

TOWARDS A POETRY OF SILENCE: STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ AND JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

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Si fuese el hablar
de plata figurado,
debe ser el callar
de oro afinado.
Sem Tob.

("If speech were made of wrought silver,
silence should be pure gold.")

Stéphane Mallarmé was already thirty-five years old when Juan Ramón Jiménez was born, and his death occurred sixty years before that of the Spanish poet. Yet despite this difference in age, both poets shared in a particular epoch: one which marked and shaped the aesthetic ideal of each in singularly like manner. I refer to that era of "fin de siècle" Europe—or "fin du globe," as Oscar Wilde caused Dorian Gray dismally to observe—in which there prevailed a profoundly disturbing sense of the destructiveness of Time. Such metaphysical *Angst* is borne out in Mallarmé's poetic summary phrase: "a trembling of the Temple veil troubles my epoch." Using the same metaphor he again declares: "As the century draws to a close, we are undergoing turmoils unlike the last: rather than in the public market-place, it is a quivering of the Temple veil, with furrows of great significance and even a certain tearing."¹ The ubiquity of this feeling is confirmed when we remember that these very words were taken up by the Anglo-Irish poet, W.B. Yeats, to form the title of his autobiography, *The Trembling of the Veil*, the "Preface" to which,

written in 1922, bears witness to the continuing prevalence of this special brand of anguish. There can be little doubt that Mallarmé felt himself to be living in a terminal phase of civilization: felt therefore, too, that it was his responsibility as poet and thinker to transcend the ravages of Time and create the Work—that saving crucible of all experience. “L’Oeuvre” of Mallarmé, like “La Obra” of Juan Ramón, has for its goal the attainment of timelessness. The transcendence of Time is an aesthetic ideal which bears radically upon the nature of the Work. It is necessary here to confine myself to the study of a single aspect arising from that goal: the treatment in Juan Ramón’s “Obra” and in Stéphane Mallarmé’s “Oeuvre” of silence.

In a very beautiful metaphor, in his “Estética y ética estética,” Juan Ramón envisages his completed Work as a “House of time and silence,”² yoking together the concept of absolute Time, the timelessness of eternal Time, with the ideal of silence. But what does he mean by silence? Is it that silence which is the only recourse left in the face of the sheer inadequacy of language? The kind of silence to which Wittgenstein referred when he declared in his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, “What we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence”?³ In his *Diario poético*, Juan Ramón wrote the following: “If I had been able to develop, preserve and print my poetic work in the form, or in one of the forms I have dreamed of and thought about over so many years, through faith and through doubt, I would ultimately have presented a blank book, with the title *Unwritten Poetry*.”⁴ What emerges from this is the fact that Juan Ramón conceives of silence—the unwritten page or book—as a goal, as the desirable and proper culmination of the poetic process. Here, there is no question of that defeat suggested by Wittgenstein. For the silence to which Juan Ramón refers is the silence of perfection: a silence which does not occur *before* any attempt at expression, but which is attained as a result of and conclusion to a whole commitment to expression. His particular brand of silence will be that of the unending soundless reverberation and resonance of “the vibrant mute word, / the immanent word.”⁵ It is the kind of silence which Mallarmé likewise apprehended and which he came as close to evoking as possible, within the poetic frame. Through a technique of abolition and of negation, silence alone remains in his sonnet “Une dentelle s’abolit.” But it is a miraculous silence, for out of the vacant and dormant “mandora” issues a music whose very fabric is that same silence. Again, it is this strange silence, precious and perfect, which pervades the poem “Sainte” and from which the motionless stone figure draws her unheard melodies, that enigmatic “musician of silence.” In “La

musique et les lettres," Mallarmé expresses his own aspiration to silence: "I call for a total restoration to the impartiality of silence, so that the mind can attempt to repatriate itself; everything—shocks, slips, unlimited and unerring trajectories, rich phrasing that suddenly eludes us, delightful incompleteness, a foreshortening here, a sally there; provided there be none of the tumult of sonorities which still are capable of transfusion into dream" (*OC*, p. 649). This music, bereft of sound and rendered into silence, is none other than poetry itself, the "musician of silence" of "Sainte." That this silence is indeed transcendental, released from contingency and unfettered by the accidents of Time, is indicated by Mallarmé's frequent use of epithets such as "impartial"; "just"; "equal." Thus, for example, in "Variations sur un sujet," he says: "The evocation in deliberate shade of the tacit object, by means of words that allude but are never direct and which are themselves reduced to a similar silence, constitutes an endeavour that borders on creation" (*OC*, p. 400).

