* (1925), but it is clear that it was already laid down in Gide's artistic canon by 1900. Later writers were to insist that reality — whatever it may be — can be experienced but not described, and that to expect a novel to represent it is fundamentally to misjudge the possibilities of the genre. Virginia Woolf wrote about this at some length, regretting the misapplied skills of novelists such as Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy:

> If we fasten, then, one label on all these books, on which is one word, materialists, we mean by it that they write of unimportant things; that they spend immense skill and immense industry making the trivial and the transitory appear the true and the enduring.[6]

Novelists, argued Virginia Woolf, are trapped by convention into believing that their plots have a 'likeness to life'. But the more they try to make them like life the less they are like life, because life is very far from being 'like this'. What we have is realities rather than reality, worlds refracted by our consciousness on the basis of innumerable and unco-ordinated sense impressions. Realism falsified life because, in the words of Virginia Woolf,

> Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible? We are not pleading merely for courage and sincerity; we are suggesting that the proper stuff of fiction is a little other than custom would have us believe it.[7]

This is much the same argument that Unamuno used in his repeated denunciations of the Realist aesthetic: that by concentrating on the

external realities that we *appear* to have in common we are in fact eschewing the reality of our existence. We have to move from the inner to the outer world and not vice versa. Unamuno's best known formulation of his ideas on the novel was made in *Tres novelas ejemplares y un prólogo* (1920) where he speaks of the 'hombre numénico' who is obliged to live in a 'mundo fenoménico'. What the true novelist should aspire to is to create inner worlds and not seek inspiration in the street, the public square, and the café.

Unamuno realized full well that Realism ('realismo' with a small r for him) was a catch-all,[8] but it did not stop him from constantly contraposing the 'cosa puramente externa, aparencial, cortical y anecdótica' of 'el llamado realismo' and his own brand of 'realidad real' which he equated with the creative impulse which comes not from observation of external detail but from the imagination of the artist who transforms his dreams into art: '¿o es que la *Odisea*, esa epopeya que es una novela, y una novela real, muy real, es menos real cuando nos cuenta prodigios de ensueño que un realista excluiría de su arte?'[9] In effect, Unamuno is judging the authenticity of art by an appeal to 'internalism', and as an explanation of his own work it is not unconvincing. But the trouble with this kind of argument is that it can be made to apply to almost any writer whom we decide to rescue from an apparently discredited literary mode, which is precisely what Unamuno does with Balzac: 'Balzac no era un hombre que hacía vida de mundo ni se pasaba el tiempo tomando notas de lo que veía en los demás o de lo que les oía. Llevaba el mundo dentro de sí' (OC, II, 976). By 1920, of course, the Modernist approach to fiction was in full spate; indeed, we are by then at the threshold of the avant-garde movement which can be regarded as the terminal form of early twentieth-century Modernism and was to provoke a return to documentary Realism in the 1930s. The essence of Unamuno's ideas on the novel as found in *Tres novelas ejemplares y un prólogo* is not at all exceptional, even if his expression of those ideas remains as always highly idiosyncratic. Yet there is other evidence to suggest that we do not have to wait until 1920 or even until 1910 (Virginia Woolf's famous choice of date when 'human character changed') to observe a new aesthetic of fictional narrative at work. What had happened, rather, is that there had been no sudden discontinuity, that Realism had evolved into 'realisms' with a diversity of qualifying adjectives, multiple approaches each claiming

to be more real, or more faithful to the human situation, or more aware of the possibilities of art and the role of the artist.[10]

In Spain, as in England, the Modernist turn is perhaps less immediately perceptible than in France. Coming under the spell of German idealism, Spain produced neither a stout defender of philosophical Positivism nor a first-rank practitioner of full-blown Naturalism. Despite the shocked reaction of the Conservative Catholic intelligentsia, Pardo Bazán's *La cuestión palpitante* was every bit as much a mis-representation of Zola's ideas as a defence of Realism seen from a Liberal-Catholic point of view. The materialist Determinism of Zola (irrespective of whether he himself believed in it) did not take root in Spain, and even depictions of low life, poverty or sexual impropriety—plenty of the latter—were offered without any theoretical underpinning. Ángel Ganivet's very early (virtually contemporaneous) analysis of Naturalist inroads into Spanish fiction is both interesting and largely convincing. In his youthful treatise *España filosófica contemporánea* (presented unsuccessfully for a doctorate) he wrote:

> Después de algunas escasas muestras de la novela histórica, de la sentimental y de la de costumbres, se ha impuesto la psicológica o analítica tan defendida por Zola. En este punto, como en tantos otros, vivimos bajo influencias extrañas a nuestra historia y a nuestro carácter; pero la influencia hasta la hora presente no ha sido tan decisiva que se extienda en toda su amplitud. La doctrina del fundador de la novísima escuela literaria se condensa en tres afirmaciones: el organismo humano, como todos los demás, se rige por leyes fatales, siendo una especie de máquina cuyo motor es el temperamento, el cual explica la gran variedad de las funciones individuales; para estudiar la vida del hombre, hemos de valernos del método mismo de la ciencia positiva, de la observación y del análisis, ya que el experimento no sea posible; para exponer el resultado de nuestro estudio, nos serviremos del lenguaje más acomodado a la realidad y más apto para expresarla fielmente, desechando el auxilio de la imaginación, que es un colaborador pernicioso. Fácilmente se nota que la novela española contemporánea coincide en sus tendencias con estas dos últimas conclusiones, aunque moderándolas prudentemente, pero difiere de la primera por completo. El fondo filosófico de la novela naturalista es un positivismo radical que no acepta ningún novelista

> español digno de esta consideración. Alarcón, Pereda, Trueba, Pardo Bazán y la mayor parte de ellos son espiritualistas. Valera, Galdós y otros lo son también, aunque también propenden al escepticismo.[11]

I have quoted at length because this seems to me the most revealing analytical synopsis by a contemporary observer. Ganivet not only gives us a penetrating definition of Naturalism, but he also tells us that in its purest form it does not exist in Spain. The closest we get to a Spanish version of authentic Naturalism, I suggest, are the Valencian novels of Blasco Ibáñez and the novels of Zamacois, but in the case of Blasco, despite some semblance of Determinism, his best work still sits comfortably within the robust Spanish tradition of the regionalist novel, and in the case of Zamacois, for whom admittedly a stronger case has been made, his Naturalism is too limited, too synonymous with eroticism, to be wholly convincing.[12] Even after 1900 and the appearance of the *noventaiochistas*, Spanish narrative continued to be dominated by novelists whom we may, *grosso modo*, term Realist, Galdós, Pardo Bazán, Palacio Valdés, Blasco Ibañez and many other minor figures who have been largely forgotten since. Among the younger writers Baroja is often referred to as a continuator of Realism, but this is wholly misleading and comes about as a result of comparing his work with the much more visibly experimental novels of the later Unamuno, Azorín, or Pérez de Ayala. If instead of looking at the peaks of experimentalism we search instead for more subtle changes in approaches to novel-writing, and perhaps, too, in the apparently unconnected but often revealing comments of writers, a different picture begins to emerge, one in which Modernism appears as a reaction, certainly, but more through a process of incubation than through revolutionary upheaval. It is like a child who rebels against the father because of his upbringing, not in spite of it. Modernism, at any rate in fiction (and it is in fiction that European Modernism had its clearest and widest manifestations), would then appear, not as a reminiscence of Romanticism or a sequel to Symbolism, but rather as the offspring of Realism itself, wayward and rebellious, but an issue nonetheless.

Manuel Fernández Cifuentes has shown how the concept of the novel underwent such changes in critical reviews and theoretical writings during the period 1900–1914 that one can justifiably speak of a breakdown of the concept. The appeal to 'realism' was frequent,

but the word had become polysemic, being used for very different kinds of novels and often being qualified by epithets such as 'nuevo', or 'viril', or 'español', or by phrases such as 'todo vida' (of a novel by Baroja) and 'sin un átomo de vida verdadera' (of a novel by the more traditional Ricardo León).[13] Ortega realized that the word had been emptied of meaning, 'una de tantas vagas palabras con que hemos ido tapando en nuestras cabezas los huecos de ideas exactas'.[14] Gómez de la Serna (of all people) argued that the literature of the bourgeoisie had turned its back on reality and become too literary, and that a new less 'literary' literature had come to take its place: 'la nueva literatura tiende a ser lo menos literaria posible'.[15] Since the literature of the bourgeoisie had been the Realist novel *par excellence*, we can see that the traditional correspondence between Realism and reality, according to which the novel, though not a copy of an external reality, was in some way informed by it, clearly no longer applied. All these comments come from the period 1909–1912, and while they offer no consensus as to what had replaced, or should replace, previous practice, they do afford a clear indication that a change had already taken place. Since Valle-Inclán, Azorín, Baroja and Pérez de Ayala had been publishing novels that did not fit the Realist paradigm, one could reasonably infer that their work, even if commercially far less successful than that of the Realists and their epigones, had not gone unnoticed (something we know in any case from press reviews of the time) and had sparked off a debate, indeed a polemic, about the aesthetics of the genre that was well and truly raging in the years before the First World War.[16]

This, however, would only be half the story, for the fact is that we can find comments on the perceived inadequacies of traditional Realism and of a new aesthetic orientation to replace it rather earlier than those just referred to, suggesting that it was not simply a case of the novels published from 1902 onwards being solely responsible for bringing about the critical perception of a changing aesthetic. In 1894, for example, Emilia Pardo Bazán referred to Naturalism as already belonging to literary history and having been replaced by new tendencies.[17] Largely for quasi-religious reasons, Naturalism (as advocated by Zola and the Goncourt brothers) had always been a polemical issue in Spain, but no one could seriously doubt the impact which the doctrine had, not as doctrine, but as an approach to narrative. As Jean-François Botrel puts it, after examining 13,000

titles of the 1880–1890 decade, 'De lo observado a través de la producción bibliográfica sacamos [...] la impresión que existió en España un movimiento isócrono con la fase del "naturalismo triunfante" señalada para Europa [..], pero de forma dispersa, sin verdadera coherencia doctrinal ni fuerzas, no tanto para defenderlo como para realizarlo'.[18] Given that the doctrine of Naturalism had few adherents in Spain, and that it is in the praxis that we have to seek out its influence, it is interesting to see Unamuno in 1898 approaching the question from the other end, that is, explaining why Naturalism has failed.

In an article entitled 'Notas sobre el determinismo en la novela' (1898), Unamuno offers an interesting critique of Zola's approach to the novel. Although his lack of sympathy towards Determinism is not hard to detect, he does not in point of fact reject Zola for being a Determinist. On the contrary, he is prepared to accept Determinism as a working hypothesis: 'Admitamos provisoriamente lo que se llama solución determinista y veamos si cabe encarnarla en el arte' (OC, IX, 770). Determinism, according to Unamuno, is no more than a statistical science that deals in averages (e.g. the occurrence of crime in a given social milieu) and tells us nothing about a particular individual. To apply the concepts of Determinism to the novel is misguided because 'el arte es un saber intuitivo' (OC, IX, 771). Zola's personages are constructed according to pre-set rules, and although they might at first sight offer a greater impression of reality, 'nunca tendrán la vida que el artista presta a lo intuido en la realidad' (OC, IX, 771). While stating that 'el naturalismo novelesco [...] ha fracasado' (OC, IX, 773), Unamuno believes that it has done the genre a service because the reading public, accustomed to a type of fiction carefully constructed on the basis of documents taken from reality, is unlikely to accept a 'ficción desenfrenada' (OC, IX, 772). Indeed, he welcomes the careful documentation of the Naturalist novel as a 'gran progreso' and compares it with his own attempt at 'anovelar la historia' in his *Paz en la guerra*. It is clear, therefore, that Unamuno does not reject Naturalism because it falsified reality; he criticized it, rather, because it failed to communicate a 'sensación de vida' (OC, IX, 770). What Naturalism did was *to falsify art* by trying to turn itself into something that it could not be: a science based on logical abstraction. Art cannot fail to neglect the individual precisely because life is not a scientific abstraction but the reflection of our

own individual consciousness: 'El arte debe proceder como la naturaleza, en el orden del ser intuitivamente reflejado en nosotros, no en el orden del conocer discursivamente expuesto' (OC, IX, 771–2). Here we have, in a nutshell, what was soon to become one of the central tenets of Modernism: the primacy of the individual consciousness as a source of all interpretations of the world, a principle that was at work long before Joyce comically enunciated it in the opening lines of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.[19]

