

**“The Coward Surrealists”:  
Pound and the Death of García Lorca**

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*That one poet should be indifferent to the assassination of another presents a puzzle. Pound did know about Lorca's death but refrained from public statement. By the mid 30's he had come to disdain Spanish literature and to scorn French surrealist poetry. He was working closely with Juan Ramón Masoliver (1910-1997), Rapallo's resident expert on all things Surrealist but politically pro-Franco. After the War, Masoliver's attitude changed. Pound's may have also.*

That one poet should be indifferent to the assassination of another is something of an enigma and worth pondering. It is but one of several puzzles concerning Pound's state of mind in the 1930s, as his Modernist privileging of “hardness” evolves from an aesthetic theory into a social one – or perhaps a theory in defense of a social practice – and his enthusiasm for what he took to be Italian Fascism's support of the arts darkened and petrified into a compartmentalized, paranoid mindset that would make many people, then and later, question his sanity. In this development, his indifference toward the assassination of Federico García Lorca, an event which took place in August of 1936, is of more than casual interest.

It should be noted first that Pound saw Lorca as a Surrealist poet – rather than as a dramatist, a ballad writer, or a folklorist, for that is how his Catalan colleague Juan Ramón Masoliver (1910-1997) saw him. Long before, Pound had lost interest in Spain, and by 1936 what he knew and thought about contemporary Spanish poets came largely from Masoliver. Pound's indifference did not reflect an evaluation of Lorca's work, for he had almost certainly not read any substantial amount of it and probably none at all. It reflected his personal attitude toward Spain, and toward Surrealist poetry as he had encountered it among the French; and to a lesser extent it reflected Lorca's reception in Italy.

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To summarize some well-known episodes, Pound's knowledge of Spanish language and literature dates from his university years. Two major indications show that this was a genuine enthusiasm: his summer in Spain in 1906 studying the manuscripts of Lope de Vega, and the chapters on Lope and the *Poema del Cid* in *The Spirit of Romance*. Since Pound's judgments are so often influenced by his friendships, it should be noted that one important friendship dates from the summer in Spain but only one. Padre José Elizondo helped him gain access to libraries and is mentioned in *The Spirit of Romance*, *Guide to Kulchur*, and Canto 77, and he is quoted in Canto 81 ("Hay aqui much catolicismo... y muy poco reliHion"). The chapter on El Cid is noteworthy for the way Pound evaluates the poem above the *Chanson de Roland* (66), a judgment he never altered, for El Cid becomes an important figure in *The Cantos* and Roland does not get mentioned except as an aside in the delirium of Niccolò d'Este in Canto 20. In 1906, Pound's enthusiasm for El Cid takes him to Burgos, whose cathedral he rates above Nôtre Dame and which becomes the subject of one of his earliest magazine publications, and beyond Burgos he follows El Cid's trail across Soria to the medieval city of Medinaceli, a magic spot which will return at the end of this essay.

A cooling of the romance with Spain occurs between 1906 and 1916. No dramatic events account for it – it may be largely a shift in interest. When he leaves the U.S. again in 1910, he goes to London and Paris, and to Italy, but not to Spain. The subsequent years are those in which he establishes himself in London, and Spain has dropped from his mental map. By 1916 his evaluation of Spain has reached a nadir, as he writes to Alice Corbin Henderson, "Spanish next to nothing since the Poema del Cid" (151). And in the same year, in a letter to Iris Barry: "Spain has one good modern novelist, Galdos. Nothing else".

The advent of the Civil War in July of 1936 brought Pound's attention back to Spain; only now that attention would be determined by his conversion to economics. Poundians all know that in June of 1937 Nancy Cunard and the *Left Review* sent a questionnaire to 148 English language authors asking whether they were for or against the legal government and the people of the Spanish Republic, and that

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only 5 declared for Franco, with 15, including Pound, Eliot and H. G. Wells, declaring themselves indifferent, while everyone else expressed themselves in favor of the Spanish Republic (Hamilton 259). Less widely known is Pound's precise answer in the letter he wrote Cunard and which she published in December in *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*. The survey clearly had made him angry: "Questionnaire an escape mechanism for young fools who are too cowardly to think; too lazy to investigate the nature of money... Spain is an emotional luxury to a gang of sap-headed dilettantes" (in Carpenter 554).

