

# Before Postnationalism: Supernationalism, Modernisme, and Catalonia

*Brad Epps is Professor of Romance Languages and Literatures at Harvard University. He has published over fifty articles on modern literature, film, art, and architecture from Spain, Latin America, Catalonia, and France and is the author of Significant Violence: Oppression and Resistance in the Narratives of Juan Goytisolo (Oxford UP). He is currently preparing two books: Daring to Write, on gay and lesbian issues in Latin America, Spain, and Latino cultures in the United States, and Barcelona and Beyond, on modern Catalan culture. He is also co-editing two volumes, one with Luis Fernández Cifuentes, Spain Beyond Spain: Modernity, Literary History, and National Identity, and another with Keja Valens, Passing Lines: Immigration and (Homo)sexuality.*

To wish class or nation away, to seek to live sheer irreducible difference *now* in the manner of some contemporary poststructuralist theory, is to play straight into the hands of the oppressor.

—Terry Eagleton

## Introduction: An Alluring Proposition

Postnationalism may well be a lure, and a late capitalist one at that. It serves, within an increasingly anxious intellectual market, as a sign that sells. And what it sells, ever so symbolically, is nothing less than the promise of a new world, free from the narcissism of small differences and the fanaticism of big identities, beyond the pettiness of borders and the grandeur of patriotic projects. Postnationalism shimmers seductively as a way out of so many nagging problems, so much sacrifice and violence, so much divisive love and ironclad hatred. Ample as its bounds may be, it is arguably related less to internationalism, in the Marxian sense, than to multinationalism, where globalization is of capital importance indeed. Even if the concept is taken less dramatically as indicating a crisis in strong understandings of national identity, even if it is taken as more descriptive than prescriptive, it nonetheless suggests a world order in which nationalism is out of sync with new material technologies, modes of information, and markets. However superannuated it may seem to some, nationalism, in all its conten-



tious guises, remains rigorously current for many more. As Immanuel Wallerstein asserts, “[t]here is no question that, at the present time, nationalism in general [...] is a remarkably strong world cultural force,” stronger now, he continues, “than any other mode of social expression or collective mentality,” with the possible exception of religion, to which it is so often bound (314). Even Eric Hobsbawm, who writes of the decline of nationalism as an historical force, notes that “there is no foreseeable limit to the further advance of national separatism” (163). There is also, of course, no foreseeable limit to national consolidation and expansion, most spectacularly that of the United States of America in its various wars against terrorism.

And yet, obviously, there *is* some question as to the strength, sweep, and future of nationalism, a question posed by the very existence of something called “postnationalism.” As term and concept, “postinternationalism” also exists, as well as “postcapitalism,” and perhaps, though I have yet to see it, “postmultinationalism.” Whatever the case, the proliferation of the “post” is as dizzying as it is undeniable. Postinternationalism, as formulated by James Rosenau and his followers, takes as its motivating force the insufficiency of the sovereign state of Westphalian Europe to account for the *dynamics* of contemporary global politics. Postnationalism appears to be similarly motivated, though the accent tends to fall on the *dangers* of nationalism (its violence, racism, sexism, and so on) rather than on the limitations of the established analytical protocols of international relations theorists. The ethico-political, even moral, tenor of postnationalism is such that the contrast with

nationalism is not only charged but also overstated. Far from being mutually exclusive, nationalism and postnationalism are in many respects complementary—one highly successful Western construction entailing another, so far less successful and more anxiously Western construction. The repercussions of such constructions for what is not the West, or not quite the West, are serious, but so too are the repercussions for the West itself—its frayed yet persistent European core.

For nationalism is by no means inoperative in contemporary Europe; nor, despite its more ardent detractors, is it operative only as violence or the threat of violence. And postnationalism, however operative it may be, is not devoid of a violence of its own: the violence of discounting the differences between established and aspirant nation-states or indeed of placing a violent burden of proof on aspirant nationalisms.<sup>1</sup> The violence of postnationalism is, in other words, that of silencing, forgetting, or otherwise eschewing the violence by which such sovereign designations as Spain, France, or the United Kingdom—let alone the United States—have been maintained, *are* maintained. It is also the violence of advancing a world order in which the culprit, the source of so many ills, is figured not as capitalism, but as nationalism pure and simple. Symbolic as much of this violence is, it can be, in its effects, quite real. Martin Matustík, in a gripping study on postnational identity, critical theory, and existential philosophy, explicitly links nationalism to racism and sexism, but tellingly decouples it from capitalism.<sup>2</sup> “Where once the communist nomenclatura and free markets competed for the global pledge of allegiance,” Matustík

writes, “now nationalist identity and religious and secular fundamentalism fill in the void created on our world-historical stage” (vi). The free market has “beaten” the communist competition, which, as only so much nomenclatura, apparently did not have much of a chance in the first place. The resulting void—which is not a void but rather the deceptive fullness of the so-called free market—is filled, a little too conveniently, by nationalism. Not only are the connections between communism and nationalism—not internationalism, but nationalism—elided, so too are the connections between the free market and nationalism, including the resurgence of nationalism that attends the much trumpeted triumph of the world market. At any rate, in Matustík’s presentation, nationalism calls for its own evacuation, its own voidance. Capitalism, however, can apparently stay put.

For Matustík, the voidance—or avoidance—of nationalism is most succinctly articulated as postnationalism, a “deromanticized and political view of nation, which Julia Kristeva appropriately designates *Nations without Nationalism*” (vii). Never mind the romanticism that inheres in “nations without nationalism,” nor, for that matter, the conflation, via nods to bell hooks and Cornell West, of ethno-racial separatism and national separatism *in toto*, Matustík’s call to another “new spring of the nations” (vii) is as poignant as it is flawed. Among other things, it underestimates the role of capitalism and overestimates the role of existential philosophy. And yet, such hopeful, well meaning investments in the critique and elimination of sexism, racism, and other harmful ideologies in the name of postnationalism cannot but merit consider-

ation. Put more emphatically, it is worth considering postnationalism, its understanding of space, subjectivity, power, and, perhaps most critically, cultural history. The postmodern penchant for the prefix “post” sends me back, then, to other penchants, other signs, ostensibly before the “post”: to modernism and nationalism, specifically in and around Catalonia.<sup>3</sup> The geopolitical specificity is not beside the point, for it would be facile, or all too imperious, to suggest that the national and postnational, despite their general thrust, were the same the world over, that they “took place” without significant variants. For some, Catalonia is a nation without a state, and hence uneasy about the scope of the nation-state called Spain and the scope of Spanish nationalism, let alone about the implications of Spanish postnationalism—as distinct from global postnationalism or postnationalism unbound.<sup>4</sup> This is tense terrain, suffused with dreams and desires, where the intellectual is buckled by the emotional and where neutrality, as usual, is fraught with personal problems, both individual and collective.<sup>5</sup> In order to negotiate this terrain and to push at its penchant for strong terms, famous names, and non-literary protocols, I will examine a number of relatively little-known works, literary and otherwise, by Prudenci Bertrana, Pompeius Gener, Domènec Martí i Julià, and other Catalan *modernistes*, paying special attention to (inter)national affiliations and to another once strong term, “supernationalism.” In so doing, I hope to put forth a partial *prehistory* of *postnationalism* that might give us pause before assuming, in spite of all the sophisticated theoretical caveats about temporality, the “post” to be either so new or so sure of success.

## Uneasy in Catalonia: Superseding *Modernisme*

Sabia, però, fer-me perdonar, i no eren  
menys addictes aquells de qui més  
malparlava.

—Prudenci Bertrana, *Jo! Memòries  
d'un metge filòsof*

My entry into a postmodernist-inflected postnationalism takes the form, then, of an examination of a modernist-inflected supernationalism, articulated in a number of essays by Pompeius Gener and shadowed forth, rather differently, in a relatively minor novel by Prudenci Bertrana. *Jo! Memòries d'un metge filòsof*, appears in 1925, long after the heyday of *modernisme* and long before the heyday of postmodernism, at least as it is generally understood today.<sup>6</sup> By 1925, anti-modernist *noucentisme*, with its emphasis on civic control and classicism, is also on the wane, its principal proponent in the realm of culture, Eugeni d'Ors, having moved to Madrid in 1920. In 1925, Josep Maria de Sagarra and Carles Riba propel a debate about the status of the novel to the center of Catalan culture, a debate that is also, even primarily, about the status of Catalonia itself: a nation presumably in need of a novel. Less than a year later, and as if a major change had been sealed, a tram runs over the premier modernist architect, Antoni Gaudí, who, taken for a beggar, is carted off to die. The year that Gaudí dies, 1926, the Catalan intelligentsia pays homage to Santiago Rusiñol, one of the movers and shakers of *modernisme*, in a commemorative act held in Sitges, the same coastal town where, years before, in 1893, the first *Festa Modernista* was held.<sup>7</sup> On a wider front, under the

dictatorship of Miguel Primo de Rivera, Franco-Spanish colonialist cooperation in Morocco, beginning in earnest in 1925, leads to the defeat of Abd el krim, leader of what Raymond Carr has called “vague Berber nationalism” or “Rif ‘nationalism’” (573, 574), in May 1926. Bertrana’s novel appears therefore at a moment that critics now take to be decisive for Catalan national culture. It is not, however, Bertrana’s literary debut. That had taken place in 1906 (when Bertrana was already around the age of forty), with a short novel of morbid eroticism and obsession titled *Josafat*. Replete with a Quasimodo-like bell keeper and the rotting cadaver of a prostitute, Bertrana’s little novel caused quite a stir, particularly in the author’s native Girona, and went on to be canonized in Catalan letters as the work of a modernist who suffered marginalization, poverty, and persecution.<sup>8</sup>

Bertrana’s trajectory, his personal image, his “geni i figura,” contrasts with that of Gaudí, a man renowned for his almost messianic commitment to God, Catalonia, and art. It also contrasts with that of Rusiñol, a man celebrated by Rubén Darío and others as a cosmopolitan connoisseur, an all-in-all successful chap, the occasional bout of illness, doubt, and depression notwithstanding. Gaudí’s “success” is by now beyond dispute, his buildings having become obligatory sites for visitors from all over the world. Rusiñol’s *Cau Ferrat*, with its collection of wrought iron, tapestries, ceramics, and art—including paintings by a newly appreciated El Greco—remains as palpable testimony to Rusiñol’s “success.”<sup>9</sup> Today a museum open to the public, the *Cau Ferrat* is one of the main cultural sites of Sitges, a town that, rather like Province-

town, Massachusetts, is hard-pressed to remind its visitors that there is more to it than sand and surf and sex. Josep Pla ends his rather personalized study of the artist by claiming that:

Rusiñol, malgrat haver estat molt sol·licitat, no volgué tenir en vida monument. Però, ja mort, li elevaren monuments i bustos i el seu nom fou escrit en pedres, marbres i bronzes. (308)

Whatever the play of life and death, success and failure, Rusiñol has attained a monumentality that, while not as imposing as Gaudí's, certainly outstrips Bertrana's, in relation to whom it is almost impossible to speak of monumentality. Bertrana has no *Cau Ferrat*, and today his works, his literary works—he was also a painter, but again less successful than Rusiñol—hardly abound in even the best of bookstores in Barcelona, the city he loved to hate. Translations, even of *Josafat*, are virtually non-existent. Bertrana's relative obscurity after his death is forged, as it were, in his lifetime, for the writer did not exactly enjoy an unbroken, ascendant trajectory. *Jo! Memòries d'un metge filòsof* appears, thus, in a context not just of Spanish colonial exercise and Catalan cultural reexamination but also of deeply personal and professional frustration. The text, published after some thirteen years of "silence" on the part of its author, gives fractured testimony to this context and remits the reader to it.

Though autobiographically marked, the "Jo" of the title is not Bertrana's, at least if the author of the "advertiment" is to be believed. By way of the device of the found manuscript, Bertrana distances himself from the text, claiming responsi-

bility only for the introduction and for having

desxifrat, ordenat i revestit amb el meu vulgar estil unes notes embrionàries, inconnexes i subtils que, per un atzar providencial, arribaren a les meves mans. (11)

Bertrana, "l'autor," presents himself as more a scribe and editor than a creator, a sort of organizing principle that brings together the disparate materials that comprise the "Memòries," whose author, we read, is a doctor named Daniel Pérez, an individual fond of speaking ill of others—and of other nations. The play of authors and identities is important, because Daniel Pérez is based on Diego (or Dídac) Ruiz, a real-life acquaintance of Bertrana and author in his own right.<sup>10</sup> Identification proves treacherous, however, for Pérez/Ruiz necessarily snakes back on Bertrana, rendering his assertions as to the authorship of the text suspect:

refuso, des d'ara, en absolut, tota comunitat ideològica amb el doctor Daniel Pérez [...]. El seu Jo, amb majúscula, no té res a veure amb el meu jo, amb minúscula. (11)

Part of the refusal of any ideological overlap is extratextually motivated. Aurora Bertrana, Bertrana's daughter and author of *Paradisos oceànics* (1930) and *El Marroc sensual i fanàtic* (1936), calls her father's novel "una venjança," a work of personal revenge (*Obres completes* xxix). Apparently, Prudenci Bertrana felt that Ruiz had done him a great disservice, duped him even, by getting him to collaborate on a little work titled *La locura de Álvarez de Castro* (1910) aimed at belittling the reputation

of the general who had defended Girona in 1808 against the French. The work was not well received, to say the least. The fictional Daniel Pérez's penchant for speaking badly of others in his quest for fame—of which more, later—thus implicates not only Dídac Ruiz but Prudenci Bertrana as well. But there is more than a begrudging play of personalities here. The authorial I's that punctuate the prologue invoke a divided subject and a contested authority that reflect and refract, however unwittingly, the aforementioned cultural debates about the state of Catalan letters and, indeed, of Catalonia, as nation, itself.

The "Memòries" of Pérez, "doctor philosopher" and embattled man of Catalan letters, are fraught with ruin, found by Bertrana because lost, ordered because disordered, placed into circulation because misplaced. The putatively ruinous state of the "Memòries" may explain, in part, why Bertrana is so concerned about distancing himself from the text, why he does not want to have his name slip into Pérez's, and why he resists assuming the role of autobiographer. But the ruinous state of the mind whence the "Memòries" issue may also be a factor. Daniel Pérez, eventually entrusted with the management of a mental asylum, is not a man of sound mind, and it *makes sense* for Bertrana to doctor the doctor's writing, to set it straight, or as straight as he can, and to be done with it. I want to stress that I use Bertrana's name as a troubled convenience and that I am reluctant to identify the author of the "advertiment," blithely, as Bertrana. My reluctance, however, cannot but mirror that of the author of the "advertiment," the scribe and editor, the subject who deciphers, who interprets. Be that as it may, the author of the "adver-

timent," call him Bertrana or not, identifies himself as one of the perpetually belated: "homes com jo que mai han anat a l'hora" (11). The author is a latecomer, "mancat d'inventiva" (12), and as such he is far from being the up-to-date, cutting-edge, innovator, at the forefront of *modernisme* or the avant-garde.<sup>11</sup> Rather than priority or anteriority, the temporality of this endeavor—so dependent on chance, lateness, and the work of others—is something like posteriority, related in turn to posterity, to a succession of generations (or degeneration) and, through transference, to future fame and recognition. The dictionary serves me here, for, in posterity, future fame is deferred fame, future recognition delayed recognition, long in coming and, hence, susceptible to misrecognition. *Jo!* is thus a text marked by the "post" and conjures up a sort of postnationalism *avant la lettre*, but a postnationalism rife, as we shall see, with hatred and narcissism, with the drag of nationalist difference.

Language, rather predictably, is here critical. *Jo!* is written in a vibrant Catalan. Bertrana, an avid hunter, would reportedly go "hunting" for words, an exercise by no means unique to him, especially given the contested state of the Catalan language before, and indeed even after, the normative measures of Pompeu Fabra and others in the first decades of the twentieth century.<sup>12</sup> Among the many words he comes upon, "Pérez," the last name of the "Jo" of the "Memòries," is one of them. A great deal can lie in a name, and "Pérez," with a "z," names a subject that does not quite fit, that does not quite translate into Catalan. And yet, perhaps for that reason, it names a subject that seems to translate all too well:



La meva celebrat era indiscutible dintre Catalunya. Cert que llavors ens trobàvem en plena resurrecció de l'ànima catalana. Al nacionalisme, li calien genis, figures, eminències de tota llei, per a oposar a les de l'Espanya castellana. Els dramaturgs, el novel·listes, els sociòlegs, el metges i els filòsofs havien de completar la tasca dels poetes, iniciada ja de temps. De lírics, n'hi havia prou, d'altres en mancaven. (16)

The supposed surfeit of poets, noted by Sagarra around the same time that the novel appears, must be countered and corrected through the cultivation of novelists, doctors, and philosophers, among others.

So far, so good: the text is all in all quite consistent with the debates on Catalan culture of the mid-twenties. But there is a wrinkle, a telling one. Daniel Pérez, doctor and philosopher, is both what is lacking and what is needed in Catalonia, indeed in Catalan nationalism: Daniel Pérez, *non-Catalan* doctor and philosopher, composer of a work of personal memories that functions as a novel, a Catalan novel. Now, it is not just by being born outside of Catalonia that one can become a great inspiration to Catalonia. After all, Ramon Perés, credited with the first positive use of the word *modernista*, is born in Cuba to Catalan parents, and, in fiction, Eugeni d'Ors's ideal Catalan muse, la Teresa, *La ben plantada*, from the work of the same name (1911), is born in the symbolically laden Asunción, Paraguay.<sup>13</sup> But if d'Ors *noucentista* ideal comes from America, it, or she, comes from Catalans in America, Catalans from Catalonia, born and bred there: "Alegria! Tot, tot s'ha salvat. La Raça és, en l'admirable criatura, puríssima" (60). D'Ors's

celebration of racial purity is as secure as it is small minded: Catalonia must be beyond Catalonia so as to return, rein-vigorated, as Catalonia. The morphology of this civic folktale turns too on a departure and a return: d'Ors invents a prodigal daughter who, in her goings and comings, saves rather than spends and who settles down to make a "proper" Catalan home. Daniel Pérez, in contrast, is a man who comes to waste his life and who inspires Catalans because his origins are *not* Catalan: he is born neither in Catalonia nor to Catalan parents. In fact, his manifestly "impure" origins, given voice in every utterance of his name, the patronymic "hijo de Pedro," are, as he puts it, "un altre motiu d'enlairament" (16).

Pérez, or rather his proper name, is cause for Catalanist celebration precisely because it does *not* designate a Catalan subject:

Jo no era català. No us diré d'on era per no desmentir el fals origen que jo mateix, sarcàsticament, a fi de molestar el meu oncle—un famós catedràtic molt conegut pel seu furibund espanyolisme—vaig atribuir-me. (16)

Pérez is not of Catalan origin, and his "real" origin, the origin of his family name, is teasingly retained from the reader. He preserves instead a false origin, one he has attributed to himself and whose function is to annoy his *españolista* uncle—a famous professor, as famous, perhaps, as Miguel de Unamuno. Speculation aside, the retention of presumably basic information about a particular individual and the compensatory admission of false, sarcastic attributes in a work whose tone is confessional suggests a *mise en question* of national identity in general. In Bertrana's

text, national identity is in some basic sense always *improper*, a play of proper names in which the assumed, conventional correspondence between subject, place, and blood is broken, ruined, lost. “Pérez” is not Catalan, at least not originally; that we do know. Whatever its true, precise origins, it designates not so much a localizable native as an unlocalizable, errant alien. Julia Kristeva, writing in a language (French) that is not her first, states that “[t]he cult of origins is a hate reaction” (2), hatred both of others and, more tortuously, of oneself. Kristeva’s statement is an overstatement, broad, unqualified, and uncompromising, and as such, interestingly enough, it is relevant to Bertrana’s text. For Pérez is also given to broad statements in which something local is deployed, rather generally, at once to perturb and to reinstate something universal. Pérez does not evince a cult of origins; instead he breaks (with) origins, sets them in motion. He is an iconoclast, not an iconolator, of natural origins and proper names. Which does not mean that he does not hate, that his “anti-cult” is not a hate reaction too: remember that Pérez’s adoptive Catalanism, tied to his desire for intellectual fame, is a reaction to his already famous intellectual uncle’s *Spanish* nationalism. Kristeva also writes of the hatred of origins as the “matching opposite” of the cult of origins, thereby pressing home the problematic “nature” of repression, flight, and disavowal (3). The opposites may not literally match, may not really be true opposites at all, but they do provide a postmodern indication of Pérez’s modern, belatedly modern, dilemma.