At about this same time Pío Baroja was writing of the importance of the unconscious in modern art. His theme was that art and science were going their separate ways, in itself a manifest indication of the perceived decline, or rejection, of Naturalism. Influenced perhaps by Claude Bernard's *Introduction á la médecine expérimentale*, Baroja always retained a respect for experimental science, but never made Zola's 'mistake' (warned against by Bernard himself) of applying its methods to a non-science. Writing in 1899, Baroja's thesis is that science has come to so dominate the life of humanity that art has nowhere left to hide. The result has been that modern artists, especially writers, have turned their attention to areas where science finds it difficult to operate, namely the world of the unconscious, of sensations, of hidden impulses. Art—and Baroja seems almost to regret this—has become irrational, or, as he says, 'inconsciente'. Whereas in past ages 'el genio era casi siempre consciente', now 'el arte actual nace de lo subconsciente'.[20] We can see just how close Baroja's analysis of the modern world is to Unamuno's. In the 1898 article referred to above, Unamuno had written:

> Querer racionalizarlo todo en el arte es excluir de él lo *irracional*, factor importantísimo de la vida real. Empleo aquí *irracional* en el sentido que esta voz recibe en matemáticas. Sucede como con lo imaginario. La raíz cuadrada de dos es en matemáticas una cantidad imaginaria, un número indeterminable, inconmensurable con la unidad, y, sin embargo, no hay nada que pueda determinarse gráficamente con mayor sencillez, puesto que se reduce a la diagonal del cuadrado de la unidad. No por cálculo, por intuición se logra fijarlo, y fijarlo si no científica, artísticamente por lo menos.
>
> El arte es un saber intuitivo, gráfico podría decir, que nos presenta realidades que la ciencia, que sólo opera con cantidades abstractas [...], no consigue determinar. (OC, IX, 771)

Six months later Baroja wrote:

> El arte moderno busca el producir impresiones, sencillas y vagas, y huyendo de los grandes ideales de la ciencia, perfecciona la técnica del arte, que es precisamente la parte científica de éste.
>
> El arte ha ganado en sinceridad, pero ha perdido en inteligencia. El arte antiguo hablaba al entendimiento; el moderno, más carnal, habla sólo a la sensualidad y a la subconsciencia.
>
> A las regiones superiores del espíritu sedujo la Ciencia; al arte le han quedado las regiones inferiores del alma, una segunda personalidad inferior, llamada subconsciencia; ese reflejo oscuro de la vida es quien goza de la obra de arte moderna. (OC, VIII, 851)

Where Unamuno writes 'irracional', Baroja writes 'subconsciente', that which cannot be logically proven but our experience tells us exists; where Unamuno uses 'racionalizar', Baroja uses 'hablar al entendimiento'; where Unamuno writes 'cantidades abstractas', Baroja prefers 'grandes ideales de la ciencia'; and where Unamuno speaks of 'saber intuitivo', Baroja, the enthusiast of Dostoyevski, speaks of 'ese reflejo oscuro de la vida'; almost a case, a Spaniard might say, of 'los mismos perros con distintos collares'. Furthermore, in a declaration about the aims of art that almost exactly parallels the definition (quoted above) of Unamuno's, to the effect that art should aspire to be like nature in the sense that it is an intuitive reflection on, not an explanation of, our being, Baroja wrote: 'El artista moderno no es, respecto a la Naturaleza, un espejo que trate de reflejarla: es más bien un instrumento delicado que vibra con sus latidos y amplifica sus vibraciones' (OC, VIII, 851). Virginia Woolf would doubtless have approved.

Writing in that same year (1899) for a French publication about the Spanish literary scene, Baroja refers to the instability and rapid turnover of ideas of an artistic culture that does not seem to know where it is going. Of the generation of Realists, enthusiasts of Zola, 'ya casi no queda nada', he writes. 'La señora Pardo Bazán, Picón, Narciso Oller, son los únicos escritores de los primeros días del naturalismo que todavía trabajan con éxito.' But these writers belong to a generation that now appears old-fashioned: '[...] aunque muestran alguna benevolencia hacia las ideas liberales, son, en el fondo, reaccionarios; pertenecen a la vieja España, sombría y

religiosa'. One writer, however, escapes from this general put-down, but what is interesting is why Baroja finds in him an exception:

> Pérez Galdós, el único de nuestros escritores verdaderamente grande y abierto, ha logrado dar un impulso a la literatura española dirigiéndola a nuevos principios, como lo prueban las obras de evolución reciente hacia un misticismo realista.[21]

Whatever it is that Baroja means by 'misticismo realista', what is important for him is that Galdós is not simply applying the old formula but has evolved a new approach in recent years. Galdós is therefore no longer classed as a 'Naturalist' alongside various others of his generation; he is the exception. Clearly for Baroja, as for Unamuno, the ideas and the modes of writing that had dominated the later decades of the century had, by the late 1890s, run their course.[22]

In this same article of 1899 Baroja uses the term *modernista*, although in a very loose way, including in it a variety of writers of all genres and styles. Of these writers only Benavente stands out, he says, although he does also single out Valle-Inclán and Rueda as promising writers of great style. And in another article, also of 1899, he wrote:

> Hay un sinfín de tendencias y de corrientes artísticas. El arte y la literatura varían como la moda. Seguir la moda en el traje es ser elegante; seguirla en literatura es ser modernista.
>
> El modernista, el adorador de lo nuevo, no encuentra, como el elegante, una sola moda que adoptar, sino muchas en el mismo momento.[23]

Four years later, Baroja returned to the subject of *modernismo* in a much more positive and revealing, though perhaps no more precise, treatment of the subject. The article is in effect a stout defence of a kind of *modernismo* that is not quite the same as that which he had mentioned, unenthusiastically, in his 1899 articles. Now, in 1903, he launches uncompromisingly into a denunciation of those who think 'modernistas' are sexual deviants with long hair and flamboyant dress habits. Those who hold such opinions are branded as imbeciles who fail to realize that the inspiration of the 'modernista' movement is to

be found in the strong men of art and letters: Dickens, Ibsen, Dostoyevski, Nietzsche, Rodin. This may seem somewhat like a list of Baroja's favourites, and no one to my knowledge has claimed Dickens for Modernism, but the inclusion of Dostoyevski and Nietzsche is enormously significant, since these two are of course widely regarded among scholars as the progenitors, or at the very least the clearest precursors, of Modernism. That a young, obscure writer in a backward, peripheral country should have realized the enormous impact that these two writers were having and were to continue to have on an emerging generation of writers says something about the Spanish intellectuals' extraordinary openness to foreign influences at the turn of the century.[24] What characterizes the 'estilo modernista', which for Baroja, quite clearly, is not simply a style of writing but an approach to writing, is rebellion, that is to say, disconformity from established norms. What is new is the freedom to create, freedom from doctrinal encumbrances or even conventional expectations that dictated what art should be: 'Antes, una época tenía su estilo; [...] Hoy cada individuo es una época' (OC, VIII, 845). Baroja rejects the criticisms of those who, using traditional criteria of style, find fault with the younger writers; his riposte to them is simple: 'se debe escribir como se siente'. In one important respect Baroja's article reads like a Modernist manifesto, namely, in its insistence on the primacy of the artistic self: 'el escritor debe presentarse tal como es' (OC, VIII, 846). Which is not to say that the artistic revelation of the self comes easily to the writer; on the contrary, that inner I that lies deep within our consciousness or even subconsciousness is difficult to locate:

> Lo difícil es esto, llegar a descubrir el Yo, parir la personalidad, grande o pequeña, de ruiseñor o de buho, de águila o de insecto, cuando se tiene. El estilo debe ser expresión, espontánea o rebuscada, eso es lo de menos, pero expresión fiel de la forma individual de sentir y pensar. (OC, VIII, 846)

Baroja's conviction that literature was undergoing a profound change is also evidenced by his opinion that two virtually unknown writers of outstanding talent will in the end gain the recognition they deserve. These two writers, who according to Baroja were 'en discordancia completa con el momento histórico en que nacen y con la sociedad

que los rodea' (OC, V, 54–5), were indeed ahead of their time. Silverio Lanza and Ángel Ganivet, wrote Baroja, 'no han conocido aún los favores de la crítica ni del público, pero una reacción va iniciándose en la juventud presente, que hará que estos grandes desconocidos sean, al fin, los triunfadores', (OC, V, 55). Baroja had in fact written, at the astonishingly early age of seventeen, a laudatory and perceptive piece on Silverio Lanza in 1890 (mischievous, too, since he calls upon the 'editor', J.B. Amorós, to publish more of the 'deceased' writer's works).[25] In that piece he had said:

> Creo yo que Silverio Lanza no pertenece a ninguna escuela literaria. Su talento imaginativo, su poder cerebral, no sé explicarme, vamos, le impide ser naturalista (Perdón). Su pesimismo filosófico unido a su escepticismo, le prohíbe el ser idealista. (HS, I, 92)

In other words, he belonged to neither of the two major fictional currents prevalent in 1890. Nor of course would the Modernists shortly to come on the scene.

Other writers and commentators were making similar or even identical points to those made by Unamuno and Baroja. As early as 1897, Azorín, who was the literary critic *par excellence* among the younger writers, had singled out Benavente as bringing a new approach to the theatre that contrasted sharply with that of Echegaray. Menéndez y Pelayo, on the other hand, remained Azorín's *bête noire* for his positivistic approach to history and literature based on the accumulation of external data. But, above all, Azorín singled out Baroja, from the very beginning of the latter's novelistic career, as representing the new art whose essence lay in capturing the sensation of reality, not in its description.[26] In an article interestingly entitled 'Orgías del yo', written as early as 1900 when all the fiction Baroja had published amounted to *Vidas sombrías*, *La casa de Aizgorri*, some other short stories and parts of *Silvestre Paradox* in serial form, Azorín wrote of him that what he could not experience with his excessively cerebral personality he could nevertheless capture in his vibrant prose: '¿No es esto una compensación extraña? Ser incapaz para la vida y ofrecer la más aguda sensación de vida; encontrarse embargado para vivir tal estado psicológico, y pintarlo con la más abrumadora limpieza'.[27] The poetic qualities that Azorín finds in Baroja ('poesía hondamente trágica') may perhaps call to mind the aspirations of Symbolism rather than the innovations of

Modernism, but what is clear at any rate is that, in Azorín's view, Baroja's attempt to 'experimentar todas las sensaciones', to look for 'los matices de las cosas', represented a radically new approach to fictional prose. Blasco Ibañez, by contrast, was said to represent 'la modalidad antigua' (OC, VIII, 133). Three years later Azorín insisted on the novelty of Baroja:

> Nuestra tradición no es la sencillez y la transparencia. Propendemos a lo inextricable y a lo difuso [...] Pues Baroja ha traído a la novela esta simplicidad que es preciso traer a todos los géneros. *Camino de perfección* es su obra maestra. Todo el ambiente de la España contemporánea está encerrado en pocas páginas: las llanuras inacabables, rojizas; las ciudades vetustas, ruinosas; los caminos viejos de herradura; los mesones y ventas; las callejuelas sombrías; los casinos de los pueblos; las procesiones de penitentes; las melopeas subyugadoras de la música religiosa... Y esta visión del novelista produce un efecto penetrante, doloroso; porque Baroja logra en sus descripciones, no trasladar un aspecto cualquiera de las cosas o del paisaje, sino aquel matiz que marca precisamente su cualidad dominante.(OC, VIII,127–8)[28]

Pérez de Ayala, another perceptive observer of the cultural scene, was too young to be writing before 1900, but by 1903 he was already pointing, like Baroja before him, to the diversity of approaches and the fragmentation of novelistic styles following the demise of what he called the 'escuela naturalista':

> Ya sé yo que es fácil y acomodaticio aferrarse a una idea y juzgar por modo escolástico; pero lo considero absurdo, sobre todo en una época como la nuestra, de tan grande diferenciación de tendencias, en todas las cuales late un espíritu interior de anarquismo estético. En la novela, sobre todo, se ha llegado al triunfo completo del individualismo *atómico* a partir de la bancarrota de la escuela naturalista. Hoy cada autor escribe sus novelas sin prejuicios de técnica ya definida ni preocupaciones de bando, y el público los alienta a todos. No hay una novela concebida *específicamente* y que predomine como escuela de *moda* sobre todas las demás; hay la novela *in genere*, que cada cual entiende a su modo.[29]

