Chapter 1

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo....

His father told him that story: his father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the wild rose blossoms
On the little green place.

He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived: she sold lemon platt.

He sang that song. That was his song.

O, the green wothe botheth.

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Epigraph: Et ignotas animum dimittit in artes. Latin, «And he applies his mind to unknown arts» (the line continues, «and changes the laws of nature»).

Description of Daedalus in Ovid's Metamorphoses, VIII:188.
Dante His ‘baby name’ for his aunt and a reference to the poet who, like his aunt, was a fervent Roman Catholic.

Dante not Dante Alighieri. This is the nickname of the woman who is Stephen’s nanny, or governess.

press Large, shielded cupboard, usually in the recess of a wall.

had two brushes in her press had two brushes in her closet-in this case, an upright piece of furniture used to hold clothes.

Michael Davitt. Organizer of the land reform league. Much more of a political agitator than Parnell, Davitt associated with sailors celebrating.

The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother. They were Eileen’s father and mother. When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen. He hid under the table. His mother said:

—O, Stephen will apologize.

—O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes.—

When you wet the bed first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell.

His mother had a nicer smell than his father. She played on the piano the sailor’s hornpipe for him to dance:

Tralala lala, Tralala tralaladdy, Tralala lala, Tralala lala.

Dante clapped. They were older than his father and mother but uncle Charles was older than Dante.

Dante had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell. Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought him a piece of tissue paper.

Los Vances vivían en el número 7. Tenían otro padre y otra madre diferentes, él se iba a casar con Eileen…

Se escondió bajo la mesa. Su madre dijo:

—Stephen tiene que pedir perdón.

—Y si no, vendrán los águilas y le sacarán los ojos.

The wide playgrounds This effectively marks the beginning of a new section: Stephen’s move to Clongowes.

• the prefects’ teacher-supervisors; often senior pupils, as well, who are given authority to maintain discipline.

The wide playgrounds were swarming with boys. All were shouting and the prefects

• put on the oilsheet put on an oilcloth, a cotton fabric made waterproof with oil and pigment; often used for tablecloths.

• the sailor’s hornpipe Dance involving a single person, associated with sailors celebrating.

• the sailor’s hornpipe a lively dance, usually done by one person; popular with sailors.


Pull out his eyes … Apologize Notice first of all the big image, though here with a menacing association (eagles) and the fact that this poem symbolizes revolt -for Stephen’s rejection of what is expected gives rise to it. It contrasts immediately with the innocent (eagles) and the fact that this poem symbolizes revolt (based on the Bible, Proverbs, 30: 17).


Pull out his eyes … Apologize Notice first of all the big image, though here with a menacing association (eagles) and the fact that this poem symbolizes revolt -for Stephen’s rejection of what is expected gives rise to it. It contrasts immediately with the innocent song which is his song and it also anticipates his later rebellion.

Pull out his eyes there was a children’s hymn about the punishment of the wicked: ‘The ravens shall pick out his eyes’ (based on the Bible, Proverbs, 30: 17).

The wide playgrounds

Los anchurosos campos de recreo hormigueaban de muchachos. Todos chillaban y los prefectos

2. Michael Davitt … Parnell: Michael Davitt (1846-kg6) founded the Land League (1879), an organization financed by the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), the Fenians in the USA, and the Irish Parliamentary Party, under Parnell’s leadership. It was devoted to the abolition of landlordism and the protection of tenants. Davitt’s association with Parnell united the revolutionary, constitutional and agrarian elements in Ireland into a formidable weapon that Charles Stewart Parnell (1848-96) wielded with great skill in his campaign for Home Rule - that is, the establishment in Dublin of an Irish legislature with responsibility for domestic affairs. However, it was Parnell’s irresponsible conduct of his domestic affair with Katharine O’Shea, the wife of a parliamentary colleague, that led to his being cited as co-respondent in a divorce case. As a consequence, he was abandoned by William Ewart Gladstone, the English Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal Party, by the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and, in a famous series of meetings in Committee Room 15 of the House of Commons in December 1890, by the Irish Parliamentary Party of which he was the Chief. (This is referred to in the titles of Joyce’s story ‘By Day in the Committee Room’ in Dubliners.) Parnell died soon after, on 6 October 1891. David and Parnell were in effective alliance from 11/79 to 1892; thereafter the divergences in their political views became increasingly sharp. Davitt was one of the first and most vocal of those who opposed Parnell’s attempt to retain the leadership after the divorce scandal.

• Parnell Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-91): Irish Nationalist leader. Fought for Home Rule; urged Irish Catholics to pay no rents to their Protestant landlords. His political career was brought to an end when his adultery with a married woman was made public.
Joyce’s Portrait

...usurged them on with strong cries. The evening air was pale and chilly and after every charge and thud of the footballers the greasy leather orb flew like a heavy bird through the grey light. He kept on the fringe of his line, out of sight of his prefect, out of the reach of the rude feet, feigning to run now and then. He felt his body small and weak amid the throng of the players and his eyes were weak and watery. Rody Kickham was not like that: he would be captain of the third line all the fellows said.

Rody Kickham was a decent fellow but Nasty Roche was a stink. Rody Kickham had greaves in his number and a hamper in the refectory. Nasty Roche had big hands. He called the Friday pudding dog-in-the-blanket. And one day he had asked:

—What is your name?

Stephen had answered: Stephen Dedalus.

Then Nasty Roche had said:

—What kind of a name is that?

And when Stephen had not been able to answer Nasty Roche had asked:

—What is your father?

Stephen had answered: A gentleman.

Then Nasty Roche had asked:

—Is he a magistrate?

He crept about from point to point on the fringe of his line, making little runs now and then. But his hands were bluish with cold. He kept his hands in the side pockets of his belted grey

les animaban a gritos. <-

El aire de la tarde era pálido y frío, y a cada voltea de los jugadores, el grasiento globo de cuero volaba como un ave pesada a través de la luz gris. Stephen se mantenía en el extremo de su línea, fuera de la vista del prefecto, fuera del alcance [9] de los pies brutales, y de vez en cuando fingía una carrera. Comprendía que su cuerpo era pequeño y débil comparado con los de la turba de jugadores; y sentía que sus ojos eran débiles y aguazos. Rody Kickham no era así; era capitán de la tercera división; todos los chicos lo decían.

Rody Kickham era una persona decente, pero Roche el Malo era un asqueroso. Rody Kickham tenía unas espinitelas en su camarilla y, en el refectorio, una cesta de provisiones que le mandaban de casa. Roche el Malo tenía las manos grandes y solía decir que el perro de los viernes parecía un perro en una manta. Y un día le había preguntado:

—¿Cómo te llamas?

Stephen había contestado: Stephen Dédalus.

Y entonces Roche había dicho:

—¿Qué nombre es ése?

Pero Stephen no había sido capaz de responder. Y entonces Roche le había vuelto a preguntar:

—¿Qué es tu padre?

Y él había respondido:

—Un señor.

Y todavía Roche había vuelto a preguntarle:

—¿Es magistrado?

Se deslizaba de un punto a otro, siempre en el extremo de una línea, dando carreritas cortas de vez en cuando. Pero las manos le azuleaban de frio. Las metió en los bolsillos de su chaqueta gris de cinturón. El cinturón pasaba por
suit. That was a belt round his pocket. And belt was also to give a fellow a belt. One day a fellow said to Cantwell:

—I’d give you such a belt in a second.

Cantwell had answered:

—Go and fight your match. Give Cecil Thunder a belt. I’d like to see you. He’d give you a toe in the rump for yourself.

That was not a nice expression. His mother had told him not to speak with the rough boys in the college. Nice mother! The first day in the hall of the castle when she had said goodbye she had put up her veil double to her nose to kiss him: and her nose and eyes were red. But he had pretended not to see that she was going to cry. She was a nice mother but she was not so nice when she cried. And his father had given him two five-shilling pieces for pocket money. And his father had told him if he wanted anything to write home to him and, whatever he did, never to peach on a fellow. Then at the door of the castle the rector had shaken hands with his father and mother, his soutane fluttering in the breeze, and the car had driven off with his father and mother on it. They had cried to him from the car:

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

—Goodbye, Stephen, goodbye!

He was caught in the whirl of a scrimmage and, fearful of the flashing eyes and muddy boots, bent down to look through the legs. The fellows were struggling and groaning and their legs were rubbing and kicking and stamping. Then Jack Lawton’s yellow boots dodged out the ball and all the other boots and legs ran after. He ran after them a little way encima del bolsillo. Cinturón, cinturonazo. Y darle a un chico un cinturonazo era pegarle con el cinturón. Un día un chico le había dicho a Cantwell:

—¡Te voy a largar un cinturonazo!...

Y Cantwell le había contestado:

—¡Anda y quítate de ahí! Ve a largarle un cinturonazo a Cecil Thunder. Me gustaría verte. Te mete un puntapié en el trasero como para ti solo.

Aquella expresión no estaba muy bien. Su madre le había dicho que no hablara en el colegio con chicos mal educados. ¡Madre querida! Al despedirse el día de entrada en el establo del castillo, ella se había recogido el velo sobre la nariz para besarlo: y la nariz y los ojos estaban enrojecidos. Pero él había hecho como si no se diera cuenta de que su madre estaba a punto de echarse a llorar. Y su padre le había dado como dinero de bolsillo dos monedas de a cinco chelines. Y su padre le había dicho que escribiera a casa si necesitaba algo, y que, sobre todo, nunca acusara a un compañero aunque hiciese lo que hiciere. Después, a la puerta del castillo, el rector, con la sotana flotante a la brisa, había estrechado la mano a sus padres y el coche había partido con su padre y su madre dentro. __ ______ __

____ ________ __

9. peach: inform, «tell on». peach inform against, turn informer.
10. rector: the rector is the ecclesiastic who has charge of the government of a college. He is superior to the prefect of studies and the prefect of discipline, both of whom are also ecclesiastics. The rector of Clongowes at this time was the Reverend John Conmee, S. J., who also appears in the Wandering Rocks episode of Ulysses.
11. scrimmage (escaramuza): in rugby football, a scrum, a set piece in which the opposing forwards lock together to form a low arch into which the ball is fed and from which it is released again by foot. The game played here is not, as has sometimes been claimed, Gaelic football. Stephen seems to be playing in the line of backs, probably on the wing, and is devoting his energies to avoiding any contact with either ball or opposing player. Rugby, like cricket, would have been considered to be a proper game for a college like Clongowes with its public school ethos. Gaelic football’s revival dates from 1884, but its later political victories were not won on the playing fields of Clongowes.

—¡Adiós, Stephen, adiós!

—¡Adiós, Stephen, adiós!
and then stopped. It was useless to run on. Soon they would be going home for the holidays. After supper in the study hall he would change the number pasted up inside his desk from seventy-seven to seventy-six.

It would be better to be in the study hall than out there in the cold. The sky was pale and cold but there were lights in the castle. He wondered from which window Hamilton Rowan had thrown his hat on the ha-ha and had there been flowerbeds at that time under the windows. One day when he had been called to the castle the butler had shown him the marks of the soldiers' slugs in the wood of the door and had given him a piece of shortbread that the community ate. It was nice and warm to see the lights in the castle. It was like something in a book. Perhaps Leicester Abbey was like that.

Frases tan bonitas había en el libro de lección del doctor Cornwell! Eran como versos, sólo que eran únicamente frases para aprender a deletrear.

Wobsey murió en la Abadía de Leicester donde los abades le enterraron. Cancer es una enfermedad de plantas; cáncer, una de animales.

It would be nice to lie on the hearthrug before the fire, leaning his head upon his hands, and think on those sentences. He shivered as if he had cold shiver next his skin. That was mean of Wells to shoulder him into the square ditch because he would not swap his little snuff box for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. How cold and slimy the water had been! A fellow had once seen a big rat jump into the scum. His mother was sitting at the fire with Dante waiting for Brigid to bring in the tea. She had her feet on the fender and her jewely slippers were so hot and they had such a lovely warm smell! Dante knew a lot of trecho y luego se paró. No tenía objeto el seguir. Pronto se irían a casa, de vacaciones. Después de la cena, en el salón de estudio, iba a cambiar el número que estaba pegado dentro de su pupitre: de 77 a 76.

Sería mejor estar en el salón de estudio, que no allí fuera al frío. El cielo estaba pálido y frío, pero en el castillo había luces. Se quedó pensando desde qué ventana habría arrojado Hamilton Rowan su sombrero al foso y si habría ya entonces arriates de flores bajo las ventanas. Un día que le habían llamado al castillo, el despensero le había enseñado las huellas de las balas de los soldados en la madera de la puerta y le había dado un pedazo de torta de la que comía la comunidad. ¡Qué agradable y confortable era ver las luces en el [11] castillo! Era como una cosa de un libro. Tal vez la Abadía de Leicester sería así. ¿Y qué frases tan bonitas había en el libro de lección del doctor Cornwell? Eran como versos, sólo que eran únicamente frases para aprender a deletrear.

Wobsey murió en la Abadía de Leicester, donde los abades le enterraron. Cancer es una enfermedad de plantas; cáncer, una de animales.

12. seventy-seven to seventy-six: the number of days between the beginning of first term and the end of first term.

13. He wondered . . . the windows: Archibald Hamilton Rowan (1755-1836) was a member of the radical United Irishmen organization that had sought to establish in Ireland a version of French revolutionary nationalist ideals. He was arrested in 1794 but escaped his troop escort and hid in Clongowes Wood Castle, as it then was. He is reputed to have thrown his hat from the library window on to the ha-ha outside, thus deceiving the British soldiers into believing that he had escaped in that direction. The legend is that his hat landed in the square ditch until he was-smuggled in safety to France some time later. (S) Hamilton Rowan (1755-1836): The Irish patriot who hid at Clongowes and succeeded in throwing the pursing English soldiers off the scent.

14. Doctor Cornwell's Spelling Book . . . one of animals: A Grammar for Beginners (1838), an introduction to An English School Grammar (1838), both by James Cornwell and Alexander Allen, were standard in primary and intermediate schools in Ireland at this time. The Intermediate Education Act of 1878 established a system of public examinations and payment to school managers on the basis of results obtained therein. This encouraged systematic cramming; texts such as these were designed to cater to this kind of education. Young Stephen's frequent quotations from classroom material are typical of the memorizing of set pieces practised at Clongowes and other schools.

leicester abbey - wobsey (1471-1533). the latter was henry viii's cardinal. he was arrested for high treason, was taken ill on the way to london, and died at leicester abbey with the famous words on his lips: 'had i but served god as i have served the king. he wondered . . . the windows: archibald hamilton rowan (1755-1836) was a member of the radical united irishmen organization that had sought to establish in ireland a version of french revolutionary nationalist ideals. he was arrested in 1794 but escaped his troop escort and hid in clongowes wood castle, as it then was. he is reputed to have thrown his hat from the library window on to the ha-ha outside, thus deceiving the british soldiers into believing that he had escaped in that direction. the legend is that his hat landed in the square ditch until he was-smuggled in safety to france some time later. (s) hamilton rowan (1755-1836): the irish patriot who hid at clongowes and succeeded in throwing the pursing english soldiers off the scent.
things. She had taught him where the Mozambique Channel was and what was the longest river in America and what was the name of the highest mountain in the moon. Father Arnall knew more than Dante because he was a priest but both his father and uncle Charles said that Dante was a clever woman and a well-read woman. And when Dante made that noise after dinner and then put up her hand to her mouth: that was heartburn.

A voice cried far out on the playground:

—All in!

Then other voices cried from the lower and third lines:

—All in! All in!

The players closed around, flushed and muddy, and he went among them, glad to go in. Rody Kickham held the ball by its greasy lace. A fellow asked him to give it one last: but he walked on without even answering the fellow. Simon Moonan told him not to because the prefect was looking. The fellow turned to Simon Moonan and said: —We all know why you speak. You are McGlade's suck.

Suck was a queer word. The fellow called Simon Moonan that name because Simon Moonan used to tie the prefect's false sleeves behind his back and the prefect used to let on to be angry. But the sound was ugly. Once he had washed his hands in the lavatory of the Wicklow Hotel and his father pulled the stopper up by the chain after and the dirty water went down through the hole in the basin. And when it had all gone down slowly the hole in the basin had made a sound like that: suck. Only louder.

A voice cried far out on the playground:

—¡Todo el mundo dentro!

Then other voices cried from the second and the third division:

—¡Todos adentro! ¡Todos adentro!

Los jugadores se agrupaban sofocados y embarrados, y él se mezcló con ellos, contento de volver a entrar. Rody Kickham llevaba el balón cogido por la atadura grasienta. Un chico le dijo que le pegara todavía la última patada; pero él se metió dentro sin contestarle. Simón Moonan le dijo que no lo hiciera porque el prefecto estaba mirando. El chico se volvió a Simón Moonan, y le dijo:

—Todos sabemos por qué lo dices. Tú eres el chupito de McGlade.

Chupito era una palabra muy rara. Aquel chico le llamaba así a Simón Moonan porque Simón Moonan solía atar las mangas falsas del prefecto y el prefecto hacía como que se enfadaba. Pero el sonido de la palabra era feo. Una vez se había lavado él las manos en el lavabo del Hotel Wicklow, y su padre tiró después de la cadena para quitar el tapón, y el agua sucia cayó por el agujero de la palangana. Y cuando toda el agua se hubo sumido lentamente, el agujero de la palangana hizo un ruido así: chup. Sólo que más fuerte.
To remember that and the white look of the lavatory made him feel cold and then hot. There were two cocks that you turned and water came out: cold and hot. He felt cold and then a little hot: and he could see the names printed on the cocks. That was a very queer thing.

And the air in the corridor chilled him too. It was queer and wet. But soon the gas would be lit and in burning it made a light noise like a little song. Always the same: and when the fellows stopped talking in the playroom you could hear it.

It was the hour for sums. Father Arnall wrote a hard sum on the board and then said:

—Now then, who will win? Go ahead, York! Go ahead, Lancaster!

Stephen tried his best, but the sum was too hard and he felt confused. The little silk badge with the white rose on it that was pinned on the breast of his jacket began to flutter. He was no good at sums, but he tried his best so that York might not lose. Father Arnall's face looked very rich because he had a badge with the red rose on it from his side. The little silk escarapela that was pinned on the breast of his jacket began to flutter. He was no good at sums, but he tried his best so that York might not lose. Father Arnall looked at his copybook and said:

—Right. Bravo Lancaster! The red rose wins. Come on now, York! Forge ahead!

Jack Lawton looked over from his side. The little silk badge with the red rose on it looked very rich because he had a blue sailor top on. Stephen felt his own face red and wettish. But soon the gas would be lit and in burning it made a light noise like a little song. Always the same: and when the fellows stopped talking in the playroom you could hear it.


Y el aire del tránsito le escalfóriaba también. Era un aire raro y húmedo. Pronto encendían el gas y al arder haría un ligero ruido como una cancióncilla. Siempre era así: y, si los chicos dejaban de hablar en el cuarto de recreo, entonces se podía oír muy bien.

Era la hora de los problemas de aritmética. El Padre Arnall escribió un problema muy difícil en el encerado, y luego dijo:

—¡Vamos a ver quién va a ganar! ¡Hola, York! ¡Hola, Lancaster!

Stephen lo hacía lo mejor que podía, pero la operación era muy complicada y se hizo un lío. La pequeña escarapela de [13] seda, prendida con un alfiler en su chaqueta, comenzó a oscilar. Él no se daba cuenta de llenarlo para los problemas, pero trataba de hacerlo lo mejor que podía para que York no perdiese. La cara del Padre Arnall parecía muy ceñuda, pero no estaba enfadado: se estaba riendo. Al cabo de un rato, Jack Lawton chascó los dedos, y el Padre Arnall le miró el cuaderno y dijo:

—Bien. ¡Bravo, Lancaster! La rosa roja gana. ¡Vamos, York! ¡Hay que alcanzarlos!

Jack Lawton le estaba mirando desde su sitio. La pequeña escarapela con la rosa roja le caía muy bien, porque llevaba una blusa azul de marinero. Stephen sintió que su cara estaba roja también, y pensó en todas las apuestas que había cruzadas sobre quién ganaría el primer puesto en Nociones, Jack Lawton o él. Algunas semanas ganaba Jack Lawton la tarjeta.
Joyce’s Portrait

first and some weeks he got the card for first. His white
silk badge fluttered and fluttered as he worked at the
next sum and heard Father Arnall’s voice. Then all his
eagerness passed away and he felt his face quite cool. He
thought his face must be white because it felt so cool. He
could not get out the answer for the sum but it did not
matter. White roses and red
roses: those were beautiful
colours to think of. And the
cards for first place and second place and third place
were beautiful colours too:
pink and cream and lavender.
Lavender and cream and pink
roses were beautiful to think
of. Perhaps a wild rose might
be like those colours and he
remembered the song about
the wild rose blossoms on the
little green place. But you
could not have a green rose.
But perhaps somewhere in the
world you could.

The bell rang and then the
classes began to file out of the
rooms and along the corridors
towards the refectory. He sat
looking at the two prints of butter
on his plate but could not eat
the damp bread. The
tablecloth was damp and
limp. But he drank
off the hot weak tea which the
canny Arnall’s apron,
frozed into his cup. He wondered
whether the scullion’s apron
was damp too or whether all
white things were cold and
damp. Nasty Roche and Saurin
drank cocoa: it was damp too or whether all
the damp bread. The
green rose: it was damp too or whether all
the damp bread. The

Sonó la campana, y los alu-
mos comenzaron a salir de la cla-
se hacia el refectorio, a lo largo
de los tránsitos. Se sentó mirando
dos moldes de mantequilla que
había en su plato, pero no
cuando beber un trago,
sin embargo, el té que le [1]
extralía el delantal blanco. Pensaba si
el delantal del marmíton estaría
húmedo también, o si todas las
cosas blancas serían húmedas
y frías. Roche el Malo y Saurín
bebían cacao: se lo enviaban
sus familias en latas. Decían que
no podían beber aquel té, porque
era como agua de fregar. Decían que
sus padres eran magistrados

All the boys seemed to him
very strange. They had all
fathers and mothers and
different clothes and voices. He
longed to be at home and lay his
head on his mother’s lap. But
he could not: and so he longed
for the play and study and
prayers to be over and to be in
de primero, y otras él. Su es-
carapel de seda blanca vibra-
ba y vibraba, mientras traba-
aba en el siguiente problema
y oía la voz del Padre Arnall.
Después, todo su ahínco pasó,
y sintió que tenía la cara com-
pletamente fría. Pensó que de-
bía de tener la cara blanca,

Todos los chicos le parecían
muy extraños. Todos tenían pa-
dres y madres, y trajas y voces
diferentes. Y deseaba estar en casa
y reclinarse la cabeza en el regazo
de su madre. Pero no podía; y lo
que quería; por lo menos, era que
se acabaran el juego y el estudio
y las oraciones para estar en la
Joyce’s Portrait

He drank another cup of hot tea and Fleming said:

—What’s up? Have you a pain or what’s up with you?

—I don’t know, Stephen said.

—Sick in your breadbasket, Fleming said, because your face looks white. It will go away.

—O yes, Stephen said.

But he was not sick there. He thought that he was sick in his heart if you could be sick in that place. Fleming was very decent to ask him. He wanted to cry. He leaned his elbows on the table and shut and opened the flaps of his ears. Then he heard the noise of the refectory every time he opened the flaps of his ears. It made a roar like a train at night. And when he closed the flaps the roar was shut off like a train going into a tunnel. That night in Dalkey the train had roared like that and then, when it went into the tunnel, the roar stopped. He closed his eyes and the train went on, roaring and then stopping; roaring again, stopping. It was nice to hear it roar and stop and then roar out of the tunnel again and then stop.

Then the higher line fellows began to come down along the matting in the middle of the refectory, Paddy Rath and Jimmy Magee and the Spaniard who was allowed to smoke cigars and the little Portuguese who wore the woolly cap. And then the lower line tables and the tables of the third line. And every single fellow had a different way of walking.

He sat in a corner of the playroom pretending to watch a game of dominoes and once or twice he was able to hear for an instant the little song of the gas. The prefect was at the door bed.

Bebió otra taza de té calientete y Fleming le dijo:

—¿Qué tienes? ¿Te duele algo o qué es lo que te pasa?

—No sé —dijo Stephen.

—Lo que tú tienes malo es el saco del pan —dijo Fleming—, porque estás muy pálido. ¡Eso te pasa!

—Sí, sí—dijo Stephen.

Pero la enfermedad no estaba allí. Pensó que lo que tenía enfermo era el corazón, si el corazón podía estarlo. ¿Qué amable había estado Fleming interesándose por él! Sentía ganas de llorar. Apoyó los codos en la mesa y se puso a taparse y destaparse los oídos. Cada vez que destapaba los oídos, se oía el ruido del comedor. Era un estruendo como el del tren por la noche. Y cuando se tapaba los oídos, el estruendo cesaba, como el de un tren dentro de un túnel. Aquella noche en Dalkey el tren había hecho el mismo estruendo, y, luego, al entrar en el túnel, el estrépito había cesado. Cerró los ojos, y el tren siguió sonando y callando; sonando otra vez y callando. ¡Qué susto daba oírlo callar y volver de nuevo a sonar fuera del túnel y luego salir otra vez!  

Comenzaron a venir a lalongro de la estera del centro del refectorio los de la primera división, Paddy Rath y Jimmy Magee, y el español al que le dejaban fumar cigarrillos, y el portugués de la gorra de lana. _

Y cada uno tenía su manera distinta de andar.  

[15]

Se sentó en un rincón del salón de recreo, haciendo como que miraba un partido de dominó, y por dos o tres veces pudo oír la cancióncilla del gas. El prefecto estaba a la puerta con va...
with some boys and Simon Moonan was knotting his false sleeves. He was telling them something about Tullabeg.

Then he went away from the door and Wells came over to Stephen and said:

—Tell us, Dedalus, do you kiss your mother before you go to bed?

Stephen answered:

—I do.

Wells turned to the other fellows and said:

—O, I say, here's a fellow says he kisses his mother every night before he goes to bed.

The other fellows stopped their game and turned round, laughing. Stephen blushed under their eyes and said:

—I do not.

Wells said:

—O, I say, here's a fellow says he doesn't kiss his mother before he goes to bed.

They all laughed again. Stephen tried to laugh with them. He felt his whole body hot and confused in a moment. What was the right answer to the question? He had given two and still Wells laughed. But Wells must know the right answer for he was in third of grammar. He tried to think of Wells's mother but he did not dare to raise his eyes to Wells's face. He did not like Wells's face. Wells had shouldered him into the square ditch the day before because he would not swap his little snuff box for Wells's seasoned hacking chestnut, the conqueror of forty. It was a mean thing to do; all the fellows said it was. And how cold and slimy the water had been! And a fellow had once seen a big rat jump plop into the scum.

ños muchachos y Simón Moonan le estaba atando las mangas falsas del hábito de los jesuitas ingleses. Estaba contando algo acerca de Tullabeg.

Por fin se marchó de la puerta y Wells se acercó a Stephen y le dijo:

—Dinos, Dédalus, ¿besas a tu madre por la noche antes de irte a la cama?

Stephen contestó:

—No, no la beso.

Wells dijo:

—Mirad, aquí hay uno que dice que él no besa a su madre antes de irse a la cama.

Todos se volvieron a reír. Stephen trató de reír con ellos. En un momento, se azoró y sintió una ola de calor por todo su cuerpo. ¿Cuál era la debida respuesta? Había dado dos y, sin embargo, Wells se reía. Pero Wells debía saber cuál era la respuesta, porque estaba en tercero de gramática. Trató de pensar en la madre de Wells, pero no se atrevía a mirarle a él a la cara. No le gustaba la cara de Wells. Wells había sido el que le había tirado a la fosa el día anterior porque no había querido cambiar su cajita de rapé por la castaña pilonga de Wells, por aquella castaña vencedora en cuarenta partidos. Había sido una villanía: todos los chicos lo habían dicho. ¿Y qué fría y qué viscosa estaba el agua! Y un muchacho había visto una vez una rata muy grande saltar y, ¡plum!, zambullirse de cabeza en el leégamo.
The cold slime of the ditch covered his whole body; and, when the bell rang for study and the lines filed out of the playrooms, he felt the cold air of the corridor and staircase inside his clothes. He still tried to think what was the right answer. Was it right to kiss his mother or wrong to kiss his mother? What did that mean, to kiss? You put your face up like that to say good night and then his mother put her face down. That was to kiss. His mother put her lips on his cheek; her lips were soft and they wetted his cheek; and they made a tiny little noise: kiss. Why did people do that with their two faces?

Sitting in the study hall he opened the lid of his desk and changed the number pasted up inside from seventy-seven to seventy-six. But the Christmas vacation was very far away: but one time it would come because the earth moved round always.

There was a picture of the earth on the first page of his geography: a big ball in the middle of clouds. Fleming had a box of crayons and one night during free study he had coloured the earth green and the clouds maroon. That was like the two brushes in Dante’s press, the brush with the green velvet back for Parnell and the brush with the maroon velvet back for Michael Davitt. But he had not told Fleming to colour them those colours. Fleming had done it himself.

He opened the geography to study the lesson; but he could not learn the names of places in America. Still they were all different places that had different names. They were all in different countries and the continents were in the world and the world was in the universe.
He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there: himself, his name and where he was.

Stephen Dedalus
Class of Elements
Clongowes Wood College
Sallins
County Kildare
Ireland
Europe
The World
The Universe

That was in his writing: and Fleming one night for a cod had written on the opposite page:

Stephen Dedalus is my name,
Ireland is my nation.
Clongowes is my dwellingplace
And heaven my expectation.

He read the verses backwards but then they were not poetry. Then he read the flyleaf from the bottom to the top till he came to his own name. That was he: and he read down the page again. What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began? It could not be a wall; but there could be a thin thin line there all round everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that. He tried to think what a big thought that must be; but he could only think of God. God was God’s name just as his name was Stephen. Dieu was the French for God and that was God’s name too; and when anyone prayed to God and said Dieu then God knew at once that it was a French person that was praying. But, though there were different names for God in all the different languages in the world and God understood what all the people who prayed said in their different languages, still God remained always the same God and God’s real name was God.

//Pasó las hojas de la Geografía hasta llegar a la guarda y leyó lo que él había escrito allí. Allí estaban él, su nombre y su residencia.

Stephen Dédalus
Clase de Nociones
Colegio de Clongowes Wood
Sallins
Condado de Kildare
Irlanda
Europa
El Mundo
El Universo

Esto estaba escrito de su mano. Y Fleming había escrito por broma en la página opuesta:

Stephen Dédalus es mi nombre, e Irlanda mi nación.
Clongowes donde yo vivo y el cielo mi aspiración.

DIEU quería decir Dios en francés y era también el nombre de Dios; y cuando alguien le rezaba a Dios y decía Dieu, Dios conocía desde el primer momento que era un francés el que estaba rezando. Pero aunque había diferentes nombres para Dios en las distintas lenguas del mundo y aunque Dios entendía lo que le rezaban en todas las lenguas, sin embargo, Dios permanecía siempre el mismo Dios, y el verdadero nombre de Dios era Dios.
It made him very tired to think that way. It made him feel his head very big. He turned over the flyleaf and looked wearily at the green round earth in the middle of the maroon clouds. He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon, because Dante had ripped the green velvet back off the brush that was for Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him that Parnell was a bad man. He wondered if they were arguing at home about that. That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dante was on one side and his father and Mr Casey were on the other side but his mother and uncle Charles were on no side. Every day there was something in the paper about it.

It pained him that he did not know well what politics meant and that he did not know where the universe ended. He felt small and weak. When would he be like the fellows in poetry and rhetoric? They had big voices and big boots and they studied trigonometry. That was very far away. First came the vacation and then the next term and then vacation again and then again another term and then again the vacation. It was like a train going in and out of tunnels and that was like the noise of the boys eating in the refectory and that was like the noise of the flaps of the ears. Term, vacation; tunnel, out; noise, stop. How far away it was! It would be lovely in a few minutes. He felt a warm glow as he lay in bed after the sheets got a bit maroon, because Dante had a brush that was for Parnell and from Dublin to Cork, both of which are sad. It was like a train going in and out of tunnels. One of Stephen’s favourite images as a child. Ironically it looks forward to his train journeys from Blackrock to Dublin and from Dublin to Cork, both of which are sad.

Le disgustaba el no comprender bien lo que era la política y el no saber dónde terminaba el universo. Se sentía pequeño y débil. ¿Cuándo sería él como los mayores que estudiaban retórica y poética? Tenían unos vozarrones fuertes y unas botas muy grandes y estudiaban trigonometría. Eso estaba muy lejos. Primero venían las vacaciones y luego el siguiente trimestre, y luego vacación otra vez y luego otro trimestre y luego otra vez vacación. Era como un tren entrando en túneles y saliendo de ellos y como el ruido de los chicos al comer en el refectorio, si uno se tapa los oídos y se los destapa luego. Trimestre, vacación; túnel, y salir del túnel; ruido y silencio. ¿Qué lejos estaba! Lo mejor era irse a la cama y dormir. Sólo las oraciones en la capilla, y, luego, la cama. Sintió un escalofrío y bostezó. ¿Qué bien se estaría en la cama cuando las sábanas comenzaran a ponerse calientes! Primero, al meterse, estaban muy frías. Le dio un escalofrío de pensar lo frías que estaban al principio. Pero luego se ponían calientes y uno se dormía. ¿Qué gusto daba estar cansado! Bostezó otra vez. Las oraciones de la noche y luego la [19] cama: sintió un escalofrío y le dieron ganas de bostezar. ¿Qué bien se iba a estar dentro de unos minutos! Sintió un calor reconfortante que se
creeping up from the cold shivering sheets, warmer and warmer till he felt warm all over, ever so warm and yet he shivered a little and still wanted to yawn.

The bell rang for 

prayers and he filed out of the study hall after the others and down the staircase and along the corridors to the chapel. The corridors were darkly lit and the chapel was darkly lit. Soon all would be dark and sleeping. There was cold night air in the chapel and the marbles were the colour the sea was at night. The sea was cold day and night; but it was colder at night. It was cold and dark under the seawall beside his father’s house. But the kettle would be on the hob to make punch.

The prefect of the chapel prayed above his head and his memory knew the responses:

O Lord open our lips and our mouths shall announce Thy praise.

Incline unto our aid, O God!

O Lord make haste to help us!

There was a cold night smell in the chapel. But it was a holy smell. It was not like the smell of the old peasants who knelt at the back of the chapel at Sunday mass. That was a smell of air and rain and turf and corduroy. But they were very holy peasants. They breathed behind him On his neck and sighed as they prayed. They lived in Clane, a fellow said: there were little cottages there and he had seen a woman standing at the half-door of a cottage with a child in her arms as the cars had come past from Sallins. It would be lovely to sleep for one night in that cottage before the fire of smoking turf, in the dark lit by the fire, in the warm dark, breathing the smell of the peasants, air and rain and turf and corduroy. But O, the road there between the trees was dark! You would be lost in the dark. It made him afraid to think

La campana llamó a las oraciones de la noche y él salió del salón de estudio en fila detrás de los demás; bajó la escalera y siguió a lo largo de los tránsitos hacia la capilla. Los tránsitos estaban escasamente alumbrados y lo mismo la capilla. Pronto, todo estaría oscuro y dormido. En la capilla había un ambiente nocturno y frío y los mármolos tenían el color que el mar tiene por la noche. El mar estaba frío día y noche. Estaba frío y oscuro debajo del dique, junto a su casa. Mas la olla del agua estaría al fuego para preparar el ponche.

El prefecto estaba rezando casi por encima de su cabeza y él se había de memoria las respuestas:

Oh, señor, abre nuestros labios: y nuestras bocas anunciaren tus alabanzas. ¡Dígnate venir en nuestra ayuda, oh, Dios! ¡Oh, Señor, apresúrate a socorrernos!

Había en la capilla un frío olor a noche. Pero era un olor santo. No era como el olor de los aldeanos viejos que se ponían de rodillas a la parte de atrás en la misa de los domingos. Aquel era un olor a aire, a lluvia, a turba, a pana. Pero eran unos aldeanos muy piadosos. Le echaban el aliento sobre el cogote desde detrás y suspiraban al rezar. Decía un chico que vivían en Clane: había allí unas cabañas, y él había visto una mujer a la puerta de una cabaña al pasar en los coches viniendo de Sallins. ¿Qué bien, dormir una noche en aquella cabaña, ante el humeante fuego de turba, en la oscuridad iluminada por el hogar, en la oscuridad caliente, respirando [20] el olor de los aldeanos, aire y lluvia y turba y pana! Pero ¡oh!: ¿qué oscuro se hacía el camino hacia allá, entre los árboles! Se perdería uno en la oscuridad. Le daba miedo de pensarlo.
He heard the voice of the prefect of the chapel saying the last prayers. He prayed it too against the dark outside under the trees.

*VISIT, WE BESEECH THEE, O L ORD, THIS HABITATION AND DRIVE AWAY FROM IT ALL THE SNARES OF THE ENEMY. MAY THY HOLY ANGELS DWELL HEREIN TO PRESERVE US IN PEACE AND MAY THY BLESSINGS BE ALWAYS UPON US THROUGH CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN.*

His fingers trembled as he undressed himself in the dormitory. He told his fingers to hurry up. He had to undress and then kneel and say his own prayers and be in bed before the gas was lowered so that he might not go to hell when he died. He rolled his stockings off and put on his nightshirt quickly and knelt trembling at his bedside and repeated his prayers quickly, fearing that the gas would go down. He felt his shoulders shaking as he murmured:

*God bless my father and my mother and spare them to me! God bless my little brothers and sisters and spare them to me! God bless Dante and Uncle Charles and spare them to me!*  

He blessed himself and climbed quickly into bed and, tucking the end of the nightshirt under his feet, curled himself together under the cold white sheets, shaking and trembling. But he would not go to hell when he died; and the shaking would stop. A voice bade the boys in the dormitory good night. He looked keenly

0. **VISITA, TE LO ROGAMOS**, oh, Señor, esta vivienda y aparta de ella todas las asechanzas del enemigo. Viván tus ángeles aquí para conservarnos en paz; y sea tu bendición siempre sobre nosotros, por Cristo Nuestro Señor. Amén.

1. Le temblaron los dedos al desnudarse en el dormitorio. Les mandó que se dieran prisa. Para no irse al infierno cuando muriera, era necesario desnudarse y luego arrodillarse y decir sus oraciones particulares y estar en la cama antes de que bajaran el gas. Se sacó las medias, se puso rápidamente el camisón de dormir, se arrodilló al lado de la cama y repitió deprisa sus oraciones, temiendo a cada paso que iban a apagar el gas. Sintió que se le estremecían las espaldas, mientras murmuraba.

2. **Bendice, oh Dios, a mis padres y consérvamelos, bendice, oh Dios, a mis hermanitos y consérvamelos, bendice, oh Dios, a Dante y a tío Charles y consérvamelos.**

3. Se santiguó y trepó rápidamente a la cama, enrollando el extremo del camisón entre los pies, haciéndose un ovillo bajo las frías sábanas blancas, estremeciéndose, tititando. Pero no iría al infierno cuando muriera; y se le pasaría el tiritón. Alguien daba las buenas noches a los muchachos desde el dormitorio. Miró un momento por encima del cobertor y vio alrededor de la cama las cortinas amarillas que le aislaban por todas partes. La luz bajó pasito.

4. Los zapatos del prefecto se
Joyce’s Portrait

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

away. Where? Down the staircase and along the corridors or to his room at the end? He saw the dark. Was it true about the black dog that walked there at night with eyes as big as carriage-lamps? They said it was the ghost of a murderer. A long shiver of fear flowed over his body. He saw the dark entrance hall of the castle. Old servants in old dress were in the ironing-room above the staircase. It was long ago. The old servants were quiet. There was a fire there, but the hall was still dark. A figure came up the staircase from the hall. He wore the white cloak of a marshal; his face was pale and strange; he held his hand pressed to his side. He looked out of strange eyes at the old servants. They looked at him and saw their master’s face and cloak and knew that he had received his death-wound. But only the dark was where they looked: only dark silent air. Their master had received his death-wound on the battlefield of Prague far away over the sea. He was standing on the field; his hand was pressed to his side; his face was pale and strange and he wore the white cloak of a marshal.

O how cold and strange it was to think of that! All the dark was cold and strange. There were pale strange faces there, great eyes like carriage-lamps. They were the ghosts of murderers, the figures of marshals who had received their death-wound on battlefields far away over the sea. What did they wish to say that their faces were so strange?

Going home for the holidays! That would be lovely: the fellows had told him. Getting up on the cars in marcharon. ¿Adónde? ¿Escaleras abajo y por los tránsitos, o a su cuarto situado al extremo del dormitorio? Vio la oscuridad. ¿Seria cierto lo del perro negro que se paseaba allí por la noche con unos ojos tan grandes como los faroles de un carruaje? Decían que era el alma en pena de un asesino. Un largo escalofrío de miedo le reflujo por el cuerpo. Veía el oscuro vestíbulo de entrada del castillo. En el cuarto de plancha, en lo alto de la escalera, habían unos criados viejos vestidos con trajes antiguos. En hacía mucho tiempo. Los criados viejos estaban inmóviles. Allí había lumbre, pero el vestíbulo estaba oscuro. Un personaje subía, viniendo del vestíbulo, por la escalera. Llevaba el manto blanco de mariscal; su cara era extraña y pálida; se apretaba con una mano el costado. Miraba con unos ojos extraordinarios a los criados. Ellos le miraban también, y al ver la cara y el manto de su señor, comprendían que venía herido de muerte. Pero sólo era a la oscuridad a donde miraban: sólo al aire oscuro y silencioso. Su amo había recibido la herida de muerte en el campo de batalla de Praga, muy lejos, al otro lado del mar. Estaba tendido sobre el campo; con una mano se apretaba el costado. Su cara era extraña y estaba muy pálida. Llevaba el manto blanco de mariscal.

¡Qué frío daba, qué extraño era el pensar en esto! Toda la oscuridad era fría y extraña. Había allí caras extrañas y pálidas, ojos grandes como faroles de carruaje. Eran las almas en pena de los asesinos, las imágenes de los mariscales heridos de muerte en los campos de batalla, muy lejos, al otro lado del mar. ¿Qué era lo que querían decir con aquellas caras tan raras?

Visita, te lo rogamos, ¡oh Señor!, esta vivienda y aparta de ella todas...

¡Irse a casa de vacaciones! Debia ser algo magnifico: se lo habian dicho los chicos. Montar en los coches una mañana
were pulled by horses.

the early wintry morning outside

Twine: a twist of rope or cord

A long long chocolate train with cream facings. The image

Joyce's Portrait

was being towed out of the castle. The cars were

1. tr. form (a string or thread etc.) by twisting strands together.

to Bodenstown. The fellows cheered. They passed the

2. tr. form (a garland etc.) of interwoven material.

farmhouse of the Jolly Farmer. Cheer after cheer after cheer.

3. tr. & refl. (of a plant) grow in this way.

Through Clane they drove, cheering and cheered. The peasant

4. intrans.: (of emotions etc. in a suppressed or concealed state.

women stood at the half-doors, the men stood here and there. The lovely

5. (of a person) show silent or suppressed anger, hatred, etc.

smouldering

The cars drove past

smouldering: incandescent, latent, etc.

the chapel and all caps were raised. They drove

twine: a tangle; an interlacing.

merrily along the country roads. The drivers

twined: to wind together.

pointed with their whips to Bodenstown. The fellows

2. Coil or twist.

cheered. They passed the

3. (of two or more strands of hemp or cotton

farmhouse of the Jolly Farmer. Cheer after cheer after cheer.

4. a coil or twist.

The train was full of fellows: a long long chocolate

5. a tangle; an interlacing.

train with cream facings. The guards went to and fro

smouldering and corduroy.

opening, closing, locking, unlocking the doors.

smouldering air and turf

They were in the wintry air: the smell of Clane: rain and

smouldering: incandescente, latente, etc.

wintry air and turf smouldering and corduroy.

Y el tren corría sobre las tierras llanas y pasaba la colina de

And the train raced on over the flat lands and past the Hill

And the train raced on over

Allen. The telegraph poles

of Allen. Los postes del telégrafo

were passing, passing. The train

iban pasando, pasando. El tren

went on and on. It knew. There

seguía y seguía. ¡Sabía bien por
to y todas las cabezas se descubrían. Corrian

were lanterns in the hall of his

donde! Había faroles en el vestíbulo de su casa y guirnaldas de ramos verdes. Rames de acebo

father’s house and ropes of green branches. There

y yedra, rojo y verde, entrelazados por entre

were holly and ivy round the pierglass and holly and ivy, green and red,

las lámparas. Acebo _____ y yedra

twined round the chandeliers.

red holly and green X ivy round the old portraits on the walls. Holly and ivy for him and for Christmas.

Y el tren estaba lleno de chicos. Un tren largo, largo, de chocolate,

Lovely...

Lovely...

All the people. Welcome home, Stephen! Noises of

Delicioso...

All the people. Welcome home, Stephen! Noises of

him. His mother kissed him. Was that right? His

Toda la familia. ¡Bienvenido, Stephen! Alzagara de

father was a marshal now:

father was a marshal now:

Was that right?: see note 25, above.

33. Was that right?: see note 25, above.

32. Bodenstown: this townland in County Kildare contains

the churchyard in which Wolfe Tone, the father of Irish republicanism, is buried. Tone’s reputation was emerging from comparative eclipse as the centenary of the 1798 rebellion approached. Perhaps it is to Tone’s grave that the drivers are pointing their whips.
higher than a magistrate.
Welcome home, Stephen!

Noises...

There was a noise of
curtain-rings running back
along the rods, of water being
splashed in the basins. There
was a noise of rising and
dressing and washing in the
dormitory: a noise of
clapping of hands as the
prefect went up and down
telling the fellows to look sharp.
A pale sunlight showed the
yellow curtains drawn back, the
tossed beds. His bed was very
hot and his face and body were
very hot.

He got up and sat on the
side of his bed. He was weak.
He tried to pull on his
stocking. It had a horrid
rough feel. The sunlight was
queer and cold.

Fleming said:
—Are you not well?
He did not know; and
Fleming said:
—Get back into bed. I’ll tell
McGlade you’re not well.

—He’s sick.
—Who is?
—Tell McGlade.
—Get back into bed.
—Is he sick?

A fellow held his arms while
he loosened the stocking
clinging to his foot and climbed
back into the hot bed.

He crouched down between
the sheets, glad of their tepid
glow. He heard the fellows talk
among themselves about him as
they dressed for mass. It was a
mean thing to do, to shoulder
him into the square ditch, they
were saying.—Then their
voices ceased; they had gone.
A voice at his bed said:

—Dedalus, don’t spy on us, sure you won’t?

Wells’s face was there. He looked at it and saw that Wells was afraid.

—I didn’t mean to. Sure you won’t?

His father had told him, whatever he did, never to peach on a fellow. He shook his head and answered no and felt glad.

Wells said:

—I didn’t mean to, honour bright. It was only for cod. I’m sorry.

The face and the voice went away. Sorry because he was afraid. Afraid that it was some disease. Canker was a disease of plants and cancer one of animals: or another different. That was a long time ago then out on the playgrounds in the evening light, creeping from point to point on the fringe of his line, a heavy bird flying low through the grey light. Leicester Abbey lit up. Wolsey died there. The abbots buried him themselves.

It was not Wells’s face, it was the prefect’s. He was not foxing. He was not foxing really. He was not foxing. And he felt the prefect’s hand on his forehead; and he felt his forehead warm and damp against the prefect’s cold damp hand. That was the way a rat felt, slimy and damp and cold. Every rat had two eyes to look out of. Sleek slimy coats, little little feet tucked up to jump, black slimy eyes to look out of. They could understand how to jump. But the minds of rats could not understand trigonometry. When they were dead they lay on their sides. Their coats dried then. They were only dead things.
Joyce’s Portrait

The prefect was there again and it was his voice that was saying that he was to get up, that **Father Minister** had said he was to get up and dress and go to the **infirmary**. And while he was dressing himself as quickly as he could the prefect said:

—We must pack off to **Brother Michael** because we have the **collywobbles**!

He was very **decent** to say that. That was all to make him laugh. But he could not laugh because his cheeks and lips **were all shivery**; and then the prefect had to laugh by himself.

The prefect cried:

—**Quick march! Hayfoot! Strawfoot!**

They went together down the staircase and along the corridor and past the bath. As he passed the door he remembered with a vague fear the warm turf-coloured bogwater, the warm moist air, the noise of plunges, the smell of the towels, like medicine.

**Brother Michael** was standing at the door of the infirmary and from the door of the dark cabinet on his right came a smell like medicine. That came from the bottles on the shelves. The prefect spoke to **Brother Michael** and Brother Michael answered and called the prefect sir. He had reddish hair mixed with grey and a queer look. It was queer that he would always be a brother. It was queer too that you could not call him sir because he was a brother and had a different kind of look. Was he not **holy** enough or why could he not catch up on the others?

There were two beds in the room and in one bed there was a fellow: and when they went in he called out:

—¡Tenemos que largarnos a visitar al hermano Michael porque nos ha entrado mieditis!

Se portaba muy **bien** el prefecto. Porque le decía aquello sólo por hacerle reír. Pero no se pudo reír porque le **tembloteaban** las mejillas y los labios. Así es que el prefecto se tuvo que reír él solo.

El prefecto gritó:

—¡Paso ligero! ¡**Pata de paja!** ¡Pata de heno!*

Bajaron juntos la escalera, siguieron por el tránsito y pasaron los baños. Al pasar por la puerta, Stephen recordó con [25] un vago terror el agu afuera, terrosa y estancada, el aire húmedo y tibio, el ruido de los chapuzones, el olor, como de medicina, de las toallas.

**El hermano Michael** estaba a la puerta de la enfermería, y por la puerta del oscuro gabinete, a su derecha, venía un olor como a medicina. Era de los botes que había en los estantes. El prefecto habló con el hermano Michael y el hermano, al contestarle, le llamaba señor. Tenía el pelo rojizo, veteado de gris, y una expresión extraña. Era curioso que tuviera que seguir siempre siendo hermano. Y era curioso que no le pudiera llamar señor porque era hermano y por que tenía un aspecto distinto de los otros. **¿Es que no era bastante sano**, o por qué no podía llegar a ser lo que los demás?

Había dos camas en la habitación y en una estaba un chico, que cuando los vio entrar, exclamó:

*es probable que sea una errata por «santo»

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**36. Father Minister**: vice-rector, a priest appointed by the rector as a housemaster whose duties are distinct from academic matters. **Father Minister** is in charge, responsible to the Rector.

**37. Hay foot! Straw foot!** after the practice of tying a wisp of hay to a rural recruit’s left foot, a wisp of straw to his right, to teach him how to march. (G) Hayfoot! Strawfoot! Equivalent of Left right! Left right! Derived from the American Civil War. Hayfoot! Strawfoot! Left, Right (Hay and straw were tied to the feet of rural recruits who might not master the distinction between left and right)

**38. Brother Michael**: a brother is a member of the second of the six grades of membership in the Company of Jesus — a temporal coadjutor. He would perform many household duties and services. **Brother Michael** Not ordained, a lay brother.
—Hello! It’s young Dedalus! What’s up?

—The sky is up, Brother Michael said.

He was a fellow out of the third of grammar and, while Stephen was undressing, he asked Brother Michael to bring him a round of buttered toast.

—Ah, do! he said.

—Butter you up! said Brother Michael. You’ll get your walking papers in the morning when the doctor comes.

—Will I? the fellow said. I’m not well yet.

Brother Michael repeated:—You’ll get your walking papers. I tell you.

He bent down to rake the fire. He had a long back like the long back of a tramhorse. He shook the poker gravely and nodded his head at the fellow out of third of grammar.

Then Brother Michael went away and after a while the fellow out of third of grammar turned in towards the wall and fell asleep.

That was the infirmary. He was sick then. Had they written to his mother and father? But it would be quicker for one of the priests to go himself to tell them. Or he would write a letter for the priest to bring.

Dear Mother,

I am sick. I want to go home. Please come and take me home. I am in the infirmary.

Your fond son,

Stephen

—¡Anda! ¿Si es el peque de Déalus! ¿Qué te trae por aquí?

—Las piernas le traen —dijo el hermano Michael.

Era un alumno de tercero de gramatica. Mientras Stephen se desnudaba, el otro le pidió al hermano Michael que le trajera una rebanada de pan tostado con manteca.

—¡Ande usted! —suplicó.

—¡Si, si, manteca! —dijo el hermano Michael—. Lo que te vamos a dar van a ser tus papeles. Y esta misma mañana, tan pronto como venga el doctor.

—¿Si? —dijo el chico—. ¿Si no estoy bueno todavía!

El hermano Michael repitió:

—Te daremos tus papeles. Te lo aseguro.

Se agachó para atizar el fuego. Tenía los lomos largos, como los de un caballo del tranvía. Me neaba el atizador gravemente y le decía que sí con la cabeza al de tercero de gramática.

Después se marchó el hermano Michael. Y al cabo de un rato, el chico de tercero de gramática se volvió hacia la pared y se quedó dormido.

Aquello era la enfermería. Luego estaba enfermo. ¿Habían escrito a casa para decirselo a sus padres? Pero sería más rápido [26] que fuera uno de los padres a decirlo. O si no escribiría él una carta para que la llevara el padre.

¿Qué lejos estaban! Había un sol frío al otro lado de la ventana. Pensaba si se iría a mo—
would die. You could die just the same on a sunny day. He might die before his mother came. Then he would have a dead mass in the chapel like the way the fellows had told him it was when Little had died. All the fellows would be there but no fellow would look at him. The rector would be there in a cope of black and gold and there would be tall yellow candles on the altar and round the catafalque. And they would carry the coffin out of the chapel slowly and he would be buried in the little graveyard of the community off the main avenue of limes. And Wells would be sorry then for what he had done. And the bell would toll slowly.

He could hear the tolling. He said over to himself the song that Brigid had taught him.

Dingdong! The castle bell!
Farewell, my mother!
Bury me in the old churchyard Beside my eldest brother.
My coffin shall be black,
Six angels at my back,
Two to sing and two to pray
And two to carry my soul away.

How beautiful and sad that was! How beautiful the words were where they said BURY ME IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD! A tremor passed over his body. How sad and how beautiful! He wanted to cry quietly but not for himself: for the words, so beautiful and sad, like music. The bell! The bell! Farewell! O farewell!

The cold sunlight was weaker and Brother Michael was standing at his bedside with a bowl of beef-tea. He was glad for his mouth was hot and dry. He could hear them playing in the playgrounds. And the day was going on in the college just as if he were there.
Then Brother Michael was going away and the fellow out of the third of grammar told him to be sure and come back and tell him all the news in the paper. He told Stephen that his name was Athy and that his father kept a lot of racehorses that were spiffing jumpers and that his father would give a good tip to Brother Michael any time he wanted it because Brother Michael was very decent and always told him the news out of the paper they got every day up in the castle. There was every kind of news in the paper: accidents, shipwrecks, sports, and politics.

—Now it is all about politics in the papers, he said. Do your people talk about that too?

—Yes, Stephen said.

—Mine too, he said.

Then he thought for a moment and said:

—You have a queer name, Dedalus, and I have a queer name too, Athy. My name is the name of a town. Your name is like Latin.

Then he asked:

—Are you good at riddles?

Stephen answered:

—Not very good.

Then he said:

—Can you answer me this one? Why is the county of Kildare like the leg of a fellow's breeches?

Stephen thought what could be the answer and then said:

—I give it up.

—Because there is a thigh in it, he said. Do you see the joke? Athy is the town in the county Kildare and a thigh is.

El hermano Michael iba a salir y el muchacho de tercer grado de gramática le dijo que no dejara de volver para contarle las noticias del periódico. Luego le dijo a Stephen que su nombre era Athy y que su padre tenía la mar de caballos de carreras que saltaban pistonadamente; y que su padre le daría una buena propina al hermano Michael siempre que lo necesitase, porque era bueno para con él y porque le contaba las noticias del periódico que se recibía todos los días en el castillo. Había noticias de todas clases en el periódico: accidentes, naufragios, deportes y política.

—Ahora los periódicos no traen más que cosas de política —dijo—. ¿Hablan también en su casa de eso?

—Sí —dijo Stephen.

—En la mía también —dijo él.

Después se quedó pensando un rato, y añadió:

—Déduales, tú tienes un apellido muy raro, y el mío es muy raro también. Mi apellido es el nombre de una ciudad. Tu nombre parece latín.

Después preguntó:

—¿Qué tal maña te das para acertijos?

Stephen contestó:

—No muy buena.

El otro dijo:

—A ver si me puedes acertar éste: ¿En qué se parecen el condado de Kildare y la pernera de los pantalones de un muchacho?

Stephen estuvo pensando cuál podría ser la respuesta y luego dijo:

—Me doy por vencido.

—En que los dos contienen un muslo. ¿Comprendes el chiste? Athy es la ciudad del condado de Kildare y a thig [un muslo] lo
the other thigh.

—Oh, I see, Stephen said.

—That’s an old riddle, he said.

After a moment he said:

—I say!


—You know, he said, you can ask that riddle another way.

—Can you? said Stephen.

—The same riddle, he said. Do you know the other way to ask it?

—No, said Stephen.

—Can you not think of the other way? he said.

He looked at Stephen over the bedclothes as he spoke. Then he lay back on the pillow and said:

—There is another way but I won’t tell you what it is.

Why did he not tell it? His father, who kept the racehorses, must be a magistrate too like Saurin’s father and Nasty Roche’s father. He thought of his own father, of how he sang songs while his mother played and of how he always gave him a shilling when he asked for sixpence and he felt sorry for him that he was not a magistrate like the other boys’ fathers. Then why was he sent to that place with them? But his father had told him that he would be no stranger there because his granduncle had presented an address to the liberator there fifty years before. You could know the people of that time by their old dress. It seemed to him a solemn time: and he wondered if that was the time when the fellows in Clongowes wore blue coats with brass buttons and yellow

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42. the liberator: Daniel O’Connell (1775-1847), the leader of Catholic Ireland in the first four decades of the nineteenth century. He wrested Catholic emancipation from a reluctant British government in 1829 and thereby earned himself the sobriquet, ‘the Liberator’. The term refers to Daniel O’Connell who was, in 1775, Ireland’s leading Catholic politician, advocating the right of Catholics to hold public office.
waistcoats and caps of rabbitskin and drank beer like grown-up people and kept greyhounds of their own to course the hares with.

He looked at the window and saw that the daylight had grown weaker. There would be cloudy grey light over the playgrounds. There was no noise on the playgrounds. The class must be doing the themes or perhaps Father Arnall was reading out of the book.

It was queer that they had not given him any medicine. Perhaps Brother Michael would bring it back when he came. They said you got stinking stuff to drink when you were in the infirmary. But he felt better now than before. It would be nice getting better slowly. You could get a book then. There was a book in the library about Holland. There were lovely foreign names in it and pictures of strange looking cities and ships. It made you feel so happy.

How pale the light was at the window! But that was nice. The fire rose and fell on the wall. It was like waves. Someone had put coal on and he heard voices. They were talking. It was the noise of the waves. Or the waves were talking among themselves as they rose and fell.

He saw the sea of waves, long dark waves rising and falling, dark under the moonless night. A tiny light twinkled at the pierhead where the ship was entering: and he saw a multitude of people gathered by the waters’ edge to see the ship that was entering their harbour. A tall man stood on the deck, looking out towards the flat dark land: and by the light at the pierhead he saw his face, the sorrowful face of Brother Michael.

Era raro que no le hubiesen dado ninguna medicina. Tal vez se las traería el hermano Michael cuando volviera. Le habían dicho que cuando se estaba en la enfermería había que beber muchos mejunjes repugnantes. Pero ahora se sentía mejor. Sería una cosa que estaría muy bien, irse poniendo bueno, poquito a poco. En ese caso, le darían un libro. En la biblioteca había un libro que trataba de Holanda. Tenía unos nombres extranjeros encantadores y dibujos de ciudades de aspecto muy raro y de barcos. ¡Se ponía uno tan contento de verlos!


Vio el mar de olas, de amplias olas oscuras que se levantaban y caían, oscuras bajo la noche sin luna. Una lucecilla brillaba al final de la escollera, por donde el barco estaba entrando. Y vio una muchedumbre congregada a la orilla del agua para ver el barco que entraba en el puerto. Un hombre alto estaba de pie sobre cubierta mirando hacia la tierra oscura y llana. A la luz de la escollera se le podía ver la cara: era la cara triste del hermano Michael.
Joyce’s Portrait

He saw him lift his hand towards the people and heard him say in a loud voice of sorrow over the waters:

—He is dead. We saw him lying upon the catafalque. A wail of sorrow went up from the people.

—Parnell! Parnell! He is dead!

They fell upon their knees, moaning in sorrow.

And he saw Dante in a maroon velvet dress and with a green velvet mantle hanging from her shoulders walking proudly and silently past the people who knelt by the water’s edge.

* * * * *

En el hogar llameaba una gran fogata roja, bien apiñada contra el muro; y bajo los brazos adornados con yedra de la lámpara, estaba puesta la mesa de Navidad. Habían venido a casa un poco tarde y, sin embargo, la cena no estaba lista aún. Pero su madre había dicho que iba a estar en un periquete. Estaban esperando a que se abriera la puerta del comedor y entraran los criados llevando las grandes fuentes tapadas con sus pesadas cobertoras de metal.

And there were waiting: uncle Charles, who sat far away in the shadow of the window, Dante and Mr Casey, who sat in the easy-chairs at either side of the hearth, Stephen, seated on a chair between them, his feet resting on the toasted boss. Mr Dedalus looked at himself in the pierglass above the mantelpiece, waxed out his moustache ends and then, parting his coattails, stood with his back to the glowing fire: and still from time to time he withdrew a hand from his coat-tail to wax out one of his moustache ends. Mr Casey leaned his head to one side and, smiling, tapped the gland of his moustache ends.

* * *
neck with his fingers. And Stephen smiled too for he knew now that it was not true that Mr Casey had a purse of silver in his throat. He smiled to think how the silvery noise which Mr Casey used to make had deceived him. And when he had tried to open Mr Casey’s hand to see if the purse of silver was hidden there he had seen that the fingers could not be straightened out: and Mr Casey had told him that he had got those three cramped fingers making a birthday present for Queen Victoria. Mr Casey tapped the gland of his neck and smiled at Stephen with sleepy eyes: and Mr Dedalus said to him:

—Yes. Well now, that’s all right. O, we had a good walk, hadn’t we, John? Yes...I wonder if there’s any likelihood of dinner this evening. Yes...O, well now, we got a good breath of ozone round the Head today. Ay, bedad.

He turned to Dante and said:

—You didn’t stir out at all, Mrs Riordan?

Dante frowned and said shortly:

—No.

Mr Dedalus dropped his coat-tails and went over to the sideboard. He brought forth a great stone jar of whisky from the locker and filled the decanter slowly, bending now and then to see how much he had poured in. Then replacing the jar in the locker he poured a little of the whisky into two glasses, added a little water and came back with them to the fireplace.

—A thimbleful, John, he said, just to whet your appetite.

Mr Casey took the glass,
drank, and placed it near him on the mantelpiece. Then he said:

—Well, I can’t help thinking of our friend Christopher manufacturing.

He broke into a fit of laughter and coughing and added:

—Manufacturing that champagne for those fellows.

Mr Dedalus laughed loudly.

—Is it Christy? he said. There’s more cunning in one of those warts on his bald head than in a pack of jack foxes.

He inclined his head, closed his eyes, and, licking his lips profusely, began to speak with the voice of the hotel keeper.

—And he has such a soft mouth when he’s speaking to you, don’t you know. He’s very moist and watery about the dewlaps, God bless him.

Mr Casey was still struggling through his fit of coughing and laughter. Stephen, seeing and hearing the hotel keeper through his father’s face and voice, laughed.

Mr Dedalus put up his eyeglass and, staring down at him, said quietly and kindly:

—What are you laughing at, you little puppy, you?

The servants entered and placed the dishes on the table. Mrs Dedalus followed and the places were arranged.

—Sit over, she said.

Mr Dedalus went to the end of the table and said:

—Now, Mrs Riordan, sit over.
John, sit you down, my hearty.

He looked round to where uncle Charles sat and said:

—Now then, sir, there’s a bird here waiting for you.

When all had taken their seats he laid his hand on the cover and then said quickly, withdrawing it:

—Now, Stephen.

Stephen stood up in his place to say the grace before meals:

Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which through Thy bounty we are about to receive through Christ our Lord. Amen.

All blessed themselves and Mr Dedalus with a sigh of pleasure lifted from the dish the heavy cover pearled around the edge with glistening drops.

Stephen looked at the plump turkey which had lain, trussed and skewered, on the kitchen table. He knew that his father had paid a guinea for it in Dunn’s of D’Olier Street and that the man had prodded it often at the breastbone to show how good it was: and he remembered the man’s voice when he had said:

—Take that one, sir. That’s the real Ally Daly.

Why did Mr Barrett in Clongowes call his pandybat a turkey? But Clongowes was far away: and the warm heavy smell of turkey and ham and celery rose from the plates and dishes and the great fire was banked high and red in the grate and the green ivy and red holly made you feel so happy and when dinner was ended the big plum pudding would be carried in, studded with peeled almonds and sprigs of holly,

Bless us, O Lord . . . Amen: we are about to receive through Christ our Lord. Amen.
with bluish fire running around it and a little green flag flying from the top.

It was his first Christmas dinner and he thought of his little brothers and sisters who were waiting in the nursery, as he had often waited, till the pudding came. The deep low collar and the Eton jacket made him feel queer and oldish: and that morning when his mother had brought him down to the parlour, dressed for mass, his father had cried. That was because he was thinking of his own father. And uncle Charles had said so too.

Mr Dedalus covered the dish and began to eat hungrily. Then he said:

—Poor old Christy, he’s nearly lopsided now with roguery.

—Simon, said Mrs Dedalus, you haven’t given Mrs Riordan any sauce. Mr Dedalus seized the sauceboat.

—Haven’t I? he cried. Mrs Riordan, pity the poor blind. Dante covered her plate with her hands and said:

—No, thanks.

Mr Dedalus turned to uncle Charles.

—How are you off, sir?

—Right as the mail, Simon.

—You, John?

—I’m all right. Go on yourself.

—Mary? Here, Stephen, here’s something to make your hair curl.

He poured sauce freely rededor, de aquí para allá y con su banderita verde flameante en la cima.

Era su primera cena de Navidad y pensaba en sus hermanitos y sus hermanitas, recluidos en el cuarto de los niños, esperando, como él tantas veces lo había hecho, a que llegase la hora del pudding. Su amplio cuello bajo y su chaquetilla de colegial la hacían extrañarse de sí mismo y sentirse más hombre. Y aquella misma mañana, cuando su madre le había conducido a la sala vestido para misa, su padre se había echado a llorar. Era porque le había recordado a su propio padre. Y tío Charles le había dicho lo mismo.

Míster Dédalus cubrió la fuente y comenzó a devorar. Al cabo de un rato, dijo:

—¡Vaya con el pobre Christy! Ahí le tenéis, doblegado con el peso de tanta truhanería.

—Simón —dijo mistress Dédalus—, mira que no has servido salsa a mistress Riordan. Míster Dédalus cogió la salsera.

—¿Es posible? —exclamó—. Mistress Riordan, tenga usted compasión de este pobre ciego. [34] Dante puso ambas manos sobre el plato y dijo:

—No; gracias.

Míster Dédalus se volvió entonces hacia tío Charles.

—¿Cómo anda usted de todo, señor?

—Ando que ni una locomotora, Simón.

—¿Y tú, John?

—Perfectamente. Preocupate de ti mismo.

—¿Mary?... Mira, Stephen, aquí hay algo para que se te rice el pelo.
over Stephen’s plate and set the boat again on the table. Then he asked uncle Charles was it tender. Uncle Charles could not speak because his mouth was full; but he nodded that it was.

—That was a good answer our friend made to the canon. What? said Mr Dedalus.

—I didn’t think he had that much in him, said Mr Casey.

—I’LL PAY YOUR DUES, FATHER, WHEN YOU CEASE TURNING THE HOUSE OF GOD INTO A POLLING-BOOTH.

—Ha sido una respuesta de primera —dijo mister Dédalus la que nuestro común amigo ha dado al canónico. ¿Qué les parece?

—Yo no creí que se le pudiera ocurrir otro tanto —dijo mister Casey.

—Padre, yo pagaré los diezmos cuando ustedes dejen de convertir la casa de Dios en una agencia electoral.

—A nice answer, said Dante, for any man calling himself a catholic to give to his priest.

—They have only themselves to blame, said Mr Dedalus suavely. If they took a fool’s advice they would confine their attention to religion.

—It is religion, Dante said. They are doing their duty in warning the people.

—We go to the house of God, Mr Casey said, in all humility to pray to our Maker and not to hear election addresses.

—It is religion, Dante said again. They are right. They must direct their flocks.

—And preach politics from the altar, is it? asked Mr Dedalus.

—Certainly, said Dante. It is a question of public morality. A priest would not be a priest if he did not tell his flock what is right and what is wrong.

Mrs Dédalus laid down her knife and en el plato de Stephen y volvió a colocar la salsera sobre la mesa. Después preguntó a tío Charles si estaba tierno. Tío Charles no pudo contestar porque tenía la boca llena. Pero hizo signos con la cabeza de que sí lo estaba.

—an answer to the canon an answer to the clergy’s condemnation of Parnell.

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Mrs Dédalus laid down her knife and
fork, saying:

—For pity sake and for pity sake let us have no political discussion on this day of all days in the year.

—Quite right, ma’am, said uncle Charles. Now, Simon, that’s quite enough now. Not another word now.

—Yes, yes, said Mr Dedalus quickly.

He uncovered the dish boldly and said:

—Now then, who’s for more turkey?

Nobody answered. Dante said:

—Nice language for any catholic to use!

—Mrs Riordan, I appeal to you, said Mrs Dedalus, to let the matter drop now.

Dante turned on her and said:

—And am I to sit here and listen to the pastors of my church being flouted?

—Nobody is saying a word against them, said Mr Dedalus, so long as they don’t meddle in politics.

—The bishops and priests of Ireland have spoken, said Dante, and they must be obeyed.

—Let them leave politics alone, said Mr Casey, or the people may leave their church alone.

—You hear? said Dante, turning to Mrs Dedalus.

—Mr Casey! Simon! said Mrs Dedalus, let it end now.

—Too bad! Too bad!
said uncle Charles.

—What? cried Mr Dedalus. Were we to desert him at the bidding of the English people?

—He was no longer worthy to lead, said Dante. He was a public sinner.

—We are all sinners and black sinners, said Mr Casey coldly.

—WOE BE TO THE MAN BY WHOM THE SCANDAL COMETH! said Mrs Riordan. IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM THAT A MILLSTONE WERE TIED ABOUT HIS NECK AND THAT HE WERE CAST INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA RATHER THAN THAT HE SHOULD SCANDALIZE ONE OF THESE, MY LEAST LITTLE ONES. That is the language of the Holy Ghost.

—And very bad language if you ask me, said Mr Dedalus coolly.

—Simon! Simon! said uncle Charles. The boy.

—Yes, yes, said Mr Dedalus. I meant about the...I was thinking about the bad language of the railway porter. Well now, that’s all right. Here, Stephen, show me your plate, old chap. Eat away now. Here.

He heaped up the food on Stephen’s plate and served uncle Charles and Mr Casey to large pieces of turkey and splashes of sauce. Mrs Dedalus was eating little and Dante sat with her hands in her lap. She was red in the face. Mr Dedalus rooted with the carvers at the end of the dish and said:

—There’s a tasty bit here we call the pope’s nose. If any lady or gentleman...

He held a piece of fowl up on the prong of the carving fork. Nobody spoke. He put it on his own plate, saying:

—There’s a tasty bit here we call the pope’s nose. If any lady or gentleman...

Llenó hasta los bordes el plato de Stephen y sirvió grandes pedazos de pavo y chorreones de salsa a tío Charles y a míster Casey. Mistress Dédaulus comía poco. Y Dante estaba sentada con las manos sobre la falda: tenía la cara arrebatada. Mister Dédaulus desenterró algo con el cubierto en un extremo de la fuente y dijo:

—Aquí hay un pedazo suculento al que se suele llamar el obispillo. Si alguna señora o caballero...

Y sostiene un pedazo de ave en la punta del trinchante. Nadie habló. Se lo puso en su propio plato diciendo:
I'm not well in my health lately Mr Dedalus is ironically referring to his lack of spiritual health.

He winked at Stephen and, replacing the dish-cover, began to eat again.

—Well, you can't say but you were asked. I think I had better eat it myself because I'm not well in my health lately.

—Well now, the day kept up fine after all. There were plenty of strangers down too.

Nobody spoke. He said again:

—Well, my Christmas dinner has been spoiled anyhow.

—There could be neither luck nor grace, Dante said, in a house where there is no respect for the pastors of the church.

Mr Dedalus threw his knife and fork noisyly on his plate.

—Respect! he said. Is it for Billy with the lip or for the tub of guts up in Armagh? Respect!

—Princes of the church, said Mr Casey with slow scorn.

—Lord Leitrim's coachman, yes, said Mr Dedalus.

—They are the Lord's anointed, Dante said. They are an honour to their country.

—Tub of guts, said Mr

—I think there were more strangers down than last Christmas.

He looked round at the others whose faces were bent towards their plates and, receiving no reply, waited for a moment and said bitterly:

—Bueno, no podrán ustedes decir que no se lo he ofrecido. Pero creo que haré mejor comiéndolo yo mismo, porque no me encuentro bien de salud de algún tiempo a esta parte.

Le guiñó un ojo a Stephen y volviendo a colocar la tapadera se puso a comer de nuevo.

Todos permanecieron callados mientras él comía. Al cabo de un rato dijo:

—Por fin ha acabado el día con buen tiempo. Y han venido la mar de forasteros a la ciudad.

Todo el mundo continuaba callado. Volvió a hablar de nuevo:

—Creo que han venido más forasteros este año que las últimas Navidades.

Pasó revista a las caras de los demás y las encontró inclinadas sobre los platos. Y como no recibiera respuesta, esperó un momento, para decir por fin amargamente:

—¡Vaya! Ya se me ha aguado la comida de Navidad.

—No puede haber ni buena suerte ni gracia en una casa en donde no existe respeto para los pastores de la Iglesia.

Mister Dé dalus arrojó ruidosamente el cuchillo y el tenedor sobre el plato.

—¡Respeto! dijo—. ¡A quién? ¿A Billy el Morrudo o al otro tonel de tripas, al de Armagh? ¡Respeto!

—¡Príncipes de la Iglesia! dijo mister Casey saboreando despectivamente las palabras.

—Sí: el cochero de lord Leitrim —dijo mister Dé dalus.

—Son los ungidos del Señor —exclamó Dante—. Son la honra de su nación.

—Es un tonel de tripas —
Dedalus coarsely. He has a handsome face, mind you, in repose. You should see that fellow lapping up his bacon and cabbage of a cold winter's day. O Johnny!

He twisted his features into a grimace of heavy bestiality and made a lapping noise with his lips.

—Really, Simon, you should not speak that way before Stephen. It's not right.

—O, he'll remember all this when he grows up, said Dante hotly—the language he heard against God and religion and priests in his own home.

—Let him remember too, cried Mr Casey to her from across the table, the language with which the priests and the priests' pawns broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave. Let him remember that too when he grows up.

—Sons of bitches! cried Mr Dedalus. When he was down they turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Low-lived dogs! And they look it! By Christ, they look it!

—They behaved rightly, cried Dante. They obeyed their bishops and their priests. Honour to them!

—Well, it is perfectly dreadful to say that not even for one day in the year, said Mrs Dedalus, can we be free from these dreadful disputes!

Uncle Charles raised his hands mildly and said:

—Come now, come now, come now! Can we not have our opinions whatever they are without this bad temper prorrumpió sin miramientos mister Dédalus—. Bonita cara, si, en visita. Pero tendrían ustedes que ver al amigo atiborrándose de berzas con tocino un día de invierno. ¡Je, Johnny!

Contrajo sus facciones hasta darles una apariencia de eras brutalidad, mientras hacía un ruido hueco con los labios.

—Simón, de verdad que no debías hablar de ese modo delante de Stephen. No está bien.

—Bien que se acordará él cuando sea mayor —dijo acaloradamente Dante—; bien que se acordará del lenguaje que oyó en su propia casa contra Dios y contra la religión y sus ministros.

—Pues que se acuerde también —gritó mister Casey dirigiéndose a Dante a través de la mesa—, que se acuerde también del lenguaje con el que los sacerdotes y su cuadrilla re-mataron a Parnell y le llevaron a la sepultura. Que se acuerde también de esto cuando sea mayor.

—¡Hijos de perra! —gritó mister Dédalus—. Cuando estuvo caído, se echaron sobre él como ratas de alcantarilla para [38] traicionarle y arrancarle la carne a pedazos. ¡Miserables perros! ¡Y que lo parecen! ¡Por Cristo, que lo parecen!

—Obraron rectamente —exclamó Dante—. Obedecían a sus obispos y a sus sacerdotes. ¡Honor a ellos!

—Vaya, que es verdaderamente terrible el decir que no ha de haber ni un solo día en el año —dijo mistress Dédalus— en el que nos podamos ver libres de estas tremendas disputas.

Tio Charles levantó ambas manos tratando de imponer paz, y dijo:

—Vamos, vamos, vamos. ¿Pero es que no se puede seguir teniendo nuestras ideas, sean las que fueren, sin usar esos modales
and this bad language? It is
too bad surely.

Mrs Dedalus spoke to
Dante in a low voice but
Dante said loudly:

—I will not say nothing. I
will defend my church and my
religion when it is insulted and
spit on by renegade catholics.

Mr Casey pushed his plate
rudely into the middle of the
table and, resting his elbows
before him, said in a hoarse
voice to his host:

—Tell me, did I tell you
that story about a very
famous spit?

—You did not, John,
said Mr Dedalus.

—Why then, said Mr
Casey, it is a most
instructive story. It
happened not long ago in the
county Wicklow where we
are now.

He broke off and,
turning towards Dante,
said with quiet
indignation:

—And I may tell you,
ma’am, that I, if you mean
me, am no renegade
catholic. I am a catholic as
my father was and his
father before him and his
father before him again,
when we gave up our lives
rather than sell our faith.

—the more shame to
you now, Dante said, to
speak as you do.

The story, John, said
Mr Dedalus smiling. Let us
have the story anyhow.

—Catholic indeed!
repeated Dante ironically. The
blackest protestant in the land
would not speak the language I
have heard this evening.

Mr Dedalus began to

Mistress Dédalus se inclinó para
hablar a Dante en voz baja, pero
Dante contestó levantando la voz:

—No me he de callar. Defen-
deré mi Iglesia y mi religión siem-
pre que sean insultadas y escupidas
por católicos renegados.

Míster Casey empujó ru-
damente su plato hasta el cen-
tro de la mesa, e hincando
los codos delante de él, dijo
con voz ronca a su huésped:

—¿Te he contado alguna vez
la historia de aquel célebre
escupitajío?

—No, John, no me lo has conta-
do—contestó místér Dédalus.

—¿No? —dijo míster Casey—,
pues es una historia la mar de ins-
tructiva. Ocurrió no hace mucho
tiempo en este mismo condado de
Wicklow en el cual nos encontramos
ahora.

Se interrumpió de pron-
to y, volviéndose hacia
Dante, dijo con reposada
indignación:

—Y le puedo decir a usted, se-
ñora, si es a mi a quien usted se re-
fiere, que yo no soy un católico re-
negado. Yo soy tan católico como
eran mi padre y el padre de mi padre
y el padre del padre de mi padre, en
aquellos tiempos en que estábamos
dispuestos a dar nuestras vidas an-
tes que traicionar nuestra fe.

[39]

—Pues más vergonzoso aún
para usted—dijo Dante— el hablar
como usted lo hace ahora.

—¡La historia, John! —dijo
místér Dédalus sonriente—. Conoz-
camos esa historia antes que nada.

—¡Católico, católico! —repitió
íronicamente Dante—. El más
empecedatado protestante no
hablaría con el lenguaje que yo
he oído esta noche.
sway his head to and fro, **crooning like a country singer**.

— **I am no protestant, I tell you again**, said Mr Casey, **flushing**.

Mr Dedalus, still crooning and swaying his head, began to sing in a grunting nasal tone:

**O, come all you Roman catholics**

That never went to mass.

He took up his knife and fork again in good humour and set to eating, saying to Mr Casey:

— **Let us have the story, John. It will help us to digest.**

Stephen looked with affection at Mr Casey’s face which stared across the table over his joined hands. He liked to sit near him at the fire, looking up at his dark fierce face. But his dark eyes were never fierce and his slow voice was good to listen to. But why was he then against the priests? Because Dante must be right then. But he had heard his father say that she was a spoiled nun and that she had come out of the convent in the Alleghanies when her brother had got the money for the trinkets and the chainies. Perhaps that made her severe against Parnell. And she did not like him to play with Eileen because Eileen was a protestant and when she was young she knew children that used to play with protestants and the protestants used to make fun of the **litany of the Blessed Virgin**. **TOWER OF IVORY** they used to say, **HOUSE OF GOLD**! How could a woman be a tower of ivory or a house of gold? Who was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, menear la cabeza a un lado y otro canturreando a la manera de un cantor rústico.

— **Yo no soy protestante, se lo repito a usted**—dijo mister Casey poniéndose arribatado.

Mister Dédaulus seguía aún canturreando y meneando la cabeza; luego se puso a entonar con unos a manera de gruíños nasales: **Oh, vosotros, romanocatólicos que jamás asististeis a misa.**

Volvió a coger de nuevo el tenedor y el cacharro y se dispuso a comer dando señales de buen humor y mientras decía a mister Casey:

— **Cuántenas esa historia, John. Nos servirá para hacer la digestión más fácilmente.**

Stephen contemplaba con afecto la cara de mister Casey, el cual, desde el otro lado de la mesa, miraba con fijeza al frente, por encima de sus manos.

—A Stephen le gustaba estar sentado cerca de la lumbr, contemplando aquella cara sombría y torva. Pero los ojos miraban benignamente y la **despaciós** voz resultaba grata al oído. Y, entonces, ¿cómo era posible que atacase a los sacerdotes? ¿Porque Dante debía de tener razón. Y, sin embargo, había oído decir a su padre que Dante era una **monja** fracasada y que había salido del convento donde estaba en Alleghanies cuando su hermano hizo dinero vendiéndoles a los salajes baratijas y **cacharras de loza**. Tal vez ésa era la razón [40] por la cual se mostraba tan severa con Parnell. Y además no le gustaba que él jugase con Eileen, porque Eileen era protestante, y cuando Dante era joven había conocido niños que jugaban con protestantes y los protestantes se solían burlar de las letanías de la Santísima Virgen. **Torre de Marfil**, solían decir, **Casa de Oro**: ¿cómo es posible que una mujer pueda ser una torre de marfil o una casa de oro? ¿Pues, quién tenía razón entonces? Y recordó aquella tarde en la enfermería de Clongowes, las aguas sombrías.
the light at the pierhead and the moan of sorrow from the people when they had heard.

Eileen had long white hands. One evening when playing fig she had put her hands over his eyes: long and white and thin and cold and soft. That was ivory: a cold white thing. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY.

—The story is very short and sweet, Mr Casey said. It was one day down in Arklow, a cold bitter day, not long before the chief died. May God have mercy on him!

He closed his eyes wearily and paused. Mr Dedalus took a bone from his plate and tore some meat from it with his teeth, saying:

—Before he was killed, you mean.

Mr Casey opened his eyes, sighed and went on:

—It was down in Arklow one day. We were down there at a meeting and after the meeting was over we had to make our way to the railway station through the crowd. Such booing and baaing, man, you never heard. They called us all the names in the world. Well there was one old lady, and a drunken old harridan she was surely, that paid all her attention to me. She kept dancing along beside me in the mud bawling and screaming into my face: PRIEST-HUNTER!

THE PARIS FUNDS! MR FOX! KITTY O’SHEA!

—And what did you do, John? asked Mr Dedalus.

—I let her bawl away, said Mr Casey. It was a cold day and to keep up my heart I had a quid of Tullamore in my mouth and sure I couldn’t say a
Joyce’s Portrait

word in any case because my mouth was full of tobacco juice.

—Well, John?

—Well. I let her bawl away, to her heart's content, Kitty O'Shea and the rest of it till at last she called that lady a name that I won't sully this Christmas board nor your ears, ma'am, nor my own lips by repeating.

He paused. Mr Dedalus, lifting his head from the bone, asked:

—And what did you do, John?

—Do! said Mr Casey. She stuck her ugly old face up at me when she said it and I had my mouth full of tobacco juice. I bent down to her and PHTH! says I to her like that.

He turned aside and made the act of spitting.

—PHTH! says I to her like that, right into her eye.

He clapped his hand to his eye and gave a hoarse scream of pain.

—O JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH! says she. I'M BLINDED! I'M BLINDED AND DROWNED!

He stopped in a fit of coughing and laughter, repeating:

—I'M BLINDED ENTIRELY.

Mr Dedalus laughed loudly and lay back in his chair while uncle Charles swayed his head to and fro.

Dante looked terribly angry and repeated while they laughed:

—Very nice! Ha! Very nice!

—¿Y...?

—¡Verás! Conque la dejo que se desgañite a su sabor gritando Kitty O'Shea, y todo lo demás, hasta que va y da a esta dama un nombre que yo no me atrevería a repetir aquí, por no manchar esta cena de Navidad, ni sus oídos de usted, señora, ni aun mis propios labios.

Hizo otra pausa. Mister Dédalus, apartando la cabeza de hueso, preguntó:

—¿Y tú, qué hiciste, John?

—¿Qué qué hice? La vieja había pegado su cara a la mía para decirlo, y yo tenía la boca llena de jugo de tabaco. Con que me inclino hacia ella, y no hago más que hacer con la boca así: ¡pss!

Se volvió de lado e hizo la acción de escupir.

—Con que voy y le hago con la boca pss, dirigiéndole bien la puntería hacia el ojo.

Se aplicó una mano contra el ojo, imitando un alarido de dolor.

—¡Ay, Jesús, María y José! —grita la vieja—. ¡Qué me han cegado! ¡Qué ______ me han anegado!

Se detuvo con un ataque de risa y tos, repitiendo a intervalos:

—¡Ya qué me han cegado completamente!

Mister Dédalus se reía sonoramente a carcajadas, echándose hacia atrás en la silla, mientras tío Charles meneaba la cabeza a un lado y otro.

Dante parecía terriblemente furiosa, y repitió mientras los otros reían:

—¡Muy bonito! ¡Ja! ¡Muy bonito!
It was not nice about the spit in the woman’s eye.

But what was the name the woman had called Kitty O’Shea that Mr Casey would not repeat? He thought of Mr Casey walking through the crowds of people and making speeches from a wagonette. That was what he had been in prison for and he remembered that one night Sergeant O’Neill had come to the house and had stood in the hall, talking in a low voice with his father and chewing nervously at the chinstrap of his cap. And that night Mr Casey had not gone to Dublin by train but a car had come to the door and he had heard his father say something about the Cabinteely road.

