

ON THE OCCASION OF ANGEL-LUIS PUJANTE RECEIVING THE
 «PREMIO NACIONAL DE TRADUCCION»

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Just south of Alicante
 Lives a man named Angel-Luis Pujante
 Who has spent many a year
 Translating, the works of Guillam Cha'sper
 (as in Spain,
 you will often hear
 the pronunciation oh his name).

In 1616, after much dramatic toil,
 Poor Guillam shuffled off his mortal coil;
 Often has it been said,
 «Alas, poor Bill, for he is dead».
 Yet let a poetaster use this occasion
 To accuse these villains of vilification.
 For Chas'per lives!
 – in lit. crit., performance and (for our purposes here)
 Translation.

And so we return to Angel-Luis
 Who could be awarded the Nobel prize for peace
 (given he's as quiet as church mouse
 when rendering the Bard into Spanish, from the Forest of Arden of his
 house.
 No grunting, shouting, only sigh's and silent tears
 As he translates old Will for Spanish eyes and ears.
 Or should it be ears and eyes?
 For he has won Spain's National Translation Prize.

So, gentle reader, mark the date
 November, 1998
 When our colleague Angel-Luis Pujante
 Rose to Parnassus to shake hands
 With the likes of Bill, Mike Cervantes and Ali Dante.
 May the laurel-winged angel of Spanish translations
 Accept there, our hobbling doggerelizations
 Of what are our sincere congratulations.
 But as this poem is like a barrel that has sprung a leak
 (and cannot contains itself)
 let me end with some comments on poetic technique.

Curse not the autor-cutler
 who whittles with the rusty knives of Samuel Butler

(remember, not every ass –
 could have written his Hudibras);
 And curse not the poetaster who sings
 To a lute with rusty stings
 (pardon the Freudian slip, I mean strings);
 Nor curse this tribute –
 Because it is delivered from the tatters
 Of a threadbare suit,
 But join with me in entreating our wordsmith from south of Alicante
 (does anyone know a rhyme for Murcia?
 If so, send it to the authior)
 The illustrious premiado, Angel-Luis Pujante,
 To grace these Iberian shores
 (from Vigo to the Levante)
 With more Cha'sper clad in Castilian clothes;
 Not a bovine cha'sper who lows
 But your cha'sper, who flows,
 Who struts not in laddered hose,
 But dances on limber Spanish toes.

 Well, Angel-Luis, our revels now are ended;
 My poem's weary way is wended;
 Forgive me my troubadourical errors
 And I will end this, my Co-medley of (poetical) Terrors.

