The dead
by
James Joyce

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Hart <hart@pobox.com>
Prepared by David Reed 
haradda@aol.com or davidr@inconnect.com
Updates by Karol Pietrzak.

‘Los muertos’
de
James Joyce

tr. de Fernando Galván 
Cátedra, Madrid, 2002

‘Los muertos’
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tr. de Guillermo Cabrera-Infante
Alianza, Madrid, 1974, ...1991

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Lily, the caretaker’s daughter, was literally run off her feet. Hardly had she brought one gentleman into the little pantry behind the office on the ground floor and helped him off with his overcoat than the wheezy hall-door bell clanged again and she had to scamper along the bare hallway to let in another guest. It was well for her she had not to attend to the ladies also. But Miss Kate and Miss Julia had thought of that and had converted the bathroom upstairs into a ladies’ dressing-room. Miss Kate and Miss Julia were there, gossiping and laughing and fussing, walking after each other to the head of the stairs, peering down over the balusters and calling down to Lily to ask her who had come.

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Lily, la hija del encargado, tenía los pies literalmente muertos. No había todavía acabado de hacer pasar a un invitado al cuarto de desahogo, detrás de la oficina de la planta baja para ayudarlo a quitarse el abrigo, cuando de nuevo sonaba la quejumbrosa campana de la puerta y tenía que echar a correr por el zaguán vacío para dejar entrar a otro. Era un alivio no tener que atender también a las invitadas. Pero Miss Kate y Miss Julia habían pensado en eso y convirtieron el baño de arriba en un cuarto de señoritas. Allá estaban Miss Kate y Miss Julia, riéndose y chismeando y metiendo bula, yendo una detrás de la otra a lo alto de la escalera para asomarse sobre la barandilla y llamar a Lily y preguntarle quién acababa de llegar.
them came to it, members of the family, old friends of the family, the members of Julia’s choir, any of Kate’s pupils that were grown up enough, and even some of Mary Jane’s pupils too. Never once had it fallen flat. For years and years it had gone off in splendid style, as long as anyone could remember; ever since Kate and Julia, after the death of their brother Pat, had left the house in Stoney Batter and taken Mary Jane, their only niece, to live with them in the dark, gaunt house on Usher’s Island, the upper part of which they had rented from Mr. Fulham, the corn-factor on the ground floor. That was a good thirty years ago if it was a day. Mary Jane, who was then a little girl in short clothes, was now the principal prop of the household, for she had the organ in Haddington Road. She had been through the Academy and gave a pupils’ concert every year in the upper room of the Antient Concert Rooms. Many of her pupils belonged to the better-class families on the X Kingstown and Dalkey line. Old as they were, her aunts also did their share. Julia, though she was quite grey, was still the leading soprano in Adam and Eve’s, and Kate, being too feeble to go about much, gave music lessons to beginners on the old square piano in the back room. Lily, the

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conocidos, familiares, viejos amigos de la familia, los miembros del coro de Julia, cualquiera de los alumnos de Kate con edad suficiente e incluso también algún alumno de Mary Jane. Ni una sola vez había dejado de ser un éxito. Años y años con un resultado espléndido por cuanto se pudiera recordar, incluso desde que Kate y Julia, tras la muerte de su hermano Pat, dejaran la casa en Stoney Batter y se llevaran a Mary Jane, su única sobrina, a vivir con ellas en la sombría y escuálida casa de Usher’s Island cuya parte superior les había alquilado el señor Fulham, el asentador de granos que vivía en el piso de abajo. De eso hacía sus buenos treinta años, por poner una fecha. X Mary Jane, que entonces era una chiquilla de falda corta, era ahora el principal sostén de la familia, pues se encargaba del órgano en Haddington Road. Había pasado por la Academia y daba su concierto anual de alumnos en el salón de arriba de las Antiguas Salas de Concierto. Muchos de sus alumnos pertenecían a familias muy buenas, como los de la línea Kingstown y Dalkey. A pesar de los años, sus tías también hacían lo suyo. Con todos sus cabellos grises, Julia aún era la soprano principal en la iglesia de Adán y Eva, y Kate, demasiado delicada para manejarse bien, daba lecciones de música para principiantes en el viejo piano de mesa del cuarto de atrás. Lily, la
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did housemaid's work: acted as a servant
believed: sure of the value of eating well: consuming good food
sirloin(s): best part of beef
three-shilling tea: The sirloin is of course an expensive cut, and good everyday tea sold for one-fourth of this price.
screwed:
Good night
believe they did: I am convinced they thought that
threw answers
fussy: obsessed by details, exigentes, meticulosas
would not stand: did not tolerate
back answers: impolite reply
Of course, they had good reason to be
such a night: a night like that long: a long time and yet: but
dreadfully afraid: terrified
night: possibly turn up: arrive
screwed: full of alcohol; drunk, or fast on his way to becoming drunk.
would for worlds: desire at all
should: conditional
influence: of alcohol
sometimes: frequently hard: difficult manage: control
late: after the usual time
wondered: wished to know keeping: stopping
that was what: it was the case which
bad Gabriel...come: if Gabriel had come

“O, Mr. Conroy,” said Lily to Gabriel when she opened the door for him, “Miss Kate and Miss Julia thought you were never coming. Good-night, Mrs. Conroy.”

