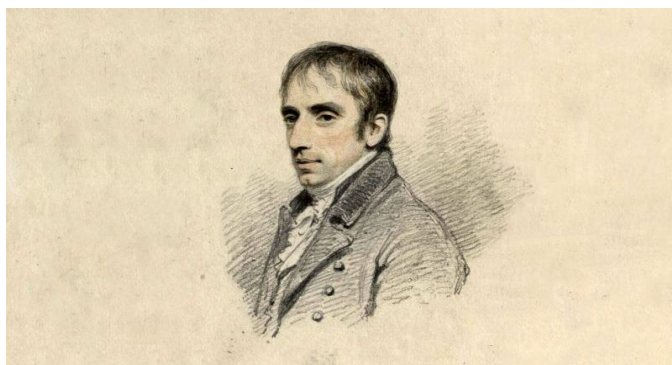


**Q U A R T E R L Y**  
**P R E S S R E V I E W**  
FOR ADVANCED EFL LEARNERS

SUMMER 2020



WORDSWORTH 250th  
(1770-1850) Anniversary

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## Walking with Wordsworth

by Sally Bushell

It is 250 years since the birth of the great English poet William Wordsworth. A lover of nature, his poetry abounds with images of lambs, flowers in full bloom, windswept crags and woodland scenes. His pleasure in nature, particularly that of his home the Lake District, is famous.

His contemporary Samuel Taylor Coleridge once describes his genius as “not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprang out of the ground like a flower.” Wordsworth did find much inspiration in the natural landscape that he would revel in on his long walks. In these house-bound times and on this anniversary, we can all find inspiration in the great poet and his love of walking as we take our daily exercise.

In a comic article from 1839 entitled *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*, the writer Thomas De Quincey criticised Wordsworth’s unshapely legs while also noting that: [He calculated], “upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have

traversed a distance of 175,000 to 180,000 English miles.”

In his summer vacation from Cambridge University in 1790, he walked right across revolutionary France, over the Alps and back through Germany (arriving late for the start of term). Wordsworth was still able to ascend Helvellyn, one of the highest peaks in the Lake District, aged 70 – a feat celebrated in Benjamin Robert Haydon's portrait of him in 1842.

### **The walking Wordsworths**

Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy were not only interested in large-scale walking tours but walked almost every day, at all times of the day. Dorothy’s famous *Grasmere Journal*, documents their walks and is itself a wonderful example of nature writing. In it she logs the minute details they would see on their walks, like daffodils near the Lake District’s Gowbarrow Park: “I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew about the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake.”

Walking was not just for pleasure, though. We know that Wordsworth frequently walked to write. Dorothy’s

Journal describes how: "Though the length of his walk maybe sometimes a quarter or half a mile, he is as fast bound within the chosen limits as if by prison walls. He generally composes his verses out of doors, and while he is so engaged he seldom knows how the time slips away, or hardly whether it is rain or fair."

In a poem entitled *When first I Journey'd Hither to his brother John*, who was away at sea, Wordsworth writes of the joy of finding a path carved into the earth by him:

*With a sense  
Of lively joy did I behold this path  
Beneath the fir-trees, for at once I knew  
That by my Brother's steps it had been trac'd.  
My thoughts were pleas'd within me to perceive  
That hither he had brought a finer eye,  
A heart more wakeful: that more loth to part  
From place so lovely he had worn the track,  
Out of his own deep paths!*

The poem ends by imagining John, walking up and down on the deck of his ship at sea in tune with William as he also walks up and down to write the poem on the path that John has made for him. He imagines an empathetic connection between the two constrained spaces:

*Alone I tread this path, for aught I know  
Timing my steps to thine*

### **To the rhythm**

Wordsworth is known for composing in the rhythm with the pace of his walking. In his epic autobiography, *The Prelude*, Wordsworth describes himself doing this and sending his terrier (Pepper) ahead to warn him of others:

*And when at evening on the public way  
I sauntered, like a river murmuring  
And talking to itself when all things else  
Are still, the creature trotted on before;  
Such was his custom; but when'er he met  
A passenger approaching, he would turn  
To give me timely notice, and straightway,  
Grateful for that admonishment, I hushed  
My voice, composed my gait, and, with the air  
And mien of one whose thoughts are free, advanced  
To give and take a greeting that might save  
My name from piteous rumours, such as wait  
On men suspected to be crazed in brain*

This is also a wonderful example of why walking alone can be freeing. It allows us to be alone with our thoughts and to act freely (till someone happens by that is).

So, as you undertake your permitted daily walk, remember that constraint can also be creative, the familiar walk enjoyable in its very familiarity. Enjoy the calm of nature and, like William's brother, John, receive that calm as a "silent poet" appreciative and receptive to the simple pleasures around you. ♦

## Climbing with Dorothy

by *Joanna Taylor*

Scafell Pike, England's highest mountain is a popular place to climb, both as part of the Three Peaks Challenge and for walkers in search of the sublime Lake District scenery. But it wasn't always this way.

In the early 19th century – when mountaineering at all was still an unusual activity – Scafell Pike was rarely climbed. But that didn't stop Dorothy Wordsworth and her friend Mary Barker ascending the mountain in October 1818. In an age when women walking by themselves – let alone in the remote uplands – was frowned upon, this was a daring feat.

Dorothy Wordsworth is best known as the poet William Wordsworth's sister. The siblings lived together for most of their lives, and Dorothy was an important influence over William's verse. But she was also an important figure in her own right, and her account of climbing Scafell Pike is among the first written records of a recreational ascent of the mountain – and it's the earliest such account to be

written by a woman.

As a new exhibition reveals, Wordsworth and Barker's climb of Scafell Pike was not simply a mountain climb, but a rebellious act that opened up mountains – and mountaineering – for successive generations of women.

### **Natural strength**

Walking was an important part of the Wordsworths' daily routine, but they were well aware and proud of the fact that their commitment to almost daily extensive walks was unusual. The Wordsworth siblings walked together most days for the best part of four decades – Thomad De Quincey estimated that William walked 175,000 miles over his lifetime, and Dorothy can't have fallen far short of this figure.

In her letters, Dorothy repeatedly bragged about the speed with which she could walk – and how little fatigued she was afterwards – until her mid-50s. In 1818, when she was 46, she boasted to the writer Sara Coleridge that she could “walk 16 miles in four hours and three quarters, with short rests between, on a blustering cold day, without having felt any fatigue”. That's an impressive pace of a little under four miles an hour around the Lake District hills.

### **The climb**

Climbing up Scafell Pike with Barker was perhaps

Wordsworth's most significant walking achievement. Reading the letter in which she describes this feat suggests her way of understanding the mountains went well beyond tales of sporting prowess. She saw that examining the details of a mountainside could be just as rewarding as the view from the summit.

In one moment she describes a landscape that stretches out for miles from the summit on which she stands. But at the next, when she looks down, she realises that though the summit seemed lifeless at first glance, beauty could be found clinging to the rocks: "I ought to have described the last part of our ascent to Scaw Fell pike. There, not a blade of grass was to be seen – hardly a cushion of moss, and that was parched and brown; and only growing rarely between the huge blocks and stones which cover the summit and lie in heaps all round to a great distance, like Skeletons or bones of the Earth not wanted at the creation, and here left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorn with colours of the most vivid and exquisite beauty, and endless in variety."

In focusing on these details close to hand, rather than only rhapsodising on the distant prospect, Wordsworth anticipates writers like Nan Shepherd – who is best known for her account of the Cairngorms, *The Living Mountain* – by proposing an alternative to more familiar accounts of mountaineering exploits that

emphasise a victory over a feminised Mother Nature when the climber conquers the summit. Instead, Wordsworth recognises that paying close attention reveals unexpected features even on a barren mountaintop.

### **Dorothy's Legacy**

Wordsworth's account of the ascent of Scafell was later included – without attribution – in William Wordsworth's *Guide to the District of the Lakes*. The implication was that it was William who had undertaken the ascent. As a result, her legacy in climbing Scafell is blurred into William's, and many of the people who followed in her footsteps were unaware that it was her they were emulating.

Despite this, her ambitious walking practices helped to establish women's walking as an accepted habit – with many following in her footsteps. Wordsworth and countless others after her made it clear that walking and other forms of mountaineering were as much for women as for men, and in this way they helped to make the mountains more culturally accessible places for everyone to explore. ♦

## How the Virus Takes Over

by *Jeff Wise*

**Y**ou call a friend and arrange to meet for lunch. It's unseasonably springlike, so you choose a place with outdoor seating, which seems like it should be safer. As usual, you take all reasonable precautions: You use hand sanitizer, sit a good distance from other customers, and try to avoid touching your face, though that last part is hard. A part of you suspects that this whole thing might be overblown.

What you don't know is that ten days ago, your friend's father was a guest of his business partner at the University Club, where he caught the novel coronavirus from the wife of a cryptocurrency speculator. Three days after that, he coughed into his hand before opening the door of his apartment to welcome his son home. The saliva of COVID-19 patients can harbor half a trillion virus particles per teaspoon, and a cough aerosolizes it into a diffuse mist. As your friend walked through the door he took a breath and 32,456 virus particles settled onto the lining of his mouth and throat.

