JULIO BAENA

DIVIDUALS

THE SPLIT HUMAN AND HUMANIST SPLIT

IN EARLY MODERN

SPANISH LITERATURE

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This book is dedicated to those who desecrated the statue of Cervantes in San Francisco in June of 2020. I thank them for their rebellion against the fetish of the One Evil Thing: the thing that unites us in anger, and I ask them to read Cervantes, the same Cervantes that those who erected the statue never read.

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Paseo[1]

Brian: —You are all individuals!
Crowd (in unison): —We are all individuals!
Brian: —You are all different!
Crowd (in unison): —We are all different!
(someone, in a soft voice: — I'm not)
(Monty Python: *Life of Brian*)

#

We seem to have moved from individuality to identity. Whether the movement can be described as the crossing of the proverbial bridge, or as the infinitesimal jump from one side of a line to its other side, and whether it constitutes some big End of an Era (episteme, Nth Industrial Revolution, or what have you) or simply maps

[1] I could not find a better signpost for the section(s) of this book which constitute its central theme than what Modest Mussorgsky posted as sign for the central theme, or *intermezzo* of his musical composition in ten movements (to call it a *suite* is to dissolve the powerful construction of the whole): "Promenade." *Paseo* is my Spanish homage to his French delight. I'll keep it in Spanish. "Stroll" could be a good English equivalent (a walk without a purpose, a short leisurely walk), but in English, "stroll" also has the meaning of "to do something easily and with little effort" (https://www.macmillandictionary.com/us/dictionary/american/stroll_1), or "to go from place to place in search of work or profit" (https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/stroll). Whatever amount of difficulty or effort involved in this book, I will not disclose. And what I am doing is definitely not in search of work or profit. I am not up for tenure, or promotion, and, at this stage of my career, nobody or nothing is pressuring me to write this book, or to publish it. I will label my promenade "paseo," then. As with Mussorgsky's beautiful and labyrinthical *œuvre*, my stroll will stop here and there for the viewing of this or that painting (or, in my case, classic Spanish literary artifact).

vogue/trend (as when orange is the new black), the times (*sæculum*, as the Classics would have it) have us now proclaim Identity as both base and desideratum.

Or perhaps the times (*sæcula*) move faster than one can reflect on them. When the reflection offers itself in the form of the revindication of oppressed collectivities such as Latinxs or African Americans, for whom identity is the antidote to the damage that individuality has done to them, a new reality distorts that reflection; that is when individuality assumes command of the process of identity in the form of the social media with its virtual re-groupings of people in terms of "likes" and the algorithmic engine. Individuality takes over any and all the weapons that identity offered to the collective. As in the famous scene from Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, the only dissenting voice happens to be the one that denies being different, and, conversely, the conviction of being different and individual is proportional, in its strength, to the degree of subjection. Is it "populism"? The discussions (about identity and about populism) seem parallel to each other. From Trump to Bolsonaro to Brexit to Catalan independence, all seem to rely on strongly identitarian discourses.

#

From the realm of "I" we have arrived into the realm of "we." In contrast with "I," which unambiguously refers to the speaker, and to "you," which refers to the addressee (although a curious problem arises when the addressee is "plural"), "we" is an ambiguous pronoun of both inclusion and exclusion of the addressee. "We" may mean "I and you," or it may mean "I and my fellows, but not you." Perhaps as a result of trying to disambiguate the pronoun (much like some dialects of American English produce "y'all" to try to differentiate between "2nd person" singular and plural), languages such as Spanish or French have a complicated evolution of the "1st person plural" manifested as a tension between the pure Latin *nos* (old Spanish: *nos*; French: *nous*) and its counterpart *nosotros* (Sp.) or *nous-autres* (Fr.). In French, *nous* is the normal pronoun for "we" (the Latin *nos*), with *nous-autres* being an expression of specific exclusion, while in Spanish it is *nosotros* that has occupied the place of the Latin *nos*, with *nos* having disappeared from the modern language.

Nosotros: "We others." What a sobering revelation in trying to translate the word into English. And, yet, it is into this realm (the realm of collective identity) that we seem to be entering, from the altogether insufficient realm of "I."

The similar dialectics in which identity, otherness, and collectivity are connected are clear just by looking into the evolution of pronouns in Romance Languages. How "I" has carried into its constitution the same terrifying tension between inclusion and exclusion that is inherent in "we" is less apparent, but not less telling. Agustín García

Calvo explained it often.[2] "I" is nobody; common reason (logos) has assigned its role as merely "the speaker." And yet "I" turns out to be the center of the universe the moment it is given a *content*, a referent. The apotheosis of that content is "the individual." "I" only applicable to me, to Julio, or Paula, or Donald. The individual: the one that cannot be divided (the atom, the monad); the one; the One. And, from there, identity: only those who are identical to me are allowed. Not my equals: my identicals. It is not enough anymore to be equal, much less *similar* (that wonderful term that Romance languages apply to my fellow humans: *mis semejantes*, *mes semblables*). No. No similar. For the identitarian, only identity (and perhaps eternal identity, at that, as perfection: "I am that I am").

[2] In many of his writings, but mostly in *Del aparato (del lenguaje), Contra el hombre* or *Contra la realidad*.