He was for Ireland and Parnell and so was his father: and so was Dante too for one night at the band on the esplanade she had hit a gentleman on the head with her umbrella because he had taken off his hat when the band played God Save the Queen at the end.

Mr Dedalus gave a snort of contempt.

—Ah, John, he said. It is true for them. We are an unfortunate priest-ridden race and always were and always will be till the end of the chapter.

Uncle Charles shook his head, saying:

—A bad business! A bad business!

Mr Dedalus repeated:

—A priest-ridden Godfor-saken race!

He pointed to the portrait of his grandfather on the wall to his right.
Touch them not: apple of My eye:

Put his two feet under his mahogany:

Dante broke in angrily:

If we are a priest-ridden race we ought to be proud of it! They are the apple of God’s eye. TOUCH THEM NOT, says Christ, FOR THEY ARE THE APPLE OF MY EYE.

—Do you see that old chap up there, John? he said. He was a good Irishman when there was no money In the job. He was condemned to death as a whiteboy. But he had a saying about our clerical friends, that he would never let one of them put his two feet under his mahogany.

—If we are a priest-ridden race we ought to be proud of it! They are the apple of God’s eye. TOUCH THEM NOT, says Christ, FOR THEY ARE THE APPLE OF MY EYE.

—And can we not love our country then? asked Mr Casey. Are we not to follow the man that was born to lead us?

—A traitor to his country! replied Dante. A traitor, an adulterer! The priests were right to abandon him. The priests were always the true friends of Ireland.

—Were they, faith? said Mr Casey.

He threw his fist on the table and, frowning angrily, protruded one finger after another.

—Didn’t the bishops of Ireland betray us in the time when Bishop Lanigan presented an address of loyalty to the Marquess Cornwallis? Didn’t the bishops and priests sell the aspirations of their country in 1829 in return for catholic emancipation? Didn’t they denounce the Fenian movement from the pulpit and in the confession box? And didn’t they dishonour the ashes of Terence Bellew?

—¿Yes aquel valiente que está ahí encima, John? —dijo—. Fue un buen irlandés en aquellos tiempos en que se combatía sin esperanza de recompensa. Le condenaron a muerte acusado de pertenecer a la sociedad de los Whiteboys. Pues él acostumbraba a decir de nuestros amigos, los curas, que jamás permitiría poner los pies a ninguno de ellos bajo el tablero de su mesa de comedor.

Dante no pudo ya reprimir su cólera y exclamó:

—Pues si somos una raza gobernada por los sacerdotes, debemos estar orgullosos de ello. Ellos son la niña del ojo de Dios. No los toquéis, dice Cristo, porque ellos son la niña de mi ojo.

—Según eso, ¿no debemos amar a nuestro país? —preguntó mister Casey—. ¿Y no hemos de seguir al hombre que había nacido para conducirnos?

—¿A un traidor a su patria? —repliqué Dante—. ¡A un traidor, a un adultero! Los sacerdotes hicieron bien en abandonarlo. Los sacerdotes han sido siempre los verdaderos amigos de Irlanda.

—¿Qué me cuentas? ¿En serio? —dijo mister Casey.

Dejó caer el puño sobre la mesa y, frunciendo el entrecote cólericamente, se puso a contar por los dedos, enderezándolos uno a uno.

—¿Acaso no nos hicieron traición los obispos de Irlanda en tiempos de la Unión, cuando el obispo Lanigan dirigió un mensaje de lealtad al marqués Cornwallis? ¿No vendieron los obispos y los sacerdotes las aspiraciones de su propio país en 1829 a cambio de obtener la emancipación católica? ¿No desaprobaron el movimiento feniano desde el púlpito y en el confessionario? ¿Y no profanaron las cenizas de Terence Bellew?

Bishop Lanigan . Marquess Cornwallis: The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland who resigned in 1801 because he had promised Catholic Emancipation but the King (George III) had withheld his Royal assent. Lanigan believed that the Catholics were to be emancipated, hence his address of loyalty. The Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in 1829; certainly the Church opposed the Fenian movement because of its emphasis on freeing Ireland by force of arms. Throughout this, and in order to provoke Dante, Mr Dedalus is taking the extreme view.

the Fenian movement inspired by the American Civil War, those Irish-Americans returned to Ireland to stage a revolt of their own. They were quickly and successfully put down.
MacManus?

His face was glowing with anger and Stephen felt the glow rise to his own cheek as the spoken words thrilled him. Mr Dedalus uttered a
gaffaw of coarse scorn.

—O, by God, he cried, I forgot little old Paul Cullen! Another apple of God’s eye!

Dante bent across the table and cried to Mr Casey:

—Right! Right! They were always right! God and morality and religion come first.

Mrs Dedalus, seeing her excitement, said to her:

—Mrs Riordan, don’t excite yourself answering them.

—God and religion before everything! Dante cried. God and religion before the world.

Mr Casey raised his clenched fist and brought it down on the table with a crash.

—Very well then, he shouted hoarsely, if it comes to that, no God for Ireland!

—John! John! cried Mr Dedalus, seizing his guest by the coat sleeve.

Dante stared across the table, her cheeks shaking. Mr Casey struggled up from his chair and bent across the table towards her, scraping the air from before his eyes with one hand as though he were tearing aside a cobweb.

—No God for Ireland! he cried. We have had too much God In Ireland. Away with God!

—Blasphemer! Devil! screamed Dante, starting to her

Mr Casey struggled from his chair and bent across the table towards her, scraping the air from before his eyes with one hand as though he were tearing the cobweb. No God for Ireland! Dante shouted hoarsely. If it comes to that, no God for Ireland!

Mr Casey raised his clenched fist and brought it down on the table with a crash.

—Muy bien —grió con voz ronca—. Pues si vamos a parar ahí, ¡que no haya Dios para Irlanda!

—¡John, John! —exclamó. Mister Dédalus cogiéndole por la manga de la chaqueta.

Dante, desde su sitio, con las mejillas trémulas, clavó sus ojos en el portero de la mesa y, doblando el tronco en dirección a ella por encima de la mesa, gritó, mientras con una mano arañaba el aire delante de él como si tratara de destruir una tela de araña:

—¿No hay Dios para Irlanda?

—¡Sí, es mucho Dios el que hemos tenido en Irlanda! ¡Afuera con él!
feet and almost spitting in his face.

Uncle Charles and Mr Dedalus pulled Mr Casey back into his chair again, talking to him from both sides reasonably. He stared before him out of his dark flaming eyes, repeating:

—Away with God, I say!

Dante shoved her chair violently aside and left the table, upsetting her napkin-ring which rolled slowly along the carpet and came to rest against the foot of an easy-chair. Mrs Dedalus rose quickly and followed her towards the door. At the door Dante turned round violently and shouted down the room, her cheeks flushed and quivering with rage:

—Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death! Fiend!

The door slammed behind her.

Mr Casey, freeing his arms from his holders, suddenly bowed his head on his hands with a sob of pain.

—Poor Parnell! he cried loudly. My dead king!

He sobbed loudly and bitterly.

Stephen, raising his terror-stricken face, saw that his father’s eyes were full of tears.

* * * *

The fellows talked together in little groups.

One fellow said:

—They were caught near the Hill of Lyons.

—Who caught them?

We crushed him to death. Again, the reference is to Parnell. Mr Dedalus is often emotional, sentimental. Later Stephen is to be ashamed of this.

Hill of Lyons: a hill six miles east of Clongowes Wood College.

*They were caught near the Hill of Lyons. «They» refers to five students.

* upsetting her napkinring a napkin ring is a ring of china, metal, or wood that holds a folded napkin.

* sonrojadas, coloradas y dudosamente «arrebatadas» aunque signifique en la acepción supuesta airadas o enfurecidas por la ira

fiend 1 diablo; demonio 2 desalmado, malvado, 3 familiar fanático

My dead king! one of Parnell’s soubriquets was the uncrowned king of Ireland.
Mr Gleeson and the minister. They were on a car. The same fellow added:

—A fellow in the higher line told me.

Fleming asked:

—But why did they run away, tell us?

—I know why, Cecil Thunder said. Because they had fecked cash out of the rector’s room.

—Who fecked it?

—Kickham’s brother. And they all went shares in it.

—But that was stealing. How could they have done that?

—A fat lot you know about it, Thunder! Wells said. I know why they scut.

—Tell us why.

—I was told not to, Wells said.

—O, go on, Wells, all said. You might tell us. We won’t let it out.

Stephen bent forward his head to hear. Wells looked round to see if anyone was coming. Then he said secretly:

—You know the altar wine they keep in the press in the sacristy?

—Yes.

—Well, they drank that and it was found out who did it by the smell. And that’s why they ran away, if you want to know.

And the fellow who had spoken first said:

—Yes, that’s what I heard too from the fellow in the higher line.

Mr Gleeson y el Padre Ministro. Iban en un coche. El mismo muchacho añadió:

—Me lo ha dicho uno de la primera división.

Fleming preguntó:

—¿Pero, dinos, ¿por qué se escapaban?

—Yo sé por qué —dijo Cecil Thunder—. Porque habían robado el dinero del cuarto del rector.

—¿Quién lo robó?

—El hermano de Kickham. Y se lo repartieron entre todos.

—¡Si que sabes tú mucho, Thunder! —dijo Wells—. Yo sé por qué se han largado éses.

—Dinos por qué.

—Me han dicho que no lo dijera.

—¡Anda, Wells! ¡Ya nos lo puedes contar! —exclamaron todos—. ¡Que no se lo diremos a nadie!

Stephen inclinó la cabeza hacia adelante para oír. Wells miró alrededor para ver si venía alguien. Después dijo en tono de secreto:

—¿Sabéis el vino de misa que está guardado en el armario de la sacristía?

—Sí.

—Bueno; pues se lo bebieron y han sabido quiénes eran por el olor. Y por eso fue por lo que se escaparon, si es que queréis saber por qué.

—Y el chico que había hablado primero dijo:
81. boatbearer: the server who carries the vessel that holds the incense before it is transferred to the censor (or thurible, a vessel with chains attached) in the rite of Benediction. In this rite the priest takes the Host from the tabernacle, places it in the monstarnce and then places the monstrance on a throne above the tabernacle. The incense is then transferred to the thurible, burnt and the thurible swung before the Host. Boatbearer i.e. the boy who carried the vessel which held the incense.

82. the crimped surplices are stiffly folded, worn over priests’ cassocks.

83. a sprinter: someone training in short-distance bicycle racing.

84. cricket was coming: rugby football, a winter sport, was giving way to cricket, a summer game.

85. prof: captain of the cricket team. One wonders if the reference could be to the legendary S. F. Barnes.

The fellows all were silent. Stephen stood among them, afraid to speak, listening. A faint sickness of awe made him feel weak. How could they have done that? He thought of the dark silent sacristy. There were dark wooden presses there where the crimped surplices lay quietly folded. It was not the chapel but still you had to speak under your breath. It was a holy place. He remembered the summer evening he had been there to be dressed as boatbearer, the evening of the Procession to the little altar in the wood. A strange and holy place. The boy that held the censer had swung it lifted by the middle chain to keep the coals lighting. That was called charcoal: and it had burned quietly as the fellow had swung it gently and had given off a weak sour smell. And then when all were vested he had stood holding out the boat to the rector and the rector had put a spoonful of incense in it and it had hissed on the red coals.

The fellows were talking together in little groups here and there on the playground. The fellows seemed to him to have grown smaller: that was because a sprinter had knocked him down the day before, a fellow out of second of grammar. He had been thrown by the fellow’s machine lightly on the cinder path and his spectacles had been broken in three pieces and some of the grit of the cinders had gone into his mouth.

That was why the fellows seemed to him smaller and farther away and the goalposts so thin and far and the soft grey sky so high up. But there was no play on the football grounds for cricket was coming; and some said that Barnes would be prof and some said it would be Flowers. And all over the

Todos se quedaban callados. Stephen estaba entre ellos, escuchando, asustado de hablar. Sentía un leve malestar, un desfallecimiento de pavor. ¿Cómo podían haber hecho aquello? Se imaginaba la sacristía oscura y silenciosa. Había en ella unos armarios de madera oscura en donde yacían inmóviles las rizadas sobrepelices. No era la capilla y, sin embargo, había que hablar allí en voz baja. Era un lugar santo. Y recordaba la tarde de verano cuando había estado allí para revestirse y llevar la nave del incienso en la procesión hasta el altarillo colocado en el bosque. Un lugar extraño y santo. El muchacho que llevaba el incensario lo había estado balanceando, cogido por la cadena de en medio, para que los carbones prendieran bien.

Aquello se llamaba carbón de leña, y ardía suavemente cuando el chico lo balanceaba con cuidado y exhalaba un ligero olor agrio. Y luego, cuando todos estuvieron vestidos, él le había presentado la naveta al rector. El rector puso una cucharada de incienso en el incensario. Y el incienso sibaba al caer sobre los carbones encendidos.

Los alumnos charlaban en pequeños grupos, aquí y allá, por los campos de recreo. Le daba la sensación de que los muchachos se habían empequeñecido. Y era que un ciclista, a uno de segundo de gramática, le había atropellado el día anterior. La bicicleta le había arrojado sobre la pista de escarías y se le habían roto las gafas en tres pedazos y algunas partículas de escarías le habían entrado en la boca.
playgrounds they were playing roundsers and bowling twisters and lobs. And from here and from there came the sounds of the cricket bats through the soft grey air. They said: pick, pack, pock, puck: little drops of water in a fountain slowly falling in the brimming bowl.

Athy, who had been silent, said quietly:

—You are all wrong.

All turned towards him eagerly.

—Why?

—Do you know?

—Who told you?

—Tell us, Athy.

Athy pointed across the playground to where Simon Moonan was walking by himself kicking a stone before him.

—Ask him, he said.

The fellows looked there and then said:

—Why him?

—Is he in it?

Athy lowered his voice and said:

—Do you know why those fellows scat? I will tell you but you must not let on you know.

—Tell us, Athy. Go on. You might if you know.

He paused for a moment and then said mysteriously:

—They were caught with Simon Moonan and Tusker Boyle in the square one night.

The fellows looked at him and asked:
Stephen looked at the faces of the fellows but they were all looking across the playground. He wanted to ask somebody about it. What did that mean about the smugging in the square? Why did the five fellows out of the higher line run away for that? It was a joke, he thought. Simon Moonan had nice clothes and one night he had shown him a ball of creamy sweets that the fellows of the football fifteen had rolled down to him along the carpet in the middle of the refectory when he was at the door. It was the night of the match against the Bective Rangers; and the ball was made just like a red and green apple only it opened and it was full of the creamy sweets. And one day Boyle had said that art elephant had two tuskers instead of two tusks and that was why he was called Tusker Boyle but some fellows called him Lady Boyle because he was always at his nails, paring them.

Eileen had long thin cool white hands too because she was a girl. They were like ivory; only soft. That was the meaning of TOWER OF IVORY but Protestants could not understand it and made fun of it. One day he had stood beside her looking into the hotel grounds. A waiter was running up a trail of bunting on the flagstaff and a fox terrier was scampering to and fro on the sunny lawn. She had put her hand into his pocket where his hand was and he had felt how cool and thin
Joyce’s Portrait  
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and soft her hand was. She had said that pockets were funny things to have: and then all of a sudden she had broken away and had run laughing down the sloping curve of the path. Her fair hair had streamed out behind her like gold in the sun. TOWER OF IVORY. HOUSE OF GOLD. By thinking of things you could understand them.

But why in the square? You went there when you wanted to do something. It was all thick slabs of slate and water trickled all day out of tiny pinholes and there was a queer smell of stale water there. And behind the door of one of the closets there was a drawing in red pencil of a bearded man in a Roman dress with a brick in each hand and underneath was the name of the drawing:

Balbus was building a wall.

Some fellow had drawn it there for a cod. It had a funny face but it was very like a man with a beard. And on the wall of another closet there was written in backhand in beautiful writing:

Julius Caesar wrote The Calico Belly.

Perhaps that was why they were there because it was a place where some fellows wrote things for cod. But all the same it was queer what Athy said and the way he said it. It was not a cod because they had run away. He looked with the others across the playground and began to feel afraid.

At last Fleming said:

—And we are all to be punished for what other fellows did?

—I won’t come back, see if I do, Cecil Thunder said. Three days’ silence in the...

By thinking of things you could understand them. This reflection shows Stephen’s capacity to work out his ultimate salvation.

But why in the square? Alli se iba cuando se tenía alguna necesidad. Era aquel un sitio formado todo de gruesas planchas de pizarra, donde el agua goteaba continuamente a través de unos agujeritos pequeñitos, como hechos con alfileres, y donde había un extraño olor a agua corrompida. Y detrás de la puerta de uno de los retretes había un dibujo a lápiz rojo de un hombre barbudo en traje romano y con un par de ladrillos en las manos, y debajo estaba escrito el título:

Balbo construyendo un muro.

Algún chico lo había pintado allí por broma. Tenía una cara chistosa, pero representaba muy bien un hombre con barba. Y en la pared de otro retrete había este letrero, escrito con hermosos caracteres inclinados hacia la izquierda:

Julio César escribió de Bello Galgo.

Tal vez estaban allí porque aquel era un sitio donde los chicos escribían cosas por broma. Y sin embargo, era muy raro lo que había dicho Athy, y sobre todo, la manera de decirlo. Y no era una broma, puesto que se habían escapado. Miró con los demás hacia la otra parte del campo de juego, y comenzó a sentirse asustado.

—¿Y nos van a castigar a todos por lo que han hecho otros?

—Yo no vuelvo al colegio, lo vais a ver —dijo Cecil Thunder—. ¡Tres días de silencio en el refec-
Joyce’s Portrait  tr. de Dámaso Alonso

refectory and sending us up for six and eight every minute.

—Yes, said Wells. And old Barrett has a new way of twisting the note so that you can’t open it and fold it again to see how many ferulae you are to get. I won’t come back too.

Yes, said Cecil Thunder, and the prefect of studies was in second of grammar this morning.

—Let us get up a rebellion, Fleming said. Will we?

All the fellows were silent. The air was very silent and you could hear the cricket bats but more slowly than before: pick, pock.

Wells asked:

—What is going to be done to them?

—Simon Moonan and Tusker are going to be flogged, Athy said, and the fellows in the higher line got their choice of flogging or being expelled.

—And which are they taking? asked the fellow who had spoken first.

—All are taking expulsion except Corrigan, Athy answered. He’s going to be flogged by Mr Gleeson.

—I know why, Cecil Thunder said. He is right and the other fellows are wrong because a flogging wears off after a bit but a fellow that has been expelled from college is known all his life on account of it. Besides Gleeson won’t flog him hard.

—It’s best of his play not to, Fleming said.

—I wouldn’t like to be Simon Moonan and Tusker Cecil Thunder said. But I don’t torio, y que nos manden a cada momento a recibir seis u ocho palmetazos!

—Sí —añadió Wells—, y que el vejete de Barrett tiene una nueva manera de doblar la papeleta, y ya no la puedes abrir y volverla a doblar después para ver cuántos palmetazos te vas a ganar. Yo tampoco vuelvo.

—Claro —dijo Cecil Thunder—, y además el prefecto de estudios ha estado esta mañana en segundo de gramática.

—Vamos a insubordinarnos —propuso Fleming—. ¿Queréis?

Todos se quedaron callados. Había un profundo silencio en el aire, y se podían oír los golpes de las palas de cricket, pero más despacio que antes: pic, poc.

Wells preguntó:

—¿Qué es lo que les van a hacer?

—A Simón Moonan y a Camello los van a azotar —contestó Athy—, y a los de la primera les han dado a escoger entre los azotes o ser expulsados. [50]

—¿Y por qué se deciden? —preguntó el muchacho que había hablado primero.

—Todos prefieren la expulsión, excepto Corrigan —contestó Athy—. A él le va a azotar mister Gleeson.

—Ya comprendo por qué —dijo Cecil Thunder—. Él está en lo cierto, y los otros no, porque los azotes se pasan al cabo de un rato, pero a un chico al que le han expulsado, le queda una marca para toda la vida. Además que Gleeson no le azotará muy fuerte.

—A él mismo le conviene no hacerlo —dijo Fleming.

—No me gustaría ser Simón Moonan o Camello —dijo Cecil Thunder—. Pero no creo
believe they will be flogged. Perhaps they will be sent up for twice nine.

—No, no, said Athy. They’ll both get it on the vital spot. Wells rubbed himself and said in a crying voice:

—Please, sir, let me off!

Athy grinned and turned up the sleeves of his jacket, saying:

It can’t be helped; it must be done.

So down with your breeches and out with your bum.

The fellows laughed; but Stephen felt that they were a little afraid. In the silence of the soft grey air he heard the cricket bats from here and from there: poc. That was a sound to hear but if you were hit then you would feel a pain. The pandybat made a sound too but not like that. The fellows said it was made of whalebone and leather with lead inside; and he wondered what was the pain like. There were different kinds of sounds. A long thin cane would have a high whistling sound and he wondered what was that pain like. It made him shivery to think of it and cold: and what Athy said too. But what was there to laugh at in it? It made him shivery: but that was because you always felt like a shiver when you let down your trousers. He was the same in the bath when you undressed yourself. He wondered who had to let them down, the master or the boy himself. O how could they laugh about it that way?

He looked at Athy’s rolled-up sleeves and knuckly inky hands. He had rolled up his sleeves to show how Mr Gleeson would roll up his sleeves. But Mr Gleeson had round shiny cuffs and clean white wrists that Lord Vereker might roll up.
and fattish white hands and the nails of them were long and pointed. Perhaps he pared them too like Lady Boyle. But they were terribly long and pointed nails. So long and cruel they were, though the white fattish hands were not cruel but gentle. And though he trembled with cold and fright to think of the cruel long nails and of the high whistling sound of the cane and of the chill you felt at the end of your shirt when you undressed yourself yet he felt a feeling of queer quiet pleasure inside him to think of the white fattish hands, clean and strong and gentle. And though he trembled with cold and fright to think of the cruel long nails and of the chill you felt at the end of your shirt yet he felt a feeling of queer quiet pleasure inside him to think of the white fattish hands, clean and strong and gentle.

A voice from far out on the playground cried:

—All in!

And other voices cried:

—All in! All in!

During the writing lesson he sat with his arms folded, listening to the slow scraping of the pens. Mr Harford went to and fro making little signs in red pencil and sometimes sitting beside the boy to show him how to hold his pen. He had tried to spell out the headline for himself though he knew already what it was for it was the last of the book. **ZEAL WITHOUT PRUDENCE IS LIKE A SHIP ADRIFT.** But the lines of the letters were like fine invisible threads and it was only by closing his right eye tight and staring out of the left eye that he could make out the full curves of the capital.

But Mr Harford was very **decent** and never got into a **wax**. All the other masters got into dreadful waxes. But why were they to suffer for what blancos y brillantes, y unas muñecas limpias y blancas, y unas manos blancas y gordezuelas, con las uñas crecidas y puntiagudas. Quizás se las arreglaba también como la señorita Boyle. Pero eran unas uñas enormemente largas y puntiagudas. ¡Qué largas, qué crueles! Pero las manos blancas y gordezuelas no eran crueles, sino benignas. Y aunque temblaba de miedo y de frío al pensar en las uñas largas y crueles y en el silbido agudo de la varilla y en el escalofrío que se siente hacia los faldones de la camisa cuando se desnuda uno para el baño, sin embargo, experimentaba una sensación extraña y reposada de placer al pensar en las manos limpias y gordezuelas, fuertes y benignas. Y Fleming había dicho que no pegaría muy fuerte porque era su propio interés. Pero no era por eso.

Una voz gritó desde otro extremo del campo de juego:

—¡Todos adentro!

Y otras voces repitieron:

—¡Todos adentro! ¡Todos adentro!

Durante la lección de escritura se estuvo sentado con los brazos cruzados, escuchando el lento rasguear de las plumas. Mister Harford iba de aquí para allá haciendo unas señaltitas con lápiz rojo y sentándose algunas veces al lado de cada muchacho para enseñarles cómo debían tener la pluma. Stephen había intentado deletrear la primera línea, aunque se la sabía de memoria por ser la última del libro. **Celo [52]** sin prudencia es como nave a la deriva. Pero los trazos de las letras le formaban como hilos invisibles y sólo cerrando bien el ojo derecho y mirando fijamente con el izquierdo podía llegar a distinguir todos los rasgos de la inicial.
fellows in the higher line did? Wells had said that they had drunk some of the altar wine out of the press in the sacristy and that it had been found out who had done it by the smell. Perhaps they had stolen a monstrous to run away with and sell it somewhere. That must have been a terrible sin, to go in there quietly at night, to open the dark press and steal the flashing gold thing into which God was put on the altar in the middle of flowers and candles at benediction while the incense went up in clouds at both sides as the fellow swung the censer and Dominic Kelly sang the first part by himself in the choir. X But God was not in it of course when they stole it. But still it was a strange and a great sin even to touch it. He thought of it with deep awe; a terrible and strange sin: it thrilled him to think of it in the silence when the pens scraped lightly. But to drink the altar wine out of the press and be found out by the smell was a sin too: but it was not terrible and strange. It only made you feel a little sickish on account of the smell of the wine. Because on the day when he had made his first holy communion in the chapel he had shut his eyes and opened his mouth and put out his tongue a little: and when the rector had stooped down to give him the holy communion he had smelt a faint winy smell off the rector's breath after the wine of the mass. The word was beautiful: wine. It made you think of dark purple because the grapes were dark purple that grew in Greece outside houses like white temples. But the faint smell of the rector's breath had made him feel a sick feeling on the morning of his first communion. The day of your first communion was the happiest day of your life. And once a lot of generals had asked Napoleon what was the happiest day of his life. They thought he would say the day por lo que hicieran los de la primera división? Wells había dicho que se habían bebido parte del vino de misa del armario de la sacristía y que se lo habían conocido en el olor. Quizás habían robado una custodia para escaparse con ella y venderla en cualquier parte. Debía de haber sido un terrible pecado el ir de noche, pasito, a abrir el negro armario y robar aquella cosa de oro, resplandeciente, en la cual Dios era expuesto sobre el altar en la bendición entre cirios y flores, cuando el incienso se levantaba en nubes a ambos lados del chico que balanceaba el incensario y mientras Domingo Kelly entonaba en el coro la primera parte del Tantum Ergo. Por supuesto, Dios no estaba allí cuando la habían robado. Sin embargo, era un pecado enorme aun tocarla sólo. Pensó en ello con profundo terror. Un pecado terrible y extraño: le extremecía pensararlo, en el silencio sólo levemente arañado por el rasgueo de las plumas. Y beberse el vino de misa, sacándolo del armario, y ser delatado por el olor, era también pecado. Pero no era terrible y extraño. Le hacía a uno sentirse ligeramente marcado por el olor del vino. El día de su primera comunión, en la capilla, Stephen había cerrado los ojos y abierto la boca y sacado la lengua un poquito, y cuando el rector se inclinó para darle la santa comunión había sentido un ligero olor a vino en el aliento del rector, al vino de la misa, sin duda. ¡Qué magnífica palabra: vino! Le hacía a uno pensar en el color púrpura oscuro, porque las uvas tenían ese color también y crecían allá en Grecia a la parte de fuera de unas casas como templos blancos. Pero el día de su primera comunión el aliento del rector le había hecho sentirse marcado. El día de la primera [53] comunión era el día más feliz de la vida. Y una vez un grupo de generales le había preguntado a Napoleón cuál había sido el día más feliz de su vida. Todos pensaban que diría que el
he won some great battle or the day he was made an emperor. But he said:

—Gentlemen, the happiest day of my life was the day on which I made my first holy communion.

Father Arnall came in and the Latin lesson began and he remained still, leaning on the desk with his arms folded. Father Arnall gave out the theme-books and he said that they were scandalous and that they were all to be written out again with the corrections at once. But the worst of all was Fleming’s theme because the pages were stuck together by a blot; and Father Arnall held it up by a corner and said it was an insult to any master to send him up such a theme. Then he asked Jack Lawton to decline the noun *mare* and Jack Lawton stopped at the ablative singular and could not go on with the plural.

—You should be ashamed of yourself, said Father Arnall sternly. You, the leader of the class!

Then he asked the next boy and the next and the next. Nobody knew. Father Arnall became very quiet, more and more quiet as each boy tried to answer it and could not. But his face was black-looking and his eyes were staring though his voice was so quiet. Then he asked Fleming and Fleming said that the word had no plural. Father Arnall suddenly shut the book and shouted at him:

—Kneel out there in the middle of the class. You are one of the idlest boys I ever met. Copy out your themes again the rest of you.

Fleming moved heavily out of his place and knelt between the two last benches. The other boys bent over their theme-books and began to write. A silence filled the classroom and
Stephen, glancing timidly at Father Arnall’s dark face, saw that it was a little red from the wax he was in.

Was that a sin for Father Arnall to be in a wax or was he allowed to get into a wax when the boys were idle because that made them study better or was he only letting on to be in a wax? It was because he was allowed, because a priest would know what a sin was and would not do it. But if he did it one time by mistake what would he do to go to confession? Perhaps he would go to confession to the minister. And if the minister did it he would go to the rector: and the rector to the provincial; and the provincial to the general of the jesuits. That was called the order. And he had heard his father say that they were all clever men. They could all have become high-up people in the world if they had not become jesuits. And he wondered what Father Arnall and Paddy Barrett would have become and what Mr McGlade and Mr Gleeson would have become if they had not become jesuits. It was hard to think what because you would have to think of them in a different way with different coloured coats and trousers and with beards and moustaches and different kinds of hats.

The door opened quietly and closed. A quick whisper ran through the class: the prefect of studies. There was an instant of dead silence and then the loud crack of a pandybat on the last desk. Stephen’s heart leapt up in fear.

—Any boys want flogging here, Father Arnall? cried the prefect of studies. Any lazy idle loafers that want flogging in this class?

He came to the middle of the class and saw Fleming on his knees.

—¿Hay aquí algún chico que necesite ser azotado, Padre Arnall? —gritó el prefecto de estudios.—. ¿Hay algún vago, algún gandul que necesite azotes?  

Avanzó hasta el medio de la clase y vio a Fleming de rodillas.
—Hoho! he cried. Who is this boy? Why is he on his knees? What is your name, boy?

—Fleming, sir.

—Hoho, Fleming! An idler of course. I can see it in your eye. Why is he on his knees, Father Arnall?

—He wrote a bad Latin theme, Father Arnall said, and he missed all the questions in grammar.

—Of course he did! cried the prefect of studies, of course he did! A born idler! I can see it in the corner of his eye.

He banged his pandybat down on the desk and cried:

—Up, Fleming! Up, my boy!

Fleming stood up slowly.

—Hold out! cried the prefect of studies.

Fleming held out his hand. The pandybat came down on it with a loud smacking sound:

one, two, three, four, five, six.

—Other hand!

The pandybat came down again in six loud quick smacks.

—Kneel down! cried the prefect of studies.

Fleming knelt down, squeezing his hands under his armpits, his face contorted with pain; but Stephen knew how hard his hands were because Fleming was always rubbing rosin into them. But perhaps he was in great pain for the noise of the pandybat was terrible. Stephen’s heart was beating and fluttering.

—At your work, all of

¡Hola! —exclamó—. ¿Quién es este muchacho? ¿Por qué está de rodillas? ¿Cuál es tu nombre?

—Fleming, señor.

—¡Ajajá, Fleming! Un vagazo, sin duda. Te lo leo en los ojos. ¿Por qué está de rodillas, Padre Arnall?

—Ha escrito un ejercicio de latín muy malo —dijo el Padre Arnall— y no ha contestado a ninguna pregunta de gramática.

—¡Claro está que sí! —exclamó el prefecto de estudios—, ¡claro está que sí! ¡Un vago de nacimiento! Se le ve en las niñas de los ojos.

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At your work, all of

Fleming se levantó despacio.

—La mano! —gritó el prefecto de estudios.

Fleming extendió la mano. La palmeta se abatió sobre ella con un fuerte chasquido: una, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis.

—La otra mano!

La palmeta se abatió de nuevo con seis fuertes y rápidos chasquidos.

—De rodillas! —exclamó el prefecto de estudios.

Fleming se arrodilló, apretándose las manos contra los sobacos y con la cara contorsionada por el dolor. Pero Stephen sabía que Fleming tenía las manos endurecidas porque se las estaba siempre frotando con resina. Pero quizás el dolor era muy fuerte porque el ruido de los palmetazos había sido terrible. El corazón de Stephen latía y temblaba.

—A trabajar todo el
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you! shouted the prefect of studies. We want no lazy idle loafers here, lazy idle little schemers. At your work, I tell you. Father Dolan will be in to see you every day. Father Dolan will be in tomorrow.

He poked one of the boys in the side with his pandybat, saying:

—You, boy! When will Father Dolan be in again?

Tomorrow, sir, said Tom Furlong’s voice.

—Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
and tomorrow, said the prefect of studies. Make up your minds for that. Every day Father Dolan. Write away. You, boy, who are you?

Stephen’s heart jumped suddenly.

—Dedalus, sir.

—Why are you not writing like the others?

—Imy

He could not speak with fright.

—Why is he not writing, Father Arnall?

—He broke his glasses, said Father Arnall, and I exempted him from work.

—Broke? What is this I hear? What is this your name is! said the prefect of studies.

—Dedalus, sir.

—Out here, Dedalus.

—Dédalus, señor.

—¡Sal aquí fuera, Dédalus! Holgazán y trapisondilla. Se te conoce el ardid en la cara. ¿Dónde se te rompieron las gafas?,

Stephen stumbled into the middle of the class, blinded by fear and haste.

—Where did you break your glasses? repeated the prefect of studies.

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow: Macbeth, Act V, scene v.

Ironic that the Prefect of Studies should echo Macbeth’s famous soliloquy after the death of Lady Macbeth. Not to put too fine a point on it, Macbeth is a murderer; the prefect here is murdering peace of mind and ruling, like Macbeth, by fear.

Lazy little schemer. The irony, one feels, is unconscious, but since the Prefect of Studies repeats Stephen’s name twice he may be thinking of the Daedalus, who was certainly a schemer. (See section on Mythical background.)
—The cinder-path, sir.

—Hoho! The cinder-path! cried the prefect of studies. I know that trick.

Stephen lifted his eyes in wonder and saw for a moment Father Dolan’s white-grey not young face, his baldy white-grey head with fluff at the sides of it, the steel rims of his spectacles and his no-coloured eyes looking through the glasses. Why did he say he knew that trick?

—Lazy idle little loafer! cried the prefect of studies. Broke my glasses! An old schoolboy trick! Out with your hand this moment!

Stephen closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning stinging blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire: and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes. His whole body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled burning livid hand shook like a loose leaf in the air. A cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scaled his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scaled his throat.

—Other hand! shouted the prefect of studies.

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The soutane sleeve swished again as a Fine way of indicating the terrible impersonality of the man who is determined to punish.

—En la pista, señor.

—¡Je, je! ¡En la pista! —exclamó el prefecto de estudios. Me sé de memoria esa artimaña.

Stephen levantó los ojos asombrado y vio por un momento la cara gris blancuzca y ya no joven del Padre Dolan, su cabeza calva y blanquecina con un poco de pelusilla a los lados, los cercos de acero de sus gafas y sus ojos sin color que le miraba a través de los cristales. ¿Por qué decía que se sabía de memoria aquella artimaña?

—¡Haragán, maulero! —gritó el prefecto—. ¡Se me han roto las gafas! ¡Es una trepa de estudiantes ya muy antigua ésa! ¡A ver, la mano, inmediatamente!

Stephen cerró los ojos y extendió su mano temblorosa, con la palma hacía arriba. Sintió que el prefecto le tocaba un momento los dedos para ponerla plana y luego el silbido de las manguas de la sotana al levantarla paralela para dar. Un golpe ardiente, abrasador, punzante, como el chasquido de un bastón al quebrar-se, obligó a la mano temblorosa a contraerse toda ella como una hoja en el fuego. Y al ruido, lágrimas ardientes de dolor se le agolparon en los ojos. Todo su cuerpo estaba estremecido de terror, el brazo le temblaba y [57] la mano, agarrada, ardiente, livida, vacilaba como una hoja desgajada en el aire. Un grito que era una súplica de indulgencia le subió a los labios. Pero, aunque las lágrimas le escaldaban los ojos y las piernas le temblaban de miedo y de dolor, ahogó las lágrimas abrasadoras y el grito que le hería en la garganta.

—¡La otra mano! —exclamó el prefecto.

Stephen retiró el herido y tembloroso brazo derecho y extendió la mano izquierda. La manga de la sotana silbó otra
the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening tingling burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. The scalding water burst forth from his eyes and, burning with shame and agony and fear, he drew back his shaking arm in terror and burst out into a whine of pain. His body shook with a palsy of fright and in shame and rage he felt the scalding cry come from his throat and the scalding tears falling out of his eyes and down his flaming cheeks.

—Kneel down, cried the prefect of studies.

Stephen knelt down quickly pressing his beaten hands to his sides. To think of them beaten and swollen with pain all in a moment made him feel so sorry for them as if they were not his own but someone else’s that he felt sorry for. And as he knelt, calming the last sobs in his throat and feeling the burning tingling pain pressed into his sides, he thought of those hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of studies when he had steadied the shaking fingers and of the beaten swollen reddened mass of palm and fingers that shook helplessly in the air.

—Get at your work, all of you, cried the prefect of studies from the door. Father Dolan will be in every day to see if any boy, any lazy idle little loafer wants flogging. Every day. Every day.

The door closed behind him.

The hushed class continued to copy out the themes. Father Arnall rose from his seat and went among them, helping the boys with gentle words and telling them the mistakes they
unfair and cruel

Note the repetition of the phrase - we tend to repeat things when we are suffering over and over again, almost as a reflex to our emotional pain.

Fleming and Stephen rose and, walking to their seats, sat down. Stephen, scarlet with shame, opened a book quickly with one weak hand and bent down upon it, his face close to the page.

It was unfair and cruel because the doctor had told him not to read without glasses and he had written home to his father that morning to send him a new pair. And Father Arnall had said that he need not study till the new glasses came. Then he had written home to his father that morning to send him a new pair. And Father Arnall had said that he need not study till the new glasses came. Then to be called a schemer before the class and to be pandered when he always got the card for first or second and was the leader of the Yorkists! How could the prefect of studies know that it was a trick? He felt the touch of the prefect’s fingers as they had steadied his hand and at first he had thought he was going to shake hands with him because the fingers were soft and firm: but then in an instant he had heard the swish of the soutane sleeve and the crash. It was cruel and unfair to make him kneel in the middle of the class then: and Father Arnall had told them both that they might return to their places without making any difference between them. He listened to Father Arnall’s low and gentle voice as he corrected the themes. Perhaps he was sorry now and wanted to be decent.

But it was unfair and cruel. The prefect of studies was a priest but that was cruel and unfair. And his white-grey face and the no-coloured eyes behind the steel-rimmed spectacles were cruel looking because they had steadied the hand first with his firm soft fingers and that was to hit it better and louder.

Fleming y Stephen se levantaron y, volviendo a sus sitios, se sentaron. Stephen, rojo escarlata de vergüenza, abrió rápidamente un libro con una sola y débil mano, y se dobló sobre él con la cara contra la página.

Era una crueldad y una injusticia porque el médico le había mandado que no leyera sin gafas y él había escrito aquella mañana a su padre diciéndole que le mandara otras nuevas. Y el Padre Arnall había dicho que no necesitaba estudiar hasta que no vinieran. Además, ¡llamarle maulero a él que siempre había sido el primero o el segundo de la clase y que era el jefe del partidio de York! ¿Cómo podía el prefecto saber que era una artimaña? Sintió el tacto de los dedos del prefecto al estirarle la mano. Al principio había creído que le iba a dar la mano, porque los dedos eran suaves y estaban tranquilos, pero en seguida había oído el silbar de la manga de la sotana y el estallido. Y era una crueldad y una injusticia el ponerle de rodillas en medio de la clase. Y el Padre Arnall les había dicho a los dos que podían volver a sus sitios, sin hacer distinción entre ellos. Escuchó la voz templada y cariñosa del Padre Arnall, que estaba corrigiendo los ejercicios. Quizás le dolía ahora y quería estar amable. Pero había sido una injusticia y una crueldad. El prefecto de estudios era un sacerdote, pero era injusto y cruel. Y su cara blanca y azul y sus ojos sin color, tras las gafas enceradas de acero, eran crueles porque le había sostenido la mano primero con sus dedos [59] firmes y suaves, sólo para afinar la puntería, para pegar más recio.
It's a stinking mean thing, that's what it is, said Fleming in the corridor as the classes were passing out in file to the refectory, to pandy a fellow for what is not his fault.

—You really broke your glasses by accident, didn't you? Nasty Roche asked.

Stephen felt his heart filled by Fleming's words and did not answer.

—Of course he did! said Fleming. I wouldn't stand it. I'd go up and tell the rector on him.

—Yes, said Cecil Thunder eagerly, and I saw him lift the pandy-bat over his shoulder and he's not allowed to do that.

—Did they hurt you much? Nasty Roche asked.

—Very much, Stephen said.

—I wouldn't stand it, Fleming repeated, from Baldyhead or any other Baldyhead. It's a stinking mean low trick, that's what it is. I'd go straight up to the rector and tell him about it after dinner.

—Yes, do. Yes, do, said Cecil Thunder.

—Yes, do. Yes, go up and tell the rector on him, Dedalus, said Nasty Roche, because he said that he'd come in tomorrow again and pandy you.

—Yes, yes. Tell the rector, all said.

And there were some fellows out of second of grammar listening and one of them said:

—The senate and the Roman people declared that Dedalus had been wrongly punished.

It was wrong; it was unfair and cruel; and, as he sat in the —Es una canallada repugnante, eso es lo que es, dar de palmetazos a un chico por lo que no tiene él la culpa —decía Fleming en el tránsito, al salir las filas para el refectorio.

Stephen sentía su corazón lleno todavía de las palabras de Fleming, y no contestó.

—¡Claro que sí! —dijo Fleming—. Yo que él no me aguantaría. Yo iría y se lo diría al rector.

—Sí —dijo apresuradamente Cecil Thunder—, que yo le vi levantar la palmeta por encima del hombro, y eso no está autorizado a hacerlo.

—¿Te ha dolido mucho? —preguntó Roche el Malo.

—Muchísimo —dijo Stephen.

—Yo no se lo aguantaría —repitió Fleming—, ni a Cabezacalva, ni a ningún otro Cabezacalva. Es una villanía y una guarrada, eso es lo que es. Yo que él me iría derechamente al rector y se lo contaría después de la cena.

—Sí, si, hazlo —dijo Cecil Thunder.

—Sí, sí. Sube y acúsale al rector, Dédalus —dijo Roche el Malo—, porque ha dicho que volverá a entrar mañana para darte de palmetazos otra vez.


Estaban por allí, escuchando, algunos alumnos de segundo de gramática, y dijeron:

—El Senado y el pueblo romano declaran que Dédalus ha sido injustamente castigado.

Estaba muy mal: era injusto y cruel. Sentado en
102. Lent the penitential period of forty days preceding Easter during which various regulations about fasting are observed. Fish would replace meat in this regimen.

• the mark of the spade the potato has an incision where the shovel sliced into it.

He could not eat the blackish fish fritters they got on Wednesdays in lent and one of his potatoes had the mark of the spade in it. Yes, he would do what the fellows had told him. He would go up and tell the rector that he had been wrongly punished. A thing like that had been done before by somebody in history, by some great person whose head was in the books of history. And the rector would declare that he had been wrongly punished because the senate and the Roman people always declared that the men who did that had been wrongly punished. Those were the great men whose names were in Richmal Magnall’s Questions. History was all about those men and what they did and that was what Peter Parley’s Tales about Greece and Rome were all about. Peter Parley himself was on the first page in a picture. There was a road over a heath with grass at the side and little bushes: and Peter Parley had a broad hat like a protestant minister and a big stick and he was walking fast along the road to Greece and Rome.

It was easy what he had to do. All he had to do was when the dinner was over and he came out in his turn to go on walking but not out to the corridor but up the staircase on the right that led to the castle. He had nothing to do but that: to turn to the right and walk fast up the staircase and in half a minute he would be in the low dark narrow refectory, he suffered time after time in memory the same humiliation until he began to wonder whether it might not really be that there was something in his face which made him look like a schemer and he wished he had a little mirror to see. But there could not be; and it was unjust and cruel and unfair.

Era muy fácil lo que tenía que hacer. Todo lo que tenía que hacer era, cuando se acabara la cena, al salir del comedor, no tirar por el tránsito adyacente, sino subir por la escalera de la derecha que conducía al castillo. Lo único que tenía que hacer era torcer a la derecha, subir aprisa las escaleras y en medio minuto se pondría en aquel corredor bajo de te-

103. Magnall’s Questions: Richmal Magnall (1769-1830) published Historical and Miscellaneous Questions for the Use of Young People in 1816. It remained in use throughout the nineteenth century.

Richmal Magnall’s Questions A question and answer history textbook which went into many editions in the nineteenth century.

104. Peter Parley’s Tales: Peter Parley was the pseudonym of Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793-1860), author of Peter Parley’s Tales about Ancient and Modern Greece (Boston, 1832) and Peter Parley’s Tales about Ancient and Modern Rome (Boston, 1833). (G)

Peter Parley’s Tales The pseudonym of S. Goodrich, who wrote books of stories from classical history for children.
corridor that led through the castle to the rector’s room. And every fellow had said that it was unfair, even the fellow out of second of grammar who had said that about the senate and the Roman people.

What would happen?

He heard the fellows of the higher line stand up at the top of the refectory and heard their steps as they came down the matting: Paddy Rath and Jimmy Magee and the Spaniard and the Portuguese and the fifth was big Corrigan who was going to be flogged by Mr Gleeson. That was why the prefect of studies had called him a schemer and pandied him for nothing: and, straining his weak eyes, tired with the tears, he watched big Corrigan’s broad shoulders and big hanging black head passing in the file. But he had done something and besides Mr Gleeson would not flog him hard: and he remembered how big Corrigan looked in the bath. He had skin the same colour as the turf-coloured bogwater in the shallow end of the bath and when he walked along the side his feet slapped loudly on the wet tiles and at every step his thighs shook a little because he was fat.

The refectory was half empty and the fellows were still passing out in file. He could go up the staircase because there was never a priest or a prefect outside the refectory door. But he could not go. The rector would side with the prefect of studies and think it was a schoolboy trick and then the prefect of studies would come in every day the same, only it would be worse because he would be dreadfully waxy at any fellow going up to the rector about him. The fellows had told him...
to go but they would not go themselves. They had forgotten all about it. No, it was best to forget all about it and perhaps the prefect of studies had Only said he would come in. No, it was best to hide out of the way because when you were small and young you could often escape that way.

The fellows at his table stood up. He stood up and passed out among them in the file. He had to decide. He was coming near the door. If he went on with the fellows he could never go up to the rector because he could not leave the playground for that. And if he went and was pandied all the same all the fellows would make fun and talk about young Dedalus going up to the rector to tell on the prefect of studies.

He was walking down along the matting and he saw the door before him. It was impossible: he could not. He thought of the baldy head of the prefect of studies with the cruel no-coloured eyes looking at him and he heard the voice of the prefect of studies asking him twice what his name was. Why could he not remember the name when he was told the first time? Was he not listening the first time or was it to make fun of it? The great men in the history had names like that and nobody made fun of them. It was his own name that he should have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. Dolan: it was like the name of a woman who washed clothes.

He had reached the door and, turning quickly up to the right, walked up the stairs and, before he could make up his mind to come back, he had entered the low dark narrow corridor that led to the castle. And as he crossed the threshold of the door of the corridor he saw, tor. Los otros le habían dicho que fuera, pero no habían ido ellos. Y ya se habían olvidado. No: lo mejor era olvidarlo todo, que quizás el prefecto habría dicho que iba a volver sólo por decir. No: lo mejor era ponerse a un lado. Cuando uno es pequeño, lo mejor es escapar inadvertido.

Dolan: it was like the name of a woman who washed clothes. It is; but the expression of it here shows Stephen's snobbery and sense of his own difference.
without turning his head to look, that all the fellows were looking after him as they went filing by.

He passed along the narrow dark corridor, passing little doors that were the doors of the rooms of the community. He peered [looked keenly] in front of him and right and left through the gloom and thought that those must be portraits. It was dark and silent and his eyes were weak and tired with tears so that he could not see. But he thought they were the portraits of the saints and great men of the order who were looking down on him silently as he passed: saint Ignatius Loyola holding an open book and pointing to the words AD MAJORREM DEI GLORIAM in it; saint Francis Xavier pointing to his chest; Lorenzo Ricci with his berretta on his head like one of the prefects of the lines, the three patrons of holy youth—saint Stanislaus Kostka, saint Aloysius Gonzaga, and Blessed John Berchmans, all with young faces because they died when they were young, and Father Peter Kenny sitting in a chair wrapped in a big cloak.

He came out on the landing above the entrance hall and looked about him. That was where Hamilton Rowan had passed and the marks of the soldiers’ slugs were there. And it was there that the old servants had seen the ghost in the white cloak of a marshal.

An old servant was sweeping at the end of the landing. He asked him where was the rector’s room and the old servant pointed to the door at the far end and looked after him as he went on to it and

Salió por el corredor estrecho y oscuro, pasando por delante de unas puertecitas que eran las puertas de los cuartos de la comunidad. Escudriñó en la oscuridad delante de sí y a su derecha y a su izquierda, y pensó que aquéllos debían de ser retratos. Estaba el pasillo silencioso y oscuro. Sus ojos eran débiles y estaban cansados de llorar, así que no podía ver. Pero pensó que eran los retratos de los santos y grandes hombres de la Orden Ignacio de Loyola, con un libro abierto y señalando hacia el lema escrito en él: AD MAJORREM DEI GLORIAM; San Francisco Javier, señalándose el pecho; Lorenzo Ricci, con un bonete en la cabeza como los de los prefectos de las divisiones; los tres patronos de la santa juventud: San Estanislao de Kostka, San Luis Gonzaga y el beato Juan Berchmans, todos con caras juveniles porque se habían muerto siendo muy jóvenes; y el Padre Peter Kenny envuelto en un manto muy grande.

Un criado viejo estaba barriendo al extremo del rellano. Le preguntó dónde estaba el cuarto del rector y el criado se [63] lo señaló al fondo y se le quedó mirando al marcharse y mientras lla-
knocked.

There was no answer. He knocked again more loudly and his heart jumped when he heard a muffled voice say:

—Come in!

He turned the handle and opened the door and fumbled for the handle of the green baize door inside. He found it and pushed it open and went in.

He saw the rector sitting at a desk writing. There was a skull on the desk and a strange solemn smell in the room like the old leather of chairs.

His heart was beating fast on account of the solemn place he was in and the silence of the room: and he looked at the skull and at the rector’s kind-looking face.

—Well, my little man, said the rector, what is it?

Stephen swallowed down the thing in his throat and said:

—I broke my glasses, sir.

The rector opened his mouth and said:

—O!

Then he smiled and said:

—Well, if we broke our glasses we must write home for a new pair.

—I wrote home, sir, said Stephen, and Father Arnall said I am not to study till they come.

—Quite right! said the rector.

Stephen swallowed down the thing again and tried to keep his legs and his voice from shaking.

maba a la puerta.

No contestaban. Volvió a llamar más fuerte y le pali-pitó el corazón al oír una voz apagada que decía:

—¡Adelante!

Dio la vuelta al tirador, abrió la puerta y estuvo palpando para encontrar el tirador de la segunda puerta de bayeta verde. Lo encontró, abrió y entró dentro.

Vio al rector que estaba sentado a una mesa escribiendo. Había una calavera sobre la mesa y un olor solemne y extraño en la habitación como a cuero viejo de sillones.

El corazón le latía apresuradamente a causa de la solemnidad del sitio en que se encontraba y del silencio de la estancia. Y contemplaba la calavera y la cara amable del rector.

—Bueno —dijo el rector—. ¿Qué es lo que te traes a ti, mocito?

Stephen se tragó una cosa que se le había puesto en la garganta y dijo:

—Se me han roto las gafas, señor.

El rector abrió la boca y comentó:

—¡Caramba!

Después se sonrió y dijo:

—Bueno, si se nos han roto las gafas hay que escribir a casa para que nos manden otras.

—He escrito a casa, señor, y el Padre Arnall me dijo que no estudiara hasta que vinieran.

—¡Perfectamente! , —dijo el rector.

Stephen se volvió a tragarse la cosa otra vez y trató de impedir que le temblasen las piernas y la voz.
—But, sir—

—Yes?

—Father Dolan came in today and pandied me because I was not writing my theme.

The rector looked at him in silence and he could feel the blood rising to his face and the tears about to rise to his eyes.

The rector said:

—Your name is Dedalus, isn’t it?

—Yes, sir

—And where did you break your glasses?

—On the cinder-path, sir. A fellow was coming out of the bicycle house and I fell and they got broken. I don’t know the fellow’s name.

The rector looked at him again in silence. Then he smiled and said:

—O, well, it was a mistake; I am sure Father Dolan did not know.

—I told him I broke them, sir, and he pandied me.

—Did you tell him that you had written home for a new pair? the rector asked.

—No, sir.

—O well then, said the rector, Father Dolan did not understand. You can say that I excuse you from your lessons for a few days.

Stephen said quickly for fear his trembling would prevent him:

—Yes, sir, but Father Dolan said he will come in tomorrow to pandy me
again for it.

—Very well, the rector said, it is a mistake and I shall speak to Father Dolan myself. Will that do now?

Stephen felt the tears wetting his eyes and murmured:

—O yes sir, thanks.

The rector held his hand across the side of the desk where the skull was and Stephen, placing his hand in it for a moment, felt a cool moist palm.

—Good day now, said the rector, withdrawing his hand and bowing.

—Good day, sir, said Stephen.

He bowed and walked quietly out of the room, closing the doors carefully and slowly.

But when he had passed the old servant on the landing and was again in the low narrow dark corridor he began to walk faster and faster. Faster and faster he hurried on through the gloom excitedly. He bumped his elbow against the door at the end and, hurrying down the staircase, walked quickly through the two corridors and out into the air.

He could hear the cries of the fellows on the playgrounds. He broke into a run and, running quicker and quicker, ran across the cinderpath and reached the third line playground, panting.

The fellows had seen him running. They closed round him in a ring, pushing one against another to hear.

—Tell us! Tell us!
—What did he say?
—Did you go in?
—¿Cuéntanos, cuéntanos!
—¿Qué te ha dicho?
—¿Entraste?
—What did he say?

—Tell us! Tell us!

He told them what he had said and what the rector had said and, when he had told them, all the fellows flung their caps spinning up into the air and cried:

—Hurroo!

They caught their caps and sent them up again spinning sky-high and cried again:

—Hurroo! Hurroo!

They made a cradle of their locked hands and hoisted him up among them and carried him along till he struggled to get free. And when he had escaped from them they broke away in all directions, flinging their caps again into the air and whistling as they went spinning up and crying:

—Hurroo!

And they gave three groans for Baldyhead Dolan and three cheers for Conmee and they said he was the decentest rector that was ever in Clongowes.

The cheers died away in the soft grey air. He was alone. He was happy and free; but he would not be anyway proud with Father Dolan. He would be very quiet and obedient: and he wished that he could do something kind for him to show him that he was not proud.

The air was soft and grey and mild and evening was coming. There was the smell of evening in the air, the smell of the fields in the country where they dug up turnips to peel them and eat them when they went out for a walk to Major Barton’s, the smell there was in the little wood

\[107. \text{Major Barton’s: the Barton estate at Straffan House was just over two miles from the school.}\]
beyond the pavilion where the gallnuts were.

The fellows were practising long shies and bowling lobs and slow twisters. In the soft grey silence he could hear the bump of the balls: and from here and from there through the quiet air the sound of the cricket bats: pick, pack, pock, puck: like drops of water in a fountain falling softly in the brimming bowl.

Los alumnos se ejercitaban sacando desde lejos, lanzando la pelota lentamente o haciendo que tomaría efecto. En el ambiente suave y gris resonaba el choque de las pelotas. Y de aquí, de allá, a través de la serena atmósfera venía el ruido de las palas de cricket: pic, pac, poc, puc, como lentas gotas de agua al caer sobre el tazón repleto de una fuente.
**Joyce's Portrait**

**Chapter 2**

**Ir. de Dámaso Alonso**

**Dos**

Uncle Charles smoked such **black twist** that at last his nephew suggested to him to enjoy his morning smoke in a little **outhouse** at the end of the garden.

—Very good, Simon. All serene, Simon, said the old man tranquilly. Anywhere you like. The **outhouse** will do me nicely: it will be more salubrious.

—Damn me, said Mr Dedalus frankly, if I know how you can smoke such villainous awful tobacco. It’s like gunpowder, by God.

—It’s very nice, Simon, replied the old man. Very cool and **mollifying**.

Every morning, therefore, uncle Charles **repaired** to his outhouse but not before he had **greased** and brushed scrupulously his back hair and brushed and put on his tall hat. While he smoked the brim of his tall hat and the bowl of his pipe were just visible beyond the **jambas** of the outhouse door. His arbouir, as he called the **reeking** outhouse which he shared with the cat and the garden tools, served him also as a **sounding-box**: and every morning he hummed contentedly one of his favourite songs: **O, TWINE ME A BOWER or BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR or THE GROVES OF BLARNEY** while the grey and blue coils of smoke rose slowly from his pipe and vanished in the pure air.

During the first part of the summer in **Blackrock** uncle Charles was Stephen’s constant companion. Uncle Charles was a **hale** old man with a well tanned skin, **rugged features** and white side whiskers. On week days he **did messages** between the house in Carysfort Avenue and those

Tío Charles fumaba un tabaco de **hebra tan apuesto** que, por último, su sobrino tuvo que decirle que por qué no se iba a fumar por las mañanas a una **casucha** que era como una dependencia de la casa y estaba al otro lado del jardín.

—Muy bien, Simón. Divinamente, Simón —dijo con toda calma el anciano—. Donde tú quieras. **Me vendrá al pelo**: será más saludable.

—Que me maten —dijo con franqueza mister Dedalus— si llego a comprender cómo puede usted fumar ese tabaco que fuma. Por Dios, si es como pólvora de cañón.

—Es muy agradable —replicó el viejo—. Muy refrescante y **emoliente**.

Por lo tanto, todas las mañanas tío Charles se en caminaba a la **casucha** del jardín, no sin haberse **enrasado** y cepillado escrupulosamente los pelos del cogote, ni sin **capillar** y encasquetarse su sombrero de copa. Mientras fumaba, el ala del sombrero y el hornillo de la pipa asomanaban justamente detrás de las **jambas** de la **casucha**. El canedo, que era como llamaba a la **ahumada** casilla, **X le servía también de caja de resonancia. Y todas las mañanas tarareaba alegremente alguna de sus canciones favoritas.67[80]**

**Ojos azules, cabellos de oro, En los sotillos de Blarney, o Téjeme una enramada**, mientras las vedijas grises y azuladas del humo ascendían lentamente de la pipa y se desvanecían en el aire diáfano.

Durante la primera parte de aquel verano en Blackrock, tío Charles fue el inseparable compañero de Stephen. Tío Charles era un viejo **sano** como una manzana, de piel bien curtida, **maneras bruscas** y pa- billas blancas. Los días de trabajo, **servía de recadero** entre la casa situada en la avenida de Carysfort el no considerar «outhouse» como 'letrina' garita o evacuatorio' lleva a una serie de incongruencias que no quedan totalmente pa- liadas por ciertas intuiciones contextuales no desencaminadas totalmente. Sale en varias novelas con la traducción 'retrete'.

emoliente t. adj. Med. Dícese del medicamento que sirve para ablandar una dureza o tumor.

sounding-box i.e. in which to test his singing.

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2. All serene: equivalent of 'no problem'. Uncle Charles avoids disputes.
3. Greased possibly should be 'greased'.
5. Outhouse: outdoor toilet, retrete.
6. Groves: a suburb south of Dublin to which the Joyce family had moved in 1892. The house they occupied in Carysfort Avenue still survives.
7. Rugged: terrain, landscape accidentado; escabroso; coastline, mountains escarpado; the rugged beauty of the island la belleza violenta de la isla
8. Dressed for evening (especially of an old person) strong and healthy (esp. in **hale** and **hearty**), exhibiting or restored to vigorous good health; **hale and hearty**; **whole in mind and body**; el viejo por persona que
9. Dressed for evening (especially of an old person) strong and healthy (esp. in **hale** and **hearty**), exhibiting or restored to vigorous good health; **hale and hearty**; **whole in mind and body**; el viejo por persona que
10. Did messages delivered messages.
shops in the main street of the town with which the family dealt. Stephen was glad to go with him on these errands for uncle Charles helped him very liberally to handfuls of whatever was exposed in open boxes and barrels outside the counter. He would seize a handful of grapes and sawdust or three or four American apples and thrust them generously into his grandnephew’s hand while the shopman smiled uneasily; and, on Stephen’s feigning reluctance to take them, he would frown and say:

—Take them, sir. Do you hear me, sir? They’re good for your bowels.

When the order list had been booked the two would go on to the park where an old friend of Stephen’s father, Mike Flynn, would be found seated on a bench, waiting for them. Then would begin Stephen’s run round the park. Mike Flynn would stand at the gate near the railway station, watch in hand, while Stephen ran round the track in the style Mike Flynn favoured, his head high lifted, his knees well lifted and his hands held straight down by his sides. When the morning practice was over the trainer would make his comments and sometimes illustrate them by shuffling along for a yard or so comically in an old pair of blue canvas shoes. A small ring of wonderstruck children and nursemaids would gather to watch him and linger even when he and uncle Charles had sat down again and were talking athletics and politics. Though he had heard his father say that Mike Flynn had put some of the best runners of modern times through his hands Stephen often glanced at his trainer’s flabby stubble-covered face, as it bent through which he rolled his cigarette, and with pity at the mild lustreless blue eyes which

y las tiendas de la calle principal, donde la familia se surtía. A Stephen le gustaba mucho ir con él a estos recados, porque tío Charles le aprovisionaba liberalmente, a puñados, de toda suerte de géneros expuestos en cajones abiertos o en barriles, a la parte de fuera del mostrador. Cogía, por ejemplo, un puñado de uvas entremezcladas con serrín, o tres o cuatro manzanas, y las ponía magnánimamente en manos de su sobrino, mientras el tendero sonreía con sonrisa forzada; y como Stephen fingía hacerse rogar para tomarlas, fruncía el entrecejo y le decía:

—Tómelas usted, señorito. ¿Me ha oído usted, señorito? Son muy buenas para llevar bien las tripas.

Cuando la lista de encargos quedaba bien apuntada, se iban los dos al parque, donde un antiguo amigo del padre de Stephen, Mike Flynn, estaba sentado en un banco esperándolos. Entonces comenzaba la carrera de Stephen alrededor del parque. Mike Flynn se situaba, reloj en mano, a la puerta de entrada, cerca de la estación del ferrocarril, mientras Stephen daba la vuelta, guardando el estilo favorito de Mike Flynn: la cabeza alta, las rodillas levantadas y las manos completamente colgantes a los lados. Cuando el ejercicio matinal concluía, hacia el entrenador comentarios que algunas veces ilustraba arrastrando cosa de unos metros sus pies calzados con unos viejos zapatos de ropa azul. Un reducido círculo de niños asombrados y de niñeras, se reunía para observarle, y aún seguían haciéndolo cuando él y tío Charles se habían ya sentado otra vez, y estaban hablando de atletismo o de política. Aunque había oído decir a su padre que algunos de los mejores corredores de los tiempos modernos habían pasado por las manos de Mike Flynn, Stephen observaba a menudo la cara lascia y cubierta de pelo corto de su entrenador, cuando se inclinaba sobre los dedos largos y manchados para liar un pitillo, y miraba con piedad los ojos dulces, azules y sin brillo,
would look up suddenly from
the task and gaze vaguely into
the blue distance while the long
swollen fingers ceased their
rolling and grains and fibres of
tobacco fell back into the
pouch.

On the way home uncle
Charles would often pay a
visit to the chapel and, as the
**font** was above Stephen’s
reach, the old man would dip
his hand and then sprinkle
the water briskly about Stephen’s
clothes and on the floor of the
porch. While he prayed he knelt
on his red handkerchief and
read above his breath from a
thumb blackened prayer book
wherein catchwords were
printed at the foot of every
page. Stephen knelt at his side
respecting, though he did not
share, his piety. He often
wondered what his grand-uncle
prayed for so seriously. Perhaps
he prayed for the souls in
purgatory or for the grace of a
happy death or perhaps he
prayed that God might send him
back a part of the big fortune
he had squandered in Cork.

**On Sundays Stephen with
his father and his grand-uncle
took their constitutional.**
The old man was a **nimble**
walker in spite of his corns
and often ten or twelve miles
of the road were covered. The
little village of **Stillorgan**
was the parting of the ways. Either
they went to the left towards
the Dublin mountains or along
the Goatstown road and thence
into Dundrum, coming home
by Sandyford. Trudging along
the road or standing in some
**granny wayside** public house
his elders spoke constantly of
the subjects **nearer their
hearts**, of Irish politics, of
**Munster** and of the legends of
their own family, to all of
which Stephen lent an avid
to, and through them he had glimpses
of the real world about them.

Los domingos, Stephen,
su madre y su tío, daban su
paseo semanal. El anciano
era un gran andarín a pesar de
los callos, y frecuentemente
llegaban a hacer diez o doce
millas de camino. La aldea de
Stillorgan era el punto en que se
dividían los caminos. Unas veces
tomaban a la izquierda, hacia las
montañas de Dublín, y otra por
e el camino de Goatstown y de
aquí a Dundrum, volviendo por
Sandyford. Camino adelante o
haciendo alto en algún tabernucho **al paso**, las dos
personas mayores hablaban constantemente de los asuntos que más de cerca les tocaban: de política irlandesa, de Munster o de las leyendas de su propia familia, a todo lo [70] cual prestaba Stephen
oído atento. Las palabras que no comprendía se las repetía una—
vez y otra vez, hasta que se las
aprendía de memoria, y a tra-
véz de ellas le llegaban vislum-
bres del mundo que les rodea-

*took their constitutional they regularly took a walk for health’s sake.*

8. Stillorgan. . . . Sandyford: all of the places named here
were then villages that lay within a couple of miles of
Blackrock.
Stillorgan Five miles from the centre of Dublin where
Leopardstown Racetrack is.

9. nearer their hearts. . . . Munster: ‘nearer’ is slightly
odd ‘nearer than what?’—and perhaps should be ‘near’.  
Munster is the southern province of Ireland; its capi-
tal, Cork, is the native place of Stephen’s father and uncle.

Munster A reference to the harbour in Tipperary.
• Munster Simon Dedalus’ family home is in Cork, county
of Munster, which was traditionally a political hotbed
of deep national pride.

**nimble adj.** 1. *agile, quick, spry moving
quickly and lightly; ‘*sleek and agile as a gymnast’; ‘as nimble as a deer’;
*nimble fingers’; ‘quick of foot’; ‘the old dog was so spry it was halfway up
the stairs before we could stop it’; 2. *lis-
to, agile mentally quick; ‘an agile
mind’; ‘nimble wits’
The hour when he too would take part in the life of that world seemed drawing near and in secret he began to make ready for the great part which he felt awaited him the nature of which he only dimly apprehended.

His evenings were his own; and he pored over a ragged translation of \textit{THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO}: a famous adventure novel published in 1844.

The figure of that dark avenger stood forth in his mind for whatever he had heard or divined in childhood of the strange and terrible. At night he built up on the parlour table an image of the wonderful island cave out of transfers and paper flowers and coloured tissue paper and strips of the silver and golden paper in which chocolate is wrapped. When he had broken up this scenery, weary of its transient beauty, he would come to his mind the bright picture of Marseille, of sunny trellises, and of Mercedes.

Outside Blackrock, on the road that led to the mountains, stood a small whitewashed house in the garden of which grew many rosebushes: and in this house, he told himself, another Mercedes lived. Both on the outward and on the homeward journey he measured distance by this landmark: and in his imagination he lived through a long train of adventures, marvellous as the ones he told himself, another Mercedes lived. By this landmark he measured distance.

The Count of Monte Cristo: a famous adventure novel (1844-1845) by Alexandre Dumas père (802-70). The ‘dark avenger’ is the hero Edmond Dantes, who escapes from jail and, as the Count, sets forth to avenge the wrong done to him. The Count of Monte Cristo is one of the most celebrated of his stories, responsible for his imprisonment. The multiple unlikely but melodramatically thrilling escape; then the family poverty descends upon him. The figure of that dark avenger stood forth in his mind for whatever he had heard or divined in childhood of the strange and terrible. At night he built up on the parlour table an image of the wonderful island cave out of transfers and paper flowers and coloured tissue paper and strips of the silver and golden paper in which chocolate is wrapped. When he had broken up this scenery, weary of its transient beauty, he would come to his mind the bright picture of Marseille, of sunny trellises, and of Mercedes.

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—Madam, I never eat muscatel grapes.

He became the ally of a boy named Aubrey Mills and founded with him a gang of thieves. The hour in which she had to participate as well as in the life of that world parecía que se le iba acercando y comenzó a prepararse en secreto para el gran papel que le estaba reservando, pero que sólo confusamente entrelazaba.

Fueras de Blackrock, en el camino que conducía a las montañas, había una casita enjalbegada en cuyo jardín crecían muchos rosales. Lo mismo al ir que al volver a casa, aquella casa le servía de mojón para medir la distancia. Y vivía con la imaginación una larga cadena de aventuras tan maravillosas como las del libro, hacia el final de las cuales se le representaba una imagen de sí mismo, ya más viejo y más triste, de pie en un jardín, a la luz de la luna, con aquella Mercedes que tantos años antes había rehusado su amor y a la que tristemente, con un gesto de orgullosa repulsión, decía:

—Señora, yo no acostumbo comer uvas muscatelas.

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Adventurers in the avenue.

Aubrey carried a whistle dangling from his buttonhole and a bicycle lamp attached to his belt while the others had short sticks thrust daggerwise through theirs. Stephen, who had read of Napoleon’s plain style of dress, chose to remain undecorated and thereby heightened for himself the pleasure of taking counsel with his lieutenant before giving orders. The gang made forays into the gardens of old maids or went down to the castle and fought a battle on the shaggy weed-grown rocks, coming home after it weary strugglers with the stale odours of the foreshore in their nostrils and the rank oils of the seawrack upon their hands and in their hair.

Aubrey and Stephen had a common milkman and often they drove out in the milk-car to Carrickmines where the cows were at grass. While the men were milking the boys would take turns in riding the tractable mare round the field. But when autumn came the cows were driven home from the grass: and the first sight of the filthy cowyard at Stradbrook with its foul green puddles and clots of liquid dung and steaming bran troughs, sickened Stephen’s heart. The cattle which had seemed so beautiful in the country on sunny days revolted him and he could not even look at the milk they yielded.

The coming of September did not trouble him this year for he was not to be sent back to Clongowes. The practice in the park came to an end when Mike Flynn went into hospital. Aubrey was at school and had only an hour or two free in the evening. The gang fell asunder and there were no more nightly forays or battles on the rocks. Stephen sometimes went round with the car which via una cuadrilla de aventureros. Aubrey llevaba un silbato colgado de un ojal y una lámpara de bicicleta sujeta en el cinturón, mientras los de [71] más llevaban atravesados en los suyos unos palos cortos a guisa de puñal. Stephen, que había leído algo de la sencilla manera de vestirse de Napoleón, prefirió permanecer sin adornos; así se le aumentaba el placer de celebrar consejo con su ayudante antes de dar órdenes. La partida realizaba incursiones en algunos jardines de solterona o bajaba al castillo y libraba batallas en las rocas erizadas de hierbajos para regresar por fin a su casa como cansados vagabundos, con las narices llenas de los olores fermentados de la marisma y las manos y los cabellos impregnados de espesos jugos de algas de mar.

La llegada de septiembre no le alteró la vida este año porque ya no volvía a Clongowes. Los ejercicios del parque se terminaron cuando a Mike Flynn se lo llevaron al hospital. Aubrey iba al colegio y sólo tenía libres un par de horas por las tardes. La partida se disolvió y ya no hubo más incursiones nocturnas ni combates en las rocas. Stephen montaba algunas veces en el cochechillo que repar-
delivered the evening milk and these chilly drives blew away his memory of the filth of the cowyard and he felt no repugnance at seeing the cow hairs and hayseeds on the milkman’s coat. Whenever the car drew up before a house he waited to catch a glimpse of a well scrubbed kitchen or of a softly lighted hall and to see how the servant would hold the jug and how she would close the door. He thought it should be a pleasant life enough, driving along the roads every evening to deliver milk, if he had warm gloves and a fat bag of gingernuts in his pocket to eat from. But the same foreknowledge which had sickened his heart and made his legs sag suddenly as he raced round the park, the same intuition which had made him glance with mistrust at his trainer’s flabby stubble-covered face as it bent heavily over his long stained fingers, dissipated any vision of the future. In a vague way he understood that his father was in trouble and that this was the reason why he himself had not been sent back to Clongowes.

For some time he had felt the slight change in his house; and those changes in what he had deemed unchangeable were so many slight shocks to his boyish conception of the world. The ambition which he felt at times in the darkness of his soul sought no outlet. A dusk like that of the darkness of his soul sought no peace of the gardens and the tranquila avenida. The ambition which he had been sent back to Clongowes. Since had been years and manchados, the same intuición que le había hecho desfallecer y había obligado a sus piernas a doblarse cuando corria alrededor del parque, la misma intución que le había hecho mirar con desconfianza la cara y cubierta de pelo corto de su entrenador al inclinarse sobre los dedos largos y manchados, la misma deshiscido ahora toda visión del futuro. De una manera vaga había llegado a comprender que su padre estaba en un apuro y que ésta era la causa de que no le volvieran a mandar a Clongowes. Desde hacía algún tiempo sentía un ligero cambio en su casa; y estos cambios, de los que consideraba no cambiabile, eran otras tantas conmociones de su concepción infantil del mundo. Aque- lla ambición que había sentido bulímico a veces en la profundidad de su alma, no le acuciaba ya ahora. Una oscuridad como la del mundo externo sublaba su espíritu, mientras las herradoras de la yegua iban resonando a lo largo de la via del trauvia y el gran cántaro oscilaba y tintineaba a su espalda.

He returned to Mercedes and, as he brooded upon her image, a strange unrest crept into his blood. Sometimes a fever gathered within him and led him to rove alone in the evening along the quiet avenue. The peace of the gardens and the tiña la leche por la noche y aquellas refrescantes excursiones le quitaron de la memoria el recuerdo de la suciedad del patio del estable, y ya no sentía repugnancia de ver semillas de heno o pelos de vaca adheridos a las ropas del repartidor. Cada vez que el coche hacia una parada, se quedaba espantado para coger una [72] vislumbre de una bien fregada cocina o de un vestítulo suavemente alumbro y para ver cómo tomaba el cacharro la criada y cómo cerraba la puerta. Pensaba que sería una vida bastante agradable la de ir en el coche de repartiendo leche a todas las noches, con tal de que tuviera unos guantes bien abrigados y un saco repleto de pastas de jengibre en el bolsillo para irselas comiendo. Pero la misma entrevista que le había hecho desfallecer y había obligado a sus piernas a doblarse cuando corria alrededor del parque, la misma intuición que le había hecho mirar con desconfianza la cara y cubierta de pelo corto de su entrenador al inclinarse sobre los dedos largos y manchados, la misma deshiscido ahora toda visión del futuro. De una manera vaga había llegado a comprender que su padre estaba en un apuro y que ésta era la causa de que no le volvieran a mandar a Clongowes. Desde hacía algún tiempo sentía un ligero cambio en su casa; y estos cambios, de los que consideraba no cambiabile, eran otras tantas conmociones de su concepción infantil del mundo. Aque- lla ambición que había sentido bulímico a veces en la profundidad de su alma, no le acuciaba ya ahora. Una oscuridad como la del mundo externo sublaba su espíritu, mientras las herradoras de la yegua iban resonando a lo largo de la via del trauvia y el gran cántaro oscilaba y tintineaba a su espalda.

Volvió otra vez a pensar en Mercedes, y mientras cavilaba pensando en ella, una extraña inquietud se le deslizaba dentro del alma. A veces se apoderaba de él una fiebre que le llevaba a vagar de noche, solo, por la tranquila avenida. La paz de los jardines y las luces acogedora-
kindly lights in the windows poured a tender influence into his restless heart. The noise of children at play annoyed him and their silly voices made him feel, even more keenly than he had felt at Clongowes, that he was different from others. He did not want to play. He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld. He did not know where to seek it or how, but a premonition which led him on told him that this image would, without any overt act of his, encounter him. They would meet quietly as if they had known each other and had made their tryst, perhaps at one of the gates or in some more secret place. They would be alone, surrounded by darkness and silence: and in that moment of supreme tenderness he would be transfigured.

He would fade into something impalpable under her eyes and then in a moment he would be transfigured. Weakness and timidity and inexperience would fall from him in that magic moment.
draw that evening and Mr Dedalus rested the poker against the bars of the grate to attract the flame. Uncle Charles dozed in a corner of the half furnished uncarpeted room and near him the family portraits leaned against the wall. The lamp on the table shed a weak light over the boarded floor, muddied by the feet of the van-men. Stephen sat on a footstool beside his father listening to a long and incoherent monologue. He understood little or nothing of it at first but he became slowly aware that his father had enemies and that some fight was going to take place. He felt, too, that he was being enlisted for the fight, that some duty was being laid upon his shoulders. The sudden flight from the comfort and revery of Blackrock, the passage through the gloomy foggy city, the thought of the bare cheerless house in which they were now to live made his heart heavy, and again an intuition, a foreknowledge of the future came to him. He understood also why the servants had often whispered to together in the hall and why his father had often stood on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, talking loudly to uncle Charles who urged him to sit down and eat his dinner.

—There’s a crack of the whip left in me yet, Stephen, old chap, said Mr Dedalus poking at the dull fire with fierce energy. We’re not dead yet, sonny. No, by the Lord Jesus (God forgive me) not half dead.

Dublin was a new and complex sensation. Uncle Charles had grown so witless that he could no longer be sent out on errands and the disorder in settling in the new house left Stephen freer than he had been in Blackrock. In the beginning he contented himself with circling timidly round the neighbouring square or, at most, going half way down one
of the side streets but when he had made a skeleton map of the city in his mind he followed boldly one of its central lines until he reached the customhouse. He passed unchallenged among the docks and along the quays wondering at the multitude of corks that lay bobbing on the surface of the water in a thick yellow scum, at the crowds of quay porters and the rumbling carts and the ill-dressed bearded policeman. The vastness and strangeness of the life suggested to him by the bales of merchandise stacked along the walls or swung aloft out of the holds of steamers wakened again in him the unrest which had sent him wandering in the evening from garden to garden in search of Mercedes. And amid this new bustling life he might have fancied himself in another Marseille but that he missed the bright sky and the sum-warmed trellises of the wineshops. A vague dissatisfaction grew up within him as he looked on the quays and on the river and on the lowering skies and yet he continued to wander up and down after day as if he really sought someone that eluded him.

He went once or twice with his relatives to visit their mother and, though they passed a jovial array of shops lit up and adorned for Christmas his mood of embittered silence did not leave him. The causes of his embitterment were many, remote and near. He was angry with himself for being young and the prey of restless foolish impulses, angry also with the change of fortune which was reshaping the world about him into a vision of squalor and insincerity. Yet his anger lent nothing to the vision. He chronicled with patience what he saw, detaching himself from it and tasting its mortifying flavour in secret.

pronto como se hubo hecho un plano esquemático de la ciudad, se aventuró arrodillado por una de las calles principales, hasta que llegó a la casa de adunas. Pasó sin ser molestado a lo largo de los docks y de los muelles, admirando la multitud de corchos que flotaban bailando en el agua, como una capa amariñeta y espesa, y la muchedumbre de cargadores de muelles, y los retumbantes carros, y los guardias mal vestidos y barbudos. Las balas de mercancías apiñadas a lo largo de las paredes, o mecidas en el aire por encima de las bodegas de los vapores, le sugerían la amplitud y el misterio de la vida, y despertaban otra vez en él aquella inquietud que había sentido [75] al vagar por las noches, de jardín en jardín, en busca de Mercedes. Y entre esta vida bullente y nueva, se hubiera podido imaginar en otra Marsella, o no faltar el cielo luminoso y los enredados llenos de sol a la puerta de las tabernas. Un vago descontento se apoderaba de él al contemplar los muelles y el río, y el cielo rasero, y, sin embargo, continuaba errando arriba y abajo, día tras día, como si realmente estuviera buscando a alguien que se le quisiera esconder.

Fue con su madre, una vez o dos, a visitar a sus parientes, y aunque pasaban por delante de un jovial despliegue de tiendas iluminadas y adornadas para las Navidades, no le abandonaba nunca su amargado y silencioso humor. Las causas de tal amargura eran muchas, unas próximas y otras remotas. Estaba enfadado consigo mismo, por ser niño y por estar sujeto a aquellos arrebatos de inconquiable locura que le daban, y disgustado también por el cambio de fortuna que estaba modificando el mundo que le rodeaba, convirtiéndolo en una pesadilla de mentiras y suiedades. Mas su disgusto en nada alteraba la visión. Y archivaba con paciencia cuanto a ella, manteniéndose aparte de todo ello, gustando en secreto su aroma corrompido.

He chronicled with patience He takes note of what he sees, and certain things remain with him for him to savour - the three scenes which follow immediately upon this (epiphanies, in fact) - are good examples of this. The first concerns the beautiful Mabel Hunter, the second the appearance of the detangled or simple girl, and the third the tram sequence with E-C.
He was sitting on the buckless chair in his aunt's kitchen. A lamp with a reflector hung on the jpanned wall of the fireplace and by its light his aunt was reading the evening paper that lay on her knees. She looked a long time at a smiling picture that was set in it and said musingly:

—The beautiful Mabel Hunter!

And the boy who came in from the street, stamping crookedly under his stone of coal, heard her words. He dropped his load promptly on the floor and hurried to her side to see. He mauled the edges of the paper with his reddened and blackened hands, shoudering her aside and complaining that he could not see.

Joyce's Portrait

Estaba sentado en una silla sin respaldo, en la cocina de su tía. Una lámpara de reflector estaba colgada cerca del hogar, en la pared lustrosa y renegrida, y a su luz, su tía estaba leyendo el periódico de la tarde, que sostenía sobre las rodillas. Estuvo mirando un rato un retrato sonriente que había en él, y luego exclamó, pensativa:

—¡La bella Mabel Hunter!

And the boy who came in from the street, stamping crookedly under his stone of coal, heard her words. He dropped his load promptly on the floor and hurried to her side to see. He mauled the edges of the paper with his reddened and blackened hands, shoudering her aside and complaining that he could not see.

Ir. de Dámaso Alonso

Y un chico que entró de la calle, pataleando, agobiando bajo el peso de una carga de carbón, al oir estas palabras, arrojó prontamente su carga al suelo y corrió a mirar también. Arrebujava entre sus manos enojadas y tiznadas el periódico, refunfuñando porque no encontraba el grabado.

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she bustled at the task, she told in a low voice of what the priest and the doctor had said. She told too of certain changes they had seen in her of late and of her odd ways and sayings. He sat listening to the words and following the ways of adventure that lay open in the coals, arches and vaults and winding galleries and jagged caverns.

Suddenly he became aware of something in the doorway. A skull appeared suspended in the gloom of the doorway. A feeble creature like a monkey was there, drawn thither by the sound of voices at the fire. A whining voice came from the door asking:

—Is that Josephine?

The old bustling woman answered cheerily from the fireplace:

—No, Ellen, it’s Stephen.

—OO, good evening, Stephen.

He answered the greeting and saw a silly smile break over the face in the doorway.

—Do you want anything, Ellen? asked the old woman at the fire. But she did not answer the question and said:

—I thought it was Josephine. I thought you were Josephine, Stephen.

And, repeating this several times, she fell to laughing feebly.

He was sitting in the midst of a children’s party at Harold’s Cross. His silent watchful manner had grown upon him and he took little part in the games. The children, wearing the spoils of their crackers, danced and romped

De pronto tuvo la impresión de que una cosa estaba parada a la puerta. Una calavera apareció suspendida resultando sobre la oscuridad de la entrada. Una criatura enfermiza, como un mico, estaba allí, atraída por el sonido de las palabras pronunciadas junto al hogar. Y una voz quejumbrosa preguntó desde la puerta:

—¿Es Josefina?

La vieja contestó alegremente, sin dejar su labor junto al fuego:

—No, Ellen, es Stephen.

—Ah... Buenas tardes, Stephen.

Contestó al saludo y vio que una sonrisa estúpida se rasgaba sobre la faz parada a la puerta.

[77] —¿Quieres algo, Ellen? — preguntó la vieja desde su sitio. Pero ella no contestó a la pregunta, sino dijo:

—Creí que era Josefina. Creí que era Josefina ________.

Y repitiendo esto varias veces, rompió a reír débilmente.

Stephen se hallaba en una fiesta de niños en Harold Cross. Aquella actitud suya de observador silencioso se había apoderado de él en aquella ocasión, así que apenas sí participaba de los juegos. Los niños iban de un lado a otro llevando los residuos de los triquitaraques de Navidad, bailando y retozando rui-
niously and, though he tried to share their merriment, he felt himself a gloomy figure amid the gay cocked hats and sunbonnets.

But when he had sung his song and withdrawn into a snug corner of the room he began to taste the joy of his loneliness. The mirth, which in the beginning of the evening had seemed to him false and trivial, was like a soothing air to him, passing gaily by his senses, hiding from other eyes the feverish agitation of his blood while through the circling of the dancers and amid the music and laughter her glance travelled to his corner, flattering, taunting, searching, exciting his heart.

In the hall the children who had stayed latest were putting on their things: the party was over. She had thrown a shawl about her and, as they went together towards the tram, sprays of her fresh warm breath flew gaily above her cowled head and her shoes tapped blithely on the glassy road.

It was the last tram. The lank brown horses knew it and shook their bells to the clear night in admonition. The conductor talked with the driver, both nodding often in the clear light of the lamp. On the empty seats of the tram were scattered a few coloured tickets. No sound of footsteps came up or down the road. No sound broke the peace of the night save when the lank brown horses rubbed their noses together and shook their bells.

They seemed to listen, he on the upper step and she on the lower. She came up to his step many times and went down to hers again between their phrases and once or dosamente. Y aunque él trataba de participar del regocijo de los otros chicos, se sentía como una figura sombría entre los bicornios de ellos y los sombreretes de tela de ellas.

Cuando hubo cantado su canción, se retiró a un rincón apartado de la estancia, y comenzó a gustar el encanto de su aislamiento. El júbilo, que al principio le había precisado falso y trivial, era ahora para él como una brisa reconfortante que se filtraba alegremente por sus sentidos y que ocultaba a los ojos ajenos la agitación febril de su sangre, cada vez que, a través del círculo de los bailarines y entre la música y la algazara, volaba hasta su rincón la mirada de ella, como una provocación, como una promesa que viniera a explorar su corazón y a excitarlo.