The silence to which both Juan Ramón and Mallarmé aspire is attainable only through and beyond expression, for it is situated, as it were, on the farther side of language. It is a Utopian silence. If this is not borne carefully in mind, Juan Ramón's statement that his ultimate wish was to render a blank book with the title *Unwritten Poetry*, made without either humorous or ironic intent, would border perilously on the grotesque. (Comparable, in the medium of visual art, might be the humorous invention of the avant-garde painting entitled "Charcoal in a black tunnel.") It is imperative therefore to remember that the blank book, the perfected silence, is a dream, a direction. Similarly, if the extraordinary paradox of Mallarmé is that he spent years in the mental conception of a nonexistent Book of the Universe at the expense of actual poetic achievement, it is precisely because it was this *direction* which for him most mattered. A path that led above and beyond expression to the silence of pure thought—that "threatening peak of the absolute, half-glimpsed in the gap in the clouds aloft, flashing, naked and alone: far beyond, and seemingly inaccessible to a living soul" (*OC*, p. 546). The hesitation and immobility which Mallarmé suffered in the face of his own expression of the ineffable is the penalty of the gulf interposed by reality: the reality of those "shocks" and "slips" mentioned earlier, which he sought to efface. The Utopian silence, that "all too lucid obsession," is recognized equally by Juan Ramón and by Mallarmé for what it is: an *orientation* toward the Ideal. In their single-minded pursuit of that sublime course, Stéphane Mallarmé and Juan Ramón Jiménez are outstanding among poets.

In her book *The Aesthetics of Stéphane Mallarmé in Relation to*

His Public, Paula Gilbert Lewis has pointed out that Mallarmé's desire was for a "pure, silent, and immediate communication among men where true thoughts would be neither misrepresented nor obscured by the imperfections of people and language."⁶ In "Crise de vers," Mallarmé observes: "Languages are imperfect because multiple, and the supreme language is missing: for thinking is a way of writing without accessory materials, without so much as a whisper, and with the immortal word still tacit; so the diversity of languages on earth prevents us from uttering words which otherwise would appear bearing the unique stamp of truth incarnate" (*OC*. pp. 363-364). Bearing this in mind, let us turn to a poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez. Eloquence of silence might indeed be an adequate title for the following untitled poem from *Eternidades* ("Eternities"):

She replied to me in what she did not say,
answering what I, without voicing it, said;
affirming with a no what had not been asked
in my false question.

I felt that all that was most pure
was crystallizing for me in her joyousness,
just as if that rose-drop which the stiffening dew
forms within the gentle rose itself
would supplant her forever! (*LP*, p. 660)

Me respondió en lo que no dijo, / a lo que, sin decirlo, dije, /
afirmando en un no lo no pedido / por mi pregunta falsa. / ¡Sentí
que lo más puro / se me cuajaba en su alegría, / cual si esa rosa
que el rocío yerto / hace en la rosa suave, / la suplantara para
siempre!