#

But this book will remain in the realm of the pre-identity: the individual, in the West, and in that West of the West that is known as Spain, at two stages: the stage in which the individual emerges as subject, or as agent, both dividing and un-dividing an old organic apparatus of soul/body (this stage is the Renaissance), and the stage in which again soul and body start to split against the indivision, while simultaneously allying with one another, with the soul—psyche—going Freudian, and the body—the material—going Marxist. That second stage is the Modern.

Both stages are now ruins. For both I feel nostalgic. But nostalgia is a pure performative of the present (pun intended: nostalgia projects what is not present, by definition). Its present is absolutely true, as when one wants something, as Michel de Certeau remarked about the *volo* of the mystics.[3] But longing is stronger than wanting (even if the very English word has evolved from its original meaning of "not having," its current placement in discourse attaches to it the possibility of having what one wants). The object of longing is always already lost. In the case of my first stage (the writings of the Renaissance which deal with the phenomenon of individuality or subjectivity), I can only re-appropriate them, making them my contemporaries, if I want them to speak to me here and now, and, in the case of my second stage (Freud and Marx as markers of modernity), it may very well be that we were never modern to begin with.[4]

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[3] In *La fable mystique,* Ch. 5, especially Section c) (237-242).

[4] Although I use Bruno Latour's famous summary, I differ from him when re-capping the "modern condition." He emphasizes "science," I emphasize what

I also lack the sharpened knowledge, the expertise, the wisdom to look for all the places in which Man divided and undivided. "The West" (or "European Culture") is such a broad tag. So, I will use texts from one of its provinces: Spain, the West of the West. I suspect that my reflections can hold valid if applied to the Renaissance texts of any and all countries in Europe, or perhaps what I find here is peculiar to "the woman of Europe"(Spain), as Paul Julian Smith put it.[5] In either case, I welcome any confirmation of or contradiction to my explorations. The status of Spain as just another European culture, or as "different" may indeed be an important dialectical parallax from which to speak about these issues.[6]

A similar parallax effect is at our disposal when we consider that we may have never been modern in the first place. Even if we take Latour's position to its extreme, the very formulation of the negation is nostalgic. We have never been modern, but for a moment (and I use "moment" instead of "nanosecond," "period" or "some centuries" because the length of a "moment" is always an ironic length), perhaps for a brief moment, we want (now) or wanted (then) to be. Not before now. Or not before then, and certainly not often, but the moment stands out in contrast to—to give an example taken from today's epistemic medialogy[7]—those who radically attack any plan for universal health care not because it is expensive,

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Latour calls "Modernism par excellence—Marxism" (36 and 126), but barely speaks about, in spite of that "excellence."

[5] In *Writing in the Margin*, 204.

[6] I am taking the idea of "parallax" from Žižek's *The Parallax View*, especially 17 and ff. It involves, as Žižek says, "minimal differences, as well as anamorphic views (i.e.: thoughts) about an always-the-same and always-shifting *objet petit a*."

[7] I use "medialogy" as Castillo and Egginton use it and add to it the qualifier "epistemic," to indicate in a Foucaultian way how metastasized the cancer is.

or socialistic, but because health care (any health care) is the work of the Devil, given that God (or Jesus) provides all the health care we need. There is the moment in which we long for modernity.

#

I will apply, then, the following general formula to this study: *Lazarillo* is to Marx as *Diana* is to Freud. What I encapsulate in each of these four terms are continua, relations of discourses which deviate, contradict, regroup themselves. "*Lazarillo*," thus, stands not just for the Picaresque, but for all literary texts of the Renaissance centered on the reality of exploitation, poverty, the materiality of Man, and especially his needs, his wants. These texts, of course, include master discourses like *Celestina* or *Don Quixote*, and, if *Lazarillo* studies Man, the texts that center on Woman—such as the "feminine picaresque" texts—constitute a branch, or a rhizome, of the set. But I choose *Lazarillo* as the tag for all those texts because it is the purest, in terms of contrast with the other set, tagged by me as "*Diana.*" Almost nothing in *Lazarillo* refers to "the soul," or to "love," just like almost nothing in *Diana* reflects work, exploitation, hunger. "*Diana*," then, is the opposite term to "*Lazarillo*," even if their related texts are the same, after all. *Don Quixote* and *Celestina* combine the dialectic materialism of *Lazarillo* with the psychoanalysis of *Diana* in a way that the modern reader finds it difficult to ascertain if they are love stories or renderings of class struggle. One curious fact about *Lazarillo* and *Diana* (I will expand on this later) is that they appear at almost the same time: 1554 for the first, and 1559 for the latter. The maximum split between "matter" and "psyche" occurs right in the middle of the 16th Century, which had opened and would close with the texts in which matter and soul, toil and libido (perhaps money and money: I will also expand on this later) appear co-

mingled as explanations of man/woman. *Celestina* is from 1499; the first part of *Don Quixote* is from 1605.

For the same token, in the term "Marx" I encapsulate Marxism in its purity as dialectical materialism, incompatible with "Freud," or pure psychoanalysis. Freud and Marx are almost contemporaries, like *Diana* and *Lazarillo* were, and the development of their ideas abandons their fundamental incompatibility in many ways, resulting in much of the critical theory of the 20th Century. But before the post-Marxism of the Frankfurt School, or Althusser, or Deleuze-Guattari, there was the banning of Freudianism in the USSR as "bourgeois idealism." And after Lacan, in, say, Žižek, we return to the pre-Marxism (dialectic idealism) of Hegel.