At the very end of the text, Pérez recounts how he left Catalonia for France and then France for Switzerland and ex-

claims that he is, still yet, a man without a country: “Segueixo sense patria” (191). Switzerland, Pérez’s last articulated destination, is a confederation, a plurilingual nation known for its neutrality (reaffirmed in 1920 by the Declaration of London, in connection with the League of Nations) and relative prosperity: but these are not the reasons Pérez gives for going there.<sup>14</sup> For Pérez says he goes to Switzerland in order to speak badly (*malparlar*) of the French, just as he had gone to France to speak badly of the Catalans, just as he had gone to Catalonia to speak badly of the Spaniards, the Spanish-speaking Spaniards. Pérez might have gone to Belgium or Germany or Italy, because a certain geopolitical contiguity appears to be at work in his travels; unlike his wife and her lover, he travels by land, not by sea. Pérez moves from one country to another, from one to the next, and brings the borders of Europe into doleful relief. The man without a country, the exile and expatriate, the vagabond—the title of another of Bertrana’s texts—and the would-be cosmopolitan, hungry for recognition and fame, is here, in these transnational movements, ultimately so out of disdain, disgust, resentment, and revenge. Nationality and national identity allow for a chain of meanness, so many ways in which the human, cut apart and nationalized, can speak badly of itself, hate itself, and try to overcome itself by way of “international” crossings. Love of one’s country gives way in *Jo!* to hatred of all countries, to a desire to leave them *all* behind.

Pérez, in Bertrana’s hands, presents himself as a “un jueu errant, empès per una ansietat i per una paciència morbooses” (191). The figure of the wandering Jew is overdetermined, certainly by the time



Bertrana is writing, peppering both fiction and non-fiction alike. Even Darío had styled himself “el judío errante de *La Nación*” (59), in reference to the Argentine paper for which he was writing. Old and overused as it is, the figure brings to mind in the modern tradition not merely Eugene Sue’s *Le juif errant* (1844-45), but also, and more elliptically, Maurice Barrés’s *Les déracinés* (1897), the first part of a trilogy significantly titled *Le Roman de l’énergie nationale*.<sup>15</sup> Whatever the force of his fiction, Barrés is arguably even more famous for his assertions, born out of the Dreyfus affair, that the intellectual is essentially uprooted, unrooted, and errant. For Barrés, uprootedness is *not* a positive quality; quite the contrary, it is both the cause and the effect of a serious depletion of “national energy,” a matter of dissolution and decay, a phenomenon to be combated at all cost. Against a presumably uprooted intellectualism Barrés advances a renewed appreciation of sentiment, rooted in the individual subject. Tellingly, as a means of warding off what he takes to be the dissolution of French society, Barrés engages in a cult of the I, a “culte du moi.” As Eric Cahm remarks, “[d]ans un monde en décadence, le moi restait le seul point de repère solide. Il fallait donc l’affirmation du moi contre les ‘Barbares’ oppresseurs” (85). So, against wandering Jews and errant intellectuals, Barrés champions a sentimentally inflected nationalism in which the firmly situated I, the land, and the dead (who return to the land) have supreme value (Cahm 174). We are, it seems, far from Bertrana’s Pérez.

Barrés’s nationalist stance leads him, in a logic as ineluctable as it is specious, to advocate the resistance to, and expulsion of, so-called foreign influences. It is along these lines that Susan Suleiman

notes how Barrés’s thought is “organized” by “broad dichotomies” that include:

nationalism vs. ‘cosmopolitanism’ (read ‘the Jewish menace’), traditionalism vs. *déracinement*, patriotism vs. egotism, collective energy vs. individualistic waste. (119)

The cult of the I, so resonant for Bertrana’s text, is tempered, in Suleiman’s exposition of Barrés, by the cult of the we, understood here as a collectivity of like-minded and “like-blooded” individuals. What makes Barrés germane to a reading of Bertrana is not, however, the cult of the I alone, but also the ways in which the figure of the (wandering) Jew acquires national significance in an international frame. In one European nation after another, the Jew is other than the “I,” other than the “we,” as if personal pronouns, both singular and plural, were always already coopted. The dynamic, if such it can be called, apparently holds, at least in Bertrana’s rendition, for those European nations which are not *yet* established, which aspire to statehood. Catalonia is thus implicated in a universalism whose nationalist vectors are charged with racism and, more specifically, anti-Semitism. And yet, the advent of the intellectual, tied to the Dreyfus affair and, in Spain, the “affaire Montjuïc” (the imprisonment, torture, and execution of anarchists and suspected anarchists), complicates this scenario. As Carlos Serrano notes, the intellectual first appears, between 1895 and 1900, as a contestatory subject, critical of the established order, political stagnation, militarism, and anti-Semitism, “un claro producto del traumático final del siglo” (86).

By 1925, the intellectual is a firmly established, even somewhat stagnant, cat-

egory of identity, one that Pérez simultaneously takes on and disrupts. The after-effects of *fin-de-siècle* trauma, to use Serrano's phrase, persist, but the identification of the intellectual with the critic of anti-Semitism, exaggerated in the first place, is likewise disrupted. Pérez is clearly *not* a rooted subject, a steadfast nationalist, or an essentialist intellectual, but that does not mean that he is easy and at home with the Jews. After all, Pérez deploys a language that, for all its comic wildness, engages some of the most virulent strains of anti-Semitism. Specifically, Pérez claims to have sojourned in "totes les sinagogues i sanedrins del que podríem anomenar judaisme intel.lectual, raça ingrata i cruel, maleïda del Senyor" (191). This "race" is (also) without a state, an uprooted nation reviled by a religion whose embrace is decidedly less than loving. The hateful religion is, in this context, Catholicism, similarly bound to all sorts of national and transnational projects. One accursed race recalls another, for the Catalans are also presented, from the very outset of the text, as "una raça baixa i transhumant" (17). The text thus establishes a connection between the Jewish "race" and the Catalan "race," a connection already established in the racist and racist discourse of many centralists (and more than a few Catalanists), who deploy anti-Semitic topics about money and miserliness to put Catalan economic success in (im)proper perspective. Pérez, remember, is neither Catalan nor Jewish, and his condescending flirtation with both "races," his passing identification with them and with related modes of nationalism and intellectualism, must itself be put in perspective.

For however much he comes to insult Catalans and Jews, Pérez also insults the Spaniards and the French, and has

nothing particularly good to say about Switzerland or "la pròdiga Amèrica" (192) either. What is more, his ultimate battle seems to be with Catholicism, if not indeed Christianity in general. The final lines of the text toy with a peaceful resolution: "una amnistia per al àngels rebel.lats" and "tot l'element catòlic espera [un] tractat de pau" (192). It toys with resolution, but only to undercut it with a declaration of exacerbated, estranged, highly individualistic war: "Jo sóc el Papa de l'Anticrist damunt la terra, o no sóc res" (193). The declaration, made in Switzerland as a memorable epilogue to a collection of memoirs written in Catalan, supposedly twelve years earlier in Paris, resonates with previous authoritative declarations. It resonates with Jaume Brossa's declaration, written originally in Castilian, that Catalonia "o serà moderna o no existirà,"<sup>16</sup> with Torras i Bages's "Catalunya serà cristiana o no serà,"<sup>17</sup> and with Zola's "la République sera naturaliste ou elle ne sera pas."<sup>18</sup> For Cacho Viu, who brings the preceding three declarations together, the two Catalan ones are positivist diagnoses, one on behalf of modernity and the other on behalf of religious tradition (x). Positivist or not, they are declarations whose all or nothing, either/or, love/hate structure leaves little room for negotiation or compromise. They function as condensed manifestos that continue well into the avant-garde, itself so given to manifestos, with André Breton's "la beauté sera convulsive ou ne sera pas" (190) being perhaps the most famous example.<sup>19</sup>

Among so many declarations about being and not being, so many uncompromising utterances and ultimatums, Pérez's declaration stands out for its openly personal, present, and reprobate character: "I am something negative" (the Pope of

the Anti-Christ) rather than “it will be something positive” (modern, Christian, naturalist, convulsively beautiful). One person’s negative can be another person’s positive, needless to say, and narcissism can inhabit both, can even benefit from condemnation, from reprobation. As Jacques Lacan puts it, the character—or dimension—of the reprobate “n’a rien de narcissiquement si désavantageux” (VIII 398). The “I,” the “Jo,” that so emphatically graces the cover of Bertrana’s text—“Jo!,” with an exclamation mark—is purchased, so to speak, through an act of opposition and rebellion. It is a narcissistic act in which the “Jo” is paradoxically elevated by courting condemnation, by setting the stage for a damnable posterity: “I am the pope of the anti-Christ or I am nothing at all.” Lacan’s observation is part of a lengthy seminar on transference, but I adduce it here to point to the *embattled, contested state* of individuation vis-à-vis modes of collective identification. Against nation-states established and unestablished, against Judaism and Christianity, against family, friends, and strangers, Bertrana’s protagonist is a subject whose self-proclaimed superiority is suffused with sarcasm—mean spirited, ridiculous, and maddeningly insistent. A “metge filòsof,” Pérez openly declares himself “el filòsof de la blasfèmia, l’invencible erudit, el lluitador i el sarcàstic” (156).