Viruses have been multiplying inside his body ever since. And as he talks, the passage of his breath over the moist lining of his upper throat creates tiny droplets of virus-laden mucus that waft invisibly into the air over your table. Some settle on the as-yet-uneaten food on your plate, some drift onto your fingers, others are drawn into your nasal sinus or settle into your throat. By the time you extend your hand to shake good-bye, your body is carrying 43,654 virus particles. By the time you're done shaking hands, that number is up to 312,405.

One of the droplets gets drawn into the branching passages of your lungs and settles on the warm, wet surface, depositing virus particles into the mucus coating the tissue. Each particle is round and very small; if you magnified a human hair so that it was as wide as a football field, the virus particle would be four inches across. The outer membrane of the virus consists of an oily layer embedded with jagged protein molecules called spike proteins. These stick out like the protrusions on a knobby ball chew toy. In the middle of the virus particle is a coiled strand of RNA, the virus's genetic material. The payload.

As the virus drifts through the lung's mucus, it bumps into one of the cells that line the surface. The cell is considerably larger than the virus; on the football-field scale, it's 26 feet across. A billion years of evolution have equipped it to resist attackers. But it

also has a vulnerability – a backdoor. Protruding from its surface is a chunk of protein called angiotensin converting enzyme 2, or ACE2 receptor. Normally, this molecule plays a role in modulating hormone activity within the body. Today, it's going to serve as an anchor for the coronavirus.

As the spike protein bumps up against the surface of the lung cell, its shape matches that of the ACE2 so closely that it sticks to it like adhesive. The membrane of the virus then fuses with the membrane of the cell, spilling the RNA contents into the interior of the lung cell. The virus is in.

The viral RNA gets busy. The cell has its own genetic material, DNA, that produces copied fragments of itself in RNA form. These are continuously copied and sent into the main body of the cell, where they provide instructions for how to make the proteins that carry out all the functions of the cell. It's like Santa's workshop, where the elves, dutifully hammering out the toys on Santa's instructions, are complexes of RNA and protein called ribosomes.

As soon as the viral RNA encounters a ribosome, that ribosome begins reading it and building viral proteins. These proteins then help the viral RNA to copy itself, and these copies then hijack more of the cell's ribosomes. Other viral proteins block the cell from fighting back. Soon the cell's normal business is completely overwhelmed by the demands of the viral

RNA, as its energy and machinery are occupied with building the components of countless replica viruses.

As they are churned out, these components are transferred on a kind of cellular conveyor belt toward the surface of the cell. The virus membrane and spike proteins wrap around RNA strands, and a new particle is ready. These collect in internal bubbles, called vesicles, that move to the surface, burst open, and release new virus particles into your body by the tens and hundreds of thousands.

Meanwhile, spike proteins that haven't been incorporated into new viruses embed themselves directly into the host cell's membrane so that it latches onto the surface of an adjacent cell, like a pirate ship lashing itself to a helpless merchantman. The two cells then fuse, and a whole host of viral RNA swarms over into the new host cell.

All up and down your lungs, throat, and mouth, the scene is repeated over and over as cell after cell is penetrated and hijacked. Assuming the virus behaves like its relative, SARS, each generation of infection takes about a day and can multiply the virus a millionfold. The replicated viruses spill out into the mucus, invade the bloodstream, and pour through the digestive system.

You don't feel any of this. In fact, you still feel totally fine. If you have any complaint at all, it's boredom. You've been a dutiful citizen, staying at home to

practice social distancing, and after two day of bingeing on the Fast & Furious franchise, you decide that your mental health is at risk if you don't get outside.

You call up an ex, and she agrees to meet you for a walk along the river. You're hoping that the end-of-the-world zeitgeist might kindle some afternoon recklessness, but the face mask she's wearing kills the vibe. Also she tells you that she's decided to move in with a guy she met at Landmark. You didn't even know she was into Landmark. She gives you a warm hug as you say good-bye, and you tell her it was great to see her, but you leave feeling deflated. What she doesn't know is that an hour before, you went to the bathroom and neglected to wash your hands afterward. The invisible fecal smear you leave on the arm of her jacket contains 893,405 virus particles. Forty-seven seconds after she gets home, she'll hang up her coat and then scratch an itch at the base of her nose just before she washes her hands. In that moment, 9,404 viral particles will transfer to her face. In five days, an ambulance will take her to Mount Sinai.

Like a retail chain gobbled up by private equity, stripped for parts, and left to die, your infected cells spew out virus particles until they burn themselves out and expire. As fragments of disintegrated cells spread through your bloodstream, your immune system finally senses that something is wrong. White blood cells detect the fragments of dead cells and release



chemicals called cytokines that serve as an alarm signal, activating other parts of the immune system to swing into action. When responding immune cells identify a cell that has become infected, they attack and destroy it. Within your body, a microscopic Battle of the Somme is raging with your immune system leveling its Big Berthas on both the enemy trenches and its own troops. As the carnage mounts, the body's temperature rises and the infected area becomes inflamed.

Two days later, sitting down to lunch, you realize that the thought of eating makes you feel nauseated. You lie down and sleep for a few hours. When you wake up, you realize that you've only gotten worse. Your chest feels tight, and you've got a dry cough that just won't quit. You wonder: Is this what it feels like? You rummage through your medicine cabinet in vain and ultimately find a thermometer in the back of your linen closet. You hold it under your tongue for a minute and then read the result: 102. Fuck, you think, and crawl back into bed. You tell yourself that it might just be the regular flu, and even if worse comes to worst, you're young(-ish) and otherwise healthy. You're not in the high-risk group.

You're right, of course, in a sense. For most people infected with the coronavirus, that's as far as it goes. With bed rest, they get better. But for reasons scientists don't understand, about 20 percent of people get

severely ill. Despite your relative youth, you're one of them.

After four days of raging fever and feeling sore all over, you realize that you're sicker than you've ever been in your life. You've got a dry cough that shakes you so hard that your back hurts. Fighting for breath, you order an Uber and head to the nearest emergency room. (You leave 376,345,090 virus particles smeared on various surfaces of the car and another 323,443,865 floating in aerosols in the air.)

At the ER, you're examined and sent to an isolation ward. As doctors wait for the results of a test for the coronavirus, they administer a CT scan of your lungs, which reveals tell-tale "ground-glass opacities," fuzzy spots caused by fluid accumulating where the immune-system battle is the most intense. Not only have you got COVID-19, but it's led to a kind of intense and dangerous pneumonia called acute-respiratory-distress syndrome, or ARDS.

With all the regular beds already occupied by the many COVID-19 sufferers, you're given a cot in a room alongside five other patients. Doctors put you on an intravenous drip to supply your body with nutrients and fluids as well as antiviral medicine. Within a day of your arrival, your condition deteriorates. You throw up for several days and start to hallucinate. Your heart rate slows to 50 beats a minute. When a patient in the next room dies, doctors take the ventilator he was

using and put you on it. By the time the nurse threads the endotracheal tube down your throat, you're only half-conscious of the sensation of it snaking deeper and deeper toward your lungs. You just lie there as she places tape over your mouth to keep the tube in place.

You're crashing. Your immune system has flung itself into a "cytokine storm" – an overdrive of such intensity that it is no longer fighting just the viral infection but the body's own cells as well. White blood cells storm your lungs, destroying tissue. Fluid fills the tiny alveolar sacs that normally let the blood absorb oxygen. Effectively, you're drowning, even with the ventilator pumping oxygen-enriched air into your lungs.

That's not the worst of it. The intensity of the immune response is such that under its onslaught, organs throughout the body are shutting down, a process known as multiple-organ-dysfunction syndrome, or MODS. When your liver fails, it is unable to process toxins out of your blood, so your doctors rush to hook you up to a round-the-clock dialysis machine. Starved of oxygen, your brain cells begin to expire.

You're fluttering on the edge between life and death. Now that you've slipped into MODS, your odds are 50-50 or worse. Owing to the fact that the pandemic has stretched the hospital's resources past the breaking point, your outlook is even bleaker.

Lying on your cot, you half-hear as the doctors hook

you up to an extracorporeal-membrane-oxygenation (ECMO) machine. This will take over the work of your heart and lungs and hopefully keep you alive until your body can find its way back to equilibrium.

And then, you are flooded with an overwhelming sense of calm. You sense that you have reached the nadir of your struggle. The worst of the danger is over. With the viral attack beaten, your body's immune system will pull back, and you'll begin the slow, painstaking journey to full recovery. Some weeks from now, the doctors will remove the tube from your throat and wheel away the ventilator. Your appetite will come back, and the color will return to your cheeks, and on a summer morning you'll step out into the fresh air and hail a cab for home. And later still, you'll meet the girl who will become your wife, and you'll have three children, two of whom will have children of their own, who will visit you in your nursing home outside Tampa.