To all familiar with Spanish literary texts of the so-called Golden Age, the correspondence between Marx and *Lazarillo*, in its opposition to Freud and *Diana* (as well as the correspondence between these last two) should be obvious. I will dedicate to it more space later on. But, for the benefit of those readers who are not familiar with the corpus of texts that I deal with, let it suffice, for the moment, to say that in *Lazarillo* there is hardly any attention paid to the idea, or even the word "love." Only twice is the word mentioned, in circumstances that speak not of love but of sustenance. It is a story about physical survival, about struggles to eat, about human alienation in the all-too-cruel dog-eat-dog universe in which an all-too-present (as well as absent) God has thrown man. The first picaresque novel has no room in it for love stories.

Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana*, on the other hand, seems to have little room for work, for toil, for relations of production. It is the first Spanish pastoral novel (unlike the

picaresque, which is a Spanish invention, the pastoral is an adapted import from Italy and the Classical world), and in it shepherds (and mostly shepherdesses) lament about their sad love stories while their sheep are left to graze in the always-fair meadow. Almost 100% love, and zero toil, for *Diana*; almost 100% toil, and zero love, for *Lazarillo*.

Of course, in that "almost" can be seen, perhaps, how the split (between Marx and Freud; between matter and psyche) can never be a complete one, but even in the works in which those percentages become more of a 50/50 (*Celestina* or *Don Quixote*) one can see that the split never quite disappears, even if it almost disappears.

To the term "Marx," then, I ascribe one half of the split of modern humanism, just as I subsume one half of the split of Renaissance humanism in the symbolic *Lazarillo*. To the term "Freud" I ascribe the other half, as I do with *Diana*, as a snapshot of the clear half of a split human, and a split humanism in the middle of the 16th Century. To "Marx" I attach all the studies that deal with Man (yes: even the ones that deal with Woman) from the point of departure, from the hypothesis of a real reality "outside": we are material beings in a material, political world of production relations.

To "Freud" I attach all studies that deal with Man/Woman from the hypothesis of a reality which can never exist "outside" because the engine that moves everything is the fabricated reality that humans cannot help but fabricate, and of their mechanisms of fabrication (language—*logos*—being the main one, not so much "the body," after Freud gives way to Lacan).

The split is ancient: at least as old as Plato/Aristotle. It is a split between matter/form, or about body/soul, or even about man/woman, or man/god. But it is in the

Renaissance that such a perennial divisibility of the human being adopts its modern form. *Animism* is the term with which Juan Carlos Rodríguez designates the split of "the soul," from its former organicity with the body, that takes place in Europe in the Renaissance just as the first modes of capitalism begin to dominate Europe's historical deep reality.[8] The main idea that I derive from Rodríguez (expanding on it) is that "the soul" splits from the previous organicity of the integrated human just as money detaches itself from things; just when exchange value splits forever from use value. "Soul" is the word which better translates the Greek term *psyche*. Psychoanalysis has always insisted that it is not a "psychology," but the "accusation" has prevailed until our post-psychoanalytical and post-Marxist days. "Not a true science." Indeed: not even a school in the "Social Sciences." Psychoanalysis is discussed in the Humanities, by humanists. Ironic.

Today, cognitive science (a "real, hard science") studies what used to be the soul as simply matter: neurons, dopamine discharges, chemical imbalances. It is now the cognitive scientist who studies the old psyche, not the Marxist, who specializes in matter. Simultaneously, the ultimate hard science of yesteryears (Physics) concentrates resources, grants, instruments, Nobel Prizes on the least material (and more linguistic) aspect of quantum existence, on the ultimate Soul for Man: the development of the quantum computer.

[8] His *Teoría e historia de la producción ideológica. Las primeras literaturas burguesas* is the key book that I consider the true precursor of these reflections of mine. I will be quoting, or paraphrasing, or commenting often from it.

#

I am not attempting to do a Marxist/Freudian analysis of the literary works that I am considering for these reflections on the divisibility of humans. In the first place, such an analysis has already been done to a great extent, especially for the most famous texts. In the second place, my aim is much more ambitious, and yet much more synthetic: the formula "*Lazarillo* is to Marx as *Diana* is to Freud" posits that the same split is at play whether we deal with literature or with critical theory; whether we deal with the pre-modern or the post-modern; and whether we deal with the individual or the collective. Perhaps the split is as ancient as philosophy and literature. Heraclitus and Homer could be examples of its existence. But "the individual" seems to be a historically situated idea. Countless books and articles have posited that "modernity" goes hand in hand with "the individual" as it goes hand in hand with "subjectivity," or even with "Western Civilization." From my own clean-cut historical materialism I see clearly how "the individual" is the glorification of money; from my received insight into how we work, from Freud or Lacan I can see, also, how historicity has different speeds for change, even if the axiom "everything changes" holds. My own rage (when confronted with global climate disaster, or with a dead boy on a beach) and Achilles' rage. How do they understand each other? How am I misreading, or how was Homer correctly reading?