It would therefore appear that Bertrana’s Daniel Pérez does indeed resemble his historical counterpart, Diego Ruiz, at least as others have figured him. Gonzalo Sobejano, in his masterful study of Nietzsche in Spain, provides a concise, unambiguous verbal portrait:

Ruiz, doblemente llevado por su mocedad y su catalanismo adoptivo a una

inmodestia casi grotesca, se presenta en términos megalomaniacos como un filósofo de categoría excepcional. (107)

Similar remarks have been made about Ruiz’s contemporary, the dictator, Primo de Rivera.<sup>20</sup> But Ruiz is not a dictator, however authoritative and fitfully sure of himself he may be. In an erratic little text titled *Missatge a Macià* published in the first year of the Second Republic,<sup>21</sup> Ruiz describes the world as follows:

és la Jungla de les Interjeccions! D’on van modulant-se, aquí y allà, algunes rares, raríssimes consciències. Poques. Sempre molt poques. Això sí que s’administra a gotes i a dosi refracta.  
 ‘Jo’... ‘Je’... ‘Ich’...  
 ‘Yo’... ‘Io’... ‘Ego’... ‘I’...  
 Tot això és crit de dolor. És conat de batre el Temps. De vence’l Tot és un ¡Ay! modulat. I tot ha dit, diu o dirà ‘jo.’ (36)

The connections with the title of Bertrana’s text are unmistakable, that “Jo” prefigures this one, this one refigures that one, in a prepositional relay that implicates both authors yet again: after the fall of the dictator and on the threshold of a new, enthusiastic, but ultimately short-lived Republican order.

Ruiz was fond of the word “enthusiasm,” to the point that Sobejano calls him “el vocero del entusiasmo [...] poco vinculado a fines nacionales” (466). Enthusiastic about the I, Ruiz is deeply suspicious of national ends and origins, of all that which pretends to situate, ground, or root the I, all that which tries to take it out of the wildness of a highly figurative jungle and domesticate it, render it declarative, deaden it.<sup>22</sup> Little wonder, then, that in the flurry of interjections, the “Jo”

(or “jo”) moans and groans in so many European languages, seeking not stability but mobility, not acceptance, comfort, and conformity, but dissension, discomfort, and a rare, preciously rare, difference *beyond* nationalism. Reproof, rebuke, censure, and so on are the hallmarks of this subject, one that is not one, or not *simply* one (because prone to a polyglot schizophrenia), and that is not, for all that, without psychic benefit, as Lacan might put it. But something moans yet. A Lacanian take may be justified, but another controversial authority, this one known to Bertrana, to Ruiz, and arguably to Pérez, is more apposite: Nietzsche.

### Uneasy out of Catalonia: Superseding Nationalism

Some are born posthumously.  
—Nietzsche, *The Anti-Christ*

There is more than a drop of Nietzsche in Pérez's rantings. The repudiation of the Judeo-Christian tradition, regardless of the rifts between the two; the feverish defense of the individual *in extremis*, and an ironically attenuated vitalism: the marks of Pérez's identity bear the mark of Nietzsche. The significance of Nietzsche is disputed, of course, and yet it stands still as one of the mainstays of *modernisme*. Sobejano makes the link explicit:

Nietzsche empieza a ser conocido en España gracias al movimiento modernista de Barcelona y concretamente a la fecunda curiosidad de dos escritores catalanes que no pertenecen a la joven generación de Rusiñol, sino a la inmediatamente anterior: Joan Maragall y Pompeyo Gener. (37)

Maragall, author of a number of passionate, poetic defenses of Catalonia, is the first to translate Nietzsche—into Catalan and Spanish—and to disseminate, even domesticate, the German's thoughts, giving notice of him in *La Vanguardia* and elsewhere. Maragall's “Elogi de la paraula,” though written after the high point of the Catalan's fascination with the German, is an example of a “corrected” Nietzsche, a vitalist excursion into humanist territory in which community and Christianity are not gainsaid but preserved, even elevated. Such reconciliation could not long hold, and Maragall grows increasingly disenchanted with Nietzsche. But with Gener, as with Ruiz, neither of whom enjoys the fame of Maragall, things are quite different.<sup>23</sup>

Pompeius (or Pompeyo) Gener, whom Ruiz derides for his “chapucerías” (cited in Sobejano 109), was the son of a pharmacist, editor of Valentí Almirall's *L'Estat Català* (1869-1873), and president of *La Joventut Federalista*. A pharmacist himself, Gener is another intellectual—a philosopher, a “metge filòsof”—affiliated, albeit ambivalently, with the modernist movement. Gener died in 1920, five years before the publication of Bertrana's text. But at the turn of the century, in 1900 to be exact, he published a series of articles on the subject of “supernationalism,” some in the Spanish papers, *Vida Nueva* and *Nuestro Tiempo*, and others in *Joventut*. Born in 1848, Gener was not a young man when he published in such “youthful” and “innovative” reviews, but chronological age in and of itself did not seem to matter. A good part of the modernist movement is marked by an intergenerational dynamic that renders the fixations on youth and the obsessions with innovation

more flexible and figurative than might otherwise be imagined. The barriers of age, of generations, might be overcome, that is, just as the barriers and borders of nations might be overcome, through an imaginative, transformative exercise of the will. For Gener, like Ruiz later on, made much of the will and worked strenuously to carve out a space of prominence for himself and his ideas. That he failed to do so and slipped into obscurity—nationally, let alone internationally—even before he was dead only heightens the connections with Pérez/Ruiz and, for that matter, with Bertrana.

Years before Gener published his articles on supernationalism, Clarín, in one of his “Paliques,” had wondered about Gener’s whereabouts, “¿dónde anda ése?” (137). Clarín was apparently concerned not so much to find Gener as to reassure himself that Gener was in fact no longer to be found. Clarín had lamented that Gener, before his eclipse, had introduced to Spain:

la manida novedad del *superhombre*, sin haber él entendido, por supuesto, el pensamiento del príncipe filósofo que explicó... hasta cierto punto, la teoría de esa humanidad superior. (137)

Interestingly, Darío had also wondered about Gener’s whereabouts, but unlike Clarín he *did* hope to find him and eventually did. Darío’s inquiries, however, at first come to naught: “se me dijo que a ése no le buscasse, pues solamente la casualidad podría hacer que le encontrara” (40). It is intriguing that two such famous and different writers as Clarín and Darío would wonder where Gener might be, and that both would, for opposite reasons, declare

him all but lost to the world. Gener’s preoccupation with the world, and with his place in it, does not lead him to interject the I in the variegated manner of Ruiz, but to note its ascendancy in modern Catalonia: “Tot ha tendit a donar importància al jo, a la personalitat, i després a la raça” (“La qüestió catalana” 275). Yet Gener also suggests that the importance attributed to the “jo” has its risks. For him, the risk is not how the celebration of a particular I may slip into the celebration of a particular race, not how personalism may feed racism, but how the I, rendered famous, can engender moves on the part of those less famous to know and expose it. Towards the end of his *Literaturas malsanas*, Gener writes of an “enfermedad universal” that he associates with journalism, to wit, its reported desire to expose “cada detalle del *último crimen* que espeluzna, y cada indiscreción de la vida privada que tiembla el orbe” (363, emphasis original). Darío had also contended, as a correspondent for *La Nación*, with the problems of journalism, but Gener attacks the medium with a fervor of an entirely different sort. Gener’s is a long, positivist-inflected study that, as Sobejano insists, contains entire sections lifted from Nietzsche’s work on Wagner (41, 157, 163). Be that as it may, Gener here expresses concerns that are less philosophical than sociological, concerns that dovetail the questions of personality, position, and posterity that run throughout Bertrana’s text.

Gener is troubled by the publication of the diaries and letters of Flaubert, Michelet, Proudhon, and others as symptomatic of the expansion of journalism. He winces at the idea that:



[c]uando un gran escritor muere, los *rapporters* [sic] cual cuervos voraces échanse sobre su cadáver, lo descuartizan y lo roen antes que los gusanos. (371)

So incensed is he by this “profanación póstuma” that he calls for laws “en todas las naciones cultas” to prohibit it (371). If this is positivism, it is of a special sort because it posits a need to curtail observation (371). Gner’s expressed purpose, summed up in the title of the final section, is to advance an “aesthetic therapy” that would cure the ills of modern society, including those of knowing, and wanting to know, as much as possible about the life, and whereabouts, of individuals. Such “expoliaciones póstumas” (372), he contends, must be nipped in the bud. It may be indiscreet to tie Gner’s criticisms of curiosity and visibility to his own reported reticence to be found. And it may be temerarious to weave a long work from 1894 on something “ill,” *Literaturas malsanas*, into short articles from 1900 on something “healthy.” But I do so for a reason. No stranger to the celebratory rhetoric of individualism, Gner nonetheless spins it in an interesting way. Tersely put, the individual, as a *nationally located subject*, must be dislocated if the national is to give way to the supernational. The I must be obscured, lost, if it is to be found anew, if it is to be better.

The formulation of supernationalism is, however, more direct than I have indicated: “A més d’èsser Catalans de cor som SUPERNACIONALS, com que admirem tot lo bo sense distinció de nacionalitat” (231, emphasis original). Gner’s whole-hearted Catalans might be Catalanists, but they are not, for that reason, necessarily nationalists. The distinction is as

important as it is overlooked. For as Cacho Viu reminds us, Catalanism is not, historically speaking, always the same as nationalism, the latter being frequently saddled with a traditionalism that is *not* shared, *at least at first*, by many Catalanists, most notably Almirall. We might do well to recall the hesitation over nomenclature *among* Catalans, the debates surrounding terms now largely taken for granted, totalized, and then rejected or accepted, superseded or reaffirmed. Catalans are here linked explicitly to a supernational project, however Utopian, that entails the deepening, expansion, and, finally, transcendence of Catalonia and Catalanism, but also of the nation and nationalism in general. The admiration of all that is good, all that is superior (resonant, by the way, in Maragall’s defense of Iberianism), is what distinguishes, in Gner’s eyes, supernationalism from a more egalitarian, democratic, and leveling internationalism (“La qüestió catalana” 270). Gner’s language is in many respects Nietzschean, with “supernacional” bound, as another one of Gner’s texts makes clear, to “superhome” (“Els supernacionals” 226) or “Übermensch;” but his sense of history is arguably more Hegelian and, as Sobejano convincingly argues, deeply humanist, even philanthropic (156-61). In Gner’s formulation, furthermore, there is less a return, or some willful affirmation of a return in a Nietzschean sense, than an upward movement, “una marxa ascendent” (“Els supernacionals” 225), out of and away from death, decay, and putrefaction.