Less known still is the personal letter he sent Cunard:

...I think your gang are all diarhea [sic]. For 15 years I have been telling people to look at the ROOT. Stalin is a gorilla, too stupid to look at money, R [?] Trotsk[y] is not a jew but a kike, a slihtery [sic] mess/... Spain is one barbarism and Russia another... Spain is a nuisance [sic]... Not one of these young squirts knows a damn thing of the fight going on in Italy... No darling, it is ALL bloody tosh. Kikes financing both sides. (Wilhelm 124)

In this diatribe is announced Pound's stock response to Spain throughout the thirties. The war is not about any political principle but about profits – those that munition makers and arms dealers make by supplying both sides and big banks make from financing the whole conflagration. And a war in Spain cannot matter because "Spain is a barbarism" (*Kulchur* 132), "Europe ends with the Pyrenees" ("Race", *Poetry and Prose* 7.103), and wars fought outside Europe are of no interest. One also notes the presence of the word "cowardly" in his first response. It would be useful to know where Pound first picks up this term of abuse. Whatever its provenance, we recognize the coded, obscurantist language of Fascist machismo, for of the group Pound attacks many go to fight for the Republic, while the poet sits safe at home.

The heart of the Pound-Lorca matter is to be found in the pages of a short-lived review, and the nearest thing to an "encounter" between Pound and Lorca is to be found in its pages, where both appear in the same issue. *Contemporary Poetry and Prose* began in

anticipation of the London International Surrealist Exhibition, which was held from June 11 to July 4, 1936. Its editor was the nineteen year-old Roger Roughton, who would die a suicide in Ireland in 1941. It promoted Surrealism and Marxism, providing a vehicle for translations, a showcase for new English writers, and a platform for revolutionary purposes. The translations are largely from the French, done by the youthful David Gascoyne, also nineteen. The French-language artists included: Bréton, Buñuel, Eluard, Dalí, Péret, Saint-John Perse. Writing in English, George Barker, E.E. Cummings (a frequent contributor), William Empson, David Gascoyne, Roger Roughton, and Dylan Thomas. Spanish is represented by Rafael Alberti, Picasso, and Lorca, and Russian by the lone figure of Isaac Babel, who has three short stories in the year's run.

The occasion of Pound's letter was Roughton's lead article in the August-September 1936 issue, "Surrealism and Communism", which quotes the *International Surrealist Bulletin* to the effect that "the movement of our government towards Fascism threatens to put a stop to all creative activity". This is exactly the opposite of Pound's take on Fascism, or at least on Italian Fascism (but note that *Contemporary Poetry and Prose* does not discriminate among fascisms, whether German, Italian, or Spanish). Roughton's main argument is that surrealists and communists should not adulterate "the revolutionary essence" of Communism. Surrealists should help "to establish a broad United Front and not delude themselves [...] into imagining that there is any revolutionary part to be played outside the United Front". This delusion, he says, "has been quashed [...] by the example of the Spanish civil war". Thus, no quarrel between surrealism and communism (*Contemporary Poetry and Prose* 1.75).

Pound's letter in response is a typical performance for these years, a period in which his apparent hostility toward Surrealism had provoked such wonder that he had to explain himself. In a 1931 essay called "After Election", he did so in these terms: "I am pro-Cocteau for the lucidity of his prose. I am pro-Picabia for the lucidity of his mind. I am pro-Brancusi, I see little else in sculpture now making. I am provisionally pro-Surrealist [...] Naturally, at my age, I think I could have brought up most of these young men better than

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they have been brought up, but when I look at their elders, the French literati of my own age, I am damn well pro-Surrealist and nothing they do causes me any regret or astonishment” (*Poetry and Prose* 5.268). This balanced viewpoint does not appear in his response to Roughton. The first three paragraphs of his reply are boilerplate, bolting into place his reflex argument that surrealism is nothing new and that surrealists do not know their ancestry. It does not directly speak to Roughton’s argument.

His second point responds to Roughton’s call for Surrealists to break down “irrational bourgeois-taught prejudices”, thus preparing the mental ground for “revolutionary thought and action”. Pound states that “the simple practice of using WORDS with clear and unequivocal meaning will blast all the London Schools of economics; history or other bourgeois dribble; without any -isms being needed as hypodermic” (*Contemporary Poetry and Prose* 1.136). This reply not only mixes its metaphors, it is a bit out of focus, for Roughton has said nothing about economics, London School or otherwise.