The individual, though, is an obsession of modernity. Perhaps nothing more—or nothing less—than a symptom, but probably a deeper, more revealing

symptom than other symptoms such as Donald Trump.[9] Trump is, indeed, a symptom, but—to use an old-fashioned term—he is also an epiphenomenon. Individuality, on the other hand, has most, if not all, the strengths of a faith, a credo, a super-ideologeme, an undisputable truism. What I am positing here is the term, with the accompanying idea, of *dividual*. Of *the dividual*, of *a dividual*. Like "individual," "dividual" is both noun and adjective; both essence and accident, if we go back to yet another ancient split in both physics (matter) and grammar (*logos-psyché*). My master Agustín García Calvo will walk with me often in these reflections. It is him, more than me, who, without doing it on purpose, expands Juan Carlos Rodríguez's consequences beyond a mere history of ideology.

I co-invent the term "dividuals" with Gilles Deleuze, who co-invented it with Félix Guattari. In "Postscript on the Societies of Control," Deleuze uses the term to refer to what we have become in current *control societies*, in contrast to the individuals that we were in the *discipline societies*. Says Deleuze:

> The disciplinary societies have two poles: the signature that designates the *individual*, and the number or administrative numeration that indicates his or her position within a *mass*. This is because the disciplines never saw any incompatibility between the two [notice how Deleuze agrees with García Calvo's notion of masses as "masses of individuals"], and because at the same time power individualizes and masses together [. . .] In the societies of control, on the other hand, what is

[9] As a symptom has he been treated by Chomsky, or Žižek, or most of us in the Left paying attention to what lies "underneath" the clown's distracting makeup.

> important is no longer either a signature or a number, but a code: the code is a *password* [. . .] We no longer find ourselves dealing with the mass/individual pair. Individuals have become "*dividuals,*" and masses, samples, data, markets, or "*banks*" (5).

My own notion of *dividuals* both *precedes* and *follows* the historically produced individualization/massification. I resist the One, I deny it. I make the historical One fight with the ontological One. Deleuze seems to be somewhat nostalgic of the individual, even the massified and massifying individual. I, on the other hand, re-claim dividuality as something stolen from us, something which, if we can restore to its common domain, can be our weapon, as Deleuze himself wishes dividuality to be, at the end of his essay.

Instead of simply attempting another analysis of classical literary texts under the guide of Marxist or psychoanalytical master thinkers, I will position myself at the other side of the looking glass. I will be reading the literary texts written by Spaniards in or around the 16th Century, in order to *illuminate* my readings of the great critical thinkers with what those old texts have to say (*have*, not *had*: I am not a philologist; I do not lose sleep over cadavers that I cannot bring to life). I take what these amazing, quasi-perfect texts say to me here and now.

The acknowledgment of the split that divides that which is supposedly individual is, perhaps, the only constant knowledge of modernity. Thinkers deal with it; scientists deal with it; poets and fiction writers deal with it. Once "the atom" is finally "discovered" after having been postulated millennia before by Democritus or Epicurus, or Lucretius, scientists discover that the atom wasn't an atom (an indivisible entity) after all. So, they

engage themselves into "splitting the atom," but they don't get rid of the term itself, which, against all evidence, has stuck in our ideology, as it should, the atom being the physical ghostly equivalent of the individual.

How ironic is it that, finally, once the mechanism of reproduction of living things was discovered, it is *division*, split, that defines life itself: mitosis, DNA unraveling of its double helix. To live is to replicate oneself, and to do that, one must divide.

But, of course, here lies the trap: one (One) is, by definition, indivisible. Like zero. The question that I am asking is how it came to be that in order to designate the being that is obviously separate from the other beings we have used the semantic field of "division." Could we have used any other *metaphor* out of the not very extensive field of Latin roots? Curious how "individual" subsumes "quality" under "quantity" when referring to the specific being (how individuality is a quantification), while "identical," with its root in *idem*, emphasizes quality, "sameness." Here, the field of the quantitative, the "numeral" is discarded in favor of the qualifier, the adjective.

I Know Who I Am

"*Yo sé quién soy*," says don Quixote in Chapter 5 of Part I. Since Cervantes' masterpiece began to be commented, that phrase by the magnificent mad hidalgo who would be knight has been noticed. When confronted with an obvious Greek classical aphorism "know thyself" (it has been attributed to Heraclitus, or Socrates, or Pythagoras, or many others), which is a source that Cervantes knew (Obviously Descartes, or Nietzsche, or Kierkegaard, or Foucault, or Derrida could not be known to him), the phrase by the hidalgo is rich in irony, even hilarious for anyone who relates the aphorism with the wisest of the wise. In that irony, the first gap, or split, is detected: the ego-centered expression (*I* know who *I* am) reverses the pedagogical 2nd person of the original. From advice to statement, it seems as if don Quixote assumes authority over the self, at the same time that he assumes knowledge.

In the 20th Century, literary studies focused for many decades on the novel as the genre of modernity *par excellence*, with Modern Man at the center of that modernity, and, as a necessary corollary of this status of the novel, the same studies concentrated on *Don Quixote* as "the first modern novel," and, in consequence, don Quixote as the first modern hero. To fast-forward the very long sequence of great critics who thought about that (from Curtius to Bakhtin to Lukács to Américo Castro to Leo Spitzer to Edward C. Riley, to John J. Allen to René Girard to Ruth El Saffar),[10] Michel Foucault gave the idea new strength when he posited nothing less than an

[10] I am only giving the most panoramic of views of the issue around "the first modern novel." It is not my intention to quote specifically from among these classics, or this book would be thousands of pages long.

epistemological change marked by don Quixote and *Don Quixote*.[11] The first hero of modernity—Foucault remarks—is already a split hero, because he inaugurates the new episteme while being a nostalgic of the old one. Or modernity (then) is marked by this nostalgia of the old episteme of *correspondences*, in which every star related to every stone, and every stone to every ailment of the body, and every ailment to the proper temperance of humors, and every humor to the stars. Literature—by the way, Foucault remarked—has always retained the ways of the old episteme (as I mentioned before, I am not reading *Don Quixote* or *Lazarillo* in the light of Marx or Freud—or Foucault—but rather Marx or Freud or Foucault in the light of *Don Quixote* or *Lazarillo*).