Once again, the views expressed by Pérez de Ayala coincide to a degree with those of other commentators, especially in noting, firstly,

the collapse of the old aesthetic, and secondly, that the new aesthetic, if there is one, is inherent in the individual writer or the individual work. A year later he insists on this: 'No es atrevimiento asegurar que la novela está en decadencia. [...] cada autor la entiende a su modo y existe tal variedad de tendencias y de procedimientos, tal disparidad y falta de cohesión, que el esfuerzo del revistero literario se pierde en complejidades y complicaciones'(OC, I, 1203–4). What is just as interesting as the fact that there is a multiplicity of approaches is Pérez de Ayala's explicitly stated belief that the novel must evolve or die, and that this evolution must perforce be a movement 'del objetivismo impersonal de los naturalistas al egoísmo psicológico e incoherente de la vida, ampliamente y humanamente considerados' (OC, I, 1203). Pérez de Ayala does not go so far as to say that the evolution has already happened (though there were certainly by now clear examples of 'egoísmo psicológico'), but that the rupture has occurred he appears not to doubt, and it has occurred in the recent past ('no hace muchos años').[30]

The preceding comments of fiction writers and critics (most were both) writing around the turn of the century strongly suggest that during the 1890s there had been a noticeable change in aesthetic climate which, among other things, brought about a reorientation in the art of fictional narrative. What examples of the fiction of the period can be offered as an illustration of this change of direction? Given the robustness and success of the realist novel one would not expect a sudden decline in this mode of literature. We could reasonably begin to look for signs of restlessness or heterodoxy within the Realist tradition itself. The case of Galdós is as important as any and more than most, given both his position and his sensitivity to the literary scene. It seems clear that something significant does indeed happen to Galdós's novelistic production in the 1890s, as Baroja said. The novel I should like to look at briefly is a well-known one that has received much comment, *Misericordia*. I choose this because it is a work whose theme or content could easily have qualified it for a Naturalist label, but whose treatment of such a theme simply precludes such a denomination.

Misericordia still evinces many characteristics typical of both nineteenth-century fiction and of Galdós's earlier manner. The opening of the novel, with its careful scene-setting which serves to

establish a precise environment—in a novel where the external environment does figure prominently—is almost a model of nineteenth-century practice, in which it is entirely normal to home in on the characters from a distance via the description of the landscape or other physical environment. We have, too, the use of an inorganic I-narrator, with his occasional first-person interventions, old-fashioned pretence at non-omniscience in what is fully omniscient narration, and quaint apostrophes to the reader of the 'pues, señor' type.[31] We also have, as in so much of Galdós's work, the depiction of the economic decline of the middle classses and their desperate attempts to maintain appearances, though here in extreme form. Finally, we have in this novel probably the best descriptions of urban low life—vagrants, paupers, panhandlers, ragamuffins, cripples genuine and simulated, and their haunts—in the whole of nineteenth-century Spanish fiction, descriptions which, despite the undoubted element of implied protest at social injustice, are carried out with a complete lack of sentimentality and idealization. Galdós's picture of the indigent and the wretched is not a pretty one, socially or morally; what we are shown is human degradation. It is this aspect of the novel that brings it close to the Naturalist ambition to study society the better to understand it and thereby improve it. Yet, paradoxically, Galdós's novel of 1897 is far removed from the scientific aspirations of the authentic Naturalist novel. And the reason for this is that *Misericordia* is as much, if not more, a study in fabulation as a depiction of mendicity in late nineteenth-century Madrid.

It would appear that in this novel Galdós is giving his characters greater autonomy, that is, greater freedom to use their inventive capacity, than in many previous ones. This is indirectly reflected in a hitherto untypical use of *style indirect libre*, albeit a tentative one.[32] Rather more obviously and importantly this new approach is enshrined in the imaginative behaviour of the characters, primarily, but not exclusively, in that of the protagonist herself. There is in Spanish literature an obvious precedent to what Benina does. Faced with a problem not of his making, Sancho Panza created a fictitious version of Dulcinea on the basis of what he had heard Don Quixote say and later had to confront a 'real life' princess. Galdós's novel requires that Benina create Don Romualdo out of thin air, but since the real Don Romualdo who will eventually turn up has strong

connections with the Casa de la Misericordia, the logically-minded reader will reasonably infer that the choice of name was a sub-conscious memory on the part of Benina. But that inference, logical though it is, would miss the point of Benina's inventiveness, or rather of the author's use of the characters in this novel.

Finding herself in a quandary, like Sancho before her, Benina invents a benefactor, and having invented him gets into ever deeper water by having to maintain the fiction. Benina's invention, with all its attendant detail which she provides with relish, is described by the narrator as a 'simulacro perfecto de la verdad', words with which Galdós inaugurates a gently ironic game with his characters and novelesque material. The phrase, after all, is the ultimate description of a Realist novel, a perfect simulacrum, one that stands in for the real thing, reminding us of Thackeray's dictum 'the Art of Novels is to represent Nature'. Benina does what a storyteller does: embroider the fiction with the trappings of reality, in her case a whole household composed of individuals with their own peculiar characteristics; in other words, she is inventing her own novel. Galdós has, of course, allowed the character to go far beyond the necessary white lie to explain the provenance of the money; Benina is in effect using poetic licence through a feat of imagination. As the narration progresses, the narrator increasingly emphasizes the imaginative capacity of the characters. Almudena's conjurings enthral Benina, not because they are true but because they deserve to be: '[...] Benina se embelesaba oyéndole, y si a pie juntillas no le creía, se dejaba ganar y seducir de la ingenua poesía del relato, pensando que si aquello no era verdad, debía serlo. [...] lo que contaba Almudena era de lo que *no se sabe*. ¿Y no puede suceder que alguno sepa lo que no sabemos los demás?'(OC, V, 1910). Furthermore, the characters imagine another world, a parallel world of which they have but a dim awareness, as we have of dreams. These are worlds that, like dreams, intrude but are not understood, 'cosas verdaderas de otro mundo que se vienen a éste', in Benina's words. The 'otro mundo' is marvellously ambiguous and hints at a playful author, for he, too, has two worlds to contend with and imports truths from one to the other, except that 'éste', the world that Benina knows, is for the real author the world of his fictions, that is, of his imagination, but composed in part of 'cosas verdaderas'. If the *Reyes Magos* existed in the real world, why should there not be other 'Reyes *de ilusión*' to succour the needy,

asks Benina. Galdós writes the phrase in italics, that is to say it is given the appearance of a written, authorial statement. It is almost as if Galdós were by implication claiming an author's right to fabulate. Fabulation, not just representation, is what he is paradoxically defending in this most naturalistic of his novels. And he does so ingeniously by proxy, that is to say through the medium of his characters, who engage in make-believe.

Several times throughout the novel Galdós refers to the powerful imagination of his characters. Obdulia and Frasquito, like the two central characters Benina and Almudena, are great inventors of stories. Obdulia refers to her 'facultad de figurarme las cosas que no he visto nunca' (OC, V, 1922). She does not need to visit Paris, she explains, because she has already imagined herself there, so she would prefer Germany or Switzerland. Her 'delirio imaginativo' (OC, V, 1923) is so contagious (the word is the narrator's) that it affects her admirer too. Not that Frasquito de Ponte needs any encouragement to give free rein to his imagination; for if Obdulia lives in a dreamworld, her admirer 'casi le superaba en poder imaginativo' (OC, V, 1917). And, as if to remind us of the characterizing trait of the personage, the phrase 'poder imaginativo' is repeated but a few pages later (OC, V, 1920). Doña Paca, too, allows her imagination to run away with her and invents escapades and misdemeanours for her maidservant that have no basis in the latter's life. But the two women share a strange ability to intuit the future. For just as Benina expects a miracle (and unwittingly invents the miracle-worker), so Doña Paca accurately sees in a dream the source of her future economic salvation. Indeed, Doña Paca has great difficulty in distinguishing fact from fiction. She cannot accept what Don Romualdo and even Frasquito say of Benina: 'El aturdimiento, el vértigo mental de Doña Paca fueron tan grandes, que su alegría se trocó súbitamente en tristeza, y dio en creer que cuanto decían allí era ilusión de sus oídos; ficticios los seres con quienes hablaba, y mentira todo[...]' (OC, V, 1968).

At this juncture, Doña Paca completely and amusingly rejects the 'truth' in favour of the 'fiction', that is to say she opts to accept the ideal version created by Benina's fertile imagination rather than the mundane version created by a non-too-spiritual man of the cloth who brings economic salvation but no spiritual enrichment:

> Yo le suplico a usted, mi Sr. D. Romualdo —dijo Doña Francisca enteramente trastornada ya—, que no crea nada de eso; que no haga ningún caso de las Beninas figuradas que puedan salir por ahí, y se atenga a la propia y legítima Nina; a la que va de asistenta a su casa de usted todas las mañanas, recibiendo allí tantos beneficios, como los he recibido yo por conducto de ella. Ésta es la verdadera; ésta la que hemos de buscar y encontraremos con la ayuda del Sr. de Cedrón y de su digna hermana Doña Josefa, y de su sobrina Doña Patros... Usted me negará que la conoce, por hacer un misterio de su virtud y santidad; pero esto no le vale, no señor. (OC, V, 1968)

There is of course no Doña Josefa or Doña Patros; but Benina's invention is so ingrained in Doña Paca's imagination that it cannot be displaced by the new Don Romualdo. Rather than accept Don Romualdo's own account she prefers to reassert Benina's, as she does at the end to the very progenitor of the tale herself:

> Pues el milagro es una verdad, hija, y ya puedes comprender que nos lo ha hecho tu D. Romualdo, ese bendito, ese arcángel, que en su modestia no quiere confesar los beneficios que tú y yo le debemos... y niega sus méritos y virtudes... y dice que no tiene por sobrina a Doña Patros... y que no le han propuesto para Obispo... Pero es él, es él, porque no puede haber otro, no, no puede haberlo, que realice estas maravillas. (OC, V, 1982)

In the end Doña Paca will deny her loyal servant, but what Galdós makes very clear is that she denies her because of the direct intervention of her daughter-in-law, Juliana, who is the one character in the novel who is guided solely by practical, down-to-earth, materialistic considerations:

> Sentíase [Doña Paca] oprimida bajo la autoridad que las ideas de Juliana revelaban con sólo expresarse, y ni la ribeteadora se daba cuenta de su influjo gobernante, ni la suegra de la pasividad con que se sometía. Era el eterno predominio de la voluntad sobre el capricho, y de la razón sobre la insensatez'. (OC, V, 1977)

Thus, Benina's banishment from the Juárez household is not just a monument to ingratitude but is also presented as the triumph of reason over imagination.

It is, of course, Benina who has been given the major responsibility for fabulation, but she is aided, significantly, by a companion who

cannot observe the external world. In his Moorish/Jewish persona of Mordejai, Almudena becomes another fabulator. In the world of material objects Almudena can only distinguish dark masses against the light, 'pero en lo de los mundos misteriosos que se extienden encima y debajo, fuera y dentro del nuestro, sus ojos veían claro' (OC, V, 1912). Thus, for the purposes of telling his tales, Mordejai can see perfectly clearly, whether it is a matter of angels, or Moorish horseriders with their white cloaks fluttering in the wind, or indeed the regal *Samdai* and his dazzling entourage. Mordejai's tales are so entrancing that his audience of deprived women is captivated: 'Oían esto las tres mujeres embobadas, mudas, fijos los ojos en la cara del ciego, entreabiertas las bocas. [...] no se hallaban dispuestas a creer y acabaron creyendo' (OC, V, 1913). The point about the fables invented by Benina and Almudena is not so much that they are plausible (Almudena's are scarcely so), but that they are appealing. Galdós does not make Benina say that she believes Almudena's fabulous conjurations and magic formulae, but rather that she is sufficiently fascinated by the Moor's account to believe in *the possibility of their effects*. Here Galdós seems to be hinting at what is after all an ancient quality of a good storyteller, namely that the impact of the tale depends less on a close relationship to reality and more on the teller's persuasive imagination.