That's what your mind is telling itself, anyway, as the last cells of your cerebral cortex burst in starburst waves, like the glowing algae in a midnight lagoon. In the isolation ward, your EKG goes to a steady tone. The doctors take away the ventilator and give it to a patient who arrived this morning. In the official records of the COVID-19 pandemic, you'll be recorded as a victim. ♦

## Event 201

by *Mutasim Billah Mubde*

**E**vent 201 simulated the outbreak of a novel coronavirus, modelled largely on SARS, with no known vaccines.

On October 18 last year, John Hopkins Center for Health Security, in partnership with the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the World Economic Forum, conducted a pandemic simulation exercise.

Named Event 201, the exercise simulated the outbreak of a novel coronavirus, modelled largely on SARS, with no known vaccines. From bats to pigs to people, the hypothetical pathogen was assumed to be efficiently transmissible with mild symptoms in a community.

A simulation is an iteration of a process or system operating over time. Using computation, a simulation plays out a scenario based on assumptions that are presumed realistic, but not an exercise based on real data of a previous scenario. The method has been widely applied in epidemiology research. Though simulations rely on assumptions, it depicts probable

trajectories of real-life scenarios given the concurrence between the two. Hence, simulations often end up with over or underestimations when compared to real events but provides insight into the nature of the scenarios.

In the Event 201 simulation, the disease presumably starts in pig farms in Brazil and initially spreads quietly. Transmission gains momentum in the healthcare settings and the virus is initially exported via air travel to Portugal, United States and China. The outbreak, henceforth, skyrockets in spreading randomly to 300 major cities in the world through international travel. Initial number of imported cases range from 1-4 for each city with an infectious period of 5 days. After initial imports, each city is presumed to follow a transmission rate  $R_0$  (number of new infections generated by each case on average over the infectious period) ranging from 1.1 to 2.6 per case. Holding the whole human population susceptible, cumulative number of infected cases double every week during the initial months.

The pace presumably declines approaching a peak at the end of 18 months, a timeline when the vaccine is assumed to be developed and administered effectively or the disease is assumed to turn endemic. The study further assumes that infections result in mild illnesses for 50 percent cases and severe illnesses for the rest. While the mildly infectious group recovers in seven days, the severely infectious group presumably holds a

14 percent fatality rate after 10 days.

The simulation assumes that each person can be infected only once, and no medicine or vaccine is invented during the simulation to affect the transmission rate. The model does not consider several other factors of further escalation, such as inter-city mobility within an affected country, medium of transmission, level of human interaction and behaviour. Nor did it consider such important sources of deceleration as, extent of healthcare efforts, diffusion mitigation measures, restricting mobility and collective behavioural change. Under these assumptions, the scenario ends at the 18-month-point with 65 million deaths, which appears to be an overestimation.

Regardless, the simulation bearing eerie similarities hints at an extreme trajectory of the novel coronavirus originating in Wuhan, China. Though, these similarities have fuelled apprehension along the line of conspiracy theories, it has also outlined a worst-case scenario. The Wuhan coronavirus outbreak and the pre-emptive research initiative taken by John Hopkins Center for Health Security points out the room for improvement in the Bangladeshi health sector and the emergency countermeasures in place.

Surpassing SARS in the number of cases, as of Thursday, Wuhan coronavirus cases have been reported in nearly 18 countries including our neighbours – India, Nepal, Sri Lanka and Thailand – and its

intrusion in Bangladesh is inevitable. Despite the assurance by health minister Zahid Maleque in restricting the access of the virus into Bangladesh, vigilance of the general public is of utmost importance. In a country where sneezing and coughing on someone else's face is the norm, preparation and consumption of street food or cha (tea) takes place in a largely unhygienic manner, and medicine for flu or fever or cold is self-administered paracetamol, any outbreak may reach an unprecedented scale in mere days. But is Bangladesh truly prepared for it? Can an outbreak of this nature be controlled if it enters?

Dr Mike Catton of the Peter Doherty Institute for Infection and Immunity stated "We've planned for an incident like this for many, many years and that's really why we were able to get an answer [in growing a copy of the novel coronavirus to use as 'control material' for testing and possibly develop an early diagnosis test] so quickly."

But has Bangladesh gone through extensive planning and adequate preparation? There are reports of returnee Bangladeshis among 267 passengers leaving Wuhan mere minutes before lockdown and not all of them may have exercised self-imposed isolation.

Current efforts include monitoring all air, land and maritime ports, scanning all incoming people for symptoms and subjecting those coming directly from China under 14 days of observation. Additionally,

separate wards have been opened at Kurmitola General Hospital and Infectious Diseases Hospital in Dhaka to treat those potentially infected. Though the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) states that there is no evidence to support the Chinese health authority's claim of the virus being transmissible through asymptomatic people, would these measures be adequate at fighting the pathogen if the worse is true? Moreover, what measures are in place for minimising local level spreading of the disease? Separate wards may slow down spread in health setting but fails to address transmission in non-health settings. So, what additional countermeasures are imperative?

Retraction of WHO chief Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus' assessment of a global risk of outbreak as "moderate" and reinstating it as "high" is a cause for concern. Though panicking is not helpful, necessary precautions must be put in place. Adequate quantities of advanced medical equipment need to be distributed at all air, land and maritime ports. All immigrants, be them from China or some other nation, must be instructed to limit social interaction for at least the incubation period of 14 days, in addition to using surgical masks.

The digital outreach of the health sector in Bangladesh is very limited and lack of data restricts conducting even rudimentary outbreak projection

exercises at a local level. Essentially, Bangladesh has no estimate on the extent of damage any outbreak can bring upon her. Every crisis is an opportunity to usher in change and Bangladesh must strengthen its health sector. Technology infusion in the health sector is hence necessary to make informed decisions in the wake of any health emergencies. Creating and maintaining health profile of all individuals to be used collaboratively by all facilities is paramount. A real-time database of inter-city passengers can give some indication of projected spread of outbreaks.

In addition to the health authorities, the burden of responsibilities falls on the general public and social groups as well. Collective behavioural change is required in improving personal and social hygiene standards. Sufficient social pressure must be generated to compel street food vendors to maintain a certain degree of hygiene, and discourage the general public from irresponsible spitting, sneezing and coughing. Self-imposed confinement by all household members of returnee Bangladeshis for two weeks may also help lower the probability of an outbreak. Social activism and creating awareness of spill over health concerns of our behaviour is the first of the many steps required to prepare ourselves for the coming days. ♦

## Fordítói előszó

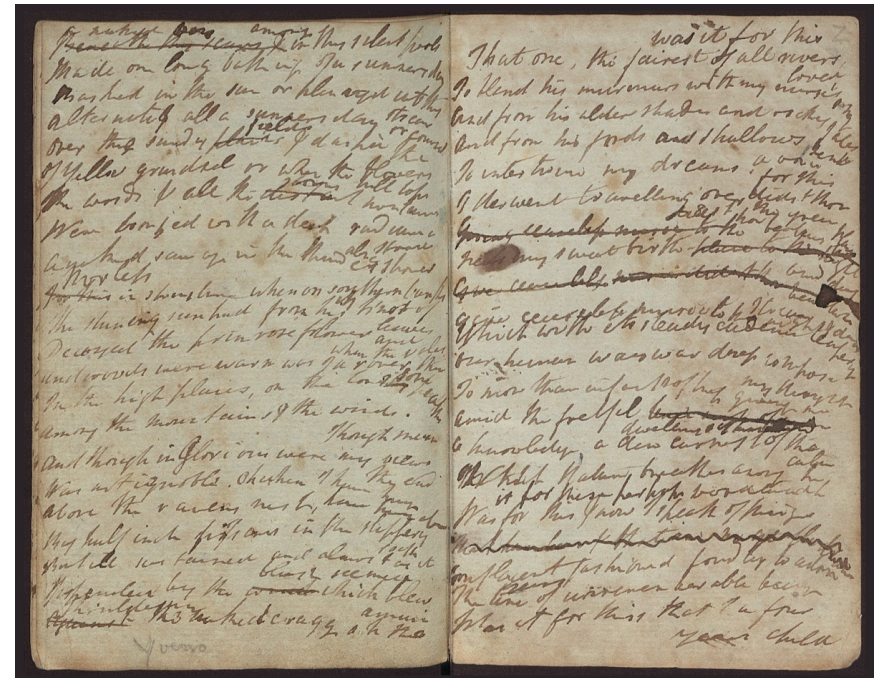
**H**úszévesen, amikor először találkoztam Wordsworth főművével eredetiben, a fejembe vettem, hogy a magam részéről a hosszú vers lefordítását tekintem majd életem fő művének. Az ragadott meg benne, hogy a szerző a költeményen fiatal korától élete végéig dolgozott. Átírta, csiszolta, bővítette egyre, mígnem a végső változat csak közvetlenül a halála után, 1850-ben jelent meg. Elbűvölt ez a rögeszmés alkotói vágy, ez a kitartó önátadás.