Don Quixote, then, has been proclaimed often as "the first modern hero." His subjectivity, his agency, his epistemology, would seem to be those of Modern Man. So, when he says, "I know who I am," most university courses on *Don Quixote* stop to smell the modern coffee. The relation to antiquity ("know thyself") is superseded by the relation to modernity, specifically to what a slightly more modern thinker (Descartes) would say a generation later, in the context of pure thought rather than fiction: "I think; therefore I am" (*Je pense, donc je suis; Cogito ergo sum*). The double "I" (double ego, double subject, double agent, double link in the enunciation mechanism, etc.) which has been later on discussed by modern philosophers such as Nietzsche, or Kant, or Hegel, or (fast-forwarding the tape again) Foucault or Derrida, is obviously there, in the self-proclamation by the supposedly self-made man, which replaces the ancient Greek advice of the wise to their

[11] He does that at the beginning of *The Order of Things*, especially in Ch. 3.

fellow man. Behold Modern Man: don Quixote is self-made, from the first chapter, in which he abandons whatever his name was (beautifully, Cervantes doesn't give us a name for this old avatar of his hero) and dubs himself "Don Quixote de la Mancha." Althusser, as well as Girard, (and Lacan too, from his own angle) enter the conversation, though, complicating the picture of the relations of mimesis or interpellation: literature imitates reality inasmuch as reality is mimetic of literature; or, individuality rests on interpellation, and interpellation cannot be but interpellation by someone else (don Quixote's subjectivity is still written with a small s, reserving the big S for the interpellating Subject (which appears much more clearly in Part II of *Don Quixote*).

In all these discussions, what remains obvious is that "*Yo sé quién soy*," that self-proclamation from plain liberty of the modern individual, has a double "I." The double "you" of "know thyself" remains in the realm of the desideratum. It is a wish, a goal to be attained. Depending on who we identify as its author (Heraclitus or Socrates or Pythagoras are very different from each other), we can see more or less the implication that nobody really has achieved the goal of knowing him/herself, and certainly "I" has no pretension. But don Quixote shatters this previous humility or prudence of the old Greeks. He adds a magical "make it so" to the old adage akin to the divine instant passage from "Let there be light" to light existing. Modern Man: akin to God, and, specifically, god-like in *knowing*. In a way, don Quixote's words are even stronger than those of Descartes. For the French philosopher and mathematician, it was a matter of thinking before being (actually, the entire premise or axiom "I think, therefore I am" is but a prelude to methodic doubt:

to the humility of Modern Man—perhaps false humility, but that is another matter). But for don Quixote, it is a matter of knowing.

Strangely enough, the discussion of Cervantes' text concentrates on the four magnificent words (*yo sé quién soy*) much like the discussion of Descartes concentrates on his own few words (in Latin, only three: *cogito ergo sum*). For Descartes, we can never thank Foucault and Derrida enough, because they put these words in context. But for Cervantes, the discussion on "modern man" tends to forget the context, the *doubly* literary context, not to mention the fact that don Quixote is mad, therefore raising the same question that Foucault and Derrida raise when discussing the Cartesian dictum: how is modern knowledge related to madness, besides its relation to reason.

But besides that (which in itself is plenty), the context of don Quixote's phrase is doubly literary, because a) it is the continuation of a magnificent dialog between two carefully crafted characters (don Quixote and the villager Pedro Alonso) after a carefully crafted scene of carnivalesque defeat, etc., and b) because what precedes and follows "I know who I am" is pure literary reference. At the end of Chapter 4, don Quixote is beaten up by some merchants, following the usual pattern of many of his adventures, the most famous of which is the one with the windmills, later on in the story (in his alternate reality, he takes an ordinary thing or event for something fantastic, typical of any chivalry romance, and the confusion results in a literal crash of realities with the usual result of the poor protagonist getting beaten up or badly hurt). In Chapters 4 and 5, don Quixote is alone (Sancho hasn't been introduced yet by the author). Chapter 5 begins, then, with don Quixote, alone, beaten, fallen, unable to move,

trying to accrue some strength from the books he has read. By chance, someone sees him and stops to help him: Pedro Alonso, a neighbor from his village. But, in his madness, don Quixote refers to him as *Marqués de Mantua*, or *Abindarráez* while referring to himself as *Valdovinos* or *Rodrigo de Narváez* (all of them characters from the *Romancero* or—in the case of Abindarráez and Narváez—from the story of *El Abencerraje*, which Cervantes—and don Quixote—had read in Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana*). Against this alternate reality of pure literature, Pedro Alonso tries to talk his neighbor back to reason. These are his words:[12]

> Look, your grace, *señor*, sinner that I am, I'm not don Rodrigo de Narváez nor the Marqués de Mantua, but rather Pedro Alonso, your neighbor. And you're neither Valdovinos nor Abindarráez, but rather the honorable *hidalgo señor* Quijana.