Paradoxically, yet in another sense logically, the biggest fabulator of all can bring about change in other people's lives but not in her own. Although we are, of course, dealing here with a saintly and Christ-like figure, as the constant biblical echoes make perfectly clear, she is a heterodox one from a narrowly religious point of view. The saviour that Benina so convincingly invents leaves her as baffled and confused as the princess Dulcinea left Sancho bewildered and frustrated at the prospect of three thousand three hundred lashes to disenchant someone he had wilfully fabricated in the first place. Benina could more easily believe in the Don Romualdo of her imagination than in the Don Romualdo of flesh and blood: '[...] encaminóse a San Sebastián, pensando por el camino en D. Romualdo y su familia, pues de tanto hablar de aquellos señores, y de tanto comentarlos y describirlos, había llegado a creer en su existencia' (OC, V, 1929). It is the appearance of the real priest that creates the problem for Benina, not because she is afraid of being found out, but rather because she finds it difficult to reconcile those

two worlds mentioned earlier. Time and again the narrator emphasizes the confusion in her mind. The first time the appearance of the priest is reported to her this confusion lasts a mere instant ('confusa un instante por la rareza del caso, lo dio pronto al olvido'), but when more and more outsiders appear to appropriate her invention her perplexity grows. She is described as experiencing 'una gran confusión o vértigo en su cabeza', and '[...] confusa, sintiendo que lo real y lo imaginario se entrelazaban en su cerebro' (OC, V, 1951); and again, '[...] sintió [...] que se renovaba en su mente la extraña confusión y mezcolanza de lo real y lo imaginado' (OC, V, 1958); and yet again, 'tenía [...] un espantoso lío en la cabeza con aquel dichoso clérigo, tan semejante [...] al suyo, al de su invención' (OC, V, 1959). The repeated references to the difficulty of distinguishing between invention and reality are not, of course, casual and add up to a very clear pointer to what is in the novelist's mind.

Seeing Don Romualdo in the flesh brings with it astonishment ('llegó al mayor grado de confusión y vértigo de su mente') but also the final realization on the part of Benina that her invention has its own autonomy, is no longer, that is, dependent on her. For a moment she feels compelled to run after the disappearing priest to claim him back as hers: 'Dígame si es usted el mío, mi D. Romualdo, u otro' (OC, V, 1961).[33] But she desists, as if realizing the futility of this and recognizing that she has lost her patent: 'Volvióse a casa muy triste, y ya no se apartó de su mente la idea de que el benéfico sacerdote alcarreño no era invención suya, de que todo lo que soñamos tiene su existencia propia, y de que las mentiras entrañan verdades' (OC, V, 1961). In the end she is left to ponder which is the real version and which is the fake, but she cannot tell. This is where *Misericordia* so accurately foreshadows the Modernist preoccupation with the nature of the relationship between art and reality, between the world and the book. What Galdós seems to imply through his characters is that what ultimately matters in art is the creative force of the imagination. In *Misericordia*, reality is shaped by the imagination as much as imagination by reality. Obliquely, but inescapably, the novelist is claiming the right to indulge his inventive capacity free from the shackles of any doctrine that proposed turning the genre into a quasi-scientific endeavour. What is remarkable is that in a novel so rooted in the miseries and sufferings taken from the real world, Galdós managed to stake a powerful claim for the liberating role of

the imagination in our lives. And in so doing he proves that art does not have to be escapist to be imaginative.

If Galdós's *Misericordia* shows an older writer who is adapting and evolving the Realist formula to break new ground, there is an almost exactly contemporaneous case of a younger writer who, not having formed part of the Realist tradition, nevertheless does much the same thing as Galdós, although rather more brashly. If there is a clear case of hybridization in fin de siècle Spanish literature between nineteenth-century (Realist) storytelling and twentieth-century (Modernist) fictionalizing, I suggest it is to be found in Ángel Ganivet's *Los trabajos del infatigable creador Pío Cid*. Ganivet's philosophical forays, *España filosófica contemporánea* and *Idearium español*, reveal an eclectic and often uneasy mixture of Positivist, Idealist and even at times traditional Catholic thought. The same, in literary rather than philosophical terms, applies to his two Pío Cid novels, *La conquista del reino de Maya* and *Los trabajos del infatigable creador Pío Cid*. *Los trabajos* is at times, and for pages at a time, a perfectly typical Realist account of changing human relationships in a situation governed by economic, political and emotional circumstances, and also evinces some recourse to chance to spur on the storyline. Much of the narrative has a this-happened-then-that linear structure and is in standard omniscient form despite a first-person narrator who comes and goes. Some of the pages that deal with the to-ings and fro-ings of the characters in Madrid and the domestic tensions of the Pío Cid household could have come straight out of the Galdós of the middle period. And yet, of course, no one could possibly mistake Ganivet's novel for a well-wrought Realist product. It is not merely that plot has been wholly replaced by incident, which it has, but that the manner of presentation of these incidents often intrudes into the narrative, drawing attention to the mechanics of fiction rather than contributing to the credibility of the account. The personalized narrator (called Ángel, as we later learn) who introduces the story goes to great lengths to authenticate the account he is about to relate by explaining his sources and his own knowledge of the hero. But the fact is that for virtually every assertion of historicity there is an ironic comment or giveaway remark that completely sabotages the stated aim. Verisimilitude is not an authorial objective; rather is there a deliberate attempt to create a constant tension between truth and invention, between the

narrator's role as witness and *histor*, on the one hand, and his role as progenitor of verbal inventions, on the other. The procedure recalls Conrad's use of Marlow as a kind of artificial reconstructor, except that Ganivet's procedure altogether lacks Conrad's subtlety. Ganivet does not merely question the objectivity of the narrator but the whole status of the tale. Having been at some pains to explain the origins of the biography of Pío Cid, Ganivet's narrator continues:

> Comprenderá el amable lector lo difícil que ha de ser a un historiador o novelista habérselas con un héroe de tan repelosa catadura. Un hombre que no suelta prenda jamás, un arca cerrada como el protagonista de esta historia, es un tipo que parece inventado para poner a prueba a algún consumado maestro en el arte de evocar en letras de molde a los seres humanos. Mi obra no es una evocación, sino una modesta relación de un testigo de presencia; pero un hombre que, si no ocultó su vida, no dio a nadie noticias de ella, dejando a los curiosos el cuidado de escudriñarla, no es posible que sea enteramente conocido y justificado. Mucho me temo que, a pesar de mi buena voluntad, el malaventurado Pío Cid tenga que sufrir la pena póstuma de no ser comprendido o de que le tomen por engendro fantástico y absurdo, fundándose en lo incongruente de mi relato, que no abraza toda su vida, sino varios retazos de ella, zurcidos por mí con honradez y sinceridad, pero sin arte. (OC, II, 12–13)

As if this playing with the historicity of the account were not enough, we are shortly afterwards regaled with a chapter entitled 'El protoplasma' from a novel written by the narrator's informant, the disillusioned newspaperman Cándido Vargas, and found among the latter's documents. Despite obvious departures from historical reality identified by Ángel, the chapter is intercalated in the account because it presents Pío Cid centre-stage, but not before we learn from the putative author himself that '[...] yo estaba entonces sugestionado por la novedad naturalista; para mí una novela debía tener fisiología, mucha fisiología y muchos detalles descriptivos, y de los héroes huir como el diablo de la luz' (OC, II, 57). Cándido Vargas's own admission, added to the narrator's comment of an 'epígrafe apestosamente fisiológico', has the inevitable consequence of forcing us to see the intercalated tale as a skit on Naturalism, which indeed it is, something which becomes obvious when we read the descriptions of the characters' appearance as well as their

conversation and actions, all a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Naturalists' technique of meticulous description of physiology, temperament and environment. Yet even before we reach this point, Ganivet, through his narrator Ángel, has made it clear in the opening pages of the book that his approach to the biographical reconstruction of the personage is going to be wholly different from those currently in vogue. Although initially tempted to 'satisfacer mi curiosidad de novelista incipiente y utilizarle en una obra de psicología novelesca al uso', he later changed his mind and instead of employing 'los procedimientos literarios que las escuelas en boga preconizan', in which the subject is dissected as if he were a guinea-pig, he decided to write 'una biografía escrita con amor' (OC, II, 9–10).

From the very beginning, then, Ganivet insists in a lighthearted but pointed way that his novel has nothing to do with Naturalism, that it is self-consciously different from current fashion. This alleged departure from contemporary norms is to be observed in a number of features of the novel, including the extravagance and fertile imagination of the protagonist, utterly unorthodox in his actions and ideas. But beyond the sheer tongue-in-cheek extravaganza of the hero's disquisitions and behaviour, behind whom we detect an inventive but whimsical author, there is also the aspect already indirectly alluded to, namely the creation of a fiction which ironically draws attention to itself as fiction rather than as fact. There are numerous instances of this, but one in particular stands out. Some hours before his departure for Madrid after the election campaign in Granada, Pío Cid, accompanied by Ángel, attends a literary circle. Among the various readings that take place that evening there is one of a newly written tale intended by its author for a collection of *Tragedias vulgares* which he is about to publish. This is the story of Juanico el ciego and his daughter Mercedillas. There is no suggestion that the tragic tale of the blind man is anything but fiction, yet at the end of the reading Pío Cid announces that he had not only personally known the blind man and Mercedillas but that he could add certain obscure biographical details unknown to the author of the tale. These details, taken from 'life', only serve to suggest to Ángel that the tale bears a resemblance to the Oedipus myth and could be further elaborated to illustrate the principle of the Fates, while the author of the tale expresses his desire to incorporate Pío Cid's additions, something which the latter warns against on the grounds

that 'cuando un escritor cambia de punto de vista, ha de cambiar también de procedimiento, no debe remendarla, sino destruirla y hacer otra nueva' (OC, II, 436). Not content with turning the episode into a life-versus-literature debate in which the reader cannot tell what is truth and what is fiction, Ganivet muddies the waters further by making a by now grown-up Mercedes and her seducer join the train in which, twenty-four hours later, Pío Cid and Ángel are travelling to Madrid. Having recognized her, Pío Cid informs his companion, whose later comment in his role as narrator is pointed enough: 'Era la primera vez en mi vida que veía enlazarse el arte con la realidad' (OC, II, 464). If we bear in mind that the private exchange which takes place between Mercedes and Pío Cid in the railway carriage while Ángel and Mercedes's companion repair to the station buffet is reported verbatim by Ángel, we may begin to see the point of the ironic game that Ganivet is playing with his characters, both hero and narrator. The character Ángel, as the name implies, represents the author in his function as storyteller: he relates, but he also knows everything there is to know about his tale. That is a 'realidad'. But in the story itself the inventiveness or creative labours ('trabajos') are ascribed to the hero. That, of course, is a fiction. Ganivet playfully intertwines the two levels of the story, that of the adventures of Pío Cid and that of the reconstruction of the biography, but in essence the biography consists of Pío Cid's own inventions, a virtual autobiography or self-creation, in turn a reflection of the ineluctable truth that a writer's autobiography is in his books. Ganivet constantly insists that what we are reading is, paradoxically, both true and contrived, as, for example, in the episode of the encounter with the daughter of Juanico el ciego:

> Nuestro encuentro fue providencial, y más que suceso verídico parecerá a muchos combinación novelesca, no sólo por la perspicacia que demostró Pío Cid al reconocer a Mercedes, sino por la circunstancia singular de estar nosotros al tanto de su historia por el relato que de ella nos hizo Antón del Sauce. En este concurso de felices coincidencias no ha de verse sin embargo la mano de un novelista; ha de verse la mano oculta que gobierna las cosas humanas, la cual quiso darle a Mercedes un amigo y defensor que luchara contra la fatalidad misteriosa que llevaba dentro de su ser la hija del desgraciado Juan de la Cruz. (OC, II, 476–7)

The 'fatalidad misteriosa' is no longer the hereditary or environmental Determinism of the Naturalists; it is mysterious only because a novelist does not declare his hand. As Ángel ironically implies, we the readers (and we must not forget that the story of Mercedes starts off as a tale that is read and discussed) look for reasons why a character behaves in a particular way, whereas the real reason is staring us in the face. I have no wish to claim that Ganivet's novel is some kind of latter-day or post-Modernist fabrication in which a novelist does little more than contemplate his fictional navel; rather do I see it as a claim, or recognition, comically realized, that the novel aspires to entertain by creating alternative worlds through an effort of the imagination, not by pretending to study the real one. Ganivet has abandoned the tenets on which the modern novel had been built, but without having fully abandoned its modes of narration.[34]

The third novelist I should like to refer to is Pío Baroja. Despite his unassailable position within Spain as the country's premier novelist of the first half of the twentieth century, he does not enjoy a similar reputation abroad, nor has scholarly criticism on the whole been as successful in explaining his novelesque creations as in the case of Unamuno's or Valle-Inclán's. Many still labour under the misapprehension that Baroja came late to the art of fiction after having tried his hand at medicine, business and journalism. This is hugely misleading, for, journalism apart (all major writers were forced to be journalists of one kind or another at the turn of the century),[35] Baroja was a writer long before he was anything else. He was barely seventeen when he wrote a long series of articles on Russian literature published in *La Unión Liberal* in early 1890, and although much of his material was culled from Vicomte de Vogüé's *Le Roman russe*, it still evinces a strong interest in literary affairs. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-one he published some two dozen *cuentos*, and a year later, while practising as a country doctor, he published another two dozen or so. He continued writing short stories right through the 1890s and even after his début as a novelist in 1900. By the time *Camino de perfección* was published in 1902 (after serialization in 1901 in *La Opinión*), Baroja, at the age of twenty-nine, had been writing in public for not less than twelve years.[36] Baroja's formation and emergence as a writer belong incontestably to the 1890s.