Pound’s third point employs what first-year rhetoric textbooks call a slippery slide. Having said the surrealists are not using language clearly, he next says they are “evading” clear language. Having said they are evading it, he accuses them of “flight from” it, which leads to the charge of “intellectual timidity” and thus the epithet “coward”. Pound concludes: “The intellectual timidity of the pseudolutionists gives me a pain in the neck”.

*Pseudolutionists* is a clever porte-manteau, combing “pseudo-revolutionists” and “diluters” (second-rank artists), but that’s the best that can be said of Pound’s letter. All in all, this is not an impressive performance on Uncle Ez’s part (Roughton called him a “great uncle of modern English poetry”), and the 19-year-old editor has little trouble parrying him.

Roughton’s reply, called “Eyewash, Do You?”, wittily turns the bite back against the biter, and it is more apropos than he could know, because for years Pound’s favorite euphemism for “hogwash” has been “eyewash”. Roughton has no trouble demolishing Uncle Ez’s arguments. The first – the notion of surrealists not knowing their history – is a straw horse. No surrealist has ever denied that

“surrealism as an unconscious element has existed since prehistory”, he states. “No surrealist has ever denied this and Mr. Pound’s bellicose attitude is incomprehensible”. Roughton’s words hit the mark. Pound’s letter is angry and aggressive, and from the contents of the letter the reader can have no idea why. Thus, “bellicose” and “incomprehensible”.

Pound’s second point, about the power of accurate terminology to break down prejudice, fares no better. Roughton simply points out that it is not true, and his example is the Communist Manifesto – a classic of clear and incisive language that is not known to have conquered any bourgeois prejudices. Then the biter gets severely bitten as Roughton calls attention to Pound’s use of such “picturesque economic phraseology” as “Communization of product”, which leads to Roughton’s final bite: “the ‘pseudolutionists’ are rather to be found among the ex-patriate admirers of fascism and capitalist quackery”. Touché.

For the purposes of the present essay, the importance of this exchange is that this November issue with Pound’s letter is a special Lorca issue commemorating his death. To understand the significance of this date requires a backward glance at the press coverage of the assassination. The assassination took place on August 18th or 19th, but the relevant facts were not learned right away, even in the Spanish press. First Lorca was reported missing, then reported dead. It was September 8th before a Spanish paper called his death an assassination. The *London Times* carried its first story on September 12, with followups on the 14th and 23rd and on October 5. By some means, word of the assassination reached Roughton and his associates in time for them to add a half-page article called “Fascism Murders Art” to the October number and then to collect mss. in order to make the November number predominantly a lament for Lorca and a denunciation of the political forces behind his murder. Thus, by a twist of fate Pound’s angry letter finds itself sandwiched between a two-page “Declaration on Spain” and an excerpt from the *Times Literary Supplement* giving details of Lorca’s death.

The editorial, “Fascism Murders Art”, gets the date wrong but the gist right: “In Granada early in September [*sic*: it was mid-

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August] the fascists murdered Federico García Lorca, Spain's greatest modern poet. Lorca was not a communist or a socialist and took no active part in politics, but he was admired throughout democratic Spain, so fascism reached for its Browning". The Browning, of course, a reference to the famous (often misquoted) line in Hanns Johst's 1933 play, "When I hear the word Culture I reach for my Browning". The editors note that about the same time as the murder, the democratic Spanish government appointed Picasso director of the Prado. This juxtaposition would have stung Pound, had he read it. Not penetrated his mental armor, for that was impossible, but he did know about Picasso's appointment, for he mentions it in the same letter to Odon Por in which he makes his one written reference to Lorca.

The beginning of the November issue is taken up with four poems by Lorca, all of them anticipations of death, two of them sections from his great "Lament for Sanchez Mejías", the bullfighter (and writer) who was killed almost exactly two years before Lorca, lines which in retrospect seem like a foreboding of the poet's own death, ripped apart by the horns of a brute political force.