A versnek 17 változatát őrzik Grasmere-ben, a Wordsworth-könyvtárban. Ezek lényegében három fő, jól elkülöníthető változatot fednek le, különböző időszakokból, egyre növekvő terjedelemben. Az első az 1799-es ős-*Prelude* a kor szokásainak megfelelően két "könyvben", mai értelemben inkább füzetben, a második, kibővített változat, 1805-ben 13 füzetben jelent meg nyomtatásban, míg a posztumusz mű 14 füzetnyire bővült. Wordsworth nem adott címet a költeménynek – a cím özvegyétől származik, az 1850-es végső változat megjelenésekor –, hisz a művet nem

tekintette fő művének. Az eredeti elképzelés szerint a "nagy mű" három fő részből állna, és *The Recluse* (A remete) címet viseli majd. Az első részből csak az első könyv készült el, nagyjából 900 sorban. A második fő rész címe *The Excursion* (A kirándulás), ám ez a munka is csak negyven évvel Wordsworth halála után látott napvilágot először nyomtatásban, kilenc könyvben, összesen majdnem tízezer sor. Az ifjúkori elhatározás, a később három részben megírandó filozofikus nagykoltemény soha nem valósult meg. A nagy terv részeként Wordsworth első nekifutásra, egyfajta előzményként vagy ujjgyakorlatként, a *Prelude* megírásába kezdett. A *Prelude*, tervei szerint azt mutatná be, miként formálódott a költő szelleme, azaz a kisgyermekkor és az ifjúkor örömeit, útkeresését, világra ismerését ábrázolná, és majd azt követné a fő érdekesség: az érett költő gondolatai. Csakhogy ez az előzetes bevezetésnek szánt munka az évek során egyre terebélyesedett, míg a nagy filozofikus költemény végül megíratlan maradt, és így lett maga a *Prelude* a *magnum opus*. Huszonévesen úgy képzeltem, mindhárom fő *Prelude*-változatot, tehát az 1799-ből származó ős-*Prelude*-öt, az 1805-ben megjelent, hatszorosára bővült második változatot és a költő halála évében posztumusz megjelent 1850-es végső változatot is lefordítom majd szép sorban, mintegy saját műfordítói életművem, magam elé tűzött életcéloom lesz ez, ám vállalkozásommal úgy jártam,

mint Wordsworth a *Remetével*: az *ős-Prelude* két könyvét csiszolgotam immár majdnem negyven éve, és életidőm korlátai folytán biztosra vehető, hogy a sokkal hosszabb későbbi változatok fordítására már nem lesz mód.

Pedig a vers elsőre könnyen fordíthatónak tűnik. Wordsworth előzetes tervei szerint a mű úgy nevezett *blank verse* lenne, azaz öt verslábnyi jambikus sorokból állna, ám az elkészült eredeti hol jambikus, hol nem, egy sor hol öt versláb, hol nem; rímeket nem használ. Ebből következően, szinte szabadversként, elvileg egészen könnyen átültethető idegen nyelvre. Ám hogy mindezek ellenére a költőiség megőrződjön és az eredetihez hű fordítást közöljünk, ez egyáltalán nem egyszerű feladat. Ma már esetleg egy árnyalatnyit archaizálni is érdemes, hisz az eredeti mű több mint kétszáz éve született. Talán ez az oka annak, hogy a versnek, nemhogy a 14 füzetnyi posztumusz műnek, de még csak a 2 füzetnyi *ős-Prelude*-nek sem készült teljes magyar fordítása. Az egykori *Lyra Mundi* sorozat Wordsworth-Coleridge kötetében található néhány oldalnyi kivonat, *Előszó* címmel Tandori Dezső fordításában, és ugyanitt Rakovszky Zsuzsa fordításában néhány sor *A remete* cím alatt a töredékes *Recluse*-ből, de ennek is már negyven éve. ♦



Was it for this that one, the fairest of all rivers...  
An early manuscript of *The Prelude*

*Side by...*

## The Prelude

by William Wordsworth

*Part One*  
(1)

*Was it for this  
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved  
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,  
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,  
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
That flowed along my dreams? For this didst thou,  
Oh Derwent, travelling over the green plains  
Near my sweet birthplace, didst thou, beauteous  
stream,  
Make ceaseless music through the night and day,  
Which with its steady cadence tempering  
Our human waywardness, composed my thoughts  
To more than infant softness, giving me  
Among the fretful dwellings of mankind  
A knowledge, a dim earnest, of the calm  
Which Nature breathes among the fields and groves?*

*...by side*

## Előhang

Tárnok Attila fordítása

*Első rész*  
(1)

*Ezért volt tán minden?  
Hogy minden folyók legszókébbike moráját  
Dajkám dalával szerette egybemosni,  
Hogy sziklás zuhogókon, égerfa árnyán át,  
Gázlóin és sekélyein oly hangon üzent,  
Mely álmaimmal egy irányba folyt?  
Édes lakhelyem zöld rónái mentén  
Ezt vitted végbe, Derwent, tündöklő patak;  
Éjjel-nappal az emberi szívet nyugtató,  
Véget nem érő zenét, biztos kadenciát  
Komponáltál gondolataimba, csecsemőnél  
Puhább lágyágót, nyugalmat, mit a Természet  
Ligetek s mezők ölen lehel, az ember  
Otthonáról halovány zálogként tudást.  
Szeretett Derwent, minden vizek legszókébbike,  
Ezért volt tán, hogy meztelen fiúként,*



*Beloved Derwent, fairest of all streams,  
Was it for this that I, a four years' child,  
A naked boy, among thy silent pools  
Made one long bathing of a summer's day,  
Basked in the sun, or plunged into thy streams,  
Alternate, all a summer's day, or coursed  
Over the sandy fields, and dashed the flowers  
Of yellow groundsel – or, when crag and hill,  
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lofty height,  
Were bronzed with a deep radiance, stood alone  
A naked savage in the thunder-shower?*

(2)

*And afterwards ('twas in a later day,  
Though early), when upon the mountain-slope  
The frost and breath of frosty wind had snapped  
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy  
To wander half the night among the cliffs  
And the smooth hollows where the woodcocks ran  
Along the moonlight turf. In thought and wish  
That time, my shoulder all with springes hung,  
I was a fell destroyer. Gentle powers,  
Who give us happiness and call it peace,  
When scudding on from snare to snare I plied  
My anxious visitation, hurrying on,  
Still hurrying, hurrying onward, how my heart  
Panted! among the scattered yew-trees and the crags*

*Négyévesen, nyáron hallgatag öbleidben  
Napjaimat fürdőzéssel tölthettem el?  
Vagy máskor a napon sütkéreztem,  
Áramlatodban elmerültem vagy mezőkön  
Kószáltam és aggófű sárga virágait  
Tiportam. Vagy ha mélyen-sugárzón,  
Bronzban ragyogtak a szirtek és a dombok  
S a távoli Skiddaw gógös csúcsa, én csupasz  
Bennszülöttként a zivatart szilárdan álltam.*

(2)

*Azután pedig, egy későbbi napon  
(Bár még fiatalon), mikor a fagyos szél  
Lehelete az utolsó őszi kikericset is letörte,  
Egy fél éjszakán át vándoroltam csiszolt  
Mélyedések és sziklák között, örömöm lelve  
Ott, amerre a szalonkák elfutottak  
A holdsütötte pázsiton. Akkor azt gondoltam,  
Azt kívántam, lenne vállamon háló, rugós hurok;  
Én, kegyetlen gyilkos. Ti gyöngéd erők,  
Kik békének hívott boldogságot hoztok!  
Úzött egy izgatott látomás, száguldtam  
Huroktól hurokig. Siettem, siettem még,  
Siettem tovább, és hogy' vert a szívem!  
Reám bámuló szirtek és elszórt tiszafák*

*That looked upon me, how my bosom beat  
With expectation! Sometimes strong desire  
Resistless overpowered me, and the bird  
Which was the captive of another's toils  
Became my prey; and when the deed was done  
I heard among the solitary hills  
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.*

(3)

*Nor less in springtime, when on southern banks  
The shining sun had from his knot of leaves  
Decoyed the primrose flower, and when the vales  
And woods were warm, was I a rover then  
In the high places, on the lonesome peaks,  
Among the mountains and the winds. Though mean  
And though inglorious were my views, the end  
Was not ignoble. Oh, when I have hung  
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass  
Or half-inch fissures in the slippery rock  
But ill sustained, and almost, as it seemed,  
Suspended by the blast which blew amain  
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time,  
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
Blow through my ears; the sky seemed not a sky*

*Között, hogy' dübörgött a mellkasom  
Várakozással teli! Néha ellenállhatatlan  
Vágy ragadott magával, és a madarat,  
Mit mások dolgos csapdája ejtett rabul,  
Zsákmányként magamhoz vettem. A csíny után,  
Elhagyott dombok között, tisztán hallhatóan  
Egy mély lélegzet és kiismerhetetlen mozgás  
Zaja kísért: léptek, szinte oly csendesek,  
Mint maga a pázsit, melyet tapostak.*