The first stanza is precisely concerned with the speech of silence, which is perfect communication far transcending ordinary language. How, we may ask, has Juan Ramón been able to convey such a silence when words alone, indicative of sound and utterance, are at his disposal for the task? He has achieved it by that same process of abolition through negation which I have already alluded to in Mallarmé. The "not-ness" of the reply "she replied to me in what she did *not* say"; the "not-ness" of the ensuing line: "answering what I, *without* voicing it, said"; the "not-ness" of the affirmative "affirming with a *no*" to the "not-ness" of the request: "what had *not* been

asked”: all these are positive communicating strands interwoven and comprehended by the two interlocutors, and they are authentic. In fact they are more perfectly so than their vocal utterance could ever be. The full realization of this truth is brought out only at the very end of the stanza, with the brilliant introduction and positioning of the adjective “false.” The significance of this word is that it throws into relief the fact that throughout the entire non-conversation, the sole pronouncement lacking in authenticity is the one which has actually been given utterance: the verbally articulated “question” which evidently initiated this silent intercourse. Thus the falsity of language as communication is denounced, by contrast with the absolute integrity and truth of the speech of silence. The perfect eloquence of the unsaid is then, in the second stanza, translated on to the plane of pure aesthetics and sensorial Beauty, incarnate in the symbol of the rose.

Mallarmé recognizes a dual condition in the word, “raw or immediate here, essential there” (*OC*, p. 368). The raw word “refers to the reality of things,” and narration and description present things before us; whereas the essential word, which is pure suggestivity, causes them to retreat, to disappear. The apprehension of things in and through their absence is the privilege of thought, and so for Mallarmé the pure word is thought. In his poem “Nada,” Juan Ramón declares: “Against your abandonment I oppose the lofty/tower of my divine thought;,” and closes with the line: “. . . and I am but my thought alone!” (*LP*, p. 19). For Juan Ramón, thought seeks the purity of flame, and in “Beauty” he refers to his Work, the creative Thought par excellence, in these terms:

How pure fire is when it's in action
 —oh, heart, iron, Work!—
 How clear its flames emerge
 out of the red and black toil!
 With what joyous beauty it preens itself
 with its tongues of spirit
 in the air it has made transparent
 —oh, heart, Work, iron!—
 after the battle and the victory! (*LP*, p. 1011)

¡Qué puro el fuego cuando se ejercita / —¡corazón, hierro,
 Obra!— / ¡Cómo salen de claras / sus llamas, del trabajo rojo y
 negro! / ¡Con qué alegre belleza se relame / con sus lenguas de
 espíritu, / en el aire por él transparentado / —¡corazón, Obra,
 hierro!—, / después de la pelea y la victoria!

The poetic language is the silent language of thought and the idea, the Mallarméan “pure notion,” becomes the poet’s sole concern, since it is that which liberates things from their material contingency. Poetry, “bordering idea,” inclines to silence. “Speech for Mallarmé, has no reference to the reality of things other than commercially” (*OC*, p. 366), and it is his lifelong endeavour to find himself “face to face with the Ineffable or the Pure, wordless poetry” (*OC*, p. 389). It is this realm of the ineffable which is sought by Juan Ramón Jiménez too, a realm in which the voice of man is at its most naked, freed from practical—and partial—meaning. For Juan Ramón, the poetic concept of “purification” offers a means to that ultimate goal. The expression of the ineffable requires a perfect transparency, a luminous clarity, in the word; and this can be achieved only by the strict eradication of all that is superfluous. “Let us cultivate above all the desire to reject,” he declares in his “*Estética y ética estética*.” The same necessity to whittle away and purge is experienced by Mallarmé in the attempt to render the silence of the ineffable: words must be “as it were, dissected, reduced to their bones and sinews, abstracted from their ordinary life.” He too writes by expunging, and his statement “It is only through elimination that I have created my work” might no less have been pronounced by Juan Ramón.

It could be argued that Juan Ramón’s desire to attain the silence of a blank book is none other than a recognition of the finite nature of the printed word and the voicing of his fear of the destructive interference of worldly temporality and the dangers of misinterpretation by posterity. Or indeed it may be that he is contemplating the destruction of thought itself, symbolized in the intuition of the possible death of his Work:

You, thus fashioned by my passionate life,
created a diamond unto yourself;
you, perfected through so much dreaming,
like a star through the centuries . . .
How pallid a thought it is that you, O beautiful work,
must die just as a star dies
through the weight of centuries . . . !

