

## The “Impregnable Syllables” of Alberti’s *Sobre los angeles*

*Your impregnable syllables need no prop to stand.*

Emily Dickinson to Susan Dickinson (c.1881)

At the end of *Auto de fe*, the vitriolic lampoon that Alberti penned in March 1930, Fernando Vela is attacked, partly eaten, and killed by a parrot with the cry of “¡Mueran las dictaduras mercenarias, los censores del tres al cuatro!” “Death to mercenary dictatorships, to contemptible censors!” With Vela’s grisly death, together with the disdainful epitaph uttered by El Maestro, that is, Ortega y Gasset —“¡Un simple corrector de pruebas!” “A mere corrector of proofs!” (Alberti 1998, 152)—, Alberti fulfilled the vow he made in a letter to José María Cossío in August 1928 to take revenge on Vela for having returned to him four poems the latter had requested for the *Revista de Occidente*. Alberti’s emphasis signals his indignation at Vela’s reason for rejecting them: “Dice que, como las que publiqué en *Carmen*, no le gustan, que no se parecen en nada a mis cosas anteriores (¡!), etc. Un verdadero asco. ¿Para qué hablar?” “He says that, like those I published in *Carmen*, he doesn’t like them, they are nothing like my previous things. Really disgusting. Why go on?” (Alberti 1998, 34). Even though two of the four poems Vela returned to him were to be published in the September issue of *Revista de Occidente*, and three more from *Sobre los ángeles Concerning the Angels* would appear in the January 1929 number,<sup>1</sup> Alberti nursed his grudge against Vela, so incensed, and perhaps frustrated, was he by the latter’s repudiation—and implicit indictment—of poems on the grounds of their difference.

The path that Alberti had followed from *Marinero en tierra Sailor on Land to Cal y canto Quicklime and Song* had, it appeared, led him to a

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<sup>1</sup> According to Alberti, Vela returned to him “Paraiso perdido” “Paradise Lost”. “Los ángeles de la prisa,” “The Angels of Haste,” “5”, and “Invitación al aire” “Invitation to Air.” The first two were published in the September 1928 issue (no. LXIII) of *Revista de Occidente* along with “Los ángeles mudos” “The Mute Angels,” “Ascensión” “Ascension,” and “Invitación al arpa” “Invitation to the Harp.” The three poems that were published in the January 1929 issue (no. LXVII) are “Los ángeles muertos” “The Dead Angels,” “Castigos” “Punishments,” and “El ángel falso” “The False Angel.”

dead end; by its very difference, *Sobre los ángeles* concludes a vertiginous stage of Alberti's career, evoked perhaps in "Los ángeles de la prisa," implicitly comments on it, and diverges from it. *Sobre los ángeles* also constitutes a poetic record of an impasse in words that evoke entry—"Entrada" "Entrance" is the explanatory announcement of and definition of the prefatory poem—, a journey—"¿Para qué seguir andando?" "Why keep on going?" he asks in "El ángel falso" "The False Angel"—, and a new beginning. The work is very different from the charming but slight *La amante*, or from the multiple virtuoso performances of *Cal y canto*; its complexity validates Jorge Luis Borges's contention that no book is exhaustible and that the dialogue it undertakes with its readers is "infinito" "infinite" (Borges 747), a contention that is in turn proved by the difference between my second published essay on *Sobre los ángeles* of over forty years ago, in which I tried to show that the work is a chronicle of Alberti's apostasy (Morris 1960), and a recent article, in which I argued —against myself— that no single biographical experience can explain the work, that to begin to understand its complexity one must go "más allá de la autobiografía" "beyond autobiography" (Morris 1999)— even when Alberti presents us with the oft quoted inventory of circumstances and emotions he compiled in *La arboleda perdida*, *The Lost Grove*.