If ever a major Spanish writer was schooled to take over the Naturalist mantle in Spain, then that writer, with his deep agnosticism, his early interest in physiology, and his branching out into psycho-physics, was Pío Baroja.[37] Yet, as we have seen, Baroja did not consider himself a Naturalist. Like Unamuno, he dismissed neither Naturalism nor its high priest Zola (although he later described Daudet and the Goncourt brothers as literary pygmies); he merely considered the movement *passé*. In his early stories Baroja sought other effects, and the influence of Poe is probably discernible. In 'Noche de Vela' (1893), for example, the description of the dying girl is so oblique that it makes us wonder whether we are witnessing a scene that is meant to be real or whether the delirious 'father' is imagining the whole thing. A passing reference to 'escribía [...] junto a su mesa' suggests that he is a writer, but he is not writing; he is pacing up and down in despair listening to the 'gorgoteo siniestro, semejante al que produce el agua al salir de una botella'. The reference to a bottle is suggestive enough, so is the 'insensibilidad' to which his 'exceso de dolor' drives him. And why does Baroja use the reflexive form of the verb in 'Hubo un momento en que se creyó que su hija se moría'? Or why are the sounds of the street at dawn described as 'ruidos extraños' (just as the earlier sound emanating from the alcove was a 'ruido extraño') when on the contrary they should have been entirely familiar? Or, indeed, why is there an apparent description of the moment of death ('cayó para atrás y quedó inmóvil, con los ojos abiertos'), followed *in the same sentence* by a description of recovery ('cesó el delirio, la hija abrió los ojos') which contains a patent contradiction? It would have been interesting to know the reaction of an 1893 reader to this tale, but at least we know what the editor of the newspaper *La Justicia* thought of its short-story writer: he sacked him. Baroja's manner of narrating in his earliest work is a world away from standard Realism, and it immediately raises the question of the status of the story. Nineteenth-century fiction by and large had emulated the methods of history in trying to sustain the illusion of truth. We read a Realist novel *as if* it were true. 'Noche de vela' does not appear to be at all concerned with history-likeness or external truth. On the contrary, it deliberately eschews such a truth by putting obstacles in our path, by hinting that the tale is other than it seems to be. Whether we choose to interpret it as a case of a drunken writer deliriously imagining the

whole thing (no dying girl because 'estaba solo'), or whether we see the account as simply being refracted through the fertile imagination of a writer struggling to give form to his nebulous, embryonic inspiration, does not substantially affect the issue. The fact remains that the reality is now in the telling, not in the tale; it is a purely 'poetic' reality.

Not all of Baroja's early stories are as ambiguous as 'Noche de vela'; but quite a number share this apparent compulsion to go beyond external appearances through the use of an array of techniques and an ever-recurring theme: death. One of these techniques is the use of a *ritornello*. In 'Melancolía' (1893) the 'Y estaba triste' refrain is used to encapsulate the painful insight of the man who has been successful at everything, including the acquisition of knowledge, yet who hankers after, in his words, 'precisamente lo que no tengo', but who does not know what it is that he is missing and suffers accordingly. We, the readers, are obliged as it were to share that same experience through our enforced frustration. In 'La muerte y la sombra' (1894) much of the story is a description of the colours, sounds and sensations of the countryside as night approaches. The refrain 'y la sombra vencía a la luz', an obvious biblical reversal, is used not only to announce the onset of dusk as father and son make their way home after working in the fields, but also the ebbing away of life from the young man dying from an unspecified disease, so that the 'agonía de la tarde' is inseparable from the dying moments of the man, who looks longingly at nature wishing to surrender his consciousness to the clouds, the wind and the sea, 'la materia eterna e infinita'. And nature in turn seems to be watching him expectantly: 'Los árboles de las cumbres alzaban al cielo sus descarnados brazos de espectro.' At the moment of death 'una estrella corrió por el cielo dejando una brillante ráfaga luminosa'. Far from a Naturalistic description of death with all the physiological paraphernalia, what we have here is an attempt to render the dying moments of a character in pantheistic, quasi-mystical terms. In *Romancero gitano* Federico García Lorca was to treat the death of a child in similar fashion, with the Moon acting as the agent of nature in claiming back a life.

The attempt to capture mental states indirectly through the phantasmagoric description of nature is a Barojan technique frequently used in the stories of the 1890s, and one which will reappear

strongly in *Camino de perfección* (1902), in which the countryside is seen through the eyes of the neurotic painter Fernando Ossorio. An allied technique is that of combining unusual perceptions or sensations with memory. In 'Día de niebla' (1894), for example, the account begins as an objective, impersonal description of a seascape on a foggy evening. Gradually we move from description to sensation as sounds and smells intrude; the waves and their agitated motion are then described as the mind of a god and we sense the presence of an observer, which is immediately confirmed as, seated on a rock watching the crashing waves, this observer suddenly hears a scream 'como salido de una garganta humana; aquella nota de dolor se perdió como un átomo de tristeza en la tristeza inmensa de la noche'. But if we expect a dramatic dénouement we are mistaken, for it is only now, in the closing paragraph, that we discover that the terrifying scream heard on a foggy evening in the craggy foreshore is but a distant memory ('recuerdo de lejanas épocas') that is reactivated when the narrator sits alone in his country house and in the silence of the night hears the creaking doors and rustling leaves. The experience has been modulated both by memory and by circumstance and we simply cannot tell whether it was real or imagined. The point, both in this and other Barojan stories, would seem to be that for a writer, *qua* writer, there can be no difference between the real and the imagined.

Occasionally Baroja will use a variety of techniques simultaneously. This is the case in 'El reloj' (1899), where we find the use of a *ritornello*, the effects of alcohol, an unusual setting, and the encompassing silence to evoke a premonition of death. The narrator, 'emborrachado por [...] tristezas y por el alcohol', imagines himself in a castle, where the grandfather clock, 'alto y estrecho como un ataúd', marks the hours with its metallic ticking. The imagined experience of living in the darkened castle away from human foibles seems at first to quieten the narrator's tortured soul, to make him forget his 'locas esperanzas' and 'necias ilusiones', but the encompassing silence induces terror as he feels cut off from the living world and is compelled to implore nature to communicate to him through the sounds of the trees, the leaves and the rain, and the moon to lift the veil of mist from his eyes 'turbios por la angustia de la muerte'. But all is silence, and the *ritornello* (the ticking clock) which had earlier indicated a living time makes its final appearance in altered

form: '*Y el reloj sombrío que mide indiferente las horas tristes se había parado para siempre.*'[38]

In these and other stories of the 1890s Baroja seems consciously to move away from a positivistic treatment of phenomena and from a Realist or Naturalist mode of presentation. One could, perhaps, posit a Symbolist influence, given the poem-like structure of many of these stories. Baroja's early style of writing was not appreciated at the time, except by commentators such as Azorín and Unamuno, both of whom wrote early complimentary pieces on him, but these were writers who would have been sympathetic to his breaking of old moulds. These early characteristics of Baroja's narrative prose, and especially his attempt to convey abnormal, irrational or obsessive experiences and imaginings, survived into the novel that catapulted him to fame among the literary intelligentsia of Madrid, *Camino de perfección*, but before then he published two novels that confirm the move away from dominant nineteenth-century modes. *Aventuras, inventos y mixtificaciones de Silvestre Paradox* (1900–1), the first of Baroja's novels to see the light of day, albeit in serial form, is, as well as a Pickwickian account of the life of bohemian intellectuals in fin de siècle Madrid, a skit on Positivism. Indeed, much of the story is a satire of nineteenth-century *cientifismo* and pseudo-scientific theorizing that Baroja knew at first hand but found indigestible, as we know from his autobiographical writings. Although not directly mentioned, Naturalism itself rates at least two oblique but inescapable references. The first is to the Naturalist penchant for describing crimes and criminals with meticulous attention to detail. When Silvestre is hired to provide copy for a publication pointedly entitled *Los crímenes modernos. Historia, caracteres, rasgos y genialidades de los criminales de nuestra época*, he burns the candle at both ends enthusiastically describing all the perversions of the criminal mind and the grisly details of their crimes for the benefit of the bourgeois reader, who 'repantigado en su butaca, podía refocilarse leyendo tan amenos horrores' (OC, II, 105), as the narrator comments tongue-in-cheek. The other reference is via a passing but obviously satirical remark on Émile Zola to the effect that even he cannot compete with the ghastly account of degenerate behaviour offered by Ossorio of his family (OC, II, 128).

It is not, however, Naturalism but rather Positivism and its stablemate Determinism that are the butts of Baroja's satire. This is

apparent from the very first page of the novel, in which the initial description of the person of the caretaker takes the form of a description of the clothes that appear at the window: he is a *gorrito*, a *bufanda* and a *chaleco* rather than a person. This is immediately followed by the grotesque introduction of the central character:

CARACTERES ANTROPÓLOGICOS

Pelo:	rojizo
Barba:	idem
Ojos:	castaños
Pulsaciones:	82
Respiraciones:	18 por minuto
Talla:	1,51

Braquicefalia manifiesta
Ángulo facial: Goniómetro de Broca, 80,02
Individuo esencialmente paradoxal. (OC, II, 10)[39]

For Silvestre, knowledge is collection and classification. He is a collector of odds and ends which for the caretaker represent 'el caos' but for him represent the means to an understanding of the world. His aunt, too, had a classification mania in the best nineteenth-century biological tradition: 'Tenía la chifladura clasificadora y coleccionista; para ella el mundo era una inmensa buhardilla que había que ordenar y clasificar; guardaba lo que encontraba en varios paños, hacía un envoltorio, al envoltorio le ponía una etiqueta con su letrero'(OC, II, 22). His uncle's approach to boiling an egg is unyieldingly, but comically, scientific, as is Silvestre's similar approach to brewing coffee, described by the narrator as of 'una exactitud matemática'. From his own father, a geologist and naturalist, Paradox had learnt to collect fossils and geological specimens, that is, to observe and to gather data, and thence to build a scientific picture of the world, except that Silvestre is really a dreamer masquerading as a scientist: '[...] era interesantísimo para un espíritu observador como el de Silvestre adivinar, por la clase de papel que aún cubría la pared, dónde había estado la sala, dónde la cocina y el comedor, y reconstruir, de una manera más o menos fantástica, las escenas que allí se habrían desarrollado' (OC, II, 16). From his elders, Silvestre learns how to classify knowledge and apply science, except that his knowledge is useless and his inventions droll. He is the ultimate

quack scientist who does not just produce mad inventions but whose scientific database is a mere jumble of scraps and museum pieces.