Tú, así labrada con mi vida ardiente / hecha diamante para ti;
/ tú, con tanto soñar perfeccionada, / como una estrella por los
siglos . . . / ¡Qué pálido pensar que tú, obra bella, / te has de
morir, lo mismo / que se muere de siglos una estrella . . . !

Ultimately, however, silence is for Juan Ramón a transcendence of language, a triumphant state, reached only after apprenticeship and mastery of the word. It is that “wordless speech” sought by Mallarmé. Not silence itself, but the articulation of silence in Eternity. The following poem, the first of the collection called *Belleza*, answers the poet’s own fears of the finite character of the Work and is a reassuring affirmation that, veritably, the Work will be that “Casa de tiempo y de silencio” which Juan Ramón desired:

I know that my Work is the same
as a painting in the air;
that the gale of time
will efface it all,
as if it were perfume or music
that all that will remain of it
—yes wrecked amid no’s—
in the great solar silence,
will be the ignorance of the moon.

No, no; one day my Work
—effaced—immense existence,
will be an awakening virtue;
it will be, like the primordial sun,
an impossible beautiful norm;
an infinity of struggling jealousy,
a mine of sublime secret. . . .
My mortal flower immortal
queen of today’s air! (*LP*, p. 985)

Sé que mi Obra es lo mismo / que una pintura en el aire; / que
el vendaval de los tiempos / la borrará toda, como / si fuese
perfume o música; / que quedará sólo de ella / —sí arruinada en
nóes— / al gran silencio solar, / la ignorancia de la luna. / —No,
no; ella, un día, será / —borrada—existencia inmensa, /
desveladora virtud; / será, como el antesol, / imposible norma
bella; / sinfín de angustioso afán, / mina de escelso secreto. . . /
¡Mortal flor mía inmortal / reina del aire de hoy!

That “hoy” is the today of Eternity.

The concept of the relation of space and silence is realized by Mallarmé in “Un coup de dés,” where the distribution of the printed

text allows the blank paper to intervene in such a way that phrases fade into its whiteness as sound into silence. This physical structure, visible to the eye, of a language of silence spatially oriented, is first and foremost intellectual. For the importance which Mallarmé accords to these “blancs” or spaces between word-groups is, as he himself puts it, because “the intellectual framework of the poem is concealed and abides—takes place—within the space which isolates the stanzas and amid the blank parts of the paper: a significant silence, the composition of which is no less fine a thing than that of the lines of verse” (*OC*, p. 872). The measure of the silent text of “Un coup de dés” is taken by Paul Valéry when he compared it with the “text of the silent universe.” And again: “He has attempted, I thought, to elevate a page at last to the power of the starry sky.”⁷ There is no question that Juan Ramón too fully apprehended both the aspiration behind “Un coup de dés” and its significance. In the notes for the course on *Modernismo* which he gave in 1953, he refers to the French poet as follows: “Mallarmé wrote: ‘a throw of dice will never abolish chance.’ Accompanying Valéry (he said to him) ‘I should like to do a book that resembled the stars in the firmament.’ Abstract idea. Poetry can reside within a poet’s head (without need of being written down) like (the stars and) constellations (in the firmament). Cosmic idea.”⁸ Or as he expresses it in terms of his own similar experience, in a poem which concludes *Piedra y cielo* (“Stone and Sky”):

I should like my book
to be, like the sky at night,
all present truth, without history.

That, like the sky, it should bestow itself at every instant,
with all its stars . . .
Tremor, dazzle, music
present and total!
Tremor, dazzle, music—sky of the heart—
on the brow of the pure book! (*LP*, p. 828)

¡Quisiera que mi libro / fuese, como es el cielo por la noche, /
todo verdad presente, sin historia. / Que, como él, se diera en
cada instante, / todo, con todas sus estrellas . . . / ¡Temblor,
relumbre, música / presentes y totales! / ¡Temblor, relumbre,
música en la frente / —cielo del corazón—del libro puro!