En el vestíbulo se estaban poniendo los abrigos los niños que habían permanecido hasta el fin; la fiesta había terminado. Ella se echó un chal por encima y salieron juntos. Su cabeza encapuchada se rodeó de un fresco nimbo de aliento y sus zapatos repiqueteaban alegremente sobre el suelo cubierto de cristalitos de hielo.

Era el último tranvía. Los flacos caballos castaños lo sabían y movían las campanillas como para anunciarlo a la noche clara. El cobrador hablaba con el conductor, y ambos hacían a menudo gestos expresivos con la cabeza a la luz verde de la lámpara. Sobre los asientos vacíos del tranvía estaban diseminados algunos billetes de colores. No se oía ningún [78] ruido de pasos por la calle. Ningún ruido turbaba la paz de la noche, sino el de los caballos al frotar uno contra otro los hocicos, al agitar las campanillas.
twice stood close beside him for some moments on the upper step, forgetting to go down, and then went down.

His heart danced upon her movements like a cork upon a tide. He heard what her eyes said to him from beneath their cowl and knew that in some dim past, whether in life or revery, he had heard their tale before. He saw her urge her vanities, her fine dress and sash and long black stockings, and knew that he had yielded to them a thousand times. Yet a voice within him spoke above the noise of his dancing heart, asking him would he take her gift to which he had only to stretch out his hand. And he remembered the day when he and Eileen had stood looking into the hotel grounds, watching the waiters running up a trail of bunting on the flagstaff and the fox terrier scampering to and fro on the sunny lawn and how, all of a sudden, she had broken out into a peal of laughter and had run down the sloping curve of the path. Now, as then, he stood listlessly in his place, seemingly a tranquil watcher of the scene before him.

—She too wants me to catch hold of her, he thought. That’s why she came with me to the tram. I could easily catch hold Of her when she comes up to my step: nobody is looking. I could hold her and kiss her.

But he did neither: and, when he was sitting alone in the deserted tram, he tore his ticket into shreds and stared gloomily at the corrugated footboard.

* * *

The next day he sat at his table in the bare upper room for many hours. Before him lay a new pen, a new bottle of ink and a new emerald exercise the reference is to patriotic unlined notebooks, similar to today's bluebooks.

—Lo que ella quiere es que yo la coja entre mis brazos — pensó. Por eso es por lo que ha venido conmigo al tranvía. Podría fácilmente agarrarla cuando sube a mi escalón: nadie está mirando. Podría asirla y besarla.

Pero no hizo ninguna de las dos cosas. Y cuando se vio sentado, solo, en el tranvía desierto, desgarró en tiras su billete y se quedó mirando sombríamente el suelo de madera acanalada.

Al día siguiente estuvo sentado frente a su mesa durante muchas horas en la desnuda habitación del piso de arriba. Delante de él estaban una pluma, un frasco de tinta y un cuaderno en una ocasión o dos permaneció por unos momentos pegada a él, olvidada de bajar, hasta que volvió a descender por fin. El corazón de Stephen seguía el ritmo de los movimientos de ella como un corcho el ascenso y descenso de la onda. Y comprendía lo que los ojos de ella le decían desde las profundidades del capuchón y comprendía que en un pasado oscuro, no sabía si en la vida o en el sueño, había oido ya antes su mudo idioma. Y le vio lucir para él sus galas: el bonito vestido, el ceñidor, las largas medias negras, y comprendió que él se había rendido mil veces a aquellos encantos. Y, sin embargo, una voz interna más alta que el ruido de su corazón agitado le preguntaba si aceptaría aquella ofrenda, para la que sólo tenía que alargar la mano. Y recordaba el día en que Eileen y él estaban mirando en los campos del hotel cómo los criados izaban un banderín en un mástil, y aquel foxterrier que daba huidas locas de aquí para allá sobre el césped soleado, y cómo de pronto había prorrumpido ella en una carcajada, echando a correr cuesta abajo por el sendero en curva. Ahora, como entonces, permanecía indiferente en su lugar, como un tranquilo observador de la escena que delante de sus ojos se desarrollaba.
21. A.M.D.G.: All Mights and Glory of God. A.M.D.G. (For the Greater Glory of God) the Jesuit motto A.M.D.G. As we have seen, this stands for ‘For the greater glory of God’, and he writes it as he would do in school, at the head of his poetic exercises.

22. To E-C: - Identified in Chapter III as Emma; in Stephen Hero there is a young woman, similarly brooded upon, named Emma Cleary.

23. Lord Byron: George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), the English Romantic poet.

24. second moiety notices: notices demanding payment of city rates for the second half (moiety) of the financial year. Stephen’s father has received more than one notice, another indication of his inability or reluctance to pay his way, although Joyce’s father had a job as Collector of Rates and would have had many such notices to send out. second moiety notices i.e. those asking for the payment of rates.

25. his father’s second moiety notices second half of the notices sent out in bankruptcy proceedings. legal notices involving bankruptcy.

26. Bray The Joyceys moved there in about 1888. It is on the coast just south of Dublin.

27. vivido puede traducirse por vivo [sentido figurado] si tiene relación con vivo (brassas vivas), claro, gráfico [relato], intenso [recuerdo], brillante [color] o por vivid si tiene sentido poético de vivaz, efficaz, vigoroso, de ingenio agudo.

28. Flower shop is back in business, providing a vivid contrast to destruction (L.A. Times, 9-2-92). = Ya está abierta una florería que se había cerrado, ofreciendo un contraste gráfico frente a la destrucción.

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33. Roderick Kickham
John Lawton
Anthony MacSwiney
Simon Moonan

34. Now it seemed as if he would fail again but, by dint of brooding on the incident, he thought himself into confidence. During this process all those elements which he deemed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. There remained no trace of the tram itself nor of the tram-men nor of the horses; nor did he and she appear vividly. The verses told only of the night and the balmy breeze and the maiden lustre of the moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the protagonists as they stood in silence beneath the leafless trees and when the moment of farewell had come the kiss, which had been withheld by one, was given by both. After this the letters L. D. S. were written at the foot of the page, and, having hidden the book, he went into his mother’s
demo of ejercicios color esmeralda: todo nuevo. Por la fuerza de la costumbre, había escrito al comienzo de la página las iniciales del lema jesuitico: A. M. D. G. En la primera línea aparecía el título de los versos que estaba tratando de escribir: A E-C-. Sabía que se debía comenzar así porque había visto otros títulos semejantes en la colección de poemas de lord Byron. Cuando hubo escrito el título y trazado una raya ornamental por bajo de él, se sumergió en una especie de ensueño y comenzó a garapatear sobre la cubierta del cuaderno. Se veía en Bray, sentado a su mesa, el día después de la discusión en la cena de Navidad, tratando de escribir un poema sobre Parnell en el verso de uno de los documentos de recaudación de su padre. Pero entonces, su cerebro no había llegado a asimilar el tema y, desistiendo de ello, había cubierto la página con los nombres y las señas de algunos de sus compañeros:

Roderick Kickham
John Lawton
Anthony MacSwiney
Simon Moonan.

Ahora le parecía que iba a fracasar también, pero a fuerza de meditar en el incidente del día anterior llegó a cobrar confianza. Durante este proceso fueron desapareciendo de la escena todos los elementos que estimó vulgares o insignificantes. Ya no quedaban trazas ni del tranvia, ni del conductor y el cobrador, ni de los caballos; ni aun él ni ella aparecían claramente. Los versos sólo hablaban de la noche y de la brisa balsámica y del fulgor virginal de la luna. Una vaga melancolía estaba ocul-
ta en los corazones de los protagonistas, mientras permanecían en pie bajo los árboles sin hojas. Y [80] cuando llegaba el momento de la despedida, el beso que la una había negado era dado por los dos. Y tras esto escribió al pie las letras L. D. S., habiendo escrito el libro, fue a la alcoba de su madre y allí
bedroom and gazed at his face for a long time in the mirror of her dressing-table.

But his long spell of leisure and liberty was drawing to its end. One evening his father came home full of news which kept his tongue busy all through dinner. Stephen had been awaiting his father’s return for there had been mutton hash that day and he knew that his father would make him dip his bread in the gravy. But he did not relish the hash for the mention of Clongowes had coated his palate with a scum of disgust.

—I walked bang into him, said Mr Dedalus for the fourth time, just at the corner of the square.

—Then I suppose, said Mrs Dedalus, he will be able to arrange it. I mean about Belvedere.

—Of course he will, said Mr Dedalus. Don’t I tell you he’s provincial of the order now?

—I never liked the idea of sending him to the christian brothers myself, said Mrs Dedalus.

—Christian brothers be damned! said Mr Dedalus. Is it with Paddy Stink and Micky Mud? No, let him stick to the jesuits in God’s name since he began with them. They’ll be of service to him in after years. Those are the fellows that can get you a position.

—And they’re a very rich order, aren’t they, Simon?

—Rather. They live well, I tell you. You saw their table at Clongowes. Fed up, by God, like gamecocks.

Mr Dedalus pushed his plate over to Stephen and bade him finish what was on it.
—Now then, Stephen, he said, you must put your shoulder to the wheel, old chap. You’ve had a fine long holiday.

—O, I’m sure he’ll work very hard now, said Mrs Dedalus, especially when he has Maurice with him.

—O, Holy Paul, I forgot about Maurice, said Mr Dedalus. Here, Maurice! Come here, you thick-headed ruffian! Do you know I’m going to send you to a college where they’ll teach you to spell c.a.t. cat. And I’ll buy you a nice little penny handkerchief to keep your nose dry. Won’t that be grand fun?

Maurice grinned at his father and then at his brother.

Mr Dedalus screwed his glass into his eye and stared hard at both his sons. Stephen mumbled his bread without answering his father’s gaze.

—By the bye, said Mr Dedalus at length, the rector, or provincial rather, was telling me that story about you and Father Dolan. You’re an impudent thief, he said.

—O, he didn’t, Simon!

But he gave me a great account of the whole affair. We were chatting, you know, and one word borrowed another. And, by the way, who do you think he told me will get that job in the corporation? But I ‘Il tell you that after. Well, as I was saying, we were chatting away quite friendly and he asked me did our friend here wear glasses still, and then he told me the whole story.

—And was he annoyed, Simon?

—Annoyed? Not he!

—Y ahora, Stephen — dijo—, ¡hay que arrimarse al ombro, valiente! Creo que no te quejarás por falta de vacaciones.

[Maurice: Stephen’s younger brother, modelled on Joyce’s younger brother Stanislaus, especially by the nearanonymity conferred upon him.]

—Estoy seguro que ahora va a trabajar con brío —dijo mistress Dédual—, sobre todo teniendo a Mauricio con él.

—¡Caramba, por San Pablo! ¡Que me olvidaba de Mauricio! —exclamó míster Dédalos—. ¡Aquí, Mauricio! ¡Arrímate, barbán, cabezón! ¿No sabes que te voy a mandar a un colegio donde te enseñen a leer el p a p a? Y además te voy a comprar un pañuelo muy majo para que te seques las narices. Va a estar lindo, ¿eh?

Mauricio se rió mirando a su padre y luego a su hermano.

Míster Dédalos se sujetó el monóculo en el ojo y se quedó mirando fijamente a sus dos hijos. Stephen tenía la boca llena de pan y no contestó a la mirada de su padre.

—Y a propósito —dijo por fin míster Dédalos—, el rector, o mejor dicho, el provincial me ha estado contando aquel jaleo que tuviste con el Padre Dolan. Ha dicho que eres un granuja sin vergüenza.

—¡No habrá dicho eso, Simón!

—Por supuesto que no. Pero me ha contado toda la historia ce por be. Estábamos charlando, ¿sabes?, y unas palabras se enredaban con otras. Hombre, y a propósito, ¿a que no sabéis quién hereda la rectoría? Pero, ya os lo diré después. Bueno, como decía, estábamos charlando que te charlabas como dos buenos amigos y va y me pregunta si aquí el pollo seguía usando gafas. Y entonces me contó toda la historia.

—¿Y estaba enfadado, Simón?

—¿Enfado? ¡Quiá!
MANLY LITTLE CHAP! he said. Mr Dedalus imitated the
mincing nasal tone of the provincial.

Father Dolan and I, when I told them all at dinner
about it, Father Dolan and I had a great laugh over it.
YOU BETTER MIND YOURSELF
FATHER DOLAN, said I, OR YOUNG
DEDALUS WILL SEND YOU UP
FOR TWICE NINE. We had a
famous laugh together over it. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mr Dedalus turned to his
wife and interjected in his
natural voice:

—Shows you the spirit in
which they take the boys there.
O, a jesuit for your life, for
diplomacy!

He reassumed the provincial’s
voice and repeated:

—I TOLD THEM ALL AT DINNER
ABOUT IT AND FATHER DOLAN
AND I AND ALL OF US WE HAD A
HEARTY LAUGH TOGETHER OVER
IT. HA! HA! HA!

* * * * *

Había llegado la noche de la
fiesta que se celebraba en el co-
legio, por Pentecostés. Stephen,
desde la ventana del vestuario,
estaba mirando hacia el pradillo
de enfrente adornado con hile-
rras de farolillos a la veneciana.
Observaba los invitados que ba-
jaban de la casa e iban entran-
do en el teatro. Algunos anti-
guos colegiales vestidos de frac
se desempeñaron en grupos a la entrada del teatro y
hacían pasar ceremoniosamente a los espectadores. Al
repentino resplandor de un far-
olillo, pudo Stephen reconocer la
cara sonriente de un sacerdote.

The night of the
Whitsuntide play had come
and Stephen from the window
of the dressing-room looked
out on the small grass-plot
across which lines of Chinese
lanterns were stretched. He
watched the visitors come
down the steps from the house
and pass into the theatre. Stewards
in evening dress, old Belvedereans, loitered
travelled indolently & with long pauses
loitering parsimonioso, cachazudo,
loiterer lingerer someone who lingers
aimlessly in or about a place, curioso

• stewards ushers.

** loiter idle, hogazanear, merodear, zanganear,
deambular
loitered travelled indolently & with long pauses
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• the Blessed Sacrament the consecrated bread, or
wafer.

The Blessed Sacrament
had been removed from the
tabernacle and the first
benches had been driven back
so as to leave the dais of the
altar and the space before it
free. Against the walls stood
companies of barbells and
Indian clubs; the dumbbells were piled in one corner; and in the midst of countless hillocks of gymnasium shoes and sweaters and singlets in untidy brown parcels there stood the stout leather-jacketed vaulting horse waiting its turn to be carried up on the stage and set in the middle of the winning team at the end of the gymnastic display.

Stephen, though in deference to his reputation for essay writing he had been elected secretary to the gymnasium, had had no part in the first section of the programme but in the play which formed the second section he had the chief part, that of a farcical pedagogue. He had been cast for it on account of his stature and grave manners for he was now at the end of his second year at Belvedere and in number two.

A score of the younger boys in white knickers and singlets came pattering down from the stage, through the vestry and to the chapel. The vestry and chapel were peopled with eager masters and boys. The plump bald sergeant major was testing with his foot the springboard of the vaulting horse. The lean young man in a long overcoat, who was going to exhibit in his movements, had no second thoughts about his foot, the plump bald sergeant major, calvo y rollizo, estaba probando los muelles del caballo de volteo. Cerca de él y observando con atención sus movimientos, había un joven delgado que iba a exhibir en la fiesta una serie de intrincados movimientos de maza. Llevaba un largo abrigo, y los extremos de las mazas asomaban por las bocas de sus profundos bolsillos. Se oyó el ruido hueco de los instrumentos de madera, porque un nuevo equipo se aprestaba a subir al escenario. Seguidamente el prefecto, con aire exclamado, fue empujando a los chicos a través de la sacristía como a un rebaño de patos, agitando nerviosamente los bordes de su sotana, y gritando a los rezagados que se die ran prisa. Al otro extremo de la capilla había un pequeño grupo de campesinos napolitanos que

Stephen no tenía nada que hacer en la primera parte del programa, aunque, en atención a su fama como redactor de ensayos literarios, le habían elegido secretario del gimnasio; pero en la representación que formaba la segunda parte se desempeñaba el principal cometido en el papel de maestro ridículo. Le había elegido por razón de su estatura y de sus maneras graves, pues aquel era su segundo curso en el colegio [83] de Belvedere y estaba ya en el penúltimo año.

Neapolitan peasants i.e. dressed like peasants from Naples, presumably a group of dancers.
practising their steps at the end of the chapel, some circling their arms above their heads, some swaying their baskets of paper violets and curtsying. In a dark corner of the chapel at the gospel side of the altar a stout old lady knelt amid her copious black skirts. When she stood up a pink-dressed figure, wearing a curly golden wig and an old-fashioned straw sunbonnet, with black pencilled eyebrows and cheeks delicately rouged and powdered, was discovered. A low murmur of curiosity ran round the chapel at the discovery of this girlish figure. One of the prefects, smiling and nodding his head, approached the dark corner and, having bowed to the stout old lady, said pleasantly:

—Is this a beautiful young lady or a doll that you have here, Mrs Tallon?

Then, bending down to peer at the smiling painted face under the leaf of the bonnet, he exclaimed:

—No! Upon my word I believe it's little Bertie Tallon after all!

Stephen at his post by the window heard the old lady and the priest laugh together and heard the boys' murmurs of admiration behind him as they passed forward to see the little boy who had to dance the sunbonnet dance by himself. A movement of impatience escaped him. He let the edge of the blind fall and, stepping down from the bench on which he had been standing, walked out of the chapel.

He passed out of the schoolhouse and halted under the shed that flanked the garden. From the theatre opposite came the muffled noise of the audience and sudden brazen clashes of the soldiers' band. The light spread

—¿Qué es esto que trae usted aquí, mistress Tallon? ¿Es una hermosa damisela o una muñeca?

Y después, inclinándose para mirar la cara pintada que sonreía debajo del sombrerete, exclamó:

—Pero, ¡tate!, si parece nuestro amiguito Bertie Tallon.

Stephen oyó desde su sitio de al lado de la ventana, las risas con que la anciana señora y el sacerdote celebraban la gracia, y los murmullos de admiración que a su espalda se levantaban de entre los chicos que se habían adelantado para contemplar al muchacho que bailaría él solo una de las danzas de la fiesta. Stephen no pudo reprimir un movimiento de impaciencia. Dejó caer el extremo de la cortina, saltó del banco en el cual estaba subido, y salió de la capilla.

//Atravesó el edificio del colegio y se metió bajo un cobertizo que orillaba el jardín. Del teatro, situado enfrente, venían voces ahogadas de los espectadores y luego, de pronto, el estrépito del bronce de la banda militar. La luz que salía a través del
upwards from the glass roof making the theatre seem a festive ark, anchored among the hulks of houses, her frail cables of lanterns looping her to her moorings. A side door of the theatre opened suddenly and a shaft of light flew across the grass plots. A sudden burst of music issued from the ark, the prelude of a waltz: and when the side door closed again the listener could hear the faint rhythm of the music. The sentiment of the opening bars, their languor and supple movement, evoked the incommunicable emotion which had been the cause of all his day’s unrest and of his impatient movement of a moment before. His unrest issued from him like a wave of sound: and on the tide of flowing music the ark was journeying, trailing her cables of lanterns in her wake. Then a noise like dwarf artillery broke the movement. It was the clapping that greeted the entry of the dumbbell team on the stage.

At the far end of the shed near the street a speck of pink light showed in the darkness and as he walked towards it he became aware of a faint aromatic odour. Two boys were standing in the shelter of a doorway, smoking, and before he reached them he had recognised Heron by his voice.

—Here comes the noble Dedalus! cried a high throaty voice. Welcome to our trusty friend!

This welcome ended in a soft peal of mirthless laughter as Heron salaamed and then began to poke the ground with his cane.

—Here I am, said Stephen, halting and glancing from Heron to his friend.

The latter was a stranger to Joyce’s Portrait

tr. de Dámaso Alonso
him but in the darkness, by the aid of the glowing cigarette tips, he could make out a pale dandyish face over which a smile was travelling slowly, a tall overcoated figure and a hard hat. Heron did not trouble himself about an introduction but said instead:

— I was just telling my friend Wallis what a lark it would be tonight if you took off the rector in the part of the schoolmaster. It would be a ripping good joke.

Heron made a poor attempt to imitate for his friend Wallis the rector’s pedantic bass and then, laughing at his failure, asked Stephen to do it.

— Go on, Dedalus, he urged, you can take him off rippingly.

HE THAT WILL NOT HEAR THE CHURCHASHALL BE TO THEEA AS THE HEATHENA AND THE PUBLICANA.

The imitation was prevented by a mild expression of anger from Wallis in whose mouthpiece the cigarette had become too tightly wedged.

— Damn this blankety blank holder, he said, taking it from his mouth and smiling and frowning upon it tolerantly. It’s always getting stuck like that. Do you use a holder?

— I don’t smoke, answered Stephen.

Stephen shook his head and smiled in his rival’s flushed and mobile face, beaked like a bird’s. He had often thought it strange that Vincent Heron had a bird’s face as well as cito; pero al resplandor de los pitillos pudo entrever su rostro pálido y afectado, sobre el que se deslizaba lentamente una sonrisa, y su largo talle y el sombrero hongo con que se tocaba. Heron no se preocupó de hacer una presentación, sino que en su lugar, dijo:

— Precisamente le estaba diciendo a mi amigo Wallis lo divertido que sería si tú imitaras esta noche la voz del rector en tu papel de maestro. Sería un golpe estupendo.

Heron hizo en honor de Wallis un intento poco lucido de remedar la pedantesca voz de bajo del rector, y riendo el mismo de su fracaso le dijo a Dédaulo que lo hiciera él.

— ¡Anda, Dédalo, anda, que tú le imitas estupendamente! Aquel que no quiera obedecer ala iglesia, sea para ti como el pagano y el publicano.

La imitación fue estorbada por una leve expresión de desagrado por parte de Wallis, cuya boquilla tiraba mal.

— ¡Caray con la lata de la boquilla! — dijo, quitándose la de la boca, sonriendo y frunciendo las cejas con aire tolerante —. Se está atrancando a cada paso. ¿Usted usa boquilla?

— No fumo — dijo Stephen.

Stephen menecó la cabeza y se sonrió de ver la cara de su rival, colorada, movible y picuda como la de un pájaro. Había pensado con frecuencia lo extraordinario que era que Vincent Heron, que tenía apellido de pájaro, tuviera la cara en consonan-

31. He that will not . . . heathena and the publicans: Matthew 18:16-17. In a school play in 1898 Joyce did in fact ignore the script and imitate the Rector of the College.

32. blankety blank: substitute for a real curse.
a bird’s name. A shock of pale hair lay on the forehead like a ruffled crest: the forehead was narrow and bony and a thin hooked nose stood out between the close-set prominent eyes which were light and inexpressive. The rivals were school friends. They sat together in class, knelt together in the chapel, talked together after beads over their lunches. As the fellows in number one were undistinguished dullards, Stephen and Heron had been during the year the virtual heads of the school. It was they who went up to the rector to ask for a free day or to get a fellow off.

—O by the way, said Heron suddenly, I saw your governor going in.

The smile waned on Stephen’s face. Any allusion made to his father by a fellow or by a master put his calm to rout in a moment. He waited in timorous silence to hear what Heron might say next. Heron, however, nudged him expressively with his elbow and said:

—You’re a sly dog.

—Why so? said Stephen.

—You’d think butter wouldn’t melt in your mouth said Heron. But I’m afraid you’re a sly dog.

—Might I ask you what you are talking about? said Stephen urbanely.

—Indeed you might, answered Heron. We saw her, Wallis, didn’t we? And deucedly pretty she is too. And inquisitive! AND WHAT PART DOES STEPHEN TAKE, MR DEDALUS? AND WILL STEPHEN NOT SING, MR DEDALUS? Your governor was staring at her through that eyeglass of his for all he was worth so that I

cia con el nombre. Sobre la frente le descansaba un mechón de cabellos claros, como una cresta alborotada. [86] La frente era estrecha y huesuda, y una nariz delgada y ganchuda le salía de entre los ojos, muy juntos y saltones, claros e inexpresivos. Los dos rivales eran amigos del colegio. Se sentaban en clase en el mismo banco, tenían su sitio uno al lado del otro en la capilla y charlaban juntos en el comedor después del rosario. Como los alumnos de último año eran muy poco brillantes, ellos eran en realidad los que llevaban la voz cantante en el colegio. Ellos, los que iban a pedir al rector un día de asueto o el perdón de un camarada.

La sonrisa desapareció del rostro de Stephen. Cualquier alusión a su padre, hecha por un compañero o por un profesor, le sobresaltaba inmediatamente. Esperó en silencio, temiendo qué fuese lo que Heron iba a seguir diciendo. Pero Heron sólo le dio un codazo expresivo y dijo:

—¡Anda, que las matas callando!

—¡Ahí, que las matas callando!

—Tú pareces una mosquita muerta —siguió Heron—, pero creo que las matas sin sentir.

—¿Se te puede preguntar a qué es a lo que te refieres? —preguntó cortésmente Stephen.

—Desde luego, hombre —contestó Heron—. La hemos visto, ¿no es verdad, Wallis? Y que es endiabladamente bonita. Y pregunta. ¿Y qué papel va a hacer Stephen, mister Dédalus? ¿Y va a cantar Stephen, mister Dédalus? Tu señor padre la estaba mirando de hito en hito a través de aquel monóculo que se trae, y me parece que el vie-
think the old man has found you out too. I wouldn’t care a bit, by Jove. She’s ripping, isn’t she, Wallis?

—Not half bad, answered Wallis quietly as he placed his holder once more in a corner of his mouth.

A shaft of momentary anger flew through Stephen’s mind at these indelicate allusions in the hearing of a stranger. For him there was nothing amusing in a girl’s interest and regard. All day he had thought of nothing but their leave-taking on the steps of the tram at Harold’s Cross, the stream of moody emotions it had made to course through him and the poem he had written about it. All day he had imagined a new meeting with her for he knew that she was to come to the play. The old restless moodiness had again filled his breast as it had done on the night of the party, but had not found an outlet in verse. The growth and knowledge of two years of boyhood stood between then and now, forbidding such an outlet: and all day the stream of gloomy tenderness within him had started forth and returned upon itself in dark courses and eddies, wearying him in the end until the pleasantry of the prefect and the painted little boy had drawn from him a movement of impatience.

—So you may as well admit, Heron went on, that we’ve fairly found you out this time. You can’t play the saint on me any more, that’s one sure five.

A soft peal of mirthless laughter escaped from his lips and, bending down as before, he struck Stephen lightly across the calf of the leg with his cane, as if in jesting reproof.

jo te ha calado las intenciones. A mí no me importaría un co-mino. ¿Es estupenda!, ¿no es verdad, Wallis?

—¡De primera! —contestó Wallis tranquilamente, volviéndose a colocar la boquilla en el ángulo de la boca.

Una ola momentánea de cólera refluyó por la mente de Stephen al oír hacer en presencia de un extraño estas alusiones poco delicadas. Para él las atenciones y el interés de la muchacha no eran una cosa de broma. En todo el día no había pensado en otra cosa más que en la despedida en el estribó del tranvía la noche de Harold’s Cross, en las fluctuantes emociones que le había producido y el poema que con este motivo había escrito. Todo el día había estado imaginándose el nuevo encuentro, porque sabía de antemano que ella había de asistir a la representación. Y la misma melancolía inquieta de la otra vez había llenado su pecho, aunque ahora sin encontrar su desagüe en el verso. El desarrollo y la experiencia de dos años de adolescencia interpuestos entre aquel entonces y lo presente, le impedían ahora semejante expansión. Y todo el día la corriente de melancólica ternura había estado fluyendo y refluyendo dentro de él en oscuros remolinos y reman-sos, llegándole, por fin, a cansar, hasta que la chanza del prefecto y el muchachuelo pintarrajeado le habían arrancado un movimiento de impaciencia.

—Así es que tienes que admitir —seguía diciendo Heron— que por esta vez te hemos calado de lo lindo. Ya no vendrás haciéndote el santo, supongo.

Prorrumpió en una carcajada falsa e, inclinándose como antes, golpeó ligeramente a Stephen en la pantorrilla, como por festivo repro-cho.
Stephen’s moment of anger had already passed. He was neither flattered nor confused, but simply wished the banter to end. He scarcely resented what had seemed to him a silly indelicateness for he knew that the adventure in his mind stood in no danger from these words: and his face mirrored his rival’s false smile.

—Admit! repeated Heron, striking him again with his cane across the calf of the leg.

The stroke was playful but not so lightly given as the first one had been. Stephen felt the skin tingle and glow slightly and almost painlessly; and, bowing submissively, as if to meet his companion’s jesting mood, began to recite the CONFITEOR. The episode ended well, for both Heron and Wallis laughed indulgently at the irreverence.

The confession came only from Stephen’s lips and, while they spoke the words, a sudden memory had carried him to another scene, evoked as if by magic at the moment when he had noted the faint cruel dimples at the corners of Heron’s smiling lips and had felt the familiar stroke of the cane against his calf and had heard the familiar word of admonition: —Admit.

It was towards the close of his first term in the college when he was in number six. His sensitive nature was still smarting under the lashes of an undivined and squalid way of life. His soul was still disquieted and cast down by the dull phenomenon of Dublin. He had emerged from a two years’ spell of revery to find himself in the midst of a new scene, every event and figure of which affected him intimately, disheartened him or allured and,

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El momento de cólera se le había pasado ya a Stephen. No se sentía ni halagado ni confuso, sino que sencillamente deseaba que la broma tocase a su fin. Apenas si se dolía ahora de lo que poco antes le había parecido una estúpida falta de tacto, porque comprendía que su íntima aventura no peligraba por aquellas palabras. Y su cara reflejó la falsa sonrisa de su rival.

—¡Confiesa! —repitió Heron, golpeándole otra vez en la pantorrilla. 

Los labios de Stephen eran solamente los que recitaban la confesión, pues mientras pronunciaba las palabras, un repentinó recuerdo le había transportado a otra escena, evocada como por magia al notar las arruguillas cruelas que con la risa se le formaban a Heron en los ángulos de la boca y al sentirse en la pantorrilla el golpecito cariñoso del bastón y escuchar la amonestación amical: Confiesa.
whether alluring or disheartening, filled him always with unrest and bitter thoughts. All the leisure which his school life left him was passed in the company of subversive writers whose jibes and violence of speech set up a ferment in his brain before they passed out of it into his crude writings.

The essay was for him the chief labour of his week and every Tuesday, as he marched from home to the school, he read his fate in the incidents of the way, pitting himself against some figure ahead of him and quickening his pace to outstrip it before a certain goal was reached or planting his steps scrupulously in the spaces of the patchwork of the pathway and telling himself that he would be first and not first in the weekly essay.

On a certain Tuesday the course of his triumphs was rudely broken. Mr Tate, the English master, pointed his finger at him and said bluntly:

—This fellow has heresy in his essay.

A hush fell on the class. Mr Tate did not break it but dug with his hand between his thighs while his heavily starched linen creaked about his neck and wrists. Stephen did not look up. It was a raw spring morning and his eyes were still smarting and weak. He was conscious of failure and of detection, of the squalor of his own mind and home, and felt against his neck the raw edge of his turned and jagged collar.

A short loud laugh from Mr Tate set the class more at ease.

—Perhaps you didn’t know that, he said.

Pero llenándole siempre de intranquilidad y amargos pensamientos, lo mismo cuando le descorzaban que cuando le seducían. Todo el vagar que su vida de colegial le dejaba lo pasaba en la compañía de escritores subversivos, cuyos sarcasmos y virulencias fermentaban lentamente en su cerebro para reflejarse después en sus propios y aún no sazonados escritos.

La composición literaria era la principal ocupación que tenía durante la semana, y todos los martes, cuando iba de casa al colegio, auguraba la suerte que le esperaba deduciendo de las incidencias del camino; si veía a alguien que caminara delante de él, se proponía pasarle antes de llegar a un punto determinado, o bien iba colocando sus pisadas cuidadosamente en las junturas de las losas de la acera, diciéndose a cada pisada: seré el primero en el ensayo; no seré el primero en el ensayo.

Cierta martes, la serie de sus triunfos se vio interrumpida de repente. Mister Tate, el profesor de inglés, le señaló con el dedo y dijo bruscamente:

[89]

—Este muchacho tiene una herejía en el ensayo.

Silencio sepulcral en la clase. Mister Tate no lo interrumpió sino que se puso a hurgarse con una mano entre los muslos, en tanto que se oía chascar el almíden de su camisa alrededor del cuello y hacia los puños. Stephen no levantó los ojos. Era una mañana cruda de primavera y sus ojos estaban toda vía débiles y doloridos. Se vio fracasado y cogido; sintió la sordidez de su espíritu y la de su casa, y en la nuca, el roce del cuello vuelto y raído.

Un sonoro golpe de risa del profesor permitió respirar más a gusto a los alumnos.

—Quizás no se ha dado usted cuenta.

Mr Tate withdrew his delving hand and spread out the essay.

—Here. It’s about the Creator and the soul. Rrmrm rrmmAhh! WITHOUT A POSSIBILITY OF EVER APPROACHING NEARER. That’s heresy.

Stephen murmured:

—I meant WITHOUT A POSSIBILITY OF EVER REACHING.

It was a submission and Mr Tate, appeased, folded up the essay and passed it across to him, saying:

—O.... Ah! EVER REACHING.

That’s another story.

But the class was not so soon appeased. Though nobody spoke to him of the affair after class he could feel about him a vague general malignant joy.

A few nights after this public chiding he was walking with a letter along the Drumcondra Road when he heard a voice cry:

—Halt!

He turned and saw three boys of his own class coming towards him in the dusk. It was Heron who had called out and, as he marched forward between his two attendants, he cleft the air before him with a thin cane in time to their steps. Boland, his friend, marched beside him, a large grin on his face, while Nash came on a few steps behind, blowing from the pace and wagging his great red head.

As soon as the boys had turned into Clonliffe Road together they began to speak about books and writers,

—¿En dónde está? —preguntó Stephen.

Míster Tate dejó de hurgarse y extendió el escrito.

—Aquí. Es hablando del Criador y del alma. Emm... emm... emm... ¡Ah!, sin que nunca puedan llegar a aproximarse. Eso es una herejía.

Stephen murmuró:

—He querido decir sin que nunca puedan llegar a alcanzarse.

Era someterse. Míster Tate se apaciguó y doblando el ejercicio se lo alargó diciendo:

—¡Ah!... Bueno... Alcanzarse. Eso es ya otra cosa.

Pero la clase no se había apaciguado tan prestamente. Aunque nadie le habló del incidente después de la clase, Stephen pudo notar a su alrededor una especie de alegría malévola.

Unos días después de este tropiezo, iba Stephen al anochecer con una carta en la mano por el camino de Drumcodra, cuando oyó una voz que gritaba:

—¡Alto!

Se volvió y pudo distinguir entre las sombras crepusculares a tres de sus compañeros que le salían al paso.

Heron, que era el que había gritado, avanzaba entre sus dos acompañantes hendiendo el aire con un bastoncillo delgado [90] a compás de las pisadas. Su amigo Boland marchaba al lado de él con una sonrisa forzada en lo rostro, mientras que el otro, Nash, venía unos cuantos pasos trasero, resolviendo a causa de la velocidad de la marcha y haciendo oscilar su gran cabezota rojiza.

As soon as the boys had turned into Clonliffe Road they began to speak about books and writers,
saying what books they were reading and how many books there were in their fathers’ bookcases at home. Stephen listened to them in some wonderment for Boland was the dunce and Nash the idler of the class. In fact, after some talk about their favourite writers, Nash declared for Captain Marryat who, he said, was the greatest writer.

—Fudge! said Heron. Ask Dedalus. Who is the greatest writer, Dedalus?

Stephen noted the mockery in the question and said:

—Of prose do you mean?

—Yes.

—Newman, I think.

—Is it Cardinal Newman? asked Boland.

—Yes, answered Stephen.

A Nash se le amplificó en el rostro pecoso la sonrisa doblada, al mismo tiempo que volviéndose a Stephen, decía:

—¿Y a ti, Dédales, te gusta el cardenal Newman?

—Hay mucha gente que afirma que Newman es quien tiene el mejor estilo en prosa —dijo Heron, para que se enteraran los otros dos, pero, desde luego, no es poeta.

—And who is the best poet, Heron? asked Boland.

—Y dinos, Heron, ¿cuál es el mejor poeta? —preguntó Boland.

—Lord Tennyson, of course, answered Heron.

—O, yes, Lord Tennyson, said Nash. We have all his poetry at home in a book.

At this Stephen forgot the silent vows he had been making and burst out:

—Tennyson a poet! Why,
Joyce’s Portrait  

he’s only a rhymester!

—O, get out! said Heron.
Everyone knows that Tennyson
is the greatest poet.

—And who do you think
is the greatest poet? asked
Boland, nudging his
neighbour.

—Byron, of course,
answered Stephen.

Heron gave the lead
and all three joined in a
scornful laugh.

—What are you laughing
at? asked Stephen.

—You, said Heron.

Byron the greatest poet!
He’s only a poet for
uneducated people.

—He must be a fine poet!
said Boland.

—You may keep your
mouth shut, said Stephen,
turning on him boldly.
All you know about poetry
is what you wrote up on the
slates in the yard and
were going to be sent to
the loft for.

Boland, in fact, was said
to have written on the slates
in the yard a couplet about a
classmate of his who often
rode home from the college
on a pony:

As Tyson was riding into
Jerusalem
He fell and hurt his Alek
Kafoozelum.

This thrust put the two
lieutenants to silence but
Heron went on:

—in any case Byron
was a heretic and
immoral too.

—I don’t care what he
was, cried Stephen hotly.

—You don’t care whether he

—¿Qué os reís? —preguntó Stephen.

—De ti —contestó Heron—. ¡Byron el mejor poeta! No es
más que un poeta para gentes
sin educación.

—Lo mejor que puedes ha-
cer tú es callarte —dijo Stephen,
encarándose decididamente con él... Todo lo que tú sabes acerca
de poesía, es lo que has escrito en las pizarras del patio, que
fue por lo que te mandaron castigado al desván.

Se decía, en efecto, que
Boland había escrito en las pizarras del patio un pareado acerca
de un compañero que acostumbraba a volver del colegio a casa a
caballo en un pony:

Tyson iba a caballo hacia Jerusalén.
Se cayó y se hizo daño en el kulipulén.

This thrust put the two
lieutenants to silence but
Heron went on:

—Por lo menos, no me ne-
grás que Byron es herético e
imoral.

—¿Te tienes sin cuidado lo que

—Me tiene sin cuidado lo que sea
—exclamó vivamente Stephen.

—¿Pues, si que debe ser un
poeta! —comentó Boland.

41. As Tyson ... Kafoozelum: a variation on an
anonymous ballad, ‘The Daughter of Jerusalem’,
which had many versions and an alternative title,
‘The Harlot of Jerusalem’.

Alec Kafoozelum A nonsense name for the sake of the
rhyme.
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—What do you know about it? shouted Stephen.

You never read a line of anything in your life except a trans, or Boland either.

—I know that Byron was a bad man, said Boland.

—Here, catch hold of this heretic, Heron called out. In a moment Stephen was a prisoner.

—Tate made you buck up the other day, Heron went on, about the heresy in your essay.

—I’ll tell him tomorrow, said Boland.

—Will you? said Stephen. You’d be afraid to open your lips.

—Afraid?

—Ay. Afraid of your life.

—Behave yourself! cried Heron, cutting at Stephen’s legs with his cane.

It was the signal for their onset. Nash pinioned his arms behind while Boland seized a long cabbage stump which was lying in the gutter. Struggling and kicking under the cuts of the cane and the blows of the knotty stump Stephen was borne back against a barbed wire fence.

—Admit that Byron was no good.

—No. —No.

—Admit.

—Confiesa.

At last after a fury of plunges he wrenches himself out, al fin, tras una serie de embestidas, logró desasirse. Sus...
While he was still repeating the CONFITEOR amid the indulgent laughter of his hearers and while the scenes of that malignant episode were still passing sharply and swiftly before his mind he wondered why he bore no malice now to those who had tormented him. He had not forgotten a whit of their cowardice and cruelty but the memory of it called forth no anger from him. All the descriptions of fierce love and hatred which he had met in books had seemed to him therefore unreal. Even that night as he stumbled homewards along Jones’s Road he had felt that some power was divesting him of that sudden-woven anger as easily as a fruit is divested of its soft ripe peel.

He remained standing with his two companions at the end of the shed listening idly to their talk or to the bursts of applause in the theatre. She was sitting there among the others perhaps waiting for him to appear. He tried to recall her appearance but could not. He could remember only that she had worn a shawl about her head like a cowl and that her dark eyes had invited and unnerved him. He wondered had he been in her thoughts as she had been in his. Then in the dark and unseen by the other two he rested the tips of the fingers of one hand upon the palm of the other hand, scarcely touching it lightly. But the pressure of her fingers had been lighter and steadier: and suddenly the memory of their touch traversed his brain and body like an invisible wave.

A boy came towards them, verdugos huyeron en dirección al camino de Jone riendo y mofándose, mientras él, medio cegado por las lágrimas, echó a andar va
cilamente, crisando los puños enurecido, sollozando.

Permanecía de pie con los otros dos compañeros en el extremo del cobertizo atendiendo vagamente a su charla o a los estallidos de los aplausos que venían del teatro. Ella estaba sentada allí dentro, entre el público, esperando tal vez a que él apareciese. Trató de evocar su imagen, pero no pudo. Se acordaba sólo de que llevaba un chal echado por la cabeza que le hacía como una capucha y que sus ojos oscuros le excitaban y le deprimían. Se preguntaba si él había estado en los pensamientos de ella del mismo modo que ella en los de él. Y luego, en la oscuridad, sin que los otros dos le pudieran ver, apoyó las puntas de los dedos de una mano sobre la palma de la otra, tocándola apenas ligeramente. Mas la presión de los dedos de ella había sido más ligera y más firme; y de repente el recuerdo de aquel roce le atravesó el cerebro y el cuerpo como una invisible onda.
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tr. de Dámaso Alonso

44. bake: hot and bothered.
• in a great bake: angrily agitated.

While his mind had been pursuing a very important paragraph, for it traces Stephen's isolation; his rejection of being a gentleman, a good Catholic, an athlete, a nationalist; and the need for him to retrieve his father's fallen fortunes.

This spirit of quarrelsome comradeship which he had observed lately in his rival had not seduced Stephen from his habits of quiet obedience. He mistrusted the turbulence and doubted the sincerity of such comradeship which seemed to him a sorry anticipation of manhood. The question of honour here raised was, like all such questions, trivial to him.

Esto puntilloso espíritu de camaradería que había observado últimamente en su rival no lo graba apartar a Stephen de sus hábitos de tranquila obediencia. Desconfiaba de la turbulencia y dudaba de la sinceridad de una tal camaradería que le parecía una triste anticipación de la virilidad. El punto de honor suscitado ahora le resultaba tan trivial como todas estas cuestiones. Mientras su imaginación había estado atareada persiguiendo fantasmas intangibles, o dejando de perseguirlos para caer en la irresolución, había estado escuchando constantemente las voces de sus profesores que le excitaban a ser antes que nada un perfecto caballero y un buen católico. Estas voces habían llegado a sonar en sus oídos como palabras vacías. Al abrirse el gimnasio, anticipación coincide con anticipación [previsión, vaticinio, advenimiento, pronóstico], pero a menudo toma un matiz más positivo, como ilusión, esperanza, expectación, en cambio anticipación [anticipo] se usa a menudo como advance payment. El verbo to anticipate es cada día más común para anticipar [prever, adelantar], tan común como esperar, con la misma idea. Otras denotaciones de to anticipate son imaginarse, suponer, calcular, salir a paso de, confiar, opinar, creer. Anticipar traduce a advance, lend I loan [dime], be early, inform, disclose, anticiparse se usa para to get (be) ahead of [precipitarse], to beat [tomar la delantera].
opened he had heard another voice urging him to be strong and manly and healthy and when the movement towards national revival had begun to be felt in the college yet another voice had hidden him to be true to his country and help to raise up her language and tradition. In the profane world, as he foresaw, a worldly voice would bid him raise up his father’s fallen state by his labours and, meanwhile, the voice of his school comrades urged him to be a decent fellow, to shield others from blame or to beg them off and to do his best to get free days for the school. And it was the din of all these hollow-sounding voices that made him halt irresolutely in the pursuit of phantoms. He gave them ear only for a time but he was happy only when he was far from them, beyond their call, alone or in the company of phantasmal comrades.

In the vestry a plump jesuit and an elderly man, in shabby blue clothes, were dabbling in a case of paints and chalks. The boys who had been painted walked about or stood still awkwardly, touching their faces in a gingerly fashion with their furtive fingertips. In the middle of the vestry a young jesuit, who was then on a visit to the college, stood rocking himself rhythmically from the tips of his toes to his heels and back again, his hands thrust well forward into his side-pockets. His small head set off with glossy red curls and his newly shaven face agreed well with the spotless decency of his soutane and with his spotless shoes.

As he watched this swaying form and tried to read for himself the legend of the priest’s mocking smile there came into Stephen’s memory a saying which he had heard from his father before he had

había oído otra voz que le mandaba ser fuerte, viril y saludable. Y cuando el movimiento a favor de un renacimiento nacional se había comenzado a sentir en el colegio, otra voz le había invitado a ser fiel a su patria y a ayudar a vivificar su lengua y sus tradiciones. En lo profano, lo preveía, habría otra voz que le invitaría a reconstruir con su trabajo la derruida hacienda de su padre; y, entre tanto, la voz de sus compañeros le mandaba ser un buen camarada, encubrirlos en sus fallas, interceder por su perdón y hacer todos los esfuerzos posibles para obtener días de asueto para el colegio. Y era el zumbido vacío de todas estas voces lo que le hacía titular en la persecución de sus propios fantasmas. Sólo les prestaba, atención por algún tiempo, y era feliz cuando podía estar lejos de ellas, fuera del alcance de su llamamiento, solo, o en compañía de sus propios y fantasmas compañeros.

En la sacristía estaban un jesuita rollizo y de cara lustrosa y un viejo de traje azul raído, ocupados en revolver en un cajón de colores y lápices de caracterizar. Los chicos que habían sido ya caracterizados se paseaban de un lado a otro, o, parados y como estupefactos, se pasaban furtivamente los [95] dedos por la cara. En medio de la sacristía, un jesuita, que estaba pasando unos días en el colegio, se balanceaba rítmicamente, poniéndose de puntillas y dejándose caer otra vez sobre los talones, todo con las manos muy metidas en los bolsillos de la tostada y éstos echados hacia adelante. Su cabeza, pequeña, adornada de rizos rozos y lustrosos, y su cara recientemente afeitada, iban bien con la impecable corrección de su tostada y con sus irreprochables zapatos.

As a fresh as a daisy = tan fresco como una lechuga.

What nerve! = ¡qué fresco!
been sent to Clongowes, that
you could always tell a 
jesuit
by the style of his clothes. At
the same moment he thought
he saw a likeness between his
father’s mind and that of this
smiling well-dressed priest:
and he was aware of some
descruction of the priest’s
office or of the vestry itself
whose silence was now
routed by loud talk and
joking and its air pungent
with the smells of the gas-
jets and the grease.

While his forehead was
being wrinkled and his jaws
painted black and blue by the
elderly man, he listened
distractedly to the voice of
the plump young 
jesuit
which bade him speak up and make
his points clearly. He could
hear the band playing 
THE LILY
OF KILLARNEY
and knew that
in a few moments the curtain
would go up. He felt no stage
fright but the thought of the
part he had to play
humiliated him. A
remembrance of some of his
lines made a sudden
flush rise to his painted
cheeks. He saw her serious
alluring
eyes watching him
from among the audience
and their image at once
swept away his scruples,
leaving his will compact.

A few moments after he
found himself on the stage
amid the 
garish
gas and the
dim scenery, acting before the
innumerable faces of the void.

Joyce’s Portrait

Ir. de Dámaso Alonso

Mientras que el viejo le pin-
taba arrugas en la frente y le em-
badurnaba las mejillas de negro
y de azul, Stephen escuchaba
distraído
la voz del jesuita ro-
lizado que le recomendaba que
hablara alto y que recalcara bien
los pasajes graciosos. Se oía la
banda que tocaba
El lirio de Killarney
y comprendió que el
telón se iba a levantar dentro de
muy pocos minutos. No sentía
ningún miedo de salir al escena-
rio, pero le humillaba la idea del
papel que iba a desempeñar. El
recuerdo de algunos de los pa-
sajes hizo que un rubor repenti-
no subiera hasta sus mejillas
pintadas. Y vio los ojos de ella,
pensativos y llenos de promesas,
que le miraban desde la
sala; y esta imagen barrió
todos sus escurúlulos dejan-
do su voluntad presta. Parecía
que se le había infundido otra
nueva naturaleza: que el conta-
glo de la animada juventud que
bollía a su alrededor se le ha-
bía metido a él también en el
alma y transformado aquella
desconfianza malhumorada que
de ordinario [96] tenía. Por un
momento se vio
revestido de la
verdadera
vitalidad
juvenil. Y
mezclado entre bastidores con
los otros, participó de la
alegría común en medio de la
cual dos robustos padres izaron
el telón que se fue elevando a
tirones y todo
torcido.
It surprised him to see that the play which he had known at rehearsals for a disjointed lifeless thing had suddenly assumed a life of its own. It seemed now to play itself, he and his fellow actors aiding it with their parts. When the curtain fell on the last scene he heard the void filled with applause and, through a rift in a side scene, saw the simple body before which he had acted magically deformed, the void of faces breaking at all points and falling asunder into busy groups.

He left the stage quickly and rid himself of his mummery and passed out through the chapel into the college garden. Now that the play was over his nerves cried for some further adventure. He hurried onwards as if to overtake it. The doors of the theatre were all open and the audience had emptied out. On the lines which he had fancied the moorings of an ark a few lanterns swung in the night breeze, flickering cheerlessly. He mounted the steps from the garden in haste, eager that some prey should not elude him, and forced his way through the crowd in the hall and past the two jesuits who stood smiling and staring at each other, faintly conscious of the smiles and stares and nudges which his powdered head left in its wake.

When he came out on the steps he saw his family waiting for him at the first lamp. In a glance he noted that every figure of the group was familiar and ran down the steps angrily.

—I have to leave a message down in George’s Street, he said to his father quickly. I’ll be home after you.

Abandonó rápidamente la escena, se despojó de su disfraz y atravesando la capilla entró en el jardín del colegio. Ahora que la representación había terminado, sus nervios excitados exigían una nueva aventura. Se precipitó hacia adelante como para atraparla. Las puertas del teatro estaban abiertas y el público había salido ya. En aquellas hileras que antes se le habían imaginado como las amarras de un arca, quedaban ahora unos cuantos farolillos, balanceándose en la brisa nocturna, oscilando sin regocijo. Subió a toda prisa los escalones de entrada al colegio, como ávido de una presa que se le pudiera escapar, se abrió paso entre la multitud que llenaba el vestíbulo y pasó junto a dos jesuitas que presenciaban la desbandada haciendo reverencias y cambiando apretones de mano con los invitados. Y él empujaba hacia adelante, fingiendo una prisa todavía mayor, y dándose cuenta vagamente de la estela de miradas, sonrisas y codazos que su empolvada cabeza dejaba tras sí.

[97]

Cuando llegó a los escalones de la entrada vio a su familia que le estaba esperando a la luz del primer farol. A primera vista notó que todas las figuras del grupo le eran familiares y bajo los escalones malhumorado.

—Tengo que llevar un recado a la calle George —le dijo precipitadamente a su padre—. Volveré a casa detrás de ustedes.
Without waiting for his father’s questions he ran across the road and began to walk at breakneck speed down the hill. He hardly knew where he was walking. Pride and hope and desire like crushed herbs in his heart sent up vapours of, maddening incense before the eyes of his mind. He strode down the hill amid the tumult of sudden-risen vapours of wounded pride and fallen hope and baffled desire. They streamed upwards before his anguished eyes in dense and maddening fumes and passed away above him till at last the air was clear and cold again.

A film still veiled his eyes but they burned no longer. A power, akin to that which had often made anger or resentment fall from him, brought his steps to rest. He stood still and gazed up at the sombre porch of the morgue and from that to the dark cobbled laneway at its side. He saw the word LOTTS on the wall of the lane and breathed slowly the rank heavy air.

That is horse piss and rotted straw, he thought. It is a good odour to breathe. It will calm my heart. My heart is quite calm now. I will go back.

Stephen was once again seated beside his father in the corner of a railway carriage at Kingsbridge. He was travelling with his father by the night mail to Cork. As the train steamed out of the station he recalled his childish wonder of years before and every event of his first day at Clongowes. But he felt no wonder now. He saw the darkening lands slipping away past Kingsbridge: a railway station (now Heuston Station) that serves the south and west.

Y sin aguardar a las preguntas de su padre, atravesó a toda prisa el camino y echó a andar a hipo colina abajo. Apenas si sabía adónde iba. Orgullo, esperanza y deseo, como hierbas pisoteadas en su corazón, elevaban humaredas de un incienso enloquecedor que cual una cortina cegaba las luces de su espíritu. Bajaba velozmente entre el tumulto de estos vapores de orgullo herido, de esperanza arruinada, de deseo frustrado, que en un momento se habían levantado en su alma. Se elevaron ante sus ojos angustiados en una densa y enloquecedora humareda, fluyeron y se desvanecieron sobre él. Por último, el aire quedó de nuevo transparente y frío.

—Esto son orines de caballo y paja podrida —pensó—. Es bueno respirar este olor. Me calmará el corazón. Ahora mi corazón está ya absolutamente tranquilo. Regresará.

Stephen se encontraba de nuevo sentado junto a su padre, en un rincón de un vagón del ferrocarril en Kingsbridge. Iban a Cork y aquél era el correo de la noche. Cuando el tren arrancó de la estación, le vino a la memoria aquel asombro infantil [98] experimentado años atrás el primer día de su estancia en Clongowes. Pero ahora no experimentaba asombro ninguno. Veía cómo iban resbalando hacia atrás las tierras cada vez más sombrías y...
At Maryborough he fell asleep. When he awoke the train had passed out of Mallow and his father was stretched asleep on the other seat. The cold light of the dawn lay over the country, over the unpeopled fields and the closed cottages. The terror of sleep fascinated his mind as he watched the silent country or heard from time to time his father’s deep breath or sudden sleepy movement. The neighbourhood of unseen sleepers filled him with strange dread, as though they could harm him, and he prayed that the day might come quickly. His prayer, addressed neither to God nor saint, began with a shiver, as the chilly morning breeze crept through the chink of the carriage door to his feet, and ended in a trail of foolish words which he made to fit the insistent rhythm of the silenciosos postes del telégrafo que cada cuatro segundos pasaban rápidamente por la ventanilla y las pequeñas estaciones penumbrosas, guardadas sólo por algunos tranquilos vigilantes, arrojadas por el tren a su espalda, titilantes un momento en la oscuridad como chispas de fuego proyectadas hacia atrás en plena carrera.

Sympathy no es simpatía, sino pésame, condoleancia, comprensión, compasión, lástima, acuerdo, apoyo, mientras que simpatía traduce charm, affection, liking, attraction, friendliness / warmth [ambiente], fondness.

The purpose of his actual visit i.e. the auction of his property.

He listened without sympathy to his father’s evocation of Cork and of scenes of his youth, a tale broken by sighs or draughts from his pocket flask whenever the image of some dead friend appeared in it or whenever the evoker remembered suddenly the purpose of his actual visit. Stephen heard but could feel no pity. The images of the dead were all strangers to him save that of uncle Charles, an image which had lately been fading out of memory. He knew, however, that his father’s property was going to be sold by auction, and in the manner of his own dispossession he felt the world give the lie rudely to his phantasy.

Sympathy no es simpatía, sino pésame, condoleancia, comprensión, compasión, lástima, acuerdo, apoyo, mientras que simpatía traduce charm, affection, liking, attraction, friendliness / warmth [ambiente], fondness.

50. Maryborough: a town fifty miles from Dublin. Maryborough ... Mallow. The first a small, the latter a large town north of Cork.
51. Mallow: a town in County Cork. The train has travelled ninety-five miles while Stephen has been asleep - almost four hours.

chink 1 n. an unintended crack that admits light or allows an attack. 2 a narrow opening; a slit.

chink 2 v. 1 intr. make a slight ringing sound, as of glasses or coins striking together. 2 tr. cause to make this sound.
of the train; and silently, at intervals of four seconds, the telegraph-poles held the galloping notes of the music between punctual bars. This furious music allayed his dread and, leaning against the windowledge, he let his eyelids close again.

They drove in a jingle across Cork while it was still early morning and Stephen finished his sleep in a bedroom of the Victoria Hotel. The bright warm sunlight was streaming through the window and he could hear the din of traffic. His father was standing before the dressing-table, examining his hair and face and moustache with great care, craning his neck across the water-jug with allayed doubts with which his father’s voice festooned the strange sad happy air, drove off all the mists of the night’s ill humour from Stephen’s brain. He got up quickly to dress and, when the song had ended, said:

—That’s much prettier than any of the consc...
Mr Dedalus had ordered *drisheens* for breakfast and during the meal he cross-examined the waiter for local news. For the most part they spoke at cross purposes when a name was mentioned, the waiter having in mind the present holder and Mr Dedalus his father or perhaps his grandfather.

—Well, I hope they haven’t moved the *Queen’s College* anyhow, said Mr Dedalus, for I want to show it to this youngster of mine.

Along the *Mardyke* the trees were in bloom. They entered the grounds of the college and were led by the *garrulous* porter across the *quadrangle*. But their progress across the gravel was brought to a halt after every dozen or so paces by some reply of the porter’s.

—Ah, do you tell me so? And is poor Pottlebelly dead?

—Yes, sir. Dead, sir.

During these halts Stephen stood awkwardly behind the two men, weary of the subject and waiting restlessly for the slow march to begin again. By the time they had crossed the *quadrangle* his restlessness had risen to fever.
They passed into the anatomy theatre where Mr Dedalus, the porter aiding him, searched the desks for his initials. Stephen remained in the background, depressed more than ever by the darkness and silence of the theatre and by the air it wore of jaded and formal study. On the desk he read the word FOETUS cut several times in the dark stained wood. The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the college about him and to shrink from their company. A vision of their life, which his father’s words had been powerless to evoke, sprang up before him out of the word cut in the desk. A broad-shouldered student with a moustache was cutting in the letters with a jack-knife, seriously. Other students stood or sat near him laughing at his handiwork. One jogged his elbow. The big student turned on him, frowning. He was dressed in loose grey clothes and had tan boots.

Stephen’s name was called. He hurried down the steps of the theatre so as to be as far away from the vision as he could be and, peering closely at his father’s initials, hid his flushed face.

But the word and the vision capered before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the college gate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had deemed till then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind. His monstrous reveries came thronging into his memory.
They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously, out of mere words. He had soon given in to them and allowed them to sweep across and abase his intellect, wondering always where they came from, from what den of monstrous images, and always weak and humble towards others, restless and sickened of himself when they had swept over him.

—Ay, bedad! And there’s the Groceries sure enough! cried Mr Dedalus. You often heard me speak of the Groceries, didn’t you, Stephen. Many’s the time we went down there when our names had been marked, a crowd of us, Harry Peard and little Jack Mountain and Bob Dyas and Maurice Moriarty, the Frenchman, and Tom O’Grady and Mick Lacy that I told you of this morning and Joey Corbet and poor little good-hearted Johnny Keevers of the Tantiles.

A team of cricketers passed, agile young men in flannels and blazers, one of them carrying the long green wicket-bag. In a quiet bystreet a German band of five players in faded uniforms and with battered brass instruments was playing to an audience of street arabs and leisurely messenger boys. A maid in a white cap and apron was watering a box of plants on a sill which shone like a slab of limestone in the warm glare. From another window open to the air came the sound of a piano, scale after scale rising into the treble.

Stephen walked on at his father’s side, listening to stories he had heard before, hearing again the names of the scattered and dead revellers who had been the companions of his father’s youth. And a faint sickness sighed in his heart.
He recalled his own equivocal position in Belvedere, a free boy, a leader afraid of his own authority, proud and sensitive and suspicious, battling against the squalor of his life and against the riot of his mind. The letters cut in the stained wood of the desk stared upon him, mocking his bodily weakness and futile enthusiasms and making him loathe himself for his own mad and filthy orgies. The spittle in his throat grew bitter and foul to swallow and the faint sickness climbed to his brain so that for a moment he closed his eyes and walked on in darkness.

He could still hear his father’s voice—

—When you kick out for yourself, Stephen—as I daresay you will one of these days—remember, whatever you do, to mix with gentlemen. When I was a young fellow I tell you I enjoyed myself. I mixed with fine decent fellows. Everyone of us could do something. One fellow had a good voice, another fellow was a good actor, another could sing a good comic song, another was a good oarsman or a good racket player, another could tell a good story and so on. We kept the ball rolling anyhow and enjoyed ourselves and saw a bit of life and we were none the worse of it either. But we were all gentlemen, Stephen—at least I hope we were—and bloody good honest Irishmen too. That’s the kind of fellows I want you to associate with, fellows of the right kidney. I’m talking to you as a friend, Stephen. I don’t believe a son should be afraid of his father. No, I treat you as your grandfather treated me when I was a young chap. We were more like brothers than father and son. I’ll never forget the
Joyce’s Portrait

Stephen heard his father’s voice break into a laugh which was almost a sob.

—He was the handsomest man in Cork at that time, by God he was! The women used to stand to look after him in the street.

He heard the sob passing loudly down his father’s throat and opened his eyes with a nervous impulse. The sunlight breaking-suddenly on his sight turned the sky and clouds into a fantastic world of sombre masses with lakelike spaces of dark rosy light. His very brain was sick and powerless. He could scarcely interpret the letters of the signboards of the shops. By his monstrous way of life he seemed to have put himself beyond the limits of reality. Nothing moved him or spoke to him from the real world unless he heard in it an echo of the infuriated cries within him. He could respond to no earthly or human appeal, dumb and insensible to the call of summer and gladness and companionship, weared and dejected by his father’s voice. He could scarcely

iré del primer día que me pescó fumando. Estaba yo al fin de la Terraza del Sur con otros mequetrefes como yo, y desde luego nos las dábanos de personas maduras porque teníamos una pipa en la boca. Y, de pronto: mi padre que pasa. No dijo una palabra, ni siquiera se paró. Pero al día siguiente, que era domingo, fuimos juntos a dar un paseo y cuando ya regresábamos, saca la petaca y me dice: Va propósito. Simón, yo no sabía que tú fumases ni cosa que se le pareciese. Yo hice desde luego lo posible para conllevar la situación. Si quieres saber cosas buenas, añadió, [104] prueba uno de estos puros. Me los ha regalado anoche, en Queenstown, un capitán americano.

Stephen notó que la voz de su padre se deshacía en una carcajada: una carcajada que era casi un sollozo.

—Era en aquel tiempo el mozo más gallardo de Cork. ¡Cristo, si lo era! Las mujeres se volvían en la calle para mirarle.

Oyó que el sollozo se hundía sonoramente en la garganta de su padre y un impulso nervioso le hizo abrir los ojos. La luz del sol, al romper de improviso contra sus pupilas, transformaba el cielo y las nubes en un mundo fantástico de masas sombrías entre lagos de luz densa y rosada. Su mismo cerebro era débil e impotente. Apenas si podía interpretar los letreros de las tiendas. Porque aquella monstruosa vida suya le había arrojado más allá de los límites de lo real. No había cosa del mundo real que le dijera nada, que le conmoviera, a no ser que despertara un eco de aquellos alaridos furiosos que él sentía brotar de su interior. No podía responder a las llamadas de la tierra ni de los hombres, sordo e insensible a la voz del verano y al gozo de la camaradería, ahito y descorazonado de oír el sonido de las palabras de su padre. Ape-
The memory of his childhood suddenly grew dim. 
He tried to call forth some of its vivid moments but could not. He recalled only names. Dante, Parnell, Clane, Clongowes. A little boy had been taught geography by an old woman who kept two brushes in her wardrobe. Then he had been sent away from home to a college, he had made his first communion and eaten slim jim out of his cricket cap and watched the firelight leaping and dancing on the wall of a little bedroom in the infirmary and dreamed of being dead, of mass being said for him by the rector in a black and gold cope, of being buried then in the little graveyard of the community off the main avenue of limes. But he had not died then. Parnell had died. There had been no mass for the dead in the chapel and no procession. He had not died but he had faded out like a film in the sun. He had been lost or had wandered out of existence for he no longer existed. How strange to think of him passing out of existence in such a way, not by death but by fading out in the sun or by being lost and forgotten somewhere in the universe! It was strange to see his small body appear again for a moment: a little boy in a grey belted suit. His hands were in his side-pockets and his trousers were tucked in at the knees by elastic bands.

On the evening of the day

I am Stephen Dedalus. I am walking beside my father whose name is Simon Dedalus. We are in Cork, in Ireland. Cork is a city. Our room is in the Victoria Hotel. Victoria and Stephen and Simon. Simon and Stephen and Victoria. Names.

Se le nubló de repente el recuerdo de su niñez. Trataba de evocar sus vividos incidentes y no podía. Sólo recordaba nombres. Dante, Parnell, Clane, Clongowes. Una señora de edad que tenía dos cepillos en su armario y enseñaba geografía a un niño pequeñito. Luego le habían enviado de casa al colegio, había hecho la primera comunión, había comido tiras de pasta de malvavisco que iba sacando de su gorra de cricket, había visto desde su camita, en la enfermería, cómo el fuego saltaba y danzaba sobre la pared y había soñado que se había muerto y que el rector, revestido de una capa dorada y negra, decía una misa por su alma y que le enterraban en el reducido camposanto de la comunidad, al otro lado de la avenida de los tilos. Pero no se había muerto. Parnell era el que se había muerto. No había habido misa en la capilla por el difunto ni procesión. No se había muerto, sino que se había desvanecido como una placa impresionada a la luz del sol. Se había perdido o había emigrado de la existencia, porque ya no existía. ¡Qué extraño era el pensar que él había dejado de existir de este modo, no a través de la muerte, sino desvanecido al sol, o perdido y olvidado, Dios sabe dónde, en medio del universo! Y extrañamente, ver que su cuerpecillo reaparecía ahora por un momento: un niño vestido con un traje gris de cinturón. Con las manos en los bolsillos y los pantalones sujetos por elásticos a las rodillas.

on which the property was sold Stephen followed his father meekly about the city from bar to bar. To the sellers in the market, to the barmen and barmaids, to the beggars who importuned him for a job Mr Dedalus told the same tale—that he was an old Corkonian, that he had been trying for thirty years to get rid of his Cork accent up in Dublin and that Peter Pickackafax beside him was his eldest son but that he was only a Dublin jackeen.

They had set out early in the morning from Newcome’s coffee-house, where Mr Dedalus’s cup had rattled noisily against its saucer, and Stephen had tried to cover that shameful sign of his father’s drinking with the bight of his left hand before moving his chair and coughing. One humiliation had succeeded another—the false smiles of the market sellers, the curvetings and oglings of the barmaids with whom his father flirted, the compliments and encouraging words of his father’s friends. They had told him that he had a great look of his grandfather and Mr Dedalus had agreed that he was an ugly likeness. They had unearthed traces of a Cork accent in his speech and made him admit that the Lee was a much finer river than the Liffey. One of them, in order to put his Latin to the proof, had made him translate short passages from Dilectus and asked him whether it was correct to say: TEMPORA MUTANTUR NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS or TEMPORA MUTANTUR ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS. Another, a brisk old man, whom Mr Dedalus called Johnny Cashman, had covered him with confusion by asking him to say which were prettier, the Dublin girls or the Cork girls.

He’s not that way built, said Mr Dedalus. Leave him alone. He’s a level-headed nes fueron vendidos, Stephen siguió mecánicamente a su padre por la ciudad de taberna en taberna. A los vendedores del mercado, a los camareros y a las mozas de mostrador, a los mendigos que le importunaban pidiendo una limosna, mister Dedalus les había repetido la misma historia, que él era de Cork y que había estado durante treinta años tratando de librarse allá arriba, en Dublin, de su acento del sur; y que aquel Perico el de los Palotes que iba con él era su hijo, pero que aquél ya no era más que un castizo de Dublin.

//Habían salido de mañana del café de Newcome, donde la taza de mister Dedalus había temblequeado en el platillo, mientras Stephen, moviendo la silla y con toses fingidas, procuraba ocultar las vergonzosas señales de la correría alcóhólica de su padre, la noche pasada. Las humillaciones habían venido una tras otra: las falsas sonrisas de los vendedores del mercado, los menos y los guiones de las mozas de bar con las que su padre se dedicaba a timarse, los cumplimientos y las palabras alentadoras de los amigos de mister Dedalus. Todos habían dicho que [106] Stephen era el vivo retrato de su abuelo, que no era un viejecito más hermoso que el Liffey. Uno de ellos había puesto a prueba el latín de Stephen haciéndole traducir algunos pasajes de Dilectus y le había preguntado qué era lo gramatical, si Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis, o Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis. Y otro, un viejecito muy vivo, a quien mister Dedalus llamaba Johnny Cashman, le había hecho ruborizarse preguntándole cuáles eran más bonitas, si las chicas de Dublin o las de Cork.

Joece’s Portrait
Ir de Dámaso Alonso

He’s not that way built ironic, in view of Stephen’s...
Joyce’s Portrait

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tr. de Dámaso Alonso

thinking boy who doesn’t bother his head about that kind of nonsense.

—Then he’s not his father’s son, said the little old man.

—I don’t know, I’m sure, said Mr Dedalus, smiling complacently.

—Your father, said the little old man to Stephen, was the boldest flirt in the City of Cork in his day. Do you know that?

Stephen looked down and studied the tiled floor of the bar into which they had drifted.

—Now don’t be putting ideas into his head, said Mr Dedalus. Leave him to his Maker.

—Yerra, sure I wouldn’t put any ideas into his head. I’m old enough to be his grandfather.

—and I am a grandfather, said the little old man to Stephen. Do you know that?

—Are you? asked Stephen.

—Bedad I am, said the little old man. I have two bouncing grandchildren out at Sunday’s Well. Now, then! What age do you think I am? And I remember seeing your grandfather in his red coat riding out to hounds. That was before you were born.

—Ay, or thought of, said Mr Dedalus.

—Bedad I did, repeated the little old man. And, more than that, I can remember even your great-grandfather, old John Stephen Dedalus, and a fierce old fire-eater he was. Now, then! There’s a memory for you!

—That’s three generations—four generations, said another of the company. Why, Johnny Cashman, you must be nearing the century.

—Yerra, from the Irish, a Dhi Ara, a deprecatory exclamation.


72. bouncing boy: niño sanote, hermoso, vivaz.

mozancón: Persona moza, alta y fornida.
—Well, I’ll tell you the truth, said the little old man. I’m just twenty-seven years of age.

—We’re as old as we feel, Johnny, said Mr Dedalus. And just finish what you have there and we’ll have another. Here, Tim or Tom or whatever your name is, give us the same again here. By God, I don’t feel more than eighteen myself. There’s that son of mine there not half my age and I’m a better man than he is any day of the week.

—Draw it mild now, Dedalus. I think it’s time for you to take a back seat, said the gentleman who had spoken before.

—No, by God! asserted Mr Dedalus. I’ll sing a tenor song against him or I’ll vault a five-barred gate against him or I’ll run with him after the hounds across the country as I did thirty years ago along with the Kerry Boy and the best man for it.

—But he’ll beat you here, said the little old man, tapping his forehead and raising his glass to drain it.

—Well, I hope he’ll be as good a man as his father. That’s all I can say, said Mr Dedalus.

—If he is, he’ll do, said the little old man.

—And thanks be to God, Johnny, said Mr Dedalus, that we lived so long and did so little harm.

—But did so much good, Simon, said the little old man gravely. Thanks be to God we lived so long and did so much good.

Stephen watched the three glasses being raised from the
counter as his father and his
two cronies drank to the
memory of their past. An abyss
of fortune or of temperament
sundered him from them. His
mind seemed older than theirs:
it shone coldly on their strifes
and happiness and regrets like
a moon upon a younger earth.
No life or youth stirred in him
as it had stirred in them. He
had known neither the pleasure
of companionship with others
nor the vigour of rude male
health nor filial piety. Nothing
stirred within his soul but a
cold and cruel and loveless
lust. His childhood was dead or
lost and with it his soul capable
of simple joys and he was
drifting amid life like the
barren shell of the moon.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and
gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless?

He repeated to himself
the lines of Shelley’s
fragment. Its alternation of
sad human ineffectiveness
with vast inhuman cycles of
activity chilled him and he
forgot his own human and
ineffectual grieving.

Stephen’s mother and his
brother and one of his
cousins waited at the corner
of quiet Foster Place while
he and his father went up the
steps and along the
colonnade where the
Highland sentry was parading.
When they had passed into the
great hall and stood at the
counter Stephen drew forth his
orders on the governor of the
bank of Ireland for thirty and
three pounds; and these sums,
the moneys of his exhibition
and essay prize, were paid
over to him rapidly by
the teller in notes and in
coin respectively. He
bestowed them in his pockets
with feigned composure
and suffered the friendly teller,
to whom his father chatted,
dor cada vez que su padre y sus
compinches bebían a la memo-
ria de su pasado. Un abismo
abrió por el sino o por el tem-
peramento le separaba de ellos.
Su alma parecía más vieja que la
de ellos, y brillaba friamente so-
bre sus porfías, sus alegrías y sus
pesares, como una luna sobre una
tierra más joven. Ni la vida de la
juventud se había agitado en él
como en ellos. No había conoci-
do ni el placer de la camarade-
ría, ni la ruda salud viril, ni la
piedad filial. Nadie se agitaba en
su alma fuera de una sensualidad
fría, cruel y sin amor. Su niño
zaba muerta o perdida, y con
ella, el alma propicia a las ale-
grías elementales. Y estaba de-
rivando por vida como la cá-
cara estéril de la luna.

¿Viene tu palidez de aquel hastío
de trepar por los cielos contemplando
la tierra, ¿oh!, tu errante y solitaria...?

La madre de Stephen, su her-
mano y uno de sus primos esta-
ban esperando en la esquina de
la tranquila plaza Foster, mien-
tras él y su padre subían los es-
calones y pasaban a lo largo de
la columnata bajo la cual un sol-
dado escocés estaba de centine-
la. Cuando hubieron entrado en
el gran vestíbulo, se aproximaron
a una ventanilla y Stephen exhibi-
brió su mandato de pago contra el
Banco de Irlanda por la suma de
treinta y tres libras. Y esta
cantidad, suma de la dotación
de su beca y de su premio de com-
posición literaria, le fue entrega-
da [109] inmediatamente por el
pagador en billetes y monedas,
respectivamente. Con fingida
parsimonia se las metió en el
bolsillo y aún hubo de aguantar
que el empleado, con el cual su
to take his hand across the broad counter and wish him a brilliant career in after life. He was impatient of their voices and could not keep his feet at rest. But the teller still deferred the serving of others to say he was living in changed times and that there was nothing like giving a boy the best education that money could buy. Mr Dedalus lingered in the hall gazing about him and up at the roof and telling Stephen, who urged him to come out, that they were standing in the house of commons of the old Irish parliament.

—God help us! he said piously, to think of the men of those times, Stephen, Hely Hutchinson and Flood and Henry Grattan and Charles Kendal Bushe, and the noblemen we have now, leaders of the Irish people at home and abroad. Why, by God, they wouldn’t be seen dead in a ten-acre field with them. No, Stephen, old chap, I’m sorry to say that they are only as I roved out one fine May morning in the merry month of sweet July.

A keen October wind was blowing round the bank. The three figures standing at the edge of the muddy path had pinched cheeks and watery eyes. Stephen looked at his thinly clad mother and remembered that a few days before he had seen a mantle priced at twenty guineas in the windows of Barnardo’s.

—Well that’s done, said Mr Dedalus.

—We had better go to dinner, said Stephen. Where?

Un viento cortante de octubre soplaban en los alrededores del banco. Las tres personas que esperaban en el borde de la acera embarrada, tenían la cara amoratada de frío y los ojos humedecidos. Stephen observó el vestido ligero de su madre y recordó que había visto hacia algunos días en el escaparate de Barnardo un abrigo marcado con el precio de veinte guineas.

—Bueno. Ya está —dijo mister Dévalus.

—Lo mejor que podríamos hacer sería ir a comer —dijo Stephen. —¿A dónde vamos?
Dinner? said Mr Dedalus. Well, I suppose we had better, what?

—Some place that’s not too dear, said Mrs Dedalus.

—Underdone’s?

—Yes. Some quiet place.

—Come along, said Stephen quickly. It doesn’t matter about the dearness.

He walked on before them with short nervous steps, smiling. They tried to keep up with him, smiling also at his eagerness.

—Take it easy like a good young fellow, said his father. We’re hot out for the half mile, are we?

For a swift season of merrymaking the money of his prizes ran through Stephen’s fingers. Great parcels of groceries and delicacies and dried fruits arrived from the city. Every day he drew up a bill of fare for the family and every night led a party of three or four to the theatre to see Ingomar or The Lady of Lyons. In his coat pockets he carried squares of Vienna chocolate for his guests while his trousers’ pocket bulged with masses of silver and copper coins. He bought presents for everyone, overhauled his room, wrote out resolutions, marshalled his books up and down their shelves, pored upon all kinds of price lists, drew up a form of commonwealth for the household by which every member of it held some office, opened a loan bank for his family and pressed loans on willing borrowers so that he might have the pleasure of making out receipts and reckoning the interests on the sums lent. When he could do no more he drove up and down

—¿A comer? —preguntó miér Dedalus.—Bueno, puede ser lo mejor. ¿Qué os parece?

—A algún sitio que no sea muy caro —dijo miér Dedalus.

—¿A Underdone?

—Sí, A algún sitio tranquilo.

—Vid —dijo rápidamente Stephen.— No importa el precio.

Fue una corta temporada de diversiones en la cual el dinero de los premios fluyó abundante-mente de los dedos de Stephen. De las tiendas del centro llegaban grandes paquetes de comestibles, de golosinas y de frutos secos. Cada día combinaba una lista diferente de platos para la familia y todas las noches invitaba al teatro a una partida de tres o cuatro personas para ver Ingomar o La dama de Lyons. En los bolsillos de la chaqueta llevaba pastillas de chocolate para obsequiar a sus invitados y los bolsillos del pantalón le revestían de monedas de plata y cobre. Compró regalos para todo el mundo, repasó por menudo su habitación, esbozó programas de vida, cambió de sitio en los estantes todos sus libros, se desajo leyendo listas de precios de toda clase de cosas, estableció una especie de república para la casa, en la cual cada persona tenía su cargo, abrió un banco de préstamos para la familia y apremiaba a tomar cantidades a préstamo a todo el que se ofrecía a ello sólo por darse el gustazo de extender recibos y de calcular los intereses de las sumas prestadas. Cuando ya no le quedó otra cosa,
the city in trams. Then the season of pleasure came to an end. The pot of pink enamel paint gave out and the wainscot of his bedroom remained with its unfinished and ill-plastered coat.

His household returned to its usual way of life. His mother had no further occasion to upbraid [reproach] him for squandering his money. He too returned to his old life at school and all his novel enterprises fell to pieces. The commonwealth fell, the loan bank closed its coffers and its books on a sensible loss, the rules of life which he had drawn about himself fell into desuetude.

How foolish his aim had been! He had tried to build a break-water of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interest and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the waters had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

He saw clearly too his own futile isolation. He had not gone one step nearer the lives he had sought to approach nor bridged the restless shame and rancour that had divided him from mother and brother and sister. He felt that he was hardly of the one blood with them but stood to them rather in the mystical kinship of fosterage, fosterchild and fosterbrother.

He turned to appease the fierce longings of his heart before which everything else was idle and alien. He cared little that he was in mortal sin, that his life had grown to be a tissue of subterfuge and by rules of conduct and active interest and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the waters had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

He turned to appease the fierce longings of his heart before which everything else was idle and alien. He cared little that he was in mortal sin, that his life had grown to be a tissue of subterfuge and
falsehood. Beside the savage desire within him to realize the enormities which he brooded on nothing was sacred. He bore cynically with the shameful details of his secret riots in which he exulted to defile with patience whatever image had attracted his eyes. By day and by night he moved among distorted images of the outer world. A figure that had seemed to him by day demure and innocent came towards him by night through the winding darkness of sleep, her face transfigured by a lecherous cunning, her eyes bright with brutish joy. Only the morning pained him with its dim memory of dark orgiastic riot, its keen and humiliating sense of transgression.

He returned to his wanderings. The veiled autumnal evenings led him from street to street as they had led him years before along the quiet avenues of Blackrock. But no vision of trim front gardens or of kindly lights in the windows poured a tender influence upon him now. Only at times, in the pauses of his desire, when the luxury that was wasting him gave room to a softer languor, the image of Mercedes traversed the background of his memory. He saw again the small white house and the garden of rose-bushes on the road that led to the mountains and he remembered the sadly proud gesture of refusal which he was to make there, standing with her in the moonlight garden after years of estrangement and adventure. At those moments the soft speeches of Claude Melnotte rose to his lips and eased his unrest. A tender premonition touched him of the tryst he had then looked forward to and, in spite of the horrible reality which lay between his hope of and now, of the holy encounter he had then imagined at which weakness and timidity and inexperience were to subterfugios and falsedades. Nada había sagrado para el salvaje deseo de realizar las enormidades que le preocupaban. Soportaba cinicamente los pormenores de sus orgías secretas, en las cuales se complacía en profanar pacientemente cualquier imagen que hubiera atraído sus ojos. Día y noche se movía entre falsedades imágenes del mundo externo. Tal figura que durante el día le había parecido inexpressiva e inocente, se le acercaba luego por la noche entre las espirales sombrías del sueño sueño con una malicia lasciva, brillantes los ojos de goce sensual. Sólo el despertar le atormentaba con sus confusos recuerdos del orgiástico desenfreno, con el sentido agudo y humillante de la transgresión.

Y volvió a sus correrías. Los atardeceres velados del otoño le invitaban a andar de calle en calle como lo había hecho años antes por las apacibles avenidas de Blackrock. Pero faltaba ahora la visión de los jardines recortados y de las acogedoras luces de las ventanas, que hubiera podido ejercer una influencia calmante sobre él. Sólo a veces, en las pausas del deseo, cuando la lujuria que le estaba consumiendo dejaba espacio para una languidez más suave, la imagen de Mercedes atravesaba por el fondo de su memoria.

Mercedes Stephen sees herself returning, like the Count of Monte Cristo, but he sees himself, too, as Claude Melnotte, hero of the Bulwer-Lytton play, The Lady of Lyons. Part of his reaction against his poverty is the escapist wish for noble birth. Notice how the word ‘holy’ is used in the imaginary account of his meeting with his dream beloved, and how it contrasts with the actual reactions of his mind.

fall from him.

Such moments passed and the wasting fires of lust sprang up again. The verses passed from his lips and the inarticulate cries and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slimy streets peering into the gloom of lanes and doorways, listening eagerly for any sound. He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling [merodear] beast. He wanted to sin with another of his kind, to force another being to sin with him and to exult with her in sin. He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded...

He had wandered into a maze of narrow and dirty streets. From the foul laneways he heard bursts of hoarse riot and wrangling and the dwailing of drunken singers. He walked onward, dismayed, wondering whether he had strayed into the quarter of the Jews. Women and girls dressed in long vivid gowns traversed the street...
from house to house. They were leisurely and perfumed. A trembling seized him and his eyes grew dim. The yellow gas-flames arose before his troubled vision against the vapoury sky, burning as if before an altar. Before the doors and in the lighted halls groups were gathered arrayed as for some rite. He was in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries.

He stood still in the middle of the roadway, his heart clamouring against his bosom in a tumult. A young woman dressed in a long pink gown laid her hand on his arm to detain him and gazed into his face. She said gaily:

—Good night, Willie dear!

Her room was warm and lightsome. A huge doll sat with her legs apart in the copious easy-chair beside the bed. He tried to bid his tongue speak that he might seem at ease, watching her as she undid her gown, noting the proud conscious movements of her perfumed head.

As he stood silent in the middle of the room she came over to him and embraced him gaily and gravely. Her round arms held him firmly to her and he, seeing her face lifted to him in serious calm and feeling the warm calm rise and fall of her breast, all but burst into hysterical weeping. Tears of joy and relief shone in his delighted eyes and his lips parted though they would not speak.

She passed her tinkling hand through his hair, calling him a little rascal.

—Give me a kiss, she said.

—Buenas noches, rico.

[114] La habitación templada y luminosa. Una enorme muñeca estaba espatarrada sobre el amplio bután de al lado de la cama. Trató de hacer articular a su lengua algunas palabras para parecer sereno, mientras veía cómo ella se iba despojando del traje, y observaba los movimientos sabios y orgullosos de aquella cabeza perfumada.

Y ella avanzó hasta él, que permanecía en medio de la habitación, y le abrazó alegre y reposadamente. Sus brazos rodeando le ceñían contra ella; su cara se levantaba mirándole con una tranquila seriedad que él sentía tibiamente en el movimiento alterno y reposado de los pechos. Sentía la necesidad de romper en sollozos. Lágrimas de alegría y de consuelo brillaban en sus ojos extasiados y sus labios se entrelabrián para hablar; pero la voz no salía de su garganta.

She passed her hand through his hair, calling him a little rascal.

—Give me a kiss, she said.

—Dame un beso —le dijo.
His lips would not bend to kiss her. He wanted to be held firmly in her arms, to be caressed slowly, slowly. In her arms he felt that he had suddenly become strong and fearless and sure of himself. But his lips would not bend to kiss her.

With a sudden movement she bowed his head and joined her lips to his and he read the meaning of her movements in her frank uplifted eyes. It was too much for him. He closed his eyes, surrendering himself to her, body and mind, conscious of nothing in the world but the dark pressure of her softly parting lips. They pressed upon his brain as upon his lips as though they were the vehicle of a vague speech; and between them he felt an unknown and timid pressure, darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or odour.
The swift December dusk had come tumbling clownishly after its dull day and, as he stared through the dull square of the window of the schoolroom, he felt his belly crave for its food. He hoped there would be stew for dinner, turnips and carrots and bruised potatoes and fat mutton pieces to be ladled out in thick peppered flour-fattened sauce. Stuff it into you, his belly counselled him.

It would be a gloomy secret night. After early nightfall the yellow lamps would light up, here and there, the squalid quarter of the brothels. He would follow a devious course up and down the streets, circling always nearer and nearer in a tremor of fear and joy, until his feet led him suddenly round a dark corner. The whores would be just coming out of their houses making ready for the night, yawning lazily after their sleep and settling the hairpins in their clusters of hair. He would pass by them calmly waiting for a sudden movement of his own will or a sudden call to his sin-loving soul from their soft perfumed flesh. Yet as he prodded in quest of that call, his senses, stultified only by his desire, would note keenly all that wounded or shamed them; his eyes, a ring of porter froth on a clothless table or a photograph of two soldiers standing to attention or a gaudy playbook; his ears, the drawing jargon of greeting:

—Hello, Bertie, any good in your mind?