There is a good deal more to Paradox's pseudo-Positivism than an 'espíritu observador' and a habit of accumulating scientific bric-à-brac. His taxidermy, for example, exactly parallels Positivist law-making. The orthodox Positivist started from an accumulation of observed data and then proceeded through a process of induction to formulate the general laws that were supposed to explain the observed facts; that is, from the observation of the world's *external* manifestations the Positivist moved to a consideration of what the world was really like, of its *internal* mechanisms.[40] For Silvestre, taxidermy is not just a matter of observing the animal's external features and reproducing them accurately; it behoves the scientist, in this case in the guise of taxidermist, to go beyond the external, observable universe and explain its inner essence:

> Porque disecar—decía Paradox—no es rellenar la piel de un animal de paja y ponerle después ojos de cristal. Hay algo más en la disecación: la parte del espíritu; y para definir esto—añadía—hay que dar idea de la actitud, marcar la expresión propia del animal, sorprender su gusto, dar idea de su temperamento, de su idiosincrasia, de las condiciones generales de la raza y de las particulares del individuo.
>
> Y como muestra de sus teorías enseñaba su buho, un bicho huraño, grotesco y pensativo, que parecía estar recitando por lo bajo el soliloquio de Hamlet, y la obesa avutarda, toda candor, pudor y cortedad, y su caimán, que colgaba del techo por un alambre, con su sonrisa macabra, llena de doblez y de falsía, y sus ojos entornados, hipócritas y mefistofélicos. (OC, II, 51)

Baroja's satire, as he transforms positivistic science into a search for the soul of stuffing, is unmistakable, as is his mockery of *cientifismo*, apparent in many passing ironic remarks on pseudo-scientific pursuits (e.g. 'No en balde se pasa un hombre la vida estudiando la clasificación de Cuvier'). As if all this were not enough, Baroja at one point turns his mock-scientist into a mock-philosopher. Reading, or perhaps more accurately mis-reading, the German idealists, Silvestre Paradox convinces himself that Krause and other epigones had failed to do justice to the great German philosophers and that he, Paradox, would show the scientific relevance of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer:

> '[...] se persuadió a sí mismo de que todas las verdades enunciadas por los filósofos favoritos debían de agruparse formando un sistema o cuerpo de doctrina en armonía con los hechos y con los descubrimientos de la ciencia moderna' (OC, II, 68).

The marriage of science and philosophy is to take the form not of a written commentary ('le parecía vulgar y anticuado escribir sus ideas'), but of a geometric representation. Baroja's *reductio ad absurdum* of pseudo-science reaches a peak of mockery in this section of the novel. Silvestre's mathematically conceived metaphysics is a farrago of mumbo-jumbo, non-sequiturs, diagrams, symbols and neologisms, but presented in such a deadpan way paragraph after paragraph, that it is made to sound realistic. It is, of course, nothing of the sort, for the ambitious cosmology is based on spurious links between the opening verse of St John's gospel, a sprouting potato which Silvestre finds at the bottom of his wardrobe, and a hotchpotch of evolutionary theory and Kantian- and Schopenhauerian-derived pseudo-concepts such as *Voluntad-nouménica* and *Reflejo-nouménico*, not to mention circles, polygons, dots, crosses and coloured dashes. From this extraordinary attempt to explain the self, matter, consciousness, free will, life and everything, the narrator extracts the simplest of conclusions: 'Paradox era, por tanto, determinista' (OC, II, 70). Here we have Baroja revealing the butt of his satire: deterministic systems. Despite the grotesque distortion, so close to the real object is Baroja's satire that he even makes Paradox emulate his Positivist models by doing, in a mock-serious way of course, what Positivist thinkers had been doing, namely, using their systems as predictive tools: '[...] Silvestre se creyó en el caso de señalar algunas consecuencias de su sistema y augurar para el porvenir una época de la desaparición del egoísmo agresivo, en que el hombre tendría un máximum de libertad, de alegría, de vida y de luz; un mínimum de dogma, de ley, de tristeza y de oscuridad' (OC, II, 70). Here we can see the novelist having a passing dig at the utopias predicted by evolutionary sociologists and political thinkers.

The allegedly unscientific nature of Determinist or Positivist systems of thought is cleverly mirrored in the narrative structure adopted for the novel. The narrator, or compiler of facts as he calls himself, makes much of the lengths to which he has gone to ascertain the data of his biography. Having drawn a blank in his researches, he comes across a distinguished university professor who

had known Paradox and who hands over his notes on the personage, 'datos seguros, irrebatibles e indiscutibles' (OC, II, 17). Such is the good professor's ability to authenticate the biography, that he is even able to expound scientifically the various etymologies of the hero's curious surname (which needless to say are given tongue-in-cheek by Baroja). Unfortunately, having provided his scientifically irrefutable information, the professor privately lets it be known to the compiler that he rather fears that

> los datos suministrados por él resulten falsos, y que toda la historia aquí contada no sea más que pura mixtificación. Ha añadido que puros indicios le hacen suponer que Silvestre Paradox no se llamaba Silvestre, ni siquiera Paradox. ¿Es verdad, es mentira todo esto? Lo ignoramos. (OC, II, 45)

The biography is thus immersed in complete uncertainty, not to say scepticism, about its origins, an epistemological doubt about the nature of art and writing that was about to become one of the characteristic qualities of Modernist endeavour. Furthermore, when the professor later reappears as a personage in Paradox's biography, he turns out to be not the dispassionate and objective man of science we had been led to believe he was, but rather a complete charlatan whose magnum opus was a treatise on the morphology of words according to their resemblance to the songs of birds and the cries of animals with the lexical complexity of a language being determined by the region's fauna. Baroja is incorrigible in his insistence on reducing scientific plausibility to farce.

In this, his only comic novel, therefore, Baroja has offered us an ingenious debunking of pseudo-scientific systems of thought that were all the rage in the latter half of the nineteenth century in the whole of Europe but more incongruously in a scientifically backward Spain, systems of thought that made false claims to science and to the advancement of knowledge and that promised to transform society. It is not science itself that Baroja is mocking; the touches of parody in which the novel abounds indicate that his ridicule is aimed at precisely those whom he denounced in his autobiographical writings for claiming to be men of science when they were simply 'mixtificadores', a particularly common breed in late nineteenth-century Spain, described aptly enough by a word which does not

exist. Just a few short years after he completed his medical studies, Determinism for Baroja had become a joke.

Baroja's second novel (the first if we go by earliest appearance in book form), also reveals a stance which appears to question Deterministic explanations. *La casa de Aizgorri* (1900) is an altogether different kind of work, serious, sentimental, and full of vague, atmospheric symbolism heavy with foreboding. Yet it maintains a thesis which is anti-Deterministic and arrived at, moreover, within an exploration of Determinism itself. Space rules out a detailed examination, so I shall limit myself to the briefest of treatments of the theme of this frustrated play which became a novel in dialogue form.

There are a number of features in this work which appear to resist logical explanation (including at one point a 'stream of consciousness' utterance that defies decoding), but the main lines of its thesis seem reasonably clear. The central theme is that of degeneracy, real or imagined. Águeda detects signs of abnormality in her father and brother (or half-brother, for this, oddly, is left in doubt) and ascribes this to the effects of alcoholism brought about by the distillery which has been in family ownership for three generations. This idea of family degeneracy is also sustained by the father, who speaks of madness in his family and who is portrayed as an alcoholic tormented by bouts of guilt-ridden anxiety over the loss of someone whom he has mistreated (possibly his dead wife, but again this is never explained). The heroine dates her initial awareness of degeneracy to her very first meeting with her brother when she was at the impressionable age of fourteen and he was nine (another unexplained oddity) and she was able to observe his sadistic cruelty towards animals and even herself. Águeda's belief in a degeneracy handed down from generation to generation has been provoked by the family doctor's previous attempt to explain the perverse behaviour of the boy as the possible result of an inherited condition and his reference now to the damaging effects of alcohol in the community. His declaration that '[el alcohol] no mata, pero hace degenerar a la descendencia' (OC, I, 21) confirms Águeda in her suspicion that she is just such a degenerate product and that therefore she cannot marry the man who aspires to her hand and whose love she would wish to return. It is at this point in the novel that the statement on Determinism reaches its maximum expression. Águeda is convinced

('tengo la certidumbre') that she has inherited a mental affliction induced in turn by a distorted environment, the distillery. Her fears are rendered in poetic language but the thrust is clear:

> ÁGUEDA: [...] De noche me despierto con sobresalto y veo caras que me contemplan, y siento que algo me acecha y me espía... Salgo al balcón de mi cuarto y veo la fábrica con sus ventanas iluminadas, ojos inyectados de fiera, que buscan una presa en la negrura de la noche. Y luego veo el río a la luz de la luna y me turba, y contemplo el cielo estrellado, y el corazón me palpita con fuerza ante un peligro que no comprendo.
>
> DON JULIÁN: ¿No puedes dominar esas impresiones?
>
> ÁGUEDA: No. Las domino a veces por un esfuerzo de voluntad, pero vuelven a renacer. Ahora mismo, cualquier cosa se me figura que puede tener influencia en mi vida: una estrella que corre, una luz que se apaga. Lucho contra todas esas ideas; pero temo, ahora más que nunca, quedar vencida, y que, en un momento de terror, me envuelvan completamente esas alas negras. (OC, I, 25)

In fact Don Julián, the doctor, despite his unwitting contribution to Águeda's predicament, rejects his own previous theoretical suppositions about inherited mental illness and declines to be persuaded by the diagnosis of her condition. His suggestion to Mariano, Águeda's suitor, that the malady may exist only in her imagination is countered by the latter's remark that this is all that is needed to explain her terrifying ordeal. Here we have the crux of the matter: whether Águeda's condition has a physiological cause, in which case the deterministic thesis will be upheld, or whether she is suffering from a self-induced delusion.[41] It is Mariano, rather than the doctor, who, refusing to accept the inevitability of Águeda's condition, determines to remove the imagined cause of her affliction. Yet paradoxically, when Baroja makes him express his resolution, he does so in Darwin-speak:

> MARIANO: [...] Ahora empezará la lucha. Veremos quien vence. [...] Águeda lo quiere. Antes de ser mía exige que esta fábrica se cierre. Lo quiere. Eso basta. (Se detiene a contemplar el retrato que se halla sobre el sitial.) Aquí está el fundador, Machín de Aizgorri, el guerrero que sembró el espanto en toda Guipúzcoa. ¡Pobre

> hombre! ¡Cómo degeneró tu casta! Al cabo de cientos de años la savia enérgica de los Aizgorri no produce más que plantas enfermas y venenosas. Pero entre su floración malsana hay un lirio blanco y puro, y ése yo lo arrancaré de la casa de Aizgorri y lo llevaré donde hay sol y alegría y amor. Sí, Machín; no me importa ese gesto adusto ni ese ademán altivo. Tu nieta, descendiente de los más nobles hidalgos, será la mujer de un fundidor, hijo de ferrones. Sí, lo será, lo será. (OC, I, 32)

The distillery is indeed destroyed, first by flooding, which ruins all the stock in the cellars, and then by fire, which destroys not just the factory but the entire village. The obvious religious symbolism of these agents of purification should nevertheless not obscure the fact that what Baroja seems to be emphasizing in Águeda's recovery is not so much the intervention and impact of external events as the process of self-healing. Terrified of being left on her own with a dying father she nevertheless brings herself to agree to her brother's departure (clearly an intended symbol, given the associations with his arrival), and hours later recovers her composure at the side of her father's corpse by an effort of the will:

> Águeda se asoma a la puerta de la alcoba y mira, y al darse cuenta de que la muerte ha pasado por allí, cierra los ojos y espera algo, algo que va a caer sobre su alma, a hundirla para siempre en el abismo de la locura. Y Águeda nota que retozan en su alma las sonrisas de las fantasías enfermas, las largas y vibrantes carcajadas; pero de pronto un impulso enérgico le dice que su razón no vacila, y ante lo inexplicable y ante la muerte, su espíritu se recoge y se siente con energía, y, victoriosa de sus terrores, entra con lentitud en la alcoba de su padre, se arrodilla junto a la cama y reza largo tiempo por el alma del muerto. (OC, I, 37)

This reconciliation with the phenomenon of death, in clear contrast with her earlier experience of it when, upon her mother's death, 'veía sombras que se echaban sobre mí' (OC, I, 25), is the first step in the recovery of her sanity. Later, when a hostile crowd of striking workers invades her house, she summons up the courage to cross the dike—which she has earlier associated with her terrors—in the darkness and join Mariano in his 'legitimate' enterprise of the iron foundry.