It is in his own “Ciudad del cielo,” in a night (“brilliant / with pristine purity”) that Juan Ramón detects the “total deep-green murmur, / around the immortal absence” (*LP*, p. 1145). Indeed, for both poets there is an intrinsically spatial quality about the silence of absolute poetry. If Mallarmé speaks of the opulent silence between words, as if to give it geographic location, or coaxes that audible silence out of the terrain of absence, no less does Juan Ramón relate the sounding silence of perfection and of mystery to remote places, stressing absence and distance as its hallmark. The adjective “distant” and the adverb “afar” recur time and time again; the stars “up there in the sky, / distantly converse”⁹ and “That which weeps . . . / weeps way beyond, in the sea; / weeps way beyond, in the dawn/.”¹⁰ As the critic Fernand Verhesen has pointed out, it is the interior space of the poetic word which reflects and accords with the dimensions of the cosmos: “More than the spoken words, which could close in upon themselves the poet’s world, it is that sound of caravans which matters, broadening the space in which the word really belongs solely to the uttered silence, the sonorous bridge which spans from one soul to another situated somewhere in the world where nothing *except this interchange of interior resonances can find a place.*”¹¹ The reference here is to a poem from the 1912 collection entitled *Pureza*, the central part of which reads:

It is like an immanence
of something infinite and agitated,
which, though it comes from very far afield, already can be
heard
weeping, laughing—nascent—, at our side . . .
The pensive unawareness
of a remote murmur of caravans,
heard upon earth by some affrighted
sentinel . . . Words now close,
now distant. . . .

Es cual una inminencia / de algo infinito y trastornado, / que,
aunque viene muy lejos, ya se siente / llorar, reír —nacer—, a
nuestro lado. . . / Pensativa inconciencia / de un remoto rumor
de caravanas, / que sobre tierra oyera amedrentado / cen-
tinela . . . Palabras ya cercanas, / ya lejanas¹²

It is out of the absence of things that Mallarmé evokes their essential definition: “I say: a flower! and out of the oblivion to which my voice

consigns all floral contour, something different from the familiar calyces arises: the musical emergence of the sweet ideal essence itself, the one flower which is missing from all bouquets" (*OC*, p. 368). And it is out of the silence and the void that he conjures the sound of the poetic word. The sonnet "Ses purs ongles" is a fine illustration. In its prose version rendered by C.F. MacIntyre, it reads:

Her pure nails very high dedicating their onyx, Anguish, this midnight, supports a torch where burns many a vesperal dream consumed by the Phoenix which is not collected in the cinereal urn on the credenzas, in the bare room: no ptyx, abolished bibelot empty and sonorous (for the Master has gone to draw tears from the Styx with the sole object by which the Nothing is honored). But near the window upon the north a gold is dying perhaps in the décor of unicorns kicking a fire at a nixie, who, defunct and nude in the mirror, as yet in the oblivion bound by the frame, is fixed of scintillations forthwith the septet. (*OC*, pp. 68–9)¹³

Ses purs ongles très haut dédiant leur onyx, / L'Angoisse, ce minuit, soutient, lampadophore, / Maint rêve vespéral brûlé par le Phénix / Que ne recueille pas de cinéraire amphore / Sur les crédences, au salon vide: nul ptyx, / Aboli bibelot d'inanité sonore, / (Car le Maître est allé puiser des pleurs au Styx / Avec ce seul objet dont le Néant s'honore). / Mais proche la croisée au nord vacante, un or / Agonise selon peut-être le décor / Des licornes ruant du feu contre une nixe, / Elle, défunte nue en le miroir, encor / Que, dans l'oubli fermé par le cadre, se fixe / De scintillations sitôt le septuor.