Interesting as that list is, we should bear in mind that the poems preceded it by some thirty years, and that the comments are more likely to be a gloss on rather than an explanation of the poems. The comments certainly lack the confessional contemporaneity that gives piquancy to Evelyn Waugh's remark about *Brideshead Revisited* in a letter to his wife that "Sexual repression is making mag. op. rather smutty" (Waugh 184). More than the chronicle of a life visualized from threatened infancy to disenchanted adulthood, *Sobre los ángeles* is the story of a mind that uses retrospection as a tool, adducing the past to confirm the present, compressing past, present, and —implicitly— the future into a timeless capsule where the poet evokes both the many problems that threaten to silence him and offers, in the very act of writing about them, the only viable solution to those problems. The Alberti we find in *Sobre los ángeles* is, according to Baudelaire's "L'Irremédiable," "un cœur devenu son miroir" (Baudelaire 80): a poet looking at himself looking at himself. More than the story of a life or a career, the work is the record of a vocation, of a gifted poet's ability to reaffirm himself by reconstructing his way of writing poetry. The work illustrates brilliantly, yet disturbingly, the redemptive power of words, and if that phrase sounds religious, it is consonant with, and justified by, the religious frame of reference Alberti devises for his work, clearly heralded in the title of the first poem, "Paraíso perdido" "Paradise Lost." which is an elegy to everything he had lost: light, hope, heaven,

the "pórtico verde" "green pathway," and —crucial for a poet— contact with others.

The consequence of that compound loss is "Sólo nieblas": neither light nor darkness, but an intermediate stage between two extremes which relates him to John Milton's Satan, Espronceda's Poeta in *El diablo mundo* *The Devil World*, who states "Densa niebla / cubre el cielo" "Dense fog/covers the sky" (Espronceda170), and, more tightly, Bécquer, whose diagnostic phrase "Huésped de las nieblas" "Guest of the Mists" will resound as the title of the three principal sections of *Sobre los ángeles* as a bleak reminder of Alberti's apparently futile stumbling through his emotional and spiritual maze. *Sobre los ángeles* is, of course, a triumphant paradox: a work that dwells on the fall, on loss and disintegration, and evokes Judgement Day is also one that offers hope through its very existence as it demonstrates the power of words and the determination of a poet to keep using them even when he suspects they may confound, disconcert, even deter, his readers, as they did Fernando Vela. Over one half of the poems of the work allude to the voice and to words, both spoken and written; several poems deal with the complementary topic of silence and with the dreadful loss of articulation and communication.

Alberti's allusions to the voice and to words are unremittingly negative: they reveal a disenchantment with the very fabric of a writer's craft as deep and bitter as that expressed repeatedly by T. S. Eliot, who in *Four Quartets* captures —with paradoxical eloquence— the elusive brittleness of words:

Words strain,  
Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,  
Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,  
Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,  
Will not stay still. (Eliot 121)

To imagine "Las primeras palabras" "The First Words" (in "Muerte y juicio" "Death and Judgement") as "devoradas por el mar y ocultas hoy en un hoyo sin viento. / Muertas..." "devoured by the sea and hidden today in a windless hole. / Dead" (Alberti 1984, 135), is to see them as fragile and transitory; to imagine (in "Castigos" "Punishments") that "Un relámpago baraja las lenguas y trastorna las palabras" "A flash of lightning jumbles up languages and mixes up words" (Alberti 1984, 148) is to highlight their vulnerability. If the edenic state Alberti evokes in "Tres recuerdos del cielo" "Three Memories of Heaven" was "anterior al arpa, a la lluvia y a las palabras" "before the harp, before the rain and words" (Alberti 1984, 126), then man's words are part of his fall from grace. The power he attributes to them in *Sobre los ángeles* is invariably malevolent: the associations they evoke in him are consistently

hostile. "Silbadoras hachas" "Whistling axes" propel the tongue of the *ángel envidioso* (Alberti 1984, 108). A "mala palabra" "bad word" is what the speaker will "pinchar sobre las tierras que se derriten" "prod the melting lands" as part of his farewell in "Los ángeles feos" (Alberti 1984, 157). And in the last poem of the collection, "El ángel superviviente" "The Surviving Angel," the cataclysmic events of "aquel día" "that day" elicited from a man a last word that "ensangrentó el viento" "stained the wind with blood" (Alberti 1984, 158).