(3)

*Tavaszbba fordulva, ha a napsugár  
Az avar alól előcsalta a kankalint  
A déli parton, a völgyek és erdők  
Felmelegedtek; én a fennsíkot,  
S a magányos csúcsokat cserkésztem  
Hegyeiktől s széltél ölelve. Bár szándékom  
Rossz és dicstelen, az eredményt nem  
Feledem. Ó, mikor a holló fészke fölött  
Egy fűcsomóba és egy félhüvelyknyi síkos  
Sziklahasadékba épphogy kapaszkodtam,  
Mikor majdnem úgy tűnt, csak a viharos  
Szél szegez a sziklafalnak, ó, ahogy  
A veszélyes padkán egyedül függeszkedtem,  
A meztelen szirtet a vállamon tartva,  
A száraz szél különös tónusban, hangosan  
A fülembé fújt, az ég sem tűnt a földhöz*

*Of earth, and with what motion moved the clouds!*

(4)

*The mind of man is fashioned and built up  
Even as a strain of music. I believe  
That there are spirits which, when they would form  
A favoured being, from his very dawn  
Of infancy do open out the clouds  
As at the touch of lightning, seeking him  
With gentle visitation – quiet powers,  
Retired, and seldom recognized, yet kind,  
And to the very meanest not unknown –  
With me, though, rarely in my boyish days  
They communed. Others too there are, who use,  
Yet haply aiming at the self-same end,  
Severer interventions, ministry  
More palpable – and of their school was I.*

(5)

*They guided me: one evening led by them  
I went alone into a shepherd's boat,  
A skiff, that to a willow-tree was tied  
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.  
The moon was up, the lake was shining clear  
Among the hoary mountains; from the shore  
I pushed, and struck the oars, and struck again  
In cadence, and my little boat moved on*

*Tartozónak, és hogy' rohantak a felhők!*

(4)

*Az emberi elme egyenletesen építkezik,  
Akár a zene íve. Úgy hiszem, van szellem,  
Amely, ha egy kivételes létezőben  
Testet ölt, csecsemőkorának hajnalától  
Felhőket képes szétválasztani.  
Mint a villám érintése, de gyöngéden keresi,  
Látogatja őt. (Csöndes, rejtett erő, mely  
Ritkán eszmélünk, pedig a legdurvább ember  
Előtt sem ismeretlen, sőt inkább kedves.)  
Ifjúi napjaimban, habár nem gyakorta, e szellem  
Társalgott velem. Van azután más szellem is,  
Amely, még ha ugyanazon célra irányul is,  
Hathatósabb befolyást gyakorol, követhető  
Rendtartást. Ilyen iskolából jöttem én.*

(5)

*Ez mutatott irányt. Egy este így lopóztam  
Egyedül az apró ladikba, egy pásztor csónakja  
Volt, sziklás mélyedésben, fűzfához  
Kötve, mint rendesen. Világított a hold,  
A tó tisztán ragyogott a dérlepte hegyek közt.  
Kis csónakom ellöktem a parttól, az evezőkkel  
Húztam egyet, aztán még egyet, ütemesen,  
És úgy haladtam, mint méltóságteljesen*

*Just like a man who walks with stately step  
Though bent on speed. It was an act of stealth  
And troubled pleasure. Not without the voice  
Of mountain echoes did my boat move on,  
Leaving behind her still on either side  
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,  
Until they melted all into one track  
Of sparkling light.  
A rocky steep arose  
Above the cavern of the willow-tree,  
And now, as suited one who proudly rowed  
With his best skill, I fixed a steady view  
Upon the top of that same craggy ridge,  
The bound of the horizon – for behind  
Was nothing but the stars and the grey sky.  
She was an elfin pinnace; twenty times  
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,  
And as I rose upon the stroke my boat  
Went heaving through the water like a swan –  
When from behind that rocky steep, till then  
The bound of the horizon, a huge cliff,  
As if with voluntary power instinct,  
Upreared its head. I struck, and struck again,  
And, growing still in stature, the huge cliff  
Rose up between me and the stars, and still,  
With measured motion, like a living thing  
Strode after me. With trembling hands I turned,*

*Lépkedő férfi, aki a szélben előregörnyed.  
Lopott, zavart tett élménye maradt bennem.  
Csónakom a hegyek visszhangjától kísérve  
Haladt tovább, a part mentén  
Állva hagyva őket mozdulatlanul.  
A holdfényben apró körök csillogtak lustán,  
Mígnem mind egyetlen szikrázó fény  
Vizi ösvényévé olvadt. A fűzfa odva fölött  
Egy köves meredély emelkedett. Most arra,  
Amint igyekvő, büszkén evező férfihoz illik,  
E sziklás párkány csúcsára szögeztem  
Határozott tekintetem, a láthatár szélén, hisz  
Mögötte már semmi sem volt, csak a csillagok  
És a szürke ég. Bárkám tündéreként siklott.  
Huszadszor mártottam evezőmet a néma tóba,  
És ahogy a mozdulattal kiegyenesedtem,  
Hajóm, akár egy hattyú, szelte a vizet.  
Ekkor a sziklás magaslat mögül, mely eddig  
A láthatár széle volt, egy hatalmas szirt  
Valami önkéntes erő ösztönével  
Szigte föl fejét. Húztam egyet,  
Azután még egyet, de a hatalmas szirt  
Egyre növekedve emelkedett köztem és a  
Csillagok között, s mint egy élőlény,  
Megfontolt mozdulatokkal lépkedett utánam.  
Remegő kezekkel fordultam és lopóztam vissza  
A hangtalan vízen a fűzfa odvához.*

*And through the silent water stole my way  
Back to the cavern of the willow-tree.  
There in her mooring-place I left my bark,  
And through the meadows homeward went with grave  
And serious thoughts; and after I had seen  
That spectacle, for many days my brain  
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense  
Of unknown modes of being. In my thoughts  
There was a darkness – call it solitude,  
Or blank desertion – no familiar shapes  
Of hourly objects, images of trees,  
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields,  
But huge and mighty forms that do not live  
Like living men moved slowly through my mind  
By day, and were the trouble of my dreams.*

(6)  
*Ah, not in vain ye beings of the hills,  
And ye that walk the woods and open heaths  
By moon or starlight, thus, from my first dawn  
Of childhood, did ye love to intertwine  
The passions that build up our human soul  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with eternal things,  
With life and Nature, purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline*

*Othagyttam bárkámat, eredeti helyén kikötve,  
És komoly, mély gondolatok között  
Hazafelé indultam a réteken át.  
Az átélt látvány után gondolataim napokig  
A lét ismeretlen módjainak halovány és  
meghatározhatatlan érzései körül forogtak.  
Sötétséget láttam – hívjuk magánynak  
Vagy üres elhagyatottságnak –, örökösen  
Visszatérő tárgyak ismeretlen formáit, fák,  
Tenger vagy az ég képeit, színtelen zöld mezőket,  
És hatalmas, rettenetes alakok, melyek nem  
Úgy élnek, mint az élő ember, férköztek  
Gondolataimba ébren, és zavarták meg álmom.*

(6)  
*Ó, nem véletlen, hogy ti, hegyi lények,  
És ti, kik holdfényben, csillagfényben erdőn  
És nyílt mezőkön jártok, gyermekkorom  
Első hajnala óta kedvtelve fűztétek egybe  
A lelket építő szenvedélyt az ember  
Hétköznapi érzelmei helyett, magasabb  
Ívű tartalmakkal, időtlenebb tényekkel,  
A Természettel, így szöve át meg át  
Érzelmek és gondolatok elemeit,  
Szembesítve ezáltal fájdalmunkat*

*Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods  
At noon, and mid the calm of summer nights  
When by the margin of the trembling lake  
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine.*

(7)

*And in the frosty season, when the sun  
Was set, and visible for many a mile  
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons. Clear and loud  
The village-clock tolled six; I wheeled about  
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse  
That cares not for its home. All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase  
And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,  
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle. With the din,  
Meanwhile, the precipices rang aloud;  
The leafless trees and every icy crag*

*Félelmeinkkel, hogy felismerjünk a  
Szívverésben egy bizonyos pompát.  
S e kapcsolat nem öncélú kedvesség  
Eredménye csupán. November táján,  
Mikor a völgyeken előmlő pára még  
Déltájban is elhagyatottnak mutatta  
Az erdőt, vagy mikor egy csendes nyári  
Éjjel a dombok mögötti remegő tó mentén  
Hazafelé tartottam magányosan, ilyen  
Baráti kapcsolatban volt részem.*

(7)