The "Declaration on Spain" is a two-page spread set up like a poster to be displayed, the headlines large as those of a newspaper's front page. It opens by invoking "the appalling mental and physical suffering that the Spanish Civil War" is bringing about, and declares "certain gains to humanity" that will remain, whatever the outcome of the war. They are five things that "no one can continue to believe...", including (3) "that Fascism is a merely national phenomenon"; and (4) that Fascism cares for or respects what is best in humanity, for they have assassinated "the foremost modern poet of Spain". In conclusion, the editors support the popular demand that the ban on the export of arms to the Spanish Government be lifted.

This declaration precedes Pound's letter. It is followed by Prof. J. B. Trend's letter from the *Times Literary Supplement* for October 17, which gives some recently learned details of the assassination, including the fact that the "poet's books were publicly burnt in the Plaza del Carmen as a new *auto-da-fé*". One wonders how Pound would have felt if he read this report. What sort of artistic renaissance was going to be created by a government that killed a

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poet and burned his books? But there is little reason to think he saw the issue of *Contemporary Poetry and Prose* which carried his letter and the pro-Lorca documents just mentioned. It is highly unlikely that he subscribed to the review, nor was there anyone in Rapallo who was likely to have been a subscriber. Probably he had received the August-September number as a compliment from the editors, perhaps with a prod from Cummings, who was a frequent contributor. Cummings had met Roughton and he mentions him in a letter to Pound, but this was before Roughton started the review, and in the published Pound-Cummings letters there is no reference to the magazine. It is conceivable that Cummings might also have sent Pound the November issue that carried his letter, but it is at least as probable that he did not because the issue was devoted to Lorca and Cummings seems to have known or cared nothing about Lorca.

But even if by some fluke we imagine Pound seeing the November number with its laments for Lorca, we cannot imagine him being much affected by it. Since the press in England, according to him, was a mass of putrefaction, this would have been only more of its rot. Pound would not have known Lorca's work, but would he have known his name? Almost certainly. The Italian reception of Lorca was quite positive and started as early as 1928. Before Mussolini invaded Abyssinia, Lorca had been planning a trip to Italy, encouraged by the favorable response of Italian critics to his drama (Gibson 413-18). And Pound's close associate Juan Ramón Masoliver was an expert on Surrealism and closely connected to Surrealist circles in Spain.

During the years 1931-1933 Masoliver worked closely with Pound on the Genova magazine *L'Indice* and on its continuation in the *Supplemento Letterario*, the literary supplement to *Il Mare*, the Rapallo newspaper. Masoliver was a generation younger than Pound, but he had entered the avant-garde early. A cousin of Luis Buñuel and a friend of Salvador Dalì, he had been part of the thriving Catalan avant-garde, and at the age of twenty one of the founders of the Surrealist review *Hélix*. In Paris in 1930 he knew Bréton, Eluard, Péret and others – the Surrealists he wrote about in *L'Indice* ("A toute épreuve", *Supplemento* 162-63). In Paris, through Nancy Cunard, he met James Joyce, who gave him a note of introduction to



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carry to Pound in Rapallo.

Masoliver's work in the *Supplemento* carries over from *L'Indice*, to which he was a late comer. To *L'Indice: Almanacco* of 1932, the special issue which marked the demise of the review, he contributed an anthology of the generation of 1927: Jorge Guillén, Rafael Alberti, Luis Cernuda, and Manuel Altolaguirre, the first appearance of these poets in Italian. Masoliver's *Supplemento* articles reflect his close involvement with Spanish poetry and Surrealism, throwing an interesting sidelight on Pound's coolness toward the latter movement. That Pound accepted Masoliver's judgment is suggested by the way he is cited as an authority in *Guide to Kulchur*, where the index lists him under "M" as "Masoliver, R., surrealist". Even before leaving Barcelona, Masoliver's attitude toward Surrealist poetry had been highly critical. A 1930 essay entitled "Hipocresía del surrealismo en España" insisted that Spain's only Surrealists were Dalí and Buñuel because the writers were mere reflections of the achievement in painting and film (*Perfil de Sombras* 22ff.), and this critical skepticism is reflected in the pages of the *Supplement*.