The speaker's discovery in "El ángel de las bodegas" "The Angel of the Wine Cellars" that "hay puertas al mar que se abren con palabras" "there are doors to the sea that are opened with words" (Alberti 1984, 131) imputes to words a power whose insidiousness the poet had already associated with "miel y palabras" "honey and words" in the lament of the victim of the *ángel mentiroso lying angel* (Alberti 184, 86). One of the complaints Alberti makes consistently about words is that they do not clarify or communicate: voices are "veladas" "muffled" in "Juicio" "Judgement" (Alberti 1984, 82), have a sound like "el fleco de la lluvia / cortado por un hacha" "the fringe of the rain / cut by the axe" in "Los ángeles mohosos" "The Mouldy Angels" (Alberti 1984, 188). In "El ángel del misterio" "The Angel of Mystery" the voices that inhabit "los pozos" "wells" are "frías" "cold" (Alberti 1984, 113), while those that inhabit ruins (in "Los ángeles de las ruinas" "The Angels of Ruins") are "abandonadas" "abandoned" (Alberti 1984, 153).

However, when words do communicate they are guilty of deception: the charge uttered by the *ángel mentiroso lying angel* that "miel y palabras" "honey and words" are weapons of defeat and deceit (Alberti 1984, 86) point to the timeless battle between guile and gullibility, whose most celebrated adversaries are Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden. The despondent admission of being defeated by honeyed words matches one of the visionary experiences of St. John the Divine, who "took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter" (Revelations 10:10). To judge from his reminiscences in *La arboleda perdida*, Alberti knew the suffering caused by "El amor imposible, el golpeado y traicionado en las mejores horas de entrega y confianza" "Impossible love, love promised and betrayed in the finest hours of surrender and confidence" (Alberti 1959, 268). To judge from "Engaño" "Deceit," he knew how to evoke deceit and treachery in terms as blunt as the Biblical tirade against liars: "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips" (Romans 3:13). Just as lethal as this "poison of asps" are the mendacious words that, seen as blinkers in the initial synaesthetic metaphor "tapándote los ojos con palabras," "covering yor eyes with words" entice the gullible victim into "un túnel

de oro" "golden tunnel," whose false promise, underlined by the poet's definition of words as "vidrios falsos" "false panes of glass" and "espejos malos" "deceitful mirrors" will leave him buried alive:

Ciega, por un túnel de oro, de espejos malos, con la muerte darás en un subterráneo.	Blindly, down a golden tunnel of deceitful mirrors you'll bump into death somewhere underground.
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Tú allí sola, con la muerte, en un subterráneo.	You there all alone with death underground.*
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(Alberti 1984, 104)

It is tempting to see in "Ciega" "Blind[ly]" and "sola" "alone" clues to the shadowy presence of a woman in *Sobre los ángeles*. Although valid, such an interpretation narrows the focus when the victim could be less a person than an abstract value such as truth or hope. What Alberti—faithful to his calling as a "poète visuel" (Vivès 4)—has done is to create settings and situations that illustrate and dramatize deceit and, in "El ángel desengañado" "The Disillusioned Angel," the consequences of the refusal to be deceived:

Quemando los fríos, tu voz prendió en mí: ven a mi país. Te esperan ciudades, sin vivos ni muertos, Para coronarte.	Burning through cold, your vice kindled a spark in me: Come to my country. Cities, free of the living and dead, await you with a crown.
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—Me duermo. No me espera nadie.	I'm falling asleep. No one waits for me,
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(Alberti 1984, 85)

Although weary, the speaker is also wary, recognizing the literal trap of the promise; his/her response shows that words are inherently suspect and that the consequence of caution is, literally, *des-engaño disillusionment*: the solitude that Alberti presents as a depressing constant from the first poem, "Paraíso perdido" "Paradise Lost."

Throughout *Sobre los ángeles*, Alberti explores a terrible dilemma: rather than a welcome relief from words that are shown to be suspect, treacherous, and wounding, silence is shown to be a state to be feared. As the common denominator of "Paraíso perdido" "Paradise Lost,"

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\*The translation of these lines is by José A. Elgorriaga & Martin Paul (*The Other Shore*: 100 poems by Rafael Alberti & A. Kosrof Chantikan, Trans. José A. Elgorriaga & Martin Paul Sabo, Gabriel Berns. San Francisco:Kosmos, 1981, -58-59)

"Los ángeles mudos" "The Mute Angels" and "Novela" "Novel," silence is depicted by Alberti as a curse, an affliction, and a callous form of punishment, one of the grim consequences of the loss of paradise and fall from grace that constitute the message of the grim preface to *Sobre los ángeles*. The allusions to lost light and lost soul are to be expected in a poem that deals with the loss of paradise; more surprising, perhaps, is Alberti's emphasis on the loss of communication evoked in the deathly silence that enfolds him, which is signaled explicitly by questions and exclamations, reminiscent in their urgency of those that encrust San Juan de la Cruz's "Canciones entre el alma y el esposo" "Songs between the Soul and the Husband":

¿Adónde el Paraíso,  
sombra, tú que has estado?  
Pregunta con silencio.