To which don Quixote answers the famous "I know who I am." But here is where critics usually stop. Here is where Cervantes knows better. The split "I" of a madman (we are talking of schizo-analysis, then, as Deleuze and Guattari would put it) does not simply assume the known characteristic of don Quixote. Cervantes is going to compound the already ironic and complex profession of self-faith in the following manner:

> "I know who I am," responded don Quixote, "and I know that I can be not only those whom I've mentioned, but also the Twelve Peers of France and

[12] Throughout the entire book, when I don't indicate who is translating, the translation is mine. In this case, for Chapter 5 of *Don Quixote*, I am using Tom Lathrop's translation.

> the Nine Worthies, since my deeds will surpass all of theirs put together and of each one individually."

It turns out that Modern Man is delusional, schizoid, bordering on multiple personality disorder, and, of course, dependent on a future for the realization of the present ("I know who I am [. . .] since my deeds will surpass"). Modern indeed: in need of surpassing both the common patrimony of all those who left something to us ("all of theirs put together") and the deeds of any other self-proclaimed individual ("each one individually"). Modern indeed, but susceptible of being subdivided into any of the Twelve Peers or any of the Nine Worthies, or, for that matter, to be reconstituted again into the collective; to replace any sense of identity with the ability to be today Valdovinos and tomorrow Orlando Furioso. And all of that in a mimetic fashion: don Quixote does not make up characters, except his own. The rest he takes from what exists in one of the first products of the first medialogy (the chivalry romances and the popular *romanceros*—collections of ballads).[13] The first modern hero, the very image of Modern Man, is divisible in the exact direct proportion in which he proclaims himself an individual. He is not a Thomas Jefferson, not even a Lenin. He is Woody Allen's Zelig.

[13] I take the idea of "first medialogy" from Castillo and Egginton, but the inclusion of the romance of chivalry as a pivotal start of the first medialogy is my emphasis. Actually, Castillo and Egginton center the "first medialogy" on the Baroque, while I am concentrating on the pre-Baroque moments of the Renaissance—including Mannerism.

Paseo

It is, of course, by analogy, by substitution, by trope that we name things. That is why lexicon is considered to be the most "superficial" realization of language ("superficial" or "deep" being in themselves all-too-frequent tropes which tell-tale our inability to escape certain spatial coordinates, just like "positive" and "negative" are the over-used signs of adjectival poverty of our times). However, all of us who have tried to teach a foreign language have encountered resistance on the part of many students when trying to intimate that it is grammar, not lexicon, what has to be learned (that Spanish is not simply English translated word by word, or vice versa). This resistance, though, must come from some deep self-knowledge about what languages are, or should be; a deep longing for a pre-Babel universal language. The analogical process which creates vocabulary in any language (the non-rational, the perhaps *semiotic* or *poetic* drive)[14] competes with *logos* (i.e.: *common reason*)[15] in our students' economy of effort and distribution of intellectual skills (how abstract can language-learning be). It is because of this practical problem that modern methods of language acquisition have discarded the *logical*-abstract approach to teaching languages, in favor of methods that emphasize the directness with which children learn languages.

"Universal grammar," then, seems to be a philosopher's concept, perhaps confirmed by cognitive

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[14] I am using Kristeva's reasoning in the section "The Semiotic and the Symbolic" of her *Revolution in Poetic Language* (72-85).

[15] That is how García Calvo puts it in his edition of Heraclitus' book, which García Calvo entitles *Razón común*.

science. But the least universal of linguistic layers (lexicon) still is paramount in the immediate reaction of most speakers to the Babel catastrophe. Not just words: phrases and sentences are "lexicalized" at the time of "saying the same thing in another language." "Morning" is translated as "*mañana*" in Spanish, but "good morning" is equally translated as a whole, as "*buenos días*," and not as the combination of two lexical items (which would render the incorrect "*buena mañana*").

Lexicon, then, as superficial as it well may be, is the first mechanism to use when confronted with difference at the linguistic level, with "pronunciation" or "accent"—also "superficial" layers of language—being used as a close second (Spaniards, or British, tend to put down the Spanish or English of Latin America or the United States, respectively, or, conversely, Americans or Mexicans make fun of the accent of their British or Spanish counterparts).

#

But lexicon is the product of analogy and trope. We never have the "real name" of anything, properly speaking (although we wish we had: that is the core of the myth of Babel). A word like "computer" comes from Latin *computare*, which in turn is a composite of *puto* (wich originally meant "to trim" but evolved to mean "to clarify" or "to estimate") and the prefix *con*. The modern word, in its turn, is developing a second, or different meaning from the original one, centered around "computation" (of numbers). "Computer" is for most people not an instrument for computation, but simply the necessary equipment to write and to access the Internet. But even the same object has another name, depending on where you are. In Spanish, if you are in Latin America, the word is *computadora* (or *computador*), but if you are in Spain, the word is *ordenador*, obviously borrowed from French. Even more to the point that I am trying to make, the Latin word *computare* evolved in Spanish (long before the neologism *computador*) as *contar*. But *contar* has, at least, two meanings: to count, and to tell a story. The analogical engine of lexicon has "computer" as a relative of "storyteller" as well of "accountant."