*És fagyok havában, mikor napnyugtával  
A tanyak ablakai mérföldekre láthatóan  
Átperzseltek a lidérces tájon, én nem  
Figyeltem a hívó szóra. A falu órája  
Hatot ütött, tisztán, hangosan. Én büszkén,  
Mámorosan kanyarogtam, mint fáradhatatlan ló,  
Mikor otthona nem izgatja. Mindenki acéllal  
Vasalt cipőkben szisszent tova a fényes jégen  
Bűntársként eljátszva egy erdei hajtást,  
Vadászkürt visszhangját, a kutya-falka  
Hangos csaholását és az űzött nyulat.  
Így repültünk a sötét hidegen át,  
Mindenki serényen. Lármánk zajától  
A szakadékok visszhanggal csengtek,  
A kopasz fák és minden jeges szirt acélként*

*Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
The orange sky of evening died away.*

(8)  
*Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the shadow of a star  
That gleamed upon the ice. And oftentimes  
When we had given our bodies to the wind  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short – yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me, even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round.  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.*

(9)  
*Ye powers of earth, ye genii of the springs,  
And ye that have your voices in the clouds,*

*Pengett, míg a távoli dombok  
Melankólia alig észlelhető, idegen árnyát  
Küldték a kavalkád felé, és míg  
A csillagok kelet felől tisztán ragyogtak,  
Nyugaton halványult a narancsszínű ég.*

(8)  
*Nem ritkán egy csöndes öbölbe  
Húzódtam a lárma zajától, vagy mókázva  
Félre néztem, hadd vágjon át a kavargó  
Sokaság, társaságom, a jégen, csillogó  
Csillag-árnyon. És gyakorta, amikor  
A szélnek átengedtük testünk súlyát,  
És az árnyékba vesző partok a homályban  
Úgy söpörtek végig, hogy a villanó mozdulat  
Szinte egy helyben örvénylett, én hirtelen,  
Sarkamat a jégbe vágva, fékezve megálltam,  
S a magányos csúcsok mellettem tovaszálltak.  
Sőt, mintha a föld láthatóan fordult volna  
Egyet a mindennapok tengelyén. A hegyek  
Mögöttem ünnepélyes kíséretként, erőtlenül  
Nyújtóztak és én addig bámultam, míg minden  
Újra oly békéssé vált, mint a nyári tenger.*

(9)  
*Ti földi erők, források szellemei  
És ti, kiknek hangja felhőkből üzen,*

*And ye that are familiars of the lakes  
And of the standing pools, I may not think  
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed  
Such ministry – when ye through many a year  
Thus by the agency of boyish sports,  
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,  
Impressed upon all forms the characters  
Of danger or desire, and thus did make  
The surface of the universal earth  
With meanings of delight, of hope and fear,  
Work like a sea.*

(10)

*Not uselessly employed,  
I might pursue this theme through every change  
Of exercise and sport to which the year  
Did summon us in its delightful round.  
We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven  
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours,  
Nor saw a race in happiness and joy  
More worthy of the fields where they were sown.  
I would record with no reluctant voice  
Our home amusements by the warm peat fire  
At evening, when with pencil and with slate,  
In square divisions parcelled out, and all  
With crosses and with cyphers scribbled o'er,  
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed to head,*

*És ti, kik álló tavak, medencék rokonai  
Vagytok, nem vélhetem, hogy becstelen  
Reménnyel részesítettetek ilyen  
Elbánásban – mikor sok éven át  
Így, fiús játékok segédletével, fákon,  
Barlangokban, erdőkön, dombokon  
Megleptetek a veszély és kívánság  
Ezer jellegű pecsétjeivel, s ekképpen  
Tengerként lehelltetek életet világomba,  
Felruházva a tájat örömmel, reménnyel,  
Félelemmel, jelentéssel.*

(10)

*Követhetném tovább e témakört még  
Sorba véve minden játékot, sportot, melyre  
Az évszakok váltakozása bennünket ösztökélt,  
S nem is lenne haszontalan elfoglaltság.  
Hangos kis csapat voltunk. A nap az égen  
Nem láthatott a mienknél gyönyörűbb völgyet,  
Sem mosolygós gyömbért, mely a mezőt,  
Hol leszedték, jobban kiérdemelné.  
Rögzíteném, s nem tétova hangon,  
Miként szórakoztunk esténként tőzegtűz  
Melege mellett, kezünkben tollal, négyzethálós  
Palatáblán keresztek és rejtjelek irkáit  
Próbáltuk megfejteni, homlokunk szinte  
Összeért, oly alázatos küzdelemben,*



*In strife too humble to be named in verse  
Or round the naked table, snow-white deal,  
Cherry, or maple, sat in close array,  
And to the combat – loo or whist – led on  
A thick-ribbed army, not as in the world  
Discarded and ungratefully thrown by  
Even for the very service they had wrought,  
But husbanded through many a long campaign.  
Oh, with what echoes on the board they fell –  
Ironic diamonds, hearts of sable hue,  
Queens gleaming through their splendour's last decay,  
Knives wrapped in one assimilating gloom,  
And kings indignant at the shame incurred  
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad  
The heavy rain was falling, or the frost  
Raged bitterly with keen and silent tooth,  
And, interrupting the impassioned game,  
Oft from the neighbouring lake the splitting ice,  
While it sank down towards the water, sent  
Among the meadows and the hills its long  
And frequent yellings, imitative some  
Of wolves that howl along the Bothnic main.*

(11)

*Nor with less willing heart would I rehearse  
The woods of autumn, and their hidden bowers  
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line –*

*Mely versben meg sem fogható.  
Vagy a csupasz asztal körül, hófehér laposztás,  
Meggy- vagy juharsörp pihen karnyújtásnyira,  
És csatára fel! – máriás vagy hatos –  
Vastag dongájú sereg vezet, de nem úgy,  
Mint a kaszinóban, hol hálátlanul  
Dobják el a lapokat, holott még használható,  
Ezek itt hosszú partik során lettek rojtosak.  
Ó, mily visszhanggal huppantak az asztalon!  
Ironikus káró, gyászos árnyalatú kőr  
Hanyatló tündöklésű dámák fénylettek,  
Egybemosódó homályba burkolt filkók,  
És az udvar becsmérlő tekintetén  
Felháborodott királyok. Mialatt odakünn  
Sűrűn esett az eső, vagy keserű zúzmara  
Dühöngött metsző, hangtalan fogakkal,  
És gyakorta a szomszédos tó hasadó jege  
A vízben elmerülve, hosszan ismétlődő  
Kiáltásokat küldött felénk a rétek és  
Dombok között, az északi Baltikum  
Farkasüvöltését utánozva néha, és  
Félbeszakít egy szenvedélyes partit.*

(11)

*Épp így, mohó szívvel írhatnám le  
Az őszi erdőt és a hófehér, csüngő fürtös,  
Rejtett lugasokat. Bot, horog, úszó*

*True symbol of the foolishness of hope –  
Which with its strong enchantment led me on  
By rocks and pools, where never summer star  
Impressed its shadow, to forlorn cascades  
Among the windings of the mountain-brooks;  
The kite in sultry calms from some high hill  
Sent up, ascending thence till it was lost  
Among the fleecy clouds – in gusty days  
Launched from the lower grounds, and suddenly  
Dashed headlong and rejected by the storm.  
All these, and more, with rival claims demand  
Grateful acknowledgement. It were a song  
Venial, and such as (if I rightly judge)  
I might protract unblamed, but I perceive  
That much is overlooked, and we should ill  
Attain our object if, from delicate fears  
Of breaking in upon the unity  
Of this my argument, I should omit  
To speak of such effects as cannot here  
Be regularly classed, yet tend no less  
To the same point – the growth of mental power  
And love of Nature's works.*

(12)

*Ere I had seen  
Eight summers (and 'twas in the very week  
When I was first transplanted to thy vale,*

*(A bolond remény igaz jelképei)  
Vezettek, csaltak sziklán, sekély öblön át,  
Ahol soha nem tündökölt nyári csillag  
Fénye, tekergő hegyi patakok ölén  
Megbújó elhagyott pisztrángos zuhogókig.  
Fülledt, szélcsendes napokon a dombokról  
Eregettünk sárkányt, mely onnan  
A fodros felhők közé tűnt. Viharos időben  
A mélyebben fekvő réteken iramodtunk,  
Hogy a sárkányt az ellenszél kapja föl.  
Mindezek, s a velük versengő emlékek  
Követelik a hálás beszámolót. Bocsánatos  
Ének lenne és olyan – ha jól ítélem –,  
Melyet hosszan nyújthatnék sértetlenül,  
De meglátásom szerint, ha mindet nem  
Érintjük is, kifinomult félelemből,  
Hogy vitánk egysége meg ne törjön,  
Célba érünk, bár arról nem beszélünk,  
Ami e helyütt rendbe nem fogható,  
Mert sem az érveléshez, sem a nyiladozó  
Értelem és a Természet magyarázatához  
Érdemben semmit hozzá nem tesz.*

(12)

*Nyolc nyarat megéltem;  
Azon a héten, amikor, szeretett Hawkshead,  
Völgyeid közt megtelepedtünk, amikor*