Not surprisingly, death is figured as Spain, a state supposedly anchored in the past, while life is figured as the aspirant Catalan movement, a *supernational* movement in which movement is understood as struggle:



Els Supernacionals sabem que tot el món és moviment i lluita, que l'única manera de crear la Nova Pàtria Superior és lluitar per estendre la vida i elevar l'especie humana dins la vida mateixa. La pau només s'obté després del triomf. (226)

Gener's supernationalism is heady stuff, but possibly no less heady than postnationalism, at least if the latter is taken as having no national, much less nationalist, origins, as leaving all locations, all nations, behind. Gener's presentation of supernationalism, which foreshadows, as it were, Bertrana's, or Pérez's, *mise en question* of nationalism and cosmopolitanism,<sup>24</sup> raises questions about the ways in which such terms and concepts are imbricated. Deirdre Curtin, in a 1997 inaugural address as Chair of the Law of International Organizations, in Utrecht, Holland, insists that "postnational," though only recently placed in circulation, "must be distinguished from 'supranational,' 'international' etc." (51, n. 220). For Curtin, supranationalism—here interchangeable with supernationalism:

is premised on the idea that the nation-state can be recreated at a larger geo-institutional scale, 'super-nationalism,' which does not eliminate the understandings behind nationalism as such but simply makes a shift in scale. (52, emphasis original)

Against this scale-sensitive model, Curtin situates postnationalism, which she claims:

is about separating out a number of our most elided concepts cherished within the nation-state. It presupposes that national (cultural) plurality can coexist alongside with [sic] political unity. (52)

Such formulations have been deployed to justify the unity of Spain after Franco and are not, appearances notwithstanding, beyond partisan politics.<sup>25</sup> The "separation" of terms and concepts is obviously valuable, but should not be validated forthwith, as if there were absolutely no coincidences or overlaps. Matustík, advocating postnationalism, makes similar separations, only more forcefully:

'supernationalism' supplements discourses of particular differences and 'supranationalism' engenders discourses of 'racist internationalism' such as the secular 'frontiers of an ideal humanity' or those of religious integrations. (viii)

In both cases, interestingly, postnationalism is winnowed out of the mess of oppressive ideologies, cleansed of any bothersome contamination, and ironically offered, in the process, as the latest of "cherished concepts."

And yet, postnationalism is by no means free of a nasty, nagging racist and racist particularism that masquerades as universalism or, as Wallerstein contends, that endures as one of the hallmarks of universalism. Both Curtin and Matustík, like a number of others who champion postnationalism, are focused on Europe, the "new" Europe, the European Union. It is dubious, at best, to assume that the European Union does not aspire, in its negotiated and fissured wholeness, to be a "super-nation-state." Borders are still policed; people are still interdicted at sea, denied entry, quarantined, interned, and deported or repatriated; bodies of would-be immigrants still catch in the fences along Ceuta and Melilla, still suffocate in the holds of ships, still wash up on the shores of continental Spain. Postnation-

alism, in Spain, in Europe—a situated, delimited postnationalism, mind you—must yet contend with the suspicion that it is a competitive, compensatory strategy, born out of war and ruin, but also, lest we forget, out of the struggle to maintain and develop markets, world-wide. If its originary context is post-war Germany and the fractured nationalism therein,<sup>26</sup> postnationalism has expanded into a more unified, yet still strongly delimited, reality. It hovers over a unified Europe, one that studies requests to enter and to belong, requests not just by particular individuals, but by particular nation-states: Turkey, Morocco, and so on. Faced with such expansive participatory demands, such anxious desires to be *part* of it and its economic and political power, Europe, the European Union, responds by invoking, among other things, a naturalized notion of geography, itself almost inseparable from a fetishized understanding of a name: “Europe.” According to this still vibrant logic, Turkey is partly European; Cyprus, a divided island, partly or even entirely European; Morocco—Ceuta and Melilla notwithstanding—not European at all. Some nations, in short, seem to be more “postnational” than others are, and this complicates matters quite a bit.

Matustík’s remarks about the racist particularism of supranationalism and supranationalism bear heeding, but only if postnationalism is questioned, seriously questioned, too. At any rate, Matustík’s suspicions *are* well founded, as an examination of Gener’s work makes clear. Gener’s articles, published a hundred years ago, remain instructive, because even as Gener claims that supranationalism transcends national boundaries, he invokes Aryan superiority (“Resurrecció” 240)

and a strongly racist understanding of nationality and, by extension, supernationality. Thus, while claiming that supranationalism transcends national borders, Gener nonetheless enforces these boundaries in the final lines of “Els supernacionals de Catalunya.” Invoking a “República aristàrquica mediterrània,” Gener invokes a European Republic that does not admit of separatism but that institutes instead a complex sort of unity and integration. “No som separatistes,” he declares, “Marxem mirant cap endavant, cap a Europa. En tot cas, els separatistes seran els que es quedin enrere, mirant cap a l’Àfrica” (227). The racist, if not racist, tenor of these statements, according to which Africa is effectively totalized and consigned to the dustbin of history, is not without currency. For Africa *continues* to be adduced as the most intractable of continents, resistant to progress and development, anxiously out of the scope of “realistic” multinational interests and investments, a *locale* that is still, *in general*, resistant to globalization. But there is more. In Gener’s rendition, Africa is not just Africa, really and literally; it is also a *figure* for Spain, the rest of Spain, *sans* Catalonia. Spain as Africa, but also, lest the play of analogies be too simple, Catalonia as Poland and Catalans as Jews and Phoenicians: the figures are well worn but still quite current. Something is indeed rotten in the state of Denmark.

I have said that Gener’s supranational propositions are heady, but they might also be taken—and in fact have been taken—as crazy. The rhetoric of sanity and insanity, reason and madness, sickness and health hounds the diffuse yet intense reception, both positive and negative, of Nietzsche’s work in Spain. Gener is espe-

cially implicated, and Sobejano, for one, is relentless in his criticisms of him. According to the critic, Gener, believing in the deification of humanity, does not understand Nietzsche; he plagiarizes him; he presents himself as prior to him; he is more properly a disciple of Renan; he confuses, misinterprets, mixes, and falsifies (40-45, 156-73). For Sobejano, Gener is a secondary figure who merits attention primarily for having been one of the first intellectuals to introduce Nietzsche into Spain. Sobejano is by no means alone in his assessment, though others, as Consuelo Triviño observes, had for a time a more positive take on Gener's contributions to Catalan culture. Regardless, the rather maddening profile of Gener is striking. The profile of Diego Ruiz is not so different, merely more direct: Ruiz is, as mentioned, presumably megalomaniacal, grotesquely immodest, given to composing works designated as a type of "extravío filosófico" (466). Having read these writers, I take the point; there does seem to be a hint of madness here, but to say so without reservation is to ignore how psychological assessments implicate not only those who make them (implicitly positioned as sane and healthy) but also the history of ideas itself.

The problem of psychological evaluation and historical documentation bears on Bertrana's text as well. Daniel Pérez is, as I have already remarked, a man who practically loses his mind (if it were not already lost before) while minding a madhouse. The madhouse is not merely the psychiatric hospital that he ostensibly directs but also, and by no small measure, his own home sweet home, where a man named Rozas rubs up a little too closely to Pérez's wife and seduces her, taking her

and her daughter away from her husband. Rozas is the most prominent in a fairly long list of secondary characters, a list that includes a degenerate German, a taciturn Frenchman from Rosselló, and a lascivious, globe-trotting Portuguese. The latter is the most similar to Rozas, for he too lays siege, as Pérez puts it, to Pérez's wife *Merceditas*. Both suitors eventually meet with Pérez's opposition, but the good doctor tolerates quite a bit for at least two reasons. First, Pérez expresses an overweening interest in the misfits and outcasts of society: "[s]ofria una fatal atracció pels depravats i poca-soltes, mentre m'adulesin i es supeditessin a la meua voluntat" (82). Second, he sees an opportunity for his own personal, intellectual advancement in the linguistic capabilities of his foreign acquaintances:

el que la *Merceditas* feia amb els gats i gossos, jo ho feia amb els estrangers exiliats o rodamons. Ultra resultar-me pintorescs, una vaga idea d'aprofitar-me'n per a traduir les meves obres i universalitzar-les i ensems d'esbravar la meua disposició poliglota me'ls feia indispensables. (76)

Pérez's professed desire to be universal, to have his work and his life translated into all the tongues of the world, does not translate, in turn, into something truly transsubjective, let alone selfless. Pérez pursues what Wallerstein has called a self-centered universalism (xx), an almost imperial expansion of the self beyond the presumed pettiness of nations. Foolhardy as this may sound, it is nonetheless consistent with the workings of fame, intellectual fame most definitely included. The fame that Pérez imagines has, however, deep genealogical roots. After all, his life's

work is in the field of phrenopathy, and he tends to understand intellectual achievement in terms of an *inherited failure* to adapt. Darwinism is preserved, but twisted into Decadence, so that the survival of the fittest, or at least the brightest, becomes the survival of the misfit: “jo classificava el geni entre les herències morboses” (85). Such taxonomic practice has considerable comic effect. Referring to one of his acquaintances, Pérez deadpans: “sa germana havia comès un infanticidi, i ja era una dada favorable” (85). Turning bourgeois scientific culture on its head, Pérez makes superiority a function of congenital inferiority and brilliance a function of degradation. Like nationality, “geni i figura” are subjected in Bertrana’s text to ironic replay, undeniably funny and yet also quite serious. The presentation of secondary characters is, on this score, illuminating, but it is in the epilogue that the question of nationality is most incisively developed and allows for the most compelling relays to supernationalism.

