

Oda a las papas fritas

Escrito por Pablo Neruda



**Analizado por Sra. Stetson
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<http://www.enmitg.com/izquierdo/didactica/hotpotatoes/odapapasfritas.html>

	Es posible que sepa....	No sé...
<p><i>Chisporrotea</i> <i>en el aceite</i> <i>hirviendo</i> <u>la alegría</u> <i>del mundo:</i> <u>las papas</u> <u>fritas</u> <u>entran</u> <i>en la sartén</i> <i>como nevadas</i> <i>plumas</i> <i>de cisne</i> <i>matutino</i> <i>y salen</i> <i>**<u>semidoradas</u> por el crepitante</i> <u>ámbar de las olivas.</u></p> <p><i>El ajo</i> <i>les añade</i> <u>su terrenal fragancia,</u> <i>la pimienta,</i> <u>polen que atravesó los arrecifes,</u> <i>y</i> <i>vestidas</i> <i>de nuevo</i> <i>con traje de marfil, llenan <u>el plato</u></i> <i>con la repetición de su abundancia</i> <i>y su sabrosa sencillez de tierra.</i></p>	<p><u>semidoradas</u> (partially golden)</p> <p><u>polen</u> (pollen)</p> <p>sencillez (simplicity)</p>	<p>Chisporrotea</p> <p>matutino (morning)</p> <p>el crepitante (crackling)</p> <p>atravesó los arrecifes (reefs) atravesar (to cross, go through)</p> <p>marfil (ivory)</p>

*Las palabras subrayadas son cognados

** La palabra no fue en el diccionario completamente

“El gist”:

Neruda is writing about French fries. He gives a lot of happy, earthy descriptions and compares them to a morning swan, which seems unique. He also describes them being cooked and the ingredients of the dish. He must really like French fries.

Neruda	Mi traducción	Google	La traducción de... http://spanishpoems.blogspot.com/2005/02/pablo-neruda-oda-las-patatas-fritas.html
<i>Chisporrotea en el aceite hirviendo la alegría del mundo: las papas fritas entran en la sartén como nevadas plumas de cisne matutino y salen semidoradas por el crepitante ámbar de las olivas.</i>	Sputtering In the oil Boiling The happiness Of the world The potatoes Fried They enter In the pan Like snowy Feathers Of swan Morning And they leave Semi-golden by crackling Amber of olives	sizzling in oil boiling joy the world: potatoes fried fall in the pan as snowfall feathers goose morning and out semidoradas by crackling Amber olives.	What sizzles in boiling oil is the world's pleasure: French fries go into the pan like the morning swan's feathers and emerge half-golden from the olive's crackling amber.

Unas reflexiones

La traducción...

The four different translations are very close. There is a difference in word order between the English and the Spanish. My translation is very literal as is Google's, but Google couldn't translate every word. The two translations also sound pretty robotic compared to the translation on the right. It is pretty interesting to see that the words "alegría" and "entran" were translated different in each version. I'm pretty sure that the crackling olives must be referring to the olive oil. I still think that the swan metaphor is strange. I wonder what Neruda's French fries looked like.

Una cosas de la red...

I found many videos on the Internet that used the poem. One video was a man reading the poem while related images flashed across the screen. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MdCapo49ONA> This video helped me to understand some of the vocabulary and I enjoyed listening to the poem being read. The second video I watch incorporated the poem, images, and music. It was very upbeat and an interesting version of the song. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QN7NG2_XB3U They also added some phrases about wanted to eat French Fries with a pretty girl at the end. The third video was a reading of the poem with somebody making French Fries. It was a pretty lame video but the reading was slow and two different people were taking turns reading. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HaJdrk5oV4M> There were a lot more videos but I didn't have time to watch them all.

I also looked at two different websites that had both analysis and translation of the poem. There were many, many more. This first site simply confirmed and solidified my earlier translations of the poem. <http://palomasdoves.wordpress.com/2012/12/10/oda-a-las-papas-fritas-ode-to-the-french-fries/> The second website had the poem translated into both English and Chinese! The author of the site described Neruda as a prolific writer and gave a detailed analysis, which I have, copied part of below.

“In this poem, he gives in vivid images, visual and sonic, how the white chips went into the boiling and sizzling oil with thousands of tiny bubbles of air as the olive oil heats up in the frying pan. He compares the uncooked chips to the white feathers of the morning swans and when they come out, they are half-golden. He says that they have taken on a new coat of amber marble. The plates are then filled with what he calls the “sabrosa sencillez de tierra” or the delicious simplicity of the earth, gifts of its repeated abundance and bounty to man. The tiny grains of pepper are compared by him to pollen crossing a sea filled with coral reefs of heaped up potato chips! I really like this poet! I don’t think I have ever read any poem by any Chinese poets writing on the humble fare served on the platters of the peasant simple dining room.. According to some historians, the potato was first cultivated around Lake Titicaca, between Peru and Bolivia about 10,000 years ago and was first brought to Europe in the second half of the 16th Century to Spain and later spread to Italy, France, Germany, England and then to the other European countries. “ <http://ktapoon.wordpress.com/2010/04/15/nerudas-oda-a-las-papas-fritas-ode-to-french-fries/>

I enjoyed reading a little bit about the history of the potato and the connection he made to his own culture. Funny how before learning to speak Spanish I had always thought that potatoes came from Ireland. I eat fries all the time, but I suppose I would have never thought to write a poem about them!

Por fin...

- Overall, this experience was....
- The coolest thing I learned was...
- The thing that surprised me the most was...
- My impression of Neruda is...
- I would/would not read more of his poetry because...
- The hardest part of this was...
- If I were to do this differently next time, I would...