*Beloved Hawkshead! – when thy paths, thy shores  
And brooks, were like a dream of novelty  
To my half-infant mind), I chanced to cross  
One of those open fields which, shaped like ears,  
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's lake.  
Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom  
I saw distinctly on the opposite shore,  
Beneath a tree and close by the lake side,  
A heap of garments, as if left by one  
Who there was bathing. Half an hour I watched  
And no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake  
Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,  
And now and then a leaping fish disturbed  
The breathless stillness.  
The succeeding day  
There came a company, and in their boat  
Sounded with iron hooks and with long poles.  
At length the dead man, mid that beauteous scene  
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright  
Rose with his ghastly face. I might advert  
To numerous accidents in flood or field,  
Quarry or moor, or mid the winter snows,  
Distresses and disasters, tragic facts  
Of rural history that impressed my mind  
With images to which in following years  
Far other feelings were attached – with forms  
That yet exist with independent life,*

*Gyermeki szemembe ösvényeid, patakjaid  
S partjai az újdonság álmát sugallták,  
Ekkor történt, hogy Esthwaite taván, egy  
Fül alakú félszigeten kóboroltam, s az esti  
Szürkületben, de még tisztán láthatóan  
Valaki, talán fürdőző, a szemközti parton,  
A vízhez közel egy fa mellett  
A ruháit egy kupacban hátrahagyta.  
Fél órát vártam, de senki nem jött értük.  
A csendes víz hátán az árnyékok sötétbe  
Váltak, csak egy-egy felbukó hal zavarta  
A lélegzet-visszafojtott mozdulatlanságot.  
Másnap emberek jöttek, csónakjukban  
Vashorog, hosszú rudak, és jó idő múlva  
Egy kísértet arcú halott bukott fel a vízből,  
A fák, a hegyek és a tó gyönyörű látványától  
Övezve. Beszámolómban kitérhetnék  
Egyéb, áradatban vagy kiégett mezőn,  
Kőfejtőbeli vagy ingoványos lápvidéki  
Balesetre. Említhetnék egy téli hófúvásban  
Magára maradt szenvedőt, tragédiák sorát  
A falvak életéből, melyek gondolataimba  
Képeket írtak. E képekhez az évek során  
Független, széttartó érzések társultak,  
S ezek a képek fejemben még ma is élnek,  
És csakúgy, mint az érzelmek alaptípusai,  
A bomlás és elmúlás számukra ismeretlen.*

*And, like their archetypes, know no decay.*

(13)

*There are in our existence spots of time  
Which with distinct preeminence retain  
A fructifying virtue, whence, depressed  
By trivial occupations and the round  
Of ordinary intercourse, our minds –  
Especially the imaginative power –  
Are nourished and invisibly repaired.  
Such moments chiefly seem to have their date  
In our first childhood.  
I remember well  
(’Tis of an early season that I  
The twilight of rememberable life),  
While I was yet an urchin, one who scarce  
Could hold a bridle, with ambitious hopes  
I mounted, and we rode towards the hills.  
We were a pair of horsemen: honest James  
Was with me, my encourager and guide.  
We had not travelled long ere some mischance  
Disjoined me from my comrade, and, through fear  
Dismounting, down the rough and stony moor  
I led my horse, and stumbling on, at length  
Came to a bottom where in former times  
A man, the murderer of his wife, was hung  
In irons. Mouldered was the gibbet-mast;*

(13)

*Létünket behálózzák olyan időfoltok,  
Melyek felsőbbrendűségükben gyümölcsoltó  
Erőt rejtenek és melyek lelkünket, s legfőként  
Képzeloerőnket táplálják és láthatatlanul  
Folyton megújítják, holott mindennapos  
Tevékenységünk és elfoglaltságaink, úgy  
Tűnhet, e foltokat háttérbe szorítják.  
E pillanatok elsősorban gyermekkorunkból  
Származtathatók. Emlékszem jól  
(Egy homályosan felidézhető, korai emlékről  
Beszélek most), ifjú siheder koromban,  
Amikor a kantárt még épphogy kézbe fogtam,  
Csikómat nagyra vágyón felnyergelve,  
Kilovagoltunk a dombok közé,  
Mi ketten, két lovas: őszinte James,  
Kalauzom és bátorítóm volt velem.  
Nem jutottunk még messzire, mikor véletlenül  
Társam tőlem elmaradt, és én félelmemben,  
Lovamról leszállva, a durva, fagyos ingoványban  
Botladoztam. Nagy sokára egy völgybe  
Értem, ahol régen egy férfit, asszonya  
Gyilkosát vasba verve akasztottak.  
Elkorhadt már az akasztófa,  
A csont és a vas szétmállottak,*

*The bones were gone, the iron and the wood;  
Only a long green ridge of turf remained  
Whose shape was like a grave. I left the spot,  
And reascending the bare slope I saw  
A naked pool that lay beneath the hills,  
The beacon on the summit, and more near  
A girl who bore a pitcher on her head  
And seemed with difficult steps to force her way  
Against the blowing wind. It was in truth  
An ordinary sight, but I should need  
Colours and words that are unknown to man  
To paint the visionary dreariness  
Which, while I looked all round for my lost guide,  
Did at that time invest the naked pool,  
The beacon on the lonely eminence,  
The woman and her garments vexed and tossed  
By the strong wind.*

(14)

*Nor less I recollect –  
Long after, though my childhood had not ceased –  
Another scene which left a kindred power  
Implanted in my mind. One Christmas-time,  
The day before the holidays began,  
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
Of those three horses which should bear us home,*

*Csak egy sírhant alakú, zöld pázsitos  
Domb jelölte a múltat. Megfordítva lovam  
A puszta meredélyen fölfelé kapaszkodtam,  
Egy csupasz tavat láttam a dombokon túl,  
Jelzőtűz fényét egy hegytetőn és  
Nem messze egy leányt, fején vizeskorsó:  
Nehéz léptekkel küzdött az ellenszélben.  
Való igaz, köznapi látványban volt részem,  
Mégis, ember számára ismeretlen színekre és  
Szavakra lenne szükségem, hogy leírhassam  
Azt a látomásszerű elhagyatottságot,  
Ahogy kalauzom nyomát kutattam,  
A kétségbeeséstől körülzárt kopár medencét,  
A magányos magaslat jelzőtüzét,  
Az asszonyt és szélről tépázott  
Ruházatát.*

(14)

*Épp így emlékezem,  
Évekkel később, bár még kiskoromban,  
Egy jelenetre, mely hasonló erővel  
Ruházott fel. Karácsony idején,  
Egy nappal az ünnepek előtt,  
Fáradtan, s nyughatatlan-lázasan,  
Kimentem a határba a fogat elé,  
Mely minket, öcsémet s bátyámat is,*

*My brothers and myself. There was a crag,  
An eminence, which from the meeting-point  
Of two highways ascending overlooked  
At least a long half-mile of those two roads,  
By each of which the expected steeds might come –  
The choice uncertain. Thither I repaired  
Up to the highest summit. 'Twas a day  
Stormy, and rough, and wild, and on the grass  
I sat half sheltered by a naked wall.  
Upon my right hand was a single sheep,  
A whistling hawthorn on my left, and there,  
Those two companions at my side, I watched  
With eyes intensely straining, as the mist  
Gave intermitting prospects of the wood  
And plain beneath.  
Ere I to school returned  
That dreary time, ere I had been ten days  
A dweller in my father's house, he died,  
And I and my two brothers, orphans then,  
Followed his body to the grave. The event,  
With all the sorrow which it brought, appeared  
A chastisement; and when I called to mind  
That day so lately passed, when from the crag  
I looked in such anxiety of hope,  
With trite reflections of morality,  
Yet with the deepest passion, I bowed low  
To God who thus corrected my desires.*

*Az iskolából hazavisz. Egy kőszirt  
Magaslott két út találkozásánál, s a  
Kocsis mindkét irányból érkezhett:  
A választás merő bizonytalan.  
A legmagasabb pontra mentem,  
Ahonnan mindkét utat jó  
Félmérföldnyire beláttam.  
Zord, viharos nap volt, hátamat  
Egy csupasz kőnek vetve a fűben ültem.  
Jobb kéz felől egy birka nézett rám,  
Bal felől a galagonyáson füttyült át a szél,  
S e két társsal oldalamon várakoztam,  
Szemem meresztve. A ködből  
Hol egy erdőfolt, hol a mögötte fekvő  
Síkság sejlett elő. Épp tíz napra rá,  
Hogy az atyai házba költöztem, de még  
Az új iskolai félév kezdete előtt,  
Apám meghalt, s mi testvéreimmel  
Árván, utolsó útjára kísértük őt.  
A bánatot hozó esemény büntetésnek  
Tűnt, s mikor újra felidézem, milyen  
Reménytelen szenvedéllyel, jóllehet  
Köznap gondolatokat érlelgetve,  
Néztem szét egykor a szirt fokán,  
Isten előtt, ki ekképpen vágyaimat  
Egyengette, mélyen meghajolok.  
És eztán mindig, az ónos eső és a szél,*