The epilogue, as a summation of the protagonist’s national(ist) travels and travails, is brief, perhaps as brief as the “espai de lucidesa” (191) that allows Pérez to present himself as the pope of the Anti-Christ. The reference is most compellingly to Nietzsche’s work, *Der Anti-Christ* (1895), but by way of Diego Ruiz’s *Diàlegs y màximes del Super-Christ* [sic] (1911). Ruiz, as Sobejano notes, had written a prologue for the 1907 Spanish version of Nietzsche’s text, *El Anticristo* (107). The title Ruiz chooses for his own work, *Super-Christ*—long before *Jesus Christ Superstar*—signals, however, a revision. In the play of prefixes, “anti” and “super” function almost interchangeably, at least at first blush. For there is obviously a difference,

the first prefix (“anti”) designating primarily an opposition, a struggling with, and the second (“super”) an overcoming, a going beyond. Ruiz indicates as much when he declares in his *Super-Christ* that the superior being is not the superman, “terme indecís i pobre en conseqüències,” but the “ultravertebrat,” the ultravertebrate (188). The term “ultravertebrate” is itself rather *indecís*, but it does have rich and unexpected resonances, the most notable being Ortega y Gasset’s *España invertebrada*, published in 1922, only a few years before the “*Memòries*,” in which Ortega attempts to grapple with the seemingly intractable “problem of Spain.” At the same time, “being beyond” or “being above” (“super”) has long entailed “being against” (“anti”). It is scarcely daring to say that, in the mind of many, it is by opposition that something is overcome. Even when it is thought that it is by *avoiding* opposition, by circumventing or ignoring it, that something is overcome, the two are tied, however spectrally, together. Super-Christ and Anti-Christ enable, then, a relay that includes supernationalism and the implicit antinationalism (which haunts, as I am obviously suggesting, postnationalism). The madness that saturates *Jo!* and that implicates so many other writers and texts might recall, as I have intimated, the tensely positive rationalization of irrationalism, or at least of the irrationalism that flecks, in the opinion of some, the supernationalism Gener so fervently endorses. Pérez, Ruiz, and Gener, the fictional and the historical, might just serve as figures who question the rationality of nationalism or who lay bare, through a sort of parodic assumption, the irrationality of nationalism *and* its overcoming.

There were also, to be sure, negative psychological valorizations not only of Gener and Ruiz, but also of Nietzsche himself. Maragall's worries in that respect have already been mentioned. But Maragall was by no means Nietzsche's most negative critic. For a truly negative critique, we might turn to Domènec Martí i Julià, director of the Phrenopathic Institute (1909-1915), founding member of *La Joventut Democràtica Federalista*, and subsequent director of *Unió Catalanista*. For Martí i Julià, Nietzsche's is a thought against thought, the mad thought of a madman given to dilettantism, sadism, sickness, unbridled individualism, and imperialism. Of all the charges against the German, the last one, imperialism, may be the most devastating, and is certainly one of the most complex, for it gives yet another twist to the national and nationalist question. According to Martí i Julià,

l'aristarquia de l'individu és ben cert l'objectiu natural de l'home, mes ningú pot defensar que la vera aristarquia sia la nietzscheniana [sic], sia la concebuda per un esperit tocat de bogeria. I l'imperialisme moderníssim no és altre que l'individualisme nietzschenià aplicat als organismes col.lectius. (314)

In Martí i Julià's article, published in 1905 in the very same *Joventut* in which Gener published his, Nietzsche's madness, his "bogeria,"<sup>27</sup> is associated with a sort of supernationalism run amok. It is a supernationalism in which the supernational subject, the superman, effectively sets at naught any truly transcendent project by rushing into imperialism. Martí i Julià does not deploy the term *supernacional*, but he, like Gener, does make use of *aristarquia*, a term which is related to criti-

cal severity (from Aristarkhos, a severe critic of Homeric poetry). The term bears, furthermore, a certain conceptual similarity to the *noucentista* doctrine of *arbitrarisme*, or *estètica arbitrària*, which has little to do with the present-day understanding of arbitrariness and everything to do with arbitration, with authoritative, even authoritarian, acts of judgment, evaluation, and critique.

The terms, ever expanding, are critical. Nationalism, for Martí i Julià, is related to internationalism; more precisely it presupposes international relations: "suposa ademés vida de relació internacional" (314). In a way, Martí i Julià's formulation provides yet another connection with Gener's formulation of a nationalism bound to the supreme good of other nationalisms in and as supernationalism, but without the visible Nietzschean baggage. Five years may make quite a difference in the "fate" of a concept, but more than nationalism and its contemporaneous variants—internationalism, supernationalism, and antinationalism—are at stake here. For Martí i Julià, the danger is not nationalism, or even some unarticulated supernationalism, but imperialism, which he, in a language closer to our own, ties to plutocracy and militarism, brute force and violence rationalized in the name of sovereignty. This might be all quite easy to process, if it were not for the fact that it is around the very same time that Enric Prat de la Riba is formulating a nationalism not in opposition to imperialism, but as its condition of possibility, its *desired* condition of possibility. Prat's extraordinarily influential *La nacionalitat catalana* (1906) traces an ascendant march that culminates, ideally, in imperialism. The modern Republic that Gener invokes is,

under Prat and d'Ors, the modern Empire, whose classicism and "heliomàquia"<sup>28</sup> are ever so studiously brought up to date: "l'imperialisme és el període triomfal d'un nacionalisme: del nacionalisme d'un gran poble" (108).

Eugeni d'Ors, for his part, explicitly associates imperialism with supernationalism, political expansion, and the reconstruction of the city, in an article on Norway published in 1905. For d'Ors, imperialism is the effect of (a delimited) solidarity and synthesis, the unification of (a certain) humanity in a superior, civic mode. D'Ors's imperialism is, as he himself describes it, aggressive, forceful, and interventionist. It keeps faith in the "superior comunitat mística" that is, for d'Ors, Humanity as conceived by Rome. Humanity outstrips political borders, but needs arbitration, the enlightened direction of the "civilized." Imperialist Catalonia, like Imperialist Norway, designates, then, the ideal of a *future* unity out of difference, a future *pact* between sovereign equals ("Noruega" 307).<sup>29</sup> In neither case is nationalism the objective, only the means. In that sense, d'Ors actually presents himself as critical of nationalism, inasmuch as "el Nacionalisme no és substancialment altra cosa que el Regionalisme: una manifestació de la força disgregatòria" ("Noruega" 305, n. 3). With nationalism and regionalism related and "diminished" as almost interchangeable phases in an imperial project, separatism, autonomy, and independence are likewise put in their place as so many "episodes."<sup>30</sup> The humanist tenor of d'Ors's argument, profoundly indebted to an idealized figuration of Imperial Rome, and hence to a supposedly superior Mediterranean model, subtends d'Ors's dream of reconstructing

Barcelona as the center—or at least a center—of an expansive, enlightened empire. D'Ors's conception of nationalism, at once appreciative and critical, is clearly in tune with Prat's. Both men see imperialism as the triumphant period, or episode, of nationalism and regionalism; both men advance the vision of "un gran poble" whose grandeur is measured in terms of the union or alliance, as among equals, of similar "grans pobles."

From the nationalism of "una raça baixa i transhumant" to the nationalism of "un gran poble" there is quite a stretch, and one cannot but wonder if Bertrana's text, published almost two decades after Prat's, does not constitute a sarcastic and "blasphemous" response to it. Whatever the case may be, Prat acknowledges, somewhat elegiacally, that not every people, not every nation, can attain the moment of imperial splendor, "la florida imperialista" (111). More importantly, he dissociates imperialism from militarism and associates it instead with "civilization," understood as symbolic and material production. Prat sketches three kinds of imperialism: "l'imperialisme salvatge d'Orient" in which material force and violence predominate; "l'imperialisme sa i fecund, però incomplet, de Grècia" in which the force of civilization, of culture, alone is deployed; and "l'imperialisme modern, l'imperialisme integral, el de les grans races fortes d'ara" in which the force of culture is served and sustained—"servida i sostinguda"—by material force (111). Tellingly, modern imperialism brings Prat, enamored of the Mediterranean, to the decidedly non-Mediterranean United States. Prat praises Roosevelt and calls for Catalans to become Americans, North Americans—"Siguem americans. Eduquem-nos a Amèrica i a



l'americana. Res d'europèitzar-se" (110). Prat's call might be contrasted with Pérez's more ironic reference to "la pròdiga Amèrica," the place to where his wife, their daughter, and Rozas emigrate—only to drown, near Bermuda, before getting there.<sup>31</sup> Prat's America is clearly not Darío's or José Martí's or Bertrana's and points to a different international picture, from Europe and *beyond* Europe, in which the newest imperial power looms large. Whether one accepts Prat's dissociation of imperialism from militarism (he praises, remember, the United States) or understands it as a disavowal or, worse yet, a sham, the fact remains that this liberational nationalism harbors a profoundly imperial impulse. Little wonder, then, that so-called *modernistes* such as Martí i Julià, Bertrana, Gener, or Brossa, or even Rusiñol, should have such deep and protracted problems with *noucentista* ideals of aesthetic civility and imperial arbitration. Then again, the *noucentista* project, a rationalized cultural and political program administered from above, is in crisis by 1925, but only after making life difficult, in some cases almost impossible, for many, including Bertrana.

Bertrana, Ruiz, and Gener, for all their differences, were hard-pressed to fit into the increasingly institutionalized power systems that all but cornered the market on sober civic-mindedness. Too willful or, more accurately, too much at odds with the "will" of national and international institutions, they slipped into obscurity, poverty, and insignificance. Then again, to depict them so, and without qualification, may be to play into their game, to validate a romantically charged heroism of marginalization, victimization, failure, frustration, and ineffectiveness.