For Masoliver, Juan Ramón Jiménez is "the only master" (35), the source of everything important in contemporary Spanish poetry. In his brief anthology of the Generation of '27 in the 1932 *Almanacco* he had allotted three poems to Jiménez compared to the other poets' one each, claiming that "the exquisite poet Juan Ramón Jiménez, who renews the great lyrical tradition of the Golden Age", is "their Master". In *The Supplement*, he renews this claim on two occasions, and he prints a collection of pithy statements from Jiménez' poetics, entitling it "Aesthetics and the Ethics of Aesthetics". Jiménez' poetics is distant from Pound's, but Masoliver's loyalty to Jiménez nonetheless helps us understand why of all the poets of Spain's second Golden Age, the generations of 1898 and 1927, only Jiménez interested Pound, as Pound's loyalty to friends again shaped his critical discernment.

Jiménez and Pound's encounter at St. Elizabeths Hospital is well known but a summary may not be out of place. The story is told by Michael Reck, and begins before Reck as a recent Harvard graduate had gone to St. Elizabeths to meet Pound:

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When Jiménez was professor of Spanish Literature at Maryland University he visited Pound at Saint Elizabeths several times—a gentleman near sixty with a trim black beard and burning eyes, dignified and noble in manner. Mrs. Pound told me some years later: “He was something very fine. I think I had not seen anything quite so *fine* before.” At Saint Elizabeths Pound and Jiménez conversed in Spanish. “You are an exile *from* your country; I am an exile *in* my country”, Pound told him. (84)

The poets did not necessarily find themselves in agreement. Reck quotes Mrs. Jiménez: “Mr. Pound always talked as if we agreed with his political views. Often we did not”. As Reck comments, “Jiménez, an exile from Franco’s Spain, was not likely [...] to sympathize with praise of Mussolini” (122). Later, after Jiménez had moved to Puerto Rico, Reck traveled to meet him, bearing a minimalist note from Pound (reproduced as the frontispiece to Reck’s biography): “J. R. Jimenez. This is M. Reck. Ezra Pound”.

But, sad to say, that noble Spanish poet was by then victim of a madness worse than Pound’s, and quite different—if Pound was indeed mad. He suffered from melancholia, and stayed at home with the shades drawn. So the note was never presented. I chatted with Jiménez’ wife, sitting in the evening on the veranda of his home while the poet muttered and shouted to himself inside. Pound wrote May 14, 1955, in his usual ebullient manner: “[...] AND words of cheer to Juan Ram if they are any use.” They weren’t. (96)

Nor was the Nobel Prize, which Jiménez was granted the next year (1956).

What needs to be recognized here is that Masoliver’s high regard for Jiménez suggests Pound’s interest in him probably began in Rapallo, explaining the warmth of Pound’s later interest in a poet from a country he had long since declared culturally dead. And Masoliver’s low regard for Lorca helps explain the coldness of Pound’s response to his assassination by the Spanish Falange.

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Pound's only recorded comment on Lorca's assassination comes in a November 1936 letter to Odon Por, and is one of a list of news items given in telegraph style: "There is a great deal of FEELING over Spain / Anti=fascist. Young and foolish men quite sincerely enraged over killing of Lorca/ evidently a damn good poet".

Though Masoliver was among the first to write about Lorca (1929), his initial view was unfavorable (*Perfil* 18ff.); and though late in his life (1986) he spoke of "Federico" as though he were a friend (*Perfil* 86-88), in the 1930s his political loyalties were completely opposed to Lorca's.<sup>1</sup> At the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936 Masoliver returned to Catalonia to enlist in the pro-Franco Regiment of Our Lady of Montserrat, and while stationed in Rome during WWII as a columnist for *La Vanguardia* he wrote articles favoring the Mussolini regime. In the *Supplemento* Masoliver celebrates the franquista Ernesto Gimenez Caballero's *Genio de España: Exaltaciones a una resurrección nacional y del mundo* as a "truly great book about Spain" (93). Caballero was editor of *La Gaceta Literaria* (1927-32), a key review of the Spanish avant-garde, which published writers from France (Jacob, Epstein, Eluard), Italy (Bontempelli, Malaparte, Marinetti), and England (Eliot and Joyce), but he became estranged from many of his early collaborators because of his enthusiasm for fascism. In a note for the Christmas issue of 1932 Masoliver states that Caballero has stopped in Rapallo to visit and that his book on the Spanish Prime Minister Manuel Azaña (1931 to 1933) is about to appear. According to Masoliver, Caballero placed his hopes in Azaña (very mistakenly, as it would turn out) as the instrument for the fascistization of Spain, "the return to Mother Rome" (211). Pound inadvertently characterizes the man

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<sup>1</sup> It would be unfair to conclude this account of Masoliver without some word about his later career. He seems to have eventually tired of the Franco regime. According to his nephew, the critic Juan Antonio Masoliver, who is quoted in the obituary of his uncle which appeared in *The Times* for 6 May 1997, "He did not like the repression and did not like the Falange. He was far too unconventional for them," and later in life, defining himself as a "monarchical anarchist," he was a friend to writers of all political creeds.