—Hola, Bertie, ¿qué?, ¿vienes?

—Is that you, pigeon?

—¿Eres tú, pichón?

—Number ten. Fresh Nelly

—En el número diez. Nelly la
is waiting on you.

—Good night, husband! Coming in to have a short time?

The equation on the page of his scribbler began to
spread out a widening tail, 
eyed and starred like a peacock’s; and, when the
eyes and stars of its indices
had been eliminated, began
slowly to fold itself together
again. The indices appearing
and disappearing were eyes
opening and closing; the eyes
opening and closing were
stars being born and being
quenched. The vast cycle of
starry life bore his weary
mind outward to its verge
and inward to its centre, a
distant music accompanying
him outward and inward.

What music? The music
came nearer and he recalled
the words, the words of
Shelley’s fragment upon the
moon wandering
compioness, pale for
weariness. The stars began
to crumble and a cloud of
fine stardust fell through
space.

The dull light fell more
faintly upon the page whereon
another equation began to
unfold itself slowly and to
spread abroad its widening
tail. It was his own soul going
forth to experience, unfolding
itself sin by sin, spreading
abroad the bale-fire of its
burning stars and folding back
upon itself, fading slowly,
quenching its own lights and
fires. They were quenched:
and the cold darkness filled
chaos.

A cold lucid indifference
reigned in his soul. At his first
violent sin he had felt a wave
of vitality pass out of him and
had feared to find his body or
his soul maimed by the excess.
Instead the vital wave had
carried him on its bosom out
of himself and back again when
it receded: and no part of body

• His scribbler his notebook.

1. Shelley’s fragment . . . weariness: see Chapter II,
   note 73.
   • Shelley’s fragment the reference is to Shelley’s
     unfinished poem «To the Moon».

Frescachona te está esperando.

—Buenas noches, maridito. ¿Qué, entran un
rato?

La ecuación en la página de
su borrador comenzó a desarro-
llar una cola cada vez más
ancha, llena de ojos y estrellada
como la rueda de un pavo real.
Y según iba eliminando los
exponeentes volvia a recogerse y
developarse espacioso. Los expo-
ponentes aparecían y desaparecían
según los ojos se iban abriendo
o cerrando. Y los ojos al abrirse
y al cerrarse eran estrellas que
nacían o se apagaban. Este vast-
to ciclo de vida estrellada trans-
portaba su imaginación, hacia
afuera, hasta su limite, y, hacia
el interior, hasta su centro,
mientras una música distante
acompañaba tal flujo y refluo.

Pero, ¿qué música? La música se
fue aproximando y logró evocar
las palabras, aquellas palabras
del fragmento de Shelley en que
habla de la luna errante, sin
compañía, pálida de hastío. Las
estrellas comenzaron a
desmenuzarse y una nube de
fino polvo estelar cayó por el
espacio.

La luz tristona se hacía aún
débil sobre la página don-
de una nueva ecuación había
comenzado a desarrollarse, am-
plificando progresivamente su
ancha cola: era su propia alma
que salía a la ventana, desarro-
lándose pecado tras pecado,
amplificando la luminaria de
sus ardientes estrellas, para reple-
garse de nuevo y desvanecerse
lentamente, apagadas sus luces
y sus llamas. Se había apagado.
Y la oscuridad fría llenaba el
caos.
or soul had been maimed but a dark peace had been established between them. The chaos in which his ardour extinguished itself was a cold indifferent knowledge of himself. He had **sinned mortally** not once but many times and he knew that, while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied his guilt and his punishment. His days and works and thoughts could make no atonement for him, the fountains of sanctifying grace having ceased to refresh his soul. At most, by an alms given to a beggar whose blessing he fled from, he might hope warily to win for himself some measure of actual grace.

**Devotion** had gone by the board. What did it **avail** to pray when he knew that his soul was blighted after its own destruction? A certain pride, a certain awe, withheld him from offering to God even one prayer at night, though he knew it was in God’s power to take away his life while he slept and hurl his soul hellward ere he could beg for mercy. His pride in his own sin, his loveless awe of God, told him that his offence was too grievous to be atoned for in whole or in part by a false homage to the All-seeing and All-knowing.

—Well now, Ennis, I declare you have a head and so has my stick! Do you mean to say that you are not able to tell me what a **surd** is?

The blundering answer stirred the embers of his contempt of his fellows. Towards others he felt neither shame nor fear. On Sunday mornings as he passed the church door he glanced coldly at the worshippers who stood **bareheaded**, **four deep**, outside the church, morally present at the mass which they could neither see nor hear.

La disparatada respuesta reavivó el resoldo de su desprecio hacia sus compañeros. Para con los otros no sentía ni vergüenza ni temor. Los domingos por la mañana, al pasar por la puerta de la iglesia, echaba una mirada llena de frialdad a los devotos que **destocados**, de cuatro en fondo, estaban a la parte de fuera asistiendo espiritualmente a la misa que no podían ni ver ni oír.
4. La soledad de la Virgen María: una soledad que se conforma con ser el lugar donde están reunidos los hombres para el cumplimiento de un plan, cada uno, y en todos, bajo la protección del nombre de María. La soledad es la verdadera huella de su papel, el que la hace dedicada a la ingenuidad,

5. Emblemas de la soledad: los emblemas son símbolos de la realidad de su linaje real; las siguientes son:

6. Emblemas 

On Saturday mornings when the sodality met in the chapel to recite the little office his place was a cushioned kneeling-desk at the right of the altar from which he led his wing of boys through the responses. The falsehood of his position did not pain him. If at moments he felt an impulse to rise from his post of honour and, confessing before them all his unworthiness, to leave the chapel, a glance at their faces restrained him. The imagery of the psalms of prophecy soothed his barren pride. The glories of Mary held his soul captive: spikenard and myrrh and frankincense, symbolizing her royal lineage, her emblems, the late-flowering plant and late-blossoming tree, symbolizing the age-long gradual growth of her cultus among men. When it fell to him to read the lesson towards the close of the office he read it in a veiled voice, lulling his conscience to its music.

De la pared de su alcoba pendía un pergaminillo iluminado, el diploma de prefecto de la congregación de la Santísima Virgen María que había en el colegio. Los domingos por la mañana, cuando la congregación se reunía en la capilla para rezar el oficio pareo, su sitio era un reclinatorio acojinado, a la derecha del altar, desde el cual dirigía las respuestas de los congregantes de su ala. La falsedad de su posición no le apesadumbraba. En algunos momentos sentía impulsos de levantarse de su sitio de honor y abandonar la capilla tras haber confesado su indignidad, pero una sola mirada a las caras de sus compañeros le detenía. Las metáforas de los salmos proféticos amansaban su estéril orgullo. Las glorias de María mantenían su alma cautiva: nardo, mirra e incienso simbolizaban su real linaje; sus emblemas, la planta y el árbol de serondo florecer, simbolizaban el gradual crecimiento de su culto entre los hombres a través de las edades. Cuando le tocaba leer la lección al fin del oficio, leía con una voz velada, acunándose la conciencia con su música.
Joyce's Portrait  
tr. de Dámaso Alonso

His sin, which had covered him from the sight of God, had led him nearer to the refuge of sinners. Her eyes seemed to regard him with mild pity; her holiness, a strange light glowing faintly upon her frail flesh, did not humiliate the sinner who approached her. If ever he was impelled to cast sin from him and to repent the impulse that moved him was the wish to be her knight. If ever his soul, re-entering her dwelling shily after the frenzy of his body's lust had spent itself, was turned towards her whose emblem is the morning star, bright and musical, telling of heaven and infusing peace, it was when her names were murmured softly by lips whereon there still lingered foul and shameful words, the savour itself of a lewd kiss.

That was strange. He tried to think how it could be. But the dusk, deepening in the schoolroom, covered over his thoughts. The bell rang. The master marked the sums and cuts to be done for the next lesson and went out. Heron, beside Stephen, began to hum tunelessly.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND BOMBADOS.

Ennis, who had gone to the yard, came back, saying:

—The boy from the house is coming up for the rector.

A tall boy behind Stephen rubbed his hands and said:

—That's game ball. We can scut the whole hour. He won't be in till after half two. Then you can ask him questions on the catechism, Dedalus.

Su pecado le había apartado de la vista de Dios, pero le había conducido más cerca del refugio de los pecadores. Los ojos de la Virgen parecían mirarle con una benigna piedad. Su santidad, como una extraña luz que brillara vagamente sobre su carne delicada, no humillaba al pecador que se acercaba [119] a ella. Si alguna vez se sentía impelido a arrojar de sí el pecado y a arrepentirse, el impulso que le movía era el de ser su caballero. Si alguna vez su alma volvía a entrar en la propia morada, apagado ya el frenesi del deseo carnal, y se volvía a aquella cuyo emblema es el lucero de la mañana, ese lucero brillante y musical que nos habla del cielo y paz infunde, era cuando los nombres de ella eran murmurados suavemente por aquellos labios donde todavía había un eco de puer cas y vergonzosas palabras, tal vez el sabor de un beso lascivo.

Era extraño. Trataba de explicarse cómo podía ser. Pero el crepúsculo, que se hacía cada vez más denso en la clase, le ocultaba sus propios pensamientos. Sonó la campana. El profesor señaló los problemas y los gráficos que tenían que preparar para el próximo día y salió. Al lado de Stephen, Heron comenzó a cantar desafinadamente:

Mi excelente amigo Bombados.

Ennis, que había ido al patio, volvió diciendo:

—El recadero de la residencia viene a buscar al rector.

Un muchacho alto que estaba detrás de Stephen se frótó las manos y dijo:

—¡Estupendo! Entonces podemos hacer lo que nos dé la gana toda la hora. Seguramente no vuelve hasta después de las dos y media. Y entonces le puedes preguntar dudas de catecismo, tú, Débalus.
The sentence of Saint James The paraphrase refers to the General Epistle of James 2, 10: ‘Whoever keeps the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.

Stephen, leaning back and drawing idly on his scribbler, listened to the talk about him which Heron checked from time to time by saying:

—Shut up, will you. Don’t make such a bally racket!

It was strange too that he found an arid pleasure in following up to the end the rigid lines of the doctrines of the church and penetrating into obscure silences only to hear and feel the more deeply his own condemnation. The sentence of Saint James which says that he who offends against one commandment becomes guilty of all, had seemed to him first a swollen phrase until he had begun to grope in the darkness of his own state. From the evil seed of lust all other deadly sins had sprung forth: pride in himself and contempt of others, covetousness. In using money for the purchase of unlawful pleasures, envy of those whose vices he could not reach to and calamitous murmuring against the pious, glutonous enjoyment of food, the dull glowering anger amid which he brooded upon his longing, the swamp of spiritual and bodily sloth in which his whole being had sunk.

As he sat in his bench gazing calmly at the rector’s shrewd harsh face, his mind wound itself in and out of the curious questions proposed to it. If a man had stolen a pound in his youth and had used that pound to amass a huge fortune how much was he obliged to give back, the pound he had stolen only or the pound together with the compound interest accruing upon it or all his huge fortune? If a layman in giving baptism pour the water before saying the words is the child baptized? Is baptism with a mineral water compound 1 a mixture of two or more things, qualities, etc. 2 (also compound word) a word made up of two or more existing words. 3 Chem. a substance formed from two or more elements chemically united in fixed proportions. 4 a made up of several ingredients. b consisting of several parts. 2 combined; collective. 3 Zool. consisting of individual organisms. 4 Biol. consisting of several or many parts.

Era extraño cómo encontraba un árido placer en seguir hasta su término líneas de doctrina católica y en penetrar hasta los puntos más oscuros sólo por oír y sentir más profundamente su propia condenación. Aquella sentencia [120] de la Epístola del apóstol Santiago, según la cual el que infringe un mandamiento se hace reo de todos, le había parecido antes ser una frase vacía y sólo la había llegado a comprender ahora al tantar en la oscuridad de su propia situación. De la mala semilla del placer habían brotado todos los otros pecados mortales: orgullo de sí mismo y desprecio de los demás, codicia de dinero para procurarse placeres vedados, envidia de aquellos cuyos vicios no podía alcanzar, goce glotón de la comida, aquella cólera sombría y calenturienta entre la cual fermentaba el deseo, el pantano de pereza espiritual y corporal en el que todo su ser se había hundido.

Stephen estaba recostado hacia atrás y dibujaba indolentemente en el borrador escuchando la charla de los otros, que Heron se encargaba de moderar de vez en cuando, diciendo:

—Calla la boca, si os da la gana. No arméis ese condena- do jaleo.
How comes it that while the first beatitude promises the kingdom of heaven to the poor of heart the second beatitude promises also to the meek that they shall possess the land?

Why was the sacrament of the eucharist instituted under the two species of bread and wine if Jesus Christ be present body and blood, soul and divinity, in the bread alone and in the wine alone? Does a tiny particle of the consecrated bread contain all the body and blood of Jesus Christ or a part only of the body and blood? If the wine change into vinegar and the host crumble into corruption after they have been consecrated, is Jesus Christ still present under their species as God and as man?

—Here he is! Here he is!

A boy from his post at the window had seen the rector come from the house. All the catechisms were opened and all heads bent upon them silently. The rector entered and took his seat on the dais. A gentle kick from the tall boy in the bench behind urged Stephen to ask a difficult question.

The rector did not ask for a catechism to hear the lesson from. He clasped his hands on the desk and said:

—The retreat will begin on Wednesday afternoon in honour of saint Francis Xavier whose feast day is Saturday. The retreat will go on from Wednesday to Friday. On Friday confession will be heard all the afternoon after beads. If any boys have special confessors perhaps it will be better for them not to change. Mass will be on Saturday morning at nine o’clock and general communion for the whole college. Saturday will be a free day. But Saturday and Sunday being free days

¿Cómo puede ser que mientras la primera bienaventuranza promete el reino de los cielos a los pobres de corazón, la segunda promete a los mansos la posesión de la tierra?

¿Por qué fue el sacramento de la eucaristía instituido bajo las especies de pan y vino, siendo así que Jesucristo está presente en cuerpo y sangre, alma y divinidad en el pan solo y en el vino solo? ¿Contiene una pequeña partícula del pan consagrado todo el cuerpo y la sangre de Jesucristo, o sólo una parte de ellos? Si el vino se agria y la hostia se corrompe y se desmenuza, ¿continúa Jesucristo estando presente bajo las especies como Dios y como hombre?

—¡Que viene! ¡Que viene!

Un chico apostado a la ventana había visto que el rector salía de la residencia. Todos los catecismos se abrieron; todas las cabezas se inclinaron sobre ellos silenciosamente. El rector entró y ocupó su asiento sobre la tarima. Un suave puntapié del chico alto que estaba sentado en el banco de detrás de Stephen urgió a éste para que propusiera alguna cuestión muy difícil.

Pero el rector no pidió un catecismo para preguntar por él la lección, sino que unió las manos sobre el pupitre y dijo:

—El miércoles por la noche comenzará el retiro en honor de San Francisco Xavier, cuya festividad se celebra el sábado. El retiro durará desde el miércoles hasta el viernes. El viernes por la tarde, después del rosario, habrá confesiones generales. Si algunos alumnos tienen ya su confesor especial, tal vez será lo mejor que no cambien. El sábado, a las nueve de la mañana habrá misa de comunión general para todo el colegio. El sábado será día de vacación. Pero como el sábado y el domingo son días de vacación; puede ser que haya algu-
some boys might be inclined to think that Monday is a free day also. Beware of making that mistake. I think you, Lawless, are likely to make that mistake.

—I sir? Why, sir?

A little wave of quiet mirth broke forth over the class of boys from the rector’s grim smile. Stephen’s heart began slowly to fold and fade with fear like a withering flower.

The rector went on gravely:

—You are all familiar with the story of the life of saint Francis Xavier, I suppose, the patron of your college. He came of an old and illustrious Spanish family and you remember that he was one of the first followers of saint Ignatius. They met in Paris where Francis Xavier was professor of philosophy at the university. This young and brilliant nobleman and man of letters entered heart and soul into the ideas of our glorious founder and you know that he, at his own desire, was sent by saint Ignatius to preach to the Indians. He is called, as you know, the apostle of the Indies. He went from country to country in the east, from Africa to India, from India to Japan, baptizing the people. He is said to have baptized as many as ten thousand idolaters in one month. It is said that his right arm had grown powerless from having been raised so often over the heads of those whom he baptized. He wished then to go to China to win still more souls for God but he died of fever on the island of Sancian. A great saint, saint Francis Xavier! A great soldier of God!

The rector paused and then, shaking his clasped hands before him, went on:

—¿Yo, señor? ¿Por qué, señor?

Una oleada de contenida hilaridad salió de la sonrisa severa del rector y se propagó por la clase. El corazón de Stephen comenzó a replegarse y a marchitarse como una flor en agonía.

El rector prosiguió gravemente:

—Os supongo a todos familiarizados con la vida de San Francisco Xavier, patrón de nuestro colegio. Procedía de una antigua e ilustre familia española y recordaréis que fue uno de los primeros seguidores de San Ignacio. Se encontraron en París, donde Francisco Xavier era profesor de Filosofía en la Universidad. Xavier, joven, brillante, noble y hombre [122] de letras, se penetró en cuerpo y alma de las ideas de nuestro glorioso fundador y, como sabéis, a petición propia fue enviado por San Ignacio a predicar a los indios. Se le llama, como recordaréis, el Apóstol de las Indias. Recorrió todo el oriente, bautizando a las multitudes, de territorio en territorio, desde África hasta la India, desde la India hasta el Japón. Se dice que llegó a bautizar hasta diez mil idólatras en un mes y que su brazo derecho se le quedó paralítico de haberse alzado tantas veces sobre las cabezas de aquellos a quienes administraba el bautismo. Después se propuso entrar en China para ganar todavía más almas para Dios, pero murió de fiebres en la isla de Sancian. ¡Qué gran santo San Francisco Xavier! ¡Qué gran soldado de Dios!

El rector hizo una pausa y luego, sacudiendo delante de sí las manos unidas, continuó:
A great fisher of souls!

The simoom

Ecclesiastes... fortieth verse:

He ceased to shake his clasped hands and, resting them against his forehead, looked right and left of them keenly at his listeners out of his dark stern eyes.

In the silence their dark fire kindled the dusk into a tawny [brownish] glow. Stephen’s heart had withered up like a flower of the desert that feels the simoom coming from afar.

—He had the faith in him that moves mountains. Ten thousand souls won for God in a single month! That is a true conqueror, true to the motto of our order: AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM! A saint who has great power in heaven, remember: power to intercede for us in our grief; power to obtain whatever we pray for if it be for the good of our souls; power above all to obtain for us the grace to repent if we be in sin. A great saint, saint Francis Xavier! A great Fisher of souls!

—from Joyce’s Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Stephen sat in the front bench of the chapel. Father Arnall sat at a table to the left of the altar. He wore about his shoulders a heavy cloak; his pale face was drawn and his voice broken with rheum. The figure of his old master, so strangely rearisen, brought back to Stephen’s mind his life at Clongowes: the wide playgrounds, swarming with boys; the

18. A great fisher of souls: the phrase is adapted from the words of Jesus in Matthew 4:19, ‘fishers of men’. The potted history of St Francis Xavier (1506-52), the second-in-command to the founder of the Jesuit order, St Ignatius Loyola (11491-1556), is traditional and true in its main features.

19. Ecclesiastes ... fortieth verse: In fact, it is Ecclesiasticus 7:40 (Douay). The reference is to Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha.

20. Había cesado de agitar sus manos unidas y, descansándolas sobre la frente, lanzaba agudas miradas a su auditorio, miradas que salían de sus ojos sombríos y severos, salvando, ora por la derecha y ora por la izquierda, la pantalla de las manos.

21. Y en el silencio, la combustión sombría de aquellos ojos encendía el crepúsculo en una lumbrarada amarillenta. El corazón de Stephen se había marchitado como una flor del desierto al sentir en la lejanía los presagios del simún.

22. —Poseía la fe que mueve las montañas. ¡Diez mil almas ganadas para Dios en sólo un mes! ¡Éste sí que era un verdadero conquistador, fiel al lema de nuestra Orden, ad majorem Dei gloriam! Acordaos de que es un santo que tiene gran poder en el cielo: poder para interceder por nosotros en nuestras tribulaciones, siempre que sea para bien de nuestra alma; poder para obtenernos la gracia del arrepentimiento si hemos caído en el pecado. ¡Qué gran santo, San Francisco Xavier! ¡Qué gran pescador de almas!

23. —Acuérdate tan sólo de tus postrimerías y no pe

24. Stephen estaba sentado en el primer banco de la capilla. El Padre Arnall lo estaba ante una mesa a la derecha del altar. Tenía echado sobre los hombros un pesado manto, la cara pálida y consumida, y una voz cascada de reumático. La figura tan extrañamente cambiada de su profesor, trajo a la mente de Stephen las escenas de su vida anterior en Clongowes: los anchos campos de juego, hormigueantes de muchachos;
—We are assembled here today, my dear little brothers in Christ, for one brief moment far away from the busy bustle of the outer world to celebrate and to honour one of the greatest of saints, the apostle of the Indies, the patron saint also of your college, saint Francis Xavier. Year after year, for much longer than any of you, my dear little boys, can remember or than I can remember, the boys of this college have met in this very chapel to make their annual retreat before the feast day of their patron saint. Time has gone on and brought with it its changes. Even in the last few years what changes can most of you not remember? Many of the boys who sat in those front benches a few years ago are perhaps now in distant lands, in the burning tropics, or immersed in professional duties or in seminaries, or voyaging over the vast expanse of the deep or, it may be, already called by the great God to another life and to the rendering up of their stewardship. And still as the years roll by, bringing with them changes for good and bad, the memory of the great saint is honoured by the boys of this college who make every year their annual retreat on the days preceding the feast day set apart by our Holy Mother the Church to transmit to all the ages the name and fame of one of the greatest sons of catholic Spain.

—Nos hemos congregado hoy aquí, mis queridos hermanitos en Cristo, apartados por un breve momento del barullo afanos del mundo exterior, para celebrar y honrar a uno de los más grandes santos, al apóstol de las Indias, santo patrono también de vuestro colegio, a San Francisco Xavier. Año tras año, durante mucho más tiempo que lo que cualquiera de vosotros o yo mismo podemos recordar, se han reunido los alumnos de este colegio en esta misma capilla, para hacer el retiro anual antes de la fiesta de su santo patrono. Ha ido pasando el tiempo e introduciendo nuevos cambios. Aun en los últimos años, ¿cuántos cambios no podéis recordar muchos de vosotros? Muchos de los jóvenes que hace pocos años se sentaban en esos mismos bancos, están ahora quizás en tierras lejanas, o sumergidos ya en deberes profesionales, o en seminarios, o bien viajando sobre la vasta extensión de los abismos del mar, o tal vez, llamados ya a la otra vida por el gran Dios, para rendir cuentas de su conducta [124] terrestre.

Y sin embargo, conforme los años van rodando, trayendo consigo sus cambios, lo mismo para bien que para mal, invariablemente la memoria de este gran santo se ve honrada por los alumnos de este colegio, cada año una vez, en los días de retiro que preceden a la festividad establecida por nuestra Santa Madre la Iglesia, para transmitir a todas las edades el nombre y la fama de uno de los más grandes hijos de la católica España.

—Pero veamos ahora cuál es el significado de esta palabra,
RETREAT and why is it allowed on all hands to be a most salutary practice for all who desire to lead before God and in the eyes of men a truly christian life? A retreat, my dear boys, signifies a withdrawal for awhile from the cares of our life, the cares of this workaday world, in order to examine the state of our conscience, to reflect on the mysteries of holy religion and to understand better why we are here in this world. During these few days I intend to put before you some thoughts concerning the four last things. They are, as you know from your catechism, death, judgement, hell, and heaven. We shall try to understand them fully during these few days so that we may derive from the understanding of them a lasting benefit to our souls. And remember, my dear boys, that we have been sent into this world for one thing and for one thing alone: to do God’s holy will and to save our immortal souls. All else is worthless. One thing alone is needful, the salvation of one’s soul. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his immortal soul? Ah, my dear boys, believe me there is nothing in this wretched world that can make up for such a loss.

—I will ask you, therefore, my dear boys, to put away from your minds during these few days all worldly thoughts, whether of study or pleasure or ambition, and to give all your attention to the state of your souls. I need hardly remind you that during the days of the retreat all boys are expected to preserve a quiet and pious demeanour and to shun all loud unseemly pleasure. The elder boys, of course, will see that this custom is not

Os voy a rogar, por tanto, queridos jóvenes, que apartéis de vuestra imaginación durante estos pocos días todo pensamiento mundano, ya sea de estudios o de placer o de ambición, y que prestéis toda vuestra atención al estado de vuestra propia alma. Casi no necesito advertiros que durante estos días de retiro debéis todos observar una conducta compuesta y piadosa y evitar todo recreo ruidoso o inconveniente. Los mayores, desde luego, cuidarán de que no se infrinja

unsuitable, unbecoming, indecent, untoward, improper, indecoroso
infringed and I look especially
to the prefects and officers of the
sodality of Our Blessed
Lady and of the sodality of the
holy angels to set a good
example to their fellow-
students.

—Let us try, therefore, to
make this retreat in honour of
saint Francis with our whole
heart and our whole mind.
God’s blessing will then be
upon all your year’s studies.
But, above and beyond all, let
this retreat be one to which you
can look back in after years
when maybe you are far from
this college and among very
different surroundings, to
which you can look back with
joy and thankfulness and give
thanks to God for having
granted you this occasion of
laying the first foundation of a
pious honourable zealous
christian life. And if, as may so
happen, there be at this
moment in these benches any
poor soul who has had the
unutterable misfortune to lose
God’s holy grace and to fall
into grievous sin, I fervently
trust and pray that this retreat
may be the turning point in the
life of that soul. I pray to God
through the merits of His
zealous servant Francis Xavier,
that such a soul may be led to
sincere repentance and that the
holy communion on saint
Francis’s day of this year may
be a lasting covenant between
God and that soul. For just and
unjust, for saint and sinner
alike, may this retreat be a
memorable one.

—Help me, my dear little
brothers in Christ. Help me by
your pious attention, by your
own devotion, by your
outward demeanour. Banish
from your minds all worldly
thoughts and think only of the
last things, death, judgement,
hell, and heaven. He who
remembers these things, says
Ecclesiastes, shall not sin for
ever. He who remembers the
last things will act and think
with them always before his

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

»Procuremos, por tanto, ha-
cer este retiro en honor de San
Francisco con todo nuestro corre-
zón y nuestra mente. Si así lo
hacéis, la bendición de Dios cae-
rá sobre vuestros estudios. Pero,
antes que nada y por encima de
todo, haced que este retiro sea tal
que podáis volver los ojos hacia
él en años venideros, cuando es-
téis tal vez lejos de este colegio
y en otros alrededores muy dis-
tintos; que sea tal que podáis vol-
ver los ojos a él con alegría y re-
conocimiento y dar gracias a
Dios por haberos concedido esta
ocasión de echar los primeros
cimientos de una vida piadosa y
honrada, celosa y cristiana. Y si,
como pudiera ocurrir, hay ahora
en esos bancos alguna pobre
alma que ha tenido la inexpresa-
ble desdicha de perder la santa
gracia de Dios y caer en pecado
mortal, yo confío fervientemente
y pido a Dios que este retiro sea
para ella el punto de regreso a
una nueva vida. Y le ruego a
Dios, por los méritos de su celo-
so siervo Francisco Xavier, que
tal alma pueda ser llevada a un
sincero arrepentimiento y que la
santa comunión en el día de San
Francisco de este año, sirva de
perpetua alianza entre ella y Dios.
Y que este retiro sea de grata me-
memoria, para el justo como para el
injusto, para el santo lo mismo
que para el pecador.

»Ayudadme, queridos her-
manitos en Cristo, ayudadme
con vuestra piadosa atención,
con vuestra devoción, con vue-
stra conducta externa. Desterrad
de vuestra imaginación todo
pensamiento mundano y pensad
sólo en vuestras [126] postrime-
rias: muerte, juicio, infierno y
gloria. Aquel que las recuerde,
dice el Eclesiastés, no pecará
jamás. Aquel que se acuerde de
sus postrimerías obrará y pen-
sará siempre con ellas delante
eyes. He will live a good life and die a good death, believing and knowing that, if he has sacrificed much in this earthly life, it will be given to him a hundredfold and a thousandfold more in the life to come, in the kingdom without end—a blessing, my dear boys, which I wish you from my heart, one and all, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

As he walked home with silent companions, a thick fog seemed to compass his mind. He waited in stupor of mind till it should lift and reveal what it had hidden. He ate his dinner with surly appetite and when the meal was over and the grease-strewn plates lay abandoned on the table, he rose and went to the window, clearing the thick scum from his mouth with his tongue and licking it from his lips. So he had sunk to the state of a beast that licks his chaps after meat. This was the end; and a faint glimmer of fear began to pierce the fog of his mind. He pressed his face against the pane of the window and gazed out into the darkening street. Forms passed this way and that through the dull light. And that was life. The letters of the name of Dublin lay heavily upon his mind, pushing one another surlily hither and thither with slow pushing one another surlily heavily upon his mind, and when the meal was over and the platos grasientos abandonados sobre la mesa, se levantó y fue hacia la ventana, limpiándose con la lengua la boca de los residuos de la comida y lamiéndose los labios para quitar la grasa de ellos. Hasta aquel estado había ido a dar, hasta aquel estado de bestia que se relame de la carnaza. Era lo último. Y una tenue vislumbre de terror comenzó a atravesar la niebla de su espíritu. Oprimió su rostro contra el cristal de la ventana y atisbó la calle, donde estaba oscureciendo. Vagás formas pasaban aquí y allá a través de la luz triste. Y aquello era la vida. Las letras del nombre de Dublín las tenía grabadas en su cerebro, y allí se entrehocaban furiosamente de un lado a otro con una insistencia ruda y monótona. Su alma se estaba tumefactando y cuajándose en una masa sangrienta que se iba hundiendo llena de oscuro terror en un cristal obscuro, y la sombra, mientras tanto, aquel cuerpo suyo, laxo y deshonrado, buscaba con ojos torpes, huérfano, humano y conturbado, un Dios bovino en quien poder fijar la mirada.

El día siguiente aportó consigo muerte y juicios y con ellos el despertar del alma de Stephen de su inerte desesperación. [127] La vaga vislumbre de miedo se con-

Joyce's Portrait

tr. de Dámaso Alonso
a terror of spirit as the hoarse voice of the preacher blew death into his soul. He suffered its agony. He felt the death chill touch the extremities and creep onward towards the heart, the film of death veiling the eyes, the bright centres of the brain extinguished one by one like lamps, the last sweat oozing upon the skin, the powerlessness of the dying limbs, the speech thickening and wandering and failing, the heart throbbing faintly and more faintly, all but vanquished, the breath, the poor breath, the poor helpless human spirit, sobbing and sighing, gurgling and rattling in the throat. No help! No help! He—he himself—his body to which he had yielded was dying. Into the grave with it. Nail it down into a wooden box the corpse. Carry it out of the house on the shoulders of hirelings. Thrust it out of men's sight into a long hole in the ground, into the grave, to rot, to feed the mass of its creeping worms and to be devoured by scuttling plump-bellied rats.

And while the friends were still standing in tears by the bedside the soul of the sinner was judged. At the last moment of consciousness the whole earthly life passed before the vision of the soul and, ere it had time to reflect, the body had died and the soul stood terrified before the judgement seat. God, who had long been merciful, would then be just. He had long been patient, pleading with the sinful soul, giving it time to repent, sparing it yet awhile. But that time had gone. Time to sin and to enjoy, time was to scoff at God and at the warnings of His holy church, time was to defy His majesty, to disobey His commands, to hoodwink one’s fellow men, to commit sin after sin and to virtió ahora en espanto cuando la voz ronca del predicador fue introduciendo la idea de la muerte en su alma. Sufrió todas las miserias de la agonía. Sintió el escalofrío de la muerte que se apoderaba de sus extremidades y se deslizaba hacia el corazón; el vélo de la muerte que le velaba los ojos; cómo se iban apagando cual lámparas los centros animados de su cerebro; el postrer sudor que rezumaba de la piel; la impotencia de los miembros moribundos; la palabra que se iba haciendo torpe e indecisa, extingüéndose poco a poco; el palpitar del corazón, cada vez más tenue, casi rendido ya, y el soplo, el pobre soplo vital, el triste e inerte espíritu humano, sollozante y suspirante, en un ronquido, en un estertor, allá en la garganta. ¡No hay salvación! ¡No hay salvación! Él —él mismo—, aquel cuerpo al cual se había entregado en vida, era quien moría. ¡A la sepultura con él! ¡A clavetear bien ese cadáver en una caja de madera! ¡A sacarlo de la casa a hombros de mercenarios! ¡Que lo arrojen fuera de la vista de los hombres en un hoyo largo, a pudrirse, a servir de pasto a una masa bullidora de gusanos, a ser devorado por las ratas de remos ágiles y fofo bandullo!

Y mientras los amigos se deshacían todavía en lágrimas a la cabecera del lecho, el alma era juzgada. En el último momento consciente, toda la vida terrena había desfilado ante la vista del alma y, antes de que pudiera reflexionar, el cuerpo había muerto y el alma estaba en pie, aterrada, delante de su tribunal. Dios, que había sido clemente tanto tiempo, iba a ser justo ahora. Había sido paciente largo tiempo, tratando de persuadir al alma pecadora, dándole tiempo para arrepentirse, dándole un plazo más todavía. Pero aquel tiempo había pasado. Había habido tiempo para pecar y recrearse, tiempo para hacer befa de Dios y de las advertencias de su santa Iglesia, tiempo para desafiar su majestad, para desobedecer sus mandamientos, para engañar al próximo, para cometer un
hide one’s corruption from the sight of men. But that time was over. Now it was God’s turn: and He was not to be hoodwinked or deceived. Every sin would then come forth from its lurking place, the most rebellious against the divine will and the most degrading to our poor corrupt nature, the tiniest imperfection and the most heinous atrocity. What did it avail then to have been a great emperor, a great general, a marvellous inventor, the most learned of the learned? All were as one before the judgement seat of God. He would reward the good and punish the wicked. One single instant was enough for the trial of a man’s soul. One single instant after the body’s death, the soul had been weighed in the balance. The particular judgement was over and the soul had passed to the abode of bliss or to the prison of purgatory or had been hurled howling into hell.

Nor was that all. God’s justice had still to be vindicated before men: after the particular there still remained the general judgement. The last day had come. The doomsday was at hand. The stars of heaven were falling upon the earth like the figs cast by the fig-tree which the wind has shaken. The sun, the great luminary of the universe, had become as sackcloth of hair*. The moon was blood-red. The firmament was as a scroll rolled away. The archangel Michael, the prince of the heavenly host, appeared glorious and terrible against the sky. With one foot on the sea and one foot on the land he blew from the archangelical trumpet the brazen death of time. The three blasts of the angel filled all the universe. Time is, time was, but time shall be no more. At the last blast the souls of universal humanity throng towards the valley of pecado tras otro pecado y ocul- tar a los ojos [128] de los hom- bres la propia corrupción. Pero aquel tiempo había pasado. Ahora era la vez de Dios, y a Él no se le iba a engañar. Cada pecado había de salir de su escondrijo, el más rebelde contra la divina voluntad y el más degradante para nuestra pobre y corrompida naturaleza, la más leve imperfección lo mismo que el más nefando delito. ¿De qué servía entonces haber sido un gran emperador, un gran general, un maravilloso inventor, o el más sabio entre los sabios? Todos eran lo mismo ante el tribunal de Dios. Y Él había de premiar al bueno y castigar al malvado. Un solo instante bastaba para el juicio del alma de un hombre. Un solo instante después de la muerte del cuerpo, el alma había sido ya pesada en la balanza. El juicio particular estaba terminado, y el alma había pasado a la mansión de bienaventuranza, o a la cárcel del purgatorio, o había sido arrojada, dando aullidos, al infierno.

Pero esto no era todo. La justicia de Dios tenía que ser todavía vindicada ante los hombres. Tras el juicio particular quedaba aún el juicio universal. El último día había llegado. El juicio final se acercaba. Las estrellas del cielo caían sobre la tierra como los higos arrancados de la higuera que el huracán agita. El sol, la gran luminaria del universo, se había convertido en un saco de ecolíco. __________

El arcángel San Miguel, el príncipe de la milicia celestial, aparecía glorioso y terrible sobre el cielo. Con un pie sobre el mar y el otro sobre la tierra, anunciaba con su trompeta arcángelica la consumación de los tiempos. Los tres toques del arcángel llenaban el universo. Tiempo hay, tiempo hubo, pero no lo habrá ya. Al último toque, las almas de la universal humanidad se aglo- meran hacia el valle de
Jehoshaphat, rich and poor, gentle and simple, wise and foolish, good and wicked. The soul of every human being that has ever existed, the souls of all those who shall yet be born, all the sons and daughters of Adam, all are assembled on that supreme day. And lo, the supreme judge is coming! No longer the lowly Lamb of God, no longer the meek Jesus of Nazareth, no longer the Man of Sorrows, no longer the Good Shepherd, He is seen now coming upon the clouds, in great power and majesty, attended by nine choirs of angels, angels and archangels, principalities, powers and virtues, thrones and dominations, cherubim and seraphim, God Omnipotent, God Everlasting. He speaks: and His voice is heard even at the farthest limits of space, even in the bottomless abyss.

Supreme Judge, from His sentence there will be and can be no appeal. He calls the just to His side, bidding them enter into the kingdom, the eternity of bliss prepared for them. The unjust He casts from Him, crying in His offended majesty: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and His angels. O, what agony then for the miserable sinners! Friend is torn apart from friend, children are torn from their parents, husbands from their wives. The poor sinner holds out his arms to those who were dear to him in this earthly world, to those whose simple piety perhaps he made a mock of, to those who counselled him and tried to lead him on the right path, to a kind brother, to a loving sister, to the mother and father who loved him so dearly. But it is too late: the just turn away from the wretched damned souls which now appear before the eyes of all in their hideous and evil character. O you hypocrites, O you whitened sepulchres, O you who present a smooth smiling face to the world while your
Joyce’s Portrait       tr. de Dámaso Alonso

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And this day will come, shall come, must come: the day of death and the day of judgement. It is appointed unto man to die and after death the judgement. Death is certain. The time and manner are uncertain, whether from long disease or from some unexpected accident: the Son of God cometh at an hour when you little expect Him. Be therefore ready every moment, seeing that you may die at any moment. Death is the end of us all. Death and judgement, brought into the world by the sin of our first parents, are the dark portals that close our earthly existence, the portals that open into the unknown and the unseen, portals through which every soul must pass, alone, unaided save by its good works, without friend or brother or parent or master to help it, alone and trembling. Let that thought be ever before our minds and then we cannot sin. Death, a cause of terror to the sinner, is a blessed moment for him who has walked in the right path, fulfilling the duties of his station in life, attending to his morning and evening prayers, approaching the holy sacrament frequently and performing good and merciful works. For the pious and believing catholic, for the just man, death is no cause of terror. Was it not Addison, the great English writer, who, when on his deathbed, sent for the wicked young earl of Warwick to let him see how a christian can meet his end? He it is and he alone, the pious and believing christian, who can say in his heart:

O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Every word of it was for him. Against his sin, foul and secret, the whole wrath

de vuestra alma es una inmunda ciénaga de pecado! ¿Qué será de vosotros en aquel terrible día?

Y este día ha de venir, tiene que venir, vendrá: el día de la muerte, el día del juicio. Está decrepido que todo hombre tiene que morir; tras la muerte, juicio final. La muerte es cierta. Lo que es incierto es la fecha, el modo, si ha de ser de larga enfermedad o por algún accidente imprevisto. El Hijo [130] de Dios vendrá a la hora en que menos lo esperéis. Estad por tanto preparados a cada momento, puesto que a cada momento podéis morir. La muerte es el término de todos nosotros. Muerte y juicio, introducidos en el mundo por el pecado de nuestros primeros padres, son como los oscuros pórticos que cierran nuestra existencia terrenal, los pórticos que se abren a lo desconocido e imprevisto, pórticos por los cuales toda alma tiene que pasar, sin más ayuda que la de sus buenas obras, sin amigo ni hermano ni padre ni maestro, sola y temblorosa. Que este pensamiento no se aparte jamás de vuestras mentes y no podréís pecar. La muerte, que es una causa de terror para el pecador, es un momento de bendición para aquel que ha caminado por el sendero recto, cumpliendo plenamente sus deberes durante el tránsito por la vida, rezando las oraciones de la mañana y de la noche, aproximándose frecuentemente a la sagrada eucaristía y realizando obras buenas y misericordiosas. Para el pío y creyente católico, para el hombre justo, la muerte no es causa de terror. ¿No fue Addison, el gran escritor inglés, quien, estando en su lecho mortuorio, mandó llamar al joven e impío conde de Warwick para mostrárselo cómo un cristiano afrontaba su acabamiento? Aquéll y sólo aquél, el cristiano creyente y piadoso, es quien puede decir en su corazón:

¡Oh, tumba! ¿Dónde está tu victoria?
¡Oh, muerte! ¿Dónde está tu agujón?

No había palabra que no se le aplicase a él. Toda la cólera de Dios se asentaba contra su asque-
of God was aimed. The preacher’s knife had probed deeply into his disclosed conscience and he felt now that his soul was festering in sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God’s turn had come. Like a beast in its lair his soul had lain down in its own filth but the blasts of the angel’s trumpet had driven him forth from the darkness of sin into the light. The words of doom cried by the angel shattered in an instant his presumptuous peace. The wind of the last day blew through his mind, his sins, the jewel-eyed harlots of his imagination, fled before the hurricane, squeaking like mice in their terror and huddled under a mane of hair.

As he crossed the square, walking homeward, the light laughter of a girl reached his burning ear. The frail gay sound smote his heart more strongly than a trumpet blast, and, not daring to lift his eyes, he turned aside and gazed, as he walked, into the shadow of the tangled shrubs. Shame rose from his smitten [hit] heart and flooded his whole being. The image of Emma appeared before him, and under her eyes the flood of shame rushed forth anew from his heart. If she knew to what his mind had subjected her or how his brute-like lust had torn and trampled upon her innocence! Was that boyish love? Was that chivalry? Was that poetry? The sordid details of his orgies stalked under his very nostrils. The soot-coated packet of pictures which he had hidden in the flue of the fireplace and in the presence of whose shameless or bashful [shy] wantonness he lay for hours sinning In thought and deed; his monstrous dreams, peopled by ape-like creatures

roso y secreto pecado. La lance- ta del predicador había sondeado profundamente su conciencia haciéndola reventar; y ahora sentía que su alma estaba supurando en el pecado. Sí, el predicador tenía razón. Le había llegado su turno a Dios. Como una bestia en su cu- bil, su alma se había revolcado en su propia inmundicia, pero los toques de la trompeta del ángel habían hecho salir [131] de la oscuridad de la culpa hacia la luz. El anuncio del juicio proclama- do por el ángel había hecho desmoronarse en un momento toda su presuntuosa paz. El viento del día postrero soplo- ba a través de su espíritu: las rameras de ojos de pedrería, moradoras de su imaginación, huían ante el huracán, dando chillidos como ratones aterra- dos, amontonándose bajo la pel- lambre de sus cabelleras.
and by harlots with gleaming jewel eyes; the foul letters he had written in the joy of guilty confession and carried secretly for days and days only to throw them under cover of night among the grass in the corner of a field or beneath some hingeless door in some niche in the hedges where a girl might come upon them as she walked by and read them secretly. Mad! Mad! Was it possible he had done these things? A cold sweat broke out upon his forehead as the foul memories condensed within his brain.

When the agony of shame had passed from him he tried to raise his soul from its abject powerlessness. God and the Blessed Virgin were too far from him: God was too great and stern and the Blessed Virgin too pure and holy. But he imagined that he stood near Emma in a wide land and, humbly and in tears, bent and kissed the elbow of her sleeve.

In the wide land under a tender lucid evening sky, a cloud drifting westward amid a pale green sea of heaven, they stood together, children that had erred. Their error had offended deeply God’s majesty though it was the error of two children; but it had not offended her whose beauty IS NOT LIKE EARTHLY BEAUTY, DANGEROUS TO LOOK UPON, BUT LIKE THE MORNING STAR WHICH IS ITS EMBLEM, BRIGHT AND MUSICAL. The eyes were not offended which she turned upon him nor reproachful. She placed their hands together, hand in hand, and said, speaking to their hearts:

—Take hands, Stephen and Emma. It is a beautiful evening now in heaven. You have erred but you are always my
tas cuyos ojos brillaban como jo- yeles; aquellas largas cartas lle- nas de obscenidad que habian escrito sólo por el placer de la confesión culpable y que había llevado consigo días y días, para arrojarlas luego, protegido por la noche, en un rincón de un cam- po de hierba, o por debajo de una puerta desvencijada o en el res- quicio de un seto, donde una mu- chacha se las pudiera encontrar al paso y leerlas después secreta- mente. ¡Loco! ¡Loco! ¿Era posi- ble que hubiera hecho tales cosas? Un sudor frío le bro- taba en la frente mientras [132] en el cerebro se le iban condensando estos bochorno- sos recuerdos.

Cuando la agonía de la vergüenza hubo pasado, tra- tó de levantar su alma del fondo de su abyecta impoten- cia. Dios y la Virgen María estaban demasiado lejos de él: Dios era demasiado gran- de y demasiado severo y la Santísima Virgen demasiado pura y santa. Pero se imagi- naba estar en un amplia lla- nura al lado de Emma, y que, humildemente, deshecho en llanto, se inclinaba para be- sar el borde de su manga.

En un ancha llanura, bajo la tierna luz de un firmamento cre- puscular, mientras una nube deri- vaba hacia poniente por el mar gris pálido de los cielos, allí estaban los dos, juntos, como dos niños que hubieran delinquido. Su error ha- bía ofendido profundamente la majestad de Dios; pero no había ofendido a aquella cuya belleza no ex como la belleza terrena, da- ñosa a quien la mira, sino como la estrella de la mañana, emble- ma suyo, luciente y musical. Los ojos de Ella, al volverse para mi- rarllos, no estaban ofendidos, ni aún tenían un reproche. Y Ella les unía las manos, palma con- tra palma, y les decía, hablán- doles al corazón.

—Unid vuestras manos, Stephen y Emma. Hoy es un hermoso atardecer en el cielo. Habéis errado, pero continuáis
Forty days and forty nights the rain would fall. And through the fissure between the last blind and the sash a shaft of wan light entered like a spear and touched the embossed brasses of the candlesticks upon the altar that gleamed like the battle-worn mail armour of angels.

Rain was falling on the chapel, on the garden, on the college. It would rain for ever, noislessly. The water would rise inch by inch, covering the grass and shrubs, covering the trees and houses, covering the monuments and the mountain tops. All life would be choked off, noislessly: birds, men, elephants, pigs, children: noislessly floating corpses amid the litter of the wreckage of the world. Forty days and forty nights the rain would fall till the waters covered the face of the earth.

It might be. Why not?

—HELL HAS ENLARGED ITS SOUL AND OPENED ITS MOUTH WITHOUT ANY LIMITS— words taken, my dear little brothers in Christ Jesus, from the book of Isaias, fifth chapter, fourteenth verse. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The preacher took a chainless watch from a pocket within his soutane and, having considered its dial for a moment in silence, placed it silently before him on the table.

He began to speak in a quiet tone.

—Adam and Eve, my dear children. It is one heart that loves another heart. Take hands together, my dear children, and you will be happy together and your hearts will love each other.

La capilla estaba inundada por la triste luz rojiza que a través de las corridas cortinas se filtraba; y por la hindidura, entre el marco de la ventana y la última cortina, un dardo de luz descolorida pasaba y descendía como una lanza hacia tocar el repujado bronce de los candelabros, que en el altar brillaba como una armadura angélica, gastada por los combates.

Estaba lloviendo sobre la capilla, sobre el jardín, sobre el colegio. Y había de llover eternamente y sin ruido. El agua se iría elevando, pulgada a pulgada, cubriendo la hierba y los arbustos, cubriendo los árboles y las casas, cubriendo los monumentos y las cimas de los montes. Toda la vida se ahogaría sin ruido: pájaros, hombres, elefantes, cerdos, niños. Y sin ruido flotarían los cadáveres entre los detritos del naufragio del mundo. Y por cuarenta días y cuarenta noches caería la lluvia, hasta que las aguas cubriesen la faz de la tierra.

Podía ser. ¿Por qué no?


El predicador sacó un reloj sin cadena de un bolsillo de la solana y después de contemplar por un instante la esfera en silencio, lo colocó silenciosamente delante de él sobre la mesa.

Después comenzó a hablar con tono reposado:

—Adán y Eva, mis queridos jó-
boys, were, as you know, our first parents, and you will remember that they were created by God in order that the seats in heaven left vacant by the fall of Lucifer and his rebellious angels might be filled again. Lucifer, we are told, was a son of the morning, a radiant and mighty angel; yet he fell: he fell and there fell with him a third part of the host of heaven: he fell and was hurled with his rebellious angels into hell. What his sin was we cannot say. Theologians consider that it was the sin of pride, the sinful thought conceived in an instant: NON SERVIAM: I WILL NOT SERVE. That instant was his ruin.

He offended the majesty of God by the sinful thought of one instant and God cast him out of heaven into hell for ever.

Adam and Eve were then created by God and placed in Eden, in the plain of Damascus, that lovely garden resplendent with sunlight and colour, teeming with luxuriant vegetation. The fruitful earth gave them her bounty: beasts and birds were their willing servants: they knew not the ills our flesh is heir to, disease and poverty and death: all that a great and generous God could do for them was done. But there was one condition imposed on them by God: obedience to His word. They were not to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

—Alas, my dear little boys, they too fell. The devil, once a shining angel, a son of the morning, now a foul fiend came in the shape of a serpent, the subtest of all the beasts of the field. He envied them. He, the fallen great one, could not bear to think that man, a being of clay, should possess the inheritance which he by his sin had forfeited for ever. He came

venes, los cuales, como sabéis, fueron nuestros primeros padres, fueron creados por Dios, como recordaréis, con objeto de que los puestos que habían quedado vacantes en el cielo por la caída de Lucifer y de sus ángeles rebeldes, pudieran ser ocupados de nuevo. Según se nos dice, Lucifer era un hijo de la mañana, un ángel poderoso y espléndente. Y sin embargo, Cayó. Cayó con él una tercera parte de las milicias celestiales. Cayó y fue precipitado con sus ángeles rebeldes en los infiernos. Cuál fuera su pecado es lo que no podemos decir. Los teólogos consideran que fue el pecado de orgullo, el pecaminoso pensamiento concebido en un instante: non serviam: no serví. Y aquel instante fue su ruina.

Adán y Eva fueron creados por Dios y colocados en el Edén, en la llanura de Damasco, en aquel hermoso jardín resplandeciente de sol y de color, lleno de una desbordante vegetación. La tierra fértil les regalaba pródigoamente con sus dones; bestias y pájaros concurrían voluntariamente a su servicio; no conocían los males, herencia de nuestra carne: la enfermedad, la pobreza, la muerte. Todo lo que un Dios grande y poderoso podía hacer por ellos, todo estaba hecho. Pero había una condición que les había sido impuesta por Dios: la obediencia a su palabra. No hablan de comer de la fruta del árbol prohibido.

—¡Ay, mis queridos jóvenes, que ellos también cayeron! El demonio, en otro tiempo un ángel resplandeciente, hijo de la mañana, y ahora un enemigo vil, vino en forma de serpiente, la más sutil de todas las bestias del campo. Era que les tenía envidia. El, el magnate caído, no podía soportar el pensamiento de que el hombre, ser de arcilla, pudiera llegar a poseer la herencia de la cual su pecado le había desposeído por siempre. Y
to the woman, the weaker vessel, and poured the poison of her eloquence into her ear, promising her—O, the blasphemy of that promise!—that if she and Adam ate of the forbidden fruit they would become as gods, nay as God Himself. Eve yielded to the wiles of the archtempter. She ate the apple and gave it also to Adam who had not the moral courage to resist her. The poison tongue of Satan had done its work. They fell.

—And then the voice of God was heard in that garden, calling His creature man to account; and Michael, prince of the heavenly host, with a sword of flame in his hand, appeared before the guilty pair and drove them forth from Eden into the world, the world of sickness and striving, of cruelty and disappointment, of labour and hardship, to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. But even then how merciful was God! He took pity on our poor degraded parents and promised that in the fullness of time He would send down from heaven One who would redeem them, make them once more children of God and heirs to the kingdom of heaven: and that One, that Redeemer of fallen man, was to be God’s only begotten Son, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word.

—He came. He was born of a virgin pure, Mary the virgin mother. He was born in a poor cowhouse in Judea and lived as a humble carpenter for thirty years until the hour of His mission had come. And then, filled with love for men, He went forth and called to men to hear the new gospel.

—Did they listen? Yes, they listened but would not hear. He was seized and bound like a common criminal, mocked at as a fool, set aside to give place to a public robber, scourged...
with five thousand lashes, crowned with a crown of thorns, hustled through the streets by the Jewish rabble and the Roman soldiery, stripped of his garments and hung upon a gibbet and His side was pierced with a lance and from the wounded body of our Lord water and blood issued continually.

—Yet even then, in that hour of supreme agony, Our Merciful Redeemer had pity for mankind. Yet even there, on the hill of Calvary, He founded the holy Catholic church against which, it is promised, the gates of hell shall not prevail. He founded it upon the rock of ages, and endowed it with His grace, with sacraments and sacrifice, and promised that if men would obey the word of His church they would still enter into eternal life; but if, after all that had been done for them, they still persisted in their wickedness, there remained for them an eternity of torment: hell.

The preacher's voice sank. He paused, joined his palms for an instant, parted them. Then he resumed:

—Now let us try for a moment to realize, as far as we can, the nature of that abode of the damned which the justice of an offended God has called into existence for the eternal punishment of sinners. Hell is a strait and dark and foul-smelling prison, an abode of demons and lost souls, filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of this prison house is expressly designed by God to punish those who refused to be bound by His laws. In earthly prisons the poor captive has at least some liberty of movement, were it only within the four walls of his cell or in the gloomy yard of his prison. Not so in hell.
There, by reason of the great number of the damned, the prisoners are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick: and the damned are so utterly bound and helpless that, as a blessed saint, saint Anselm (c. 1033-1109), besides fire, the other cause of ‘positive punishment’ in hell is ‘the worm that never dies’, the anguish of remorse, for which this is a traditional figure. The punishments of the damned are of two kinds: poenia damni, which is the punishment of loss of the sovereign good; poenia sensus are all the other torments that the damned experience. Saint Anselm ... similitudes ... gnaws it: 

44. Babylonian furnace ... light: Daniel 3:19ff. Its heat was miraculously quenched.

45. Of all the plagues ... horrible: Exodus 10:21ff.

—They lie in exterior darkness. For, remember, the fire of hell gives forth no light. As, at the command of God, the fire of the Babylonian furnace lost its heat but not its light, so, at the command of God, the fire of hell, while retaining the intensity of its heat, burns eternally in darkness. It is a never ending storm of darkness, dark flames and dark smoke of burning brimstone, amid which the bodies are heaped one upon another without even a glimpse of air. Of all the plagues with which the land of Egypt was smitten, that of darkness, was called horrible. What name, then, shall we give to the darkness of hell which is to last not for three days alone but for all eternity?

—The horror of this strait and dark prison is increased by its awful stench. All the filth of the world, all its offal [asaduras] and scum of the world, we are told, shall run there as to a vast reeking sewer when the terrible conflagration of the last day has purged the world. The brimstone, too, which burns there in such prodigious quantity fills all hell with its intolerable stench; and the bodies of the damned themselves exhale such a pestilential odour that, as saint Bonaventure says, one of them alone would suffice to infect the whole world. The very air of por razón del gran número de los condenados, los prisioneros están hacinados unos contra otros en su horrendo calabozo, las paredes del cual se dice tienen cuatro mil millas de espesor. Y los condenados están de tal modo imposibilitados y sujetos, que un Santo Padre, San Anselmo, escribe en el libro de las Semejanzas que no son capaces ni aun de quitarse del ojo el gusano que se lo está royendo.

»Allí yacen en la oscuridad exterior. Porque habéis de recordar que el fuego del infierno no da luz. Lo mismo que, por mandato de Dios, el fuego del horno de Babilonia perdió el calor pero no la luz, por voluntad de Dios, el fuego del infierno, conservando la intensidad abrasadora de su calor, arde eternamente en sombra. Allí en una tempestad sin término de sombras, entre las llamas oscuras y el oscuro humo de la ardiente piedra azufre, están los cuerpos hacinados los unos encima de los otros, sin recibir nunca ni aun siquiera una vislumbre de aire. De todas las plagas que azotaron la tierra de los faraones, hubo una tan sólo, la de la oscuridad, a la cual se le diera el dictado de horrible. ¿Qué nombre habríamos de dar, pues, a la oscuridad del infierno, la cual ha de durar, no por tres días, sino por toda la eternidad?

»El horror de esta angustia y oscura prisión se ve aumentado aún por su insportable hedor. Toda la inmundicia del mundo, toda la carroña y la hez del mundo, afirmarán, habrá de desaguar allí, como en un vasto y vaheante albañal, cuando la terrible conflagración del último día haya purgado el mundo. La piedra azufre que arde allí en prodigiosas cantidades llena todo el infierno de su intolerable fetidez. Y los [137] cuerpos mismos de los condenados exhalan un olor tan pestilencial que, según dice San Buenaventura, uno sólo sería bastante para infestar todo el mundo. El mismo aire de este mundo, este puro ele-
The torment of fire, multiplied a millionfold and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions of fetid carcasses massed together in the reeking darkness, a huge and rotting human fungus. Imagine all this, and you will have some idea of the horror of the stench of hell.

—But this stench is not, horrible though it is, the greatest physical torment to which the damned are subjected. The torment of fire is the greatest torment to which the tyrant has ever subjected his fellow creatures. Place your finger for a moment in the flame of a candle and you will feel the pain of fire. But our earthly fire was created by God for the benefit of man, to maintain in him the spark of life and to help him in the useful arts, whereas the fire of hell is of another quality and was created by God to torture and punish the unrepentant sinner. Our earthly fire also consumes more or less rapidly according as the object which it attacks is more or less combustible, so that human ingenuity has even succeeded in inventing chemical preparations to check or frustrate its action. But the sulphurous brimstone which burns in hell is a substance which is specially designed to burn for ever and for ever with unspeakable fury. Moreover, this world, that pure element, becomes foul and unbreatheable when it has been long enclosed. Consider then what must be the foulness of the air of hell. Imagine some foul and putrid corpse that has lain rotting and decomposing in the grave, a jelly-like mass of liquid corruption. Imagine such a corpse a prey to flames, devoured by the fire of burning brimstone and giving off dense choking fumes of nauseous loathsome decomposition. And then imagine this sickening stench, multiplied a millionfold and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions of fetid carcasses massed together in the reeking darkness, a huge and rotting human fungus. Imagine all this, and you will have some idea of the horror of the stench of hell.
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our earthly fire destroys at the same time as it burns, so that the more intense it is the shorter is its duration; but the fire of hell has this property, that it preserves that which it burns, and, though it rages with incredible intensity, it rages for ever.

“—Our earthly fire again, no matter how fierce or widespread it may be, is always of a limited extent; but the lake of fire in hell is boundless, shoreless and bottomless. It is on record that the devil himself, when asked the question by a certain soldier, was obliged to confess that if a whole mountain were thrown into the burning ocean of hell it would be burned up in an instant like a piece of wax. And this terrible fire will not afflict the bodies of the damned only from without, but each lost soul will be a hell unto itself, the boundless fire raging in its very vitals. O, how terrible is the lot of those wretched beings! The blood seethes and boils in the veins, the brains are boiling in the skull, the heart in the breast glowing and bursting, the bowels a red-hot mass of burning pulp, the tender eyes flaming like molten balls.

And yet what I have said as to the strength and quality and boundlessness of this fire is as nothing when compared to its intensity, an intensity which it has as being the instrument chosen by divine design for the punishment of soul and body alike. It is a fire which proceeds directly from the ire of God, working not of its own activity but as an instrument of Divine vengeance. As the waters of baptism cleanse the soul with the body, so do the fires of punishment torture the spirit with the flesh. Every sense of the flesh is tortured and every faculty of the soul therewith: the eyes with impenetrable go de la tierra destruye al mismo tiempo que quema, de [138] tal modo que, cuanto más intenso es, tanto menos dura; pero el fuego del infierno tiene tal propiedad, que conserva lo mismo que abrasa y, aunque brama con indecible intensidad, brama para siempre.

»Nuestro fuego terreno, sean cuales sean su furia y su extensión, tiene siempre una zona limitada; pero el lago de fuego del infierno no tiene límites, ni playas, ni fondo. Se dice que una vez el mismo diablo, preguntado por cierto soldado, se vio obligado a confesar que si toda una montaña fuera arrojada en aquel océano hirviente sería consumida en un instante como un pedazo de cera. Y este terrible fuego no aflige las almas de los condenados solamente por fuera, sino que cada alma condenada será un infierno dentro de sí misma, abrasada por aquel fuego devorador en sus mismos centros vitales. ¡Oh, cuán terrible es la suerte de aquellos miserables seres! La sangre bulle y hiere en sus venas, los sesos se les abrasan en el cráneo, el corazón se les quema en el pecho como un ascua, sus intestinos son una masa rojiza de ardiente pulpa, sus tiernos ojos llaman como globos candentes.

»Y todavía lo que he dicho referente a la fuerza, cualidad y limitación de este fuego, no es nada si se compara con su intensidad, una intensidad que ha sido el instrumento escogido por designio divino para castigo del alma y del cuerpo a la par. Es un fuego que procede directamente de la ira de Dios, y que no obra por propia actividad, sino como un instrumento de la divina venganza. Como las aguas del bautismo purifican el alma y el cuerpo al mismo tiempo, así el fuego del castigo tortura el espíritu y la carne. Todos los sentidos de la carne sufren tortura y todas las facultades del alma al mismo tiempo. Los ojos, la impenetrable.
utter darkness, the nose with noisome odours, the ears with yells and howls and excrations, the taste with foul matter, leprous corruption, nameless suffocating filth, the touch with redhot goads and spikes, with cruel tongues of flame. And through the several torments of the senses the immortal soul is tortured eternally in its very essence amid the leagues upon leagues of glowing fires kindled in the abyss by the offended majesty of the Omnipotent God and fanned into everlasting and ever-increasing fury by the breath of the anger of the God-head.

—Consider finally that the torment of this infernal prison is increased by the company of the damned themselves. Evil company on earth is so noxious that the plants, as if by instinct, withdraw from the company of whatsoever is deadly or hurtful to them. In hell all laws are overturned—there is no thought of family or country, of ties, of relationships. The damned howl and scream at one another, their torture and rage intensified by the presence of beings tortured and raging like themselves. All sense of humanity is forgotten. The yells of the suffering sinners fill the remotest corners of the vast abyss. The mouths of the damned are full of blasphemies against God and of hatred for their fellow sufferers and of curses against those souls which were their accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the parricide, the man who had raised his murderous hand against his father, by casting him into the depths of the sea in a sack in which were placed a cock, a monkey, and a serpent. The intention of those law-givers who

The company of the damned themselves The third quality of Hell.

kindle glow, light, encender, arouse, inspire, despertar
framed such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hurtful and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execration which bursts from the parched lips and aching throats of the damned in hell when they behold in their companions in misery those who aided and abetted them in sin, those whose words sowed the first seeds of evil thinking and evil living in their minds, those whose immodest suggestions led them on to sin, those whose eyes tempted and allured them from the path of virtue. They turn upon those accomplices and upbraid them and curse them. But they are helpless and hopeless: it is too late now for repentance.

—Last of all consider the frightful torment to those damned souls, tempters and tempted alike, of the company of the devils. These devils will afflict the damned in two ways, by their presence and by their reproaches. We can have no idea of how horrible these devils are. Saint Catherine of Siena once saw a devil and she has written that, rather than look again for one single instant on such a frightful monster, she would prefer to walk until the end of her life along a track of red coals. These devils, who were once beautiful angels, have become as hideous and ugly as they once were beautiful. They mock and jeer at the lost souls whom they dragged down to ruin. It is they, the foul demons, who are made in hell the voices of conscience. Why did you sin? Why did you lend an ear to the temptations of friends? Why did you turn aside from your pious practices and good works? Why did you not shun the forjaron la ley, que hoy en nuestros tiempos nos parece cruel, fue la de castigar al criminal con la compañía de aquellas odiosas y dañinas bestias. Pero, ¿cuál valor tiene la furia de aquellos mudos animales comparada con la furia de execración que estalla en los resecos labios del condenado en los infiernos cuando contempló en sus compañeros de sufrimiento, aquellos que le ayudaron en el pecado y le indujeron a él, aquellos cuyas palabras sembraron la primera semilla del mal pensamiento y del mal vivir en su mente, aquellos que con impúdicas sugerencias le llevaron a pecar, aquellos cuyos ojos les sedujeron y le apartaron del camino de la virtud? Y se vuelven a sus cómplices y les reprochan y los maldicen. Pero ya no tienen socorro ni esperanza: ya es demasiado tarde para el arrepentimiento.

«Considerad por último el horrible tormento que sufren aquellas almas, las de los tentadores lo mismo que las de los inducidos, en la compañía de los demonios. Los demonios les afligen de dos modos distintos: con su presencia y con sus sarcásticos reproches. No podemos formarnos idea de lo horribles que los demonios son. Santa Catalina de Siena vio una vez uno, y ha dejado escrito que se habría encogido de espanto si hubiera vuelto a ver, aunque sea por un solo instante, un monstro tan espantoso, preferiría estar marchando toda su vida sobre un rastro de carbones encendidos. Porque los diablos, que antes fueron ángeles hermosísimos, se convirtieron en monstruos tan horrendos y repugnantes cuanto primero bellos. Los diablos befan y escarnecen a las almas condenadas, empujadas por ellos a la ruina. Son ellos, los protervos demonios, los que hacen en el infierno el papel de la voz de la conciencia. ¿Por qué pecaste? ¿Por qué prestaste oídos a las tentaciones de los amigos? ¿Por qué te apartaste de las prácticas piadosas y de las buenas obras? ¿Por qué no evitaste las ocasiones de pecar? ¿Por qué

49. Saint Catherine of Siena ... red coals: Pinamonti cites St Catherine of Siena (1347-80) for this detail. Saint Catherine of Siena (1347-80) Patron Saint of the Dominican Order, celebrated for her ecstasies and visions, and for the marks of suffering which she bore on her body.
occasions of sin? Why did you not leave that evil companion? Why did you not give up that lewd habit, that impure habit? Why did you not listen to the counsels of your confessor? Why did you not, even after you had fallen the first or the second or the third or the fourth or the hundredth time, repent of your evil ways and turn to God who only waited for your repentance to absolve you of your sins? Now the time for repentance has gone by. Time is, time was, but time shall be no more! Time was to sin in secrecy, to indulge in that sloth and pride, to covet the unlawful, to yield to the promptings of your lower nature, to live like the beasts of the field, nay worse than the beasts of the field, for they, at least, are but brutes and have no reason to guide them: time was, but time shall be no more. God spoke to you by so many voices, shall be no more. God spoke to you by so many voices, did you not hear. You would not crush out that pride and anger in your heart, you would not restore those ill-gotten goods, you would not obey the precepts of your holy church nor attend to your religious duties, you would not abandon those wicked companions, you would not avoid those dangerous temptations. Such is the language of those fiendish tormentors, words of taunting and of reproach, of hatred and of disgust. Of disgust, yes! For even they, the very devils, when they sinned, sinned by such a sin as alone was compatible with such angelical natures, a rebellion of the intellect: and they, even they, the foul devils must turn away, revolted and disgusted, from the contemplation of those unspeakable sins by which degraded man outgrows and defiles the temple of the Holy Ghost, no abandonaste aquella mala compañía? ¿Por qué no abandonaste aquella lasciva costumbre, aquel hábito impuro? ¿Por qué no seguiste los consejos de tu confesor? ¿Por qué, después de haber caído la primera vez, o la segunda, o la tercera, o la cuarta, o la centésima, por qué no te apartaste del mal camino y te volviste a Dios, que sólo esperaba tu arrepentimiento para absolvértelo de tus pecados? Ahora ya ha pasado el tiempo del arrepentimiento. ¡Tiempo hay, tiempo hubo, pero ya no lo habrá jamás! ¡Tiempo hubo para pecar en secreto, para regodearte en la pereza y el orgullo, para am兵器izar lo ilegítimo, para entregarte a los más bajos ímpetus de tu naturaleza, para vivir como las bestias del campo, ¿qué digo!, peor que las bestias del campo, pues ellas por lo menos son simples brutos y no tienen razón que las guíe. ¡Hubo tiempo, pero ya no lo habrá jamás! Dios te habló muchas veces… ¡pero no te quisiste oír! No querías arrojar aquel orgullo y aquella cólera de tu corazón, no querías devolver aquellos bienes mal adquiridos, no querías obedecer los preceptos de tu Santa Madre la Iglesia, no querías cumplir con tus deberes religiosos, no querías abandonar aquellas malvadas compañías, no querías evitar aquellas peligrosas tentaciones. Tal es el lenguaje de aquellos diabólicos atormentadores: palabras de vituperio y de reproche, de odio y de repulción. ¡De repulción, sí! Porque hasta ellos, los mismos demonios, pescaron sólo tal como era posible a sus angélicas naturalezas, sólo por la rebelión de la inteligencia; y ellos, hasta ellos mismos, se vuelven, asqueados y repelidos, al contemplar aquellos innombrables pecados, con los cuales el hombre ultraja y manceilla el templo del Espíritu

prompting pronto, rápido, listo / puntual, en punto, disponible / plazo, vencimiento, aviso / impulsar, molvar, incitar, apuntar, soplar
without prompting (= on one’s own initiative) por iniciativa propia; motu proprio
1 a acting with alacrity; ready, b made, done, etc. readily or at once (a prompt reply), a (of a payment) made forthwith. b of (of) goods for immediate delivery and payment.
punctually (at six o’clock prompt).
1 (usu. foll. by to, or to + infin.) incite; urge (prompted them to action).
2 a also absolv. b supply a forgotten word, sentence, etc., to (an actor, reciter, etc.). c prompter 2.
3 give rise to, inspire (a feeling, thought, action, etc.).
17 a an act of prompting. b a thing said to help the memory of an actor etc. c = prompter 2. d Computing an indication or sign on a VDU screen to show that the system is waiting for input. 2?the time limit for the payment of an account, stated on a prompt note.

taunt 1. To reproach in a mocking, insulting, or contemptuous manner. Mofarse de, To ridicule, Echarle en cara a alguien algo. 3 A scornful remark or tirade; a jeer, pu- lla, mofa, sarcasmo.
He came down the aisle of the chapel, his legs shaking and the scalp of his head trembling as though it had been touched by ghostly fingers. He passed up the staircase and into the corridor along the walls of which the overcoats and waterproofs hung like gibbeted malefactors, headless and dripping and shapeless. And at every step he feared that he had already died, that his soul had been wrenched forth of the sheath of his body, that he was plunging headlong through space.

He could not grip the floor with his feet and sat heavy at his desk, opening one of his books at random and poring over it. Every word for him. It was true. God was almighty. God could call him now, call upon to appear, esp. as a defendant or witness in a lawcourt. God had called him. Yes? What? Yes? His flesh shrank together as it felt the approach of the ravenous tongues of flames, dried up as it felt about it the swirl of stifling air. He had died. Yes. He was judged. A wave of fire swept through his body: the defiles and pollutes himself.

—O, my dear little brothers in Christ, may it never be our lot to hear that language! May it never be our lot, I say! In the last day of terrible reckoning I pray fervently to God that not a single soul of those who are in this chapel today may be found among those miserable beings whom the Great Judge shall command to depart for ever from His sight, that not one of us may ever hear ringing in his ears the awful sentence of rejection: DEPART FROM ME, YE CURSED, INTO EVERLASTING FIRE WHICH WAS PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS!

Stephen salió por uno de los lados de la capilla, con las piernas entrecocadas y la cabeza temblorosa como si hubiera sido tocada por los dedos de una visión. Subió la escalera y siguió a lo largo de las paredes del corredor, de las cuales pendían los abrigos y los impermeables goteantes, como malhechores ejecutados, sin cabeza ni forma. A cada paso [142] que daba, temía haberse muerto ya y que su alma desgajada de la envoltura del cuerpo se estuviera hundiendo de cabeza a través del espacio. No podía hacer pie en el suelo, y así, se sentó pesadamente en su pupitre abriendo un libro al azar y quedándose mirando como hipnotizado. No había habido palabra que no se le aplicase a él. Era verdad. Dios era todopoderoso. Dios podía llamarle ahora, llamarle mientras estaba sentado en su pupitre, antes de que hubiera podido tener conciencia de la llamada. Dios le había llamado. ¿Sí? ¿Cómo? ¿Sí? La carne se le contrajo como si sintiera la proximidad de los voraces llamas, resecándose como si sintiera a su alrededor el remolino del sofocante aire. Se había muerto. Sí. Y estaba siendo juzgado. Una onda de fuego pasó rá-

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first. Again a wave. His brain began to glow. Another. His brain was simmering and bubbling within the cracking tenement of the skull. Flames burst forth from his skull like a corolla, shrieking like voices:

—Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell!

Voices spoke near him:

—On hell.

—I suppose he rubbed it into you well.

—You bet he did. He put us all into a blue funk.

—That’s what you fellows want: and plenty of it to make you work.

He leaned back weakly in his desk. He had not died. God had spared him still. He was still in the familiar world of the school. Mr Tate and Vincent Heron stood at the window, talking, jesting, gazing out at the bleak rain, moving their heads.

—I wish it would clear up. I had arranged to go for a spin on the bike with some fellows out by Malahide. But the roads must be knee-deep.

—It might clear up, sir.

The voices that he knew so well, the common words, the quiet of the classroom when the voices paused and the silence was filled by the sound of softly browsing cattle as the other boys munched their lunches tranquilly, lulled his aching soul.

There was still time. O Mary, refuge of sinners, intercede for him! O Virgin Undeﬁled, save him from the gulf of death!

 pidamente por su cuerpo: la primera. Otra oleada. Su cerebro comenzó a abrasarse. Otra. Su cuerpo hervía y burbujaba dentro de la crepitante morada del cráneo. Y las llamas salían de su cabeza como una aureola, gritando como si fueran voces:

—¡Infierno! ¡Infierno! ¡Infierno! ¡Infierno!

Alguien hablaba cerca:

—Sobre el infierno.

—Supongo que os lo habrá hecho entrar bien a lo vivo.

Se inclinó indolentemente sobre la mesa. No se había muerto. Dios le había dejado todavía. Estaba todavía en aquella clase que tan familiar le era. Míster Tate y Vincent Heron estaban de pie junto a la ventana, hablando, bromeando, contemplando la lluvia fría y meneando la cabeza.

—Quisiera que aclarara. Habíamos acordado dar una vuelta en bici hasta Malahide. Pero debe de llegar el agua hasta las rodillas por esos caminos.

—Puede ser que aclare, señor. [143]

Aquellas voces que le eran tan conocidas, las palabras usuales, la quietud de la clase, donde cuando las voces callaban sólo se oía un susurro como de ganado que anduviese al ramoneo, pues los otros chicos mataban tranquilamente sus almuerzos, todo eso tranquilizó su alma dolorida.

Aún había tiempo. ¡Oh, María, refugio de los pecadores, interceded por él! ¡Oh, Virgen Inmaculada, salvadle del pièlago de la muerte!
The English lesson began with the hearing of the history. Royal persons, favourites, intriguers, bishops, passed like mute phantoms behind their veil of names. All had died: all had been judged. What did it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lost his soul? At last he had understood: and human life lay around him, a plain of peace whereon ant-like men laboured in brotherhood, their dead sleeping under quiet mounds. The elbow of his companion touched him and his heart was touched: and when he spoke to answer a question of his master he heard his own voice full of the quietude of humility and contrition.

His soul sank back deeper into depths of contrite peace, no longer able to suffer the pain of dread, and sending forth, as he sank, a faint prayer. Ah yes, he would still be spared; he would repent in his heart and be forgiven; and then those above, those in heaven, would see what he would do to make up for the past: a whole life, every hour of life. Only wait.

—All, God! All, all!

A messenger came to the door to say that confessions were being heard in the chapel. Four boys left the room; and he heard others passing down the corridor. A tremulous chill blew round his heart, no stronger than a little wind, and yet, listening and suffering silently, he seemed to have laid an ear against the muscle of his own heart, feeling it close and quail, listening to the flutter of its ventricles.

No escape. He had to confess, to speak out in
The thought slid like a cold shining rapier into his tender flesh: confession. But not there in the chapel of the college. He would confess all, every sin of deed and thought, sincerely; but not there among his school companions. Far away from there in some dark place he would murmur out his own shame; and he besought God humbly not to be offended with him if he did not dare to confess in the college chapel and in utter abjection of spirit he craved forgiveness mutely of the boyish hearts about him.

Time passed.

He sat again in the front bench of the chapel. The daylight without was already failing and, as it fell slowly through the dull red blinds, it seemed that the sun of the last day was going down and that all souls were being gathered for the judgement.


The preacher began to speak in a quiet friendly tone. His face was kind and he joined gently the fingers of each hand, forming a frail cage by the union of their tips.

—This morning we endeavoured, in our reflection upon hell, to make what our holy founder calls in his book of spiritual exercises, the composition of place. We endeavoured, that is, to
Imagine with the senses of the mind, in our imagination, the material character of that awful place and of the physical torments which all who are in hell endure. This evening we shall consider for a few moments the nature of the spiritual torments of hell.

—Sin, remember, is a twofold enormity. It is a base consent to the promptings of our corrupt nature to the lower instincts, to that which is gross and beast-like; and it is also a turning away from the counsel of our higher nature, from all that is pure and holy, from the Holy God Himself. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment greater than all the others. Saint Thomas, the greatest doctor of the church, the angelic doctor, as he is called, says that the worst damnation consists in this, that the understanding of man is totally deprived of divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is a being infinitely good, and therefore the loss of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own sins and have lost it for ever. At the very instant of death the bonds of the flesh are broken asunder and the soul at once flies towards God as towards the centre of her existence. Remember, my dear little boys, our souls long to be dos of the mente, con nuestra imag- minutos, la caracter material de las penas de aquel lugar espantoso y de los tormentos fisicos que sufren todos los que están en el infierno. Esta tarde trataremos de considerar por unos breves momentos la naturaleza de las penas espirituales del infierno.

»Acordaos de que el pecado constituye un doble delito. Es una vil condescendencia con las inclina- ciones de nuestra corrompida naturaleza hacia los mas bajos instintos, hacia lo que es grosero y bestial.

»Pero es también un aparta- tamiento de lo más noble de nuestro ser, de todo lo que es puro y santo, del mismo Dios. Por esta razón, el pecado mor- tal recibe en el infierno dos clases diferentes de castigo, mental y corporal.

»Pero de todas las penas espirituales, la incomparablemente mayor es la pena de daño, tan grande, realmente, que es de por si un tormento mayor que todos los otros. Santo Tomás, el máximo doc- tor de la Iglesia, el doctor an- gélico, como se le llama, dice que la peor condenación re- sulta de que el entendimien- to del hombre está totalmente privado de la divina luz y su afecto inexorablemente apartado de la divinidad de Dios. Dios, acordaos de ello, es un ser infinitamente bue- no y, por tanto, la pérdida de tal ser debe resultar infinita- mente dolorosa. En esta vida no podemos tener una idea clara de lo que tal pérdida es, pero en el infierno, el condenado, para su mayor tormento, tiene un conocimiento cabal de lo que ha perdido y sabe que lo ha perdido por sus propios pecados y que lo ha perdido para siempre. En el mismo instante de la muerte, se rompen las liga- duras de la carne y el alma tiende inmediatamente hacia Dios como hacia el centro de su existencia. Acordaos, queridos niños, de que nuestras almas ansian el estar con Dios.

55. Saint Thomas ... the angelic doctor: St Thomas Aquinas (1225-74), called the Angelic Doctor, was the greatest of the medieval theologians. His Summa Theologica, Part I, q. 84 and III, q. 97-9, deals with this issue.

Saint Thomas The reference is to Thomas Aquinas (1227-74), Joyce himself made a great study of his writings.

* Saint Thomas Saint Thomas Aquinas: thirteenth-century monk, theologian, and philosopher. His works summarize all that is known about God by evidence of reasoning and faith and serve as the cornerstone of the Roman Catholic faith. Stephen develops his own aesthetic theory from the ideas of Aquinas and Aristotle.

Joyce's Portrait

Ir. de Dámaso Alonso

prompting: prontito, rápido, presta, listo/puntual, en punto, disponible / plazo, vencimiento, aviso, impulso, motivar, incitar, apuntar, soplar without prompting (= on one’s own initiative) por iniciativa propia; motu proprio

1 an acting with alacrity; ready. b made, done, etc. readily or at once (a prompt reply). c of a payment) made forthwith. d for immediate delivery and payment. e an act of prompting.

Sin y razón en un instante

iniciativa propia; impulsar, motivar, incitar, apuntar, soplar

la memoria de un actor etc.

an act of prompting.

acting with alacrity; ready.

ação, etc.)

prompted them to action.

an act of prompting.

an act of prompting.

prompting

the time limit for the payment of an account, stated on a prompt note.

is grossly

gordo, corpulento, craso

feo, as-

gros
to e in-

grosero. La idea básica de grueso,

maligna.

la idea básica de grueso, como adjetivo, es thick, big, fat y como sustantivo, thickness, bulk, depth, main body.
with God. We come from God, we live by God, we belong to God: we are His, inalienably His. God loves with a divine love every human soul, and every human soul lives in that love. How could it be otherwise? Every breath that we draw, every thought of our brain, every instant of life proceeds from God’s inexhaustible goodness. And if it be pain for a mother to be parted from her child, for a man to be exiled from hearth and home, for friend to be sundered from friend, O think what pain, what anguish it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of the supremely good and loving Creator Who has called that soul into existence from nothingness and sustained it in life and loved it with an immeasurable love. This, then, to be separated for ever from its greatest good, from God, and to feel the anguish of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable: this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing, POENA DAMNI, the pain of loss.

The second pain which will afflict the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as in dead bodies worms are engendered by putrefaction, so in the souls of the lost there arises a perpetual remorse from the putrefaction of sin, the sting of conscience, the worm, as Pope Innocent the Third calls it, of the triple sting. The first sting inflicted by this cruel worm will be the memory of past pleasures. O what a dreadful memory will that be! In the lake of all-devouring flame the proud king will remember the pomp of his court, the wise but wicked man his libraries and instruments of research, Venimos de Dios, vivimos por Dios, pertenecemos a Dios; somos suyos, inalienablemente suyos. Dios ama con un divino amor a [146] cada una de las almas humanas, y cada una de estas almas vive por aquel amor. ¿Cómo podría ser de otro modo? Cada soplo de nuestro aliento, cada pensamiento de nuestro cerebro, cada instante de nuestra vida, proceden de la inagotable bondad de Dios. Y es doloroso para una madre el ser apartada de su hijo, para un hombre el destierro de su patria y de su hogar, para un amigo el verse separado de su amigo, pensad, pensad, qué pena, qué angustia, debe de ser la de la pobre alma al verse rechazada de la presencia de aquel supremo bien, de aquel amante creador que la había formado de la nada, que la había sostenido en vida y amado con un inmensurable amor. Esto, pues, el ser separada para siempre del mayor bien, de Dios, el sentir la angustia de esta separación, sabiendo con absoluta certeza que no ha de haber cambio posible, en esto consiste el mayor tormento que el alma creada puede sufrir: poema damni, la pena de daño.

poena damni: torment of the damned (removal from God’s sight)

sunder v.tr. & intr. archaic or literary in sunder apart.

56. Pope Innocent the Third... the triple sting: Pope Innocent III (1160-1216) is cited by Pinamonti on the worm of conscience: “The Memory will afflict, late repentance will trouble, and want of time will torment.” (G) Pope Innocent the Third (1160-1216) Generally regarded as the greatest of that name, he vastly extended the territorial power of the Church.
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the lover of artistic pleasures his marbles and pictures and
other art treasures, he who delighted in the pleasures of
the table his gorgeous feasts, his dishes prepared
with such delicacy, his choice wines; the miser will
remember his hoard of gold, the robber his ill-gotten
wealth, the angry and revengeful and merciless
murderers their deeds of
blood and violence in which they revelled, the impure and
adulterous the unspeakable and filthy pleasures in which
they delighted. They will
remember all this and loathe
themselves and their sins. For how miserable will all
those pleasures seem to the
soul condemned to suffer in
hellfire for ages and ages.
How they will rage and fume
to think that they have lost
the bliss of heaven for the
dross of earth, for a few
pieces of metal, for vain
honours, for bodily
comforts, for a tingling
of the nerves. They will repent
indeed: and this is the
second sting of the worm of
conscience, a late and
fruitless sorrow for sins
committed. Divine justice
insists that the
understanding of those
miserable wretches be fixed
continually on the sins of
which they were guilty, and
moreover, as saint
Augustine points out, God
will impart to them His own
knowledge of sin, so that
sin will appear to them in
all its hideous malice as it
appears to the eyes of God
Himself. They will behold
their sins in all their
foulness and repent but it
will be too late and then
they will bewail the good
occasions which they
neglected. This is the last
and deepest and most cruel
sting of the worm of
conscience. The conscience
will say: You had time and
opportunity to repent and
would not. You were brought
amante de los placeres artísti-
cos, sus mármoles, sus pintu-
ras y sus otros tesoros de arte;
el que se deleitó con los place-
res de la mesa, sus magníficos
festines, aquellos platos prepa-
rados con tan exquisita delica-
deza, sus escogidos vinos; el
avaro recordará sus montones
de oro; el ladrón, sus mal ad-
quiridas riquezas; los asesi-
nos, coléricos, vengativos y
despiadados, aquellas violen-
cias y aquellos crímenes en que
se gozaron; los lascivos [147] y
adúlteros, los innombrables y he-
diendos placeres que fueron sus
delicias. Recordarán todo esto
y se aborrecerán a sí mismos
y aborrecerán sus pecados. Por-
que, ¿cómo miserables no apare-
cerán todos estos placeres al alma
condenada a sufrir el fuego del in-
fierno por los siglos de los siglos?
¡Cómo rabiarán y maldecirán al
considerar que han perdido la
bienaventuranza celestial por la
escoria de la tierra, por unos cuan-
tos trozos de metal, por vanos ho-
nores, por comodidades corpora-
les, por una simple comezón
de los sentidos! Y, ciertamente, se
arrepentirán; y ésta es la segun-
da roedura de la conciencia: un
tardío e infecundo arrepenti-
miento de los pecados cometi-
dos. La justicia divina quiere
que las inteligencias de aque-
llos miserables condenados es-
tén constantemente atareadas
en la contemplación de los pe-
cados de que se hicieron reos,
y aún más, como señala San
Agustín, Dios les hará partici-
pes de su propio conocimiento
del pecado, de tal modo, que el
pecado aparecerá en ellos en
toda su monstruosa malicia
como aparece a los ojos de
Dios mismo. Contemplarán
sus pecados en toda su vileza
y se arrepentirán; pero será
demasiado tarde y entonces la-
mentarán las buenas ocasiones
que desperdiciaron. Ésta es la
última y más profunda y
cruel mordedura del gusano
de la conciencia. La con-
ciencia dirá: tuviste tiempo
y oportunidad para arrepen-
tirte y no quisiste; fuiste
educado religiosamente por
up religiously by your parents. You had the sacraments and grace and indulgences of the church to aid you. You had the minister of God to preach to you, to call you back when you had strayed, to forgive you your sins, no matter how many, how abominable, if only you had confessed and repented. No. You would not. You flouted the ministers of holy religion, you turned your back on the confessional, you wallowed deeper and deeper in the mire of sin. God appealed to you, threatened you, entreated you to return to Him. O, what shame, what misery! The Ruler of the universe entreated you, a creature of clay, to love Him Who made you and to keep His law. No. You would not. And now, though you were to flood all hell with your tears if you could still weep, all that sea of repentance would not gain for you what a single tear of true repentance shed during your mortal life would have gained for you. You implore now a moment of earthly life wherein to repent: In vain. That time is gone: gone for ever.