Where is that Paradise  
Shadow, lately your home?  
Ask it in silence.

Ciudades sin respuesta,  
ríos sin habla, cumbres  
sin ecos, mares mudos.

Unanswering cities,  
mute rivers, peaks  
of no echo, inarticulate seas.

Nadie lo dice. Hombres  
fijos, de pie, a la orilla  
parada de las tumbas,

Nobody knows. Men  
tranced and upright on the beaches  
at the stilled grave's verge,

me ignoran. Aves tristes,  
cantos petrificados,  
en éxtasis el rumbo,

with no thought for my presence. Wan birds  
in a petrified singing, blind,  
in their raptuous way,

ciegas. No saben nada.  
Sin sol, vientos antiguos,  
Inertes, en las leguas

knowing nothing.  
Sunless and stopped  
old winds make their circuit

por andar, levantándose  
calcinados, cayéndose  
de espaldas, poco dicen.

of leagues, lift up the ash  
of their passing and rain down  
on our shoulders, having little to say.\*

(Alberti 1984, 65-66)

Against the inquisitive speaker, cities, birds, rivers, seas, and winds form an alliance in a campaign whose strategy is silence and whose sole weapon is the muteness that Alberti attributes —tautologically— to silence in "El ángel de la ira" "The Angel of Wrath" and —paradoxically— to snow in the opening lines of "Nieve viva" "Living Snow": "Sin mentir, ¡qué mentira de nieve anduvo muda por mi sueño!" "Without

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\*These lines are translated by Ben Belitt (Rafael Alberti, *Selected Poems*. Edited and translated by Ben Belitt. Introduction by Luis Monguio. Berkely and Los Angeles: University of Berkely Press, 1966, 68-69).

lying, what snow-like lying moved mutely through my dream!" (Alberti 1984, 143). Muteness as a condition that divides people, disrupts human relationships, is what Alberti dramatizes in "Los ángeles mudos" "Mute Angels," where he articulates the one question and the two commands that men and women would utter if they were not dumb:

Inmóviles, clavadas, mudas mujeres de los zaguanes  
y hombres sin voz, lentos, de las bodegas,  
quieren, quisieran, querrían preguntarme:

—¿Cómo tú por aquí y en otra parte?

Unmoving, stock still, mute women of the hallways  
and voiceless, slow men, of the wine cellars,  
want, would like, would like to ask me:

—How is it that you are around here and elsewhere?

(Alberti 1984, 115)

Curiously, while these men and women appear to be the victims of muteness, it is the speaker who remains isolated: if others cannot address him he does not have the chance to answer their questions or commands; he is left to solve his own problems and to live with his own bizarre individuality, cocooned in silence as if he too had lost the power of speech, unless, of course, he talks to himself, which is what he does to perform the stunning paradox of *Sobre los ángeles*: that a work that questions the value of words should be such a brilliant demonstration of their power.

This paradox underlines and drives "Novela," which is a perfect example of words relating the demise of words. The title points to a literary frame of reference for the poem, which Alberti invites us to read as a narrative in three parts, or chapters, corresponding to night, dawn, and day, whose theme— unspecified crime and specific execution — may remind us of *Crime and Punishment*. Alberti may have had in mind the particular crime and execution narrated in the *Heraldo de Madrid* in November 1924 in a series of reports that may have provided him with the cold language he would emulate in his own narrative. A group of *sindicalistas*, led by one Bonifacio Manzanedo, fired on the Civil Guard in Vera de Bidasoa; two were tried expeditiously by a military court and executed, as the newspaper tersely recounted: "A las siete y cuarto de la mañana fue ejecutado en el patio de la cuarta galería... el condenado José Llacer, y a las siete y cuarenta Juan Montejo" "At a quarter past seven in the morning José Llacer, and at seven forty Juan Montejo, both condemned to death, were executed in the yard of the Fourth Gallery" (Anon 1924a). Manzanedo, whose leg had to be amputated, tore off his