*And afterwards the wind and sleety rain,  
And all the business of the elements,  
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
And the bleak music of that old stone wall,  
The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
Which on the line of each of those two roads  
Advanced in such indisputable shapes –  
All these were spectacles and sounds to which  
I often would repair, and thence would drink  
As at a fountain. And I do not doubt  
That in this later time, when storm and rain  
Beat on my roof at midnight, or by day  
When I am in the woods, unknown to me  
The workings of my spirit thence are brought.*

(15)

*Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace  
How Nature by collateral interest,  
And by extrinsic passion, peopled first  
My mind with forms or beautiful or grand  
And made me love them, may I well forget  
How other pleasures have been mine, and joys  
Of subtler origin – how I have felt  
Not seldom, even in that tempestuous time,  
Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense  
Which seem in their simplicity to own  
An intellectual charm, that calm delight*

*Az elemek munkái mind,  
A magányos birka és a villám sújtotta  
Fa, az öreg kőfal zord zenéje,  
A vizek és erdők nesze, s a köd,  
Mely mindkét út fölött árnyakat  
Öltve terjengett, félreérthetetlenül,  
Mind e látvány és hangok gyakorta  
Visszatértek, s az élményt én mint  
Kútvizet iszom. Semmi kétség, hogy  
Majd később, ha éjfélkor zivatar dobol  
A tetőn, vagy nappal, mikor számomra  
Ismeretlen erdőt járok, lelkem és tudatom  
Háttérében ez az élmény motoz.*

(15)

*Azt sem feledem,  
Hogy élveztem más örömeket is, tisztább  
Forrású mámort. Buzgón igyekszem  
Felderíteni, a Természet miként  
Ruházta rám gyönyörű, magasztos formák  
Erejét, közérdekből vagy egy szenvedély  
Nyomán. S azt sem feledem, hogy  
Gyakran, viharos időkben is, átéltem  
Az érzékek szent villanását, mik  
Egyszerűségükben is egyféle szellemi  
Bájt rejtenek: letisztult örömet,*

*Which, if I err not, surely must belong  
To those first-born affinities that fit  
Our new existence to existing things,  
And, in our dawn of being, constitute  
The bond of union betwixt life and joy.*

(16)

*Yes, I remember when the changeful earth  
And twice five seasons on my mind had stamped  
The faces of the moving year, even then,  
A child, I held unconscious intercourse  
With the eternal beauty, drinking in  
A pure organic pleasure from the lines  
Of curling mist, or from the level plain  
Of waters coloured by the steady clouds.  
The sands of Westmorland, the creeks and bays  
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell  
How when the sea threw off his evening shade  
And to the shepherd's hut beneath the crags  
Did send sweet notice of the rising moon,  
How I have stood, to images like these  
A stranger, linking with the spectacle  
No body of associated forms,  
And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
Of quietness or peace – yet I have stood  
Even while my eye has moved o'er three long leagues  
Of shining water, gathering, as it seemed,*

*Mely, ha nem tévedek, megújuló  
Valónkat korábbi énünkhöz csatolja  
A velünk született készségek révén,  
S létünk zenitjén az élet és az öröm  
Közi összeforrt egységet jelenti.*

(16)

*Igen, emlékszem, a változó  
Táj harmadfél éves elmémbe véste  
A távozó évszakok arcait, már akkor,  
Gyermekként is, az örök szépséggel  
Öntudatlan kapcsolatban álltam,  
Forrásából érzéki örömeiket ittam:  
Egybefüggő felhők színezte vízfelszínen  
Fodrozódó párák alakjaiból.  
Westmoreland homokja, öblök és vizek,  
Cumbria sziklás csúcsai! mesélhetne  
Mind, miként álltam a látványban idegenül,  
Mikor a tenger az alkony árnyaitól  
Megszabadulván, a kelő holddal küldött  
Édes üzenetet a szirteken túl egy  
Pásztorkunyhó felé. A látványhoz  
Nem kapcsoltam gondolatban formát,  
S nem hozott az érzés sem csendet,  
Sem nyugalmat, mégis, ottmaradtam állva,  
Míg szemem tíz mérföldet bejárt  
A csillogó nyílt vízen, és úgy tűnt,*



*Through the wide surface of that field of light  
New pleasure, like a bee among the flowers.*

(17)

*Thus often in those fits of vulgar joy  
Which through all seasons on a child's pursuits  
Are prompt attendants, mid that giddy bliss  
Which like a tempest works along the blood  
And is forgotten, even then I felt  
Gleams like the flashing of a shield. The earth  
And common face of Nature spake to me  
Rememberable things – sometimes, 'tis true,  
By quaint associations, yet not vain  
Nor profitless, if haply they impressed  
Collateral objects and appearances,  
Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sleep  
Until maturer seasons called them forth  
To impregnate and to elevate the mind.  
And if the vulgar joy by its own weight  
Wearied itself out of the memory,  
The scenes which were a witness of that joy  
Remained, in their substantial lineaments  
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye  
Were visible, a daily sight. And thus  
By the impressive agency of fear,  
By pleasure and repeated happiness –  
So frequently repeated – and by force*

*Mint a virágmézet gyűjtő méh, én is  
Új örömet gyűjtök a fény széles mezején.*

(17)

*Az időtájt gyakran leltem örömöm  
A gyermek mindennapi játékaik közt.  
Viharos kielégülést, mely a vért hirtelen  
Felkavarja, majd feledésbe merül.  
Még ilyenkor is sugárzás vett körül,  
Szinte egy pajzs megvillanó fényeként.  
A föld s a Természet arcai meséltek  
Nekem emlékeztetően, még ha néha  
Furcsa logikával is, de nem hiába.  
S nem haszontalan, véletlen utakon  
Mutattak meg közvetett társításokat,  
Noha akkor ezek számomra élettelen  
Álomba merültek, egy érettebb korban  
Várva az ébredést, hogy elmémet  
Élesítsék. És ha a mindennapok játékaik  
Az emlékezet rostáján át is peregnek,  
Egy kép agyunkba rajzolódva megmarad,  
Hordozva a játék alapvető tanújelét,  
S e jelek nap mint nap felidézhetők.  
Így, e sokszor előhívható jelek,  
A szorongató félelmektől, örömöktől,  
A gyakran megidézett boldogságtól átítatva,  
S az elfeledett játékok megfoghatatlan*

*Of obscure feelings representative  
Of joys that were forgotten, these same scenes,  
So beauteous and majestic in themselves,  
Though yet the day was distant, did at length  
Become habitually dear, and all  
Their hues and forms were by invisible links  
Allied to the affections.*

(18)

*I began  
My story early, feeling, as I fear,  
The weakness of a human love for days  
Disowned by memory – ere the birth of spring  
Planting my snowdrops among winter snows.  
Nor will it seem to thee, my friend, so prompt  
In sympathy, that I have lengthened out  
With fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.  
Meanwhile my hope has been that I might fetch  
Reproaches from my former years, whose power  
May spur me on, in manhood now mature,  
To honourable toil. Yet should it be  
That this is but an impotent desire –  
That I by such inquiry am not taught  
To understand myself, nor thou to know  
With better knowledge how the heart was framed  
Of him thou lovest – need I dread from thee  
Harsh judgements if I am so loath to quit*

*Érzésének erejével átváltoztak, lettek  
Magasztosak és gyönyörűk, s a távoli  
Időbe tűnten is megszokottan kedvesekké  
Váltak, mert alakjukban, árnyaikban  
Láthatatlan kapcsolatokon keresztül  
Mind kötődtek valamely elfeledett  
Érzelemhez, szeretethez.*

(18)

*A korai időktől*

*Kezdtém sorsom elbeszélni, aggódván,  
Hisz az emberi szeretet gyöngédsége néha  
Kikezdi az emlékezést, ahogy a tavaszi szántás  
A hóvirágnak kárára szolgál. De barátom,  
Ki oly serényen keresed együttérzésemet,  
Nem találod-e majd úgy, hogy mesémet  
Értelmetlenül hosszúra szabtam?  
Együttal remélem, hogy a múltat idézve  
Korholó tapasztalást nyerek, melynek  
Ereje előrelendíti mai, férfi létem,  
És munkám megbecsülést gyümölcsöz.  
De talán mindez hiábavaló kívánság  
Részemről, és ezzel a múltba révedéssel  
Sem magamat jobban ki nem ismerem,  
Sem te a szívet, melyet szeretsz, nem  
Látod tisztábban. Félek, elmarasztalsz,  
Ha nem hagyok fel a derűs órák,*

*Summer  
2020*

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*Those recollected hours that have the charm  
Of visionary things, and lovely forms  
And sweet sensations, that throw back our life  
And make our infancy a visible scene  
On which the sun is shining? ♦*

*Csodás alakok, édes érzemények,  
Elmúlt életünkbe, gyermekségünkbe  
Visszarepítő fényjelek számbavételével,  
Melyek képzelőerőmet serkentették. ♦*