—Such is the threefold sting of conscience, the viper which gnaws the very heart’s core of the wretches in hell, so that filled with hellish fury they curse themselves for their folly and curse the evil companions who have brought them to such ruin and curse the devils who tempted them in life and now mock them in eternity and even revile and curse the Supreme Being Whose goodness and patience they scorned and slighted but Whose justice and power they cannot evade.

—The next spiritual pain to which the damned are besought 20

flout 1 tr. express contempt for (the law, rules, etc.) by word or action; mock; insult (flouted convention by shaving her head).

Usage often confused with flaunt
flaunt ostentatious; show off; parade (flaunted themselves before the crowd). 2 intr. (often refl. by all) mock or scoff at.

revile v. 1 tr. abuse; criticize abusively. 2 intr. talk abusively; rail. Envioler, deshonrar, denigrar, traicionar

slight v.tr. 1 treat or speak of (a person etc.) as not worth attention, fail in courtesy or respect towards, markedly neglect. 2 hisp. make militarily useless, raze (a fortification etc.). Ignore, Desairar, ofender, insulrar, desdénar

The next spiritual pain to which the damned are

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the pain of extension. Man, in this earthly life, though he be capable of many evils, is not capable of them all at once, inasmuch as one evil corrects and counteracts another just as one poison frequently corrects another. In hell, on the contrary, one torment, instead of counteracting another, lends it still greater force: and, moreover, as the internal faculties are more perfect than the external senses, so are they more capable of suffering. Just as every sense is afflicted with a fitting torment, so is every spiritual faculty; the fancy with horrible images, the sensitive faculty with alternate longing and rage, the mind and understanding with an interior darkness more terrible even than the exterior darkness which reigns in that dreadful prison. The malice, impotent though it be, which possesses these demon souls is an evil of boundless extension, of limitless duration, a frightful state of wickedness which we can scarcely realize unless we bear in mind the enormity of sin and the hatred God bears to it.

—Opposed to this pain of extension and yet coexistent with it we have the pain of intensity. Hell is the centre of evils and, as you know, things are more intense at their centres than at their remotest points. There are no contraries or admixtures of any kind to temper or soften in the least the pains of hell. Nay, things which are good in themselves become evil in hell. Company, elsewhere a source of comfort to the afflicted, will be there a continual torment: knowledge, so much longed for as the chief good of the intellect, will there be hated worse than ignorance: light, so much coveted by all creatures from the lord of creation down to the humblest plant in the forest, will be
loathed intensely. In this life our sorrows are either not very long or not very great because nature either overcomes them by habits or puts an end to them by sinking under their weight. But in hell the torments cannot be overcome by habit, for while they are of terrible intensity they are at the same time of continual variety, each pain, so to speak, taking fire from another and re-endowing that which has enkindled it with a still fiercer flame. Nor can nature escape from these intense and various torments by succumbing to them for the soul is sustained and maintained in evil so that its suffering may be the greater. Boundless extension of torment, incredible intensity of suffering, unceasing variety of torture—this is what the divine majesty, so outraged by sinners, demands; this is what the holiness of heaven, slighted and set aside for the lustful and low pleasures of the corrupt flesh, requires; this is what the blood of the innocent Lamb of God, shed for the redemption of sinners, trampled upon by the vilest of the vile, insists upon.

—Last and crowning torture of all the tortures of that awful place is the eternity of hell. Eternity! O, dread and dire word. Eternity! What mind of man can understand it? And remember, it is an eternity of pain. Even though the pains of hell were not so terrible as they are, yet they would become infinite, as they are destined to last for ever. But while they are everlasting they are at the same time, as you know, intolerably intense, unbearably extensive. To bear even the sting of an insect for all eternity would be a dreadful torment. What must it be, then, to bear the manifold torments of hell for ever? For ever! For all eternity! Not for a year or for an age but for
ever. Try to imagine the awful meaning of this. You have often seen the sand on the seashore. How fine are its tiny grains! And how many of those tiny little grains go to make up the small handful which a child grasps in its play. Now imagine a mountain of that sand, a million miles high, reaching from the earth to the farthest heavens, and a million miles broad, extending to remotest space, and a million miles in thickness; and imagine such an enormous mass of countless particles of sand multiplied as often as there are leaves in the forest, drops of water in the mighty ocean, feathers on birds, scales on fish, hairs on animals, atoms in the vast expanse of the air: and imagine that at the end of every million years a little bird came to that mountain and carried away in its beak a tiny grain of that sand. How many millions upon millions of centuries would pass before that bird had carried away even a square foot of that mountain, how many eons upon eons of ages before it had carried away all? Yet at the end of that immense stretch of time not even one instant of eternity could be said to have ended. At the end of all those billions and trillions of years eternity would have scarcely begun. And if that mountain rose again after it had been all carried away, and if the bird came again and carried it all away again grain by grain, and if it so rose and sank as many times as there are stars in the sky, atoms in the air, drops of water in the sea, leaves on the trees, feathers upon birds, scales upon fish, hairs upon animals, at the end of all those innumerable risings and sinkings of that immeasurably vast mountain not one single instant of eternity could be
said to have ended; even then, at the end of such a period, after that eon of time the mere thought of which makes our very brain reel dizzily, eternity would scarcely have begun.

—A holy saint (one of our own fathers I believe it was) was once vouchsafed a vision of hell. It seemed to him that he stood in the midst of a great hall, dark and silent save for the ticking of a great clock. The ticking went on unceasingly; and it seemed to this saint that the sound of the ticking was the ceaseless repetition of the words -ever, never; ever, never. Ever to be in hell, never to be in heaven; ever to be shut off from the presence of God, never to enjoy the beatific vision; ever to be eaten with flames, gnawed by vermin, goaded with burning spikes, never to be free from those pains; ever to have the conscience upbraided one, the memory enrage, the mind filled with darkness and despair, never to escape; ever to curse and revile the foul demons who gloated over their misery of their dupes, never to behold the shining raiment of the blessed spirits; ever to cry out of the abyss of fire to God for an instant, a single instant, of respite from such awful agony, never to receive, even for an instant, God’s pardon; ever to suffer, never to enjoy; ever to be damned, never to be saved; ever, never; ever, never. O, what a dreadful punishment! An eternity of endless agony, of endless bodily and spiritual torment, without one ray of hope, without one moment of cessation, of agony limitless in intensity, of torment infinitely varied, of torture that sustains eternally that which it eternally devours, of anguish that everlastingly preys upon tante de la eternidad había transcurrido; aun entonces, al fin de aquel enorme periodo, que sólo el imaginarlo hace girar nuestro cerebro vertiginosamente, aun entonces, la eternidad apenas si había comenzado.

»Un bienaventurado santo (y me parece que era uno de nuestros padres), fue favorecido una vez con una visión del infierno. Le pareció encontrarse en un grande y oscuro vestíbulo, sumido en un profundo silencio, turbado sólo por el tic-tac de un gran reloj. El tic-tac seguía incesantemente. Y le pareció al santo aquel, que el sonido del tic-tac era la incesante repetición de las palabras, siempre, jamás, siempre jamás. Siempre, estar en el infierno; jamás, estar en el cielo; siempre, estar privado de la presencia de Dios; jamás, gozar de la visión beatífica. Siempre, ser comido por las llamas, roído por la gusanera, pinchado con púas; jamás, verse libre de estas penas. Siempre, tener la conciencia atormentada, la memoria exasperada, la mente llena de oscuridad y desesperación; jamás, escapar de estos tormentos. Siempre, maldecir y denostar a los horrendos demonios que se gozan en contemplar la miseria de las víctimas de sus engaños; nunca, contemplar los brillantes ropajes de los santos espíritus; siempre, clamar a Dios, desde los abismos del fuego, por un instante, un solo instante de tregua a la horrible agonía, y nunca, recibir, ni aun por un instante, el perdón de Dios. Siempre sufrir, nunca gozar; siempre, estar condenado, y nunca obtener salvación; siempre, nunca; siempre, nunca. ¡Oh, cuán horrendo castigo! Una eternidad de inacabable agonía, de inacabable tormento espiritual y corporal, sin [152] un rayo de esperanza, sin un momento de descanso. Una eternidad de agonía ilimitada en intensidad, de tormento infinitamente variado, de tortura, que alimenta eternamente a aquello que eternamente devo- ra, de angustia, que perdurablemente opre el espíritu mientras...
in the world, the wars, sloth, personal sin. . . venial sin: • wilful venial sin of all evils.

Wilful adj. (US willful) 1 (of an action or state) intentional, deliberate (wilful murder, wilful neglect, wilful disobedience) alevoso (perfidious), premeditado. 2 (of a person) obstinate, headstrong. Unruly, headstrong. Wilful, willful 1 (= obstinate) testarudo, terco 2 (= deliberate) intencionado, deliberado, premeditado; [murder etc] premeditado

A sin, an instant of rebellious pride of the intellect, made Lucifer and a third part of the cohort of angels fall from their glory. A sin, an instant of folly and weakness, drove Adam and Eve out of Eden and brought death and suffering into the world. To retrieve the consequences of that sin the Only Begotten Son of God came down to earth, lived and suffered and died a most painful death, hanging for three hours on the cross.

O, my dear little brethren in Christ Jesus,
Will we trample again up on that torn and mangled corpse? Notice the number of rhetorical questions, indeed the nature of the repetitive rhetoric that runs through the passage. The words may be equated with the ritual—they are the verbal equivalent to it.

Will we trample again upon that torn and mangled corpse? Will we spit upon that face so full of sorrow and love? Will we too, like the cruel jaws and the brutal soldiers, mock that gentle and compassionate Saviour Who trod alone for our sake the awful wine-press of sorrow?

Every word of sin is a wound in His tender side. Every sinful act is a thorn piercing His head. Every impure thought, deliberately yielded to, is a keen lance transfixing that sacred and loving heart. No, no. It is impossible for any human being to do that which offend so deeply the divine majesty, that which is punished by an eternity of agony, which crucifies again the Son of God and makes a mockery of Him.

—I pray to God that my poor words may have availed today to confirm in holiness those who are in a state of grace, to strengthen the wavering, to lead back to the state of grace the poor soul that has strayed if any such be among you. I pray to God, and do you pray with me, that we may repent of our sins. I will ask you now, all of you, to repeat after me the act of contrition, kneeling here in this humble chapel in the presence of God. He is there in the tabernacle burning with love for mankind, ready to comfort the afflicted. Be not afraid. No matter how many or how foul the sins if you only repent of them they will be forgiven you. Let no worldly shame hold you back. God is still the merciful Lord who wishes not the eternal death of the sinner but rather that he be converted and live.

dieron también nosotros al buen Redentor y provocaremos su cólera? ¿Podremos también de nuevo ese cuerpo lacerado y desgarrado? ¿Esceptuiremos en ese rostro tan lleno de pena y de amor? ¿Hemos también, como los crueles judíos y la brutal soldadosca, a burlarnos de aquel manso y compasivo salvador que holló solo el lugar por nuestro amor? Cada palabra pecaminosa es una herida en su amoroso costado. Cada acto pecaminoso es una espina que taladra su cabeza. Cada pensamiento impuro deliberadamente consentido es una aguda lanza que traspasa su sagrado y amoroso corazón. No, no. Es imposible que un ser humano haga lo que ofende tan profundamente a la divina majestad, aquello que crucifica al Hijo de Dios y hace befa de él.

»Yo le pido a Dios que mis pobres palabras hayan servido para confirmar en santidad a aquellos que estén en estado de gracia, para fortalecer a los que flaquean, para traer de nuevo al estado de gracia a la pobre alma que se haya extraviado, si hubiera alguna entre vosotros. Yo le pido a Dios, y vosotros debéis hacerlo conmigo, que nos podamos arrepentir de nuestros pecados. Y ahora os voy a rogar a todos vosotros que repitáis conmigo el acto de contrición, arrodillándoos aquí, en esta humilde capilla, en la presencia de Dios. Él está aquí en el tabernáculo abrasándose de amor de la humanidad, dispuesto a confortar al afligido. No tengáis miedo. No importa nada, cuántos o cuántos monstruosos sean los pecados; basta que os arrepentáis de ellos y se os perdonarán. No permitáis que una vergüenza al estilo mundano os impida hacerlo. Dios es todavía el señor misericordioso que no desea la muerte del pecador, sino que se convierta y viva.
He called you to Him. You are His. He made you out of nothing. He loved you as only a God can love. His arms are open to receive you even though you have sinned against Him. Come to Him, poor sinner, poor vain and erring sinner. Now is the acceptable time. Now is the hour.

The priest rose and, turning towards the altar, knelt upon the step before the tabernacle in the fallen gloom. He waited till all in the chapel had knelt and every least noise was still. Then, raising his head, he repeated the act of contrition, phrase by phrase, with fervour.

The boys answered him phrase by phrase. Stephen, his tongue cleaving to his palate, bowed his head, praying with his heart.

—O my God!—
—O my God!—
—I am heartily sorry—
—for having offended Thee—
—and I detest my sins—
—above every other evil—
—because they displease Thee, my God—
—Who art so deserving—
—of all my love—
—and I firmly purpose—
—by Thy holy grace—
—never more to offend Thee—
—and to amend my life—

* * *

—He calls you to Him. You are His. He made you out of nothing. He loved you as only a God can love. His arms are open to receive you even though you have sinned against Him. Come to Him, poor sinner, poor vain and erring sinner. Now is the acceptable time. Now is the hour.

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* * *

He went up to his room after dinner in order to be alone with his soul, and at every step his soul seemed to sigh; at every step his soul

* * *
We knew perfectly well... of course perfectly well that the words 'had seemed to rise murmurously from the dark.'

He halted on the landing before the door and then, grasping the porcelain knob, opened the door quickly. He waited in fear, his soul pining within him, praying silently that death might not touch his brow as he passed over the threshold, that the fiends that inhabit darkness might not be given power over him. He waited still at the threshold as at the entrance to some dark cave. Faces were there; eyes: they waited and watched.

—We knew perfectly well of course that though it was bound to come to the light he would find considerable difficulty in endeavouring to try to induce himself to try to endeavour to ascertain the spiritual plenipotentiary and so we knew of course perfectly well—

Murmuring faces waited and watched; murmurous voices filled the dark shell of the cave. He feared intensely in spirit and in flesh but, raising his head bravely, he strode into the room firmly. A doorway, a room, the same room, same window. He told himself calmly that those words which had absolutely no sense which had seemed to rise murmurously from the dark. He told himself that it was simply his room with the door open.

He closed the door and, walking swiftly to the bed, knelt beside it and covered his face with his hands. His hands were cold and damp and his limbs ached with chill. Bodily unrest and chill and weariness beset him, routing his thoughts. Why was he kneeling there like a child saying his evening prayers? To

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tr. de Dámaso Alonso

Caras que murmuraban le estaban esperando; voces murmurantes que llenaban la cóncava oscuridad de la cueva. Sintió miedo en el alma y en la carne, más, levantando bravamente la cabeza, entró con resolución en el cuarto. Una puerta, una habitación, la misma habitación, la misma ventana. Y pensó que aquellas palabras que le habían parecido levantarse como un murmullo de la oscuridad, carecían totalmente de sentido. Y se dijo que todo era simplemente su habitación, su habitación con la puerta abierta.

Cerró la puerta, y marchando en derechura hacia la cama, se arrodilló al lado de ella y se cubrió la cara con las manos. Tenía las manos frías y húmedas y los miembros doloridos y escalofriados. Inquietud corporal y escalofríos y cansancio le acosaban, poniendo en fuga sus pensamientos. ¿Por qué estaba allí, arrodillado, como un niño que reza sus
be alone with his soul, to examine his conscience, to meet his sins face to face, to recall their times and manners and circumstances, to weep over them. He could not weep. He could not summon them to his memory. He felt only an ache of soul and body, his whole being, memory, will, understanding, flesh, benumbed and weary.

That was the work of devils, to scatter his thoughts and over-cloud his conscience, assailing him at the gates of the cowardly and sin-corrupted flesh: and, praying God timidly to forgive him his weakness, he crawled up on to the bed and, wrapping the blankets closely about him, covered his face again with his hands. He had sinned. He had sinned so deeply against heaven and before God that he was not worthy to be called God’s child.

Could it be that he, Stephen Dedalus, had done those things? His conscience sighed in answer. Yes, he had done them, secretly, filthily, time after time, and, hardened in sinful impenitence, he had dared to wear the mask of holiness before the tabernacle itself while his soul within was a living mass of corruption. How came it that God had not struck him dead? The leprous company of his sins closed about him, breathing upon him, bending over him from all sides. He strove to forget them in an act of prayer, huddling his limbs closer together and binding down his eyelids: but the senses of his soul would not be bound and, though his eyes were shut fast, he saw the places where he had sinned and, though his ears were tightly covered, he heard. He desired with all his will not to hear or see. He desired till his frame shook oraciones de la noche? Para estar a solas con su alma, para examinarse [156] la conciencia, para afrontar cara a cara sus pecados, para evocar sus modos, sus épocas, sus circunstancias, para llorarlos. No podía llorar. No podía evocarlos en su memoria. Sentía sólo un dolor en el alma y en el cuerpo: todo su ser —memoria, voluntad, entendimiento, carne— entumecido y cansado.

¿Era posible que él, Stephen Dedalus, hubiera realizado tales cosas? Su conciencia suspiró por toda respuesta. Sí, las había realizado, en secreto, repugnantemente, una vez y otra vez, y, endurecido en la impenitencia del pecado, se había atrevido a llevar su máscara de santidad hasta delante del tabernáculo mismo, cuando su alma no era otra cosa que una masa viviente de corrupción. ¿Cómo era posible que Dios no le hubiera matado de repente? La multitud inmunda de sus pecados se estrechaba en torno de él, le lanzaba el aliento, se doblegaba sobre él por todos lados. Se esforzó en olvidarlos mediante una oración, arrebatándose como un ovillo y apretando los párpados cerrados. Pero, ¿cómo sujetar los sentidos del alma?; que aunque sus ojos estaban fuertemente cerrados, veía los lugares donde había pecado; y oía, aun con los oídos bien tapados. Deseaba con toda su alma dejar de oír y de ver, y lo deseó tanto, que por fin la armazón de su cuerpo se puso a tem-
under the strain of his desire and until the senses of his soul closed. They closed for an instant and then opened. He saw.

A field of stiff weeds and thistles and tufted nettle-bunches. Thick among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay battered canisters and clots and solids of excrement. A faint marshlight struggling upwards from all the ordure through the bristling grey-green weeds. An evil smell, faint and foul as the light, curled upwards sluggishly out of the canisters and from the stale crusted dung.

Creatures were in the field: one, three, six: creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, horned-browed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber. An evil smell, with the stress on what is physically repugnant, something that has always welded Stephen from his earliest days in Clongowes.

battered 1 (coche) abolido; a she drives around in a battered old car, conduce un viejo cacharro. 2 (persona) maltratado; a 3 Cuín rebocado; a

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Creatures were in the field: one, three, six: creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, horned-browed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber. The malice of evil glittered in their hard eyes, as they moved hither and thither, trailing their long tails behind them. A rictus of cruel malignity lit up greely their old bony faces. One was clasping about his ribs a torn flannel waistcoat, another complained monotonously as his beard stuck in the tufted weeds. Soft language issued from their spitless lips as they swished in slow circles round and round the field, winding hither and thither through the weeds, dragging their long tails amid the rattling canisters. They moved in slow circles, circling closer and closer to enclose, to enclose, soft language issuing from their lips, their long swishing tails besmeared with stale shite, thrusting upwards their terrific faces.

Help!

He flung the blankets from him madly to free his blar bajo la fuerza de su deseo y los sentidos de su alma se cerraron. Se cerraron por un instante, pero se abrieron en seguida. Y vio.

Algunos seres se movían por el campo: uno, tres, seis. Entes errantes, acá, allá. Seres cabrinos con cara humana, frente cornuda y barba rala de un color gris como el del caucho. La perversidad del mal les brillaba en la mirada dura, mientras se movían, acá, allá, arrastrando en pos de sí la larga cola. Un rictus de cruel maldad iluminaba con un resplandor grisáceo sus caras viejas y heridas. El uno se cubría las costillas con un harapiento chaleco frenal; otro se lamentaba monótonamente porque la barba se le enredaba entre la _______ maleza. Un lenguaje impreciso salía de sus bocas sin salva, mientras zumbaban en lentos círculos, cada vez más estrechos, dando vueltas y vueltas alrededor del campo, arrastrando las largas colas entre las latas tinteantes. Se movían en lentos círculos, para encerrar, para encerrar... con el lenguaje indistinto de sus labios, y el silbido de sus largas colas embadurnadas de estiércol enraizado... impeliendo hacia lo alto las espantosas caras...

¡Socorro!

Arrojó enloquecido las coberturas lejos de sí para
He sprang from the bed, the reeking odour pouring down his throat, clogging and revolting his entrails. Air! The air of heaven! He stumbled towards the window, groaning and almost fainting with sickness. At the washstand a convulsion seized him within; and, clasping his cold forehead wildly, he vomited profusely in agony.

When the fit had spent itself he walked weakly to the window and, lifting the sash, it self he walked weakly to the window and, lifting the sash, he sat in a corner of the alféizar and leaned his head upon the sill. The rain had drawn off; and amid the moving vapours from point to point of light the city was spinning about herself a soft cocoon of yellowish haze. Obviously he sees this kind of Hell because he feels his sins have been sexual.

He prayed:

—He once had meant to come on earth in heavenly glory but we sinned; and then he could not safely visit us but with a shrouded majesty and a bedimmed radiance for he was God. So he came himself in weakness not in power and he sent thee, a creature in his stead, with a creatures comeliness and lustre suited to our state. And now thy very face and form, dear mother, soak to us of the eternal not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the face and neck. That was his hell. God had allowed him to see the hell reserved for his sins: stinking, bestial, malignant, a hell of lecherous goatish fiends. For him! For him!

Saltó de la cama. Sentía la nauseabunda vaharada que se le metía garganta abajo, asqueándole y revolviéndole las entrañas. ¡Aire! ¡Aire del cielo! Se arrastró a encontronazos hacia la ventana, gimiendo y casi desvanecido de malestar. [158] Frente al lavabo una náusea se apoderó de él. Y oprimiéndose con fresnesi la frente helada, vomitó en agonía, profusamente.

Cambió el malestar hubo pasado, caminó con dificultad hasta la ventana y, levantando el bastidor, se sentó en el extremo del alfizár y apoyó el codo sobre el antepecho. La lluvia había cesado y entre movibles masas de vapor de agua, la ciudad estaba hiriendo de luz a luz el delicado capullo de una neblina amarillenta. El cielo estaba tranquilo y tenía una vaga luminosidad. Y el aire resultaba grato al pulmón como en una arboleda bien calada a chaparrones. Y, en medio de aquella paz de las luces teimborosas y la quiet fragancia de la noche, Stephen hizo un pacto con su corazón.
His eyes were dimmed with tears and, looking humbly up to heaven, he wept for the innocence he had lost.

When evening had fallen he left the house, and the first touch of the damp dark air and the noise of the door as it closed behind him made ache again his conscience, lulled by prayer and tears. Confess! Confess! It was not enough to lull the conscience with a tear and a prayer. He had to kneel before the minister of the Holy Ghost and tell over his hidden sins truly and repentantly. Before he heard again the footboard of the housedoor trail over the threshold as it opened to let him in, before he saw again the table in the kitchen set for supper he would have knelt and confessed. It was quite simple.

The ache of conscience ceased and he walked onward swiftly through the dark streets. There were so many flagstones on the footpath of that street and so many streets in that City and so many cities in the world. Yet eternity had no end. He was in mortal sin. Even once was a mortal sin. It could happen in an instant. But how so quickly? By seeing or by thinking of seeing. The eyes see the thing, without having wished first to see. Then in an instant it happens. But does that part of the body understand or what? The serpent, the most subtle beast of the field. It must understand when it desires in one instant and then prolongs its own desire instant after instant, sinfully. It feels and understands...
and desires. What a horrible thing! Who made it to be like that, a bestial part of the body able to understand bestially and desire bestially? Was that then he or an inhuman thing moved by a lower soul? His soul sickened at the thought of a torpid snaky life feeding itself out of the tender marrow of his life and fattening upon the slime of lust. O why was that so? O why?

He cowered in the shadow of the thought, hating himself in the awe of God Who had made all things and all men. Madness. Who could think such a thought? And, cowering in darkness and abject, he prayed mutely to his guardian angel to drive away with his sword the demon that was whispering to his brain.

The whisper ceased and he knew then clearly that his own soul had sinned in thought and word and deed wilfully through his own body. Confess! He had to confess every sin. How could he utter in words to the priest what he had done? Must, must. Or how could he explain without dying of shame? Or how could he have done such things without shame? A madman! Confess! O he would indeed to be free and sinless again! Perhaps the priest would know. O dear God!

He walked on and on through ill-lit streets, fearing to stand still for a moment lest it might seem that he held back from what awaited him, fearing to arrive at that towards which he still turned with longing. How beautiful must be a soul in the state of grace when God looked upon it with love!

El susurro cesó y entonces comprendió claramente que era su propia alma la que había pecado voluntariamente mediante [160] su cuerpo, de pensamiento, palabra y obra. ¡Confesarse! Tenía que confesarse de cada uno de sus pecados. ¿Y cómo expresarle en palabras al ángel de la guarda que apartara con su espada el demonio que le estaba susurrando en el cerebro.

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Frowzy girls sat along the curbstones before their baskets. Their dank disagreeably damp and
cold] hair hung trailed over their brows. They were not beautiful to see as they crouched in the mire. But their souls were seen by God; and if their souls were in a state of grace they were radiant to see: and God loved them, seeing them.

A wasting breath of humiliation blew bleakly over his soul to think of how he had fallen, to feel that those souls were dearer to God than his. The wind blew over him and passed on to the myriads and myriads of other souls on whom God’s favour shone now more and now less, stars now brighter and now dimmer sustained and failing. And the glimmering souls passed away, sustained and failing, merged in a moving breath. One soul was lost; a tiny soul: his. It flickered once and went out, forgotten, lost. The end: black, cold, void waste.

Consciousness of place came ebbing back to him slowly over a vast tract of time unlit, unfelt, un-lived. The squalid scene composed itself around him; the common accents, the burning gas-jets in the shops, odours of fish and spirits and wet sawdust, moving men and women. An old woman was about to cross the street, an oilecan in her hand. He bent down and asked her was there a chapel near.

—A chapel, sir? Yes, sir. Church Street chapel.

—Church?

She shifted the can to her other hand and directed him; and, as she held out her reeking withered right hand under its fringe of shawl, he bent lower towards her, saddened and soothed by her voice.

La conciencia del lugar en que se encontraba fue reflejando lentamente a su espíritu por encima de un vasto y oscuro período de tiempo sin sensación ni vida. La escena sórdida iba resucitando ahora en torno de él: la entonación familiar, los mecheros de gas encendidos en las tiendas, y olores a aguardiente, a pescado, a serrín húmedo, y mujeres y hombres que pasaban de un lado a otro. Una vieja se disponía a cruzar la calle con su lata de aceite en la mano. Se inclinó y le preguntó si había una capilla por allí cerca.

—¿Una capilla, señor? Sí, señor. La capilla de la calle de la Iglesia.

—¿De la Iglesia?

La vieja se pasó de mano la lata para indicarle la dirección. Y al sacar su mano ennegrecida y marchita de debajo de los flecos del mantón, Stephen se inclinó más profundamente, entristecido y aliviado por la voz de la vieja.

65. Church Street chapel: a Franciscan Capuchin friary in central Dublin.
The candles on the high altar had been extinguished but the fragrance of incense still floated down the dim nave. Bearded workmen with pious faces were guiding a canopy out through a side door, the sacristan aiding them with quiet gestures and words. A few of the faithful still lingered praying before one of the side-altars or kneeling in the benches near the confessionals. 

He approached timidly and knelt at the last bench in the body, thankful for the peace and silence and fragrant shadow of the church. The board on which he knelt was narrow and worn and those who knelt near him were humble followers of Jesus. Jesus too had been born in poverty and had worked in the shop of a carpenter, cutting boards and planing them, and had first spoken of the kingdom of God to poor fishermen, teaching all men to be meek and humble of heart.

He bowed his head upon his hands, bidding his heart be meek and humble that he might be like those who knelt beside him and his prayer as acceptable as theirs. He prayed beside them but it was hard. His soul was foul with sin and he dared not ask forgiveness with the simple trust of those whom Jesus, in the mysterious ways of God, had called first to His side, the carpenters, the fishermen, poor and simple people following a lowly trade, handling and shaping the wood of trees, mending their nets with patience.

A tall figure came down the aisle and the penitents stirred; and at the last
moment, glancing up swiftly, he saw a long grey beard and the brown habit of a capuchin. The priest entered the box and was hidden. Two penitents rose and entered the confessional at either side. The wooden slide was drawn back and the faint murmur of a voice troubled the silence.

His blood began to murmur in his veins, murmuring like a sinful city summoned from its sleep to hear its doom. Little flakes of fire fell and powdery ashes fell softly, alighting on the houses of men. They stirred, waking from sleep, troubled by the heated air.

The slide was shot back. The penitent emerged from the side of the box. The farther side was drawn. A woman entered quietly and deftly where the first penitent had knelt. The faint murmur began again.

He could still leave the chapel. He could stand up, put one foot before the other and walk out softly and then run, run, run swiftly through the dark streets. He could still escape from the shame. Had it been any terrible crime but that one sin! Had it been murder! Little fiery flakes fell and touched him at all points, shameful thoughts, shameful words, shameful acts. Shame covered him wholly like fine glowing ashes falling continually. To say it in words! His soul, stifling and helpless, would cease to be.

The slide was shot back. A penitent emerged from the farther side of the box. The near slide was drawn. A penitent entered where the other penitent had come out.

El cierre volvió a correrse y el penitente emergió de la sombra por el costado del confesionario. Se descorrió el cierre del otro lado. Una mujer entró con calmosa compostura en el sitio donde el primer penitente había estado arrodillado. Y el leve murmullo comenzó de nuevo.

Aún podía abandonar la capilla. Podía levantarse, echar un pie tras otro, salir suavemente y luego correr, correr, correr a toda velocidad a través de las calles oscuras. Aún tenía tiempo de escapar de aquel bochorno. Si hubiera sido algún terrible crimen, ¡pero aquel pecado! ¡Si hubiera sido un asesinato! Menudos copos de fuego caían abrasándole por todas partes: pensamientos vergonzosos, palabras vergonzosas, actos vergonzosos. Y la vergüenza le cubría totalmente como una capa impalpable de abrasadora ceniza que iba cayendo sin cesar. ¡Expresar lo con palabras! Su alma, entre el ansia de la asfixia y el desamparo, quería dejar de existir.

soft whispering noise floated in
vaporous cloudlets out of the box. It was the woman: soft
whispering cloudlets, soft whispering vapour, whispering
and vanishing.

He beat his breast with his
fist humbly, secretly under
cover of the wooden armrest.
He would be at one with
others and with God. He
would love his neighbour. He
would love God who had
made and loved him. He
would kneel and pray with
others and be happy. God
would look down on him and
and on them and would love them
all.

It was easy to be good. God’s yoke was sweet and
light. It was better never to
have sinned, to have remained
always a child, for God loved
little children and suffered
them to come to Him. It was a
terrible and a sad thing to sin.
But God was merciful to poor
sinners who were truly sorry.
How true that was! That was
indeed goodness.

The slide was shot to
suddenly. The penitent came
out. He was next. He stood up
in terror and walked blindly
into the box.

At last it had come. He
knelt in the silent gloom and
raised his eyes to the white
crucifix suspended above
him. God could see that he
was sorry. He would tell all
his sins. His confession
would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel
would know then what a
sinner he had been. Let them
know. It was true. But God
had promised to forgive him
if he was sorry. He was sorry.
He clasped his hands and
raised them towards the white
form, praying with his
darkened eyes, praying with
all his trembling body,
swaying his head to and fro
like a lost creature, praying
with whimpering lips.

susurro salía en vaporosas
nubecillas de la caja de made-
ra. Era la mujer: nubecillas te-
nues y susurrantes, vapor tenue
en susurros, que susurraba, que
se desvanecía.

Secretamente, por debajo
del antepecho del banco, se
golpeó humildemente el
seno. Viviría en paz con Dios
y con los otros. Amaría a su
prójimo. Amaría a Dios que
le había creado y le había
amado. Se arrodillaría y re-
zaría con los demás, y sería
feliz. Dios se dignaría posar
su mirada sobre él y sobre
los otros y los amaría a to-
dos.

¡Qué fácil es ser el bueno! El
yugo de Dios era ligero y suave.
Mejor era no haber pecado nun-
ca, haber permanecido siempre
como un niño, porque Dios ama-
ba a los pequeñuelos y dejaba
que se acercasen a él. Pero Dios
era misericordioso para los po-
bres pecadores que se arrepen-
tían de corazón. ¡Cuán cierto era
aquello! Eso sí que se podía lla-
mar bondad!

El cierre se corrió de
pronto. Él era el siguien-
te. Se levantó lleno de te-
rror y caminó a ciegas has-
ta el confesonario.

Había llegado por fin. Se arro-
dilló en la silenciosa oscuridad y
levantó los ojos hacia el blanco
crucifijo que estaba colgado en-
cima de él. Dios podría ver que
le pesaba. Diría todos sus pe-
cados. Su confesión sería lar-
ga. Todo el mundo en la ca-
pilla comprendería cuán pe-
cador había sido. ¡Que lo su-
zieran! Era verdad. Pero Dios
había prometido perdo-
narle, con tal de que le pesa-
se de corazón. Y le pesaba. Juntó las manos y las
levantó hacia la blanca
forma, rogando con sus ojos
entenebrecidos, rogando con
todo el trémulo cuerpo, moviendo
la cabeza de un lado a otro tamo
una criatura abandonada, rogando
con los gimientes labios.
—Sorry! Sorry! O sorry!

The slide clicked back
and his heart bounded
in his breast. The face
of an old priest was at the
grating, averted from him,
leaning upon a hand. He
made the sign of the cross
and prayed of the priest to
bless him for he had sinned.
Then, bowing his head, he
repeated the CONFITEOR in
fright. At the words MY MOST
GRIEVOUS FAULT he ceased,
breathless.

—How long is it since your
last confession, my child?

—A long time, father.

—A month, my child?

—Longer, father.

—Three months, my child?

—Longer, father.

—Six months?

—Eight months, father.

He had begun. The priest
asked:

—And what do you
remember since that time?

He began to confess his
sins: masses missed, prayers
not said, lies.

—Anything else, my child?

Sins of anger, envy of
others, gluttony, vanity,
disobedience.

—Anything else, my child?

There was no help. He
murmured:

—I committed sins of
impurity, father.

The priest did not turn
his head.
—With yourself, my child?

—And with others.

—With women, my child?

—Yes, father.

—Were they married women, my child?

He did not know. His sins trickled from his lips, one by one, trickled in shameful drops from his soul, festering and oozing like a sore, a squalid stream of vice. The last sins oozed forth, sluggish, filthy. There was no more to tell. He bowed his head, overcome.

The Priest was silent. Then he asked:

—How old are you, my child?

—Sixteen, father.

The priest passed his hand several times over his face. Then, resting his forehead against his hand, he leaned towards the grating and, with eyes still averted, spoke slowly. His voice was weary and old.

—You are very young, my child, he said, and let me implore of you to give up that sin. It is a terrible sin. It kills the body and it kills the soul. It is the cause of many crimes and misfortunes. Give it up, my child, for God's sake. It is dishonourable and unmanly.

—Yes, father. He bowed his head, overcome.

—Were they married women, my child?

El sacerdote callaba. Después, preguntó:

—¿Qué edad tiene usted, hijo mío?

—Diecisésis años, padre.

El sacerdote se pasó la mano varias veces por la cara. Después descansó la frente sobre una mano, se recostó contra la rejilla y, los ojos todavía desviados, habló lentamente. Tenía la voz cansada y vieja.

—Es usted muy joven, hijo mío, y me va usted a permitir que le ruegue que abandone ese pecado. Es un pecado terrible. Mata el cuerpo y mata el alma. Es la causa de muchos crímenes y desgracias. Abandónelo usted, hijo mío, por el amor de Dios. Es deshonroso e indigno de hombres. Usted no sabe hasta dónde ese maldito hábito le puede llevar a usted o hasta dónde puede llegar él en contra suya. Mientras cometa usted ese pecado, su alma carecerá absolutamente de valor [no valdrá un ápice] a los ojos de Dios. Pidale a nuestra madre María que le ayude. Ella le ayudará, hijo mío. Ruéguescelo a Nuestra Señora cada vez que
comes into your mind. I am sure you will do that, will you not? You repent of all those sins. I am sure you do. And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him any more by that wicked sin. You will make that solemn promise to God, will you not?

—Yes, father.

The old and weary voice fell like sweet rain upon his quaking parching heart. How sweet and sad!

—Do so my poor child. The devil has led you astray. Drive him back to hell when he tempts you to dishonour your body in that way—the foul spirit who hates our Lord. Promise God now that you will give up that sin, that wretched sin.

Blinded by his tears and by the light of God’s mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest’s hand raised above him in token of forgiveness.

—God bless you, my child. Pray for me.

He knelt to say his penance, praying in a corner of the dark nave; and his prayers ascended to heaven from his purified heart like perfume streaming upwards from a heart of white rose.

The muddy streets were gay. He strode homeward, conscious of an invisible grace pervading and making light his limbs. In spite of all he had done it. He had confessed and God had pardoned him. His soul was made fair and holy once more, holy and happy.

It would be beautiful to die if God so willed. It was

cierra hacia el infierno siempre que le traiga la tentación de deshonrar su cuerpo de esta manera; rechace al espíritu infernal que aborrece a Nuestro Señor. Prométale a Dios que abandonará ese pecado vil, ese pecado asqueroso.

Cegado por las lágrimas y por la luz de la misericordia divina, Stephen inclinó la cabeza y oyó las graves palabras de la absolución y vio cómo la mano del sacerdote se levantaba sobre él en prenda de perdón.

—Dios le bendiga, hijo mío. Ruego a Dios por mí.

Se arrodilló para rezar la penitencia en un rincón de la oscura nave; y sus oraciones ascendían al cielo desde el corazón purificado como una oleada de aroma que fluyera aire arriba desde el corazón de una rosa blanca.

¡Qué alegres, las calles enfangadas! Marchaba hacia casa a grandes pasos, consciente de una gracia que se difundía por sus miembros y los aligeraba. A pesar de todo, lo había hecho. Se había confesado y Dios le había perdonado. Su alma era pura y santa una vez más, santa y feliz.

¡Qué hermoso morir ahora, si fuera voluntad de Dios! Y qué
beautiful to live in grace a life of peace and virtue and forbearance with others.

He sat by the fire in the kitchen, not daring to speak for happiness. Till that moment he had not known how beautiful and peaceful life could be. The green square of paper pinned round the lamp cast down a tender shade. On the dresser was a plate of sausages and white pudding and on the shelf there were eggs. They would be for the breakfast in the morning after the communion in the college chapel. White pudding and eggs and sausages and cups of tea. How simple and beautiful was life after all! And life lay all before him.

In a dream he fell asleep. In a dream he rose and saw that it was morning. In a waking dream he went through the quiet morning towards the college.

The boys were all there, kneeling in their places. He knelt among them, happy and shy. The altar was heaped with fragrant masses of white flowers; and in the morning light the pale flames of the candles among the white flowers were clear and silent as his own soul.

He knelt before the altar with his classmates, holding the altar cloth with them over a living rail of hands. His hands were trembling and his soul trembled as he heard the priest pass with the ciborium from communicant to communicant.

—CORPUS DOMINI NOSTRI.

Could it be? He knelt there sinless and timid; and he would hold upon his tongue the host and God would enter his purified body.
—IN VITAM ETERNAM. AMEN.

Another life! A life of grace and virtue and happiness! It was true. It was not a dream from which he would wake. The past was past.

—CORPUS DOMINI NOSTRI.

The ciborium had come to him.

Joyce’s Portrait

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

—In vitam eternam. Amen.

¡Una nueva vida!

¡Una vida de gracia y de virtud y de felicidad! Y lo pasado.

—Corpus Domini nostri.

La copa sagrada había llegado hasta él.
Chapter 4

Sunday was dedicated to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, Monday to the Holy Ghost, Tuesday to the Guardian Angels, Wednesday to saint Joseph, Thursday to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Friday to the Suffering Jesus, Saturday to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Every morning he hallowed himself anew in the presence of some holy image or mystery. His day began with an heroic offering of its every moment of thought or action for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff and with an early mass. The raw morning air whetted his resolute piety; and often as he knelt among the few worshippers at the side-altar, following with his interleaved prayer-book the murmur of the priest, he glanced up for an instant towards the vested figure standing in the gloom between the two candles, which were the old and the new testaments, and imagined that he was kneeling at mass in the catacombs.

His daily life was laid out in devotional areas. By means of ejaculations and prayers he stored up ungrudgingly for the souls in purgatory centuries of days and quarantines and years; yet the spiritual triumph which he felt in achieving with ease so many fabulous ages of canonical penances did not wholly reward his zeal of prayer, since he could never know how much temporal punishment he had remitted by way of suffrage for the agonizing souls; and fearful lest in the midst of the purgatorial fire, which differed from the infernal only in that it was not everlasting, his penance might avail no more

1. Sunday was dedicated . . . Virgin Mary: adapted from The Sodality Manual, or a Collection of Prayers and Spiritual Exercises for Members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Dublin, 1896), from the section entitled 'Devotions for Every Day of the Week'.

2. Heroic offering: 'heroic' in this instance means an act by which the agent offers to God all the satisfactory works which he performs in his lifetime for the sake of another or others - in this case for the sake of the Pope.

3. Interleaved prayer-book: a prayerbook containing devotional and in memoriam cards, a serious sign of piety.

4. Two candles . . . Old and New Testaments: at low mass, two lit candles flanked the crucifix, the two lights of the Old and New Testaments that illuminated Christ's sacrifice.

5. Catacombs: under Roman persecution, the early Christians celebrated Mass in the catacombs with the marble slab of a sepulchre serving as an altar.


7. Days and quarantines and years: a quarantine is a period of forty days. Stephen is offering up his prayers and devotions for the sake of the souls in purgatory. They gain remission of punishment; he gains in holiness and discipline.
8. works of supererogation: he did more than was required for fear that should not be enough. Supererogation: acts beyond the requirements of duty to establish a reservoir of merits.

9. chaplet: a rosary consists of fifteen decades of aves, preceded by a Pater Noster and followed by a Glorioso. Each decade is dedicated to a mystery of religion; the rosary itself is divided into three chaplets of five decades each. The first chaplet is given to contemplation of the five joyful mysteries, the second to the five sorrowful mysteries and the third to the five glorious mysteries. All of these mysteries are centered on the Three Persons through Mary in the name of her joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries.

10. mysteries: Stephen says three chaplets to strengthen his hold on the three theological virtues: Faith, Hope and Charity—each identified with one of the Three Persons in God and each assigned to one of the three sets of mysteries.


Joyful Mysteries: the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity of Christ, the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, the finding of the child Jesus in the Temple. Sorrowful Mysteries: the Agony in Gethsemane, the Scourging of Jesus, His crowning with thorns, His carrying on the cross, His crucifixion. Glorious Mysteries: the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, the Coronation of the Virgin Mary.

Every part of his day, divided by what he regarded now as the duties of his station in life, circled about its own centre of spiritual energy. His life seemed to have drawn near to eternity; every thought, word, and deed, every instance of consciousness could be made to revibrate radiantly in heaven; and at times his sense of such immediate repercussion was so lively that he seemed to feel his soul in devotion pressing like fingers the keyboard of a great cash register and to see the amount of his purchase start forth immediately in heaven, not as a number but as a frail column of incense or as a slender flower.

The rosaries, too, which he said constantly—for he carried his beads loose in his trousers’ pockets that he might tell them as he walked the streets—transformed themselves into coronals of flowers of such vague unearthly texture that they seemed to him as hueless and odorless as they were nameless. He offered up each of his three daily chaplets that his soul might grow strong in each of the three theological virtues, in faith in the Father Who had created him, in hope in the Son Who had redeemed him and in love of the Holy Ghost Who had sanctified him; and this thrice triple prayer he offered to the Three Persons through Mary in the name of her joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries.

On each of the seven days of the week he further prayed that one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost might descend upon his soul and drive out of it day by day the seven deadly sins which had defiled it in the penitence.

Cada momento del día, dedicado ahora a los que miraba como deberes de su paso por la vida, giraba en torno de su actividad espiritual. Su vida parecía haberse aproximado a la eternidad. Podía lograr que cada uno de sus pensamientos, palabras y obras, reviviera radiantemente en el cielo; y a veces la sensación de ese repercusión inmediato era tan intensa, que le parecía que su alma devota obraba como los dedos sobre el teclado de una gran caja registradora y que podía ver la suma de su adquisición aparecer inmediatamente inscrita en el cielo, no como una cifra, sino como una débil columnilla de incienso o como una delicada flor.
past; and he prayed for each gift on its appointed day, confident that it would descend upon him, though it seemed strange to him at times that wisdom and understanding and knowledge were so distinct in their nature that each should be prayed for apart from the others. Yet he believed that at some future stage of his spiritual progress this difficulty would be removed when his sinful soul had been raised up from its weakness and enlightened by the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity. He believed this all the more, and with trepidation, because of the divine gloom and silence wherein dwelt the unseen Paraclete, Whose symbols were a dove and a mighty wind, to sin against Whom was a sin beyond forgiveness, the eternal mysterious secret Being to Whom, as God, the priests offered up mass once a year, robed in the scarlet of the tongues of fire.

The imagery through which the nature and kinship of the Three Persons of the Trinity were darkly shadowed forth in the books of devotion which he read—the Father contemplating from all eternity as in a mirror His Divine Perfections and thereby begetting eternally the Eternal Son and the Holy Spirit proceeding out of Father and Son from all eternity—were easier of acceptance by his mind by reason of their august incomprehensibility than was the simple fact that God had loved his soul from all eternity, for ages before he had been born into the world, for ages before the world itself had existed.

He had heard the names of the passions of love and hate pronounced solemnly on the stage and in the pulpit, had found them set forth solemnly in books and lloado en el pasado; y rezaba para obtener cada don en su día señalado, con la confianza de que descenderían sobre él, aunque le resultaba extrañamente algunas veces que tres dones como sabiduría, entendimiento y ciencia, fuesen tan distintos que necesitaran cada uno por su lado un día diferente. Con todo, creía que en una etapa futura de su progreso espiritual, quedaría la dificultad resuelta cuando su alma pecadora estuviera más fortalecida y alumbrada por la tercera persona de la Trinidad Santísima. Pero lo creía tanto más, y aun con ansia, a causa de la divina oscuridad y silencio donde mora el invisible Paráclito cuyos símbolos son una paloma y un viento poderoso; pecar contra Él es pecado que no encuentra perdón; Él es, en fin, aquel eterno, secreto y misterioso ser al que como a Dios ofrecen los sacerdotes una misa cada año vestidos del rojo de las llamas de fuego.

Había oído pronunciar solemnemente en la escena y en el púlpito los nombres de las pasiones del amor y del odio; las había visto expuestas pomposamente en los libros, y se preguntaba por
had wondered why his soul was unable to harbour them for any time or to force his lips to utter their names with conviction. A brief anger had often invested him but he had never been able to make it an abiding passion and had always felt himself passing out of it as if his very body were being divested with ease of some outer skin or peel. He had felt a subtle, dark, and murmurous presence penetrate his being and fire him with a brief iniquitous lust: it, too, had slipped beyond his grasp leaving his mind lucid and indifferent. This, it seemed, was the only love and that the only hate his soul would harbour.

But he could no longer disbelieve in the reality of love, since God Himself had loved his individual soul with divine love from all eternity. Gradually, as his soul was enriched with spiritual knowledge, he saw the whole world forming one vast symmetrical expression of God's power and love. Life became a divine gift for every moment and sensation of which, were it even the sight of a single leaf hanging on the twig of a tree, his soul should praise and thank the Giver. The world for all its solid substance and complexity no longer existed for Stephen save as a theorem of divine power and love and universality. So entire and unquestionable was this sense of the divine meaning in all nature granted to his soul that he could scarcely understand why it was in any way necessary that he should continue to live. Yet that was part of the divine purpose and he dared not question its use, he above all others who had sinned so deeply and so fouly against the divine purpose. Meek and abased by this consciousness of the one
eternal omnipresent perfect reality
his soul took up again her burden
of pieties, masses and prayers and
mortifications,
and only then for the first
time since he had brooded
on the great mystery of love
did he feel within him a
warm movement like that of
some newly born life or
virtue of the soul itself. The
attitude of rapture in sacred
art, the raised and parted
hands, the parted lips and
eyes as of one about to
swoon, became for him an
image of the soul in prayer,
humiliated and faint before
her Creator.

But he had been forewarned
of the dangers of spiritual
exaltation and did not allow
himself to desist from even the
least or lowliest devotion,
striving also by constant
mortification to undo the
sinful past rather than to
achieve a saintliness fraught
with peril. Each of his senses
was brought under a rigorous
discipline. In order to mortify
the sense of sight he made it
his rule to walk in the street
with downcast eyes, glancing
neither to right nor left and
never behind him. His eyes
shunned every encounter with
the eyes of women. From time
to time also he balked them by
a sudden effort of the will, as
by lifting them suddenly in the
middle of an unfinished
sentence and closing the book.
To mortify his hearing he
exerted no control over his
voice which was then
breaking, neither sang nor
whistled, and made no attempt
to flee from noises which
caused him painful nervous
irritation such as the
sharpening of knives on the
knife board, the gathering of
cinders on the fire-shovel and
the twigging of the carpet. To
mortify his smell was more
difficult as he found in himself
no instinctive repugnance to
bad odours whether they were
the odours of the outdoor
world, such as those of dung

devotion adj. very loving or loyal (a devoted
husband). devoto, leal, fidel, afición,
devote n. 1 (usu. foll. by to) apply or give over
(resources etc. or oneself) to (a particu-
lar activity or purpose or person) (devoted their time to reading; devoted
himself to his guests). 2 arcaic doom
to destruction.
devoted adj. (in pl.) prayers. c
devoutness, religious fervour.
devotee n. 1 (usu. foll. by of) a zealous
enthusiast or supporter. 2 a zealously
pious or fanatical person.
He had no temptations to sin mortally. It surprised him however to find that at the end of his course of intricate piety and self-restraint he was so easily at the mercy of childish and unworthy imperfections. His prayers and fasts availed him little for the suppression of anger at hearing his mother sneeze or at being disturbed in his devotions. It needed an immense effort of his will to master the impulse which urged him to give outlet to such irritation. Images of the outbursts of trivial anger which he had often noted among his masters, their twitching mouths, close-shut lips and flushed cheeks, recurred to alquitrán, ya fueran de su propia persona. Entre todos ellos había hecho muchas curiosas comparaciones y experimentos, hasta que decidió que el único olor contra el cual su olfato se rebelaba, era una especie de hedor como a pescado podrido o como a orines viejos y descompuestos; y cada vez que le era posible, se sometía por mortificación a este olor desagradable. Para mortificar [173] el gusto se sujetaba a normas muy estrictas en la mesa; observaba a la letra los ayunos de la Iglesia y procuraba distraerse apartar la imaginación del gusto de los diferentes platos. Pero era en la mortificación del tacto donde su inventiva y su ingenuidad trabajaron más infatigablemente. No cambiaba nunca conscientemente de posición en la cama, se sentaba en las posturas menos cómodas, sufría pacientemente todo picor o dolor, se separaba del fuego, estaba de rodillas toda la misa, excepto durante los evangelios, dejaba parte de la cara y del cuello sin secar para que se le cortaran con el aire y, cuando no estaba rezando el rosario, llevaba los brazos rigidos, colgados a los costados como un corredor, y nunca metía las manos en los bolsillos ni se las echaba a la espalda.
his memory, discouraging him, for all his practice of humility, by the comparison. To merge his life in the common tide of other lives was harder for him than any fasting or prayer and it was his constant failure to do this to his own satisfaction which caused in his soul at last a sensation of spiritual dryness together with a growth of doubts and scruples. His soul traversed a period of desolation in which the sacraments themselves seemed to have turned into dried-up sources. His confession became a channel for the escape of scrupulous and unremitted imperfections. His actual reception of the eucharist did not bring him the same dissolving moments of virginal self-surrender as did those spiritual communions made by him sometimes at the close of some visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The book which he used for these visits was an old neglected book written by saint Alphonsus Liguori, with fading characters and sere foepapered leaves. A faded world of fervent love and virginal responses seemed to be evoked for his soul by the reading of its pages in which the imagery of the canticles was interwoven with the communicant’s prayers. An inaudible voice seemed to caress the soul, telling her names and glories, bidding her arise as for espousal and come away, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from Amana and from the mountains of the leopards; and the soul seemed to answer with the same inaudible voice, surrendering herself: INTER UBERA MEA COMMORABITUR.

This idea of surrender had a perilous attraction for his mind now that he felt his soul beset [acosar] once again by the insistent voices of the flesh which began to murmur to him again during his prayers and meditations. savar de sus prácticas de humildad, al establecer una comparación con sus propios arrebatos. Confundir su vida en la común marea de todas las otras era lo que se le hacía más difícil que todo ayuno u oración; fracasaba constantemente cuando se proponía hacerlo a todo su sabor, y estos fracasos le llegaron a dejar en el alma una sensación de sequedad espiritual junto a brotes de dudas y de escrúpulos. Su alma atravesaba por un período de desolación en el cual hasta los mismos sacramentos parecían [174] haberse convertido en fuentes agotadas. La confesión le servía sólo como un canal de desagüe para sus escrúpulos y sus imperfecciones incorregibles. Y cuando recibía ahora la eucaristía, no le aportaba aquellos fervorosos momentos de entrega virginal que aún le proporcionaban las comuniones espirituales hechas en las cuales la serie metafórica de los cánticos estaba entretejida con las oraciones del que hacía la comunión espiritual. Una voz imperceptible parecía acariciar el alma, una voz que le decía sus glorias y sus nombres, la invitaba a levantarse y salir al encuentro del cortejo de bodas, la invitaba a avizorar el esposo desde Amana y desde las montañas de los leopards; y el alma parecía contestar, entregándose con la misma imperceptible voz: Inter ubera mea commorabitur.

Esta idea de la entrega tenía una peligrosa atracción para su mente, pues ahora sentía el alma asediada de nuevo por las insistentes voces de la carne que comenzaba a murmurarle al oído durante sus plegarias y sus meditaciones. Le daba un inten-
It gave him an intense sense of power to know that he could, by a single act of consent, in a moment of thought, undo all that he had done. He seemed to feel a flood slowly advancing towards his naked feet and to be waiting for the first faint timid noiseless wavelet to touch his fevered skin. Then, almost at the instant of that touch, almost at the verge of sinful consent, he found himself standing far away from the flood upon a dry shore, saved by a sudden act of the will or a sudden ejaculation; and, seeing the silver line of the flood far away and beginning again its slow advance towards his feet, a new thrill of power and satisfaction shook his soul to know that he had not yielded nor undone all.

When he had eluded the flood of temptation many times in this way he grew troubled and wondered whether the grace which he had refused to lose was not being filched from him little by little. The clear certitude of his own immunity grew dim and to it succeeded a vague fear that his soul had really fallen unawares. It was with difficulty that he won back his old consciousness of his state of grace by telling himself that he had prayed to God at every temptation and that the grace which he had prayed for must have been given to him inasmuch as God was obliged to give it. The very frequency and violence of temptations showed him at last the truth of what he had heard about the trials of the saints. Frequent and violent temptations were a proof that the citadel of the soul had not fallen and that the devil raged to make it fall.

Often when he had...
Joyce's Portrait  tr. de Dámaso Alonso

confessed his doubts and scruples—some momentary inattention at prayer, a movement of trivial anger in his soul, or a subtle wilfulness in speech or act—he was hidden by his confessor to name some sin of his past life before absolution was given him. He named it with humility and shame and repented of it once more. It humiliated and shamed him to think that he would never be freed from it wholly, however holily he might live or whatever virtues or perfections he might attain. A restless feeling of guilt would always be present with him: he would confess and repent and be absolved, confess and repent again and be absolved again, fruitlessly. Perhaps that first hasty confession wrung from him by the fear of hell had not been good? Perhaps, concerned only for his imminent doom, he had not had sincere sorrow for his sin? But the surest sign that his confession had been good and that he had had sincere sorrow for his sin was, he knew, the amendment of his life.

—I have amended my life, have I not? he asked himself.

** * * *

The director stood in the embrasure of the window, his back to the light, leaning an elbow on the brown crossblind, and, as he spoke and smiled, slowly dangling and looping the cord of the other blind. Stephen stood before him, following for a moment with his eyes the waning of the long summer daylight above the roofs or the slow deft movements of the priestly fingers. The priest’s face was in total shadow, but the waning daylight from behind him touched the deeply grooved temples and the curves of the skull.

Stephen followed also with his ears the accents and

sus escrúpulos —descuidos momentáneos en la oración, fútiles movimientos interiores de cólera o leves voluntariedades de palabra o de hecho— se veía a menudo invitado por el confesor a nombrar algún pecado de la vida pasada antes de recibir la absolución. Y lo nombraba con humildad y vergüenza y se arrepentía de él de nuevo. Le humillaba y le avergonzaba el pensar que no se vería libre enternamente de él jamás, por muy santamente que viviese, por muchas virtudes y perfecciones que llegase a alcanzar. Siempre existiría en su alma un inquieto sentimiento de culpa; se arrepentiría, se confesaría, sería absuelto, se volvería a arrepentir, a confesar, le volverían a absolver: todo inútil. Quizás aquella primera confesión hecha a toda prisa, arrancada sólo por el temor del infierno, no había sido válida. Quizás movido sólo por su inminente condenación no había tenido sincero dolor de su pecado. Pero la prueba más indudable de que su confesión había sido válida, era —lo veía muy bien— la enmienda de su vida.

—Porque he enmendado mi vida, ¿verdad? —se preguntaba.  

* * *

Embrasure 1 (Fortifications) an opening or indentation, as in a battlement, for shooting through, tronera, aspillera, cañonera, 2 (alfilizar) an opening forming a door or window, having splayed sides that increase the width of the opening in the interior.

**Vuelta o derrame que hace la pared en el corte de una puerta o ventana, tanto por la parte de adentro como por la de afuera, dejando al descubierto el grueso del muro.**

Looping the cord of the other blind The gesture seems symbolic—almost as if the reflex action is "shaming Stephen.

El director estaba en pie junto al marco de la ventana, dando la espalda a la claridad y con el antebrazo apoyado en el oscuro visillo. Mientras hablaban y sonreía se entretenía, ya en balarcear la cuerda de la cortina, ya en anudarla. Stephen estaba delante de él y seguía alternativamente, tan pronto la lenta luz de un día de verano que se iba desvaneciendo, tan pronto los pausados y hábiles movimientos de los dedos del religioso. La cara del sacerdote estaba sumergida en total oscuridad, pero la luz pálida llegaba por detrás hasta tocarle las hundidas sienes y la forma del cráneo.

//Stephen seguía también con el oído el son y las pausas de la voz
intervals of the priest’s voice as he spoke gravely and cordially of indifferent themes, the vacation which had just ended, the colleges of the order abroad, the transference of masters. The grave and cordial voice went on easily with its tale and in the pauses Stephen felt bound to set it on again with respectful questions. He knew that the tale was a prelude and his mind waited for the sequel. Ever since the message of summons had come for him from the director his mind had struggled to find the meaning of the message; and, during the long restless time he had sat in the college parlour waiting for the director to come in, he had heard wandered from one sober picture to another around the walls and his mind wandered from one guess to another until the meaning of the summons had almost become clear. Then, just as he was wishing that some unforeseen cause might prevent the director from coming, he had heard the handle of the door turning and the swish of a soutane.

The director had begun to speak of the dominican and franciscan orders and of the friendship between saint Thomas and saint Bonaventure. The capuchin dress, he thought, was rather too sober a picture to another around the walls and his mind wandered from one guess to another until the meaning of the summons had almost become clear. Then, just as he was wishing that some unforeseen cause might prevent the director from coming, he had heard the handle of the door turning and the swish of a soutane.

Stephen’s face gave back the priest’s indulgent smile and, not being anxious to give an opinion, he made a slight dubitative movement with his lips.

—I believe, continued the director, that there is some talk now among the capuchins themselves of doing away with it and following the example of the other franciscans.

—I suppose they would retain it in the cloisters? said Stephen.

del director, que estaba tratando en un tono grave y cordial de varios temas indiferentes: de las vacaciones que justamente habían terminado, de los colegios que la Orden tenía en el extranjero, de los cambios de los profesores. La voz grave y cordial seguida a lante con su charla y Stephen se sentía obligado en las pausas a hacerla continuar proponiendo alguna respetuosa pregunta. Sabía que todo aquello no era más que un prólogo y se preguntaba en qué vendría a parar. Desde que había recibido la cita del director, su mente había estado lu chando por descifrar la intención de tal mensaje; y durante la larga espera en la sala de visitas del colegio, sus ojos habían ido pasando revista mecánicamente a los severos cuadros que pendían de las paredes mientras su imaginación se deshacía en hipótesis; hasta que por fin el objeto de la convocatoria se le había hecho casi claro: Y entonces, cuando estaba deseando que alguna causa imprevista impidiera la venida [177] del director, había sentido el ruido del pestillo de la puerta y el roce de una sotana.

El director se había puesto a hablar de las órdenes de los dominicos y los franciscanos y de la amistad entre Santo Tomás y San Buena ventura. El hábito de los capuchinos, a su parecer, era demasiado...

—Me parece —continuó el director— que se habla ahora, hasta por los mismos capuchinos, de desecharlo y de seguir el ejemplo de los otros franciscanos.

—Pero seguirán llevándolo en el convento —dijo Stephen.

anxious adj. & n. 1 not affected by alcohol, sobrio. 2 not given to excessive drinking of alcohol. 3 moderate, well-balanced, tranquil, sedate, serio, formal, sensato, sereno. 4 not fanciful or exaggerated (the sober truth, la pura verdad). 5 (of a colour etc.) quiet and inconspicuous, discreto.

—v.tr. & intr. (often foll. by down, up) make or become sober or less wild, reckless, enthusiastic, visionary, serene, calmarse, etc. (a sobering thought). 2 Decir con seriedad
Joyce’s Portrait

—O certainly, said the director. For the cloister it is all right but for the street I really think it would be better to do away with it, don’t you?

—It must be troublesome, I imagine.

—Of course it is, of course. Just imagine when I was in Belgium I used to see them out cycling in all kinds of weather with this thing up about their knees! It was really ridiculous.

LES JUPES, they call them in Belgium.

The vowel was so modified as to be indistinct.

—What do they call them?

—LES JUPES.

—O!

Stephen smiled again in answer to the smile which he could not see on the priest’s shadowed face, its image or spectre only passing rapidly across his mind as the low discreet accent fell upon his ear.

He gazed calmly before him at the waning sky, glad of the cool of the evening and of the faint yellow glow which hid the tiny flame kindling upon his cheek.

The names of articles of dress worn by women or of certain soft and delicate stuffs used in their making brought always to his mind a delicate and sinful perfume. As a boy he had imagined the reins by which horses are driven as slender silken bands and it shocked him to feel at Stradbrooke the greasy leather of harness. It had shocked him, too, when he had felt for the first time beneath his tremulous fingers the brittle texture of a woman’s stocking for, retaining nothing of all he read save that which

24. Stradbrook: a village near Blackrock, where the young Stephen had travelled in a milk cart (see Chapter II, note 6).
But the phrase on the priest’s lips was disingenuous for he knew that a priest should not speak lightly on that theme. The phrase had been spoken lightly with design and he felt that his face was being searched by the eyes in the shadow. Whatever he had heard or read of the craft of Jesuits he had put aside frankly as not borne out by his own experience. His masters, even when they had not attracted him, had seemed to him always intelligent and serious priests, athletic and high-spirited prefects. He thought of them as men who washed their bodies briskly with cold water and wore clean cold linen. During all the years he had lived among them in Clongowes and in Belvedere he had received only two pandies and, though these had been dealt him in the wrong, he knew that he had often escaped punishment. During all those years he had never heard from any of his masters a flippant word: it was they who had taught him Christian doctrine and urged him to live a good life and, when he had fallen into grievous sin, it was they who had led him back to grace. Their presence had made him diffident of himself when he was a muff in Clongowes and it had made him diffident of himself also while he had held his equivocal position in Belvedere. A constant sense of this had remained with him up to the last year of his school life. He had never once disobeyed or allowed turbulent companions to seduce him from his habit of quiet obedience; and, even when he doubted o una profecía de su propio estado, sólo podía imaginar que el cuerpo o el alma de una mujer pudiesen palpitar llenos de su vida delicada entre palabras musicales o dentro de telas blandas como el pétalo de las rosas.

petulante se usa para arrogant, vain, flippante, smug [presumido], insolent

25. a muff a beginner: muff: awkward or stupid. a muff someone who’s awkward at sports; here, Stephen is using the term to describe his youthful naivety at Clongowes. muff: a bungler, novice, or outsider

26. equivocal position: Stephen paid no fees; he was there by special arrangement.
some statement of a master, he had never presumed to doubt openly. Lately some of their judgements had sounded a little childish in his ears and had made him feel a regret and pity as though he were slowly passing out of an accustomed world and were hearing its language for the last time. One day when some boys had gathered round a priest under the shed near the chapel, he had heard the priest say:

—I believe that Lord Macaulay was a man who probably never committed a mortal sin in his life, that is to say, a deliberate mortal sin.

Some of the boys had then asked the priest if Victor Hugo were not the greatest French writer. The priest had answered that Victor Hugo had never written half so well when he had turned against the church as when he was a catholic.

—But there are many eminent French critics, said the priest, who consider that even Victor Hugo, great as he certainly was, had not so pure a French style as Louis Veuillot.

The tiny flame which the priest’s allusion had kindled upon Stephen’s cheek had sunk down again and his eyes were still fixed calmly on the colourless sky. But an unresting doubt flew hither and thither before his mind. Masked memories passed quickly before him: he recognized scenes and persons yet he was conscious that he had failed to perceive some vital circumstance in them. He saw himself walking about the grounds watching the sports in Clongowes and eating slim jim out of his cricket cap. Some jesuits were walking round the cycle-track in the company of ladies. The echoes of certain expressions used in Clongowes vez había dudado de lo afirmado por un profesor, nunca había hecho alarde de dudar abiertamente. Recientemente, algunos de los juicios emitidos por ellos le habían parecido un poco pueriles y había sentido pena como si estuviera saliendo lentamente de un mundo familiar y oyera su lenguaje por última vez. Un día que estaban varios alumnos congregados alrededor de un padre en el cobertizo de al lado de la capilla, oyó que el padre decía:

—Tengo la convicción de que lord Macaulay fue un hombre que probablemente no cometió ni un pecado mortal en toda su vida, es decir, un pecado mortal deliberado.

Algunos de los chicos le preguntaron entonces si Victor Hugo era el mejor escritor francés. El sacerdote contestó que Victor Hugo no había escrito ni con mucho tan bien cuando se había vuelto contra la Iglesia como cuando era católico.

—Pero hay muchos críticos franceses —agregó el padre— que consideran que Victor Hugo, siendo un gran escritor como es, no tiene, sin embargo, un estilo francés tan puro como Louis Veuillot.

Se había desvanecido ya la ligerísima oleada de rubor que a la alusión del director había tenido las mejillas de Stephen, pero sus ojos estaban fijos todavía en el descolorido cielo de la tarde. Una duda inquieta revoloteaba aquí y allá por su mente. Se veía a sí mismo paseando por los campos de deporte de Clongowes un día en que se celebraban unos juegos y comiendo algún comístrajo que iba sacando de su gorra de [180] cricket. Unos jesuitas se paseaban por la pista de las bicicletas en compañía de algunas señoritas. Y en las cavernas más apartadas de su imaginación resonaba ahora el eco de ciertas ex-
sounded in remote caves of his mind.

His ears were listening to these distant echoes amid the silence of the parlour when he became aware that the priest was addressing him in a different voice.

—I sent for you today, Stephen, because I wished to speak to you on a very important subject.

—Yes, sir.

—Have you ever felt that you had a vocation?

Stephen parted his lips to answer yes and then withheld the word suddenly. The priest waited for the answer and added:

—I mean, have you ever felt within yourself, in your soul, a desire to join the order? Think.

—I have sometimes thought of it, said Stephen.

The priest let the blindcord fall to one side and, uniting his hands, leaned his chin gravely upon them, communing with himself.

—In a college like this, he said at length, there is one boy or perhaps two or three boys whom God calls to the religious life. Such a boy is marked off from his companions by his piety, by the good example he shows to others. He is looked up to by them; he is chosen perhaps as prefect by his fellow sodalists. And you, Stephen, have been such a boy in this college, prefect of Our Blessed Lady’s sodality. Perhaps you are the boy in this college whom God designs to call to Himself.

A strong note of pride reinforcing the gravity of the priest’s voice made Stephen’s heart presiones que había oído en Clongowes.

Su oído estaba atento a estos ecos lejanos, cuando notó de pronto que el director se dirigía a él en un tono distinto:

—Te he hecho venir hoy, Stephen, porque deseaba hablarte de un asunto de mucha importancia.

—Dígame, señor.

—¿Has sentido alguna vez vocación?

Stephen abrió la boca para contestar que sí, pero de pronto retuvo la salida de la palabra. El religioso aguardó la respuesta y luego añadió:

—Quiero decir si has sentido alguna vez dentro de ti mismo, en tu alma, el deseo de entrar en nuestra Orden. Piénsalo.

—Algunas veces he pensado en ello —dijo Stephen.

El sacerdote dejó caer la cuerda de la cortina y, uniendo las manos, apoyó la barbilla gravemente sobre ellas, como si comulgara consigo mismo.

—En un colegio como éste —dijo al cabo de un rato—, hay siempre un muchacho o dos o tres a los cuales Dios llama a la vida religiosa. Un muchacho de esta clase resalta entre sus compañeros por su piedad, por el buen ejemplo que da a los otros. Todos se miran en él; tal vez es elegido prefecto por sus compañeros de congregación. Y tú, Stephen, has sido un alumno de este tipo, has sido prefecto de la congregación de Nuestra Señora. Quizás eres el muchacho de este colegio al cual Dios se propone llamar para sí.
To receive that call, Stephen, said the priest, is the greatest honour that the Almighty God can bestow upon a man. No king or emperor on this earth has the power of the priest of God. No angel or archangel in heaven, no saint, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, has the power of a priest of God: the power of the keys, the power to bind and to loose from sin, the power of exorcism, the power to cast out from the creatures of God the evil spirits that have power over them; the power, the authority, to make the great God of Heaven come down upon the altar and take the form of bread and wine. What an awful power, Stephen!

A flame began to flutter again on Stephen’s cheek as he heard in this proud address an echo of his own proud musings. How often had he seen himself as a priest wielding calmly and humbly the awful power of which angels and saints stood in reverence! His soul had loved to muse in secret on this desire. He had seen himself, a young and silent-mannered priest, entering a confessional swiftly, incensing, genuflecting, ascending the altarsteps, incensing, genuflecting, accomplishing the vague acts of the priesthood which pleased him by reason of their semblance of reality and of their distance from it. In that dim life which he had lived through in his musings he had assumed the voices and gestures which he had noted with various priests. He had bent his knee sideways like such a one, he had shaken the thurible only slightly like such a one, his chasuble had swung open like that of such another as he turned to the altar again after having blessed the people. And above all it had pleased him to fill the second

31. the power of the keys . . . sin: the power to hear confession and to give (or withhold) absolution.
32. thurible: the vessel in which incense is burned.
33. chasuble: the outer sleeveless vestment worn by a priest at Mass.

Joyce’s Portrait
tr. de Dámaso Alonso
34. Tunicle of subdeacon: short outer vestment worn by the assistant to the deacon who is himself assistant to the priest.

Tunicle: short vestment at Eucharist.

Tunicle of subdeacon: vestment with wide sleeves worn by the person who prepares the sacred vessels during the celebration.

35. Humeral veil: an oblong veil or scarf worn on the shoulders by the subdeacon at High Mass. Sacred vessels are wrapped in it when he handles them.

Humeral veil: Oblong silk scarf worn around priest’s shoulders during part of the Mass.

36. Paten: a plate used to hold the consecrated Host at Mass.

Paten: Shallow dish used for bread at Eucharist.


Dalmatic: a vestment with wide sleeves worn by the person who prepares the sacred vessels during the celebration of the Eucharist.

38. Ite, missa est: the words that end the Mass. - Go, the Mass is ended.

Ite, missa est: Depart, the mass is ended.

Ite, missa est words spoken at the end of the Mass, meaning «Go, the Mass is ended.»

39. Simon Magus ... no forgiveness: Simon Magus offered money in exchange for spiritual power - hence the sin of simony. The sin against the Holy Ghost was Final Impenitence, involving a refusal to acknowledge even the existence of a spiritual force for good.

Simon Magnus See Acts II, verses 9 onwards, for an account of Simon’s sorceries and his later attempt to gain, by bribery, the power of the laying on of hands.

40. Ite, missa est: The words spoken at the end of the Mass, meaning «Go, the Mass is ended.»

41. Simon Magus and what the sacramental acts alone his will seemed to draw to go forth to encounter reality; and it was partly the absence of an appointed rite which had always constrained him to inaction whether he had allowed silence to cover his anger or pride or had suffered only an embrace he longed to give.

He listened in reverent silence now to the priest’s appeal and through the words he heard even more distinctly a voice bidding him approach, offering him secret knowledge and secret power. He would know then what was the sin of Simon Magus and what the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there was no forgiveness. He would know obscure things, hidden from others, from those who were conceived and born children

tas escenas entrevistas en su imaginación. Se sustraía de la dignidad de celebrante, pues le desagradaba el pensar que toda aquella misteriosa pompa pudiera convertir hacia su propia persona o que el ritual le hubiese de asegurar un oficio tan claro y tan definido. Anhelaba en cambio los oficios de los ordenados de menores, el estar vestido en la misa mayor con la túnica de subdiácono, apartado del altar, olvidado por la gente, con los hombros cubiertos [182] por el velo humeral y sosteniendo la patena entre sus pliegues, o bien, acabado el sacrificio, estar actuando de diácono, de pie sobre la grada siguiente a la del celebrante, con las manos juntas y el rostro dirigido hacia el pueblo, entonando el Ite, missa est. Si alguna vez se había visto de celebrante, había sido, como en los dibujos de su libro de misa de cuando niños, en una iglesia sin más fieles que el ángel del sacrificio, oficiando ante un altar desnudo, ayudado por un acólito apenas un poco más niño que él mismo. Sólo en vagos ensueños sacertales parecía que su voluntad quería salir al encuentro de la realidad.

Y la ausencia de un rito determinado era lo que había hecho que su alma se hubiera conservado en la inacción, lo mismo cuando había dejado que el silencio cubriera sus movimientos de cólera o de orgullo que cuando se había limitado a recibir un beso que hubiera querido dar.
of wrath. He would know the sins, the sinful longings and sinful thoughts and sinful acts, of others, hearing them murmur into his ears in the confessional under the shame of a darkened chapel by the lips of women and of girls; but rendered immune mysteriously at his ordination by the imposition of hands, his soul would pass again uncontaminated to the white peace of the altar. No touch of sin would linger upon the hands with which he would elevate and break the host; no touch of sin would linger on his lips in prayer to make him eat and drink damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body (see the Bible, 1 Corinthians 11:29) —I will offer up my mass tomorrow morning, said the director, that Almighty God may reveal to you His holy will. And let you, Stephen, make a novena to your holy patron saint, the first martyr, who is very powerful with God, that God may enlighten your mind. But you must be quite sure, Stephen, that you have a vocation because it would be terrible if you found afterwards that you had none. Once a priest always a priest, remember. Your catechism tells you that the sacrament of Holy Orders is one of those which can be received only once because it imprints on the soul an indelible spiritual mark which can never be effaced. It is before you must weigh well, not after. It is a solemn question, Stephen, because on it may depend the salvation of your eternal soul. But we will pray to God together.

He held open the heavy hall door and gave his hand as if already to a companion in the spiritual life. Stephen passed out to the wide platform of the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

—Ofreceré la misa de mañana para que el Omnipotente te revele su santa voluntad. Haz, tú, una novena a tu santo patrón, el protomártir, que tiene gran poder con Dios, a fin de que Dios ilumine tu mente. Pero tienes que estar bien seguro de que sientes vocación porque sería después terrible, si encontraras que te habías equivocado. Una vez sacerdote, sacerdote para siempre, acuérdate bien. El catecismo te dice que el sacramento de las Sagradas órdenes sólo puede ser recibido una vez porque imprime en el alma una huella indeleble, que nunca puede ser borrada. Por eso lo tienes que pensar bien primero, no después. Es ésta una cuestión solemn, Stephen; como que de ella depende la salvación de tu alma inmortal. Pero los dos rogaremos a Dios para que te ilumine.

Tenía abierta la puerta del vestíbulo y le daba la mano como si se tratase ya de un compañero de vida espiritual. Stephen salió al amplio rellano.
above the steps and was conscious of the caress of mild evening air. Towards Findlater’s church a quartet of young men were striding along with linked arms, swaying their heads and stepping to the agile melody of their leader’s concertina. The music passed in an instant, as the first bars of sudden music always did, over the fantastic fabrics of his mind, dissolving them painlessly and noiselessly as a sudden wave dissolves the sand-built turrets of children. Smiling at the trivial air he raised his eyes to the priest’s face and, seeing in it a mirthless reflection of the sunken day, detached his hand slowly which had acquiesced faintly in the companionship.

As he descended the steps the impression which effaced his troubled self-communion was that of a mirthless mask reflecting a sunken day from the threshold of the college. The shadow, then, of the life of the college passed gravely over his consciousness. It was a grave and ordered and passionless life that awaited him, a life without material cares. He wondered how he would pass the first night in the novitiate and with what dismay he would wake the first morning in the dormitory. The troubling odour of the long corridors of Clongowes came back to him and he heard the discreet murmur of the burning gasflames. At once from every part of his being unrest began to irradiate. A feverish quickening of his pulses followed, and a din of meaningless words drove his reasoned thoughts hither and thither confusedly. His lungs dilated and sank as if he were inhaling a warm moist unsustaining air and he smelt again the moist warm air which hung in the bath in Clongowes above the sluggish turf.
Some instinct, waking at these memories, stronger than education or piety, quickened within him at every near approach to that life, an instinct subtle and hostile, and armed him against acquiescence. The chill and order of the life repelled him. He saw himself rising in the cold of the morning and filing down with the others to early mass and trying vainly to struggle with his prayers against the fainting sickness of his stomach. He saw himself sitting at dinner with the community of a college. What, then, had become of that deep-rooted shyness of his which had made him loth to eat or drink under a strange roof? What had come of the pride of his spirit which had always made him conceive himself as a being apart in every order?

The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S.J.

His name in that new life leaped into characters before his eyes and to it there followed a mental sensation of an undefined face or colour of a face. The colour faded and became strong like a changing glow of pallid brick red. Was it the raw reddish glow he had so often seen on wintry mornings on the shaven gills of the priests? The face was eyeless and sour-favoured and devout, shot with pink tinges of suffocated anger. Was it not a mental spectre of the face of one of the jesuits whom some of the boys called Lantern Jaws and others Foxy Campbell?

He was passing at that moment before the jesuit house in Gardiner Street and wondered vaguely which window would be his if he ever joined the order. Then he wondered at the vagueness of his wonder, at the remoteness of
his own soul from what he had hitherto imagined her sanctuary, at the frail hold which so many years of order and obedience had of him when once a definite and irrevocable act of his threatened to end for ever, in time and in eternity, his freedom. The voice of the director urging upon him the proud claims of the church and the mystery and power of the priestly office repeated itself idly in his memory. His soul was not there to hear and greet it and he knew now that the exhortation he had listened to had already fallen into an idle formal tale. He would never swing the thurible before the tabernacle as priest. His destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders. The wisdom of the priest’s appeal did not touch him to the quick. He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world.

The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard; and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen, but about to fall.

He crossed the Tolka and turned his eyes coldly for an instant towards the faded blue shrine of the Blessed Virgin which stood fowl-wise... Patricia Hutchins recalls seeing the statue among the Tolka cottages when she went there, but it was later removed.

dour adj. severe, stern, or sullenly obstinate in manner or appearance. Austero, severo
Tea was nearly over. A short laugh broke from his lips as he thought of that solitary farmhand in the kitchen gardens behind their house whom they had nicknamed the man with the hat. A second laugh, taking rise from the first after a pause, broke from him involuntarily as he thought of how the man with the hat worked, considering in turn the four points of the sky and then regretfully plunging his spade in the earth.

He pushed open the latchless door of the porch and passed through the naked hallway into the kitchen. A group of his brothers and sisters was sitting round the table. Tea was nearly over and only the last of the second watered tea remained in the bottoms of the small glass jars and jamjots which did service for teacups. Discarded crusts and lumps of sugared bread, turned brown by the tea which had been poured over them, lay scattered on the table. Little wells of tea lay here and there on the board, and a knife with a broken ivory handle was stuck through the pith of a ravaged turnover.

The sad quiet grey-blue glow of the dying day came through the window and the open door, covering over and allaying a sudden instinct of remorse in Stephen’s heart. All that had been denied them had been freely given to him, the eldest; but the quiet glow of evening showed him in their faces no sign of rancour.

He sat near them at the table and asked where his father and mother were. One answered:

—Goneboro toboro lookboro.

Still another removal! A coronar aquel día suyo. Y un breve golpe de risa le subió a los labios al acordarse de aquel solitario cultivador de las huertas que caían a la espalda de su casa, al cual había puesto él de sobrenombre «el hombre del sombrero». Y otro golpe de risa, provocado, tras una pausa, por el primero, salió de él involuntariamente al pensar en el modo que el hombre aquel tenía que trabajar: contemplaba alternativamente los cuatro puntos cardinales y luego clavaba a desgana en tierra el azadón.

Empujó la puerta sin pestillo de la entrada y pasó hasta la cocina a través del desnudo recibimiento. Sus hermanos y hermanas estaban sentados en grupo alrededor de la mesa. El té estaba casi agotado: no quedaban más que los posos del segunda té, aguado ya, en el fondo de los jarros de cristal y frascos de confitura que hacían oficio de tazas. Desparramados sobre la mesa yacían cortezas desechadas migones de pan con manteca teñidos del color del té que se había vertido. Charquitos de té yacían acá y allá sobre la mesa y un cuchillo con el mango de madera roto estaba clavado en la enñana de los restos de una tarta rellena de confitura.

El gris azulenco de la luz triste y serena del atardecer entraba por la ventana y por la puerta abierta y acallaba quietamente un remordimiento que se había despertado en el corazón de Stephen. Todo lo que les había sido negado a ellos le había sido concedido a él, el hermano mayor. Pero la [187/193] luz serena del atardecer no delataba en el rostro de los hermanos ninguna huella de rencor.

He sentó al lado de ellos a la mesa y preguntó dónde estaban sus padres. Uno contestó:

—Fue-ri ron-tí bus-lí car-di ca-ni sa-bí.

¡Otra mudanza más! Un chi-
boy named Fallon in Belvedere had often asked him with a silly laugh why they moved so often. A frown of scorn darkened quickly his forehead as he heard again the silly laugh of the questioner.

He asked:

—Why are we on the move again if it’s a fair question?

—Becauseboro theboro landboro lordboro willboro putboro usboro outboro.

The voice of his youngest brother from the farther side of the fireplace began to sing the air OFF THE STILLY NIGHT. One by one the others took up the air until a full choir of voices was singing. They would sing so for hours, melody after melody, glee after glee, till the last pale light died down on the horizon, till the first dark night clouds came forth and night fell.

He waited for some moments, listening, before he too took up the air with them. He was listening with pain of spirit to the overtone of weariness behind their frail fresh innocent voices. Even before they set out on life’s journey they seemed weary already of the way.

He heard the choir of voices in the kitchen echoed and multiplied through an endless reverberation of the choirs of endless generations of children and heard in all the echoes an echo also of the recurring note of weariness and pain. All seemed weary of life even before entering upon it. And he remembered that Newman had heard this note also in the broken lines of Virgil, GIVING UTTERANCE, LIKE THE VOICE OF NATURE HERSELF TO THAT OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

co del colegio llamado Fallon le solía preguntar con una risilla idiota por qué razón se mudaban con tanta frecuencia. Una arruga de desdén sombrío la frente de Stephen, porque le pareció oír una vez más la risilla mema del curioso.

Preguntó:

—¿Por qué causa vamos a mudarnos de nuevo, si es que se puede saber?

—Por-ni que-bi el-tí ca-di se-li ro-bí nos-di e-li cha-bí.

La voz del hermano más pequeño comenzó a cantar desde cerca del fuego la tonada de A menudo en la noche serena. Uno a uno, los otros se le fueron juntando hasta formar un coro completo. Se estarían así cantando las horas muertas, tonada tras tonada, hasta que la pálida luz desapareciera del horizonte, hasta que avanzaran las primeras nubes nocturnas y la noche cayese.