But for "computer" we seem to have a referent clearly distinguished from those close cousins. Only in an exercise in etymology such as the one in which I am engaging does the relation between computer and storytelling surface. We have a noun (name) for a well-defined object, like we have for "flower," "door," or "appendicitis."

We seem, however, to have struggled to find a name/noun for what we are. "Men" (but then, what about

women?); "persons" (but isn't "person" an old Greek word for a theatrical mask?); "humans" (but that word is an adjective, not really a noun); "individuals" (but are we really not divisible?). Unless we want to go by the way of *identity*, but here, the paradox lies, as García Calvo put it, in the fact that "identity" means two different and opposite things: a) the sameness of all individuals designed by the same noun (a sheep is identical to a sheep as individual referents of the sign "sheep"), and b) the uniqueness of each individual according to the logic of proper nouns, so that "Zach" cannot be substituted for "Diego." Still, what our Modern World Order demands is (as García Calvo put it) "a compatibility or arrangement (as impossible as this may be logically) between the two identities." The more the System "counts souls" (like so many sheep) identical to one another, the more the System insists on the "personal identity" of each soul, "and vice versa: the more my personal identity is certified and consolidated, the better this mass of individuals that I belong to is counted." [16]

Personal identity (represented in proper nouns) extends to plural proper nouns. We are "Americans," or "Christians," or "Latinx," or "queer." We are "us" to be distinguishable from "them," yet the logic of the System subsumes the difference into the other type of identity (the identity under common nouns). "Black Lives Matter" (a marker of differential identity destined to form a defense against blatant violent racism) is subsumed under "all lives matter" (a bland reminder of how, as individuals, we are

[16] "Identidad" in *Contra el tiempo*, 287-290. García Calvo has often made a critique of "masses of individuals" (i.e.: the individual as the necessary ingredient for masses to exist). See, for instance, *Contra el hombre*. Rafael Sánchez Ferlosio also has illuminated how the proper noun constitutes the very existence of the individual as different from all individuals (see, for instance, "Personas y animales en una fiesta de bautizo" or *Las semanas del jardín, II*, 158).

indistinguishable, like a sheep is indistinguishable from another sheep).

Anyone who has learned to read and write English after reading/writing another language such as Spanish has noticed the different way in which the written form of each language treats the adjectives derived from proper nouns, such as "America" or "Marx." In Spanish, we capitalize *América*, but not *americano*, or *Marx*, but not *marxista*. In English, "American" and "Marxist" are capitalized. I cannot help but see how Spanish focuses on the status of the adjectives as adjectives, while English focuses on the identitarian aspect of being an American or being a Marxist. Identity in the sense of difference requires the proper noun: essence. "I am a Marxist" is the essence of what I am. In Spanish, "*soy marxista*" would seem to emphasize the accidental, not essential nature of being a follower of Karl Marx.

What are we, then? (all of us, I mean). Or, conversely, what are we not? It is all-too common for collectives to have a name for those who are not them (*goim* are those who are not Jewish; *payos* are in Spain those who are not gypsies; *godos* is the name of Peninsular Spaniards not of the Canary Islands, etc.). Here my English is extremely poor. In Spanish I can think of many expressions unconsciously and popularly designed to answer the basic question that someone posed to Jesus of Nazareth, to which he responded with the magnificent parable of the good Samaritan: "Who is my neighbor?" I can think of *todo hijo de vecino*, or *cada hijo de su madre*: expressions which one normally does not find in a scholarly book or article. Perhaps I should talk to my neighbors of Lafayette, Colorado more often.

Even “we the people” is not innocent in having for a referent every one of us. When the American Constitution was drafted, “the people” constituted the lower part of society in European countries. The nobility was certainly not part of “the people.” In Spanish, *el pueblo* was closer to *la plebe* or *el populacho* than it was to *la gente* (that other meaning of “people” that American students of Spanish refuse to use, preferring to say *las personas*). If anything, by saying “we the people” a desire was expressed, more than a reality. It was, of course, the desire that all be equal, with no exceptions such as king or princess. And yet, just as when scholars focus on the words of don Quixote “I know who I am,” without following up with the splendid continuation (“and I know that I can be not only those whom I’ve mentioned, but also the Twelve Peers of France and the Nine Worthies”), one should follow “we the people” with its continuation: “of the United States.” The intended total inclusion of “we the people” is negated by the proper, identifying noun. It is the people of the United States that we are talking about. After all, the document—the Constitution of the United States—follows a declaration of independence: of split.

Perhaps the noun for the universal that would express what we are can be derived metonymically from what we do. “Us sinners,” for instance, as in the Hail Mary prayer. But any metonymy to describe us will always carry with it the limitation inherent to metonymy: as in the movies, we never get the whole picture with metonymy. We are not *just* sinners (I hope).

Nicknames

What we are, perhaps, is what we are called. But by whom? The Althusserian mechanism of interpellation speaks of the subject (the subjected one) and of the Subject who has the true agency in determining who anyone is.[17] Still, languages here also show a flux among several stages in which interpellation is performed. In English, "surname" usually means "family name," or "last name" in the sense in which most ID documents reflect the interpellating action of the State. But "surname" still retains the meaning of "nickname": of a name that is given to someone not by the State, but by "everybody." "Surname" in this meaning approaches the Spanish word *sobrenombre*, which—in opposition to "surname"— has the main modern meaning of "nickname," while retaining an older meaning as "last name." This is exactly what happens with Lázaro de Tormes. The first-person narrator explains how his mother literally gave birth to him in the river Tormes, therefore giving him (and that's the beautiful ambiguity that the first-person narrator brings forth) his *sobrenombre* (that's the word that the text uses). Of course, if the reader has been attentive, Lázaro (the narrator, an adult far from being an innocent child) has said that his father was Tomé González, and his mother Antona Pérez, which means that the interpellation process from the State apparatus would have him be either Lázaro González or Lázaro Pérez (the first option marking him as the legitimate son of Tomé, and the second simply the son of his mother with no proof of legitimacy). But the narrator distracts the reader (as well as the *narrataire* "*Vuesa*

[17] I am referring, of course, to the seminal "Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses."