bandage and bled to death, gaining an unlikely immortality in the "lento suicida de noviembre" "slow suicide of November" whom Alberti mentions in the third stanza of the poem (Anon 1924b). Unlike Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov, the speaker in the poem is guilty of no offense other than that of using words; it is Alberti himself who resorts to *lex talionensis* to devise for a writer a punishment as appropriate as that Quevedo imagined for booksellers in *Sueño del infierno Dream of Hell*, who are tormented by a devil "con humazos de hojas de sus libros" "with clouds of smoke from the pages of his books" (Quevedo 374-375): he is entombed in a book:

En la noche de aquella luna 24,  
llovieron en mi cama hojas de cielos marchitos.  
A mi alma desprevénida le robaron las palabras.  
Su cuerpo fue enterrado a sus pies en un libro.  
Era la orden de un monarca.

On the night of that moon 24,  
leaves of withered heavens rained on my bed  
They robbed he words from my unready soul,  
his body was buried at his feet in a book.  
It was the order of a monarch.

En el alba de aquella luna 24,  
la justicia del frío le cedió el aire de un árbol.  
A su sombra, los trineos perdidos  
adivinaban rastros de suspiros,  
de lloros extraviados.  
En su sombra se oía el silencio de los castillos.

In the dawn of that moon 24  
the justice of the cold handed him the air of a tree  
In its shadow, the lost sleighs  
were guessing at traces of sighs  
in its shadow could be heard the silence of castles.

En el día de aquella luna 24,  
fue ajusticiada mi alma por la niebla  
que un suicida lento de noviembre  
había olvidado en mi estancia.  
Era la última voluntad de un monarca.

On the day of that moon 24  
my soul was executed by the fog  
that a slow suicide of November  
had forgotten in my abode.  
It was the last will of a monarch.



One of Alberti's evocations of paradisiac innocence in "Tres recuerdos del cielo" "Three Memories of Heaven" is of a time before "el rey" decreed "que la violeta se enterrara en un libro" "That he violet be buried in a book" (Alberti 1984, 127). And evidence of the *ángeles muertos* *dead angels* is to be found in "la gota de cera que sepulta la palabra de un libro" "a drop of wax that buries the word of a book" (Alberti 1984, 155). In every case a book serves as a grave. As it moves inexorably from persecution to execution, "Novela" creates an impression of finality that is illusory: for us to accept the illusion of the poem, we have to believe that the speaker's voice comes from beyond the grave, reciting the kind of eerie voice-over that validated and controlled the flashback of the Oscar-winning film *American Beauty*.

The frame of reference for "Novela" is death: of "cielos," of body, of soul, of the "suicida lento de noviembre" "slow suicide of November." The "noche de aquella luna 24" "night of that 24 moon" is certainly grim in its associations; with his poem Alberti endorses Larra's confession that "El número 24 me es fatal" "Number 24 is ill-fated for me" (Larra 267), seeing in it a cipher of misfortune rather than a feature of the wondrous vision experienced by St. John the Divine, who saw twenty-four seats around the throne and twenty-four elders sitting on them (Revelations 4: 4). What that suicidal fellow sufferer left behind —*niebla* *fog*— is as lethal as the book/coffin in the first stanza: it is a constant presence in *Sobre los ángeles*, hovering over each section in the title "Huésped de las nieblas" "Guest of the mists," which condemns the poet not only to confusion but, even worse, to awareness of that confusion. In that state words are both the symptoms and the cure; as they create the maze that is *Sobre los ángeles*, they are also the only exit from it. Although obtuse, the difference adduced by Fernando Vela as grounds for rejecting poems that were to be a part of *Sobre los ángeles* did signal, however unwittingly, the bewilderment inspired in many readers by a work that appears to be a composite enigma. If, as a critic has suggested, "Riddles and enigmas offer the spectator the lures and pleasures if decipherment, while demanding active participation and work in creating the text's meaning" (Mulvey 138), the spectator—or reader—has much to puzzle over, to enjoy, and to create in the poems of *Sobre los ángeles*, three of which are presented as riddles as Alberti indulges in a systematic game of redefining and renaming. The first of them, "Canción del ángel sin suerte" "Song of the Luckless Angel," heralds the definitions in the first line of each of the three stanzas—"Tú eres lo que va" "You are what goes," "Lo que va y no vuelve" "What goes and does not return," and "Lo que nadie sabe" "What nobody knows"—followed by a colon. The definitions all point to the fluid, restless nature of the *tú* *you*, who is evoked as "agua" "water," "viento" "wind," and—most disdainful and perilous of all—"tierra movediza que no habla