Oía el coro de voces que en la cocina sonaba, repetido y multiplicado por el coro innumerabler de infinitas generaciones de niños; y en todas estas voces sonaba una nota de cansancio eterno, de eterno dolor.

fresh es fresco con varias denotaciones, como nuevo, reciente, puro, sano, lozano (saludable, altivo, vigoroso). Como todos los adjetivos ordinarios, las combinaciones de estas voces con nombres son distintas: fresh se usa para dulce [agua], inexperto [persona], nuevo / otro [delante del nombre], reciend [llegado, salido, etc., puro [aire], tierno / del día [panadería], limpio [ropa], natural [fruta, vegetales], descansado [rested person], en blanco [pájina] y, en sentido familiar, bebido, chispo, achispado, medio borracho; a veces degrada su connotación a descarado, atrevido, insolente. A su vez fresco tiene matices propios como cool / cold [clima], light / cool [ropa], calm / cool [sereno] y, en sentido negativo, shameless [desvergonzado]. Fresco como sustantivo significa fresh air, y fresco se usa en las dos lenguas para el tipo de pintura sobre yeso fresco, tan popular en el Renacimiento. As fresh as a daisy = tan fresco como una lechuga. What nerve! = ¡qué fresco!
He could wait no longer.

From the door of Byron’s public-house to the gate of Clontarf Chapel, from the gate of Clontail Chapel to the door of Byron’s public-house and then back again to the chapel and then back again to the public-house he had paced slowly at first, planting his steps scrupulously in the spaces of the patchwork of the footpath, their fall to the fall of verses. A full hour had passed since his father had gone in with Dan Crosby, the tutor, to find out for him something about the university. For a full hour he had paced up and down, waiting: but he could wait no longer.

He set off abruptly for the Bull, walking rapidly lest his father’s shrill whistle might call him back; and in a few moments he had rounded the curve at the police barrack and was safe.

Yes, his mother was hostile to the idea, as he had read from her listless silence. Yet her mistrust pricked him more keenly than his father’s pride and he thought coldly how he had watched the faith which was fading down in his soul ageing and strengthening in her eyes. A dim antagonism gathered force within him and darkened his mind as a cloud against her disloyalty and when it passed, cloud-like, leaving his mind serene and dutiful towards her again, he was made aware dimly and without regret of a first noiseless sundering of their lives.

Without regret of a first noiseless sundering of their lives.

The ‘without regret’ is very significant. Stephen has willed himself to follow what he thinks is the right path for himself.
The university! So he had passed beyond the challenge of the sentries who had stood as guardians of his boyhood and had sought to keep him among them that he might be subject to them and serve their ends. Pride after satisfaction uplifted him like long slow waves. The end he had been born to serve yet did not see had led him to escape by an unseen path and now it beckoned to him once more and a new adventure was about to be opened to him. It seemed to him that he heard notes of fitful music leaping upwards a tone and downwards a diminished fourth, upwards a tone and downwards a major third, like triple-branching flames leaping fitfully, flame after flame, out of a midnight wood. It was an elfin prelude, endless and formless; and, as it grew wilder and faster, the flames leaping out of time, he seemed to hear from under the boughs and grasses wild creatures racing, their feet patterning like rain upon the leaves. Their feet passed in pattering tumult over his mind, the feet of hares and rabbits, the feet of harts and hinds and antelopes, until he heard them no more and remembered only a proud cadence from Newman:

—Whose feet are as the feet of harts and underneath the everlasting arms.

The pride of that dim image brought back to his mind the dignity of the office he had refused. All through his boyhood he had mused upon that which he had so often thought to be his destiny and when the moment had come for him to obey the call he had turned aside, obeying a wayward instinct. Now time lay between: the oils of ordination would never anoint his body. He had refused. Why?
He turned seaward from the road at Dollymount and as he passed on to the thin wooden bridge he felt the planks shaking with the tramp of heavily shod feet. A squad of christian brothers was on its way back from the Bull and had begun to pass, two by two, across the bridge. Soon the whole bridge was trembling and resounding. The uncouth faces passed him two by two, stained yellow or red or livid by the sea, and, as he strove to look at them with ease and indifference, a faint stain of personal shame and commiseration rose to his own face. Angry with himself he tried to hide his face from their eyes by gazing down sideways into the shallow swirling water under the bridge but he still saw a reflection therein of their top-heavy silk hats and humble tape-like collars and loosely-hanging clerical clothes.

—Brother Hickey.
Brother Quaid.
Brother MacArdle.
Brother Keogh.—

Their piety would be like their names, like their faces, like their clothes, and it was idle for him to tell himself that their humble and contrite hearts, it might be, paid a far richer tribute of devotion than his had ever been, a gift tenfold more acceptable than his elaborate adoration. It was idle for him to move himself to be generous towards them, to tell himself that if he ever came to their gates, stripped of his pride, beaten and in beggar’s weeds, that they would be generous towards him, loving him as themselves. Idle and embittering, finally, to argue, against his own dispassionate certitude, that the commandment of love bade us not to love our neighbour as ourselves with the same amount and intensity of love but to love him as ourselves with the same kind of love.

—Hermano Hickey.
Hermano Quaid.
Hermano Mac Ardle.
Hermano Keogh.—

Su piedad debía de ser como sus nombres, como sus caras, como sus hábitos; y era inútil que se dijera a sí mismo que quizás aquellos contritos y humildes corazones darían un fruto de devoción mucho más rico que el de su propio corazón, un don diez veces más aceptable que el de su adoración meticulosa. Y era inútil que tratara de excitarse a ser más generoso para con ellos, diciéndose que si alguna vez llegase a sus puertas, despojado de su orgullo, roto y en andrajos, ellos batirían de ser compasivos para con él y le habían de amar como a sí mismos. Era inútil y amargante, en fin, el oponer a su serena certidumbre el argumento [mandato] de que el mandamiento del amor no nos ordena amar a nuestro prójimo como a nosotros mismos, con la misma cantidad e intensidad de amor que a nosotros mismos, sino con la misma especie de amor.
He drew forth a phrase from his treasure and spoke it softly to himself:

—A day of dappled seaborne clouds.

The phrase and the day and the scene harmonized in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the grey-fringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many-coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose?

He passed from the trembling bridge on to firm land again. At that instant, as it seemed to him, the air was chilled and, looking askance towards the water, he saw a flying squall darkening and crisping suddenly the tide. A faint click at his heart, a faint throb in his throat told him once more of how his flesh dreaded the cold infrahuman odour of the sea; yet he did not strike across the downs on his left but held straight on along the spine of rocks that pointed against the river’s mouth.

La frase, el día y la escena se armonizaban en un acorde único. Palabras. ¿Era a causa de los colores que sugerían? Los [191] fue dejando brillar y desvanecerse, matiz a matiz: oro del naciente, verdes arreboles de pomares y avellanales, azul de ondas saladas, orla gris de velones celestes. No. No era a causa de los colores: era por el equilibrio y contrabalanceo del periodo mismo. ¿Era que amaba el rítmico alzarse y caer de las palabras más que sus asociaciones de significado y de color? ¿O era que, siendo tan débil su vista como tímidamente su imaginación, sacaba menos placer del refractarse del brillante mundo sensible a través de un lenguaje policromado y rico en sugerencias, que de la contemplación de un mundo interno de emociones individuales perfectamente reflejado en el espejo de un período de prosa lúcida y alada?
A voice from beyond the world...
The image of the seventh city of christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than in the days of the thingmote.

Disheartened, he raised his eyes towards the slow-drifting clouds, dappled and seaborne. They were voyaging across the deserts of the sky, a host of nomads on the march, voyaging high over Ireland, westward bound. The Europe they had come from lay out there beyond the Irish Sea, Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and woodedgirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races. He heard a confused music within him as of memories and names which he was almost conscious of but could not capture even for an instant; then the music seemed to recede, to recede, to recede, and from each receding trail of nebulous music there fell always one longdrawn calling note, piercing like a star the dusk of silence. Again! Again! Again! A voice from beyond the world was calling.

—Hello, Stephanos!

—Here comes The Dedalus!

—Ao! Eh, give it over, Dwyer, I’m telling you, or I’ll give you a stuff in the kisser for yourself. Ao!

—Good man, Towser! Duck him!

—Come along, Dedalus! Bous Stephanoumenos! Bous Stephanoforos!

—Duck him! Guzzle him now, Towser!

—Help! Help! Ao!

He recognized their speech collectively before he distinguished their faces. The vague areas, old as man’s weariness, joy as the image of the seventh city of christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than in the days of the thingmote.

Descorazonado, levantó los ojos hacia las nubes que derivaban lantamente como vellones marinos. Viajaban a través de los desiertos del cielo, como un ejército de nómadasm en [192] camino; viajaban por encima de Irlanda, con rumbo a occidente. Y Europa, de donde venían, yacía, lejos, al otro lado del mar de Irlanda; Europa, la de las extrañas lenguas, con sus valles y sus bosques y sus ciudadelas, con sus razas dispuestas y atrincherradas. Oyó dentro de sí una confusa música hecha de recuerdos y de nombres, de los cuales casi era consciente, pero que no podía capturar ni por un momento; luego la música pareció ir cesando, cesando, y de cada paso de su retroceso salía siempre una larga nota de llamada que atravesaba como una estrella el crepúsculo de silencio. ¡Otra vez! ¡Otra vez! ¡Otra vez! Una voz del otro mundo le estaba llamando.

—¡Eh! ¡Stephanos!

—¡Mira el Dédalus!

—¡Au!... ¡Oye, tú, Dwyer, démelo! ¡Te digo que me lo des, o si no, te zampo un porrazo en los mojos!... ¡Au!

—¡Bravo, Towser! ¡Déle un chapuzón!

—¡Arrimate, Dédalus! ¡Bous Stephanoumenos! ¡Bous Stephanoforos!

—¡Chapúzale! ¡Que trague ahora, Towser!

—¡Socorro! ¡Socorro!... ¡Au!

He recognized their speech collectively before he distinguished their faces. The vague areas, old as man’s weariness, joy as the image of the seventh city of christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than in the days of the thingmote.
suffuse 1 (of colour, moisture, etc.) spread from within to colour or moisten (a blush suffused her cheeks). 2 cover with colour etc. Impregnar, saturar, bañar, inundar, empañar

smack — n. I a sharp slap or blow esp. with the palm of the hand or a flat object. 2 a hard hit at cricket etc. 3 exactly (one's lips) noisily in eager anticipation or directly; violently (3 exactly). 4 precisely (one's lips). 5 (of colour, moisture, etc.) brine

smack — v. tr. & intr. move, hit, etc., with a smack. 2 suddenly; violently; (esp. as matted) brine

He stood still in deference to their calls and parried their banter with easy words. How characterless they looked: Shuley without his deep unbuttoned collar, Ennis without his scarlet belt with the snaky clasp, and Connolly without his Norfolk coat with the flapless side-pockets! It was a pain to see them, and a sword-like pain to see the signs of adolescence that made repellent their pitiable nakedness. Perhaps they had taken refuge in number and noise from the secret dread in their souls. But he, apart from them and in silence, remembered in what dread he stood of the mystery of his own body.

—Stephanos Dedalos! Bous Stephanoumenos! Bous Stephaneforos!

Their banter was not new to him and now it flattened his mild proud sovereignty. Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy. So timeless seemed the grey warm air, so fluid and impersonal his own mood, that all ages were as one to him. A moment before the ghost of the ancient kingdom of the Danes had looked forth through the vesture of the hazewrapped grave.

Se cu edo parado ante sus gritos y les devolvió las bromas con palabras usuales. ¡Cómo perdian su individualidad así! [193] desnudos! Shuley, sin el cuello grande y desabrochado; Ennis, sin el cinturón rojo con el cierre en forma de culebra, y Connolly, sin su cazadora de bolsillos desorejados. Daba pena verlos, y una pena aguda como una escuda, el ver los signos de la adolescencia, que hacían repelente su lamentable desnudez. Quizás habían buscado refugio en el agrupamiento y la bulla para huir del secreto espanto de sus almas.

—¡Stephanos Dédalos! ¡Bous Stephanoumenos! ¡Bous Stephaneforos!

La zumba aquella no era nueva para él, y ahora se sentía blandamente halagado por semejante especie de tumultuoso acatamiento. Ahora más que nunca le parecía profético aquel extraño nombre que llevaba. Tan fuera del curso del tiempo parecía el aire tibio y gris, tan fluido e impersonal su propio modo de ser, que todas las edades se le confundían en una sola sensación. Un momento antes el espectro del antiguo reino danés había surgido evocado por el ropaje de ne-
Joyce's Portrait

62. artificer: Daedalus, father of Icarus. See section on Mythical background, but study this whole paragraph carefully. Stephen, always aware of names and especially his own, is searching out his own future through the legend and its implications for himself.

artificer: ...inventor or craftsman (i.e., Daedalus)

City. Now, at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it a quaint device opening a page of some medieval book of prophecies and symbols, a hawk-like man flying sunward above the sea, a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being?

His heart trembled; his breath came faster and a wild spirit passed over his limbs as though he was soaring sunward. His heart trembled in an ecstasy of fear and his soul was in flight. His soul was soaring in an air beyond the world and the body he knew was purified in a breath and delivered of incertitude and made radiant and commingled with the element of the spirit. An ecstasy of flight made radiant his eyes and acariciados por el viento, trémulos, potentes, gloriosos.

—One! Two! Look out! —A la una, a las dos... ¡Cuidado!

—Oh, Cripes, I’m drowned! —¡Tú, Cripes, que me ahogo!

—One! Two! Three and away! —A la una, a las dos, ¡a las tres!

—The next! The next! —¡El siguiente! ¡El siguiente!

—One! UK! —A la una... ¡Plum!

—Stephaneforos! —¡Stephaneforos!

His throat ached with a desire to cry aloud, the cry of a hawk or eagle on high, to cry piercingly of his deliverance to the winds. This was the call of life to his soul not the dull blina de la ciudad. Ahora, al nombre del fabuloso artífice, le parecía el rumor confuso del mar y ver una forma alada que volaba por encima de las ondas y escalaba lentamente el cielo. ¿Qué signifcaba aue-lo? ¿Era como el lema al frente de una página en algún libro medieval de profecías y de símbolos, aquel hombre que como un neblí volaba hacia el sol sobre la mar? ¿Era una profecía del destino para el que había nacido, y que había estado siguiendo a través de las nieblas de su infancia y de su adolescencia, un símbolo del artista que forja en su oficina con el barro inerte de la tierra un ser nuevo, alado, impalpable, imperecedero?

// Su corazón temblaba; respiraba anhelosamente y un hálito imponento pasaba por sus miembros como si estuviera remontando, rumbo al sol. Su corazón temblaba en un éxtasis de pavor y el alma le huía. El alma se remontaba en una atmósfera que no era de este mundo, y el cuerpo suyo había sido purificado por un solo soplo, libertado de la incertidumbre, iluminado, confundido en el elemento del espíritu. Un éxtasis de huida [194] hacía brillar sus ojos y aceleraba su respiración y hacia a sus miembros acariciados por el viento, trémulos, potentes, gloriosos.

Gripes! Again the coarse voices cut across his vision and his elation. This means ‘Christ’.
gross voice of the world of duties and despair, not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar. An instant of wild flight had delivered him and the cry of triumph which his lips withheld cleft his brain.

—Stephaneforos!

What were they now but cerements shaken from the body of death—the fear he had walked in night and day, the incertitude that had ringed him round, the shame that had abased him within and without—cerements, the linens of the grave?

His soul had arisen from the grave of boyhood, spurning her grave-clothes. Yes! Yes! Yes! He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable.

He started up nervously from the stone-block for he could no longer quench the flame in his blood. He felt his cheeks aflame and his throat throbbing with song. There was a lust of wandering in his feet that burned to set out for the ends of the earth. On! On! his heart seemed to cry. Evening would deepen above the sea, night fall upon the plains, dawn glimmer before the wanderer and show him strange fields and hills and faces. Where?

—¡Stephanephoros!

¿Qué habían sido todas aquellas cosas sino el sudario que se acababa de desprender del cuerpo mortal? ¿Qué eran el miedo que le había acompañado día y noche, la incertidumbre que le había estado rondando, el oprobio que le había envilecido en alma y cuerpo, qué eran sino sudarios, lienzos de sepultura?

Su alma se acababa de levantar de la tumba de su adolescencia, apartando de sí sus vestiduras mortuorias. ¡Sí! ¡Sí! ¡Sí! Encarnaría altivamente en la libertad y el poder de su alma, como el gran artífice cuyo nombre llevaba, en ser vivo, nuevo y alado y bello, impalpable, imperecedero.

//Se arrancó nerviosamente de la roca porque no podía ahogar por más tiempo la llama de su sangre. Sentía las mejillas abrasadas y que en la garganta le palpitaba un canto. Y sus pies, ansiosos de errar, pugnaban por partir hacia los confines del mundo. ¡Adelante! ¡Adelante!, tal era el grito de su corazón. El atardecer descendería sobre el mar, la noche caería sobre las llanuras, [195] y la aurora brillaría ante el errabundo y le mostraría campos extraños y colinas y rostros. ¿Dónde?

He looked northward towards Howth. The sea had fallen below the line of seawrack on the shallow side of the breakwater and already the tide was running out fast along the foreshore. Already one long oval bank of sand lay warm and dry amid the wavelets. Here and there warm isles of sand gleamed above the vida, no la voz grosera y turbia del mundo lleno de deberes y de pesares, no la voz inhumana que le había llamado al lívido servicio del altar. Un instante de vuelo pleno le acababa de libertar y el grito de triunfo que sus labios aprisionaban estallaba en su cerebro.

—¡Stephanephoros!

¿Qué habían sido todas aquellas cosas sino el sudario que se acababa de desprender del cuerpo mortal? ¿Qué eran el miedo que le había acompañado día y noche, la incertidumbre que le había estado rondando, el oprobio que le había envilecido en alma y cuerpo, qué eran sino sudarios, lienzos de sepultura?

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He was alone. His isolation is stressed, but note the repetitions of this paragraph, the repetitions of his boyhood.

There was a long rivulet in his pockets and his canvas shoes dangling by their knotted laces over his shoulders and, picking a pointed salt-eaten stick out of the jetsam among the rocks, he clambered down the slope of the breakwater.

Where was his boyhood now? Where was the soul that had hung back from her destiny, to brood alone upon the shame of her wounds and in her house of squalor and subterfuge to queen it in faded cerements and in wreaths that Withered at the touch? Or where was he?

He was alone. He was unheeded, happy and near to the wild heart of life. He was alone and young and wilful and hearted, alone amid a waste of wild air and brackish [salty] waters and the sea-harvest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight and gayclad lightclad figures of children and girls and voices childish and girlish in the air.

Joyce’s Portrait

Inca few moments he was barefoot, his stockings folded in his house of squalor and subterfuge to queen it in faded figures, wading and delving.

In an abrir y cerrar de ojos se descalzó, se metió las medianos en los bolsillos y se colgó el hombro los zapatos de lona, andándolos por los cordones. Cogió un palo puntiagudo abandonado por el mar y roído por las sales, y descendió por la rampa del rompeolas.

There was a long rivulet in the strand and, as he waded slowly up its course, he wondered at the endless drift of seaweed. Emerald and black and russet and olive, it moved beneath the current, swaying and turning. The water of the rivulet was dark with endless drift and mirrored the high-drifting clouds. The clouds were drifting above him silently and silently the seatangle was drifting below him and the grey warm air was still and a new wild life was singing in his veins.

¿Dónde estaba ahora su adolescencia? ¿Dónde estaba el alma que había reculado ante su destino para cavilar a solas sobre su propia miseria y para coronarla allá en su morada de sordería y subterfugios, envuelta en un vivido sudario, con guirnaldas, marchitas ya al primer roce? ¿Dónde, dónde estaba?

Solo. Libre, feliz, al lado del corazón salvaje de la vida. Estaba solo y se sentía lleno de voluntad, con el corazón salvaje, solo en un desierto de aire libre y de agua amarga, entre la cosecha marina de algas y de conchas; solo en la luz velada y [196] gris del sol, entre formas gayas, claras, de niños y de doncellitas, entre gritos infantiles y voces de muchachas _________.

Una muchacha estaba ante él, en medio de la corriente, mirando sola y tranquila mar afuera. Parecía que un arte mágico le die-
had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane’s and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and soft-hued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips, where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. Her slate-blue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird’s, soft and slight, and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.

She was alone and still, gazing out to sea; and when she felt his presence and the worship of his eyes her eyes turned to him in quiet sufferance of his gaze, without shame or wantonness. Long, long she suffered his gaze and then quietly withdrew her eyes from his and bent them towards the stream, gently stirring the water with her foot hither and thither. The first faint noise of gently moving water broke the silence, low and faint and whispering, 

—Heavenly God! cried Stephen’s soul, in an outburst of profane joy.

He turned away from her suddenly and set off across the strand. His cheeks were aflame; his body was aglow; his limbs were trembling. On and on and on and on he strode, far out over the sands, singing wildly to the sea, crying to greet the advent of the life that had cried to him.
Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!

He halted suddenly and heard his heart in the silence. How far had he walked? What hour was it?

There was no human figure near him nor any sound borne to him over the air. But the tide was near the turn and already the day was on the wane. He turned landward and ran towards the shore and, running up the sloping beach, reckless of the sharp shingle, found a sandy nook amid a ring of tufted sandknolls and lay down there that the peace and silence of the evening might still the riot of his blood.

He felt above him the vast indifferent dome and the calm processes of the heavenly bodies; and the earth beneath him, the earth that had borne him, had taken him to her breast.

He closed his eyes in the languor of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclic movement of the earth and her watchers, trembled as if they felt the strange light of some new world. His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings. A world, a glimmer or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a

La imagen de la muchacha había penetrado en su alma para siempre y ni una palabra había roto el santo silencio de su éxtasis. Los ojos de ella le habían llamado y su alma se había precipitado al llanamiento. ¡Vivir, errar, caer, triunfar, volver a crear la vida con materia de vida! Un ángel salvaje se le había aparecido, el ángel de la juventud mortal, enviado por el tribunal estricto de la vida para abrirle de par en par, en un instante de éxtasis, las puertas de todos los caminos del error y de la gloria. ¡Adelante! ¡Adelante! ¡Adelante!

Se detuvo, de súbito, y oyó en el silencio el zumbido de su corazón. ¿Hasta dónde había caminado? ¿Qué hora era?

No había persona alguna cerca de él; ni el más leve son le traía el aire. Mas la marca iba a comenzar a subir y el día menguaba. Se volvió hacia tierra y echó a correr por la playa hasta la rampa del rompeolas; la escaló a toda prisa, sin preocuparse de los cortantes guijarros y, encontrando un hoyo en la arena rodeado de lomillas entre matas de vegetación, se tendió allí para ver si la paz y el silencio del atardecer conseguían aplacar el tumulto de su sangre.

Sentía sobre él la gran cúpula indiferente del cielo y el reposado avance de los cuerpos celestes; y, debajo, la tierra, la tierra que le había engendrado, le tenía cobijado en el seno.

Cerró los ojos, adormilado. Le temblaban los párpados como si sintieran el gran movimiento del cielo y el reposado avance de los cuerpos celestes; y, debajo, la tierra, la tierra que le había engendrado, le tenía cobijado en el seno.

A world, a glimmer or a flower? A superb poetic conveying of ecstasy, a mood of exaltation at the richness of experience and the beauty of life. Here the repetitions are those of the moments before sleep.
Joyce’s Portrait

breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than the other.

Evening had fallen when he woke and the sand and arid grasses of his bed glowed no longer. He rose slowly and, recalling the rapture of his sleep, sighed at its joy.

He climbed to the crest of the sandhill and gazed about him. Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of skyline, the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools.

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

abre, manaba continuamente de sí mismo en una sucesión indefinida, hasta la plenitud neta del rojo, hasta el desvanecimiento de un rosa pálido, hoja a hoja, y onda de luz a onda de luz, para inundar el cielo todo de sus [198] dulces tornasoles, a cada matiz más densos, a cada oleada más ocueros.

Cuando se incorporó, la tarde había caído ya. La arena y las plantas raquíticas de su lecho ya habían perdido su dulce calor. Se levantó lentamente y, al recordar el gozo arrobado de su sueño, suspiró.

Trepó hasta la cresta de la colina de arena y miró en derredor. La tarde se había hundido. El borde de la luna nueva rasgaba la pálida aridez del horizonte, tal un aro de plata a medio enterrar en la arena; y el flujo de la marea trepaba tierra adelante y aislaba, allá lejos, algunas figuras humanas diseminadas aún por la playa entre los últimos charcos.
He drained his third cup of watery tea to the dregs and set to chewing the crusts of fried bread that were scattered near him, staring into the dark pool of the jar. The yellow dripping had been scooped out like a bog hole and the pool under it brought back to his memory the dark turf-coloured water of the bath in Clongowes. The box of pawn tickets at his elbow had just been rifled and he took up idly one after another in his greasy fingers the blue and white docket, scrawled and sanded and creased and bearing the name of the pledger as Daly or MacEvoy.

1 Pair Buskins.
1 D. Coat.
3 Articles and White.
1 Man’s Pants.

Then he put them aside and gazed thoughtfully at the lid of the box, speckled with louse marks, and asked vaguely:

—How much is the clock fast now?

His mother straightened the battered alarm clock that was lying on its side in the middle of the mantelpiece until its dial showed a quarter to twelve and then laid it once more on its side.

—An hour and twenty-five minutes, she said. The right time now is twenty past ten. The dear knows you might try to be in time for your lectures.

—Fill out the place for me to wash, said Stephen.

—Katey, fill out the place for Stephen to wash.

—Boody, fill out the place for Stephen to wash.
I'm going for blue: she is going out to get blue, a laundry powder.

going for blue: working as hard as possible (alternatively, «bluing» is used in washing clothes)

she is going out to get blue, a laundry powder. I'm going for blue

Blue is a substance used by laundresses; the girl is obviously going out to get some to wash the clothes.

— I can't, I’m going for blue. Fill it out, you, Maggy.

[201]

— No puedo. Tengo que ir por añil. Prepárala tú, Maggy.

Por fin colocaron una jofaina esmaltada en el hueco del vertedero, en unión de un guante viejo de baño, y Stephen dejó que su madre le restregara bien el cuello, y le escarbara entre los repliegues de las orejas y en los huecos de la nariz.

going for blue: working as hard as possible (alternatively, «bluing» is used in washing clothes)

— But it gives you pleasure, said Stephen calmly.

— Pero, ¡si te gusta! — contestó tranquilamente Stephen.

An ear-splitting whistle was heard from upstairs and his mother thrust a damp overall into his hands, saying:

An ear-splitting whistle was heard from upstairs and his mother thrust a damp overall into his hands, saying:

— Dry yourself and hurry out for the love of goodness.

— Sécate y vete más que a paso, por el amor de Dios.

— You lazy bitch of a brother gone out yet?

— ¿Se ha ido por fin ese marmota de tu hermano?

— Yes, father.

— ¿De verdad?

— Yes, father. 

— Yes, father. 

— Hm!

—¿Jem!

The girl came back, making signs to him to be quick and go out quietly by the back. Stephen laughed and said:

The girl came back, making signs to him to be quick and go out quietly by the back. Stephen laughed and said:

— He has a curious idea of genders if he thinks a bitch is masculine.

— ¡Sí que tiene una buena idea de los géneros si piensa que marmota es masculino!

— Ah, it's a scandalous shame for you, Stephen, said

— Es una vergüenza y un bochorno, Stephen, y ya
Joyce’s Portrait

his mother, and you’ll live to rue the day you set your foot in that place. I know how it has changed you.

—Good morning, everybody, said Stephen, smiling and kissing the tips of his fingers in adieu.

The lane behind the terrace was waterlogged and as he went down it slowly, choosing his steps amid heaps of wet rubbish, he heard a mad nun screeching in the nuns’ madhouse beyond the wall.

—Jesus! O Jesus! Jesus!

He shook the sound out of his ears by an angry toss of his head and hurried on, stumbling through the moldering offal, his heart already bitten by an ache of loathing and bitterness. His father’s whistle, his mother’s mutterings, the screech of an unseen maniac, the number of the infill was provided by the debris left by the tombs—those that as he walked down the avenue and felt the grey morning light falling about him through the dripping trees and smelt the strange wild smell of the wet leaves and bark, his soul was loosed of her miseries.

The rain-laden trees of the avenue evoked in him, as always, memories of the girls and women in the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann; and the memory of their pale sorrows and the fragrance falling from the wet branches mingled in a mood of quiet joy. His morning walk across the city had begun, and he foreknew that as he passed the sloblands of Fairview he would think of the cloistral silver-veined prose of Newman; that as he walked along the North Strand Road, glancing idly at

llorarás el día en que persistes los pies en tal sitio. Bien se te ve cómo te han cambiado allí.

—Adiós a todo el mundo— dijo Stephen sonriendo y besándose las puntas de los dedos como despedida.

La callejuela a la espalda de la terraza estaba llena de agua y para bajar por ella tuvo que ir fi-jándose dónde pisaba y poniendo los pies sobre los montones de basura húmeda. Una monja chilla-bría al otro lado del muro en el manicomio para religiosas.

—¡Jesús! ¡Ay, Jesús! ¡Jesús!

Sacudió, molestado, la cabeza para arrojar de sus oídos aquellas voces, y se apresuró a tropezones por entre la basura corrompida.

El silbido de su padre, las reconvenciones de su madre, los alaridos de la loca oculta tras la pared, eran otras tantas voces que herían y trataban de abatir el orgullo de su juventud. Arrojó de su corazón, maldiciéndolos, hasta los ecos de aquellas voces. Pero cuando comenzó a bajar por la avenida y vio cómo descendía en torno a él la luz gris y mañanera filtrada a través de los árboles goteantes, cuando percibió el olor selvático y extraño de las hojas y de las cortezas húmedas, entonces su alma se sintió libre de todas sus miserias.

Los árboles cargados de lluvia de la avenida le evocaban, como siempre, un recuerdo de las muchachas y las mujeres de las obras de Gerhart Hauptmann, las páldidas tristezas de estos seres y la fragancia que caía de las hojas húmedas se le mezclaban en una especie de reposada alegría. Su paseo matinal a través de la ciudad había comenzado y ahora sabía ya de antemano que al pasar por los pantanos de Fairview había de pensar en la prosa claustral y veteada de plata de Newman; que al pasear lanzando miradas ociosas a los escarapates de las tiendas de co-
Joyce's Portrait

When We Dead Awaken, the spirit of Ibsen would blow through him like a keen wind, a spirit of wayward boyish beauty; and that passing a grimy marine dealer’s shop beyond the Liffey he would repeat the song by Ben Jonson which begins:

I was not wearier where I lay.

His mind when wearied of its search for the essence of beauty amid the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas turned often for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans. His mind, in the vesture of a doubting monk, stood often in shadow under the windows of that age, to hear the grave and mocking music of the lutenists or the frank laughter of waist-coateers until a laugh too low, a phrase, tarnished by time, of chambering and false honour stung his monkish pride and drove him on from his lurking-place.

The lore which he was believed to pass his days brooding on so that it had rapt moments the world perished about his feet as if it had been fire-consumed; and thereafter his tongue grew heavy and he met the eyes of others with unanswering eyes, for he felt that the spirit of beauty had m ostables, to a largo de North Strand Road, se había de acordar del sombrío humor de Guido Cavalcanti y sonreir después; que al pasar por los talleres de los [202] tallistas en la plaza de Talbot, el espíritu de Ibsen le traspasaria como un viento agudo, como un hálito de belleza indomable y juvenil; que al cruzar frente al tendal de un comerciante en artículos navales, al otro lado del Liffey, había de repetir la canción de Ben Jonson, que comienza:

No más cansado estaba do yo...
folded him round like a mantle and that in reverie at least he had been acquainted with nobility. But when this brief pride of silence upheld him no longer he was glad to find himself still in the midst of common lives, passing on his way amid the squalor and noise and sloth of the city fearlessly and with a light heart.

Near the hoardings on the canal he met the consumptive man with the doll’s face and the brimless hat coming towards him down the slope of the bridge with little steps, tightly buttoned into his chocolate overcoat, and holding his furled umbrella a span or two from him like a divining rod. It must be eleven, he thought, and peered into a dairy to see the time. The clock in the dairy told him that it was five minutes to five but, as he turned away, he heard a clock somewhere near him, but unseen, beating eleven strokes in swift precision. He laughed as he heard it for it made him think of McCann, and he saw him a squat figure in a shooting jacket and breeches and with a fair goatee, standing in the wind at Hopkins’ corner, and heard him say:

—Dedalus, you’re an antisocial being, wrapped up in yourself. I’m not. I’m a democrat and I ’ll work and act for social liberty and equality among all classes and sexes in the United States of the Europe of the future.

Eleven! Then he was late for that lecture too. What day of the week was it? He stopped at a newsagent’s to read the headline of a placard. Thursday. Ten to eleven, English; eleven to twelve, French; twelve to one, physics. He fancied to himself the English lecture and felt, even at that distance, restless and helpless. He saw the heads of his companions inclinadas
Joyce’s Portrait

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of his classmates meekly bent as they wrote in their notebooks the points they were bidden to note, **nominal definitions**, essential definitions and examples or dates of birth or death, chief works, a favourable and an unfavourable criticism side by side. His own head was unbent for his thoughts wandered abroad and whether he looked around the little class of students or out of the window across the desolate gardens of the green an odour assailed him of cheerless cellar-damp and decay. Another head than his, right before him in the first benches, was **poised** above its bending fellows like the head of a priest appealing without humility to the tabernacle for the humble worshippers **about him**. Why was it that when he thought of Cranly he could never raise before his mind the entire image of his body but only the image of the head and face? Even now against the grey curtain of the morning he saw it before him like the phantom of a dream, the face of a severed head or death-mask, crowned on the brows by its stiff black upright hair as by an iron crown. It was a **priest-like face**, priest-like in its palor, in the wide winged nose, in the shadowings below the eyes and along the jaws, priest-like in the lips that were long and bloodless and faintly smiling; and Stephen, remembering swiftly how he had told Cranly of all the tumults and unrest and longings in his soul, day after day and night by night, only to be answered by his friend’s listening silence, would have told himself that it was the face of a guilty priest who heard confessions of those whom he had not power to absolve but that he felt again in memory the gaze of its dark womanish eyes.

Through this image he had a glimpse of a strange dark cavern doliamente mientras escribían en sus cuadernos los puntos que les recomendaban anotar: **definiciones nominales**, definiciones esenciales, ejemplos, fechas de nacimiento y de muerte, con las críticas favorables y adversas contrapuestas a dos columnas. Pero su cabeza no se inclinaba porque sus pensamientos erraban lejos, y lo mismo si miraba a sus compañeros de clase, que al jardín desolado que por las ventanas se veía, le sobrevenía una sensación de olor a humedad triste de cueva, a vejez. Además de la suya había otra cabeza, allá, delante, en los primeros bancos, que se [204] levantaba, **rigida** sobre las otras inclinadas de sus compañeros, como la de un sacerdote que rogase orgullosamente ante el tabernáculo en favor de los humíles fieles **prosternados en torno de él**. ¿Cómo era que cuando pensaba en Cranley nunca podía evo- car la imagen de todo su cuerpo, sino sólo la de su cabeza y cara? Aun ahora, le veía delante de él, contra la gris cortina de la mañana, como un fantasma de una pesadilla que sólo consistiera en una cabeza decapitada o en una mascarilla mortuoria, coronadas por un pelo recio, negro y erizado como una corona de hierro. Era una cara de sacerdote, de sacerdote por su palidez, por las anchas ventanas de la nariz, por los matizcs de sombra de las ojeras y las mandíbulas, por aquella sonrisa tenue que erraba sobre los labios anchos y descoloridos. Y Stephen, al recordar cómo le había él contado a Cranley todos los tumultos y las inquietudes y los anhelos de su alma para no recibir más res- puesta que el silencio atento de su amigo, se hubiera dicho ahora que aquella cara era como la de un sacerdote culpable que escuchara la confesión de aquellos a los cuales no tenía la facultad de absol- ver... se lo hubiera dicho, a no sentir de pronto otra vez en la memoria la mirada fija de sus ojos negros y femeninos.

A través de esta mirada, se le abrió una extraña y oscura
of speculation but at once turned away from it, feeling that it was not yet the hour to enter it. But the nightshade of his friend’s llistlessness seemed to be diffusing in the air around him a tenuous and deadly exhalation and be found himself glancing from one casual word to another on his right or left in solid wonder that they had been so silently emptied of instantaneous sense until every mean shop legend bound his mind like the words of a spell and his soul shrivelled up sighing with age as he walked on in a lane among heaps of dead language. His own consciousness of language was ebbing from his brain and trickling into the very words themselves which set to band and disband themselves in wayward rhythms:

The ivy whines upon the wall, And vines and twines upon the wall, The yellow ivy upon the wall, Ivy, ivy up the wall.

Did anyone ever hear such drive? Lord Almighty! Who ever heard of ivy whining on a wall? Yellow ivy; that was all right. Yellow ivy also. And what about ivory ivy?

The word now shone in his brain, clearer and brighter than any ivory sawn from the mottled tusks of elephants. IVORY, IVOIRE, AVOIRIO, EBUR. One of the first examples that he had learnt in Latin had run: INDIA MITTIT EBUR; and he recalled the shrewd northern face of the rector who had taught him to construe the Metamorphoses of Ovid in a courtly English, made whimsical by the mention of pokers and potsherds and chines of bacon. He had learnt what little he knew of the laws of Latin verse from a caverna of meditations, but the caverna of his mente comprendiendo que no era todavía hora de entrar en ella. Mas la indiferencia de su amigo parecía estarse disfundiendo por el aire como un narcótico, como un valvo tene- neur y mortal. Y se encontró, de pronto, mirando las palabras casuales que a su derecha o a su izquierda surgían, y —estupidamente maravillado de que se hubieran despuesto en silen- cio de todo sentido actual, de tal modo, que hasta el más insignifi- cante letrero de tienda llegaba a aprisionar su espíritu como si se tratase de las palabras de un ensalmo; y el alma se le iba arrugando, suspirante de puro vieja, mientras avanzaba por aquella callejuela entre mon- tones de lenguaje muerto. Su [205] propia conciencia del lenguaje estaba refluyendo de su cerebro y condensándose en simples palabras que se ponían a enlaçarse y desenlazarse con ritmos traviesos:

La yedra llora en la pared, llora y se azora en la pared, yedra amarilla en la pared, yedra, la yedra en la pared.

¿Quién había oído jamás despropósito semejante? ¡Dios del cie- lo! ¿Quién había visto nunca una yedra que llorase en la pared? Yedra amari- lla... bueno, eso estaba bien. O marfil amarillo también podía haber sido. Pero, ¿y yedra de marfil?

La palabra le brillaba ahora en el cerebro, más clara y más resplandeciente que todo marfil extraido de los veedades col- millos de los elefantes. Ivory, ivoire, avorio, ebur. Uno de los primeros ejemplos que se ha- bía aprendido en latín, había sido: India mitit ebur; y se acordaba de la astuta cara del rector que le había enseñado a traducir las Metamorfosis de Ovidio en un inglés pulido en el cual disonaba curiosamente la mención de poqueros, cascos de alfarería y lomos de cerdo. Lo poco que sabía de las leyes del verso latino lo ha- bía aprendido de un libro
ragged book written by a
Portuguese priest.

Contrahit orator; variant in
carminne vates.

The crises and victories and
secessions in Roman history
were handed on to him in the
trite words IN TANTO DISCRIMINE;
and he had tried to peer into
the social life of the city of cities
through the words IMPLERE
OLLAM DENARIOUM which the
rector had rendered
sonorously as the filling of a
pot with denaries.

The grey block of Trinity
on his left, set heavily in the
city’s ignorance like a dull
stone set in a cumbrous
ring, pulled his mind
downward and while he was
striving this way and that
to free his feet from the
fetters of the reformed
conscience he came upon the
droll stature of the national
poet of Ireland.

He looked at it without
anger; for, though sloth of the

La masa gris del edificio de
Trinity yacía a su izquierda,
incrustada pesadamente en me-
dio de la ignorancia de la
ciudad como una piedra mate
en una sortija maciza. Aquella
masa le deprimía y, tratando de
huir de ella para liberar sus
pies de las cadenas de la con-
ciencia reformada, fue a dar
con la estatua ridicula del poe-
ta nacional de Irlanda.

La contempló sin cólera.
Porque aquella estatua pare-
body and of the soul crept
over it like unseen vermin,
over the shuffling feet and up
the folds of the cloak and
around the servile head, it
seemed humbly conscious of
its indignity. It was a
Firbolg in the borrowed
cloak of a Milesian; and he
thought of his friend
Davin, the peasant
student. It was a jesting
name between them, but
the young peasant bore
with it lightly:

—Go on, Stevie, I
have a hard head, you
tell me. Call me what
you will.

The homely version of
his christian name on the
lips of his friend had
touched Stephen
pleasantly when first heard
for he was as formal in
speech with others as they
were with him. Often, as
he sat in Davin’s rooms in
Grantham Street,

wondering at his friend’s
well-made boots that
flanked the wall pair by
pair and repeating for his
friend’s simple ear the
verses and cadences of
others which were the
veils of his own longing
and dejection, the rude
Firbolg mind of his
listener had drawn his mind
towards it and flung it back
again, drawing it by a quiet
inbred courtesy of attention
or by a quaint turn of old
English speech or by the
force of its delight in rude
bodily skill—for Davin had
sat at the feet of
Michael
Cusack, the Gael—repelling
swiftly and suddenly by a
grossness of intelligence or
by a bluntness of feeling or
by a dull stare of terror in
the eyes, the terror of soul of a
starving Irish village in
which the curfew was still a
nightly fear.

Side by side with his
memory of the deeds of
cia descubrir humildemente
su indignidad a través de la
invisible carcoma de laxitud
que se deslizaba desde los
pies pesados, por los pliegues
del manto, hasta la cabe-
za servil. Era un Filborg
bajo el manto postizo de un
milesio. Se acordó de
su amigo Davin, «el es-
tudiante cazurro». Era
el nombre que le solía
dar en broma y que el
otro soportaba
jovialmente:

—No importa, Stevie. Tú
mismo dices que tengo la cabeza
dura. Puedes llamarme lo que te
dé la gana.

Desde la primera vez que oyó
en labios de su amigo esta varian-
te familiar de su nombre de pila,
Stephen gustó de ella, acostum-
brado como estaba a que los
otros usaran con él en la con-
servación las mismas formas cere-
moniosas que él empleaba para
con ellos. A menudo, sentado
en el cuarto de Davin en
Grantham Street, mientras con-
templaba la fila [207] de las
botas sólidas de su amigo, ali-
neas delante a la pared, y mien-
tras recitaba para las simples
orejas de éste versos y caden-
cias ajenos, tras los cuales
latían el propio anhelo y la
melancolia propia, la ruda
mentalidad del descendiente
de la antigua raza de Filborg
le había atraído para repe-
lerle en seguida; le atraía
por su innata y reposada
cortesía al escucharle o por
un giro raro de inglés arca-
ico, tal vez por su gusto de los
rudos ejercicios de destreza cor-
poral (Davin había sido discípu-
lo de Michael Cusack, el Cel-
lí); pero le repelia de pronto por
la rudeza de su inteligencia, por sus
sentimientos embotados, por aque-
lla sombría mirada de terror que
había en sus ojos, como el terror de un
famélico poblado de Irlanda don-
de el curfebrego fuera aún uno de
los espantos de la noche.

Junto con el recuerdo
de las proezas de su tío
gross y gruesa son doce docenas,
as sustantivos, y gordo, corpulento, cra-
so [error], como adjetivos, pero gross
ha degradado su denotación a grose-
ro, descortés, indecoroso, escandaló-
so, estúpido, ignorante; en los nego-
cios se usa para bruto [ganancia], en-
tradas, beneficios y, en la jerga juve-
nil, feo, asqueroso. La idea básica de
gross, como adjetivo, es thick, big,
fat y; como sustantivo, thickness,
bulk, depth, main body.

curfew: toque de queda
variás de este tipo de palabras tienen un
registro normal del inglés que no encuentra
una equivalencia cabal en las voces caste-
lillianas empleadas
32. Mat Davin: Maurice Davin (1864-11927), athlete and co-founder with Michael Cusack of the Gaelic Athletic Association. During the 1870s he and his brothers, Tom and Pat, held more than half the world’s records for running, jumping, hurling and weight-throwing. (G. J. Hickey and J. E. Dehony, A Dictionary of Irish History 1800-1980 (Dublin, 1980).)

33. a young fenian: a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood founded in 1858. The organization was dedicated to the use of physical force to remove the British from Ireland. They had a glamorous reputation. A young fenian a young man who rejects his nation’s serf-like relationship to England, believing so fervently in Irish independence that he is ready to embrace terrorism. Often, bands of fanions hid out in the hills.

34. the cycles: the great Irish epic tales belong to a related group of Irish myths and legends. Coupling this ambition with the young man’s humour, Stephen had often called him one of the tame geese and there was even a point of irritation in the name pointed against that very reluctance of speech and deed in his friend which seemed so often to stand between Stephen’s mind, eager of speculation, and the hidden ways of Irish life.

35. tame geese: the ‘Wild Geese’ were the Irish Catholic soldiers who fled to the Continent after the Treaty of Limerick in 1691. There they served in the French, Spanish and Austrian armies. Davin has their discipline.

36. streets of the poorer jews: the small Jewish community lived just north of Grantham Street.

37. One night the young peasant, his spirit stung by the violent or luxurious language in which Stephen escaped from the cold silence of intellectual revolt, had called up before Stephen’s mind a strange vision. The two were walking slowly towards Davin’s rooms through the dark narrow streets of the poorer jews.

—A thing happened to

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Mat Davin, el atleta, aquel joven campesino cultivaba la adoración de la dolorosa leyenda de Irlanda. Los otros compañeros, en su deseo de prestar relieve a cualquier incidente de la monótona vida del colegio universitario, le consideraban en sus charlas como un prototipo del verdadero feniano. Su nodriza le había enseñado el irlandés y había modelado su ruda imaginación a los dispersos resplandores de los mitos de Irlanda. Ante aquellos mitos a los cuales jamás mente de individuo humano había añadido ni una sola línea de belleza, ante las innumerables leyendas que se iban subdividiendo al avanzar de los ciclos, guardaba él la misma actitud que ante la Iglesia católica romana, la actitud de un siervo leal y corto de alcances. Cualquier idea, cualquier sentimiento que viniera de Inglaterra o a través de la cultura inglesa, chocaba contra su alma, armada y atenta a su consigna; y del mundo que yacía más allá de Inglaterra, no conocía más que la legión extranjera de Francia, en la cual pensaba inscribirse.

Stephen solía llamar a su amigo ‘el pato casero’, refiriéndose a la vez a este deseo de su joven camarada y a su tardo espíritu. Y había en el apodo una punta de ira contra aquella [208] desgana para la palabra y la acción que su amigo tenía, y que era lo que separaba el espíritu de Stephen, ávido de especulación, de las latentes maneras de la vida irlandesa.

Una noche, aguijoneado por el lenguaje violento y atrevido en el que Stephen se refugiaba para huir del frío silencio de su estado de protesta intelectual, su rústico compañero había evocado ante su imaginación una visión extraña. Iban los dos andando lentamente hacia el cuarto de Davin, a través de las callejuelas sombrías del miserable barrio de los judíos.

unwieldy cumbersome, clumsy, or hard to manage, owing to size, shape, or weight. inmanejable, incomoda, incontenible
myself, Stevie, last autumn, coming on winter, and I never told it to a living soul and you are the first person now I ever told it to. I disremember if it was October or November. It was October because it was before I came up here to join the matriculation class.

Stephen had turned his smiling eyes towards his friend’s face, flattered by his confidence and won over to sympathy by the speaker’s simple accent.

—I was away all that day from my own place over in Buttevant.—I don’t know if you know where that is—at a hurling match between the Croke’s Own Boys and the Fearless Thurlses and Stevie, that was the hard fight. My first cousin, Fonsy Davin, was stripped to his buff that day minding cool for the Limericks but he was up with the forwards half the time and shouting like mad. I never will forget that day. One of the Crokes made a woeful wipe at him one time with his hurley stick. The text is confusing here. If Fonsy Davin was keeping goal for the Limericks and I declare to God he was within an aim’s ace of getting it at the side of his helmet. Oh, honest to God, if the crook of it caught him that time he was done for.

—I am glad he escaped, Stephen had said with a laugh, but surely that’s not the strange thing that happened you?

—Well, I suppose that doesn’t interest you, but leastways there was such noise after the match that I missed the train home and I couldn’t get any kind of a yoke to give me a lift for, as luck would have it, there was a mass meeting that same day over in Thurles between the Croke’s Own Boys and the Fearless Thurlses and my cousin, Fonsy Davin, was keeping goal for ‘the Limericks’ and there was nothing for it to stay the night or to foot the car to Buttevant. The ‘mass meeting’ is a political gathering.

Stephen había vuelto sonriendo los ojos hacia el rostro de su amigo, halagado por su confianza y movido a simpatías por el sencillo acento del narrador.

—Había estado todo el día fuera de mi pueblo para ver un partido de hurlley entre el equipo de los mocos de Croke y el de los «Sin Miedo», de Thurles. ¡Dios, Stevie, qué partido más duro que fue! A mi primo hermano Fonsy Davin, me lo dejaron en cueros vivos defendiendo la meta de los de Limerick, pero aún estuvo atacando con los delanteros la mitad del tiempo y berrreando como loco. Nunca me olvidaré de aquel día. Uno de los Croke le dio un golpe tremendo con la garrota de juego, y en Dios y en mi alma que estuvo a ras de un pelo de cogerle por medio de la sien. Dios de Dios, que si le da de lleno, no necesita más.

—Me alegro de que librara con bien —interrumpió Stephen—, pero seguramente ésa no es la extraña aventura que te ocurrió.

—Bueno, ya sé que eso no te importará. Pero es que levantó tal alboroto después del partido, que perdió el tren para volver a casa y no encontré ni un mal carro que me pudiera servir de ayuda, porque por mi mala suerte, aquel día había una función religiosa en Castletownroche, y todos los vehículos de la región estaban en ella. Conque, me pongo a caminar, y yo sigue que te sigue
45. Ballyhoura hills . . . Kilmallock: a walk north of more than fifteen miles into County Limerick.

46. Queenstown: the seaport town of Cork, now called Cobh.

47. You've no call . . . no one in it: ‘You’ve no reason to be frightened; there’s no one here’ (Hiberno-English speech).

48. strech extendirse, prolongarse, expan-
dirse, transcurrir, alargarse, remontarse

it out. Well, I started to walk and on I went and it was coming on night when I got into the Ballyhoura hills, that’s better than ten miles from Kilmallock and there’s a long lonely road after that. You wouldn’t see the sign of a christian house along the road or hear a sound. It was pitch dark almost. Once or twice I stopped by the way under a bush to redden my pipe and only for the dew was thick I’d have stretched out there and slept. At last, after a bend of the road, I spied [made out] a little cottage with a light in the window. I went up and knocked at the door. A voice asked who was there and I answered I was over at the match in Buttevant and was walking back and that I’d be thankful for a glass of water. After a while a young woman opened the door and brought me out a big mug of milk. She was half undressed as if she was going to bed when I knocked and she had her hair hanging and I thought by her look of her eyes that she must be carrying a child. She kept me in talk a long while at the door, and I thought it strange because her breast and her shoulders were bare. She asked me was I tired and would I like to stop the night there. She said she was all alone in the house and that her husband had gone that morning to Queenstown with his sister to see her off. And all the time she was talking, Stevie, she had her eyes fixed on my face and so close to me that I could hear her breathing. When I handed her back the mug at last she took my hand to draw me in over the threshold and said: ‘COME IN AND STAY THE NIGHT HERE. YOU’VE NO CALL TO BE FRIGHTENED. THERE’S NO ONE IN IT BUT OURSELVES.’ I didn’t go in, Stevie. I thanked her and went on my way again, all in a fever. At the first bend of the road I looked back and she was standing at the door.

adelante, y la noche que ya ve-nía encima, cuando llegó a las colinas de Ballyhoura, a más de diez millas de Kilmallock, que desde allí hay una carretera lar-ga y deshabitada. No veías allí, a todo lo largo del camino, ni huellas de una casa de cristia-nos, ni se oía un solo ruido. Estaba ya casi oscuro como boca de lobo. Una o dos veces me de-tuve al resguardo de un arbus-to para encender la pipa, y a no ser porque el suelo estaba cubierto de rocio, me hubiera tumbado allí mismo a dormir. Por último, tras una revuelta del camino, divisé una casa con una ventana encendida. Me acerqué y llamé a la puerta. Una voz contestó preguntando quién era, a lo que respondí que había estado en el partido en Buttevant, que regresaba a pie a casa y agradecería que me diese un vaso de agua. Al cabo de un rato, se abrió la puerta y apareció una mujer joven que me traía un gran jarro de leche. Estaba a medio vestir, como si se estuviera preparando para ir a acostarse al tiempo de mi llamada; tenía el pelo suelto y por su aspecto y un no sé qué en el mirar de los ojos, deduje que estaba preñada. Me retuvo un rato charlando a la puerta, y se me hizo extraño porque tenía el pecho y los hombros desnudos. Me preguntó si estaba cansado y si no quería pasar la noche allí. Y añadió que estaba sola, pues su marido se había ido aquella mañana a Queenstown acompañando a una hermana suya hasta dejarla en el tren. Y mientras hablaba, Stevie, tenía la mirada fija en mi rostro y tan cerca de mí que podía sentir su aliento. Cuando, por último, le devolví el jarro, me tomó de la mano tirando de mi hacia adentro, y dijo: Entre y pase aquí la noche. No tiene usted por qué tener miedo. No hay nadie más que nosotros dos... No entré, Stevie. Le di las gracias y seguí caminando adelante, abrasado como de calentura. Al primer recodo, volví la vista atrás y la vi toda-vía de pie a la puerta.
The last words of Davin’s story sang in his memory and the figure of the woman in the story stood forth reflected in other figures of the peasant women whom he had seen standing in the doorways at Clane as the college cars drove by, as a type of her race and of his own, a bat-like soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness and, through the eyes and voice and gesture of a woman without guile, calling the stranger to her bed.

A hand was laid on his arm and a young voice cried:

—Ah, gentleman, your own girl, sir! The first handsel today, gentleman. Buy that lovely bunch. Will you, gentleman?

The blue flowers which she lifted towards him and her young blue eyes seemed to him at that instant images of guilelessness, and he halted till the image had vanished and he saw only her ragged dress and damp coarse hair and hoydenish face.

—Do, gentleman! Don’t forget your own girl, sir!

—I have no money, said Stephen.

—Buy them lovely ones, will you, sir? Only a penny.

—Did you hear what I said? asked Stephen, bending towards her. I told you I had no money. I tell you again now.

—Well, sure, you will some day, sir, please God, the girl answered after an instant.

Possibly, said Stephen, but I don’t think it likely.
—He left her quickly, fearing that her intimacy might turn to jibing and wishing to be out of the way before she offered her ware to another, a tourist from England or a student of Trinity. Grafton Street, along which he walked, prolonged that moment of discouraged poverty. In the roadway at the head of the street a slab was set to the memory of Wolfe Tone and he remembered having been present with his father at its laying. He remembered with bitterness that scene of tawdry tribute. There were four French delegates in a brake and one, a plump smiling young man, held, wedged on a stick, a card on which were printed the words: VIVE L’IRLANDE!

But the trees in Stephen’s Green were fragrant of rain and the rain-sodden earth gave forth its mortal odour, a faint incense rising upward through the mould from many hearts. The soul of the gallant venal city which his elders had told him of had shrunk with time which his elders had told him of had shrunk with time to a faint mortal odour rising from the earth and he knew that in a moment when he entered the sombre college he would be conscious of a corruption other than that of Buck Egan and Burnchapel Whaley.

It was too late to go upstairs to the French class. He crossed the hall and took the corridor to the left which led to the physics theatre. The corridor was dark and silent but not unwatchful. Why did he feel that it was not unwatchful? Was it because he had heard that in Buck Whaley’s time there was a secret staircase there? Or was the jesuit house extraterritorial and he was walking

Se apartó bruscamente de ella, temeroso de que de la familiaridad pasase a las burlas y desean
desaaparecer antes de verle ofrecer su mercancía a otra persona, a un turista inglés o a un estudiante de Trinity. La calle por donde caminaba, Grafton Street, prolongaba aquella sensación de desalentada pobreza. Al extremo de la calle había una placa dedicada a la memoria de Wolfe Tone. Le vino a la memoria el haber asistido con su padre a la colocación de ella. Y evocaba con amargura el oropel chillón de la ceremonia. Había cuatro delegados franceses subidos en un carromato y uno de ellos, un joven rollizo y sonriente, sostenía un palo, al extremo del cual había un cartel con este letrero: Vive l’Irlande!

Los árboles del Stephen’s Green estaban fragantes y cargados de lluvia y la tierra empapada exhalaba su olor mortal: como un incienso vago que ascendiera a través del mantillo de muchos corazones humanos. Era el alma de la ciudad galante y venal, de la que sus mayores le habían hablado, reducida por el transcurso del tiempo a aquel vago olor funeral que subía de la tierra. Iba a entrar en el sombrero edificio del colegio, y entonces comprendió que en cuanto entrara notaría la sensación de otra podredumbre bien distinta de la de Buck Egan y Burnchapel Whaley.

Era demasiado tarde para subir a clase de francés. Cruzó el vestíbulo y tomó el corredor a mano derecha que conducía al anfiteatro de física. El corredor estaba oscuro y silencioso, pero una presencia invisible parecía espiar en él. ¿Por qué sentía esa sensación? ¿Era porque sabía que en tiempos de Buck Whaley había habido allí una escalera secreta? ¿O era quizás porque la casa de los jesuitas gozaba de extraterritorialidad y se sentía uno como entre extraños al


venal adj. (of a person) able to be bribed or corrupted; (of conduct etc.) characteristic of a venal person. Corruptible, bribeable, mercenary; palm-greasing, corrupt, grafting, nepotistic.

50. tourist ... student of Trinity: this could mean that the Jesuit house was, by extension, a territory of the Pope.

51. slab ... its laying: a slab to the memory of Wolfe Tone (1763-98), the leader of the United Irishmen, was laid at the north-west corner of Stephen’s Green on 15 August 1798, to commemorate the centenary of the Rebellion of 1798. A sculpture of Tone was to be set up at this spot but was never completed.

52. French delegates: France was represented since Tone had sought aid from France, had found inspiration in the French Revolution and claimed to be a soldier of the French army when he was arrested. The tribute to Tone was more impressive than Stephen would indicate. Yeats and his Fenian hero John O’Leary were among the speakers who addressed a huge and enthusiastic crowd.

53. Vive l’Irlande! — a showy but worthless. 2 over-ornamented, gaudy, vulgar. Escabroso, — n. cheap or gaudy finery.

54. Buck Egan and Burnchapel Whaley: John Egan (c. 1763-98) was a politician and duellist; Richard Whaley, a priesthunter, nicknamed ‘Burnchapel’ because of his fondness for burning Catholic churches in the Rebellion of 1798, had a son, Thomas ‘Buck’ Whaley, who walked to Jerusalem and played handball against its walls for a bet. Popular legend claimed that Egan and one or both of the Whaley’s celebrated black masses in the buildings that had been incorporated into University College.


56. venal adj. (of a person) able to be bribed or corrupted; (of conduct etc.) characteristic of a venal person. Corruptible, bribeable, mercenary; palm-greasing, corrupt, grafting, nepotistic.
among aliens? The Ireland of Tone and Parnell seemed to have receded in space.

He opened the door of the theatre and halted in the chilly grey light that struggled through the dusty windows. A figure was crouching before the large grate and by its leanness and greyness he knew that it was the dean of studies lighting the fire. Stephen closed the door quietly and approached the fireplace.

—Good morning, sir! Can I help you?

The priest looked up quickly and said:

—One moment now, Mr Dedalus, and you will see. There is an art in lighting a fire. We have the liberal arts and we have the useful arts. This is one of the useful arts.

—I will try to learn it, said Stephen.

—Not too much coal, said the dean, working briskly at his task, that is one of the secrets.

He produced four candle-butts from the side-pockets of his soutane and placed them deftly among the coals and twisted papers. Stephen watched him in silence. Kneeling thus on the flagstone to kindle the fire, he seemed more than ever a humble server making ready the place of sacrifice in an empty temple, a levite of the Lord. Like a levite's robe of plain linen draped the kneeling figure of one whom the canonicals or the bell-bordered ephod would irk and trouble. His very body andndar por ella? La Irlanda de Tone y de Parnell parecía haber retrocedido en el espacio.

Abrió la puerta del anfiteatro y se detuvo a la luz friolenta y gris que pugnaba por entrar a través de las ventanas cubiertas de polvo. Una persona estaba en cuclillas delante del hogar de la gran chimenea y a causa de su delgadez y de su color desvaído comprendió que era el decano de estudios que trataba de encender la chimenea. Stephen cerró la puerta silenciosamente y se aproximó a él.

—Buenos días, señor. ¿Le puedo servir de ayuda?

El religioso levantó prestamente la vista y dijo:

—No hay que poner demasiado carbón —continuó el decano, mientras trabajaba briosamente en su tarea—, ése es uno de los secretos.

Sacó cuatro cabos de vela de los bolsillos de la sotana y los colocó hábilmente entre los carbones y los papeles apelotonados. Stephen observaba en silencio. Arrodiñado así frente al hogar, atareado en encender aquellos cabos de vela y trozos de papel, el religioso parecía más que nunca un siervo humilde que preparase el ara del sacrificio en un templo vacío, un levita del Señor. La sotana parda y raída envolvía como la túnica de hilos de una levita su figura arrodiñada, a la que sin duda hubieran servido de molestia y cansancio los suntuosos trajes de ceremonia y el efof orlado de campanillas. Hasta su
had waxed old in lowly service of the Lord—in tending the fire upon the altar, in bearing tidings secretly, in waiting upon worldlings, in striking swiftly when bidden—and yet had remained ungraced by aught of saintly or of prelatic beauty. Nay, his very soul had waxed old in that service without growing towards light and beauty or spreading abroad a sweet odour of her sanctity—a mortified will no more responsive to the thrill of its obedience than was to the thrill of love or combat his ageing body, spare and sinewy, greyed with a silver-pointed down.

The dean rested back on his hunkers and watched the sticks catch. Stephen, to fill the silence, said:

—I am sure I could not light a fire.

—You are an artist, are you not, Mr Dedalus? said the dean, glancing up and blinking his pale eyes. The object of the artist is the creation of the beautiful. What the beautiful is is another question.

Ante esta dificultad, el decano se frotó fríamente, lentamente, las manos.

—¿Qué? ¿Me puede usted resolver esta cuestión?

—Aquino contestó Stephen—dice Pulcra sunt quae visa placent.

—Esto fuego que tenemos delante—objetó el decano—agrada a los ojos—. ¿Será según eso bello?

—En tanto que es percibido con la vista, la cual supongo significa aquí in-telección estética, será bello. Pero Aquino dice tam-

—Aquinas, answered Stephen, says PULCRA SUNT QUEA VISA PLACENT.

—This fire before us, said the dean, will be pleasing to the eye. Will it therefore be beautiful?

—In so far as it is apprehended by the sight, which I suppose means here esthetic intellection, it will be beautiful. But Aquinas also
nosegay n. a bunch of flowers, esp. a sweet-scented posy; bouquet; an arrangement of flowers that is usually given as a present

posy ramillete, bouquet, corsage, nosegay an arrangement of flowers that is usually given as a present

The dean returned to the hearth and began to stroke his chin.

60. Like Ignatius he was lame: Ignatius of Loyola was lamed by a wound received in battle. It was during convalescence from this wound that he turned his thoughts towards religious matters.

61. Similiter atque senis baculus: ‘Similar to an old man’s walking stick.’ This is an Ignatian simile for the soldier of Christ in relation to his Jesuit superiors, from the Constitution of the Society of Jesus with Explication of Christ in relation to his Jesuit superiors, from the Company, a craft subtler and more secret than its fabled books of secret subtle wisdom, had not fired his soul with the energy of apostleship. It seemed as if he used the shifts and lore and cunning of the world, as bidden to do, for the greater glory of God, without joy in their handling or hatred of that in them which was evil but turning them, with a firm gesture of obedience back upon themselves and for all this silent service it seemed as if he loved not at all the master and little, if at all, the ends he served. SIMILITER ATQUE SENIS BACULUS, he was, as the founder would have had him, like a staff in an old man’s hand, to be leaned on in the road at nightfall or in stress of weather, to lie with a lady’s nosegay on a garden seat, to be raised in menace.

—Quite so, said the dean, you have certainly hit the nail on the head.

He rose nimbly and went towards the door, set it ajar and said:

—A draught is said to be a help in these matters.

As he came back to the hearth, limping slightly but with a brisk step, Stephen saw the silent soul of a Jesuit look out at him from the pale loveless eyes. Like Ignatius he was lame but in his eyes burned no spark of Ignatius’s enthusiasm. Even the legendary craft of the company, a craft subtler and more secret than its fabled books of secret subtle wisdom, had not fired his soul with the energy of apostleship. It seemed as if he used the shifts and lore and cunning of the world, as bidden to do, for the greater glory of God, without joy in their handling or hatred of that in them which was evil but turning them, with a firm gesture of obedience back upon themselves and for all this silent service it seemed as if he loved not at all the master and little, if at all, the ends he served.

SE SIMILITER ATQUE SENIS BACULUS, he was, as the founder would have had him, like a staff in an old man’s hand, to be leaned on in the road at nightfall or in stress of weather, to lie with a lady’s nosegay on a garden seat, to be raised in menace.

—Exactamente —dijo el decano—. Ha puesto usted el dedo en la llaga.

Se levantó ágilmente, abrió la puerta y continuó:

—Una corriente de aire dicen que ayuda mucho en estos casos.

Mientras volvía a la chimenea, cojeando ligeramente, pero con paso vivo, Stephen pudo ver cómo el alma callada del jesuita le contemplaba desde el fondo de sus ojos pálidos y desamorados. Era cojo como Ignacio, pero en sus ojos no había ni una centella del entusiasmo ignaciano. Ni aun siquiera había encendido su alma con la llama de la energía apostólica aquella astucia legendaria de la Compañía, más sutil y más recatada que los libros de la ciencia sutil y misteriosa. Parecía como si usase los ardidés, el saber y las astucias del mundo a la mayor gloria de Dios, pero forzando a hacerlo, sin la alegría de poseerlos, sin aborrecer tampoco aquello de malo que había en ellos, sino simplemente replegándolos sobre ellos mismos con un gesto firme y servil, y sin que, a pesar de toda esta servidumbre silenciosa, pareciera tener la más mínima cantidad de amor a su amo y sintiendo a lo más una cantidad muy pequeña [214] de cariño a los fines que servía. SIMILITER ATQUE SENIS BACULUS: era lo que su fundador había querido que fuese, un bastón en manos de un anciano, un bastón que sirve para apoyarse en él en el camino, a la caída de la noche o en medio del temporal, o para yacer junto al ramillete de flores de una dama sobre un banco del jardín, o para ser esgrimido en amenaza.

El decano regresó a la chimenea y comenzó a golpearse la barbilla.
—When may we expect to have something from you on the esthetic question? he asked.

—From me! said Stephen in astonishment. I stumble on an idea once a fortnight if I am lucky.

—These questions are very profound, Mr Dedalus, said the dean. It is like looking down from the cliffs of Moher into the depths. Many go down into the depths and never come up. Only the trained diver can go down into those depths and explore them and come to the surface again.

—If you mean speculation, sir, said Stephen, I also am sure that there is no such thing as free thinking inasmuch as all thinking must be bound by its own laws.

—Ha!

—For my purpose I can work on at present by the light of one or two ideas of Aristotle and Aquinas.

—I see. I quite see your point.

—I need them only for my own use and guidance until I have done something for myself by their light. If the lamp smokes or smells I shall try to trim it. If it does not give light enough I shall sell it and buy another.

—Epictetus also had a lamp, said the dean, which was sold for a fancy price after his death. It was the lamp he wrote his philosophical dissertations by. You know Epictetus?

—An old gentleman, said Stephen coarsely, who said that the soul is very like a bucketful of water.

—Epictetus tenía también una lámpara —dijo el decano—, que fue vendida por un precio exorbitante después de su muerte. Era la lámpara a cuya luz había escrito sus disertaciones filosóficas. ¿Conoce usted a Epicteto?

—¿Cuándo vamos a tener algo de usted sobre los problemas estéticos?

—¿Algo mío? —contestó Stephen asombrado—. Tropiezo con una idea una vez cada quince días y eso si estoy de buenas.

—Esas cuestiones son muy profundas, mister Dedalus —dijo el decano—. Es como mirar hacia el abismo desde la escarpa de Moher. Algunos penetran en lo profundo para no volver a salir. Sólo buzos bien adiestrados pueden sumergirse en esas profundidades, explorarlas y volver a salir a la superficie de nuevo.

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—¿Algo mío? —contestó Stephen asombrado—. Tropiezo con una idea una vez cada quince días y eso si estoy de buenas.
—He tells us in his homely way, the dean went on, that he put an iron lamp before a statue of one of the gods and that a thief stole the lamp. What did the philosopher do? He reflected that it was in the character of a thief to steal and determined to buy an earthen lamp next day instead of the iron lamp.

A smell of molten tallow came up from the dean’s candle butts and fused itself in Stephen’s consciousness with the jingle of the words, bucket and lamp and lamp and bucket. The priest’s voice, too, had a hard jingling tone. Stephen’s mind halted by instinct, checked by the strange tone and the imagery and by the priest’s face which seemed like an unlit lamp or a reflector hung in a false focus. What lay behind it or within it? A dull torpor of the soul or the dullness of the thundercloud, charged with intellection and capable of the gloom of God?

—I meant a different kind of lamp, sir, said Stephen.

—Undoubtedly, said the dean.

—One difficulty, said Stephen, in esthetic discussion is to know whether words are being used according to the literary tradition or according to the tradition of the marketplace. I remember a sentence of Newman’s in which he says of the Blessed Virgin that she was detained in the full company of the saints.

I HOPE I AM NOT DETAINING YOU.

—Not in the least, said the dean politely.

—No, no, said Stephen, smiling, I mean—

—Epicteto nos cuenta, con aquella lisa manera suya —continuó el decano—, que una vez había puesto—una lámpara de hierro delante de uno de los dioses y que un ladrón robó la lámpara. ¿Qué hizo el filósofo? Reflexionó que era connatural en un ladrón el robar y decidió comprar al día siguiente una lámpara de arcilla en lugar de la lámpara de hierro.

Un olor a sebo fundido subía en aquel momento de los cabos de vela del decano, y se le fundía en la mente a Stephen con el sonido de las palabras: cubo y lámpara, lámpara y cubo. La mente de Stephen se detuvo instintivamente, inmovilizada por el extraño tono, por el juego de metáforas y por la cara del sacerdote, que parecía una lámpara apagada o un reflector desenfocado. ¿Qué era lo que había oculto detrás de ella? ¿Un sombrío letargo espiritual o la negrura de la nube tempestuosa, cargada de intelección y capaz de las profundidades sombrías de Dios?

—Quiero decir otra clase de lámpara, señor.

—Indudablemente —contestó el decano.

—Una dificultad en las discusiones estéticas —dijo Stephen—, es el saber si las palabras que estamos usando lo están siendo con arreglo a la tradición literaria o según el uso común de la vida. Me acuerdo de un pasaje de Newman, en el cual dice que la Santísima Virgen estaba entretenida en compañía de todos los santos. Pero la palabra en el uso diario tiene también otra sentido distinto. Expreso que no le estaré entreteniendo a usted.

—De ningún modo —dijo el decano cortésmente.

—No, no —dijo sonriendo Stephen—, si quiero decir...
—Yes, yes; I see, said the dean quickly, I quite catch the point: DETAIN.

He thrust his lower jaw forward and uttered a dry short cough.

—To return to the lamp, he said, the feeding of it is also a nice problem. You must choose the pure oil and you must be careful when you pour it in not to overflow it, not to pour in more than the funnel can hold.


—The funnel through which you pour the oil into your lamp.

—That? said Stephen. Is that called a funnel? Is it not a tundish?

—What is a tundish?

—That. The funnel.

—Is that called a tundish in Ireland? asked the dean. I never heard the word in my life.

—It is called a tundish in Lower Drumcondra, said Stephen, laughing, where they speak the best English.

—A tundish, said the dean reflectively. That is a most interesting word. I must look that word up. Upon my word I must.

—Sí, sí —dijo el decano con presteza—; comprendo perfectamente; entretener.

Avanzó la mandíbula inferior y dejó escapar una tos seca y breve.

—Para volver a la lámpara —dijo—, el alimentarla es también un lindo problema. Tiene usted que escoger aceite limpio y tener cuidado de no llenarla demasiado, de no verter en el embudo más de lo que pueda contener.

—¿Qué embudo? —preguntó Stephen.

—El embudo por el cual vieron usted el aceite en la lámpara.

—¿Sí? ¿Se llama eso un embudo? ¿No se llama envás?

—¿Qué es un envás?

—Eso. El... embudo.

—¿Pero se llama envás en Irlanda? —preguntó el decano—. No he oído en mi vida semejante palabra.

—Pues lo llaman así en el Bajo Drumcondra, donde hablan el inglés más puro —contestó Stephen.

—¡Envás! —dijo el decano pensativo—. Es muy interesante. He de buscar esa palabra. Vaya si la he de buscar.

His courtesy of manner rang a little false and Stephen looked at the English convert with the same eyes as the elder brother in the parable may have turned on the prodigal. A humble follower in the wake of clamorous conversions, a poor Englishman in Ireland, he seemed to have entered on the stage of jesuit history when that strange play of intrigue and suffering and...
envy and struggle and indignity had been all but
given through—a late-comer, a tardy spirit. From what
had he set out? Perhaps he had been born and bred
among serious dissenters, seeing salvation in Jesus
only and abhorring the vain pomps of the
establishment. Had he felt
the need of an implicit
faith amid the welter of
sectarianism and the
jargon of its turbulent
schisms, six principle
men, peculiar [odd]
people, seed and snake
baptists, supralap-
sarian dogmatists? Had he found
the true church all of a
sudden in winding up to
the end like a reel of
cotton some fine-spun line
of reasoning upon
insufflation on the
imposition of hands or the
procession of the Holy
Ghost? Or had Lord
Christ touched him and
bidden him follow, like
that disciple who had sat
at the receipt of custom,
as he sat by the door of
some zinc-roofed chapel,
yawning and telling over
his church pence?

The dean repeated
the word yet again.

—Tundish! Well now, that
is interesting!

—The question you asked
me a moment ago seems to me
more interesting. What is that
beauty which the artist
struggles to express from
lumps of earth, said Stephen
coldly.

—The little word
seemed to have turned a
rapier point of his
sensitiveness against this
courteous and vigilant foe.
He felt with a smart of
depression that the man to
whom he was speaking was
a countryman of Ben
Jonson. He thought:

Joyce’s Portrait

to, y envidia e indignidad. Era un
allegado de última hora, un espi-
ritu tardío. ¿De dónde había parti-
tado? Tal vez había nacido y sido
educado entre rígidos disiden-
tes, que esperaban la salva-
ción tan sólo de Jesús, y abo-
recían las vanas pompas de
la iglesia constituida. ¿Había
sentido la necesidad de una
fe independiente del juicio
individual, viéndose entre el
cosas de las sectas y la jeric-
ga cismática de los fieles de
los seis principios, de los
independientes, de los
baptistas de la semilla y la
serpiente, y de los dogmáticos
supralaparianos? ¿Había
encontrado la verdadera
iglesia después de haber seguido
hasta [217] su término un hilo sutil de
raciocinio sobre la
insuflación o la imposi-
ción de manos, o la procesión
del Espíritu Santo? ¿O le había
tocado Nuestro Señor y
mandado que le siguiera,
cómo a aquel discípulo que
estaba sentado junto al banco
de los tributos, al estar él senta-
tado cerca de la puerta de algu-
na capilla techada de zinc,
bostezando y contando sus
denarios?

El decano repitió otra vez la
palabra.

—¡Envás! ¡Caramba si es in-
teresante!

—La pregunta que me hacía
usted hace un momento me pa-
rece interesante. ¿Qué es esa be-
lleza que el artista se esfuerza
por expresar, sacándola de la
materia de arcilla? —dijo fria-
mente Stephen.

La palabra en la que dife-
rian parecía haberse converti-
do en la punta aguda de un flore-
te de sensibilidad, esgrimido con-
tra aquel su cortés y vigilante
adversario. Y sintió como una
puntada de desánimo al descu-
brir que aquel hombre con el que
estaba hablando, era un compa-
triota de Ben Jonson. Pensaba:
—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words HOME, CHRIST, ALE, MASTER, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of his language.

—And to distinguish between the beautiful and the sublime, the dean added, to distinguish between moral beauty and material beauty. And to inquire what kind of beauty is proper to each of the various arts. These are some interesting points we might take up.

Stephen, disheartened suddenly by the dean’s firm, dry tone, was silent; and through the silence a distant noise of many boots and confused voices came up the staircase.

—In pursuing these speculations, said the dean conclusively, there is, however, the danger of perishing of inanition. First you must take your degree. Set that before you as your first aim. Then, little by little, you will see your way. I mean in every sense, your way in life and in thinking. It may be uphill pedalling at first. Take Mr Moonan. He was a long time before he got to the top. But he got there.

—I may not have his talent, said Stephen quietly.

—You never know, said the dean brightly. We never can say what is in us. I most
certainly should not be despondent. PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

He left the hearth quickly and went towards the landing to oversee the arrival of the first arts’ class.

Leaning against the fireplace Stephen heard him greet briskly and impartially every Student of the class and could almost see the frank smiles of the coarser students. A desolating pity began to fall like dew upon his easily embittered heart for this faithful serving-man of the knightly Loyola, for this half-brother of the clergy, more venal than they in speech, more steadfast of soul than they, one whom he would never call his ghostly father; and he thought how this man and his companions had earned the name of worldlings at the hands not of the unworliday only but of the worldly also for having pleaded, during all their history, at the bar of God’s justice for the souls of the lax and the lukewarm and the prudent.

The entry of the professor was signalled by a few rounds of Kentish fire from the heavy boots of those students who sat on the highest tier of the gloomy theatre under the grey cobwebbed windows. The calling of the roll began and the responses to the names were given out in all tones until the name of Peter Byrne was reached.

—Here!

A deep bass note in response came from the upper tier, followed by coughs of protest along the other benches.

The professor paused in his reading and called the next name:

—Cranly!
Joyce's Portrait  
tr. de Dámaso Alonso

No answer.

—Mr Cranly!

A smile flew across Stephen's face as he thought of his friend's studies.

—Try Leopardstown! Said a voice from the bench behind. Stephen glanced up quickly but Moynihan's snoutish face, outlined on the grey light, was impassive. A formula was given out. Amid the rustling of the notebooks Stephen turned back again and said:

—Give me some paper for God's sake.

Are you as bad as that? asked Moynihan with a broad grin.

He tore a sheet from his scribbler and passed it down, whispering:

—In case of necessity any layman or woman can do it.

The formula which he wrote obediently on the sheet of paper, the coiling and uncoiling calculations of the professor, the spectre-like symbols of force and velocity fascinated and jaded Stephen's mind. He had heard some say that the old professor was an atheist freemason. O the grey dull day! It seemed a limbo of painless patient consciousness through which souls of mathematicians might wander, projecting long slender fabrics from plane to plane of ever rarer and paler twilight, radiating swift eddies to the last verges of a universe ever vaster, farther and more impalpable.

—So we must distinguish between elliptical and ellipsoidal. Perhaps some of you gentlemen may be familiar

82. Leopardstown: a racecourse in south Dublin.

83. Are you as bad as that?: Moynihan is asking Stephen if he has been caught short so badly that he needs (toilet) paper.

84. In case of necessity . . . can do it: Moynihan is still trading on his joke, referring to the catechism's answer on emergency baptism.

No hubo respuesta.

—¡El señor Cranly!

Una sonrisa cruzó por el rostro de Stephen al pensar en los estudios de su camarada.

—¿Le buscan en Leopardstown! —dijo una voz desde el banco de detrás.

Stephen levantó rápidamente la vista, pero sólo vio, recortada sobre la luz gris, la cara hocicuda e imposible de Moynihan. El profesor expuso una fórmula. Entre el susurro de los cuadernos, Stephen volvió la cabeza otra vez y dijo:

—¡Dame un pedazo de papel, por amor de Dios!

—¿En éstas estamos? —preguntó Moynihan haciendo una mueca.

Arrancó una hoja de su cuaderno y se la pasó murmurando:

—En caso de necesidad, cualquier seglar o mujer puede hacerlo.

La fórmula que había escrito dícilmente sobre la hoja de papel, el arrollarse y desarrollarse de los cálculos del profesor y los símbolos espectrales de la fuerza y la velocidad eran otras tantas cosas que fascinaban y fatigaban el alma de Stephen. Había oído decir a algunos que aquel anciano profesor era masón y ateo. ¡Qué día tan gris, tan triste! Parecía un limbo de una lucidez insensible y reposada a través del cual erraban las almas de los matemáticos, elevando esbeltes [220] construcciones entre los planos de una luz cada vez más extraña y pálida y haciendo irradiar rápidos remolinos hacia los últimos confines de un universo cada vez más vasto, más lejano, más impalpable.

—Debemos distinguir, por tanto, entre elíptico y elipsoidal. Tal vez algunos de ustedes, señores, conozcan las
with the works of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. In one of his songs he speaks of the billiard sharp who is condemned to play:

On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls.

—He means a ball having the form of the ellipsoid of the principal axes of which I spoke a moment ago.

Moynihan leaned down towards Stephen’s ear and murmured:

—What price ellipsoidal balls! chase me, ladies, I’m in the cavalry!

His fellow student’s rude humour ran like a gust through the cloister of Stephen’s mind, shaking into gay life limp priestly vestments that hung upon the walls, setting them to sway and caper in a sabbath of misrule. The forms of the community emerged from the gust-blown vestments, the dean of studies, the portly florid bursar with his cap of grey hair, the president, the little priest with feathery hair who wrote devout verses, the squat peasant form of the professor of economics, the tall form of the young professor of mental science discussing on the landing a case of conscience with his class like a giraffe cropping high leafage among a herd of antelopes, the grave troubled prefect of the sodality, the plump round-headed professor of Italian with his rogue’s eyes. They came ambling and stumbling, tumbling and capering, kitting their gowns for leap frog, holding one another back, shaken with deep false laughter, smacking one another behind and laughing at their rude

—Lo que quiere decir es con una bola que tuviera la forma de un elipsoide como éste, de cuyos principales ejes les acabo de hablar.

Moynihan se inclinó hacia la oreja de Stephen y murmuró:

—¿A cuánto van las bolas elipsoidales? ¡Que me echen señoritas! ¡Que soy de caballería!

La burda broma de su compañero atravesó como una ráfaga el claustro del espíritu de Stephen, agitando los flácidos vestidos sacerdotales que colgaban de sus paredes, dándoles vida, obligándolos a ondear y a hacer cabriolas como en un sábado salido de quicio. De los vestidos agitados por la ráfaga iban saliendo las formas de los individuos de la comunidad: el decano de estudios; el tesorero con su tocado de pelo gris, majestuoso y encendido; el presidente, aquel sacerdote diminuto, de un pelo tenue cual plumón, que escribía versos piadosos; el tipo rechoncho y lugareño del profesor de economía; la figura altísima del joven profesor de ciencia mental discutiendo con sus discípulos un caso de conciencia, en el rellano de una escalera, como una jirafa que estuviera desmochando las ramas altas de los árboles en medio de una manada de antílopes; el grave e inquieto prefecto de la congregación; el rollizo profesor de italiano, con sus ojos picarescos. Y venían en un trotacillo, a trompicones, [221] dando volteretas y cabriolas, remangándose los hábitos para saltar a «la una andaba la mula», agarrándose los unos a los otros, contorsionados por una risa recóndita y falta, dándose sonoros lapsos en las costillas y celebrando la broma
malice, calling to one another by familiar nicknames, protesting with sudden dignity at some rough usage, whispering two and two behind their hands.

The professor had gone to the glass cases on the side wall, from a shelf of which he took down a set of coils, blew away the dust from many points and, bearing it carefully to the table, held a finger on it while he proceeded with his lecture. He explained that the wires in modern coils were of a compound called platinoid lately discovered by F. W. Martino.

He spoke clearly the initials and surname of the discoverer. Moynihan whispered from behind:

—Good old Fresh Water Martin!

—Ask him, Stephen whispered back with weary humour, if he wants a subject for electrocution. He can have me.

Moynihan, seeing the professor bend over the coils, rose in his bench and, clacking noiselessly the fingers of his right hand, began to call with the voice of a slobbering urchin.

Please teacher! This boy is after saying a bad word, teacher.

Platinoid, the professor said solemnly, is preferred to German silver because it has a lower coefficient of resistance by changes of temperature. The platinoid wire is insulated and the covering of silk that insulates it is wound on the ebonite bobbins just where my finger is.

El profesor se había dirigido a las vitrinas que estaban en la pared lateral, de uno de cuyos estantes extrañó un juego de bobinas, que transportó cuidadosamente hasta la mesa, después de bien sopladas por todos lados para quitarles el polvo. Y con un dedo sobre el aparato, continuó su explicación. Hablaba de que los hilos en las bobinas modernas estaban hechos de un composición llamada platinoid, descubierto recientemente por F. W. Martino.

Pronunció con toda claridad las iniciales y el apellido del descubridor. Moynihan susurró desde atrás:

—¡Vaya por el Famoso Water-closet Martino!

—Pregúntale —murmuró Stephen con desgana— si necesita un sujeto para ser electrocutado. Yo me ofrezco.

Moynihan, viendo que el profesor estaba inclinado sobre los carretes, se puso en pie, y haciendo como que chasqueaba los dedos de la mano derecha, comenzó a gritar con una voz de pilluelo acongojado:

—Señor maestro, este muchacho está diciendo malas palabras, señor maestro.

—Se prefiere el platinoid al metal blanco —continuó el profesor solemnemente—, porque tiene un coeficiente más bajo de resistencia por cambios de temperatura. El alambre de platinoid está aislado y la cubierta de seda que lo aísla está enrollada en las bobinas de ebonita, precisamente donde tengo puesto el dedo.
Joyce’s Portrait

If it were wound single an extra current would be induced in the coils. The bobbins are saturated in hot paraffin wax.

5 A sharp Ulster voice said from the bench below Stephen:

“Are we likely to be asked questions on applied science?”

The professor began to juggle gravely with the terms pure science and applied science. A heavy-built student, wearing gold spectacles, stared with some wonder at the questioner. Moynihan murmured behind in his natural voice:

—I Isn’t MacAlister a devil for his pound of flesh?