Merced") when, focusing on the fact that his mother actually bore him in the river, distracts our attention in the direction of that *sobrenombre* (Lázaro de Tormes), by which he will be identified always in the rest of the text. Who or what is the big "S" that interpellates Lázaro as "Lázaro de Tormes" and not "Lázaro González" or "Lázaro Pérez"? Can a *sobrenombre* really transit into the domain of surname in the modern sense (the name that appears in anyone's ID)?

Don Quixote's identity is movable. His name is never fixed by the narrator (It could be Quijana, or Quejana, or Quijada, or Quesada), and the narrator refers to it also as *sobrenombre* (taking, in opposition to Lázaro's narrator, the most common meaning that "surname" has in English—that of "family name"). But even as the narrator is attempting (not) to say what the hidalgo's name is, he is filling the role of "S" (the interpellating Subject) with the "they" typical of nicknames, rather than of official names. "*Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben.*" "They" seems to be the Subject that interpellates—equivocally—the still nameless subject. Just as when don Quixote proclaims that he knows who he is, but immediately after that dilutes this identification because he can be any of the Twelve Peers of France, etc., the interpellating machine also multi-identifies the hidalgo. There can be no ID card for him.

As don Quixote, he had already announced that he could be any or all of the Twelve Peers of France. He dubs himself "Don Quixote de la Mancha," but later he will re-interpellate himself as *Caballero de la Triste Figura* (Knight of the Sad Countenance) or *Caballero de los Leones*. At the end of the novel, he undergoes his last self-

interpellation. On his deathbed, he says "I am no longer don Quixote de la Mancha, but rather Alonso Quixano, for whom my good qualities have earned the epithet 'The Good'." This time I cannot agree with Tom Lathrop's otherwise beautiful translation: where he writes "epithet" the Spanish word is *renombre*. The same word that, in English, is usually used more as an adjective ("renowned"). What kind of a (proper) noun is a "re-noun" (*un renombre*)? Who exactly re-nouned Alonso Quixano, and how come we never knew about this re-nouning, about this re-interpellation by who-knows-whom?

In the following text, the State Apparatus interpellation is at play. Cervantes will show the reader the testament of the hidalgo. In its very official text, however, the name "Alonso Quixano" is never mentioned. Only after he is dead does the notary public write "an affidavit that Alonso Quixano, the Good, commonly called don Quixote de la Mancha, had passed away." Everyone, from the narrator to the other characters, keep calling him "don Quixote." The self-interpellation ("don Quixote") or the *renombre* ("the Good") override the name given to the hidalgo by the State apparatus. What's in a name? Indeed. But, more importantly, what's in a surname (*sobrenombre*), and what's in a *renombre*? The subject, with a small "s," fights back, alone, as when the narrator Lázaro manipulates the interpellation machine, or when don Quixote multi-interpellates himself, or in company of many: of "everyone" ("everyone" might just be the radical opposite to "one"), or of "the people" (not "the People of the United States": just "the people": *el pueblo*, *la gente*) in order to get a *renombre* that can resist the Proper Noun properly assigned by the Subject with a capital S. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," "The Good," "Lázaro de

Tormes": all identities of resistance; all weapons of the split poor devil ("man").

Paseo

What's so obscene (and infantile at the same time) about Trump's habit of nicknaming people ("Crooked Hillary," "Crazy Biden," etc.)[18] is that it is he who imposes the nickname. As in elementary school, the group adopts the nickname (for a teacher or a fellow student) after someone says it first, perhaps because of a funny incident (say: a student farts) in which the name in question (say: "Stinky") popped out inevitably according to the rules of discursive continuity (irony, repetition, contrast, etc.). But in elementary school the nickname is not imposed from the top down: it is accepted by all as everyone's invention. With Trump, we are not supposed to be in elementary school anymore and, furthermore, when the nickname is used (say: in big cardboard signs at a Trump rally), it is clear that the followers are paying homage to the leader, conscious of being mere re-iterators of the leader's supposed wit.

The nickname (as opposed to the given name or family name) is supposed to come from "below." From "the people." "People call me X" or "they call me X" (in Spanish: *me llaman X*) is the "impersonal" sentence used to contrast the nickname with the name ("my name is Y, but people call me X"—a variation: "… but my friends call me X"). Even grammatically, the subject of the sentence, for nicknames, is "impersonal" or "my friends." In *Lazarillo*, the first sentence of the text, after the prologue, is "*Pues sepa Vuestra Merced, ante todas cosas, que a mí me llaman Lázaro de Tormes* [. . .]" "*Me llaman*"

[18] There is even a Wikipedia page which lists them all, organized by categories, and well referenced: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_nicknames_used_by_Donald_Trump.