Nothing succeeds like failure, or so the saying goes. Pérez's ineffectiveness—funny and sad, silly and serious—might serve as a message of caution, mad though it may be, to those who would embrace yet another term and concept, "postnationalism," as a *way out* of the damage done in the name of the nation, in the name of nationalism. Nationalism, transnationalism, internationalism, multinationalism, supernationalism, antinationalism, postnationalism: so many prefixes attached to the same root, so many ways of bordering the same question, the same problem, the same modern fact. I cannot but see something absurd in these variations on the same theme, these almost compulsively rewritten and anxiously rehearsed performances. Absurd, but poignant, maybe all too poignant, too: for the world is shot through with nations and nationalism, shadowed by their legacy, rocked by their unwillingness to go away, to give up the ghost. Nations and nationalism are no more dead than God, and all of the intellectual proclamations to the contrary—appealing as they almost invariably do nowadays to information technology and the latest version of the "cutting edge"—cannot gainsay the reality of borders. If I have called Bertrana's text postnational, it is not because it resolves, transcends, or otherwise leaves the national behind, but because it defers and delays the resolution, or dissolution, of the national, because it attests to the passion and pain of the personal in its dealings with it. The personal investments in nationalism, as well as in postnationalism, bear studying, to be sure. But they bear study in and out of other "prefixed" variants, such as the once rather famous, or infamous, supernationalism. After all, early in his

"*Memòries*," before things really get crazy, Pérez gives a sense of what is at stake: "l'honor i el prestigi que es deixa en un indret de frontera es recobra en l'altre, i amb escriu" (17). Sometimes, yes indeed; many times, not at all: there is not always an increase, a profit, for everyone, as Pérez, and Bertrana, well knew. The borders are still there, and here, however much some of us might wish them away, declare them outdated, or relegate them to posterity. Postnationalism can only be prefigured, still.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Terry Eagleton begins his perceptive article on nationalism with a quote from Raymond William's novel, *Second Generation*:

'Nationalism is in this sense like class. To have it, and to feel it, is the only way to end it. If you fail to claim it, or give it up too soon, you will merely be cheated, by other classes and other nations.' (23)

<sup>2</sup> A more balanced understanding of nationalism and postnationalism may be found in Richard Kearney's work on Ireland:

To critique the nation-state is not to repudiate all forms of nationalism. It is unwise, in particular, to ignore how certain forms of nationalism have served, historically, as legitimate ideologies of resistance and emancipation. (57)

The impact of Irish nationalism on Spain, particularly the Basque Country, is touched on by Hobsbawm (139).

<sup>3</sup> I am aware that modernism and nationalism do not constitute a neat pair, and that the former, in particular, has a cultural and artistic significance the latter does not. Still, the terms are associated, and in the work of sociologists, historians, and political scientists too. That said, the following, from Anthony Smith, bears quoting:

In a sense, the 'modernists' are right. Nationalism, as an ideology and a

movement, is a phenomenon that dates from the later eighteenth century, while a specifically 'national' sentiment can be discerned little earlier than the late fifteenth or sixteenth centuries in Western Europe. The 'nation-state,' too, as a political norm is quite modern. If the system of European states came into being at the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, it was not until the nineteenth century that these states began to be converted into 'nation-states,' and hence a system of nation-states came into being. (11)

Smith goes on to complicate this timeline, and finds in "pre-modern eras, even in the ancient world, striking parallels to the 'modern' idea of national identity and character" (11). Smith calls this pre-modern perspective "perennialism" in distinction from modernism and, more importantly, "primordialism," which maintains that nations and nationalism are perennial *and* natural; perennialism does not posit the nation and nationalism as natural or, on the whole, universal. At any rate, striking as the parallels are between one age and the other, Smith concludes by saying that "one can concede the antiquity of collective cultural ties and sentiments without assimilating them, retrospectively, to nations or nationalism" (13). Modernism, understood amply, and nationalism are related in especially intense ways.

<sup>4</sup> France and French nationalism are also implicated, if to a lesser degree (population and territory). The focus on Spain is here further overdetermined by the fact that the present paper was written for a conference organized at Duke University in 1999, titled "Brokering Spanish Postnationalist Culture." As I remarked at the time, the very title of the conference contains a logical contradiction and reminds me of Borges's "Nueva refutación del tiempo." That said, postnationalism might *only* be possible if it grapples with such contradictions, with specific locations and embodiments, in a manner similar to that which Bruce Robbins advances for a truly "diverse cosmopolitanism" that involves "the term's scaling down, its pluralizing and particularizing" (3). What a spe-

cifically Spanish postnationalism cannot do, however, is assume that the present unity of Spain and the present contours of the Spanish are beyond questioning, beyond, indeed, alteration.

<sup>5</sup> I agree with Silvia Bermúdez who insists that:

el reconocimiento de la carga sentimental desde la que se formulan las reflexiones sobre el tema [del nacionalismo] debe ser premisa intelectual en los debates pues [...] éste se articula, se manifiesta y se vivencia como un sentimiento. (342)

Sentiment *has been*, of course, at the center of much work on nationalism.

<sup>6</sup> Resina notes how Federico de Onís wrote of *postmodernismo* as a conservative reaction, between 1905 and 1914, to *modernismo* (*Un sueño de piedra* 19).

<sup>7</sup> The date is a subject of some revision. As Marfany remarks, “[e]l setembre del 1893 se celebrà a Sitges la primera festa modernista, que és la que a posteriori fou batejada com a segona” (16). Marco maintains that the first *Festa Modernista* was celebrated on August 23, 1892, just a few days before Darío’s first visit to Madrid (37).

<sup>8</sup> In 1911, Bertrana was briefly imprisoned for reprinting an anti-military article considered “offensive” to the established powers.

<sup>9</sup> Darío himself extols Rusiñol’s interest in El Greco: “[p]or él se acaba de levantar al Greco una estatua en Sitges” (39).

<sup>10</sup> Both the most recent edition of Bertrana’s text and Sobejano affirm that Daniel Pérez is based on the historical person, Diego (or Dídac) Ruiz (generally, but not always, without an accent on the “i”). A contemporaneous biographical sketch by Domènec Guansé, published in 1926, suggests, however, the existence of two historical persons:

la coneixença amb el doctor Daniel Pérez [sic] la féu [Bertrana] pels mateixos anys que la de Dídac Ruiz. Era el perfecte tipus del desequilibrat. Bastia en un moment i sobre els fonaments més arbitraris, les més estupendes teories. Donava aparences de lògica

als plans més descabellats i més fantàstics. (478)

Amid so many deceptively logical appearances, so many hair-brained and fantastic plans, so much comic play, and in the absence of accessible information, it is difficult to affirm or deny the existence of two individuals that, with Bertrana, make three.

<sup>11</sup> Interestingly, Manuel Delgado criticizes the tendency to present the immigrant or outsider as belated:

A més de ser inferior pel lloc que ocupa en el sistema d’estratificació social, l’immigrant ho és també en el pla cultural, puix que procedeix d’una societat menys modernitzada—el camp, les regions pobres del mateix Estat, l’anomenat Tercer Món [...]. És, per tant, un *endarrerit*, civilitzatòriament parlant. (34-35, emphasis original)

Both Bertrana and Daniel Pérez, his personage, are in important respects “outsiders,” even “immigrants,” to the center of modern Catalan urban culture, Barcelona.

<sup>12</sup> Three dates are crucial in Pompeu Fabra’s bibliography: 1913, *Normes ortogràfiques*; 1918, *Gramàtica catalana*; and 1932 *Diccionari general de la llengua catalana*. Though associated most solidly with *noucentisme*, Pompeu Fabra translated Maurice Maeterlinck’s *L’intruse*, a highly symbolist piece, which opened the *Festa Modernista* in Sitges.

<sup>13</sup> Although John Butt has traced the term *modernismo* as far back as Cadalso’s *Cartas marruecas* in the late eighteenth century, a non-pejorative usage does not seem to arise until the late nineteenth century. According to both Butt and Vicente Cacho Viu, a positive usage of the term *modernista* appears first in Catalan, and subsequently in Castilian, in 1884, in an article titled “Nostre programa” and published in *L’Avenç*—later titled *L’Avenç*—by Ramon Perés. In this article, Perés advocates “lo conreu en nostra pàtria d’una literatura, d’una ciència i d’un art essencialment *modernistes*” (15). The term *modernismo*, in Castilian, enters the dictionary of the Real Academia in 1899.

<sup>14</sup> Switzerland is known for its neutrality and prosperity; it is less known for ethnic tensions of its own. Kurt Mayer studies those tensions, which led in 1979 to the separation of the northern part of Jura from the canton of Bern and to its constitution as a new Swiss canton (189-90). The tensions have a lengthy history, dating from the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and irrupting with particular vigor during World War I. As Mayer notes, “after 1919, the Jura had become a chronic political minority” (196).

<sup>15</sup> Cacho Viu presents Maurice Barrés in relation with Moréas’s classicist *École Romane* that influenced the *noucentistes*.

<sup>16</sup> The quote is from Brossa’s “Catalanismo y socialismo,” *Revista Blanca*, 1899; it is translated and reproduced in the anthology by Cacho Viu (210).

<sup>17</sup> The quote is possibly apocryphal. As Carme Arnau remarks in the introduction to Torras i Bages’s *La tradició catalana*:

durant decenniis, el llibre ha estat considerat com una mena de compendi doctrinal dels catòlics catalans, el quals adoptaren un lema que li ha estat atribuït—‘Catalunya serà cristiana o no serà’—i que malgrat no trobar-se en cap dels seus escrits reflecteix amb rotunditat el seu pensament. (11)

<sup>18</sup> The quote may be found in Zola’s *Le roman expérimental* (301).

<sup>19</sup> The formulation obviously has many variants. Manuel Delgado cites Jordi Sánchez of the *independentista* “Crida” as declaring that “Catalunya serà xarnega o no serà” (19).

<sup>20</sup> Fabre and Huertas, for example, make repeated reference to Primo’s megalomania (159, 162).

<sup>21</sup> Francesc Macià was a charismatic Catalan nationalist, founder of *Estat Català* in 1922 and of *Esquerra Republicana de Catalunya* in 1931, leader of a rebellion against Primo de Rivera in 1926, and first president of the Generalitat from 1931-1933. Ruiz’s text, also from 1931, was first delivered as a speech in l’Ajuntament de Sitges.

<sup>22</sup> In *Jo!*, the most powerful moment of the I occurs in a natural, rather bucolic, setting, after Pérez is practically run out of town:

A l’entorn meu volaven els papallons i saltaven les llagostes, amb una confiança germanívola. Per primer cop en la meua vida em trobava sol, augustament sol, en la pau de la naturalesa. Mai la presència del meu JO no m’havia sorprès amb la seva puixança com allí. Entre la lleial impassibilitat de les coses, em reconeixia tal com era abans i tal com em disposava a ésser en l’esdevenidor. (189)

The scene is curious: a romantic moment of natural communion in a text profoundly marked by artifice, an affirmation of the I more reminiscent of Rousseau than of Nietzsche.