The absent seashell, doubly non-existent for it is both "not there" and "abolished," is a silent void, a "vacuous object." Yet mysteriously it is a sonorous hollow, its resonance parallel to the utterance of the poet whereby the void of the universe is overcome. This sound issuing out of the silent emptiness is evoked by Mallarmé through the internal interplay of words: a technique to which he alludes in "Variations sur un sujet": "The pure work implies the disappearance of the poet's own utterance, which instead yields the initiative to the words, through the collision of their activated unevenness; they light one another up with reciprocal reflections like a virtual trail of fire over precious stones, replacing the perceptible breath with the lyric inspiration of old or the rapturous personal course of the sentence" (*OC*, p. 366). If we take the second stanza of the sonnet as an example, this kind of reciprocal

echoing can be seen at work between the first and second lines, in which “abolished” reflects “not there,” “vacuous object” reflects “bare”, and “bibelot” reflects “ptyx.” Again there is mutual interaction between the fourth and second lines of this same stanza: “sole object” echoes “abolished bibelot,” “Nothing” doubles with “vacuous object,” and “s’honore” reflects “sonore” through the parallel of shell and poet. The echo both of rhyme and meaning creates this taut network. The rare structural rhyme pattern of the sonnet too, with its interplay of masculine and feminine endings: “yx—ore,” “or—ixe,” evokes a certain audibility amid the silence. It is that “internal mirage of the words themselves” of which Mallarmé spoke in his 1868 letter to Henri Cazalis which achieves the effect. Each word reflects and resumes a preceding one while simultaneously heralding a successor; each line mirrors a former line. Thus the sonnet in its entirety is a system of oscillations, now back, now forward. Out of the void of “a night composed of absence,” as Mallarmé himself described this sonnet, emerges the vibrancy of the poetic word.

Returning to Juan Ramón, I think it important to remember the title which he gave to his 1908 collection of poems, namely *La soledad sonora*. For San Juan de la Cruz, in his *Cántico espiritual*, the immanent music that inhabits silence (“la música callada” [“the tacit music”]) and the immanent sound within the heart of solitude (“la soledad sonora”) are attributes of the “Amado,” the Godhead. Juan Ramón adopted this expression of the Divine in order to express his own—profane—conception of the silent ineffable. In his dedicatory poem he addresses solitude thus:

May your sonorous heart beat, in a dream,
upon my heart thirsting after ideals;
let my word be the golden word
of your inexhaustible pure springs! (*PLP*, p. 903)

¡Qué latiera, en un sueño, tu corazón sonoro / sobre mi corazón
sediento de ideales; / que mi palabra fuese la palabra de oro / de
tus inagotables y puros manantiales!

The golden word is the ideal word, the word of silence which is perfect expression. And so the exhortation to a wordless purity rings out:

Oh my song,
sing, before you ever sing:
grant to him who looks at you before he ever reads you,

your emotion and your grace;
flow forth from yourself, fresh and fragrant! (*LP*, p. 697)

¡Canción mía, / canta, antes de cantar; / da a quien te mire antes
de leerte, / tu emoción y tu gracia; / emánate de ti, fresca y
fragante!

It is of course an impossibility. In a letter to Luis Cernuda written from Washington, D.C. in July 1943, Juan Ramón speaks of his ideal, and it is noteworthy that he does so in terms of a cherished dream: "I believe that in the composition of poetry, as in painting or music, the subject matter is rhetoric, and it is 'the remainder' which is poetry. My dream has always been to become increasingly a poet of 'the remainder,' to the point of reaching a day when I no longer write. Writing is no more than the preparation for not writing, the preparation for the poetic, intellectual or sensitive state of grace. For one to be poetry itself, not poet."¹⁴ The nearest approximation to that silence of the ineffable forever remains "a mystery of babbled bits," the tentativeness of a stammer. But indeed, it is ironically at this very point, when the word becomes impotent to express the poet's feelings, that the poet is actually in possession of something worthy of revelation to other men. With great conviction this has been stated by Ramón del Valle-Inclán: "How paltry, how clumsy, how awkward our stammering is, to express this delight of the ineffable. . . . There is something which will remain eternally impenetrable and impossible as far as words are concerned!" And yet arrival at this recognition of the failure of words is a vital and requisite stage in the poetic process for, as he continues, "such aridity is the starting-point of the state of grace."¹⁵ It is another way of expressing what Juan Ramón implies in his enigmatic avowal that writing is but the preparation for the state of poetic grace.

