

1 9 7 4

TRADUCCIONS OPTANT

AL

PREMI OFERT

PER

L'ANGLO-CATALAN SOCIETY

à la millor traducció al català
d'un poema o conjunt de poemes
d'autor anglès

PREMI ATORGAT

al Dr. Josep Llauredó, de Wood, Wisconsin, U.S.A.
per la seva traducció del

Cant XXIII del "Diari de Tardor"

de Louis MacNiece

ALTRES TRADUCCIONS PRESENTADES

-Tres traduccions de T.S. Eliott

Landscape - III. USK
Landscape - II. Virginia
Four Quartets - IV. Burn Norton

-Quatre traduccions de poesies anglo-saxons anònims
(segles VII al X)

L'Exiliat
El Somni de la Creu
Lament de la Dona Enamorada
Wulf i Eadwacer

Pel Premi "Anglo-Catalan Society"

Lema: SANT PERE DE RIUDEBITLLES

Cant xxiii de Diari de la Tardor

de Louis MacNeice

El camí cap a Espanya davallava,
El vent bufava fresc sobre les canyes,
Els blancs sicòmors eran despullats
I ningú s'enganyava:
Hem arribat a un lloc del món on aviat
A tots nosaltres ens forçaran a acampar ensems:
Els esvelts reflectors brollen com remes,
Ens palesaran els nostres pecats, àdhuc els d'omissió.
Quan arribí estava fosca la ciutat,
Cap llum als carrers però dos milions i mig
De poble en circulació
Com les bèsties a l'arca condemnat
Sense res sinó aigua a llur voltant:
És que mai no hi haurà un arbre verd o roques fermes?
Les botigues estan buides i a la Barceloneta ermes
Hom pot veure les finestres.
Però encara tenen esma de riure
Malgrat que no tenen ous, ni llet, ni peix, ni fruita, ni tabac,
; [ni mantega

Malgrat que viuen de lleties i dormen al Metro,
Malgrat que el vell ordre eixí i el vedell d'or viure
No pot i de la indústria Catalana renega;
Els valors humans romanen, purgats pel foc,
I sembla que el desig de l'home en aquest lloc
Es la vida més que les vitualles.
La vida sembla quelcom més que merament
El permís d'estar viu i rebre ordres,
La humanitat quelcom més que un mecanisme
Que cal lubricar per bé que sempre inatent
A la funció que fa, de perquè les rodes van rodant;
Ací a la fi l'ànima ha trobat la seva veu
Si bé no ho ha escollit arreu;
El preu fou excessiu.
Respiren l'aire de guerra i la tensió
Admet, a més dels eslogans que evoca,
Un interès en filatèlia o contar facècies
O jugar a l'oca.
I al matí fosc les sirenes grunyen
I els llums se'n van i la ciutat reposa
I el firmament està prenyat de nosa
I les bombes cauen confundint la fadada víctima...
Com un castell-de-focs, tant n'és de preciós--
Raigs d'argent i bales marcadores--
I a les pauses entre destruccions
El gall al centre de la vila canta joiós.

("Els nostres amors no tenen pes i torna,
Hi ha míldiu i rapinyers al blat").
Més aviat per qualsevol plenitud assolida
Posem-nos contents
I no cavil·lem veient els tristos intents
De que no fent res no hem guanyat res.
Doncs tan mateix ací les noves valquíries van de vol
Sobre les constel·lacions d'Espanya
Mentre sobre la Plaça de Catalunya
Orió de costat resta sol;
Bronzint des de Mallorca
Per a mutilar o eixorbar o matar
Els que duen la voluntat d'alenar,
Tossuts hereus de la llibertat
Dels qui la fe i coratge sincers humilien
Les nostres fosques ambigüitats--
Nosaltres mercaders de confort,
Que tan sols de nom ens guien.
Com sia que aquestes gents tenen la veritat, qualsevol
Que sia llur façana d'anomenada,
Escolteu: una bonior, una contesa, una albada--
És el gall que canta a Barcelona.