<sup>23</sup> According to Sobejano:

en 1900 la actitud del poeta catalán [vis-à-vis Nietzsche] había cesado de ser entusiasta, para hacerse más reservada y crítica, y donde antes veía salud, vigor y optimismo vería delirio, esfuerzo extraviado y tragedia. (40)

<sup>24</sup> Pérez’s desire for fame both within and beyond national borders necessarily raises questions about cosmopolitanism, one of the most privileged, if contested, signs of his times. Interestingly, cosmopolitanism has lately been the object of renewed intellectual interest, and in a manner that also bears significantly on postnationalism. Drawing on what Scott Malcolmson calls “actually existing cosmopolitanism,” Bruce Robbins signals two basic assumptions:

first, that any cosmopolitanism’s normative or idealizing power must acknowledge the actual historical and geographic contexts from which it emerges, and, second, that such an acknowledgement must not prove fatal. (2)

<sup>25</sup> As Silvia Bermúdez notes:

la articulación de un discurso nacionalista español no es patrimonio exclusivo de los pensadores neoconservadores, pues se formula también desde las filas mismas de la izquierda española y del PSOE. La diferencia estriba en que se apela al entendimiento de España como una nación políti-

ca única, según la Constitución de 1978, con una pluralidad de naciones culturales. (352)

Of course, as Bermúdez points out, the Constitution is itself an historical document which “se pacta en un momento histórico que requiere grandes dosis de ambigüedad para que se obtenga el consenso necesario para aprobarla” (353).

<sup>26</sup> Joan Ramon Resina is right to contextualize in historically specific terms the provenance of “postnationalism,” linking it to Habermas’s “post-traditionalism,” and underscoring the place of the post-war German nation-state—occupied and divided by other nation-states—in the articulation and dissemination of the concept (“Postnationalism”). Other critics, Matustík prominent among them, also point to Habermas. While I do not have the space here to rehearse Habermas’s contribution, I will note that the national context of speculations on postnationality is neither fixed nor inconsequential, and that the attention to historical traces does not mean that we will always trace the same story (or history). What it does mean is that we should proceed with caution before validating something like the universality of “postnationalism” or, better yet, the postnationality of “postnationalism.”

<sup>27</sup> “Bogeria” is an important term during this period. Among other things, it serves as the title of a short naturalist novel, first published in 1899, by Narcís Oller.

<sup>28</sup> “Heliomàquia” is one of d’Ors’s cherished concepts. It signifies a struggle for, and on behalf of, the light; enlightenment.

<sup>29</sup> Valentí Almirall, in *Lo catalanisme* (1886), likewise adduces Norway, but to considerably different effect (i.e. as a “monarchical solution”). What Norway has in common, or *might* have in common, with Catalonia, is its relationship to a stronger nation: in the first case, Sweden, in the second, Spain.

<sup>30</sup> Aquest és precisament el cas de Noruega. Comparada amb la penitència de son voler, la seva independència, la seva separació del regne suec, no té altra significació que la d’un episodi. Noruega no vol fer-se senyora de sos

destins per a defensa de sa llibertat, mes per a expansió gloriosa de la llibertat. (“Noruega” 306)

<sup>31</sup> That the ship goes down “a l’altura de les Bermudes” (192) is a significant detail: it leaves little question as to which America is here at stake: it is North America, the United States; as if the adjective “pròdiga” were not enough.

## Works Cited

- Almirall, Valentí. *Lo catalanisme*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1994.
- Bermúdez, Silvia. “De patriotas constitucionales, neoconservadores y periféricos: ¿Qué hace una España como tú en un entre siglos como éste?” *Revista de Estudios Hispánicos* 37 (2003): 341-55.
- Bertrana, Aurora. “Pròleg: Prudenci Bertrana i la seva obra.” *Obres completes*. By Prudenci Bertrana. Barcelona: Editorial Selecta, 1965. IX-XL.
- Bertrana, Prudenci. *Jo! Memòries d’un metge filòsof*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1978.
- . *Obres completes*. Barcelona: Editorial Selecta, 1965.
- Breton, André. *Nadja*. Paris: Gallimard, 1964.
- Butt, John. “Modernismo y Modernism.” *¿Qué es el modernismo? Nueva encuesta, nuevas lecturas*. Ed. Richard A. Cardwell and Bernard McGuirk. Boulder: Society of Spanish and Spanish-American Studies, 1993. 39-58.
- Cacho Viu, Vicente, ed. *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984.
- Cahm, Eric. *L’Affaire Dreyfus: Histoire, politique et société*. Paris: Librairie Générale Française, 1994.
- Carr, Raymond. *Spain: 1808-1975*. Oxford: Oxford UP, 1982.
- Clarín. *Obra olvidada: Artículos de crítica*. Ed. Antonio Ramos-Gascón. Madrid: Jucar, 1973.
- Curtin, Deirdre M. *Postnational Democracy: The European Union in Search of a Political Philosophy*. The Hague: Kluwer Law International, 1997.



- Darío, Rubén. *España contemporánea*. Ed. Antonio Vilanova. Barcelona: Lumen, 1987.
- Delgado, Manuel. *Diversitat i integració*. Barcelona: Empúries, 1998.
- d'Ors, Eugeni. *La ben plantada*. Barcelona: Selecta, 1980.
- . "Noruega imperialista." *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 302-08.
- Eagleton, Terry. "Nationalism: Irony and Commitment." *Nationalism, Colonialism, and Literature*. By Terry Eagleton, Fredric Jameson and Edward Said. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1990. 23-39.
- Fabre, Jaume, and Josep M. Huertas. *Barcelona: La construcció d'una ciutat*. Barcelona: Plaza & Janés, 1989.
- Gener, Pompeyo. "La cuestión catalana." Trans. Josep Estruch i Traité. *Nuestro Tiempo* 3 (1903): 705-15. Trans. of "La qüestió catalana." *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 264-76.
- . *Literaturas malsanas: Estudios de patología literaria contemporánea*. Madrid: Fernando Fé, 1894.
- . "Supernacionals!" *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 231-33.
- . "Els supernacionals de Catalunya." *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 223-27.
- Guansé, Domènec. "La vida i la obra de Prudenci Bertrana." *Revista de Catalunya* 3.29 (1926): 472-81.
- Habermas, Jürgen. *The New Conservatism: Cultural Criticism and the Historians' Debate*. Ed. and trans. Shierry Weber Nicholsen. Cambridge: MIT P, 1989.
- Hobsbawm, E. J. *Nations and Nationalism Since 1780: Programme, Myth, Reality*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1990.
- Kearney, Richard. *Postnationalist Ireland: Politics, Culture, Philosophy*. London: Routledge, 1997.
- Kristeva, Julia. *Nations without Nationalism*. Trans. Leon S. Roudiez. New York: Columbia UP, 1993.
- Lacan, Jacques. *Le Séminaire, livre VIII: Le transfert*. Paris: Seuil, 1991.
- Maragall, Joan. *Elogi de la paraula i altres assaigs*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1978.
- Marco, Joaquim. *Nueva literatura en España y América*. Barcelona: Lumen, 1972.
- Marfany, Joan Lluís. *Aspectes del modernisme*. Barcelona: Curial, 1990.
- Martí i Julià, Domènec. "Nacionalisme i imperialisme." *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 313-15.
- Matustik, Martin J. *Postnational Identity: Critical Theory and Existential Philosophy in Habermas, Kierkegaard, and Havel*. New York: Guilford Press, 1993.
- Mayer, Kurt. "Ethnic Tensions in Switzerland: The Jura Conflict." *Nations Without a State: Ethnic Minorities in Western Europe*. Ed. Charles R. Foster. New York: Praeger, 1980. 189-208.
- Nietzsche, Friedrich. *Twilight of the Idols/The Anti-Christ*. Trans. R. J. Hollingdale. London: Penguin, 1990.
- Ortega y Gasset, José. *España invertebrada*. Madrid: Revista de Occidente/Alianza, 1981.
- Perés, Ramon. "Nostre programa." *Els modernistes i el nacionalisme cultural (1881-1906)*. Ed. Vicente Cacho Viu. Barcelona: Magrana/Diputació, 1984. 14-15.
- Pla, Josep. *Santiago Rusiñol i el seu temps*. Barcelona: Destino, 1981.
- Prat de la Riba, Enric. *La nacionalitat catalana*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1978.
- Resina, Joan Ramon. "Postnationalism. A New Buzzword?: The Case for Nations in the Era of Global Markets." *Brokering Spanish Postnationalist Culture: Globalization, Critical Regionalism, and the Role of the Intellectual*. Duke University, Durham. 31 Oct.-2 Nov. 1999.
- . *Un sueño de piedra: Ensayos sobre la literatura del modernismo europeo*. Barcelona: Anthropos, 1990.



- Riba, Carles. "Una generació sense novel·la." *Clàssics i moderns*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1979. 105-13.
- Robbins, Bruce. "Introduction Part I: Actually Existing Cosmopolitanism." *Cosmopolitics: Thinking and Feeling Beyond the Nation*. Ed. and intro. Pheng Cheah. Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1998. 1-19.
- Ruiz, Diego. *Contes de gloria y d'infern/Diàlegs y màximes del Super-Christ*. Barcelona: Biblioteca Joventut, 1911.
- . *Missatge a Macià*. Barcelona: Ariel, 1931.
- Serrano, Carlos. "Los 'intelectuales' en 1900: ¿ensayo general?" *1900 en España*. Ed. Serge Salaün and Carlos Serrano. Madrid: Espasa-Calpe, 1991. 85-106.
- Smith, Anthony D. *The Ethnic Origins of Nations*. Oxford: Blackwell, 1988.
- Sobejano, Gonzalo. *Nietzsche en España*. Madrid: Gredos, 1967.
- Suleiman, Susan Rubin. *Authoritarian Fictions: The Ideological Novel as a Literary Genre*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1983.
- Torras i Bages, Josep. *La tradició catalana*. Barcelona: Edicions 62, 1981.
- Triviño, Consuelo. "Pompeu Gener y el modernismo." *Quimera* 138 (1995): 46-50.
- Wallerstein, Immanuel. *The Essential Wallerstein*. New York: The New Press, 2000.
- Zola, Émile. *Le roman expérimental*. Paris: François Bernouard, 1928.