con nadie" "moving earth that speaks with nobody" (Alberti 1984, 85). Even more negative are the definitions that Alberti proposes for the *ángeles mohosos mouldy angels*, a category that remains an unresolved enigma when we read on to find that he defines not the angels but light, voice, body, blood, and soul:

Hubo luz que traje por hueso una almendra amarga.	A light gone wry, like a stone in an almond.
Voz que por sonido, el fleco de la lluvia cortado por un hacha.	A voice, not sound's, but the storms fringe shorn by the ax.
Alma que por cuerpo, la funda de aire de una doble espada.	Not bodily soul, but a double rapier blade in a scabbard of air.
Venas que por sangre, yel de mirra y de retama.	Nor veins to let blood, but wormwood of bracken and myrh.
Cuerpo que por alma, el vacío, nada.	And the soul of that body: vacancy, void.*

(Alberti 1984, 88)

If Alberti felt the need to define, the new definitions do not elucidate: the problem is merely displaced to a new set of words, a new terminology that restates, rather than resolves, the problem in a systematic manner that imposes order on emptiness. In her fascinating book on chaos, N. Katherine Hayles contends that "The desire to control chaos is evident in the search for ways to rationalize it" (Hayles 193); she could have had in mind Alberti's endeavours in *Sobre los ángeles* in general and in these three poems in particular. Equally systematic—and self-defeating—is the renaming he attributes to the eloquent and imaginative dawn in "El alba denominadora" "The Denominating Dawn," which essays six critical, negative metaphors only to trump them with an even more critical seventh, one that commits the name to the fate of snow melting in water:

A embestidas suaves y rosas, la madrugada te iba poniendo nombres:  
Sueño equivocado, Ángel sin salida, Mentira de lluvia en bosque.

With gentle rose-tinted charges, dawn was slowly giving you names:  
Mistaken dream, Angel with no way out, rainy Lie in a forest.

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\*This poem is translated by Ben Belitt, pp.78-79. All other lines of verse and prose fragments are translated by the editorial staff, excluding verse translations by José A. Elgorriaga & MartinPaul. Eds.

Al lindero de mi alma que recuerda los ríos,  
 indecisa, dudó, inmóvil:  
 ¿Vertida estrella, Confusa luz en llanto, Cristal sin voces?

On the edge of my soul that recalls the rivers,  
 Indecisive, it had doubts, unmoving:  
 Spiked star, Confused weeping light, voiceless Glass?

No.  
 Error de nieve en agua, tu nombre.

No.  
 Snow in water error, your name

(Alberti 1984, 129)

Here Alberti demonstrates the inexhaustible power of words to restate, redefine, rename, and, in the process, reaffirm the poet's vocation, his refusal to accept silence as a way out of his problems. The fear of muteness is one that Alberti articulates most eloquently in *Sobre los ángeles*: writing is a denial of silence, and *Sobre los ángeles* is a work of triumphant creativity that, in the context of Alberti's undoubted personal problems, is a liberation, and, in the context of his poetic trajectory, is a rebirth, an exultant display of the difference that so confounded Vela.

*Sobre los ángeles* is a glorious paradox: what appears to be a work born of despair is, through its very existence, a beacon of hope, for it stands as proof of the power of the human mind, the strength of a poetic vocation, and the durability of words. Through Alberti's poems the voices of such poets as San Juan de la Cruz, Quevedo, Bécquer, and Dante live on, as much survivors as the *ángel superviviente surviving angel*. If we identify the latter as the poet himself who emerges from the labyrinth and ends his own *vía dolorosa* "herido, alicortado" "wounded with my wings clipped" (Alberti 1984, 158), then we also have to celebrate as a resilient survivor the creative process that generated the "impregnable syllables" of *Sobre los ángeles*.

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