Águeda is thus shown to have recovered her will and established control over her environment. Moreover, the doctor, who had been responsible for stating the theory of degeneracy, turns up at the foundry in a symbolic gesture of solidarity with those who assert their freedom to overcome adversity. The sentimental epilogue leaves us in no doubt: natural and supernatural terrors are left behind. Águeda no longer feels doomed to producing congenitally defective children, and in forging the remaining flywheel and fulfilling the commercial contract against all the odds, the characters prove their ability to control their destiny. Both congenital and environmental Determinism are refuted, and they are refuted, simplistically perhaps but significantly for our purposes, through man's creative endeavour as symbolized by the final scene in which the four characters who refuse to succumb tamely to the pressures of their environment forge not just a piece of machinery to serve man but a whole new future. The creative will provides the solution to the terrors of the night, man-made or not—that seems to be Baroja's thesis in a work which, though scarcely typical of his fiction, is nevertheless highly revealing of his early preoccupations.[42]

I hope that the preceding excursion through the work, both critical and creative, of Spanish writers in the 1890s and early years of the 1900s has shown some pointers to the modifications that fictional narrative was undergoing at the turn of the century. The well-known landmarks of Modernist fiction, whether in Spain or in the rest of Europe, were still to appear and tend to be associated with the period of the First World War and its aftermath—in Spain, Unamuno's *Niebla* appeared in 1914.[43] But the aesthetic assumptions had already changed and can be traced back to the decline of Realism and Naturalism in the 1890s. The comments of the observers of the time show remarkable agreement in pointing to the collapse of the literary conventions that had governed narrative art for thirty years, while the works of fiction themselves evince clear attempts at innovation. If we use Malcolm Bradbury's list of features quoted at the beginning of this essay, we will see that all of them apply to a greater or lesser degree. In the first place, the reliance on *artistic perception* rather than external description is a category sufficiently broad to cause few problems. All three of the writers we have looked at go far beyond documentary realism and offer us an approach based on transcending an encompassing material reality. Even in Galdós,

the most objective writer of the three, history-likeness has become attenuated in favour of a rather more poetic and visionary presentation. The connection with the real has certainly not been lost, but the artist himself seems to see in that reality a world that is too complex to be explained away. Galdós's later novels, of which *Misericordia* is probably the best example, speak to us less of ideological confrontations and social deficiencies and more of humankind's potential to rise above material adversity through creative will power (as indeed Galdós himself was called upon to do as a result of his economic problems). In the second place, conferring a *heightened resonance* to certain observed objects is of course a technique most obvious in Baroja, who uses it constantly in his short stories, but there are examples, too, in Galdós and Ganivet. In *Misericordia,* coins, the ultimate symbol of materialist values, are made to acquire an almost mystical role in the characters' lives and search for survival, and so to a degree are other objects of food and raiment that can no longer be taken for granted. And beyond this there is the heightened consciousness of a vision of the world seen through the inner eyes of a blind man: he it is who sees the 'real' Benina even though he cannot see her physically. In an apparent reaction against the Positivist tendency to reduce all spiritual values to the material, Galdós, through his two central characters of Benina and Almudena, is raising the material to the spiritual. In Ganivet we find a similar heightened consciousness, if not of objects certainly of the people observed by Pío Cid: he has the mysterious power of sensing the quality of a person, knowing people from the inside upon acquaintance, anticipating their reactions, judging their capacities and thereby ascribing them a role.

But it is Malcolm Bradbury's third and fourth descriptors that most clearly point to the future. In *Misericordia* the consciousness of characters plays an enlarged role. Galdós, as we have seen, is by now using *style indirect libre* and allowing his characters a far greater say, for even if the novel is not in dialogue form as was *Realidad* seven years earlier, the direct interventions of the narrator are much reduced compared to earlier fiction, and the thoughts and speeches of the characters, as well as their own inventions, are greatly increased. Instead of being told what the characters think, we are more often shown them thinking. In Ganivet's novel, presentation through consciousness also takes the form of allowing his protagonist

to talk endlessly about his singular view of the world and to contrive situations, while in Baroja we often observe the world through the minds of characters who are in some way abnormal, drunk, anxious, fearful, suffering from a neurosis, or at the point of death. Finally, that a revaluation of narrative art is under way is incontestable. To say that art has become 'the writer's essential subject matter' (in Bradbury's phrase) would perhaps be too bold a claim to make of any of the three novelists under scrutiny here, but that the fictions in some way incorporate or reflect the creative world of the artist is both true and enormously suggestive of Modernist preoccupations with the nature and function of art. The very stuff of *Misericordia* is the characters' disposition to fabulate; without their inventiveness, their imaginative capacity, there would be no novel; and Benina's 'perfect simulacrum' is a tale within a tale. In *Los trabajos del infatigable creador Pío Cid* Ganivet virtually allows his character to invent the fictions, that is, the incidents that add up to the novel, while at the same time ironically playing with the idea of fiction-as-fact and fact-as-fiction. And in Baroja, too, we have characters who are in some way creative agents who transform reality, whether it is a writer as in 'Noche de vela', a quack inventor and philosopher as in *Silvestre Paradox*, or, as in *La casa de Aizgorri*, a family of mental degenerates who evoke a world of madness, phantoms and terrors, in turn banished by a different kind of artistic creativity. In all these works we can observe a conscious movement away from the kind of fiction that had reached its zenith as recently as the preceding decade and which lesser writers, perhaps encouraged by the huge commercial success of the translations of Zola's novels in Spain during the late 1890s, were still assiduously cultivating.

There is, of course, a great deal more to say about this decade, not least the change of orientation of another leading Realist and one-time defender of Naturalism, Emilia Pardo Bazán. Here one would necessarily have to defer to the scholar to whom this volume pays homage. For it was Maurice Hemingway who, in an important study of this novelist, showed conclusively the shift of emphasis in her middle-period work, from *Insolación* (1889) to *Memorias de un solterón* (1896).[44] From a Naturalist-inspired desire to render and explain the external world, Pardo Bazán moved to an increasingly un-Zolaesque search for interior meaning and the exploration of the human psyche. In tracing the evolution of Pardo Bazán, Hemingway showed the

inadequacy of making too sharp a distinction between the fiction of the late nineteenth and that of the early twentieth centuries. In subscribing to this point of view myself, I would suggest that the samples of fiction of the period 1893–1900 that we have looked at here evince several of the features that were shortly to characterize the Modernist novel. These works were in a very real sense pioneering and help to establish the links between two distinct literary worlds that perhaps were not so antagonistic after all.

Notes

Chapter One

1. Not least by the present author himself in the opening lines of the Critical Guide to *Pío Baroja: El mundo es así*, (London: Grant & Cutler, 1977), p. 9 —'1902 is a year of special significance in the history of the Spanish novel'. Another example of the magical attraction of 1902 is found in Robert C. Spires, *Transparent Simulacra. Spanish Fiction 1902–1926*. (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1988), p. xi—'The year 1902 is fundamental to the efforts of renovating Spanish fiction'. Roberta Johnson uses the less loaded date of 1900 for the title of her *Crossfire. Philosophy and the Novel in Spain, 1900–1934*, (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1993), but the 1902 novels remain the effective starting point ('1902 saw a dawning of artistic maturity', p. 34).
2. Malcolm Bradbury, *Possibilities. Essays on the State of the Novel*, (Oxford: OUP, 1973), p. 85. In their well-known critical anthology on Modernism, (*Modernism, 1890–1930*, Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1976), Bradbury and McFarlane also see Modernism as getting under way in the 1890s.
3. David Daiches, *The Novel and the Modern World*, (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1960). Very recently, and on the basis of Conrad's Modernism, Alan Sandison has argued that similar Modernist features are found in the novels of Robert Louis Stevenson (*Robert Louis Stevenson and the Appearance of Modernism*, London: Macmillan, 1996).
4. Quoted in Miriam Allott, *Novelists on the Novel*, (London: Routledge, 1965), p. 74.
5. Joseph Conrad, 'Henry James: An Appreciation' (1905). Reproduced in *Joseph Conrad on Fiction*, edited by Walter F. Wright, (Lincoln, Nebr: University of Nebraska Press, 1964), pp. 82–8, at pp. 86–7.
6. Virginia Woolf, 'Modern Fiction', reprinted in *The Common Reader*, (London and New York: Harcourt Brace, 1925); reproduced in Ellman and Feidelson, *The Modern Tradition. Backgrounds of Modern Literature*, (New York: OUP, 1965), pp. 121–6, at p. 122.
7. Ellman and Feidelson, p. 123.
8. 'Nada más ambiguo que eso que se llama realismo en el arte literario. Porque ¿qué realidad es la de ese realismo?' (*Tres novelas ejemplares y un prólogo*, in *Obras Completas*, 9 vols, Madrid: Escelicer, 1966–71, at II, 972). Cf. Baroja: 'No sé si puedo llamarme realista; no sé lo que es la realidad' (*Obras Completas*, 8 vols, Madrid: Biblioteca Nueva, 1946–51, vol. V, p. 414).
9. *Tres novelas ejemplares y un prólogo*, in *Obras Completas*, vol. II, p. 974. All further references to the *Obras Completas* of Unamuno will be given in the text as OC.

10. It should be unnecessary to add that Modernism, despite the impossibility of defining it in simple terms, had little to do with the earlier doctrine of art for art's sake that became fashionable in certain European circles (Wilde, Huysmans). There has been a regrettable tendency among some Continental Hispanists to equate the two, almost certainly due to the connotations of aestheticism acquired by the Spanish word *modernismo*. It is worth insisting that the Modernists' (and I include most of the so-called *noventaiochistas* under this label) persistent defence of the primacy of the individual consciousness of the artist is not the same thing as art for art's sake, especially that propounded by the more extreme aesthetes of the late nineteenth century. Modernism was by no means as inward-looking as some of its Marxist and Social-Realist critics have tried to make out. It was concerned with art, certainly, but in terms of its relationship with something else, whether the author, the reader, language, or indeed history and social circumstance.
11. Ángel Ganivet, *España filosófica contemporánea*, in *Obras Completas*, (2 vols, Madrid: Aguilar, 1951), vol. II, p. 625-6. All further references to the *Obras Completas* of Ganivet will be given in the text as OC.
12. Juan Ignacio Ferreras sees Naturalist Determinism at work in the novels of Zamacois, whether erotic or not. See his *La novela en el siglo XX (hasta 1939)*, (Madrid: Taurus, 1988), pp. 58–9. Another name associated with Naturalism is that of Felipe Trigo, but I am not sufficiently familiar with his novels to place him in any literary current. Ferreras classifies him quite unambiguously as a Naturalist but José Carlos Mainer sees him as a rather more complex figure who combines 'el cientifismo implacable de la novela positivista-naturalista con un modernismo, por el que entiendo una preceptiva moral basada en la exaltación del instinto y la redención literaria de lo extrasocial' (*Literatura y pequeña burguesía en España*, Madrid: Cuadernos para el Diálogo, 1972, p. 64). In Spain, Naturalism spawned a vast production of inferior, erotic, and sensationalist novels. See Jean-François Botrel, 'España, 1880–1890: el naturalismo en situación', in *Realismo y naturalismo en España*, ed. Yvan Lissourgues, (Barcelona: Anthropos, 1988), pp. 183–97. For a mention of some other Naturalists, and quasi-Naturalists see Juan Ignacio Ferreras, *La novela en el siglo XIX (desde 1868)*, (Madrid: Taurus, 1988).
13. Manuel Fernández Cifuentes, *Teoría y mercado de la novela en España: Del 98 a la República* (Madrid: Gredos, 1982), pp. 38–74.
14. Cited by Fernández Cifuentes, p. 41.
15. Cited by Fernández Cifuentes, p. 43.
16. Referring to Ramón María Tenreiro's (the leading critic of *La Lectura*) 1913 description of the new novel as having abandoned plot in favour of 'esbozos de sensaciones del artista', Manuel Fernández Cifuentes writes: 'La actitud de Tenreiro es representativa del conjunto de la crítica en por lo menos tres de sus aspectos: alude constantemente a la ruptura de antiguos patrones; muestra esa ruptura en obras de Valle-Inclán, de Pérez de Ayala y de Pío Baroja; y se declara partidario de un vago "realismo" que se tenía por nuevo' (*Teoría y mercado de la novela en España*, p. 40).