Stephen looked coldly on the oblong skull beneath him overgrown with tangled twine-coloured hair. The voice, the accent, the mind of the questioner offended him and he allowed the offence to carry him towards wilful unkindness, bidding his mind think that the student’s father would have done better had he sent his son to Belfast to study and have saved something on the train fare by so doing.

The oblong skull beneath did not turn to meet this shaft of thought and yet the shaft came back to its bowstring; for he saw in a moment the student’s whey-pale face.

That thought is not mine, he said to himself quickly. It came from the comic Irishman in the bench behind. Patience. Can you say with certitude by whom the soul of your race was bartered and its elect betrayed—by the questioner or by the mocker? Patience. Remember Epictetus. It is probably in his character to a devil for his pound of flesh i.e. he is determined to have all that he can get. Compare Antonio’s bond with Shylock for the pound of flesh which provides the basis of the main plot in Shakespeare’s The Merchant of Venice.

Then Stephen is allowing to a devil for his pound of flesh with Shylock for his pound of flesh which provides the basis of the main plot in Shakespeare’s The Merchant of Venice.

Stephen passed sharply the cráneo oblongo cubierto de una maraña de cabellos de un desvaído color de bramante. La voz, el acento y la mentalidad del que había hecho la pregunta le molestaban; y permitió que su repugnancia le llevara hasta una enconada mala voluntad, hasta dejar pensar a su imaginación que el padre del estudiante hubiera hecho mucho mejor enviando a su hijo a estudiar a Belfast, ahorrando algo de paso en el billete del ferrocarril.

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[juggle] hacer juegos malabares (with con)

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bobsins are saturated in paraffin caliente... Las bobinas han sido saturadas en parafina caliente...
ask such a question at such a moment in such a tone and to pronounce the word *science* as a monosyllable.

The droning voice of the professor continued to wind itself slowly round and round the coils it spoke of, doubling, trebling, quadrupling its somnolent energy as the coil multiplied its ohms of resistance.

*Moynihan’s voice called from behind in echo to a distant bell:*

—Closing time, gents!

The entrance hall was crowded and loud with talk. On a table near the door were two photographs in frames and between them a long roll of paper bearing an irregular tail of signatures. MacCann went briskly to and fro among the students, talking rapidly, answering rebuffs and leading one after another to the table. In the inner hall the dean of studies stood talking to a young professor, stroking his chin gravely and nodding his head.

Stephen, checked by the crowd at the door, halted irresolutely. From under the wide falling leaf of a soft hat Cranly’s dark eyes were watching him.

—Have you signed? Stephen asked.

Cranly closed his long thin-lipped mouth, communed with himself an instant and answered:

—EGO HABEO.

—What is it for?

—QUOD?

—What is it for?

Cranly turned his pale face to Stephen and said...
blandly and bitterly:

—**PER PAX UNIVERSALIS.**

—Stephen pointed to the Tsar’s photograph and said:

—He has the face of a besotted Christ.

The scorn and anger in his voice brought Cranly’s eyes back from a calm survey of the walls of the hall.

—Are you annoyed? he asked.

—No, answered Stephen.

—Are you in bad humour?

—No.

—**Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis.** said Cranly, **quia facies vostra monstrat ut vos in damno malo humore estis.**

Moynihan, on his way to the table, said in Stephen’s ear:

—MacCann is in **tip top** form. Ready to **shed the last drop.** Brand new world. No stimulants and votes for the bitches.

Stephen smiled at the manner of this confidence and, when Moynihan had passed, turned again to meet Cranly’s eyes.

—Perhaps you can tell me, he said, why he pours his soul so freely into my ear. Can you?

A dull scowl appeared on Cranly’s forehead.

He stared at the table where Moynihan had bent to write his name on the roll, and then said **flatly:**

—A sugar!

—**Mac Cann está estupendamente en forma.** Dispuesto a verter hasta la última gota. Un mundo nuevo. Nada de estimulantes y voto para las zorras.

La forma de tal confidencia hizo sonreír a Stephen; y, cuando Moynihan hubo pasado, se volvió de nuevo al encuentro de los ojos de Cranly.

—¿Me podrías tú, quízás, decir por qué razón se desahoga así con tanta libertad en mis orejas?

A Cranly se le formó un ceño sombrío en la frente. Contempló la mesa sobre la cual estaba inclinado Moynihan para poner su firma en la lista y luego dijo **rotundamente:**

—¡Es un mierda!

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93. *Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis.* 'I believe you are a bloody liar because your face shows that you are in a damned bad mood.'

94. *Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis.* 'I believe you are a bloody liar because your face shows that you are in a damned bad mood.'

95. *Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis.* 'I believe you are a bloody liar because your face shows that you are in a damned bad mood.'

96. A sugar! a dead loss, a hopeless case.
Joyce’s Portrait
tr. de Dámaso Alonso

97. Quis est in malo humore, said Stephen, EGO AUT VOS?
Cranly did not take up the taunt. He brooded sourly on his judgement and repeated with the same flat force:

—A flaming bloody sugar, that’s what he is!

It was his epitaph for all dead friendships and Stephen wondered whether it would ever be spoken in the same tone over his memory. The heavy lumpish phrase sank slowly out of hearing like a stone through a quagmire. Stephen saw it sink as he had seen many another, feeling its heaviness depress his heart. Cranly’s speech, unlike that of Davin, had neither rare phrases of Elizabethan English nor quaintly turned versions of Irish idioms. Its drawl was an echo of the quays of Dublin given back by a bleak decaying seaport, its energy an echo of the sacred eloquence of Dublin given back flatly by a Wicklow pulpit.

The heavy scowl faded from Cranly’s face as MacCann marched briskly towards them from the other side of the hall.

—Here you are! said MacCann cheerily.

—Here I am! said Stephen.

—Late as usual. Can you not combine the progressive tendency with a respect for punctuality?

—That question is out of order, said Stephen. Next business. His smiling eyes were fixed on a silver-wrapped tablet of milk chocolate

—Esas preguntas no están en el orden del día —dijo Stephen—. Pasemos al siguiente punto. Sus ojos sonrientes estaban fijos en una tableta de chocolate con leche envuelta en pa-
which peeped out of the propagandist’s breast-pocket. A little ring of listeners closed round to hear the war of wits. A lean student with olive skin and lank black hair thrust his face between the two, glancing from one to the other at each phrase and seeming to try to catch each flying phrase in his open moist mouth. Cranly took a small grey handball from his pocket and began to examine it closely, turning it over and over.

—Next business? said MacCann. Hom! He gave a loud cough of laughter, smiled broadly and tugged twice at the straw-coloured goatee which hung from his blunt chin.

—The next business is to sign the testimonial.

—Will you pay me anything if I sign? asked Stephen.

—I thought you were an idealist, said MacCann.

The gipsy-like student looked about him and addressed the onlookers in an indistinct bleating voice.

—By hell, that’s a queer notion. I consider that notion to be a mercenary notion.

His voice faded into silence. No heed was paid to his words. He turned his olive face, equine in expression, towards Stephen, inviting him to speak again.

MacCann began to speak with fluent energy of the Tsar’s rescript, of Stead, of general disarmament arbitration in cases of international disputes, of the signs of the times, of the new humanity and the new gospel of life which would pel de plata, que asomaba por uno de los bolsillos del propagandista. Un círculo reducido de oyentes se había congregado para asistir al escarceo de ingeniosidades. Un estudiante delgado de piel olivácea y lacio cabello negro, tenia introducida la cabeza entre los dos, mirando al uno y al otro alternativamente a cada frase, como si quisiera capturar con la boca abierta y húmeda cada una de aquellas palabras volanderas. Cranly había sacado del bolsillo una pelotita gris de jugar a mano y se había puesto a examinarla haciéndola girar y girar entre sus dedos.

—¿El punto siguiente? —preguntó Mac Cann—. ¡Jem!

Le dio un ataque sonoro de risa y se tiró por dos veces de la pajiza perilla que de la llena mandíbula le colgaba.

—El punto siguiente es firmar el manifiesto.

—¿Me va a pagar usted si firmo? —preguntó Stephen.

—Yo pensaba que usted era un idealista —dijo Mac Cann.

El estudiante agitado miró en torno de sí y, dirigiéndose a los circunstantes, dijo, con una voz trémula que parecía un balido:

—¡Demonio! Esa idea sí que es rara. Esa idea me parece una idea muy mezquina.

Sus palabras se disiparon en el silencio. Nadie prestó atención a su voz. Y él volvió hacia Stephen su cara olivácea y de expresión equina, invitándole a que hablara de nuevo.

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Mac Cann se puso a hablar con enérgica fluidez del rescripto del zar, de Stead, del desarraigo general, del arbitraje en caso de discordias internacionales, de las señales de los tiempos, de una nueva humanidad y de un nuevo evangelio de vida, según
make it the business of the community to secure as cheaply as possible the greatest possible happiness of the 5
greatest possible number.

The gipsy student responded to the close of the period by crying:

—Three cheers for universal brotherhood!

—Go on, Temple, said a stout ruddy student near him. I’ll stand you a pint after.

—I’m a believer in universal brotherhood, said Temple, glancing about him out of his dark oval eyes. Marx is only a bloody cod.

Cranly gripped his arm tightly to check his tongue, smiling uneasily, and repeated:

—Easy, easy, easy!

Temple struggled to free his arm but continued, his mouth flecked by a thin foam:

—Socialism was founded by an Irishman and the first man in Europe who preached the freedom of thought was Collins. Two hundred years ago. He denounced priesthood, the philosopher of Middlesex. Three cheers for John Anthony Collins!

A thin voice from the verge of the ring replied:

—Pip! pip!

Moynihan murmured beside Stephen’s ear:

—And what about John Anthony’s poor little sister:

Lottie Collins lost her drawers;

Won’t you kindly lend her yours?

el cual la comunidad sería la encargada de asegurar al menor coste posible la mayor cantidad posible de felicidad para el mayor número posible de mortales.

El estudiante de la cara olivácea saludó al fin del período gritando:

—¡Tres vivas a la confesión universal!

—¡Duro, Temple—dijo un estudiante rechoncho que estaba cerca de él—, que luego te voy a pagar una caña!

—Yo soy un convencido de la confesión universal—dijo Temple, mirando a su alrededor desde lo profundo de sus ojos negros—. Marx no es otra cosa que un molido vaina.

Cranly le agarró fuertemente por un brazo para que callara la boca y, sonriendo embarazosamente, repitió:

—¡Calma, calma, calma!

Temple se debatió para libertar su brazo, pero continuó, la boca manchada por una espumilla tenue:

—El socialismo ha sido fundado por un irlandés, y el primero que predició la libertad de pensamiento fue Collins. Hace doscientos años. Él, el filósofo de Middlesex, se atrevió a denunciar al clericalismo. ¡Tres vivas a la memoria de John Anthony Collins!

Una voz delgada respondió desde un extremo del auditorio:

—¡Juy! ¡juy!

Moynihan le murmuró al oído a Stephen:

—¿Y dónde nos dejamos a la pobre hermana de John Anthony?

Lottie Collins ha perdido, la pobre, los pantalones. ¿Quién entre ustedes le presta los suyos propios, señores?
Stephen laughed and Moynihan, pleased with the result, murmured again:

—We’ll have five bob each way on John Anthony Collins.

—I am waiting for your answer, said MacCann briefly.

—The affair doesn’t interest me in the least, said Stephen wearily. You know that well. Why do you make a scene about it?

—Good! said MacCann, smacking his lips. You are a reactionary, then?

—Do you think you impress me, Stephen asked, when you flourish your wooden sword?

—Metaphors! said MacCann bluntly. Come to facts.

Stephen blushed and turned aside. MacCann stood his ground and said with hostile humour:

—Minor poets, I suppose, are above such trivial questions as the question of universal peace.

Cranly raised his head and held the handball between the two students by way of a peace-offering, saying:

—PAX SUPER TOTUM SANGUINARIUM GLOBUM.

Stephen, moving away the bystanders, jerked his shoulder angrily in the direction of the Tsar’s image, saying:

—Keep your icon. If we must have a Jesus let us have a legitimate Jesus.

—By hell, that’s a good one! said the gipsy student to those about him, that’s a fine

—Estoy esperando su respuesta —dijo lacónicamente Mac Cann.

—El asunto no me interesa lo más mínimo —contestó ya cansado Stephen—. Lo sabe usted de sobra. ¿Por qué razón, pues, me arma usted esta escena?

—¿Bueno! —dijo Mac Cann haciendo una pequeña explosión con los labios—. Según veo, ¿usted es un reaccionario?

—¿Cree usted que me voy a asustar porque esgrima usted su espada de palo?

—Todo eso son metáforas —dijo Mac Cann bruscamente—. Redúzcase usted a los hechos.

Stephen se puso colorado y volvió el rostro. Mac Cann no se daba por vencido, y agregó sarcásticamente:

—Los poetas menores, supongo, están por encima de cuestiones tan triviales como la paz universal.

Cranly levantó la cabeza y alzó la pelota como ofrenda conciliatoria entre los dos estudiantes, diciendo:

—Pax super totum sanguinaria globum.

Stephen se apartó del grupo y, señalando despectivamente con el hombro la imagen del zar, dijo:

—Guárdese usted su icono. Si es que nos hace falta un Jesús, tengamos por lo menos un Jesús legítimo.

—¡Diantre! ¡Eso sí que me ha gustado! —dijo el estudiante de la cara olivácea a los que estaban en torno de él—. ¡Ésa sí que
He gulped down the spittle in his throat as if he were gulping down the phrase and, fumbling at the peak of his tweed cap, turned to Stephen, saying:

—Excuse me, sir, what do you mean by that expression you uttered just now?

Feeling himself jostled by the students near him, he said to them:

—I am curious to know now what he meant by that expression.

He turned again to Stephen and said in a whisper:

—Do you believe in Jesus? I believe in man. Of course, I don’t know if you believe in man. I admire you, sir. I admire the mind of man independent of all religions. Is that your opinion about the mind of Jesus?

—Go on, Temple, said the stout ruddy student, returning, as was his wont, to his first idea, that pint is waiting for you.

—He thinks I’m an imbecile, Temple explained to Stephen, because I’m a believer in the power of mind.

Cranly linked his arms into those of Stephen and his admirer and said:

—Nos ad manum ballum jocabimus.

Stephen, in the act of being led away, caught sight of MacCann’s flushed blunt-faced.

—My signature is of no account, he said politely. You are right to go your way. Leave
Joyce’s Portrait

— Dedalus, said MacCann crisply, I believe you’re a good fellow but you have yet to learn the dignity of altruism and the responsibility of the human individual.

A voice said:

— Intellectual crankery is better out of this movement than in it.

Stephen, recognizing the harsh tone of MacAlister’s voice did not turn in the direction of the voice. Cranly pushed solemnly through the throng of students, linking Stephen and Temple like a celebrant attended by his ministers on his way to the altar.

Temple bent eagerly across Cranly’s breast and said:

— Did you hear MacAlister what he said? That youth is jealous of you. Did you see that? I bet Cranly didn’t see that. By hell, I saw that at once.

As they crossed the inner hall, the dean of studies was in the act of escaping from the student with whom he had been conversing. He stood at the foot of the staircase, a foot on the lowest step, his threadbare soutane gathered about him for the ascent with womanish care, nodding his head often and repeating:

— Not a doubt of it, Mr Hackett! Very fine! Not a doubt of it!

In the middle of the hall the prefect of the college sodality was speaking earnestly, in a soft querulous voice, with a boarder. As he spoke he wrinkled a little his freckled brow to me to go mine.

— Dédalus — dijo Mac Carr dejando caer las palabras — creo que es usted un buen chico, pero que le falta usted todavía aprender a conocer la gentilidad del altruismo y la responsabilidad del ser individual.

Una voz exclamó:

— No queremos en nuestra compañía intelectuales excéntricos.

Stephen reconoció el tono áspero de la voz de Mac Alister y por esta causa permaneció sin volverse hacia la parte de donde la voz venía. Cranly se abrió solemnemente paso a empujones por entre la agrupación de estudiantes, llevando a Stephen y a [229] Temple cogidos del brazo, como un celebrante asistido por sus dos acólitos camino del altar.

Temple se inclinó impaciente por delante del pecho de Cranly para decir a Stephen:

— ¿Ha oído usted lo que ha dicho Mac Alister? Ese pollo está envidioso de usted. ¿Lo ha notado? ¡Qué demonio, yo lo he comprendido desde el primer momento!

Cuando pasaban por el segundo vestíbulo, el decano de estudios estaba tratando de sacudirse un estudiante con el que acababa de hablar. Estaba el decano al comienzo de la escalera con un pie en el primer escalón. Tenía la raída sotana recogida con femenil cuidado y preparada para el ascenso. Accionaba expresamente con la cabeza, repitiendo:

— ¿Ni dudarlo siquiera, mister Hackett! ¡Estupendo! ¡Ni dudarlo siquiera!

En medio del vestíbulo estaba el prefecto de la congregación del colegio hablando gravemente con uno de la junta. Tenía una voz dulce y quejumbrosa. Mientras hablaba, fruncía un poco la frente pecosa, mordisqueando,
and bit, between his phrases, at a tiny bone pencil.

—I hope the matrix men will all come. The first arts’ men are pretty sure. Second arts, too. We must make sure of the newcomers.

Temple bent again across Cranly, as they were passing through the doorway, and said in a swift whisper:

—Do you know that he is a married man? he was a married man before they converted him. He has a wife and children somewhere. By hell, I think that’s the queerest notion I ever heard! Eh?

His whisper trailed off into sly cackling laughter. The moment they were through the doorway Cranly seized him rudely by the neck and shook him, saying:

—You flaming floundering fool! I’ll take my dying bible there isn’t a bigger bloody ape, do you know, than you in the whole flaming bloody world!

Temple wriggled in his grip, laughing still with sly content, while Cranly repeated flatly at every rude shake:

—A flaming flaring bloody idiot!

They crossed the weedy garden together. The president, wrapped in a heavy loose cloak, was coming towards them along one of the walks, reading his office. At the end of the walk he halted before turning and raised his eyes. The students saluted, Temple fumbling as before at the peak of his cap. They walked forward in silence. As they neared the alley Stephen could hear the thuds of the players’ hands

joyce’s portrait

—Tengo la esperanza de que los recién matriculados se nos unirán. Los del primero de artes los tenemos asegurados. Los del segundo también. Los que tenemos que asegurar bien son los nuevos.

Temple volvió a cruzar la cabeza por delante de Cranly, en el momento en que traspasaba el umbral, y dijo en un susurro tenue:

—¿Sabía usted que es un hombre casado? Estaba casado antes de su conversión. Y tiene no sé dónde su mujer y sus hijos. Por todos los diablos, que es la idea más rara que he oído en mi vida. ¿No?

El susurro se disipó en una risa taimada y cacareante. En el mismo momento en que traspasían el umbral, Cranly le agarró rudamente por el cuello y, zambulléándose, dijo:

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—¡Eres un molido memo! ¡Te juro por mi salvación —¿sebes?— que no hay en todo el cochambro mundo un piñonero monacaco más idiota que tú!

Temple, hecho un guápago entre aquellos puños, reía aún con un regocijo ficticio, mientras Cranly seguía repitiendo de plano a cada zarandeo:

—¡Un grandísimo y molido memo!

Cruzaban el jardín lleno de hierbajos. El presidente, en vuelo en un mantelillo y pesado, venía hacia ellos, leyendo las horas, a lo largo de una de las paredes. Antes de dar la vuelta, se detuvo un momento y levantó los ojos. Saludaron los tres. Temple sólo llevándose la mano al extremo de la gorra, como había hecho antes. Sigieron adelante en silencio. Al aproximarse al juego, Stephen oyó los golpetazos de las manos de los jugadores,
and the wet smacks of the ball and Davin’s voice crying excitedly at each stroke.

The three students halted round the box on which Davin sat to follow the game. Temple, after a few moments, sidled across to Stephen and said:

—Excuse me, I wanted to ask you, do you believe that Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a sincere man?

Stephen laughed outright. Cranly, picking up the broken stave of a cask from the grass at his feet, turned swiftly and said sternly:

—Temple, I declare to the living God if you say another word, you know, to anybody on any subject, I’ll kill you super sitium.

—He was like you, I fancy, said Stephen, an emotional man.

—Blast him, curse him! said Cranly broadly. Don’t talk to him at all. Sure, you might as well be talking, do you know, to a flaming chamber-pot as talking to Temple. Go home, Temple. For God’s sake, go home.

—I don’t care a damn about you, Cranly, answered Temple, moving out of reach of the uplifted stave and pointing at Stephen. He’s the only man I see in this institution that has an individual mind.

—Institution! Individual! cried Cranly. Go home, blast you, for you’re a hopeless bloody man.

—I’m an emotional man, said Temple. That’s quite rightly expressed. And I’m proud that I’m an emotionalist.

Jean Jacques Rousseau: Swiss political philosopher (1712-78) and seminal figure of European Romanticism. Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-78) French philosopher and educationalist, but of irregular living habits.

Excited y excitado conllevan la idea de alegre, entusiasta, pero excited tiene más denotaciones, como nervioso, agitado, acalorado, emocionante. To excite y excitar se refieren a estimular, entusiasmar, pero to excite significa además emocionar / conmover, poner nervioso / agitado, provocar [emociones], instigar [desórdenes], alborotar [gente], y to get excited es acalorarse. A su vez, excitar se usa para to raise [dudas], arouse [curiosidad, apetito]. Excitedly significa agitada- a acaloradamente. Don’t get excited = no te pongas nervioso.
He sidled out of the alley, smiling slily. Cranly watched him with a blank expressionless face.

—Look at him! he said. Did you ever see such a go-by-the-wall?

His phrase was greeted by a strange laugh from a student who lounged against the wall. His peaked cap down on his eyes. The laugh, pitched in a high key and coming from a So muscular frame, seemed like the whinny of an elephant. The student’s body shook all over and, to ease his mirth, he rubbed both his hands delightedly over his groins.

—Lynch is awake, said Cranly.

Lynch, for answer, straightened himself and thrust forward his chest.

—Lynch puts out his chest, said Stephen, as a criticism of life.

Lynch smote himself sonorously on the chest and said:

—Who has anything to say about my girth?

Cranly took him at the word and the two began to tussle. When their faces had flushed with the struggle they drew apart, panting. Stephen bent down towards Davin who, intent on the game, had paid no heed to the talk of the others.

—And how is my little tame goose? he asked. Did he sign, too?

Davin nodded and said:

—And you, Stevie?

Stephen shook his head.

—You’re a terrible man,

Se deslizó fuera del juego de pelota, con una sonrisita falsa. Cranly se quedó viéndole ir, con cara imposible, inexpresiva.

—¿Has visto en tu vida semejante sostiene-paredes?

Está última frase fue saluda-

da con una risotada por un estudiante que estaba repantigado contra la pared y con la gorra de visera calada hasta los ojos. Tal risa, aguda de tono y salida de una contextura muscularosa, tenía algo del bramido de un elefante. El corchón se le contraía todo y, para dar suelta a su recogimiento, se puso a restregarse epícureamente las ingles con las manos.

—¡Lynch está despierto! —dijo Cranly.

Lynch, por toda respuesta, se puso en pie y sacó el pecho hacia adelante.

—Cuando Lynch adelanta el pecho —dijo Stephen—, parece que expone una teoría sobre la vida.

Lynch se golpeó sonoramente el tórax y dijo:

—¿Quién es el que tiene algo que decir acerca de mi tambor?

Cranly recogió el reto y los dos comenzaron a luchar. Cuando las caras se les habían ya puesto arrebatadas del esfuerzo, se separaron jadeantes. Stephen se inclinó hacia Davin que, atento al juego, no había prestado atención a la charla de los otros.

—¿Cómo se encuentra hoy mi patito casero? —le preguntó—.

¿Ha firmado también?—

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Davin dijo que sí con la cabeza y añadió:

—¿Y tú, Stevie?

Stephen negó en silencio.

—Eres una persona terrible,
Stevie, said Davin, taking the short pipe from his mouth, always alone.

—Now that you have signed the petition for universal peace, said Stephen, I suppose you will burn that little copybook I saw in your room.

As Davin did not answer, Stephen began to quote:

—Long pace, fianna! Right incline, fianna! Fianna, by numbers, salute, one, two!

—That’s a different question, said Davin. I’m an Irish nationalist, first and foremost. But that’s you all out. You’re a born sneerer, Stevie.

—When you make the next rebellion with hurleysticks, said Stephen, and want the indispensable informer, tell me. I can find you a few in this college.

—I can’t understand you, said Davin. One time I hear you talk against English literature. Now you talk against the Irish informers. What with your name and your ideas—Are you Irish at all?

—Come with me now to the office of arms and I will show you the tree of my family, said Stephen.

—Then be one of us, said Davin. Why don’t you learn Irish? Why did you drop out of the league class after the first lesson?

—You know one reason why, answered Stephen. Davin toss his head and laughed.

—Oh, come now, he said. Is it on account of that certain young lady and Father Moran?

Stevie, ¡Siempre aparte de los demás! —dijo Davin quitándose de los labios su corta pipa.

—Ahora que has firmado la petición para la paz universal —dijo Stephen—, supongo que que marás aquel cuadernillo que te vi en tu cuarto.

Davin no contestó, y en vista de ello, Stephen se puso a hacer citas del contenido del cuaderno:

—¡Paso largo, fianna! (1) ¡Inclinación ala derecha! ¡Fianna, saludo por números, uno, dos!

—Eso es otra cuestión —dijo Davin—. Yo soy un nacionalista irlandés primero y antes que nada. Pero eso está en tu natural. Tú has nacido para burlarte de todo, Stevie.

—¿Vamos, hombre! —dijo—. ¿Es por lo de aquella señorita y el Padre Morán?

120. "Long pace, fianna!" . . . one, two! military instructions from the Fenian handbook. The word ‘fianna’ derives from Irish ‘fianna’, ‘warriors’.

121. rebellion with hurleysticks . . . informer: an ironic reference to the abortive Fenian Rising of 1867; to the fact that the military training was conducted, not with rifles, but with hurley sticks; and to the venerable Irish institution of the informer. However, the Fenians and the Irish Republican Brotherhood managed to survive until 1916 without being betrayed by informers.

122. office of arms: in Dublin Castle where family genealogies, heraldic records and the like were held. office of arms . . . the tree of my family i.e. to look up his ancestry in the appropriate office.

123. the league class: a class in Irish, run by the recently founded (1893) Gaelic League. Joyce attended a few classes with Clancy and was taught by Padraic Pearse. league class: class in Irish language sponsored by the Gaelic League 204.20 eke: archaic for «also» [Cranly probably means to say «e’en»]
But that’s all in your own mind, Stevie. They were only talking and laughing.

Stephen paused and laid a friendly hand upon Davin’s shoulder.

"Do you remember, he said, when we knew each other first? The first morning we met you asked me to show you the way to the matriculation class, putting a very strong stress on the first syllable. You remember? Then you used to address the jesuits as father, you remember? I ask myself about you: IS HE A INNOCENT AS HIS SPEECH?"

"I’m a simple person, said Davin. You know that. When you told me that night in Harcourt Street those things about your private life, honest to God, Stevie, I was not able to eat my dinner. I was quite bad. I was awake a long time that night. Why did you tell me those things?"

"Thanks, said Stephen. You mean I am a monster."

"No, said Davin. But I wish you had not told me."

A tide began to surge beneath the calm surface of Stephen’s friendliness.

"This race and this country and this life produced me, he said I shall express myself as I am."

"Try to be one of us, repeated Davin. In heart you are an Irish man but your pride is too powerful."

"My ancestors threw off their language and took another Stephen said. They allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?"

Eso son sólo fantasías tuyas, Stevie. ¡Si estaban únicamente charlando y riendo!

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Stephen hizo una pausa antes de contestar, y posó amablemente una mano sobre el hombro de Davin.

"¿Te acuerdas —dijo— de la primera vez que nos conocimos? La primera mañana que nos encontramos, tú me preguntaste el camino para ir a tu primera clase, poniendo una acentuación muy enérgica sobre la primera sílaba. ¿Te acuerdas? Además, te dirigías a los jesuitas dándoles el tratamiento de «Padre». ¿Te acuerdas? Y yo me pregunté: ¿Será tan inocente como son sus palabras?"

"Soy un simple —dijo Davin—. Y tú lo sabes. Cuando me dijiste una noche en Harcourt Street aquellas cosas acerca de tu vida privada, en Dios y en mi alma, Stevie, que no pude probar bocado en la cena. Me sentía enfermo. Y estuve desvelado mucho tiempo en la cama. ¿Por qué me contaste aquello?"

"Gracias —dijo Stephen—. Quieres decir que soy un monstruo."

"No —dijo Davin—. Pero hubiera deseado que no me lo hubieras dicho."

Una oleada empezó a pujar tras la tranquila superficie de los sentimientos amistosos de Stephen.

"Son esta raza y este país y esta vida los que me han producido —dijo—. Tengo que expresarme como soy."

"Procura ser uno de los nuestros —repitió Davin—. Tú eres irlandés de corazón, pero el orgullo puede más en ti."

"Mis antecesores arrojaron su propia lengua para aceptar otra —dijo Stephen—. Permitieron ser sometidos por un puñado de extranjeros. ¿Y te imaginas tú que voy a pagar con mi propia vida y persona las deudas que ellos contrajeron? ¿Por qué?"
—For our freedom, said Davin.

—No honourable and sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell, but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I’d see you damned first.

—They died for their ideals, Stevie, said Davin. Our day will come yet, believe me.

Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant.

—The soul is born, he said vaguely, first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.

Davin knocked the ashes from his pipe.

—Too deep for me, Stevie, he said. But a man’s country comes first. Ireland first, Stevie. You can be a poet or a mystic after.

—Do you know what Ireland is? asked Stephen with cold violence. Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.

Davin rose from his box and went towards the players, shaking his head sadly. But in a moment his sadness left him and he was hotly disputing with Cranly and the two players who had

—Por nuestra libertad —contestó Davin.

—No ha habido ni un hombre honrado y sincero que os haya sacrificado su vida, su juventud y sus afecciones, desde los días de Tone o los de Parnell, sin que le hayáis vendido al enemigo o abandonado en la necesidad o traicionado [234] y dejado por otro. Y ahora me invitas a que sea uno de los vuestrxs. Antes que eso, que os lleve el diablo a todos vosotros.

—Ellos sucumbieron por sus ideales, Stevie —dijo Davin—. Nuestro día ha de llegar aún, créeme.

Stephen se quedó callado por un instante mientras seguía su propio pensamiento.

—Nace el alma —dijo por fin abstraído—, en esos momentos de los que te he hablado. Su nacimiento es lento y oscuro, más misterioso que el del cuerpo mismo. Cuando el alma de un hombre nace en este país, se encuentra con unas redes arrojadas para retenerla, para impedirle la huida. Me estás hablando de nacionalidad, de lengua, de religión. Éstas son las redes de las que yo he de procurar escaparme.

Davin sacudió la ceniza de su pipa.

—Demasiado profundo para mi, Stevie —dijo—. Pero la tierra de uno es lo primero. Irlanda, primero, Stevie. Después bien puedes ser poeta o místico, si quieres.

—¿Sabes lo que es Irlanda? —preguntó Stephen con glacial violencia—. Irlanda es la cerda vieja que devora su propia lechiga.

Davin se levantó del cajón en el que había estado sentado y se dirigió hacia los jugadores meneando la cabeza tristemente. Pero su tristeza se le pasó en un minuto y pronto se enredó en una acalorada dis-
Let us eke go: this is the first proof of Lynch’s culture, as Joyce puts it in his Letters (III, 130). Lynch knows that Cranly misuses the archaic word ‘eke’ (‘also’), instead of ‘e’en’ or ‘even’. eke The kind of archaism Cranly would use. It means ‘also’.

swear in yellow: this is the second proof of Lynch’s culture. ‘The word yellow . . . is his personal substitution for the more sanguine hued adjective, bloody’ (Letters, III, 130).

Aristotle . . . pity and terror: in his Poetics, Aristotle says that pity and terror are aroused so that tragedy may achieve catharsis.

Stephen stood with Lynch till the score began to rise. Then he plucked him by the sleeve to come away. Lynch obeyed, saying:

—Let us eke go, as Cranly has it.

Stephen smiled at this side-thrust.

They passed back through the garden and out through the hall where the doddering porter was pinning up a hall notice in the frame. At the foot of the steps they halted and Stephen took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and offered it to his companion.

—I know you are poor, he said.

—Damn your yellow insolence, answered Lynch. This second proof of Lynch’s culture made Stephen smile again.

—It was a great day for European culture, he said, when you made up your mind to swear in yellow.

They lit their cigarettes and turned to the right. After a pause Stephen began:

—Aristotle has not defined pity and terror. I have. I say Lynch halted and said bluntly:

—Stop! I won’t listen! I am sick. I was out last puta con los jugadores que acababan de terminar su partido. Acordaron uno de cuatro. Cranly insistía en que habían de jugar con su pelota. La hizo rebotar dos o tres veces contra la mano y luego la arrojó con un movimiento enérgico y rápido contra el basamento del frontón, coreando el bote con un: «¡Al diablo!».

Stephen y Lynch permanecieron allí hasta que el tanto comenzó a elevarse. En ese punto, Stephen le dijo a Lynch un tirón de la manga para llevarlo. Lynch, obediente, dijo:

—Vámonos, como diría Cranly.

Stephen se sonrió al escuchar la alusión.

Día señalado para la cultura europea —dijo— el día en que aprendiste a jurar por incordios.

Encendieron los pitillos y echaron hacia la derecha. Al cabo de un rato, comenzó a decir Stephen:

—Aristóteles no ha definido la piedad ni el terror. Yo sí. Para mí... Lynch se paró y dijo brutalmente:

—Deténte. No te quiero escuchar. Estoy mal. Anoche me dedi-
night on a yellow drunk
with Horan and Goggins.

Stephen went on:

—Pity is the feeling which
arrests the mind in the
presence of whatsoever is
grey and constant in human
sufferings and unites it with the
human sufferer. Terror is the
feeling which arrests the mind
in the presence of whatsoever
is grey and constant in human
sufferings and unites it with the
secret cause.

—Repeat, said Lynch.

Stephen repeated the
definitions slowly.

—A girl got into a
hansom a few days ago, he
went on, in London. She
was on her way to meet her
mother whom she had not
seen for many years. At the
corner of a street the shaft
of a lorry shivered the
window of the hansom in
the shape of a star. A long
fine needle of the shivered
glass pierced her heart. She
died on the instant. The
reporter called it a tragic
death. It is not. It is remote
from terror and pity
according to the terms of
my definitions.

—The tragic emotion, in
fact, is a face looking two
ways, towards terror and
from something. The arts
which excite them,
suggest these sentiments,
kinetic, desire or loathing.
Desire urges us to possess, to
go to something; loathing
urges us to abandon, to go
from something. The arts
which excite them,
pornographical or didactic, are
therefore improper arts. The
esthetic emotion (I used the
general term) is therefore static.
The mind is arrested and
que a un incordiante tásquio en
compañía de Horan y Goggins.

—Piedad es el sentimiento
que paraliza el ánimo en
presencia de todo lo que hay de
grey y constante en los sufri-

mientos humanos y lo une con
el ser paciente. Terror es el sen-
timiento que paraliza el ánimo
en presencia de todo lo que hay
de grey y constante en los su-
frimientos humanos y lo une
con la causa secreta.

—Repite —dijo Lynch.

Stephen repitió lentamente
las definiciones.

—Hace algunos días, una
muchacha tomó un coche de
punto en Londres. Iba a reunir-
se con su madre, a la cual no
había visto desde hacía muchos
años. En la esquina de una bo-
cacalle, la vara de un carro de
carga hace añasos la ventanilla
del coche, que queda estruida
como un asterisco. Una esquir-
la larga y aguda se le clava a la
muchacha atravesándole el co-
razón. Muere instantáneamente.
Un periodista calificaba [236]
esta muerte de trágica. No hay
tal cosa. Está muy lejos de todos
terror y piedad, según los térmi-
nos de mis definiciones.

—La emoción trágica, efectiva-
mente, es una cara que mira en
do direcciones: hacia el terror y
hacia la piedad, y ambos son fa-
ses de ella. Habrás visto que uso
la palabra paraliza. Quiero decir
que la emoción trágica es estáti-
ca. O más bien que la emoción
dramática lo es. Los sentimien-
tos excitados, por un arte impuro
son cinéticos, deseo y repulsión.
El deseo nos incita a la posesión,
a movernos hacia algo; la repul-
sión nos incita al abandono, a
apartarnos de algo. Las artes que
sugieren estos sentimientos,
pornográficas o didácticas, no son,
por tanto, artes puras. La emo-
ción estética (ahora uso el térmi-
nio general) es por consiguiente
estática. El espíritu queda para-
Excitedly significa además 

citar 

pero a excitarse significa además emociona, 

nervioso, agitado, acalorado, emocionante. To excite y excitar se refieren a estimular, entusiasmar, pero lo excitante significa además emocionar/ a comover, poner nervioso / agitado, provocar [emociones], instigar [des- 

ordenes], asaltarle [gentes], y, a su vez, excitar se usa para to raise [dudas], arrojar [curiosidad, apetito]. Excitad significa agitada o acaloradamente.

Don’t get excited = no te pongas nervioso.

Joyce’s Portrait

—You say that art must not excite desire, said Lynch. I told you that one day I wrote my name in pencil on the backside of the Venus of Praxiteles in the Museum. Was that not desire?

—I speak of normal natures, said Stephen. You also told me that when you were a boy in that charming Carmelite school you ate pieces of dried cowdung.

Lynch broke again into a whiny of laughter and again rubbed both his hands over his groins but without taking them from his pockets.

—O, I did! I did! he cried.

Stephen turned towards his companion and looked at him for a moment boldly in the eyes. Lynch, recovering from his laughter, answered his look from his humbled eyes. The long slender flattened skull beneath the long pointed cap brought before Stephen’s mind the image of a hooded reptile. The eyes, too, were reptile-like in glint and gaze. Yet at that instant, humbled and alert in their look, they were lit by one tiny human point, the window of a shrivelled soul, poignant and self-embittered.

—As for that, Stephen said in polite parenthesis, we are all animals. I also am an animal.

—You are, said Lynch.

—But we are just now in a mental world, Stephen continued. The desire and loathing excited by improper esthetic means are really not esthetic emotions not only lizado por encima de todo deseo, de toda repulsión.

—¿Dices que el arte no excita el deseo? —dijo Lynch. ¿Cómo me explicas entonces aquello que te conté de haber yo escrito un día a lápiz mi nombre sobre la espalda de la Venus de Praxíteles del Museo? ¿Acaso eso no era deseo?

—Hablo de las naturalezas normales —contestó Stephen—. También me has dicho otra vez que cuando chico, en aquel pintoresco colegio de carmelitas donde estabas, acostumbrabas comer las boñigas secas de las vacas.

—¡Que sí me las comía! ¡Y tanto!

Stephen se volvió hacia su compañero y se quedó mirándole friamente, de hito en hito, por un momento. Lynch, repuesto ya de su ataque de risa, correspondió a aquella mirada con sus ojos humildes. Aquel cráneo largo, estrecho y achatado, bajo la gorra puntiaguda, trajo a la mente de Stephen el recuerdo de una serpiente de caperuza. Los ojos también eran como los de una serpiente, tal su brillo, tal su [237] mirada. Mas en aquel instante, humildes y en acecho, lucía en ellos una centella de humanidad, ventana de un alma en amargura, mordaz y anquilosada.

—En cuanto a eso —dijo Stephen abriendo un paréntesis cortés—, hay que reconocer que todos somos animales. Yo también soy un animal.

—Y tanto que lo eres —dijo Lynch.

—Pero ahora estamos precisamente en el mundo espiritual —prosiguió Stephen—. El deseo y la repulsión excitados por medios no puramente estéticos no son emociones estéticas, no sólo
because they are kinetic in character but also because they are not more than physical. Our flesh shrinks from what it dreads and responds to the stimulus of what it desires by a purely reflex action of the nervous system. Our eyelid closes before we are aware that the fly is about to enter our eye.

—Not always, said Lynch critically.

—In the same way, said Stephen, your flesh responded to the stimulus of a naked statue, but it was, I say, simply a reflex action of the nerves. Beauty expressed by the artist cannot awaken in us an emotion which is kinetic or a sensation which is purely physical. It awakens, or ought to awaken, or induces, or ought to induce, an esthetic stasis, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, a stasis called forth, prolonged, and at last dissolved by what I call the rhythm of beauty.

—What is that exactly? asked Lynch.

—Rhythm, said Stephen, is the first formal esthetic relation of part to part in any esthetic whole or of an esthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the esthetic whole of which it is a part.

—If that is rhythm, said Lynch, let me hear what you call beauty; and, please remember, though I did eat a cake of cowdung once, that I admire only beauty.

Stephen raised his cap as if in greeting. Then, blushing slightly, he laid his hand on Lynch’s thick tweed sleeve.

—We are right, he said, and the others are wrong. To speak of these things and to try to understand their nature por su carácter cinético, sino también por su naturaleza simplemente física. Nuestra carne retrocede ante lo que le espanta y responde al estímulo de lo que desea por una simple acción refleja del sistema nervioso. Nuestros párpados se cierran antes de que tengamos conciencia de que una mosca está a punto de entrar en el ojo.

—No siempre —dijo Lynch a modo de objeción.

—Del mismo modo —continuó Stephen— respondió tu carne al estímulo de una estatua desnuda, pero no fue más que por una simple acción refleja de los nervios. La belleza que el artista expresa no puede despertar en nosotros una emoción cinética o una sensación puramente física. Despierta, o debería despertar, induce, o debería inducir, una stasis estética, una piedad ideal o un ideal terror, una stasis provocada, prolongada y al fin disuelta por aquello que yo llamo el ritmo de la belleza.

—¿Qué quiere decir eso exactamente? —preguntó Lynch.

—Ritmo —dijo Stephen—, es la primera y formal relación estética entre parte y parte de un conjunto estético, o entre el conjunto estético y sus partes o una de sus partes, o entre una parte del conjunto estético y el conjunto mismo.

Stephen levantó la gorra como para saludar. Después, sonrojándose ligeramente, apoyó una mano sobre el áspero paño de la manga de Lynch.
and, having understood it, to try slowly and humbly and constantly to express, to press out again, from the gross earth or what it brings forth, from sound and shape and colour which are the prison gates of our soul, an image of the beauty we have come to understand—that is art.

They had reached the canal bridge and, turning from their course, went on by the trees. A crude grey light, mirrored in the sluggish water and a smell of wet branches over their heads seemed to war against the course of Stephen's thought.

—But you have not answered my question, said Lynch. What is art? What is the beauty it expresses?

—That was the first definition I gave you, you sleepy-headed wretch, said Stephen, when I began to try to think out the matter for myself. Do you remember the night? Cranly lost his temper and began to talk about Wicklow bacon.

—I remember, said Lynch. He told us about them flaming fat devils of pigs.

—Art, said Stephen, is the human disposition of sensible or intelligible matter for an esthetic end. You remember the pigs and forget that. You are a distressing pair, you and Cranly.

Lynch made a grimace at the raw grey sky and said:

—If I am to listen to your esthetic philosophy give me at least another cigarette. I don't care about it. I don't even care about women. Damn you and damn everything. I want a job of five hundred a year. You can't get me one.

Una vez comprendida, el tratar lentamente, humildemente, constantemente de expresar, de exprimir de nuevo, de la tierra grosera o de lo que la tierra produce, de la forma, del sonido y del color (que son las puertas de la cárcel del alma) una imagen de la belleza que hemos llegado a comprender: eso es el arte.

Habían llegado al puente del canal. Dejaron el camino que habían llevado, y siguieron adelante por la arboleda. Una luz cruda y gris espejeaba sobre el agua perezosa y, por encima de sus cabezas, el olor de las ramas húmedas parecía oponerse al curso de los pensamientos de Stephen.

—Pero has dejado sin contestar mi pregunta —dijo Lynch—. ¿Qué es el arte? ¿Y cuál es la belleza que el arte expresa?

—Ésa fue la primera definición que te di, cabeza de chorlito —dijo Stephen—, cuando comenzaba yo a deshilar para mí mismo la cuestión. ¿Te acuerdas de aquella noche? Cranly perdió la ecuanimidad y se puso a hablar del jamón del Wicklow.

—Me acuerdo —dijo Lynch—. Nos estuvo hablando de los cochinos cerdos de todos los diablos.

—Arte —dijo Stephen— es la adaptación por el hombre de la materia sensible o inteligible para un fin estético. Pero tú te acuerdas de los cochinos y olvidas esto. Tú y Cranly sois un par como para hacerle perder la paciencia a uno.

Lynch dirigió una mueca hacia el cielo despacible y gris.

—Si he de oir tus filosofías estéticas, dame otro pitillo. Me tienen sin cuidado. Me tienen sin cuidado hasta las mujeres. Al diablo contigo y con todas las cosas. Lo que yo necesito es un puesto de quinientas al año. Y tú me lo puedes dar.
Joyce's Portrait

Stephen handed him the packet of cigarettes. Lynch took the last one that remained, saying simply:

—Proceed!

—Aquinas, said Stephen, says that is beautiful the apprehension of which pleases.

Lynch nodded.

—I remember that, he said, PULCRA SUNT QUAE VISA PLACENT.

—He uses the word VISA, said Stephen, to cover esthetic apprehensions of all kinds, whether through sight or hearing or through any other avenue of apprehension. This word, though it is vague, is clear enough to keep away good and evil which excite desire and loathing. It means certainly a stasis and not a kinesis. How about the true? It produces also a stasis of the mind. You would not write your name in pencil across the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle.

—No, said Lynch, give me the hypotenuse of the Venus of Praxiteles.

—Static therefore, said Stephen. Plato, I believe, said that beauty is the splendour of truth. I don’t think that it has a meaning, but the true and the beautiful are akin. Truth is beheld by the intellect which is appealed by the most satisfying relations of the intelligible; beauty is beheld by the imagination which is appealed by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. The first step in the direction of truth is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act itself of intellect. Aristotle’s entire system of philosophy rests upon his book of psychology and that, I think, rests on his

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Stephen le alargó la cajetilla. Lynch cogió el último pitillo que quedaba diciendo sencillamente.

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—Adelante.

—Aquino —continuó Stephen— dice que lo bello es aquello cuya aprehensión agrada.

Lynch afirmó con la cabeza.

—Lo recuerdo —dijo—. Pulchra sunt quae visa placent.

—Usa la palabra visa —dijo Stephen— para cubrir todas las aprehensiones estéticas de cualquier naturaleza, ya provengan de la vista o del oído, o de cualquier otra vía aprehensiva. Esa palabra, aunque vaga, es suficientemente clara para dejar a un lado lo bueno y lo malo que excita el deseo o la repulsión. Quiere decir una stasis, no una kinesis. ¿Qué diremos de la verdad? También produce una stasis de la mente. Tú no habrías escrito con lápiz tu nombre sobre la hipotenusa de un triángulo.

—No —dijo Lynch—, lo que quiero es la hipotenusa de la Venus de Praxiteles.

—Luego lo que produce la verdad es una stasis —dedujo Stephen—. Me parece que Platón dijo que la belleza es el resplandor de la verdad. No creo que eso quiera decir sino simplemente que la verdad y la belleza son afines. La verdad es contemplada por la inteligencia aquietada por las relaciones más satisfactorias de lo sensible. El primer paso en dirección a la verdad es el llegar a comprender la con- tura y la esfera de acción de la inteligencia misma, el comprender el acto intelectivo mismo. Todo el sistema de la filosofía de Aristóteles descansa sobre su libro de psicología, y éste, sobre la afirmación de que un mismo

sensible se refiere a cuen
ra, razona
ble, acertado [gusto, idea, plan], sensible, módico [precio], prudente, lógico, consciente, práctico / cómo
odo [ropa, calzado], mientras que el español sensible traduce sensitive, feeling, sentient, regrettable, noticeable / marked, sizable, deplorable, tender, sore [adolorido]. Sensibility es sensibilidad, en el sentido de habilidad de sentir, receptividad, en el mundo personal, y además precisión, en el mundo mecánico; el plural sensibilities se usa para susceptibilidad, sentimientos delicados, delicadeza; a su vez, sensibilidad traduce sensitivity, como percepción por los sentidos, radio, TV, foto.
Joyce’s Portrait
tr. de Dámaso Alonso

statement that the same attribute cannot at the same time and in the same connexion belong to and not belong to the same subject. The first step in the direction of beauty is to understand the frame and scope of the imagination, to comprehend the act itself of esthetic apprehension. Is that clear?

—But what is beauty?
asked Lynch impatiently. Out with another definition. Something we see and like! Is that the best you and Aquinas can do?

—Let us take woman, said Stephen.

—Let us take her! said Lynch fervently.

—The Greek, the Turk, the Chinese, the Copt, the Hottentot, said Stephen, all admire a different type of female beauty. That seems to be a maze out of which we cannot escape. I see, however, two ways out. One is this hypothesis: that every physical quality admired by men in women is in direct connexion with the manifold functions of women for the propagation of the species. It may be so. The world, it seems, is drearier than even you, Lynch, imagined. For my part I dislike that way out. It leads to eugenics rather than to esthetic. It leads you out of the maze into a new gaudy lecture-room where MacCann, with one hand on THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES and the other hand on the new testament, tells you that you admired the great flanks of Venus because you felt that she would bear you burly offspring and admired her great breasts because you felt that she would give good milk to her children and yours.

—Then Mac Cann is a sulphur-yellow
attributo no puede al mismo tiempo, y en la misma conexión, pertenecer y no pertenecer al mismo sujeto. El primer paso en dirección a la belleza es el comprender la contextura y la esfera de acción de la imaginación, el comprender el acto mismo de la aprehensión estética. ¿Está claro?

—Bien. ¿Pero qué es la belleza? —preguntó Lynch impacientemente. Venga otra definición. ¿Algo que vemos y que nos agrada? ¿Es a eso a todo lo que llegáis entre Aquino y tú?

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—Tomemos la mujer —dijo Stephen.

—Tomémosla —repitió fervorosamente Lynch.

—El griego, el turco, el chino, el copto, el hotentote —dijo Stephen—, todos admiran un tipo diferente de belleza femenina. En este punto parece que nos perdemos en un laberinto sin salida. Hay, sin embargo, dos salidas. Una es la hipótesis de que cualquier cualidad física que los hombres admiran en las mujeres está en conexión directa con las múltiples funciones de la mujer para la propagación de la especie. Tal vez sea así. El mundo, según parece, es aún más lóbrego que lo que tú piensas, Lynch. Por mi parte, a mí me desagrada esta solución. Conduce a la eugénica más bien que a la estética. Te saca fuera del laberinto para ir a dar a un aula nueva y chilena en la cual Mac Cann, en una mano El origen de las especies, y en la otra El Nuevo Testamento, te explica que si tú admiras las mórbidas caderas de Venus, es porque sientes que ella puede dar el fruto de una prole rolliza, y que si admiras sus abundantes senos, es porque sientes que serían capaces de proporcionar una leche nutritiva a los hijos que en ella engendres.

—Pues si es así, Mac Cann no es más que un requeteincordiante

That seems to be a maze out of which ... Apt image for anyone called Dedalus, but perhaps it occurs to Stephen because he is escaping.
There remains another way out, said Stephen, laughing.

—To wit? said Lynch.

—This hypothesis, Stephen repeated, is the other way out: that, though the same object may not seem beautiful to all people, all people who admire a beautiful object find in it certain relations which satisfy and coincide with the stages themselves of all aesthetic apprehension. These relations of the sensible, visible to you through one form and to me through another, must be therefore the necessary qualities of beauty. Now, we can return to our old friend saint Thomas for another pennyworth of wisdom.

Lynch laughed.

—It amuses me vastly, he said, to hear you quoting him time after time like a jolly round friar. Are you laughing in your sleeve?

—MacAlister, answered Stephen, would call my esthetic theory applied Aquinas. So far as this side of esthetic philosophy is concerned, Lynch—seguramente pondría trastorno en tu teoría estética el remoquete de «tomismo aplicado». Has ta aquí, hasta donde se extien-

Stephen's speech with the harsh roar of jangled and rattling metal. Lynch closed his ears and gave out oath after oath till the dray had passed. Then he turned on his heel rudely. Stephen turned also and waited for a few moments till his companion's ill-humour had had its vent.

—La siguiente hipótesis —repitió Stephen— es la otra salida: aunque un mismo objeto pueda no parecer hermoso a todo [241] el mundo, todo el que admira un objeto bello encuentra en él ciertas relaciones que le satisfacen y que coinciden con las etapas mismas de la aprehensión estética. Estas relaciones de lo sensible, visibles para ti a través de una determinada forma y para mí a través de otra distinta, serán, por tanto, las cualidades necesarias de la belleza. Y ahora vamos a volver a nuestro antiguo amigo Santo Tomás de Aquino en demanda de otros dos peniques de sabiduría.

Lynch se echó a reír.

—Me resulta enormemente divertido —dijo— el oírte citarle una vez y otra vez como si se tratará de un compinche frailuno que te hubieras echado. No sé si tú mismo no te estarás riendo para tu capote.

137. Sir Patrick Dun's hospital: a hospital near the canal built in 1803 from the funds of the estate of Sir Patrick Dun (11642-1713), a physician.

drill, jangle 1: to talk idly 2: to quarrel verbally 3: to make a harsh or discordant often ringing sound <keys jangling in my pocket> 1: to utter or sound in a discordant, babbling, or chattering way 2 a: to cause to sound harshly or inharmoniously b: to excite to ten- 3 : jangle, cascabelear, hacer tintinear, castiñear, tiñetinear, tintinear.

sensible se refiere a cuento, razonable, acertado [gusto, idea, plan], sensible, módico [precio], prudente, lógico, consciente, práctico/ cómodo [ropa, calzado], mientras que el español sensible traduce: sensitive, feeling, sentient, regrettable, noticeable / marked, sizable, deplorable, tender, sore [adolorido]. Sensibility es sensibilidad, en el sentido de sensibilidad, receptividad, en el mundo personal, y además precisión, en el mundo mecánico; el plural sensibilidades se usa para susceptibilidad, sentimientos delicados, delicadeza; a su vez, sensibilidad traduce: sensitivity, como percepción por los sentidos, radio, TV, foto.
extends, Aquinas will carry me all along the line. When we come to the phenomena of artistic conception, artistic gestation, and artistic reproduction I require a new terminology and a new personal experience.

—Of course, said Lynch. After all Aquinas, in spite of his intellect, was exactly a good round friar. But you will tell me about the new personal experience and new terminology some other day. Hurry up and finish the first part.

—Who knows? said Stephen, smiling. Perhaps Aquinas would understand me better than you. He was a poet himself. He wrote a hymn for Maundy Thursday. It begins with the words PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI. They say it is the highest glory of the hymnal. It is an intricate and soothing hymn. I like it; but there is no hymn that can put beside that mournful and majestic processional song, the VEXILLA REGIS of Venantius Fortunatus.

Vexilla Regis of Venantius Fortunatus: a sixth-century Italian, Bishop of Poitiers

Lynch began to sing softly and solemnly in a deep bass voice:

DECIENDO NATIONIBUS
David fidei carmine
Fortunatus (c. 530-600), bishop and poet, wrote the hymn. I like it; but there is no better than you. He was a poet himself. He wrote a hymn for Maundy Thursday. It begins with the words PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI. They say it is the highest glory of the hymnal. It is an intricate and soothing hymn. I like it; but there is no hymn that can put beside that mournful and majestic processional song, the VEXILLA REGIS of Venantius Fortunatus.

Impleta sunt quae concinit David fideli carmine

—That’s great! he said, well pleased. Great music!

They turned into Lower Mount Street. A few steps from the corner a fat young man, wearing a silk neckcloth, saluted them and stopped.

—Did you hear the results of the exams? he asked. Griffin was plucked. Halpin and O’Flynn are through the

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Impleta sunt quae concinit David fideli carmine
Diciendo nationibus Regnavit a ligno Deus.

—Eso sí que es hermoso! —dijo, satisfecho. ¡Estupenda música!

Se metieron por Lower Mount Street. A pocos pasos de la esquina se encontraron con un mozo gordiflón que llevaba una bufanda de seda, el cual les saludó, deteniéndolos.

—¿Habéis oído el resultado de los exámenes? —les preguntó. A Griffin me lo han coteado. Halpin y O’Flynn han obtenido

138. Maundy Thursday . . . Pange lingua gloriosi: on the Thursday before Good Friday the hymn by St Thomas Aquinas ‘Tell, my tongue, of the glorious body of Christ’ (‘Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis’) is sung in praise of Christ’s triumph on the cross as the presanctified Host — for there is no consecration on Good Friday — is carried to the altar. It is also sung on the feast of Corpus Christi.

139. Vexilla Regis of Venantius Fortunatus: Venantius Fortunatus (c. 530-600), bishop and poet, wrote the hymn ‘Vexilla Regis Prodis’ (‘The Banners of the King’). It too celebrates the Incarnation and is sung on Maundy Thursday and on Passion Sunday. Venantius also wrote a hymn beginning ‘Pange lingua’.

140. Impleta sunt . . . Deus: ‘Fulfilled is all that David told’ in true prophetic song of old: ‘Amidst the nations, God, saith he, / Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.’ This is the second stanza of the hymn. Impleta sunt . . . Deus: A reference to the songs of David, and to God ‘reigning from the tree’, perhaps a synonym for the cross.

141. Lower Mount Street: this street leads from the canal towards the city centre.

142. Plucked: he failed the examination. Plucked is a synonym for the cross.

143. Home civil: civil service examinations for places within the United Kingdom system.
Joyce’s Portrait

144. the Indian: civil service examinations for places within the British administration in India.

145. The Irish fellows in Clarke’s: presumably the fellows who had places in the Irish administration. The reference to Clarke’s is obscure.

146. MacCullagh and 1: it would seem Stephen has asked who gained top places in the matriculation examinations for the college.

147. Glenmalure: a valley in County Wicklow.

Moonan got fifth place in the Indian. O’Shaughnessy got fourteenth. The Irish fellows in Clark’s gave them a feed last night. They all ate curry.

His pallid bloated face expressed benevolent malice and, as he had advanced through his tidings of success, his small fat-encircled eyes vanished out of sight and his weak wheezing voice out of hearing.

In reply to a question of Stephen’s eyes and his voice came forth again from their lurking-places.

—Yes, MacCullagh and I; he said. He’s taking pure mathematics and I’m taking constitutional history. There are twenty subjects. I’m taking botany too. You know I’m a member of the field club.

He drew back from the other two in a stately fashion and placed a plump woollen-gloved hand on his breast from which muttered wheezing laughter at once broke forth.

—Bring us a few turnips and onions the next time you go out, said Stephen drily, to make a stew.

The fat student laughed indulgently and said:

—We are all highly respectable people in the field club. Last Saturday we went out to Glenmalure, seven of us.

—with women, Donovan? said Lynch.

Donovan again laid his hand on his chest and said:

—Our end is the acquisition of knowledge. Then he said quickly:

—I hear you are writing puesto para el Servicio Civil. Moonan ha salido el quinto para el de la India. O’Shaughnessy, el catorce. Los irlandeses de Clark les han dado una comilona anoche. Comieron curry.

La cara hinchada y pálida expresaba una benevolente malicia, y mientras proseguía en la enumeración de los éxitos, los ojos se le iban sumiendo dentro de un brocal de grasa, y la voz débil y jadeante se hacía cada vez más imperceptible al oído.

En contestación a una pregunta de Stephen, los ojos y la voz del noticiero volvieron a resurgir de sus escondrijos.

—Sí, Mac Cullagh y yo —dijo—. Él toma matemáticas puras y yo historia política. También tomo botánica, además. Ya sabes que soy miembro de la sociedad de herborizantes.

Se retiró un poco con aire majestuoso y se colocó una mano gordezuela y enguantada en lana sobre el pecho, del cual brotó al mismo tiempo una risa quebrada y jadeante.

—La primera vez que salgáis a herborizar, tráenos unos nabos y unas cebollas, para que hagamos un estofado —dijo secamente Stephen.

El rollizo estudiante se echó a reír indulgentemente y dijo:

—Todos los de la sociedad de herborizantes somos personas de absoluta respetabilidad. El sábado último fuimos siete de nosotros a Glenmalure.

—¿Con mujeres, Donovan? —preguntó Lynch.

Donovan se volvió otra vez a colocar la mano en el pecho y dijo:

—Nuestro objeto es la adquisición de conocimientos. Después añadió rápidamente:

—He oído que estás escri-
some essays about esthetics. Stephen made a vague gesture of denial.

—Goethe and Lessing, said Donovan, have written a lot on that subject, the classical school and the romantic school and all that. The Laocoon interested me very much when I read it. Of course it is idealistic, German, ultra-profound.

Neither of the others spoke. Donovan took leave of them urbanely.

—I must go, he said softly and benevolently, I have a strong suspicion, amounting almost to a conviction, that my sister intended to make pancakes today for the dinner of the Donovan family.

—Goodbye, Stephen said in his wake. Don't forget the turnips for me and my mate.

Lynch gazed after him, his lip curling in slow scorn till his face resembled a devil’s mask:

—To think that that yellow pancake-eating excrement can get a good job, he said at length, and I have to smoke cheap cigarettes!

They turned their faces towards Merrion Square and went for a little in silence.

—To finish what I was saying about beauty, said Stephen, the most satisfying relations of the sensible must therefore correspond to the necessary phases of artistic apprehension. Find these and you find the qualities of universal beauty. Aquinas says: AD PULCRITUDINEM TRIA REQUIRUNTUR INTEGRITAS [wholeness], CONSONANTIA [harmony], CLARITAS [radiance]. Do translate it so: THREE THINGS ARE NEEDED FOR BEAUTY, WHOLENESS, HARMONY, AND RADIANCE. Do生物ing a trabajo sobre estética. Stephen hizo un vago gesto de negación.

—Goethe y Lessing —dijo Donovan— han escrito la mar acerca de ese asunto, que si la escuela clásica, que si la romántica, y todas esas cosas. El Laocoonte me interesó mucho cuando lo leí. Claro que es idealista, germánico, ultraprofundo.

Ninguno de los otros dos contestó. Donovan se despidió cortésmente.

—Tengo que irme —dijo con aire benevolente y manso—. Tengo vivas sospechas, que casi llegan a ser convicción, de que mi hermana se proponía hacer fillós para el postre de la familia Donovan.

—Adiós —dijo Stephen andando ya—, no te olvides de traernos esos nabos.

Lynch volvió la cara para verle ir, e inició un gesto de desdén que se fue agudizando hasta dar a su rostro la apariencia de una máscara diabólica.

—¡Y pensar —dijo por fin— que ese amarillo excremento, que ese comedor de fruta de sartén, pueda obtener un buen puesto, mientras que yo tengo que fumar de lo barato!

Se dirigieron hacia Merrion Square y avanzaron en silencio por unos momentos.

—Terminaré lo que estaba diciendo acerca de la belleza —dijo Stephen—. Las más satisfactorias relaciones de lo sensible deben por tanto corresponderse con las fases indispensables de la aprehensión estética. Si podemos encontrar éstas, habremos hallado las cualidades de la belleza universal. Aquino dice: Ad pulcritudinem tria requiruntur integritas, consonantia, claritas. Lo cual yo traduzco así: Tres cosas son precisas en la belleza: integridad, armonía, luminosidad. ¿Se [244] co-
these correspond to the phases of apprehension? Are you following?

—Of course, I am, said Lynch. If you think I have an excrementitious intelligence run after Donovan and ask him to listen to you.

Stephen pointed to a basket which a butcher’s boy had slung inverted on his head.

—Look at that basket, he said.

—I see it, said Lynch.

—In order to see that basket, said Stephen, your mind first of all separates the basket from the rest of the visible universe which is not the basket. The first phase of apprehension is a bounding line drawn about the object to be apprehended. An esthetic image is presented to us either in space or in time.

What is audible is presented in time, what is visible is presented in space. But, temporal or spatial, the esthetic image is first luminously apprehended as selfbounded and self-contained upon the immeasurable background of space or time which is not it. You apprehended it as ONE thing. You see it as one whole. You apprehend its wholeness. That is INTEGRITAS.

—Bull’s eye! said Lynch, laughing. Go on.

—Then, said Stephen, you pass from point to point, led by its formal lines; you apprehend it as balanced part against part within its limits; you feel the rhythm of its structure. In other words, the synthesis of immediate perception is followed by the analysis of apprehension. Having first felt that it is ONE

...
thing you feel now that it is a THING. You apprehend it as complex, multiple, divisible, separable, made up of its parts, the result of its parts and their sum, harmonious. That is CONSONANTIA.

—Bull’s eye again! said Lynch wittily. Tell me now what is CLARITAS [radiance] and you win the cigar.

—The connotation of the word, Stephen said, is rather vague. Aquinas uses a term which seems to be inexact. It baffled me for a long time. It would lead you to believe that he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow, the reality of which it is but the symbol. I thought he might mean that CLARITAS [radiance] is the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalization which would make the esthetic image a’ universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions. But that is literary talk. I understand it so. When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks in the scholastic QUIDDITAS, THE WHATNESS of a thing. This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its sola cosa pasas a sentir que es una cosa. La aprehendes como un complejo, múltiple, divisible, separable, compuesto de sus partes, y armonioso en el resultado, en la suma de ellas. Esto quiere decir consonantia.

—¡En el blanco otra vez! — dijo donosamente Lynch—. Explicame ahora lo que significa claritas, y te ganas un puro.

[245] —La significación especial de la palabra resulta bastante vaga — dijo Stephen—. Santo Tomás emplea un término que parece ser inexacto. A mí me tuvo desorientado por mucho tiempo. Te podría llevar a creer que el de Aquino había pensado en una especie de simbolismo o idealismo, según el cual la suprema cualidad de la belleza sería una luz extraterrena, de cuya noción la materia no sería más que una sombra, de cuya realidad sólo sería un símbolo. Pensaba yo que el claritas quisiera significar el descubrimiento y la representación artística del universal designio divino, o una fuerza generalizadora que nos llevaría a convertir la imagen estética en universal, que le haría extrarradiar sus propias condiciones. Pero todo esto es literatura. Mi explicación es la siguiente: Una vez que has aprehendido la cesta de nuestro ejemplo tomando como una sola cosa, y después de haberla analizado con arreglo a su forma, de haberla aprehendido como cosa, lo que haces es la única síntesis que es lógicamente y estéticamente permissible. Ves entonces que aquella cosa es ella misma y no otra alguna. La luminosidad a que se refiere Santo Tomás es lo que la escolástica llama quidditas, la esencia del ser. Esta suprema cualidad es sentida por el artista en el momento en que la imagen estética es concebida en su imaginación. La mente en este instante ha sido bellamente comparada con Shelley a un carbón encendido que se extingue. El momento en el que la suprema cualidad de la belleza, la neta luminosidad de la imagen estética, es aprehendida en toda su claridad por la mente, suspenso primero ante su integri-

arrestado / cautivado
Stephen paused and, though his companion did not speak, felt that his words had called up around them a thought-enchanted silence.

—What I have said, he began again, refers to beauty in the wider sense of the word, in the sense which the word has in the literary tradition. In the marketplace it has another sense. When we speak of beauty in the second sense of the term our judgement is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist himself and the mind or senses of others. If you bear this in memory you will see that art necessarily divides itself into three forms progressing from one to the next. These forms are: the lyrical form, the form wherein the artist presents his image in immediate relation to himself; the epical form, the form wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

—That you told me a few nights ago, said Lynch, and we began the famous discussion.

—I have a book at home, said Stephen, in which I have written down questions which are more amusing than yours were. In finding the answers to

joyce’s portrait  
tr. de Dámaso Alonso

wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley’s, called the enchantment of the heart.

Stephen hizo una pausa y, aunque su compañero permanecía callado, sintió que sus palabras habían convocado a su alrededor un silencio encantado y pensativo.

—Lo que he dicho —comenzó de nuevo— se refiere a la belleza en el amplio sentido de la palabra, en el sentido que la palabra tiene dentro de la tradición literaria. En la vida corriente tiene otro sentido distinto. Cuando hablamos de la belleza en el segundo sentido del vocablo, nuestro juicio está influenciado en primer lugar por el arte mismo y por la forma del arte. La imagen, claro está, ha de ser colocada entre la mente o los sentidos del artista mismo y la mente o los sentidos de los otros. Si tienes esto presente, comprenderás que el arte tiene necesariamente que dividirse en tres formas que van progresando de una en una. Estas formas son: la lírica, forma en la cual el artista presenta la imagen en inmediata relación consigo mismo; la épica, en la cual presenta la imagen como relación mediata entre él mismo y los demás; y la dramática, en la cual presenta la imagen en relación inmediata con los demás.

—I have a book at home, said Stephen, in which I have written down questions which are more amusing than yours were. In finding the answers to

—Eso me lo has dicho ya hace unas cuantas noches y fue entonces cuando empezamos aquella famosa discusión.
Mona Lisa By Leonardo da Vinci (Louvre, Paris). It is perhaps the most famous painting in the world.

156. Sir Philip Crampton: Crampton (1777-1858) was a famous Dublin surgeon whose bust then adorned a drinking fountain near Trinity College. The bust was more famous for its grotesqueness than was Crampton for his medical skill.

— Why not, indeed? said Lynch, laughing.

— Efectivamente, ¿por qué causa? —dijo Lynch echándose a reír.

— Si un hombre dando furiosos hachazos en un leño —prosiguió Stephen llega a darle la forma de una vaca, ¿será esta imagen una obra de arte? Y si no lo es, ¿cuál es la causa?

— Ésa sí que es estupenda —dijo Lynch echándose a reír de nuevo—. ____ Apesta a escolástica que trasciende.

— Lessing —dijo Stephen— no debería haber escogido un grupo de estatuas como tema literario. El arte, necesariamente impuro, no presenta nunca netamente separadas estas distintas formas de que acabo de hablar. Aun en literatura, que es la más elevada y espiritual de las artes, estas formas se presentan a menudo confundidas. La forma lírica es de hecho la más simple vestidura verbal de un instante de emoción, un grito rítmico como aquellos que en épocas remotas animaban al hombre primitivo doblado sobre el remo u ocupado enizar un peñasco por la ladera de una montaña. Aquel que lo prefiere tiene más conciencia del instante emocionado que de sí mismo como sujeto de la emoción. La forma más simple de la épica la vemos emergir de la literatura lírica cuando el artista se demora y repasa sobre sí mismo como centro de un acaecimiento épico, y tal forma va progresando hasta que el centro de gravedad emocional llega a estar a una distancia igual del artista y de los demás. La forma narrativa ya no es puramente personal. La personalidad del
passes into the narration itself, flowing round and round the persons and the action like a vital sea. This progress you will see easily in that old English ballad TURPIN HERO which begins in the first person and ends in the third person. The dramatic form is reached when the vitality which has flowed and eddied round each person fills every person with such vital force that he or she assumes a proper and intangible esthetic life. The personality of the artist, at first a cry or a cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence, impersonalizes itself, so to speak. The esthetic image in the dramatic form is life purified in and reprojected from the human imagination. The mystery of esthetic, like that of material creation, is accomplished. The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.

—Trying to refine them also out of existence, said Lynch. A fine rain began to fall from the high veiled sky and they turned into the duke's lawn to reach the national library before the shower came.

—What do you mean, Lynch asked surlily, by prating about beauty and the imagination in this miserable God forsaken island? No wonder the artist retired within or behind his handiwork after having perpetrated this country. The rain fell faster.

158. Turpin Hero . . . third person: 'Turpin Hero' was the title of a song Joyce is known to have sung on occasion. Dick Turpin, the eighteenth-century English highwayman, was hanged in 1739. A number of ballads concerning him were published in broadsheets and chapbooks. At least two of these show the shift from first- to third-person narrative, the inverse of the shift that takes place in this novel.

• Turpin Hero the old English ballad from which Joyce derived the title of an unfinished narrative, Stephen Hero, which eventually became A Portrait.

159. the duke's lawn: this is a lawn adjoining Leinster House, formerly town residence of the Duke of Leinster, now the home of the Irish Dail, or parliament. The National Library, Museum and Leinster House are all parts of one complex of buildings.

Una lluvia menuda había comenzado a caer del cielo alto y nublado, y en vista de ello giraron hacia el Prado del Duque para llegar a la Biblioteca Nacional antes de que sobreviniera el chaparrón.

—¿Qué te has propuesto —preguntó agramiente Lynch con toda esa jeringonza acerca de la imaginación y de la belleza, estando como están en esta condenada isla, dejada de la mano de Dios? No me maravillo de que el artista se retirase dentro, o detrás de su obra, después de haber perpetrado un país semejante.

La lluvia caía más deprisa.
they passed through the passage beside the royal Irish academy Kildare house they found many students sheltering under the arcade of the library. Cranly, leaning against a pillar, was picking his teeth with a sharpened match, listening to some companions. Some girls stood near the entrance door. Lynch whispered to Stephen:

—Your beloved is here.

Stephen took his place silently on the step below the group of students, heedless of the rain which fell fast, turning his eyes towards her from time to time. She too stood silently among her companions. She has no priest to flirt with, he thought with conscious bitterness, remembering how he had seen her last. Lynch was right. His mind emptied of theory and courage, lapsed back into a listless peace.

He heard the students talking among themselves. They spoke of two friends who had passed the final medical examination, of the chances of getting places on ocean liners, of poor and rich practices.

—That’s all a bubble. An Irish country practice is better.

—Hynes was two years in Liverpool and he says the same. A frightful hole he said it was. Nothing but midwifery cases. [Half a crown cases.]

—Do you mean to say it is better to have a job here in the country than in a rich city like that? I know a fellow.

—Hynes has no brains. He got through by stewing, pure stewing.

—Don’t mind him. There’s plenty of money to

Cuando hubieron atravesado el pasadizo de al lado de Kildare House, toparon con una turba de estudiantes que estaban refugiados bajo las arcadas de la biblioteca. Cranly, recostado contra una columna, seguía la charla de unos camaradas, mon- dándose los dientes con el palillo de una cerilla previamente agudizado. Lynch le murmuró al oído a Stephen:

—Tu amada está aquí.

Stephen se dirigió en silencio a colocarse en el escalón de debajo del grupo de estudiantes, sin preocuparse de la lluvia cada vez más intensa, volviendo de cuando en cuando los ojos hacia la muchacha. También ella permanecía en silencio entre sus compañeras. Ahora no tiene un cura con quien coquetear, pensó con una consiente amargura Stephen, acordándose de cómo la había visto hacía poco. Lynch tenía razón. Y el espíritu de Stephen, vaciado ya de sus propias teorías y de su valor, volvió a sumirse en una paz indiferente.

Oía la charla de los estudiantes. Hablaban de dos amigos que acababan de sufrir el examen final de medicina, de las probabilidades de obtener un puesto en un trasatlántico, de clientelas pobres y ricas.

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—Todo eso es filza. Una clientela rural en Irlanda es mucho mejor.

—Hynes ha estado dos años en Liverpool y dice lo mismo. Que es un hoyo como para morirse. Nada más que partos.

—¿Es que me vas a contar que es mejor coger un distrito del campo, aquí, que ejercer en una ciudad rica como ésa? Conozco a un socio...

—Hynes es un memo. Se puede hacer la mar de dinero en una gran ciudad comercial.

—Depende de la clientela.
be made in a big commercial City.

—Depends on the practice.

—EGO CREDO UT VITA PAUPERUM EST SIMPLICITER ATROX. SIMPLICITER SANGUINARIUS ATROX, IN LIVERPOOLIO.

Their voices reached his ears as if from a distance in interrupted pulsation. She was preparing to go away with her companions.

The quick light shower had drawn off, tarrying in clusters of diamonds among the shrubs of the quadrangle where an exhalation was breathed forth by the blackened earth. Their trim boots prattled as they stood on the steps of the colonnade, talking quietly and gaily, glancing at the clouds, holding their umbrellas at cunning angles against the few last raindrops, closing them again, holding their skirts demurely.

And if he had judged her harshly? If her life were a simple rosary of hours, her life simple and strange as a bird’s life, gay in the morning, restless all day, tired at sundown? Her heart simple and wilful as a bird’s heart?

Towards dawn he awoke. O what sweet music! His soul was all dewy wet. Over his limbs in sleep pale cool waves of light had passed. He lay still, as if his soul lay amid cool waters, conscious of faint sweet music. His mind was waking slowly to a tremulous morning knowledge, a morning inspiration. A spirit filled him, pure as the purest water, sweet as dew,

—Ego credo ut vita pauperum est simpliciter atrox, simpliciter sanguinarius atrox, in Liverpoolio.

Las voces llegaban a sus oídos como desde una gran distancia, a latidos irregulares. La muchacha se preparaba a salir con sus compañeras.

¿Y si la hubiera juzgado con demasiada severidad? ¿Y si fuera su vida un simple rosario de horas, sencilla y extraña como la vida de un pájaro alegre a la mañana, inquieto por el día, cansado a la puesta del sol? ¿Y si fuera su corazón simple y voluntarioso como el de un pájaro?
Are you not weary of ardent ways The poem, in fragments and in its full complexity, has a running ambiguity, being at times apparently addressed to Ireland, to the Virgin Mary, to E-C, perhaps even to poetry, the creative life. The villanelde has nineteen lines on two rhymes; and Stephen, with technical poetry, the creative life. The Ireland, to the Virgin Mary, to E-C, perhaps even to ambiguity, being at times apparently addressed to fragments and in its full complexity, has a running

Unruly, headstrong.

deliberate (wilful murder);

wilful; (of a person) obstinate, headstrong.

The instant of inspiration seemed now to be reflected from all sides at once from a multitude of cloudy circumstances of what had happened or of what might have happened. The instant flashed forth like a point of light and now from cloud on cloud of vague circumstance confused form was veiling softly its afterglow. Of! In the virgin womb of the imagination the word was made flesh. Gabriel the seraph had come to the virgin’s chamber. An afterglow deepened within his spirit, whence the white flame had passed, deepening to a rose and ardent light. That rose and ardent light was her strange wilful heart, strange that no man had known or would know, wilful from before the beginning of the world; and lured by that ardent rose-like glow the choirs of the seraphim were falling from heaven.

Are you not weary of ardent ways,
Lure of the fallen seraphim?
Tell no more of enchanted days.

The verses passed from his mind to his lips and, murmuring them

cio, móvil como música. Pero, ¡cuán tenue era aquel hálito! ¡Cuán desapasionado era! Tal un aliento de serafínes que apenas le rozase. Su alma se iba despertando lentamente, temerosa de despertar del todo. Era la hora de amanecida, cuando el viento está dormido, cuando despierta la luna y las flores extrañas se abren a la luz y la mariposilla inicia su vuelo silencioso.

El encanto del corazón! La noche había sido encantada. El éxtasis de la vida seráfica le había sido revelado en una visión, en un sueño. ¿Había sido sólo un instante de encanto? ¿O largas horas, años, edades?

El instante de inspiración parecía ahora ser reflejado de todas partes a la vez por una multitud de inciencias nebulosas, por todo lo que había existido, por todo lo que podía haber existido. El instante se había abierto como un punto de luz y ahora de nube a nube, entre vagas inciencias, se iba tendiendo una forma que velaba el último rastro luminoso. En las entradas virginales de la inspiración, la palabra se había hecho carne. El arcángel Gabriel había bajado a la celda de la doncella. Y, disipada ya la llama blanca, sólo quedaba en el espíritu su rastro resplandeciente, que se iba de nuevo intensificando; hasta dar una llamadura de luz ardiente y rosa. Aquella luz rosa y ardiente, era el corazón de ella, su corazón extraño y anhelante.

¿No estás cansada de ese ardiente afán,
tú, de ángeles caídos seducción?
No me evokes encantos que se van.

Los versos descendían desde su mente a los labios. Y mientras se los repetía en voz baja sintió curiosa sintaxis la de esta última frase del párrafo: "anhelante" no creo que sea acertado para "wilful". Muchas otras veces se traduce correctamente. Es una interpretación muy alejada del sentido original que ni siquiera el contexto la justifica.
over, he felt the rhythmic movement of a villanelle pass through them. The rose-like glow sent forth its rays of rhyme; ways, days, blaze, praise, raise. Its rays burned up the world, consumed the hearts of men and angels: the rays from the rose that was her wilful heart.

Your eyes have set man's heart ablaze
And you have had your will of him.
Are you not weary of ardent ways?

And then? The rhythm died away, ceased again to move and beat. And then? Smoke, incense ascending from the altar of the world.

Above the flame the smoke of praise
Go up from ocean rim to rim
Tell no more of enchanted days.

Smoke went up from the whole earth, from the vapoury oceans, smoke of her praise. The earth was like a swinging swaying censer, a ball of incense, an ellipsoidal fall. The rhythm died out at once; the cry of his heart was broken. His lips began to murmur the first verses over and over; then went on stumbling through half verses, stammering and baffled; then stopped. The heart's cry was broken.

The veiled windless hour had passed and behind the panes of the naked window the morning light was gathering. A bell beat faintly very far away. A bird twittered; two birds, three. The bell and the bird ceased; and the dull white light spread itself east and west, covering the world, that bullied por entre ellos el movimiento rítmico de una villanela. El resplandor rosado estaba irradiando unas emanaciones de rima: afán, volcán, imán; rayos que abrasaban el mundo consumiendo a un tiempo los corazones de los hombres y de los ángeles. Y eran los rayos que salían de la rosa del corazón de ella, de su corazón lleno de anhelos.

El corazón del hombre es un volcán por tus ojos que dueños suyos son. ¿No estás cansada de ese ardiente afán?

¿Más? El ritmo se extinguió, cesó, comenzó de nuevo a moverse y a latir. ¿Más aún? Sí: una ascensión de humo, de incienso que subía desde el altar del mundo.

Más que el fuego tus laudes altos van, humo en el mar, desde uno a otro rincón. No me evoques encantos que se van.

El humo ascendía desde todos los puntos de la tierra, desde los mares nebulosos también y eran el incienso de sus alabanzas. La tierra toda era como un incensario que se mecía, que se balanceaba, como una bola de incienso, como una bola elipsoidal. El ritmo cesó de repente. Se había roto el grito de su corazón. Sus labios comenzaron a murmurar los primeros versos una vez y otra vez. Después trató de continuar a tentones, entre versos medio iniciados, inconclusos, balbuceante, desorientado. Por fin se detuvo. El grito de su corazón estaba roto.

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La hora del viento dormido, la hora velada, había pasado y ya tras los cristales de la desnuda ventana se estaba agolpando la luz mañanera. Un débil sonido de campana, muy lejos. El gorjeo de un pájaro... dos pájaros... tres. Gorjeos y campana habían cesado. Y la luz triste y blanca se esparció de este a oeste, cubriendo el mundo entero,
covering the roselight in his heart.

Fearing to lose all, he raised himself suddenly on his elbow to look for paper and pencil. There was neither on the table; only the soup plate he had eaten the rice from for supper and the candlestick with its tendrils of tallow and its paper socket, singed (chamuscar) by the last flame. He stretched his arm wearily towards the foot of the bed, groping with his hand in the pockets of the coat that hung there. His fingers found a pencil and then a cigarette packet. He lay back and, tearing open the packet, placed the last cigarette on the window ledge and began to write out the stanzas of the villanella in small neat letters on the rough cardboard surface.

Having written them out he lay back on the lumpy pillow, murmuring them again. The lumps of knotted flock under his head reminded him of the lumps of knotted horschair in the sofa of her parlour on which he used to sit, smiling or serious, asking himself why he had come, displeased with her and with himself, confounded by the print of the Sacred Heart above the untenanted sideboard. He saw her approach him in a lull of the talk and beg him to sing one of his curious songs. Then he saw himself sitting at the old piano, striking chords softly from its speckled keys and singing, amid the talk which had risen again in the room, to her who leaned beside the mantelpiece a dainty song of the Elizabethans, a sad and sweet loth to depart, the victory chant

Temeroso de perderlo todo se siguió de pronto sobre un brazo tratando de buscar un lápiz y un papel. No había sobre la mesa ni uno ni lo otro. Sólo el plato sopero del arroz de la cena y el candele- ro con sus estalactitas de es- perma y su casquillo de pa- pel, chamuscado por la últi- ma llama. Alargó el brazo pe- nosamente hacia los pies de la cama —y buscó a tientas por los bolsillos de la chaqueta colga- da allí. Sus dedos tropezaron con un lápiz primero y una ca- jetilla después. Se tendió de nuevo y, desgarrando la cubier- ta de la cajetilla, colocó el últi- mo pitillo que había en el re- borde de la ventana y se puso a copiar con letra menudita y pul- cra sobre la áspera superficie de la cartulina las estrofas de su villanella.

Joyce's Portrait

Irish Catholic home, it was felt, his heart as an emblem of his love, abounded thereafter. Every Irish Catholic home, it was felt, should have one.

166. Sacred Heart: devotion to the Sacred Heart began with a vision by a seventeenth-century French nun, Blessed Mary Alacoque. She was beatified in 11864. 3

167. loth to depart: this was a common term for songs of departure. 168. victory chant o f Agincourt: a popular song of the
of Agincourt, the happy air of Greensleeves. While he sang and she listened, or feigned to listen, his heart was at rest but when the quaint old songs had ended and he heard again the voices in the room he remembered his own sarcasm: the house where young men are called by their christian names a little too soon.

At certain instants her eyes seemed about to trust him but he had waited in vain. She passed now dancing lightly across his memory as she had been that night at the carnival ball, her white dress a little lifted, a white spray nodding in her hair. She danced lightly in the round. She was dancing towards him and, as she came, her eyes were a little averted and a faint glow was on her cheek. At the pause in the chain of hands her hand had lain in his an instant, a soft merchandise.

—You are a great stranger now.

—Yes. I was born to be a monk.

—I am afraid you are a heretic.

—Are you much afraid?

For answer she had danced away from him along the chain of hands, dancing lightly and discreetly, giving herself to none. The white spray nodded to her dancing and when she was in shadow the glow was deeper on her cheek.

A monk! His own image started forth a profaner of the cloister, a heretic franciscan, willing and willing not to serve, spinning like Agincourt o la chispeante tonada de Greensleeves. Y mientras él cantaba, y ella le estaba escuchando, o fingiendo escuchar, sentía el corazón en reposo, pero cuando se terminaban las deliciosas canciones arcaicas y oía de nuevo el rumor de las voces, se acordaba de pronto de aquella frase irónica que él mismo había forjado: «casa donde a los muchachos solteros les llaman por el diminutivo un poquito prematuramente».

Había momentos en que los ojos de ella parecían prestos a entregarle su confianza. Pero había guardado siempre en vano. Y ahora la veía danzando aéreamente en su memoria, tal como en aquella noche de un baile de carnavales, con un ligero revuelo de su traje blanco y un ramito de flores blancas oscilante entre el cabello. Danzaba aéreamente en la rueda. Danzaba viendo hacia él, ya a punto de llegar, los ojos un poco desviados, y un tenue rubor en las mejillas. En la cadena de manos del corro, la de ella se había apoyado por un instante en la de Stephen, entregándose como una suave mercadería:

—¿Qué caro te vendes ahora!

—Sí. He nacido para monje.

—Tengo miedo de que seas hereje.