And it appears that every man's desire
Is life rather than victuals.
Life being more, it seems, than merely the bare
Permission to keep alive and receive orders,
Humanity being more than a mechanism
To be oiled and greased and for ever unaware
Of the work it is turning out, of why the wheels keep
turning;

Here at least the soul has found its voice
Though not indeed by choice;
The cost was heavy.
They breathe the air of war and yet the tension
Admits, beside the slogans it evokes,
An interest in philately or pelota
Or private jokes.

And the sirens cry in the dark morning
And the lights go out and the town is still
And the sky is pregnant with ill-will
And the bombs come foxing the fated victim.

As pretty as a Guy Fawkes show—
Silver sprays and tracer bullets—
And in the pauses of destruction
The cocks in the centre of the town crow.

The cocks crow in Barcelona
Where clocks are few to strike the hour;
Is it the heart's reveille or the sour
Reproach of Simon Peter?

The year has come to an end,
Time for resolutions, for stock-taking;
Felice Nuevo Año!

May God, if there is one, send
As much courage again and greater vision
And resolve the antinomies in which we live

xxiii

The road ran downhill into Spain,
The wind blew fresh on bamboo grasses,
The white plane-trees were bone-naked
And the issues plain: 124317
We have come to a place in space where shortly
All of us may be forced to camp in time:
The slender searchlights climb,
Our sins will find us out, even our sins of omission.
When I reached the town it was dark,
No lights in the streets but two and a half millions
Of people in circulation
Condemned like the beasts in the ark
With nothing but water around them:
Will there ever be a green tree or a rock that is dry?
The shops are empty and in Barceloneta the eye-
Sockets of the houses are empty.
But still they manage to laugh
Though they have no eggs, no milk, no fish, no fruit,
no tobacco, no butter
Though they live upon lentils and sleep in the Metro,
Though the old order is gone and the golden calf
Of Catalan industry shattered;
The human values remain, purged in the fire,

Where man must be either safe because he is negative
Or free on the edge of a razor.
Give those who are gentle strength,
Give those who are strong a generous imagination,
And make their half-truth true and let the crooked
Footpath find its parent road at length.
I admit that for myself I cannot straiten
My broken rambling track
Which reaches so irregularly back
To burning cities and rifled rose-bushes
And cairns and lonely farms
Where no one lives, makes love or begets children,
All my heredity and my upbringing
Having brought me only to the Present's arms—
The arms not of a mistress but of a wrestler,
Of a God who straddles over the night sky;
No wonder Jacob halted on his thigh—
The price of a drawn battle.
For never to begin
Anything new because we know there is nothing
New, is an academic sophistry—
The original sin.
I have already had friends
Among things and hours and people
But taking them one by one—odd hours and passing
people;
Now I must make amends
And try to correlate event with instinct
And me with you or you and you with all,
No longer think of time as a waterfall
Abstracted from a river.
I have loved defeat and sloth,
The tawdry halo of the idle martyr;

I have thrown away the roots of will and conscience,
Now I must look for both,
Not any longer act among the cushions
The Dying Gaul;
Soon or late the delights of self-pity must pall
And the fun of cursing the wicked
World into which we were born
And the cynical admission of frustration
(‘Our loves are not full measure,
There are blight and rooks on the corn’).
Rather for any measure so far given
Let us be glad
Nor wait on purpose to be wisely sad
When doing nothing we find we have gained nothing.
For here and now the new valkyries ride
The Spanish constellations
As over the Plaza Cataluña
Orion lolls on his side;
Droning over from Majorca
To maim or blind or kill
The bearers of the living will,
The stubborn heirs of freedom
Whose matter-of-fact faith and courage shame
Our niggling equivocations—
We who play for safety,
A safety only in name.
Whereas these people contain truth, whatever
Their nominal facade.
Listen: a whirr, a challenge, an aubade—
It is the cock crowing in Barcelona.