17. Quoted by Walter T. Pattison, *El naturalismo español*, (Madrid: Gredos, 1965), p. 159.
18. Jean-François Botrel, 'España, 1880-1890; el naturalismo en situación', p. 193.
19. 'Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo' (James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, first published 1916 but first redaction 1904).
20. Pío Baroja, 'Hacia lo inconsciente', *Obras Completas*, vol. VIII, p. 851. Baroja appears to use 'inconsciente' and 'subconsciente' as synonyms. Further references to Baroja will be given in the text as OC unless otherwise indicated. It should be noted that the pagination of Baroja's *Obras Completas* published by Biblioteca Nueva was changed between printings without any warning or indication whatsoever and therefore page references can appear to be wrong.
21. Pío Baroja, 'Literatura y bellas artes' (1899), reproduced in *El modernismo visto por los modernistas*, introducción y selección de Ricardo Gullón, (Barcelona: Labor-Guadarrama [Colección Punto Omega], 1980), pp. 75–81, at p. 77. Preceding quotations also from this source.
22. In a 1926 lecture entitled 'Tres generaciones' Baroja was to insist that the writers who were born a few years either side of 1870 were formed in an age when the old ideas were breaking down and the new ones were a confused admixture: 'Las teorías positivistas estaban ya en plena decadencia y apuntaban otras ideas antidogmáticas. [...] Esta época nuestra fue una época confusa de sincretismo. Había en ella todas las tendencias, menos la de la generación anterior, a quien no se estimaba' (OC, V, 575). This repeats an idea which he first enunciated in an article published in 1899 (see 'Figurines literarios' in Pío Baroja, *Hojas sueltas*, ed. Luis Urrutia Salaverri, 2 vols, Madrid: Caro Raggio, 1973, vol. II, pp. 79–83).
23. Pío Baroja, 'Figurines literarios' in *Hojas sueltas*, vol. II, pp. 79. Further references to this edition will be given in the text as HS.
24. It has to be said that Dostoyevski was becoming known in Spain in the 1890s through translations of his work. The earliest of these (*El crimen y el castigo*, and *Los hermanos Karamazov*), are undated but probably appeared in the late 1880s. *La casa de los muertos*, a rather more curious choice, appeared in 1892 with an introduction by Pardo Bazán. Translations into French had been appearing regularly throughout the 1880s and it was these French versions that Baroja had been reading. The French academician Eugène Marie de Vogüé first published his enormously successful *Le Roman russe* in 1886, a work which Baroja obviously knew since he borrowed substantially from it. But in the Spain of the time few readers could have intuited the key position that Dostoyevski was to be accorded not simply in Russian but more importantly in European literature. The use of subconscious motivation was pioneered by Dostoyevski and recognized by Baroja. Nietzsche was still little more than a name, as his work did not begin to be translated until 1900.
25. What Baroja is doing here is continuing a hoax perpetrated by Amorós himself, who 'killed' his pseudonymous personage in one of his works and

from then on presented himself as compiler, editor and publisher of Silverio Lanza's posthumous works.

26. In his still indispensable study *Azorín as a Literary Critic* (New York: Hispanic Institute, 1962), Edward Inman Fox wrote: 'Azorín explains the apparent novelty of Baroja and Benavente to be nothing more than a result of the evolutionary process in literature. Their work at the beginning of the twentieth century is exactly the same as that of Lope and Cervantes in the seventeenth century: the final disintegration of the old and the integration of the new' (p. 69).
27. Azorín, *Ante Baroja*, in *Obras Completas*, (9 vols, Madrid: Aguilar, 1963), vol. VIII, p. 150. Further references to Azorín will be given in the text as OC.
28. I have argued elsewhere that Baroja went through a quasi-Symbolist phase which is virtually explicit in *Camino de perfección* ('*Camino de perfección* and the Modernist Aesthetic', in *Hispanic Studies in Honour of Geoffrey Ribbans*, ed. Ann L. Mackenzie and Dorothy S. Severin, *Bulletin of Hispanic Studies*, Special Homage Volume, Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1992, pp. 191–203). As we shall see, one can find Symbolist traits too in some of his early short stories written in the period 1893-8. But Symbolist or not, what is incontestable is Baroja's conscious attempt to describe through the mind rather than simply through the eyes, and it is this that struck Azorín and several other critics—those of a progressive tendency, such as Tenreiro, who defended his style, and those of a traditional outlook, such as Francos Rodríguez and José Nakens, who called Baroja's stories 'pedantescos, petulantes y ridículos' (see *Pío Baroja. Escritos de juventud*, ed. Manuel Longares, Madrid: Cuadernos para el Diálogo, 1972, p. 19).
29. Ramón Pérez de Ayala, 'La aldea lejana', in *Obras Completas*, (4 vols, Madrid: Aguilar, 1963), vol. I, p. 1094. Further references to Ramón Pérez de Ayala will be given in the text as OC.
30. Unfortunately the term 'novela psicológica' is useless for our purposes since it can be made to apply equally to an offshoot of Naturalism (for example the novels of Paul Bourget or the later works of Pardo Bazán) and an early phase of Modernism (Baroja, Azorín). Whether there is a psychological interest or not is not and cannot be by itself the key to the question of a changing aesthetic, since psychology was very much 'in the air' in the later decades of the nineteenth century and affected many different kinds of writers. We have to look at the manner of presentation of the psychological interest.
31. Having been taken to task on a previous occasion for referring to Galdós's narrator in *La de Bringas* as an 'inorganic I-narrator' I should perhaps explain that the adjective inorganic is not intended to carry any value judgement whatsoever. It is shorthand for the kind of narrator who occasionally uses first-person narration and therefore has a self-recognized existence, but who nevertheless has not been assigned a circumscribed role *within* the story as character witness, recipient of information, etc., and who, moreover, uses omniscient narration. It is, of course, a common form of narration (omniscient but not impersonal) in the nineteenth-century novel, but one whose intrusiveness came to be resented by some purists, such as Henry James.

32. *Style indirect libre* is significant because it foreshadows one of the Modernists' innovations, stream of consciousness. There are numerous examples of *style indirect libre* in the novel, but Galdós seems hesitant to continue it for any length. In the following passage, for example, what starts off as *style indirect libre* becomes thought-quotation through the standard use of guillemets (chevrons) or other quotation marks: 'Día más *perro* que aquél no se había visto en todo el año, que desde Reyes venía siendo un año fulastre, pues el día del santo patrono (20 de enero) sólo *se habían hecho* doce *chicas*, la mitad aproximadamente que el año anterior, y la Candelaria y la novena del bendito San Blas, que otros años fueron tan de provecho, vinieron en aquél con diarios de siete *chicas*: ¡valiente puñado! «Y me *paice* a mí —decía para sus andrajos el buen Pulido, bebiéndose las lágrimas y escupiendo los pelos de su barba— que el amigo San José también nos vendrá con mala pata [...]»' (B. Pérez Galdós, *Obras Completas*, 6 vols, [5th edition] Madrid: Aguilar, 1967, vol. V, p. 1878). Further references to *Misericordia* will be given in the text as OC.
33. Thirty-three years later Unamuno was to echo Galdós in *La novela de Don Sandalio*, where the narrating character invents his own version of Don Sandalio which he furiously defends against competing versions. He, too, talks of 'Mi Don Sandalio, el mío', just as Benina talks of 'el mío, mi D. Romualdo'. Another echo of Benina's 'Los sueños, los sueños, digan lo que quieran [...] son también de Dios; ¿y quién va a saber lo que es verdad y lo que es mentira?' is to be found in Ángela Carballino's 'Y yo no sé lo que es verdad y lo que es mentira, ni lo que vi y lo que soñé' (*San Manuel Bueno, mártir*).
34. For an excellent study that places rather greater emphasis on the meta-fictional aspects of the novel see Nil Santiáñez-Tió, *Ángel Ganivet, escritor modernista*, (Madrid: Gredos, 1994). See, also, Francisco García Sarriá, '*Los trabajos del infatigable creador Pío Cid* como antinovela y prenivola', in *Estudios de novela española moderna: texto y subtexto de Galdós a Guelbenzu*, (Madrid: Playor, 1987), pp. 45–52; and Germán Gullón, 'La modernidad de Ganivet: nueva lectura de *Los trabajos del infatigable creador Pío Cid*', *La Torre*, III, 10 (1989), pp. 243–57.
35. Of this, Baroja wrote in 1900: 'En France et en Angleterre, le bourgeois aisé destine une somme plus ou moins considérable de son budget a l'achat des livres; en Espagne, il trouve toute la littérature concentrée dans le journal' ('Chronique des lettres espagnoles', *L'Humanité Nouvelle*, April 1900, reproduced in HS, vol. II, at pp. 27–37).
36. Jeremy Sanders has shown that parts of *Camino de perfección* were written when Baroja was just twenty. See 'A Missing Link to the Work of Pío Baroja', *Bulletin of Hispanic Studies*, LXI, 4 (1984), 14–30.
37. 'El dolor: estudio de psico-física' was the title of Baroja's MD thesis submitted to the University of Madrid in 1894. It was published in 1896.
38. All the stories referred to may be found in *Hojas sueltas*.
39. There is a famous passage in *Point Counter Point* in which Huxley, starting from the Gidian *mise en abîme*, satirizes the idea of an experimental novel in which the narration takes on a wholly scientific appearance: 'At about the tenth remove you might have a novelist telling your story in algebraic symbols

or in terms of variations in blood-pressure, pulse, secretion of ductless glands and reaction times' (Chapter 22). Twenty-five years earlier Baroja had already satirized the concept of a scientifically-based novel.
40. Darwin's theory of natural selection is of course the best-known example of this movement from external manifestation to internal mechanism, but exactly the same approach holds for Comte's Positivism (establishing causal connections between phenomena, thereby inferring the laws that governed them), or Marx's historical materialism, or Spencer's scientific sociology. The realization that these thinkers were actually intuiting the theory first and finding the supporting facts second came only much later. The well-known incompatibility between Marxism and Modernism is itself revealing. Marxism is based on the belief that social or historical existence determines individual consciousness. The Modernists rejected this, which is one reason why Modernism was anathema to Marxist critics like Lukacs.
41. This is a question that appears to have preoccupied Baroja, for he repeated it in the story of Fernando Ossorio, first introduced in *Silvestre Paradox* and greatly expanded in *Camino de perfección*.
42. A rather more complex interpretation of this work, according to which Baroja was exploring the role of mental illness and the unconscious in artistic creativity, has been put forward by J.L. Sanders in his unpublished PhD dissertation 'From Medicine to Psychology: The Early Work of Pío Baroja, 1890–1903', University of Leeds, 1979.
43. For a reading of *Niebla* from a Modernist perspective, see John Macklin, 'Competing Voices. Unamuno's *Niebla* and the Discourse of Modernism', in *After Cervantes: A Celebration of 75 Years of Iberian Studies at Leeds*, (Leeds: Trinity and All Saints College, 1993), pp. 167–93.
44. Maurice Hemingway, *Emilia Pardo Bazán. The Making of a Novelist*, (Cambridge: CUP, 1983).

Chapter Two

1. 'Asfixia', reprinted with the title 'La pérdida de las colonias: El carlismo' in Emilia Pardo Bazán, *La vida contemporánea (1896–1916)*, compiled and with an introduction by Carmen Bravo-Villasante, Serie Literatura Española: Periodismo, Siglos XIX–XX (Madrid: EMESA, 1972), pp. 61–7 (p. 61).
2. Emilia Pardo Bazán, *La España de ayer y la de hoy: (Conferencia de París)* (Madrid: Administración, [1899]), p. 61.
3. Emilia Pardo Bazán, *Al pie de la torre Eiffel: (Crónicas de la Exposición)* (Madrid: La España Editorial, [1889]), p. 185.
4. Raymond Carr, *Spain: 1808–1939* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1966; repr. 1970), p. 387, n. 2.
5. For an assessment of the work of these two dramatists and of the dramatic output of other practitioners of the *alta comedia*, see David Thatcher Gies, *The Theatre in Nineteenth-Century Spain* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994), pp. 231–91.
6. For example, in her 1891 essay entitled 'Un jesuita novelista: El padre Luis Coloma', Pardo Bazán notes: 'No cabe duda: el período de estabilidad política