—¿Miedo? ¿Mucho miedo?

Por toda contestación, ella se había apartado bailando en la cadena del corro, bailando aéreamente, discretamente, sin entregarse a ninguno. El ramito de flores blancas oscilaba, con el aire, entre su cabello y en los espacios de sombra se le hacía más intenso el resplandor de las mejillas.
By Killarney's Lakes and Fells


Joyce’s Portrait

Gherardino da Borgo San Donnino, a lité web of sophistry and whispering in her ear.

—No, it was not his image. It was like the image of the young priest in whose company he had seen her last, looking at him out of dove’s eyes, toying with the pages of her Irish phrase-book.

—Yes, yes, the ladies are coming round to us. I can see it every day. The ladies are with us. The best helpers the language has.

—And the church, Father Moran?

—La Iglesia también. También va entrando por ello. Nuestra campaña hace progresos en los medios eclesiásticos. No se preocupe usted por la Iglesia.

—Bah! Había hecho bien en abandonar desdeñosamente la habitación. ¡Había hecho bien en no saludarla en la columnata de la Biblioteca! Había hecho bien en dejarla que coqueteara con su cura, que jugara con una iglesia que era la fregona de la cristianidad.

Rude: brutal anger routed the last lingering instant of ecstasy from his soul. It broke up violently her fair image and flung the fragments on all sides. On all sides distorted reflections of her image started from his memory: the flower girl in the ragged dress with damp coarse hair and a hoyden’s face who had called herself his own girl and begged his hand, the kitchen-girl in the next house who sang over the clatter of her plates, with the drawl of a country singer, the first bars of BY KILLARNEY’S LAKES AND FELLS, a girl who had laughed gaily to see him stumble when the iron

Donnino, como la de un tejedor sutil de una tela de sofismas, filtrados a susurrós en los oídos de las muchachas.

—Sí, sí, las mujeres se nos van agregando. Cada día lo noto más. Las mujeres están con nosotros. Son las mejores propagandistas de nuestro idioma.

—Y la Iglesia, Padre Morán?

—The church too. Coming round too. The work is going ahead there too. Don’t fret about the church.

Bah! he had done well to leave the room in disdain. He had done well not to salute her on the steps of the library! He had done well to leave her to flirt with her priest, to toy with a church which was the scullery-maid of christendom.

Una cólera ruda, brutal, ahuyentó de su alma los últimos vapores del éxtasis, rompiendo violentamente la dulce imagen de la amada y dispersándola en fragmentos en todas direcciones. Por todos lados surgían en el recuerdo reflejos dislocados de aquella imagen rota. La florista del vestido harapiento y el cabello húmedo y lustroso y la cara desvertiginada, que le había importunado con un ramillete «para estrenarse», dándose a sí misma el nombre de «su niña». La moza de cocina de la casa de al lado, que entre el estruendo de los platos solía cantar los primeros compases de Entre los lagos y las montañas de Killarney. Y aquella otra muchacha que se había reído de lo lindo de verle dar un trompichón, enganchado...
grating in the footpath near Cork Hill had caught the broken sole of his shoe, a girl he had glanced at, attracted by her small ripe mouth, as she passed out of Jacob’s biscuit factory, who had cried to him over her shoulder:

—Do you like what you seen of me, straight hair and curly eyebrows?

And yet he felt that, however he might revile and mock her image, his anger was also a form of homage. He had left the classroom in disdain that was not wholly sincere, feeling that perhaps the secret of her race lay behind those dark eyes upon which her long lashes flung a quick shadow. He had told himself bitterly as he walked through the streets that she was a figure of the womanhood of her country, a bat-like soul waking to the consciousness of itself in darkness and secrecy and loneliness, tarrying awhile, loveless and sinless, with her mild lover and leaving him to whisper of innocent transgressions in the latticed ear of a priest.

Joyce’s Portrait

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

The radiant image of the priest . . . life:

Y sin embargo sentía que, aunque tratara de burlarse de la imagen de ella y de envilecerla, su cólera misma no era sino una forma de homenaje. Al abandonar la clase donde se daban [255] las lecciones de irlandés, había sentido un desdén que no era totalmente sincero. ¿No sería tal vez el secreto de su raza —había pensado—, lo que ya oculto tras aquellos ojos sobre los cuales las largas pestanas derramaban relámpagos de sombra? Y a avanzar por la calle, se había dicho amargamente que ella era la verdadera representación de la feminidad de su país: alma que nace a la conciencia del propio ser, como un murciélago que se despierta abandonado y entre sombras y misterios, alma que presta por un momento oídos, sin pasión y sin pecado, a su tímido amante, pero le deja luego para ir a susurrar sus inocentes transgresiones a través de una rejilla en las orejas de un sacerdote. La cólera que sentía contra ella encontró desahogo desatándose en soeces injurias contra su rival. Su voz, su nombre, sus rasgos fisionómicos, todo en él ofendía su amor propio burlado. ¡Aquél palurdo convertido en cura, con un hermano guardia en Dublin y otro camarero en Moycullen! Y era ante aquel ser ante quien ella levantaría el velo de la timida desnudez de su alma, ante aquel ser enseñado a cumplir rutinariamente un rito formal, y no ante él, sacerdote de la eterna imaginación, capaz de transmutar el pan cotidiano de la experiencia en materia radian-te de vida imperecedera.

La imagen radiante de la euca-
eucharist united again in an instant his bitter and despairing thoughts, their cries arising unbroken in a hymn of thanksgiving.

Our broken cries and mournful lays
Rise in one eucharistic hymn

Are you not weary of ardent ways?
While sacrificing hands upraise
The chalice flowing to the brim.

Tell no more of enchanted days.

He spoke the verses aloud from the first lines till the music and rhythm suffused his mind, turning it to quiet indulgence; then copied them painfully to feel them the better by seeing them; then lay back on his bolster.

The full morning light had come. No sound was to be heard; but he knew that all around him life was about to awaken in common noises, hoarse voices, sleepy prayers. Shrinking from that life he turned towards the wall, making a cowl of the blanket and staring at the great overblown scarlet flowers of the tattered wallpaper.

He tried to warm his perishing joy in their scarlet glow, imagining a roseway from where he lay upwards to heaven all strewn with scarlet flowers. Weary! Weary! He too was weary of ardent ways.

A gradual warmth, a languorous weariness passed over him descending along his spine from his closely cowled head. He felt it descend and, seeing himself as he lay, smiled. Soon he would sleep.

He had written verses for her again after ten years. Ten years before she had worn her shawl cowlsidewise about her head, sending sprays of her warm breath into the...
night air, tapping her foot upon the glassy road. It was the last tram; the lank brown horses knew it and shook their bells to the clear night in admonition. The conductor talked with the driver, both nodding often in the green light of the lamp. They stood on the steps of the tram, he on the upper, she on the lower. She came up to his step many times between their phrases and went down again and once or twice remained beside him forgetting to go down and then went down. Let be! Let be!

Ten years from that wisdom of children to his folly. If he sent her the verses? They would be read out at breakfast amid the tapping of egg-shells. Folly indeed! Her brothers would laugh and try to wrest the page from each other with their strong hard fingers. The suave priest, her uncle, seated in his arm-chair, would hold the page at arm’s length, read it smiling and approve of the literary form.

No, no; that was folly. Even if he sent her the verses she would not show them to others. No, no; she could not.

He began to feel that he had wronged her. A sense of her innocence moved him almost to pity her, an innocence he had never understood till he had come to the knowledge of it through sin, an innocence which she too had not understood while she was innocent or before the strange humiliation of her nature had first come upon her. Then first her soul had begun to live as his soul had when he had first sinned, and a tender compassion filled his heart as he remembered her frail pallor and her eyes, humbled and piececitos repiqueteaban sobre la calle cubierta de cristales de hielo. Era el último tranvía. Los jamelgos castaños lo sabían y agitaban sus campanillas para advertirselo a la noche clara. El cobrador hablaba con el conductor y ambos hacían a menudo signos expresivos con la cabeza, a la luz verde de la lámpara. Y ella y él estaban de pie en el estrado del tranvía, él en el escalón de arriba, ella en el de abajo. Y ella había subido varias veces al escalón de él hablaban y vuelto a bajar de nuevo; y una o dos veces se había quedado al lado suyo por un rato, olvidada de volver al escalón inferior, hasta que por fin lo había hecho. ¡Bah! ¡Bah!

[257] Y ya diez años entre aquella cordura infantil y la locura presente. ¿Y si le enviara los versos? Los leerían en voz alta a la hora del desayuno, entre el descascarillen de los huevos pasados por agua. ¡Bah! ¡Locura! Sus hermanos se reirían y tratarían de arrebatabarlo uno a otro la hoja con sus dedos fuertes y rudos. Y el tío, el almirabaro, sostendría el papel con todo el brazo extendido para leerlo y aprobar con una sonrisa la forma literaria.

No, no. Era una locura. Que aun si le enviara los versos, seguramente ella no los había de enseñar a los demás. No, no: no lo haría.

Comenzó a tener la sensación de que tal vez la había juzgado injustamente. Comprendió que ella era inocente, lo comprendió de tal modo, que casi llegó a sentir piedad. Era la inocencia que él no había podido comprender hasta que había llegado a conocerla por medio del pecado, la inocencia que ella tampoco había podido comprender mientras era inocente, hasta que la extraña miseria de la naturaleza femenina había llegado por primera vez a su cuerpo. Que entonces su alma habría comenzado a vivir, del mismo modo que la de él después del primer pecado. Y una tierna piedad llenó su corazón al recordar la frágil palidez de aquellos ojos, humildes y entrístes...
saddened by the dark shame of womanhood.

While his soul had passed from ecstasy to languor where had she been? Might it be, in the mysterious ways of spiritual life, that her soul at those same moments had been conscious of his homage? It might be.

A glow of desire kindled again his soul and fired and fulfilled all his body. Conscious of his desire she was waking from odoriferous sleep, the temptress of his villanelle. Her eyes, dark and with a look of languor, were opening to his eyes. Her nakedness yielded to him, radiant, warm, odorous and lavish-limbed, enfolded him like a shining cloud, enfolded him like water with a liquid life; and like a cloud of vapour or like waters circumfluent in space the liquid letters of speech, symbols of the element of mystery, flowed forth over his brain.

Are you not weary of ardent ways, Lure of the fallen seraphim? Tell no more of enchanted days.

Your eyes have set man's heart ablaze And you have had your will of him. Are you not weary of ardent ways? Above the flame the smoke of praise Goes up from ocean rim to rim. Tell no more of enchanted days.

Our broken cries and mournful lays Rise in one eucharistic hymn. Are you not weary of ardent ways? While sacrificing hands upraise The chalice flowing to the brim. Tell no more of enchanted days. And still you hold our longing gaze With languorous look and lavish limb! Are you not weary of ardent ways? Tell no more of enchanted days.

* * * * *

What birds were they? He stood on the steps of the library to look at them, leaning wearily on his asphodel. They flew round and round the jutting shoulder of a

Y ¿dónde estaba ella mientras el alma de él había pasado del éxtasis al desfallecimiento? ¿Podría ser, por las misteriosas vías de la vida espiritual, que su alma en aquellos mismos momentos tuviera conciencia del homenaje que él le dedicaba? Podía ser.

Una llamara de deseo inflamó de nuevo su espíritu e incendió y traspasó todo su cuerpo. Consciente de aquel deseo, ella se estaba levantando de su sueño aromado, ella, la tentadora de su villanella. Sus ojos, profundos y de un lánguido mirar, se estaban abriendo hacia los ojos de él. Su desnudez se le entregaba, radiante, tibia, aromada y plena, envolviéndole en efluvios vitales como un agua. Y como una [258] nube de vapor, o como aguas que en círculos se derraman por el espacio, los signos líquidos del verbo, los símbolos del elemento misterioso fluyan otra vez del cerebro de Stephen.

¿No estás cansada de ese ardiente afán, tú, de ángeles caídos seducción? No me evoques encantos que se van. El corazón del hombre es un volcán por tus ojos que dueños suyos son. ¿No estás cansada de ese ardiente afán? Mas que el fuego tus laudes altos van, humo en el mar, desde uno a otro rincón. No me evoques encantos que se van. Nuestros gritos y layes cantarán eucarísticamente la canción. ¿No está cansada de ese ardiente afán? Mientras las manos levantando están el desbordante cáliz de pasión. No me evoques encantos que se van. Que aun, tuyos, a los ojos piedra imán, mirar lánguido y forma plena, son. ¿No estás cansada de ese ardiente afán? No me evoques encantos que se van.

* * *
Molesworth Street: joins Kildare and Dawson Streets from the front entrance to Leinster House, itself flanked by the National Library and National Museum.

He watched their flight; bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flutter of wings.

He tried to count them before all their darting quivering bodies passed: six, ten, eleven: and wondered were they odd or even in number.

Twelve, thirteen: for two came wheeling down from the upper sky. They were flying high and low but ever round and round in straight and curving lines and ever flying from left to right, circling about a temple of air.

He listened to the cries: like the squeak of mice behind the wainscot: a shrill twofold note. But the notes were long and shrill and whirring, unlike the cry of vermin, falling a third or a fourth and trilled as the flying beaks clove the air. Their cry was shrill and clear and fine and falling like threads of silken light unwound from whirring spools.

The inhuman clamour soothed his ears in which his mother’s sobs and reproaches murmured insistently and the dark frail quivering bodies wheeling and fluttering and swerving round an airy temple of the tenuous sky soothed his eyes which still saw the image of his mother’s face.

Why was he gazing upwards from the steps of the porch, hearing their shrill twofold cry, watching their flight? For an augury of good or evil? A phrase of Cornelius Agrippa:

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim (1486-1535), a German philosopher, scientist and magician, discussed methods of divination in his De Occulta Philosophia.
Agrippa flew through his mind and then there flew hither and thither shapeless thoughts from Swedenborg on the correspondence of birds to things of the intellect and of how the creatures of the air have their knowledge and know their times and seasons because they, unlike man, are in the order of their life and have not perverted that order by reason.

And for ages men had gazed upward as he was gazing at birds in flight. The colonnade above him made him think vaguely of an ancient temple and the ashplant on which he leaned wearily of the curved stick of an augur. A sense of fear of the unknown moved in the heart of his weariness, a fear of symbols and portents, of the hawk-like man whose name he bore soaring out of his captivity on osier-woven wings, of Thoth, the god of writers, writing with a reed upon a tablet and bearing on his narrow ibis head the cusped moon.

He smiled as he thought of the god’s image for it made him think of a bottlenecked judge in a wig, putting commas into a document which he held at arm’s length, and he knew that he would not have remembered the god’s name but that it was like an Irish oath. It was folly. But was it for this folly that he was about to leave for ever the house of prayer and prudence into which he had been born and the order of life out of which he had come?

They came back with shrill cries over the jutting shoulder of the house, flying darkly against the fading air. What birds were they? He thought that they
must be swallows who had come back from the south. Then he was to go away for they were birds ever going and coming, building ever an unlasting home under the eaves of men’s houses and ever leaving the homes they had built to wander.

Bend down your faces, Oona and Aleel.

I gaze upon them as the swallow gazes

Upon the nest under the eave before

He wander the loud waters.

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters flowed over his memory and he felt in his heart the soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows flying through the sea-dusk over the flowing waters.

A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal, and soft low swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret, quietly and swiftly.

Symbol of departure or of loneliness? The verses crooned in the ear of his memory composed slowly before his remembering eyes the scene of the hall on the night of the opening of the national theatre. He was alone at the side of the balcony, looking out of jaded eyes at the culture of Dublin in the stalls and at the tawdry scene-cloths and human beings who would be her gondoliers were she of the south.

Inclínad vuestros rostros, Oona y Aleel.

Yo los contemplo cual la golondrina

mira, bajo el alero, su nidal,

antes de errar sobre la mar sonora.

Una dulce y líquida alegria, como un rumor de infinitas aguas, fluya sobre su memoria. Y sentía en su corazón una dulce paz de espacios silenciosos, de tenues cielos, al atardecer, sobre las aguas, de silencios océânicos, de un volar de golondrinas a través del crepúsculo marino sobre las aguas agitadas.

¿Símbolo de partida o de soledad? Los versos canturrearlos en los oídos de su memoria le recomponían ahora lentamente delante de los ojos la escena de la sala del teatro nacional en la noche de la inauguración. Sentado, solo, en su asiento de galería lateral, contemplaba desde allí con ojos apagados la flor y nata de la sociedad de Dublín, congregada en las butacas, y las chillonas bambañas, y los muñequitos humanos.
A libel on Ireland!

Made in Germany.

Blasphemy!

We never sold our faith!

No Irish woman ever did it!

We want no amateur atheists.

We want no budding buddhists.

Joyce’s Portrait

Ir. de Dámaso Alonso

dolls framed by the garish lamps of the stage. A burly policeman sweated behind him and seemed at every moment about to act. The catechisms and hisses and mocking cries ran in rude gusts round the hall from his scattered fellow students.

— A libel on Ireland!

—¡Esto es un libelo contra Irlanda!

—Made in Germany.

—¡Fabricado en Alemania!

—Blasfemia!

—¡Jamás hemos hecho traición a nuestro ideal!

—No Irish woman ever did it!

—¡No hay mujer irlandesa que lo haya hecho!

—We want no amateur atheists.

—¡Abajo el dilettantismo ateo!

—We want no budding buddhists.

A sudden swift hiss fell from the windows above him and he knew that the electric lamps had been switched on in the reader’s room. He turned into the pillared hall, now calmly lit, went up the staircase and passed in through the clicking turnstile.

Cranly was sitting over near the dictionaries. A thick book, opened at the frontispiece, lay before him on the wooden rest. He leaned back in his chair, inclining his ear like that of a confessor to the face of the medical student who was reading to him a problem from the chess page of a book, opened at the porch of THE TABLET with an angry snap and stood up.

Cranly gazed after him, blandly and vaguely. The medical student went on in a softer voice:

—Cranly le miró tranquilamente y con aire distraído. El estudiante de medicina continuó en voz más baja:

blanding, blossoming, en flor, lozano, frondoso, vigoroso, en ciernes o en sus fecundos principios florales, faltarse mucho para la perfección, emergiendo, surgiendo

catat a shrill whistle of disapproval made at meetings etc. abucheo, a cry expressing disapproval

bland (persons) amable, suave, afable, debonair

blandowy (persons) amable, suave, afable, debonair

bland (water) tranquila, serena, <colors/music/sosos>; <food/taste> insipido; <statement/reply> anodino; <phrase/manners> insuto (mild); <food/color> suave

bland 1 a mild, not irritating, templado. b tasteless, unstimulating, insipid. 2 gentle in manner; suave, amable, afable.

Cranly estaba sentado cerca del sitio de los diccionarios. Frente a él, yacía sobre el atril de madera un grueso volumen abierto por la portada. Y Cranly, recostado en el respaldo de la silla, agrababa la oreja, como un cura en su confesionario, hacia un estudiante de medicina que le estaba leyendo un problema de ajedrez en la sección recreativa de un periódico.

Stephen se sentó a la derecha de Cranly. Un sacerdote, al otro lado de la mesa, cerró con furia el ejemplar de THE TABLET que estaba leyendo y se puso en pie.

// Cranly le miró tranquiliamente y con aire distraído. El estudiante de medicina continuó en voz más baja:

Cranly le miró tranquilamente y con aire distraído. El estudiante de medicina continuó en voz más baja:
Our men retired in good order. A parody of newspaper reportage of war.

192. Diseases of the Ox: this is apparently the title of a chapter in a book.

—Pawn to king’s fourth.

—We had better go, Dixon, said Stephen in warning. He has gone to complain.

Dixon folded the journal and rose with dignity, saying:

—Our men retired in good order.

—With guns and cattle, added Stephen, pointing to the titlepage of Cranly’s book on which was printed DISEASES OF THE OX.

As they passed through a lane of the tables, Stephen said:

—Cranly, I want to speak to you.

Cranly did not answer or turn. He laid his book on the counter and passed out, his well-shod feet sounding flatly on the floor. On the staircase he paused and gazing absently at Dixon repeated:

—Pawn to king’s bloody fourth.

—Put it that way if you like, Dixon said.

He had a quiet toneless voice and urbane manners and on a finger of his plump clean hand he displayed at moments a signet ring.

As they crossed the hall a man of dwarfish stature came towards them. Under the dome of his tiny hat his unshaven face began to smile with pleasure and he was heard to murmur. The eyes were melancholy as those of a monkey.

—Good evening, gentlemen, said the stubble-grown monkeyish face.

—Warm weather for

—Buenas tardes, caballeros —dijo aquella cara simiesca y erizada de pelos.

—Para estar en marzo, hace
March, said Cranly. They have the windows open upstairs.

Dixon smiled and turned his ring. The blackish, monkey-puckered face pursed its human mouth with gentle pleasure and its voice purred:

—Delightful weather for March. Simply delightful.

—There are two nice young ladies upstairs, captain, tired of waiting, Dixon said.

Cranly smiled and said kindly:

—The captain has only one love: sir Walter Scott. Isn’t that so, captain?

—What are you reading now, captain? Dixon asked. THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR?

—I love old Scott, the flexible lips said, I think he writes something lovely. There is no writer can touch sir Walter Scott.

He moved a thin shrunken brown hand gently in the air in time to his praise and his thin quick eyelids beat often over his sad eyes.

Sadder to Stephen’s ear was his speech: a genteel accent, low and moist, marred by errors, and, listening to it, he wondered was the story true and was the thin blood that flowed in his shrunken frame noble and come of an incestuous love?

The park trees were heavy with rain; and rain fell still and ever in the lake, lying grey like a shield. A game of swans flew there and the water and calor —dió Cranly—. Allá arriba tienen todo abierto.

Dixon se sonrió e hizo dar una vuelta a su anillo. La cara negruzca y surcada de arrugas simiescas frunció su boca humana con un gesto de sereno agradó y un murmullo de satisfacción salió de ella:

—Hace un tiempo delicioso para marzo. Sencillamente delicioso.

—¿Qué está usted leyendo ahora, capitán? —le preguntó Dixon—. ¿La novia de Lammermoor?

Y una mano desmedrada se movió suavemente en el aire para acompañar la alabanza, mientras sus párpados finos y rápidos pasaban y repasaban repetidamente sobre los ojos tristes.

Más triste aún, el sonido de aquella voz en los oídos de Stephen: dulce entonación empañada y tenue, estropeada por un constante trabucar las palabras. Stephen la escuchaba [264] y se preguntaba si sería cierta aquella historia, según la cual la sangre mezquina que corría por aquella desmedrada naturaleza era noble y fruto de un amor incestuoso.

Los árboles del parque estaban cargados de lluvia. La lluvia caía incesantemente sobre el lago, gris como un escudo de metal. Pasaba una maraña de cisnes, y el agua y la margen estaban manchadas de
the shore beneath were fouled with their green-white slime. They embraced softly,—impelled by the grey rainy light, the wet silent trees, the shield-like witnessing lake, the swans. They embraced without joy or passion, his arm about his sister’s neck. A grey woollen cloak was wrapped athwart her from her shoulder to her waist and her fair head was bent in willing shame. He had loose red-brown hair and tender shapely strong freckled hands. Face? There was no face seen. The brother’s face was bent upon her fair rain-fragrant hair. The hand freckled and strong and shapely and caressing was Davin’s hand.

He frowned angrily upon his thought and on the shrivelled mannikin who had called it forth. His father’s jibes at the Bantry gang leaped out of his memory. He held them at a distance and brooded uneasily on his own thought again. Why were they not Cranly’s hands? Had Davin’s simplicity and innocence stung him more secretly?

He walked on across the hall with Dixon, leaving Cranly to take leave elaborately of the dwarf.

Under the colonnade Temple was standing in the midst of a little group of students. One of them cried:

—Dixon, come over till you hear. Temple is in grand form.

—You’re a hypocrite, O’Keeffe, he said. And Dixon is a smiler. By hell, I think that’s a good literary expression.
He laughed slyly, looking in Stephen's face, repeating:

—By hell, I'm delighted with that name. A smiler.

A stout student who stood below them on the steps said:

—Come back to the mistress, Temple. We want to hear about that.

—He had, faith, Temple said. And he was a married man too. And all the priests used to be dining there. By hell, I think they all had a touch.

—We shall call it riding a hack to spare the hunter, said Dixon.

—Tell us, Temple, O'Keeffe said, how many quarts of porter have you in you?

—All your intellectual soul is in that phrase, O'Keeffe, said Temple with open scorn.

He moved with a shambling gait round the group and spoke to Stephen.

—Did you know that the Forsters are the kings of Belgium? he asked.

Cranly came out through the door of the entrance hall, his hat thrust back on the nape of his neck and picking his teeth with care.

And here's the wiseacre, said Temple. Do you know that about the Forsters?

He paused for an answer. Cranly dislodged a figseed from his teeth on the point of his rude toothpick and gazed at it intently.

197. they all had a touch: they all had sexual intercourse with the woman in question. a touch: sexual play or intercourse

riding a hack to spare the hunter Presumably riding a poor horse to save a good one; that is, doing the ordinary or commonplace as distinct from the attractive. Perhaps, acting with prudence or economy.

hack...hunter: ordinary horse... prize horse

shamble walk or run with a shuffling or awkward gait. walking unsteadily as if unable to lift the feet properly, andar arrastrando los pies n. a shambling gait, declinante, cansino, ???

shambles matanza, carnicería, caos, confusion , ruina, follión, desastre in shambles haciéndose añicos

the Forsters' Temple's usual camouflage for his own lack of real knowledge.

dislodge [stone, obstruction] sacar (party, ruler) desbancar = cause to fall) hacer caer to remove from or leave a lodging place, hiding place, or previously fixed position
—The Forster family, Temple said, is descended from Baldwin the First, king of Flanders. He was called the Forester. Forester and Forster are the same name. A descendant of Baldwin the First, captain Francis Forster, settled in Ireland and married the daughter of the last chieftain of Clanbrassil. Then there are the Blake Forsters. That’s a different branch.

—From Baldhead, king of Flanders, Cranly repeated, rooting again deliberately at his gleaming uncovered teeth.

—Where did you pick up all that history? O’Keeffe asked.

—I know all the history of your family, too, Temple said, turning to Stephen. Do you know what Giraldus Cambrensis says about your family?

—Is he descended from Baldwin too? asked a tall consumptive student with dark eyes.

—Baldhead, Cranly repeated, sucking at a crevice in his teeth.

—Pernobilis et pervetusta familia—dijo Temple dirigiéndose a Stephen. El estudiante regordete que estaba en los escalones, un poco más abajo que los otros, se soltó un pelito breve. Dixon se volvió hacia él y preguntó con toda suavidad:

—Did an angel speak?

Cranly turned also and said vehemently but without anger:

—Goggins, you’re the flamingest dirty devil I ever met, do you know.
Joyce's Portrait

—I had it on my mind to say that, Goggins answered firmly. It did no one any harm, did it?

—We hope, Dixon said suavely, that it was not of the kind known to science as a PAULO POST FUTURUM.

—Didn’t I tell you he was a smiler? said Temple, turning right and left. Didn’t I give him that name?

—You did. We’re not deaf, said the tall consumptive.

Cranly still frowned at the stout student below him. Then, with a snort of disgust, he shoved him violently down the steps.

—Go away from here, he said rudely. Go away, you stinkpot. And you are a stinkpot.

Goggins skipped down on to the gravel and at once returned to his place with good humour. Temple turned back to Stephen and asked:

—Do you believe in the law of heredity?

—Are you drunk or what are you or what are you trying to say? asked Cranly, facing round on him with an expression of wonder.

—The most profound sentence ever written, Temple said with enthusiasm, is the sentence at the end of the zoology. Reproduction is the beginning of death.

He touched Stephen timidly at the elbow and said eagerly:

—Do you feel how profound that is because you are a poet?

Cranly pointed his long forefinger.

—Look at him! he said with

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—Se me estaba ocurriendo hacer esa afirmación —dijo Goggins cachazudamente—. ¿He hecho daño a alguien?

—Suponemos —dijo Dixon suavemente—, que no habrá sido de la especie que la ciencia conoce como paulo post futurum.

—¿No os lo había definido como un sonreidor? —dijo Temple, volviéndose a derecha e izquierda—. ¿No os lo había dicho?

—Sí, sí. No estamos sordos —dijo el alto que parecía tísico.

Cranly miraba todavía ceñudamente al estudiante rechoncho, que seguía en los escalones debajo de él.

—¡Vete de aquí! —exclamó por fin rudamente—. ¡Vete, vaso de inmundicia! ¡Que no eres más que un vaso de inmundicia!

Goggins saltó de un brinco al sendero para volver en seguida a encaramarse, sonriente, en su sitio. Temple se volvió a Stephen y le preguntó:

—¿Cree usted en la ley de la herencia?

—¿Estás borracho o qué te pasa, o qué es todo eso que andas diciendo? —le preguntó Cranly, encarándosele de súbito con expresión de asombro.

—La sentencia más profunda que se ha escrito jamás —dijo lleno de entusiasmo Temple— es ésta con la que termina el libro de Zoología: La reproducción es el principio de la muerte.

Tocó timidamente a Stephen en el codo y añadió con viveza:

—Usted que es poeta sí que podrá comprender bien la profundidad de esta frase.

Cranly le apuntó con el dedo índice y dijo con desprecio a los otros:

—¡Miradle!
scorn to the others. Look at Ireland’s hope!

They laughed at his words and gesture. Temple turned on him bravely, saying:

—Cranly, you’re always sneering at me. I can see that. But I am as good as you any day. Do you know what I think about you now as compared with myself?

—My dear man, said Cranly urbanely, you are incapable, do you know, absolutely incapable of thinking.

—But do you know, Temple went on, what I think of you and of myself compared together?

—Out with it, Temple! the stout student cried from the steps. Get it out in bits!

Temple turned right and left, making sudden feeble gestures as he spoke.

—I’m a ballocks, he said, shaking his head in despair. I am and I know I am. And I admit it that I am.

Dixon patted him lightly on the shoulder and said mildly:

—And it does you every credit, Temple.

—But he, Temple said, pointing to Cranly, he is a ballocks, too, like me. Only he doesn’t know it. And that’s the only difference I see.

A burst of laughter covered his words. But he turned again to Stephen and said with a sudden eagerness:

—That word is a most interesting word. That’s the only English dual number.

ballocks: The word means ‘testicles’, and is here used as a form of self-denigration, the person who knows that he is of no account.

dual number: obsolete grammatical form for nouns indicating a pair

¡Contemplad la esperanza de Irlanda!

Todos los demás se echaron a reír del ademán y las palabras. Temple se volvió decididamente hacia él y exclamó:

—Cranly, tú te estás burlando siempre de mí. Lo veo. Pero yo valgo lo que tú aquí y en cualquier sitio. ¿Sabes lo que pienso de ti si te comparo conmigo mismo?

—Querido amigo — dijo Cranly en tono cortés —, eres incapaz, ¿sabes?, absolutamente incapaz de pensar.

—Pero, ¿sabes —siguió Temple — lo que pienso de ti y de mí si nos comparamos el uno con el otro?

—¡Afuera con ello, Temple! — gritó el estudiante regordete desde su puesto en los escalones —. ¡Anda, velo diciendo a cachos!

Temple se volvió a derecha e izquierda haciendo gestos vagos mientras hablaba.

—Yo soy un tío badajo — dijo meneando la cabeza con ademán pesimista —. Lo soy y sé que lo soy. Y reconozco que lo soy.

Dixon le dio una palmadita en el hombro, agregando en tono suave:

—Y esa declaración te honra.

—Pero él — continuó Temple, señalando con el dedo a Cranly —, él es un badajo también, lo mismo que yo. Sólo que no lo sabe. Y ésa es toda la diferencia que encuentro entre los dos.

Una explosión de risotadas cubrió la última frase. Pero él se volvió a Stephen, y dijo con una repentina excitación:

—Es una palabra muy interesante: badajo. ¿Sabía usted que esa palabra tiene una difusión geográfica muy interesante? ¿Lo
Did you know?

—Is it? Stephen said vaguely.

He was watching Cranly’s firm-featured suffering face, lit up now by a smile of false patience. The gross name had passed over it like foul water poured over an old stone image, patient of injuries; and, as he watched him, he saw him raise his hat in salute and uncover the black hair that stood stiffly from his forehead like an iron crown.

She passed out from the porch of the library and bowed across Stephen in reply to Cranly’s greeting. He also? Was there not a slight flush on Cranly’s cheek? Or had it come forth at Temple’s words? The light had waned. He could not see.

Did that explain his friend’s listless silence, his harsh comments, the sudden intrusions of rude speech with which he had shattered so often Stephen’s ardent wayward confessions? Stephen had forgiven freely for he had found this rudeness also in himself. And he remembered an evening when he had dismounted from a borrowed creaking bicycle to pray to God in a wood near Malahide. He had lifted up his arms and spoken in ecstasy to the sombre nave of the trees, knowing that he stood on holy ground and in a holy hour. And when two constabulary men had come into sight round a bend in the gloomy road he had broken off his prayer to whistle loudly an air from the last pantomime.

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He began to beat the frayed end of his ashplant against the base of a column.
pillar. Had Cranly not heard him? Yet he could wait. The talk about him ceased for a moment and a soft hiss fell again from a window above. But no other sound was in the air and the swallows whose flight he had followed with idle eyes were sleeping.

She had passed through the dusk. And therefore the air was silent save for one soft hiss that fell. And therefore the tongues about him had ceased their babble. Darkness was falling.

 Darkness falls from the air.

A trembling joy, lambent as a faint light, played like a fairy host around him. But why? Her passage through the darkening air or the verse with its black vowels and its opening sound, rich and lutelike?

He walked away slowly towards the deeper shadows at the end of the colonnade, beating the stone softly with his stick to hide his reverie from the students whom he had left: and allowed his mind to summon back to itself the age of Dowland and Byrd and Nash.

Eyes, opening from the darkness of desire, eyes that dimmed the breaking east. What was their languid grace but the softness of chambering? And what was their shimmer but the shimmer of the scum that mantled the cesspool of the court of a slobbering Stuart. And he tasted in the language of memory ambered wines, dying fallings of sweet airs, the proud pavan, and saw with the eyes of memory darkness falling.

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A louse crawled over the nape of his neck and, putting his thumb and forefinger deftly beneath his loose collar, he caught it. He rolled its body, tender yet brittle as a grain of rice, between thumb and finger for an instant before he let it fall from him and wondered if it would live or die. There came to his mind a curious phrase from Cornelius a Lapide which said that the lice born of human sweat were not created by God with the other animals on the sixth day. But the tickling of the skin of his neck made his mind raw and red. The life of his body, mal vestido, mal

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kind gentlewomen in Covent Garden wooing from their balconies with sucking mouths and the pox-fouled wenchers of the taverns and young wives that, gaily yielding to their ravishers, clipped and clipped again.

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure. They were secret and inflaming but her image was not entangled by them. That was not the way to think of her. It was not even the way in which he thought of her. Could his mind then not trust itself? Old phrases, sweet only with a disinterred sweetness like the figseeds Cranly rooted out of his gleaming teeth.

It was not thought nor vision though he knew vaguely that her figure was passing homeward through the city. Vaguely first and then more sharply he smelt her body. A conscious unrest seethed in his blood. Yes, it was her body he smelt, a wild and languid smell, the tepid limbs over which his music had flowed desirously and the secret soft linen upon which her flesh distilled odour and a dew.

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210. clipped: had sexual intercourse.

No le producían placer estas imágenes. Tenían un encanto íntimo y abrasado, pero de ella quedaba señera, aislada de toda esta barabúnda. Tales pensamientos iban mal con su imagen; cuando pensaba en ella, lo hacía de modo distinto. ¿No había, pues, ni aun fuiste de la mente propia? Frases rancias, dulces sólo con una dulzura exhumada, como los granitos de higo que Cranly se extraía de entre sus dientes esmaltados.

Tenía una vaga conciencia de que ella avanzaba a través de la ciudad, de regreso a casa; pero ni los ojos lo veían ni lo pensaba el cerebro. El aroma de su cuerpo fue llegando, dudosamente al principio, después neto y claro. Una consciente intranquilidad comenzó a herir en la sangre de Stephen. Sí, era el aroma del cuerpo de ella, un aroma lánguido y salvaje. Tíbio calor de los miembros sobre los que la música de los versos había fluido anhelante. Y dulces ropas íntimas sobre las que su carne manaba un rocio y un perfume.

Algo le andaba por la nuca. Metió diestramente el índice y el pulgar por debajo del amplio cuello y lo cogió: un piojo. Restregó entre sus dedos por un instante aquel cuerpecillo tierno, pero quebradizo como un grano de arroz, y lo dejó caer por fin mientras se preguntaba si seguiría viviendo o moriría. Y recordó una frase curiosa de Cornelio a Lápide, según la cual, los piojos procedían del sudor del hombre y no habían sido criados por Dios en el día sexto al mismo tiempo [271] que los otros animales. La piel de la nuca le escocía y la alma con ella. La vida de su cuerpo, mal vestido, mal

211. Cornelius a Lapide ... sixth day: Lapide (1567-1637), a Flemish Jesuit, claimed that lice, flies, maggots and the like were not created directly by God but by spontaneous generation, as lice from sweat.

Cornelius a Lapide (1567-1637) A Jesuit writer.
of his body, ill clad, ill fed, louse-eaten, made him close his eyelids in a sudden spasm of despair and in the darkness he saw the brittle bright bodies of lice falling from the air and turning often as they fell. Yes, and it was not darkness that fell from the air. It was brightness.

Brightness falls from the air.

He had not even remembered rightly Nash’s line. All the images it had awakened were false. His mind bred vermin. His thoughts were lice born of the sweat of sloth.

He came back quickly along the colonnade towards the group of students. Well then, let her go and be damned to her! She could love some clean athlete who washed himself every morning to the waist and had black hair on his chest. Let her.

Cranly had taken another dried fig from the supply in his pocket and was eating it slowly and noisily. Temple sat on the pediment of a pillar, leaning back, his cap pulled down on his sleepy eyes. A squat young man came out of the porch, a leather portfolio tucked under his armpit. He marched towards the group, striking the flags with the heels of his boots and with the ferrule of his heavy umbrella. Then, raising the umbrella in salute, he said to all:

—Good evening, sirs.

—¡Buenas tardes, señores!

He struck the flags again and tittered while his head trembled with a slight nervous movement. The tall consumptive student and Dixon and O’Keeffe were speaking in Irish and did not answer him. Then, turning to Cranly, he said:

Cranly had sacado otro higo seco de la provisión que llevaba en el bolsillo y se lo estaba comiendo despaciously y ruidosamente. Temple se había sentado sobre la base de una columna y estaba recostado en ella con la gorra calada hasta los ojos adormilados. Un joven regordete apareció en la puerta de la Biblioteca con una cartera de papeles bajo el brazo. Marchaba hacia el grupo, golpeando las losas con los tacones y con la contera de un pesado paraguas. Levantó el paraguas, saludando, y dijo a todos:

Golpeó otra vez las losas y se puso a reír entre dientes mientras la cabeza le temblaba con un ligero movimiento nervioso. El estudiante alto de aspecto físico, Dixon y O’Keeffe se habían puesto a hablar en irlandés y no le contestaron al saludo. Entonces, volviéndose hacia Cranly, dijo:
—Good evening, particularly to you.

He moved the umbrella in indication and tittered again. Cranly, who was still chewing the fig, answered with loud movements of his jaws.

—Good? Yes. It is a good evening.

The squat student looked at him seriously and shook his umbrella gently and reprovingly.

—I can see, he said, that you are about to make obvious remarks.

—Um, Cranly answered, holding out what remained of the half chewed fig and jerking it towards the squat student’s mouth in sign that he should eat.

The squat student did not eat it but, indulging his special humour, said gravely, still tittering and prodding his phrase with his umbrella:

—Do you intend that?

He broke off, pointed bluntly to the munched pulp of the fig, and said loudly:

—I allude to that.

—Um, Cranly said as before.

—Do you intend that now, the squat student said, as ipso facto or, let us say, as so to speak?

Dixon turned aside from his group, saying:

—Goggins was waiting for you, Glynn. He has gone round to the Adelphi to look for you and Moynihan. What have you there? he asked, tapping the portfolio under Glynn’s arm.

—Buenas tardes a ti en particular.

Movió el paraguas apuntándole y se volvió a reír entre dientes. Cranly, que estaba todavía masticando un higo, contestó con un sonoro movimiento de sus mandíbulas.

—¿Buenas? Sí. Hace una tarde muy buena.

El estudiante regordete se le quedó mirando con aire serio y menéó ligeramente su paraguas a manera de reproche.

—Te veo en plan de hacer resaltar verdades palmarias.

—¡Umm! —contestó Cranly sosteniendo lo que quedaba del higo a medio mascar y casi metiéndose por la boca al otro para darle a entender que debía probarlo.

El estudiante regordete no aceptó la invitación. Y como si disculpar la humor especial de Cranly, dijo con dignidad, aunque sin dejar su risilla, y acompañando su frase con el paraguas:

—¿Quieres decir que...?

Se detuvo, apuntó bruscamente a la carne del higo a medio mascar y dijo en voz alta:

—Me refiero a eso.

—¡Umm! —profirió como antes Cranly.

—Bueno. ¿Y qué quieres decir con eso?, ¿qué ha de ser ipso facto, o, como si dijéramos, por decirlo así?

Dixon se separó de su grupo y se aproximó, diciendo:

—Oye, Glynn, Goggins te está esperando. Ha ido al Adelphi a buscaros a ti y a Moynihan.

¿Qué traes ahí? —le preguntó, dando con la mano en la cartera que Glynn llevaba bajo el brazo.
—Examination papers, Glynn answered. I give them monthly examinations to see that they are profiting by my tuition.

He also tapped the portfolio and coughed gently and smiled.

—Tuition! said Cranly rudely. I suppose you mean the barefooted children that are taught by a bloody ape like you. God help them!

He bit off the rest of the fig and flung away the butt.

—I suffer little children to come unto me, Glynn said amiably.

—A bloody ape, Cranly repeated with emphasis, and a blasphemous bloody ape!

Temple stood up and, pushing past Cranly, addressed Glynn:

—That phrase you said now, he said, is from the new testament about suffer the children to come to me.

—Go to sleep again, Temple, said O’Keeffe.

—Very well —continued Temple, still addressing Glynn, and if Jesus suffered the children to come why does the church send them all to hell if they die unbaptized? Why is that?

—Were you baptized yourself, Temple? the consumptive student asked.

—But why are they sent to hell if Jesus said they were all to come? Temple said, his eyes searching Glynn’s eyes.

Glynn coughed and said gently, holding back with difficulty the nervous titter:

—Ejercicios de examen —contestó Glynn—. Les hago sufrir un examen mensual para estar al tanto del provecho que sacan de mi enseñanza.

Dio también un golpecito sobre la cartera y se sonrió suavemente.

—¡Enseñanza! —exclamó Cranly—. Supongo que te refieres a esos arrapipezos descalzos que van a que les enseñe un molido mico como tú. ¡Que el Señor les tenga de su mano!

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Mordió lo que le quedaba del higo y arrojó el rabillo lejos de sí.

—Dejo que los niños se acerquen a mí —dijo Glynn con toda amabilidad.

—Un molido mico —repitió Cranly con énfasis —y además de molido, blasfemo.

Temple se puso en pie; apartó a Cranly, y dijo, dirigiéndose a Glynn:

—La frase que acaba usted de pronunciar, es la frase del Evangelio: Dejad que los niños se acerquen a mí.

—¡Vuélvete a dormir, Temple! —dijo O’Keeffe.

—Muy bien —continuó Temple, dirigiéndose aún a Glynn—; y entonces, si Jesús permitía que los niños se le acercaran, ¿por qué la Iglesia los envía a todos al infierno, si mueren sin estar bautizados? ¿Por qué razón?

—Pero, oye, ¿acaso estás tú bautizado, Temple? —le preguntó el estudiante que parecía tísico.

—Pues bien, ¿por qué me los mandan al infierno si Jesús ha permitido que se le acercaran todos, sin excepción?

Glynn tosió y dijo suavemente, reprimiendo con dificultad su sonrisilla nerviosa.
Saint Augustine did affirm the condemnation of unbaptized children in De Correctione et Gratia (Admonition and Grace).

limbo: Region on the border of Hell where pre-Christian good men and unbaptized infants are confined.

sugan: properly, ‘sugán’, Irish for a straw rope. sugan: rope made of straw (Irish)

Grey spouse of Satan: sin.

—And, as you remark, if it is thus, I ask emphatically whence comes this thusness.

—Because the church is cruel like all old sinners, Temple said.

—Are you quite orthodox on that point, Temple? Dixon said suavely.

—Saint Augustine says that about unbaptized children going to hell, Temple answered, because he was a cruel old sinner too.

—I bow to you, Dixon said, but I had the impression that limbo existed for such cases.

—Don’t argue with him, Dixon, Cranly said brutally. Don’t talk to him or look at him. Lead him home with a sugan the way you’d lead a bleating goat.

—Limbo! Temple cried. That’s a fine invention too. Like hell.

—But with the unpleasantness left out, Dixon said. He turned smiling to the others and said:

—Think I am voicing the opinions of all present in saying so much.

—You are, Glynn said in a firm tone. On that point Ireland is united.

He struck the ferrule of his umbrella on the stone floor of the colonnade.

—Hell, Temple said. I can respect that invention of the grey
spouse of Satan. Hell is Roman, like the walls of the Romans, strong and ugly. But what is limbo?

—Put him back into the perambulator, Cranly, O’Keeffe called out.

Cranly made a swift step towards Temple, halted, stamping his foot, crying as if to a fowl:

—Hoosh!

Temple moved away nimbly.

—Do you know what limbo is? he cried. Do you know what we call a notion like that in Roscommon?

—Hoosh! Blast you! Cranly cried, clapping his hands.

—Neither my arse nor my elbow! Temple cried out scornfully. And that’s what I call limbo.

—Give us that stick here, Cranly said. He snatched the ashplant roughly from Stephen’s hand and sprang down the steps: but Temple, hearing him move in pursuit, fled through the dusk like a wild creature, nimble and fleet-footed. Cranly’s heavy boots were heard loudly charging across the quadrangle and then returning heavily, foiled and spurning the gravel at each step.

His step was angry and with an angry abrupt gesture he thrust the stick back into Stephen’s hand. Stephen felt that his anger had another cause but, feigning patience, touched his arm slightly and said quietly:

—Cranly, I told you I wanted to speak to you. Come
They crossed the quadrangle together without speaking. The bird call from Siegfried whistled softly followed them from the steps of the porch. Cranly turned, and Dixon, who had whistled, called out:

—Where are you fellows off to? What about that game, Cranly?

They parleyed in shouts across the still air about a game of billiards to be played in the Adelphi hotel. Stephen walked on alone and out into the quiet of Kildare Street opposite Maple’s hotel he stood to wait, patient again. The name of the hotel, a colourless polished wood, and its colourless front stung him like a glance of polite disdain. He stared angrily back at the softly lit drawing-room of the hotel in which he imagined the sleek lives of the patricians of Ireland housed in calm. They thought of army commissions and land agents: peasants greeted them along the roads in the country; they knew the names of certain French dishes and gave orders to jarvies in high-pitched provincial voices which pierced through their skin-tight accents.

How could he hit their conscience or how cast his shadow over the imaginations of their daughters, before their squires begat upon them, that they might breed a race less ignoble than...
his greeting to him under the porch. Stephen is still smarting under the fact that E-C- had acknowledged Cranly but not him when they met. His arm was taken in a strong grip and Cranly’s voice said:

—Let us eke go.

They walked southward in silence. Then Cranly said:

—That blithering idiot. X

But his voice was no longer angry and Stephen wondered was he thinking of her greeting to him under the porch.

They turned to the left and walked on as before. When they had gone on so for some time Stephen said:

—Cranly, I had an unpleasant quarrel this evening.

—With your people? Cranly asked.

—With my mother.

—About religion?

—Yes, Stephen answered.

After a pause Cranly asked:
—What age is your mother?

—Not old, Stephen said. She wishes me to make my easter duty.

—And will you?

—I will not, Stephen said.

—Why not? Cranly said.

—I will not serve, answered Stephen.

—That remark was made before, Cranly said calmly.

—It is made behind now, said Stephen hotly.

Cranly pressed Stephen’s arm, saying:

—Go easy, my dear man. You’re an excitable bloody man, do you know.

He laughed nervously as he spoke and, looking up into Stephen’s face with moved and friendly eyes, said:

—Do you know that you are an excitable man?

—I daresay I am, said Stephen, laughing also.

Their minds, lately estranged, seemed suddenly to have been drawn closer, one to the other.

—Do you believe in the eucharist? Cranly asked.

—I do not, Stephen said.

—Do you disbelieve then?

—I neither believe in it nor disbelieve in it, Stephen answered.

—Many persons have doubts, even religious persons, yet they overcome them or put...
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— I do not wish to overcome them, Stephen answered.

Cranly, *embarrassed* for a moment, took another fig from his pocket and was about to eat it when Stephen said:

— Don’t, please. You cannot discuss this question with your mouth full of chewed fig.

Cranly examined the fig by the light of a lamp under which he halted. Then he smelt it with both nostrils, bit a tiny piece, spat it out and threw the fig rudely into the *gutter*.

Addressing it as it lay, he said:

— *Depart* from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!

Taking Stephen’s arms, he went on again and said:

— Do you not fear that those words may be spoken to you on the day of Judgement?

— What is offered me on the other hand? Stephen asked. An eternity of bliss in the company of the dean of studies?

— Remember, Cranly said, that he would be glorified.

— Ay, Stephen said somewhat bitterly, *bright, agile, impassible and above all, subtle*.

— It is a curious thing, do you know, Cranly said dispassionately, how your mind is supersaturated with the religion in which you say you disbelieve. Did you believe in it when you were at school? I bet you did.

— I did, Stephen answered.

— And were you happier...

¿Cómo es posible esto en Dámaso Alonso?
then? Cranly asked softly, happier than you are now, for instance?

—Often happy, Stephen said, and often unhappy. I was someone else then.

—How someone else? What do you mean by that statement?

—I mean, said Stephen, that I was not myself as I am now, as I had to become.

—Not as you are now, not as you had to become, Cranly repeated. Let me ask you a question. Do you love your mother?

Stephen shook his head slowly.

—I don’t know what your words mean, he said simply.

—Have you never loved anyone? Cranly asked.

—Do you mean women?

—I am not speaking of that, Cranly said in a colder tone. I ask you if you ever felt love towards anyone or anything?

Stephen walked on beside his friend, staring gloomily at the footpath.

—I tried to love God, he said at length. It seems now I failed. It is very difficult. I tried to unite my will with the will of God instant by instant. In that I did not always fail. I could perhaps do that still—

Cranly cut him short by asking:

—Has your mother had a happy life?

—How do I know? Stephen said.
—How many children had she?

—Nine or ten, Stephen answered. Some died.

—Was your...father
Cranly interrupted himself for an instant, and then said:
I don't want to pry into your family affairs. But was your father what is called well-to-do? I mean, when you were growing up?

—Yes, Stephen said.

—What was he?
Cranly asked after a pause.

Stephen began to enumerate glibly his father's attributes.

—A medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a story-teller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a tax-gatherer, a bankrupt and at present a praiser of his own past.

Cranly laughed, tightening his grip on Stephen's arm, and said:

—The distillery is damn good.

—Is there anything else you want to know? Stephen asked.

—Are you in good circumstances at present?

—Do, look it? Stephen asked bluntly.

—So then, Cranly went on musingly, you were born in the lap of luxury.

He used the phrase broadly and loudly as he often used technical
expressions, as if he wished his hearer to understand that they were used by him without conviction.

—Your mother must have gone through a good deal of suffering, he said then. Would you not try to save her from suffering more even if for would you?

—If I could, Stephen said, that would cost me very little.

—Then do so, Cranly said. Do as she wishes you to do. What is it for you? You disbelieve in it.

It is a form: nothing else. And you will set her mind at rest.

He ceased and, as Stephen did not reply, remained silent. Then, as if giving utterance to the process of his own thought, he said:

—Whatever else is unsure in this stinking dunghill of a world a mother’s love is not. Your mother brings you into the world, carries you first in her body. What do we know about what she feels? But whatever she feels, it, at least, must be real. It must be. What are our ideas or ambitions? Play. Ideas! Why, that bloody bleating goat Temple has ideas. MacCann has ideas too. Every jackass [idiot] going the roads thinks he has ideas.

Stephen, who had been listening to the unspeched speech behind the words, said with assumed carelessness:

—Pascal, if I remember rightly, would not suffer his mother to kiss him as he feared the contact of her sex.

—Tu madre ha debido de sufrir mucho en esta vida — agregó al cabo de un momento—. ¿No querrías evitarle nuevos sufrimientos aunque…?

¿No lo querrías?

—Si ello fuera posible — contestó Stephen—, no me sería preciso violentarme mucho por mi parte.

—Pues entonces — replicó Cranly—, haz lo que desea. ¿Qué te cuesta? No crees en ello. Pero es sólo una cuestión de forma, nada más. Y en cambio le vas a proporcionar una satisfacción espiritual.

Se detuvo, y viendo que Stephen no respondía continuó callado. Por fin, dijo, como si estuviera dando expresión a su propio proceso mental:

—Si hay algo seguro en este apestoso estercolero del mundo, es el amor de una madre. Tu madre te trae al mundo; te lleva primero dentro de su cuerpo mismo. ¿Qué es lo que sabemos acerca de sus sentimientos? Pero, sea lo que sea, lo que ella siente es, por lo menos, algo verdadero. Tiene que serlo. ¿Qué son nuestras ideas y nuestras ambiiciones? ¿Pamplinas! ¡Nuestras ideas! Mira: ese granísimo cabra de Temple tiene ideas. Mac Cann tiene ideas también. No hay un condenado borrico por esas tierras de Dios que no piense que tiene ideas.

Stephen, que había estado prestando oído al silencioso lenguaje oculto tras de aquellas palabras, dijo por fin con afectado descuido:

—Pascal, si mal no recuerdo, no podía tolerar que su madre le besara de miedo al contacto del sexo de ella.
—Pascal was a pig, said Cranly.

—Aloysius Gonzaga, I think, was of the same mind, Stephen said.

—And he was another pig then, said Cranly.

—The church calls him a saint, Stephen objected.

—I don’t care a flaming damn what anyone calls him, Cranly said rudely and flatly. I call him a pig.

Stephen, preparing the words neatly in his mind, continued:

—Jesus, too, seems to have treated his mother with scant courtesy in public but Suarez, a Jesuit theologian and Spanish gentleman, has apologized for him.

—Did the idea ever occur to you, Cranly asked, that Jesus was not what he pretended to be?

—The first person to whom that idea occurred, Stephen answered, was Jesus himself.

—I mean, Cranly said, hardening in his speech, did the idea ever occur to you that he was himself a conscious hypocrite, what he called the Jews of his time, a whited sepulchre? Or, to put it more plainly, that he was a blackguard?

—That idea never occurred to me, Stephen answered. But I am curious to know are you trying to make a convert of me or a pervert of yourself?

He turned towards his friend’s face and saw there a raw smile which some force of will strove to make finely significant.

Cranly asked suddenly in

joyce’s portrait  tr. de d‘amaso alonso

—Pascal era un cerdo — dijo Cranly.

—Creo que San Luis Gonzaga era de la misma opinión.

—Pues era otro cerdo — afirmó Cranly.

—La Iglesia le llama santo — objetó Stephen.

—Se me importa un piñonero comino de lo que le llamén — dijo o lisa y llanamente Cranly—. Para mí es un cerdo.

[281] Stephen, preparando cuidadosamente cada palabra, antes de ser proferida, dijo:

—También parece que Jesús trató a su madre en público con escasa cortesía. Pero Suárez, teólogo jesuita y caballero español le defiende.

—¿No se te ha ocurrido nunca pensar que Jesús no era lo que pretendía ser? —preguntó Cranly.

—La primera persona a quien se le ocurrió eso fue al mismo Jesús.

—Quiero decir — dijo con tono más decidido Cranly—, si se te ha ocurrido alguna vez pensar que fuese conscientemente hipócrita, que fuese lo que los judíos de aquel tiempo llamaban un sepulcro blanqueado. O, más claramente aún: que fuese un sinvergüenza.

—Nunca se me ha ocurrido pensar en eso — contestó Stephen—. Pero lo que quisiera saber es si de lo que tratas es de convertirme a mí o de prevenirtene a ti mismo.

Se volvió hacia su amigo, en cuya cara se estaba dibujando una desapacible sonrisa a la cual un esfuerzo de la voluntad trataba de dar un fino matiz expresivo.
a plain sensible tone:

—Tell me the truth. Were you at all shocked by what I said?

—Somewhat, Stephen said.

—And why were you shocked, Cranly pressed on in the same tone, if you feel sure that our religion is false and that Jesus was not the son of God?

—I am not at all sure of it, Stephen said. He is more like a son of God than a son of Mary.

—And is that why you will not communicate, Cranly asked, because you are not sure of that too, because you feel that the host, too, may be the body and blood of the son of God and not a wafer of bread? And because you fear that it may be?

—Yes, Stephen said quietly, I feel that and I also fear it.

—I see, Cranly said.

Stephen, struck by his tone of closure, reopened the discussion at once by saying:

—I fear many things: dogs, horses, fire-arms, the sea, thunder-storms, machinery, the country roads at night.

—But why do you fear a bit of bread?

—I imagine, Stephen said, that there is a malevolent reality behind those things I say I fear.

—Do you fear then, Cranly asked, that the God of the Roman catholics would strike you dead and damn you if you

—Tell me the truth: ¿Te ha escandalizado lo que acabo de decir?

—Algo —contestó Stephen.

—¿Y por qué te ha escandalizado? —insistió Cranly—, si sabes con certeza que nuestra religión es falsa y que Jesús no es el hijo de Dios.

—No lo sé con certeza ni mucho menos —contestó Stephen—. Más bien parece hijo de Dios que hijo de María.

—¿Y es ésa la causa por la que no quieres comulgar? —preguntó Cranly—, ¿porque no estás seguro tampoco de eso, porque temes que la hostia pueda ser el cuerpo y la sangre de Dios, en lugar de ser simplemente un pedazo de pan sin levadura? ¿Porque tienes miedo de que pueda ser así?

—Sí —contestó tranquilamente Stephen—, por eso. Porque siento y temo que pueda ser así.

—Lo comprendo —dijo Cranly.

Stephen, impresionado por el tono definitivo de estas palabras, volvió a abrir inmediatamente la discusión, diciendo:

—Hay muchas cosas a las que tengo miedo: a los perros, a los caballos, a las armas de fuego, al mar, a las tormentas, a las maquinarias, a los caminos en despoblado por la noche.

—Pero, ¿por qué tienes miedo a un pedazo de pan?

—Se me figura —dijo Stephen— que hay una realidad maligna oculta detrás de estas cosas a las cuales temo.

—¿Es que tienes miedo, según eso, a que el Dios de los católicos te deje muerto en el acto y
made a sacrilegious communion?

—The God of the Roman catholics could do that now, Stephen said. I fear more than that the chemical action which would be set up in my soul by a false homage to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veneration.

—Would you, Cranly asked, in extreme danger, commit that particular sacrilege? For instance, if you lived in the penal days?

—I cannot answer for the past, Stephen replied. Possibly not.

—Then, said Cranly, you do not intend to become a protestant?

—I said that I had lost the faith, Stephen answered, but not that I had lost self-respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake [abandon] an absurdity which is logical and coherent and to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?

They had walked on towards the township of Pembroke and now, as they went on slowly along the avenues, the trees and the scattered lights in the villas soothed their minds. The air of wealth and repose diffused about them seemed to comfort their neediness. Behind a hedge of laurel a light glimmered in the window of a kitchen and the voice of a servant was heard singing as she sharpened knives. She sang, in short broken bars:

Rosie O'Grady.

Cranly stopped to listen, saying:

—Rosie O'Grady.

—Mulier cantat.

The soft beauty of the Latin made a sacrilegious communion?

—El Dios de los católicos podría hacerlo si quisiera. Pero lo que temo más que eso es la acción química que se desarrollaría en mi alma a consecuencia de rendir un homenaje fingido a un símbolo tras del cual están conglomeraos veinte siglos de autoridad y de veneración.

—¿Serías capaz —preguntó Cranly— de cometer tal sacrilegio en caso de extremo peligro? Por ejemplo, ¿si vivieras en los días en que había una sanción penal?

—No puedo contestar para tiempos pasados. Posiblemente no.

—Pero —dijo Cranly—, ¿no irás a hacerte protestante?

—Te he dicho que he perdido la fe —contestó Stephen— pero no que haya perdido el respeto a mí mismo. ¿Qué clase de liberación sería ésa de abandonar un absurdo que es lógico y coherente para abrazar otro ilógico e incoherente?

Habían seguido caminando hacia Pembroke. Y, según iban avanzando a lo largo de las avenidas, parecía que los árboles y las luces, esparcidas aquí y allá por las quintas, les confortaban el espíritu. El ambiente de riqueza y de tranquilidad difundido en torno de ellos parecía remediar su propia indigencia. Tras un seto de laurel brillaba la luz de la ventana de una cocina y se oía la voz de una criada que estaba cantando [283] mientras asilaba cuchillos. Cantaba a compases cortos y entrecortados:
word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening, with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman’s hand. The strife of their minds was quelled. The figure of a woman as she appears in the liturgy of the church passed silently through the darkness: a white-robed figure, small and slender as a boy, and with a falling girdle. Her voice, frail and high as a boy’s, was heard intoning from a distant choir the first words of a woman which pierce the gloom and clamber of the first chanting of the passion:

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And all hearts were touched and turned to her voice, shining like a young star, shining clearer as the voice intoned the proparoxytone and more faintly as the cadence died.

The singing ceased. They went on together, Cranly repeating in strongly stressed rhythm the end of the refrain:

And when we are married, O, how happy we’ll be
For I love sweet Rosie O’Grady
And Rosie O’Grady loves me.

—There’s real poetry for you, he said. There’s real love.

He glanced sideways at Stephen with a strange smile and said:

—Do you consider that poetry? Or do you know what the words mean?

—I want to see Rosie first, said Stephen.

—She’s easy to find, Cranly said.

His hat had come down on labra latina rozó la oscuridad de la noche con un roce más tenue y más persuasivo que el de la música o el de una mano de mujer. Y las almas de ambos quedaron quietas. A través de la oscuridad pasaba silenciosamente la figura de una mujer tal como aparece en la liturgia de la Iglesia: vestida de blanco, débil y esbelta como un muchacho, el ceñidor amplio y caído. Desde un coro distante llegaba su voz, frágil y de timbre agudo como la de un niño: primeras palabras de mujer que atraviesan por entre el misterio y el clamor de la pasión del Domingo de Ramos.

—Y todos los corazones se sentían conmovidos y se volvían hacia aquella voz radiante como una estrella nueva, como una estrella que brillara con más claros respaldores hacia la mitad de las palabras, y más débilmente al expirar de la cadencia.

La canción cesó. Siguieron adelante mientras Cranly repetía el fin del estribillo haciendo resaltar el ritmo fuertemente:

And when we are married,
¡oh, qué feliz la vida así!
Que amo a la dulce Rosie O’Grady
y Rosie O’Grady me ama a mí.

—Eso sí que es verdadera poesía —dijo—. Eso sí que es verdadero amor.

Miró de lado a Stephen con una extraña sonrisa y añadió:

—¿Crees que eso es poesía? Comprendes el sentido de las palabras?

—Lo que quiero es encontrar a Rosie primero —contestó Stephen.

—Es fácil de encontrar —dijo Cranly.
his forehead. He **shoved** it back and in the shadow of the trees Stephen saw his pale face, framed by the dark, and his large dark eyes. Yes. His face was handsome and his body was strong and hard. He had spoken of a mother’s love. He felt then the sufferings of women, the weaknesses of their bodies and souls; and would **shield** them with a strong and resolute arm and bow his mind to them.

Away then: it is time to go. A voice spoke softly to Stephen’s lonely heart, bidding him go and telling him that his friendship was coming to an end. Yes; he would go. He could not strive against another. He knew his part.

—**Probably I shall go away,** he said.

—**Where?** Cranly asked.

—**Where I can,** Stephen said.

—**Yes,** Cranly said. It might be difficult for you to live here now. But is it that makes you go?

—**I have to go,** Stephen answered.

—Because, Cranly continued, you need not look upon yourself as driven away if you do not wish to go or as a heretic or an outlaw. There are many good believers who think as you do. Would that surprise you? The church is not the stone building nor even the clergy and their dogmas. It is the whole mass of those born into it. I don’t know what you wish to do in life. Is it what you told me the night we were standing outside **Harcourt** Street station?

—**Yes,** Stephen said, smiling in spite of himself at Cranly’s way of remembering thoughts in do hasta la frente. Se lo echó hacia atrás y bajo la sombra de los árboles pudo Stephen ver la frente pálida y encuadrada en la oscuridad de Cranly, y sus grandes y profundos ojos. Sí. Su rostro era hermoso, y su cuerpo fuerte y recio. Había estado hablando del amor maternal. Podía por tanto comprender los sufrimientos de las mujeres, la debilidad de sus cuerpos y de sus almas. Y sabría defenderlas con brazo fuerte y resultado, e inclinar ante ellas su espíritu.

—**¿Partir, pues? ¡Era tiempo de partir!** Una voz estaba aconsejando en voz baja al solitario corazón de Stephen, invitándole a partir y anunciándole que aquella amistad estaba tocando a su término. Sí: se iría. No podía luchar contra otro. Sabía bien cuál era su papel.

—**—Probably me iré —** dijo.

—**—¡A dónde? —** preguntó Cranly.

—**—A donde pueda —** contestó Stephen.

—**—Sí —** dijo Cranly—. Te podría resultar difícil el vivir aquí ahora. ¿Pero es ésa la causa de que te vayas?

—**—Tengo que irme —** contestó Stephen.

—**—Porque creo —** continuó Cranly—, que si no sientes ganas de irte, no te debes considerar arrojado como un hereje o un proscrito. Hay muchos buenos creyentes que piensan como tú. ¿Qué, te sorprende? La Iglesia no es el edificio de piedra, ni los curas, ni sus dogmas. La Iglesia es la masa total de los que han nacido dentro de ella. No sé qué es lo que pretiendes hacer en esta vida. ¿Es lo que me dijiste aquella noche que estábamos al lado de la estación de Harcourt Street?

—**—Sí —** contestó Stephen sonriendo a pesar suyo, ante aquella manía de Cranly de recorrer ideas asociándolas siem-
241. Sallygap to Larras: Sallygap, in the Wicklow mountains, is linked most directly to Larras (or Larragh), eight miles south, by a military road.

242. Talavera ... saddlebow: these ways of killing a king were approved, in certain circumstances, by the Spanish Jesuit Juan Mariana de Talavera (1536-1623).

Sallygap to Larras: Sallygap, in the Wicklow mountains, is linked most directly to Larras (or Larragh), eight miles south, by a military road.

—Pothead! Cranly said with calm contempt. What does he know about the way from Sallygap to Larras? Or what does he know about anything for that matter? And the big slobbering washing-pot head of him!

He broke into a loud long laugh.

—Well? Stephen said. Do you remember the rest?

What you said, is it? Cranly asked. Yes, I remember it. To discover the mode of life or of art whereby your spirit could express itself in unfettered freedom.

Stephen raised his hat in acknowledgement.

—Freedom! Cranly repeated. But you are not free enough yet to commit a sacrilege. Tell me would you rob?

—I would beg first, Stephen said.

—And if you got nothing, would you rob?

—Lo que pretendes —respondió Stephen— es que diga que los derechos de propiedad son provisionales y que en ciertas circunstancias no es ilegal el robar. Todo el mundo obraría en conformidad con esta creencia. He aquí la razón por la que no te he de contestar de ese modo: Pregúntale al teólogo jesuita Juan de Mariana, natural de Talavera, el cual te explicará en qué circunstancias te es lícito matar a tu rey y si es preferible el darle un bebedizo o untarle el veneno en el traje o en la silla de montar. Pregúntame a mí más bien si toleraría el que

243. Talavera . . . saddlebow: these ways of killing a king were approved, in certain circumstances, by the Spanish Jesuit Juan Mariana de Talavera (1536-1623).

Juan Mariana de Talavera Sixteenth century Jesuit.
Joyce’s Portrait  tr. de Dámaso Alonso

me, or if they did, would I call down upon them what I believe is called the chastisement of the secular arm?

—And would you?

—I think, Stephen said, it would pain me as much to do so as to be robbed.

—I see, Cranly said.

He produced his match and began to clean the crevice between two teeth. Then he said carelessly:

—Tell me, for example, would you deflower a virgin?

—Excuse me, Stephen said politely, is that not the ambition of most young gentlemen?

—What then is your point of view? Cranly asked.

His last phrase, sour smelling as the smoke of charcoal and disheartening, excited Stephen’s brain, over which its fumes seemed to brood.

—Look here, Cranly, he said. You have asked me what I would do and what I would not do. I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile, and cunning.

Cranly seized his arm and steered him round so as to lead him back towards Leeson Park. He laughed almost slyly and pressed Stephen’s arm with an elder’s affection.
—Cunning indeed! he said. Is it you? You poor poet, you!

—And you made me confess to you, Stephen said, thrilled by his touch, as I have confessed to you so many other things, have I not?

—Yes, my child, Cranly said, still gaily.

—You made me confess the fears that I have. But I will tell you also what I do not fear. I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too.

Cranly, now grave again, slowed his pace and said:

—Alone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separate from all others but to have not even one friend.

—I will take the risk, said Stephen.

—And not to have any one person, Cranly said, who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had.

His words seemed to have struck some deep chord in his own nature. Had he spoken of himself, of himself as he was or wished to be? Stephen watched his face for some moments in silence. A cold sadness was there. He had spoken of himself, of his own loneliness which he feared.

—¡Astucia! —dijo—. Pero ¿eres el mismo? ¿Tú, pobre poeta, tú?

—Y tú has sido quien me lo ha hecho confesar—dijo conmovido por aquel contacto Stephen—, lo mismo que te he confesado tantas otras cosas, ¿no es cierto?

—Sí, hijito—contestó Cranly, riéndose aún.

—Me has hecho confesar los miedos que siento. Pero te voy a decir ahora cuáles son las cosas que no me dan miedo. No me da miedo de estar solo, ni de ser pospuesto a otro, ni de abandonar lo que tenga que abandonar, sea lo que sea. No me da miedo el cometer un error, aunque sea un error de importancia, un error de por vida, tan largo tal vez como la misma eternidad.

Cranly, serio de nuevo, retardó el paso y dijo:

—Solo, completamente solo. No te da miedo de eso. Pero, ¿sabes lo que esa palabra quiere decir? No solamente el estar [287] separado de todos los demás, sino más aún, el no tener ni siquiera un amigo.

—Correré el riesgo —afirmó Stephen.

—Y no tener ni aun aquel ser querido —dijo Cranly— que es para el hombre más que un amigo, más que el amigo más noble y fiel que en el mundo pueda existir.

Al hablar, parecía como si sus palabras estuviesen hirien-do alguna profunda cuerda de su propia alma. ¿Había hablado de sí mismo, de sí mismo tal como era o tal como deseaba ser? Stephen observó por algunos instantes el rostro de su amigo. Había una fría tristeza en aquel rostro. Había hablado de sí mismo; era el temor de su propia soledad.
Joyce’s Portrait

—Of whom are you speaking? Stephen asked at length. Cranly did not answer.

* * * * *

MARCH 20. Long talk with Cranly on the subject of my revolt.

He had his grand manner on. I supple and suave. Attacked me on the score of love for one’s mother. Tried to imagine his mother: cannot. Told me once, in a moment of thoughtlessness, his father was sixty-one when he was born. Can see him. Strong farmer type. Pepper and salt suit. Square feet. Unkempt, grizzled beard. Probably attends coursing matches. Pays his dues regularly but not plentifully to Father Dwyer of Larras. Sometimes talks to girls after nightfall. But his mother? Very young or very old? Hardly the first. If so, Cranly would not have spoken as he did. Old then. Probably, and neglected. Hence Cranly’s despair of soul: the child of exhausted loins.

Marzo, 20. La conversación con Cranly acercó del asunto de mi rebeldía.


MARCH 21, MORNING. Thought this in bed last night but was too lazy and free to add to it. Free, yes. The exhausted loins are those of Elizabeth and Zacchary. Then he is the precursor. Item: he eats chiefly belly bacon and dried figs. Read locusts and wild honey. Also, when thinking of him, saw always a stern severed head or death mask as if outlined on a grey curtain or veronica. Decollation they call it in the gold. Puzzled for the moment by saint John at the Latin gate. What do I see? A decollated percursor trying to pick the lock.


MARCH 21, NIGHT. Free. Soul free and fancy
March 22. In company with Lynch followed a sizeable hospital nurse. Lynch’s idea. Dislike it. Two lean hungry greyhounds walking after a heifer.

March 23. Have not seen her since that night. Unwell? Sits at the fire perhaps with mamma’s shawl on her shoulders. But not peevish. A nice bowl of gruel? Won’t you now?

March 24. Began with a discussion with my mother. Subject: B.V.M. Handicapped by my sex and youth. To escape held up relations between Jesus and Papa against those between Mary and her son. Said religion was not a lying-in hospital. Mother indulgent. Said I have a queer mind and have read too much. Not true. Have read little and understood less. Then she said I would come back to faith because I had a restless mind. This means to leave church by back door of sin and re-enter through the skylight of repentance. Cannot repent. Told her so and asked for sixpence. Got threepence.

Then went to college. Other wrangle [altercado] with little round head rogue’s eye Ghezzi. This time about Bruno the Nolan. Began in Italian and ended in pidgin English. He said Bruno was a terrible heretic. I said he was terribly burned. He agreed to this with some sorrow. Then gave me recipe for what he calls risotto alla bergamasca. When he pronounces a soft O he protrudes his full carnal lips as if he kissed the vowel. Has he? And could he repent? Yes, he could: and cry two round rogue’s tears, one from each eye.


Marzo, 23. No la he visto desde aquella noche. ¿Enferma? Tal vez, al lado de la lumbre con el chal de mamá por los hombros. Pero, nada displicente. ¿Una tacita de caldo vegetal? ¿No lo tomarías ahora?

Marzo, 24. Comienzo por una discusión con mi madre: Tema: la B. V. M. Me veo atado por mi sexo y mi edad. Para escapar sostengo las relaciones entre Jesús y su Papá contra las de María y su hijo. Afirmo que la religión no es un hospital para parturientas. Madre, indulgente. Me dice que tengo unas ideas muy raras y que he leído demasiado. Falso. He leído poco y entendido menos. Después, asegura que he de volver a la fe porque tengo un espíritu tornadizo. Eso sería salir de la Iglesia por la puerta trasera del pecado y volver a entrar en ella por la claraboya del arrepentimiento. No me puedo arrepentir. Se lo digo así y le pido seis peniques. Me da tres.

Crossing Stephen’s, that is, my green, remembered that his countrymen and not mine had invented what Cranly the other night called our religion. A quartet of them, soldiers of the ninety-seventh infantry regiment, sat at the foot of the cross and tossed up dice for the overcoat of the crucified.

I wonder if William Bond will die. I wonder if William Bond will die. For assuredly he is very ill.

Alas, poor William! I was once at a diorama in Rotunda. At the end were pictures of big nobs. Among them William Ewart Gladstone, just then dead. Orchestra played O WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

A race of clodhoppers! A troubled night of dreams. Want to get them off my chest.

A long curving gallery. From the floor ascend pillars of dark vapours. It is peopled by the images of fabulous kings, set in stone. Their hands are folded upon their knees in token of weariness and their eyes are darkened for the errors of men go up before them for ever as dark vapours.

Strange figures advance as from a cave. They are not as tall as men. One does not seem to stand quite apart from another. Their faces are phosphorescent, with darker streaks. They peer at me and their eyes seem to possess his experience and his Dublin. A race of clodhoppers: lowborn, villains, peasants...
her brother. All references to 'she' and her from now on are to E.C.-

262. 'Still harping on the mother: cf. Polonius in Hamlet (II. i. 88-9): 'Still harping on my daughter'.

263. Crocodile... said it in this conundrum (riddle whose answer is or involves a pun), the mother's only effective reply is: 'You are going to eat it.' The crocodile cannot keep his word and eat the child.

264. Crocodile. This mentality, Lepidus would say, is indeed bred out of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile. Lepidus. The latter is one of the triumvirate in Antony and Cleopatra, and in Act 2, Scene 7, he engages Antony in talk of Egypt. Stephen virtually reproduces here lines 26 and 27 of that scene.


267. Findlater’s church: at the corner of Rutland (now Pamela) Square North and Frederick Street North.

268. Tara... Holyhead: that is, the shortest way to Tara, the ancient site of the High Kings of Ireland, was via Holyhead, the port in Wales for the steam packets that plied between Dublin. This would seem to mean either that exile is the quickest way to gain recognition (as a king) in your own country; or that leaving Ireland is the only way left to restore to it some of the glory formerly associated with Tara. Tara. The Hill of Tara was in ancient times the religious, political and cultural capital of Ireland; upon its summit are the coronation stone of the ancient kings, and a statue of St. Patrick. Tara... Holyhead: Tara is the traditional Irish seat of kings, Holyhead a Welsh port commonly used by Irish leaving the country.

to ask me something. They do not speak.

MARCH 30. This evening Cranly was in the porch of the library, proposing a problem to Dixon and her brother. A mother let her child fall into the Nile. Still harping on the mother. A crocodile seized the child. Mother asked it back. Crocodile said all right if she told him what he was going to do with the child, eat it or not eat it.

This mentality, Lepidus would say, is indeed bred out of your mud by the operation of your sun.

APRIL 1. Disapprove of this last phrase.

APRIL 2. Saw her drinking tea and eating cakes in Johnston’s, Mooney and O’Brien’s. Rather, lynx-eyed Lynch saw her as we passed. He tells me Cranly was invited there by brother. Did he bring his crocodile? Is he the shining light now? Well, I discovered him. I protest I did. Shining quietly behind a bushel of Wicklow bran.

APRIL 3. Met Davin at the cigar shop opposite Findlater’s church. He was in a black sweater and had a hurling stick. Asked me was it true I was going away and why. Told him the shortest way to Tara was via Holyhead. Just then my father came up. Introduction. Father polite and observant. Asked Davin if he might offer him some refreshment. Davin could not, was going to a meeting. When we came away father told me we quieren preguntar algo. No hablan.  

Marzo, 30. Cranly estaba esta tarde en los soportales de la Biblioteca proponiendo un problema a Dixon y al hermano de ella. Una madre deja caer su hijo al Nilo. ¡Y dale con la madre! Un cocodrilo se apodera de él. La madre implora que se lo devuelva. El cocodrilo dice que perfectamente con tal de que ella adiunse lo que va a hacer con el niño: si comérselo o no comérselo.

Abril, 1. Desapruebo esta última frase.

Abril, 2. La he visto tomando el té y comiendo pasteles en Johnston’s, Mooney y O’Brien’s. Mejor: fue Lynch, el de los ojos de lince, el que la vio cuando pasábamos. Me dice que Cranly estaba invitado también por el hermano. ¿Habría traído su cocodrilo? ¿Es su luz la que está en candelería ahora? Pues bien: yo he sido quien lo ha descubierto. Que conste que yo he sido quien lo ha hecho. Cuando él brillaba tranquilamente detrás de un celemín de salvado de Wicklow.

Abril, 3. Encontré a Davin en la tienda de tabacos que está enfrente a la iglesia de Findlater. Llevaba un jersey negro y un bastón de hurling. Me preguntó si era verdad que me marchaba y por qué causa. Le dije que el camino más corto para Tara era via Holyhead. En aquel mismo momento llegó mi padre. Presentación. Padre, correcto y observador. Preguntó a Davin si quería tomar un refresco. Davin no podía porque tenía que ir a una reunión. Después de separarnos de él, mi padre me dijo que la mirada de Davin respira simpatía y
he had a good honest eye. Asked me why I did not join a rowing club. I pretended to think it over. Told me then how he broke Pennyfeather’s heart. Wants me to read law. Says I was cut out for that. More mud, more crocodiles.

APRIL 5. Wild spring. Scudding clouds. O life! Dark stream of swirling bogwater on which apple-trees have cast down their delicate flowers. Eyes of girls among the leaves. Girls demure and romping. All fair or auburn: no dark ones. They blush better. Houpla!

APRIL 6. Certainly she remembers the past. Lynch says all women do. Then she remembers the time of her childhood— and mine, if I was ever a child. The past is consumed in the present and the present is living only because it brings forth the future. Statues of women, if Lynch be right, should always be fully draped, one hand of the woman feeling regretfully her own hinder parts.

APRIL 6, LATER. Michael Robartes remembers forgotten beauty and, when his arms wrap her round, he presses in his arms the loveliness which has long faded from the world. Not this. Not at all. I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world.

Faintly, under the heavy night. Notice the movement in this paragraph, perhaps anticipating the journey to come.

APRIL 10. Faintly, under the heavy night, through the silence of the city which has turned from dreams to dreamless sleep as a weary lover whom no caresses move, the sound of hoofs upon the road. Not so faintly now as they come near the bridge; and in a moment, as they pass the darkened windows, the silence is cloven by alarm as by an arrow. They


Abril, 6. Seguramente que ella se acuerda del pasado. Lynch dice que todas las mujeres lo hacen. Se acordará, por tanto, de los años de su infancia y de sí, es que yo he sido niña alguna vez. El pasado se deshace en el presente y el presente no vive más que para dar origen al futuro. Si he de hacer caso de Lynch, toda estatua de mujer debería aparecer completamente cubierta por sus vestiduras, con una mano en melancólica exploración de sus partes posteriores.

Abril, 6, más tarde. Michael Robartes recuerda la belleza olvidada, y cuando sus brazos se ciñen en torno de ella, abreza entre ellos encantos que a largo tiempo desaparecidos del mundo. No es eso. De ninguna manera. Yo quiero estrechar entre mis brazos la belleza que todavía no ha venido al mundo.
are heard now far away, hoofs that shine amid the heavy night as gems, hurrying beyond the sleeping fields to what journey’s end—what heart? — bearing what tidings?

APRIL 11. Read what I wrote last night. Vague words for a vague emotion. Would she like it? I think so. Then I should have to like it also.

APRIL 13. That tundish has been on my mind for a long time. I looked it up and find it English and good old blunt English too. Damn the dean of studies and his funnel! What did he come here for to teach us his own language or to learn it from us. Damn him one way or the other!

APRIL 14. John Alphonsus Mulrennan has just returned from the west of Ireland. European and Asiatic papers please copy. He told us he met an old man there in a mountain cabin. Old man had red eyes and short pipe. Old man spoke Irish. Mulrennan spoke Irish. Then old man and Mulrennan spoke English. Mulrennan spoke to him about universe and stars. Old man sat, listened, smoked, spat. Then said:

—Ah, there must be terrible queer creatures at the latter end of the world.

I fear him. I fear his red-rimmed horn eyes. It is with him I must struggle all through this night till day come, till he or I lie dead, gripping him by the sinewy throat till.

Till what? Till he yield to me? No. I mean no harm.

APRIL 15. Met her today point blank in Grafton Street. The crowd brought us together. We both stopped.
She asked me why I never came, said she had heard all sorts of stories about me. This was only to gain time.

Asked me was I writing poems? About whom? I asked her. This confused her more and I felt sorry and mean. Turned off that valve at once and opened the spiritual-heroic refrigerating apparatus, invented and patented in all countries by Dante Alighieri. Talked rapidly of myself and my plans. In the midst of it unluckily I made a sudden gesture of a revolutionary nature. I must have looked like a fellow throwing a handful of peas into the air. People began to look at us. She shook hands a moment after and, in going away, said she hoped I would do what I said.

Now I call that friendly, don’t you?

Yes, I liked her today. A little or much? Don’t know. I liked her and it seems a new feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought and all that I felt I felt, all the rest before now, in fact. O, give it up, old chap! Sleep it off!

APRIL 16. Away! Away!

The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone—come. And the voices say with them: We are your kinsmen. And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

APRIL 26. Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in mos. Me ha preguntado que por qué no iba nunca. Que ha oído toda clase de cuentos acerca de mí. Todo esto sólo para ganar tiempo. Que si estoy escribiendo versos. ¿A quién?, le pregunto a mi vez. Esto la azora aún más y siento haberlo dicho y me califica de mala persona. Cierro la llave del grifo y abro el aparato refrigerante heroicoespiritual patentado en todos los países e inventado por Dante Alighieri. Hablo rápidamente acerca de mí mismo y de mis planes. Desgraciadamente, en medio de la conversación hago, de súbito, un gesto de carácter revolucionario. Debo haber parecido como un tipo en actitud de arrojar un puñado de guisantes al aire. La gente comienza a mirarnos. Un momento después me estrecha la mano y al echar a andar me dice que espera he de realizar lo que he dicho.

Bueno: creo que esto se puede calificar de afable, ¿no es verdad?

Sí, me ha gustado. ¿Mocho o poco? No sé. Me ha gustado, y el que me haya gustado resulta un sentimiento nuevo para mí. En ese caso, todo lo demás, todo lo que pensaba haber pensado, todo lo que sentía haber sentido, todo lo anterior, realmente... ¡Anda, déjalo, amigo! ¡Déjalo y que se te borre con el sueño!

Abril, 16. ¡Partir! ¡Partir!

Un hechizo de brazos y de voces. Brazos blancos de los caminos, promesas de estrechos abrazos, y brazos negros de los enormes buques que, levantados contra la luna, hablan de otros países apartados. Y están extendidos para decirme: Estamos solos, ¡ven! Y sus voces me llaman: Nosotros somos tus allegados. Y pueblan el aire y me llaman, a mí, a su semejante, ya prestos a partir, agitando las alas de su exultante y terrible juventud.

Abril, 26. Madre está poniendo en orden mis nuevos trajes de segunda mano. Y
to forge in the smithy of my soul ... Stephen appears to mean that he will create something from himself and Ireland that is not the 'created' conscience of religion and nationalism.

273. Old father . . . stead: Stephen, as ever, is harping on the father - in this case, Daedalus. He is both an Icarus asking for support (an ominous request, given that Icarus fell from the sky) and an Icarus asking that Daedalus stand in his place - i.e. that the son will become like the father and survive to create his own labyrinth (Ulysses, Finnegans Wake). Old father Daedalus. See section on Mythical background.

AUG 27. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

Dublin, 1904
Trieste, 1914

Joyce's Portrait

reza, dice, para que sea capaz de aprender, al vivir mi propia vida y lejos de mi hogar y de mis amigos, lo que es el corazón, lo que puede sentir un corazón. Amén. Así sea. Bien llegada, ¡oh, vida! Salgo a buscar por millonésima vez la realidad de la experiencia y a forjar en la fragua de mi espíritu la conciencia increada de mi raza.

Abril, 27. Antepasado mio, antiguo artífice, amárame ahora y siempre con tu ayuda.

Dublín, 1904.
Trieste, 1914.

tr. de Dámaso Alonso

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