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(and himself) by quoting him approvingly: “Spain, a rabbit” (*Kulchur* 158).

Lastly, among the factors accounting for Pound’s indifference to Lorca may have been the latter’s homosexuality. Masoliver was close enough to Lorca’s circles to have known about this open secret, so Pound would have known too. It is generally accepted that Pound was not homophobic. He had close friendship with gay writers, most famously Cocteau. On the other hand, he took malicious glee in calling members of the Bloomsbury group “pseuderasts and Bloomsbuggars” (“After Election”, cited above). But considerations of friendship pale in significance beside Italian Fascism’s absolute demand for macho attitudes, a demand with which Masoliver and colleagues like Caballero were in harmony. Furthermore, the solution to the puzzle as to how Pound could have been indifferent to Lorca’s assassination – a deed which contradicted everything he believed about Fascism’s cultural contribution to the arts – may lie in the contradiction itself. He couldn’t allow himself to recognize it as such. Pound’s mind may have been so rigidly set that the only way he could understand the poet’s death was to attribute it to his sexual preference. This may well be part of that hardening or “objectivity” Pound was praising as early as 1931:

The personal and sickly sensibility does not have the same intellectual value it had before; it’s not interesting anymore. We are annoyed by the whimpering of the melancholic who is that way because he doesn’t have the good sense or the good taste to drink a glass of purgative water from Mount Wherever.

Similarly, not just by the brutalization of the war, but by an advance in objectivity, the tragedy of the physical violence exists objectively, but it has less subjective value.  
(“Appunti. XVII. Traduzioni”, *L’Indice* 2.11 [10 Jun. 1931])

Thus, to Pound, he would have his readers believe, brutalization and violence could be viewed “objectively”, which sounds like a euphemism for “indifferently”.

In conclusion, it should be noted that all that has been said above about Pound’s indifference to Lorca’s death should be

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qualified by the larger context of this essay, Pound's relationship with Spain. It would not be proper to end without at least briefly noticing that over the seven decades since Pound first wrote about Spain, his work has been generously rewarded by Spanish readers and scholars. It has been widely translated into Spanish since 1920, and today it circulates in all Spanish-speaking countries. The translation of *The Cantos*, which Pound collaborated on, is widely admired. He persuaded the translator, Jose Vazque Amaral, to call it *Cantares* (published finally as *Cantares Completos*) reaffirming its early link to El Cid.

And, finally, along the same irenic line, an anecdote – one that centers on a magical place with an evocative name, the medieval city of Medinaceli in that windswept highland of Soria which once served as a divide between Christian and Muslim Spain. Pound visited Medinaceli twice, first in 1906 (the year of his friendship with Padre José Elizondo), following the route of El Cid from Burgos. He made a second trip to Medinaceli in 1929, when he met Ramón Menendez Pidal, the renowned scholar who established the text of *El Cantar del Mio Cid*. In 1973, following Pound's death, a group of Spanish literati gathered at Medinaceli to pay homage to Pound, inviting Olga Rudge as a guest (Schmidt 125-26). At this time a stone was placed that may have been the first in the world erected to the poet's memory. The plaque read, "*cantan aun los gallos al amanecer en Medinaceli?*" The phrase does not occur in any of Pound's writings. It came to the stone by way of the memory of Eugenio Montes, cited in an obituary that Miguel Serrano wrote for Pound. Montes recalled a conversation with Pound after the poet's release from St. Elizabeths (1958 or soon thereafter) in which Pound had asked him the inscribed question. In the years since the monument was erected, it has undergone one significant alteration. The question mark has fallen away, leaving the affirmation: "*Aun cantan los gallos al amanecer en Medinaceli?*".

In the echo chamber of the poet's vast and tenacious memory, was he somehow recalling that in Granada in 1928 Lorca had directed a literary review called *Gallo?*

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