What ultimately bears witness to the success of a poet in nearing that state is—paradoxically of course—the written evidence. In Mallarmé we have a very small corpus of poetic work compared with the vast canon of Juan Ramón (the sheer volume of which makes for a manifest sense of irony in discussing "silence" in a writer so prolific.) It is the "ultracelestial unique melodies" emerging from Mallarmé's "divine secret of silence" that Rubén Darío singles out in his tribute written on the poet's death. And it is significantly with these words that the Nicaraguan closes his homage: "behold the comprehending Swan trace a new sign upon the lake swathed in silence."¹⁶ It is doubtful that Juan Ramón underwent direct influence from Mallarmé

or from the example of that “enigmatic alphabet of pure poetry” which he attributed to him.¹⁷ But that he understood and appreciated the direction of his endeavour is unquestionable, and the written evidence of Juan Ramón’s own great “Obra” confirms his continued advance toward the golden silence.

NOTES

1. Stéphane Mallarmé, “Variations sur un sujet”, *Oeuvres complètes*, comp. Henri Mondor and G. Jean-Aubry (Paris: Gallimard, 1945), p. 360. Future references to this edition are abbreviated *OC*. Unless otherwise indicated, all translations are mine.

2. Juan Ramón Jiménez, “Estética y ética estética,” “Ideología lírica,” *Páginas escogidas; prosa*, selected by Ricardo Gullón (Madrid: Gredos, 1970), p. 147. This metaphor may evoke for some readers Juan Ramón’s neurosis about noise and the famous cork-lined study; but such matters are not here my concern.

3. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, German text with translation by D.F. Pears and B.F. McGuinness; introd. Bertrand Russell (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1961), p. 151.

4. Juan Ramón Jiménez, *Diario poético, 1936–1937 (fragmentos)*, *Poética*, I, (number dedicated to Juan Ramón Jiménez), La Plata, 1943.

5. Juan Ramón Jiménez, “Poeta y palabra,” *La estación total, Libros de poesía*, comp. Agustín Caballero (Madrid: Aguilar, 1972), pp. 1171–72. Future references to this edition are abbreviated *LP*.

6. (London: Associated University Presses, 1976), p. 169.

7. Paul Valéry, “Le coup de dés,” *Variété II* (Paris: Gallimard, 1930), p. 181.

8. Juan Ramón Jiménez, *El modernismo, notas de un curso (1953)*, ed. R. Gullón y Eugenio Fernández Méndez (Madrid-México-Buenos Aires: Aguilar, 1962), p. 94.

9. Juan Ramón Jiménez, *Pastorales, Primeros libros de poesía*, comp. Francisco Garfias (Madrid: Aguilar, 1973), pp. 549–50.

10. *Ibid.*, pp. 543–44. Future reference to this edition is included in the text in the abbreviated form *PLP*.

11. Fernand Verhesen, “Tiempo y espacio en la obra de Juan Ramón Jiménez,” *La Torre*, V, núms. 19–20, julio-diciembre 1957, p. 103. Italics in the original.

12. Juan Ramón Jiménez, *Tercera antología poética*, comp. Eugenio Florit (Madrid: Editorial Biblioteca Nueva, 1970), pp. 381–82.

13. My analysis of this sonnet is based on the exegesis by E. Noulet in *Vingt poèmes*

- de Stéphane Mallarmé (Genève: Librairie Droz, 1967), pp. 177–92. For the translation (here rendered in prose sequence) see C.F. MacIntyre, *Stéphane Mallarmé, Selected Poems* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: Univ. of California Press, 1957), p. 85.
14. *La corriente infinita (Crítica y evocación)*, ed. F. Garfías (Madrid: Aguilar, 1961), p. 177.
15. *La lámpara maravillosa, Obras completas* (Madrid: Editorial Rúa Nova, 1944), I, p. 780.
16. “Stéphane Mallarmé,” *El mercurio de América*, Buenos Aires, Oct. 1898.
17. Letter to Alfonso Reyes, Nov. 11, 1923. In Alfonso Reyes, *Mallarmé entre nosotros* (México: Ediciones Tezontle, 1955), p. 31.