—Oh, señor Conroy—dijo Lily cuando le abrió la puerta—, las señoritas Kate y Julia pensaban que no iba a llegar usted nunca. Buenas noches, señora Conroy.

—No me extraña— dijo Gabriel—, pero se del encargado, les hacía la limpieza. Aunque llevaban una vida modesta, les gustaba comer bien, lo mejor de lo mejor: costillas de riñonada, té de tres chelines y Stout embotellado del buen. Pero Lily nunca hacía un mandado, por lo que se llevaba muy bien con las señoritas. Eran quisquillosas, eso es todo. Lo único que no soportaban era que les contestaran...
they forget that my wife here takes three mortal hours to dress herself.”

He stood on the mat, scraping the snow from his galoshes, while Lily led his wife to the foot of the stairs and called out:

“Miss Kate, here’s Mrs. Conroy.”

Kate and Julia came toddling down the dark stairs at once. Both of them kissed Gabriel’s wife, said she must be perished alive, and asked was Gabriel with her.

“He here I am as right as the mail, Aunt Kate! Go on up. I’ll follow,” called out Gabriel from the dark.

He continued scraping his feet vigorously while the three women went upstairs, laughing, to the ladies’ dressing-room. A light fringe of snow lay like a cape on the shoulders of his overcoat and like toe caps on the toes of his galoshes; and, as the buttons of his overcoat slipped with a squeaking noise through the snow-stiffened frieze, a cold, fragrant air from out-of-doors escaped from crevices and folds.

“Is it snowing again, Mr. Conroy?” asked Lily.

Se paró sobre el felpudo a limpiarse la nieve de las galochas, mientras Lily conducía a la mujer al pie de la escalera y gritaba:

—Señorita Kate, aquí está la señora Conroy.

—Aquí estoy, tía Kate, ¡sin un rasguño! Suban ustedes, que yo las alcanzo — gritó Gabriel desde la oscuridad. Siguieron limpiándose los pies con vigor mientras las tres mujeres subían las escaleras, riendo, hacia el cuarto de vestir. Una leve franja de nieve reposaba sobre los hombros del abrigo, como una esclavina, y como una pata de gallo sobre el empeine de las galochas; y al deslizar los botones con un ruido crispante por los ojales helados del abrigo, de entre sus pliegues y dobleces salió el valioso fragante del desván.
She had preceded him into the pantry to help him off with his overcoat. Gabriel smiled at the three syllables she had given his surname and glanced at her. She was a slim; growing girl, pale in complexion and with hay-coloured hair. The gas in the pantry made her look still paler. Gabriel had known her when she was a child and used to sit nursing a rag doll.

"Yes, Lily," he answered, "and I think we're in for a night of it."

He looked up at the ceiling, which was shaking with the stamping and shuffling of feet on the floor above, listened for a moment to the piano and then glanced at the girl, who was carefully folding his overcoat at the end of a shelf.

"Tell me. Lily," he said in a friendly tone, "do you still go to school?"

"O no, sir," she answered. "I'm done schooling this year and more."

"O, then," said Gabriel gaily, "I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these fine days with your young man, eh?"

The girl glanced back at him over her shoulder and said with great bitterness:

"The men that is... the men of my generation talk a lot and..."

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We're in for a night of it: it will continue to snow all night through the night of it: we'll be going to your wedding one of these days: was amused by

smiled at: was amused by

three syllables: Con-na-roy

given: pronouned surname: family name

 glanced: looked quickly

growing: adolescent

with hay-coloured hair: blond

paler: more pale

had known: used to

pluperfect of known

was accustomed to

The gas: was amused by

time, now as in the past

a rag doll:

nursing: having tenderly in her hands

we're in for a night of it: hasta el cuarto de desahogo para ayudarle

a rag doll:

the pantry: despensa para ayudarle X

arrastrar de pies: por los pasos y el arrastrar de pies

deslizarse de pies: el deslizarse de pies

anaquel: una muñeca de trapo.

acunar: su muñeca de trapo.

Le condujo a la despensa para ayudarle a quitarse el abrigo. Gabriel sonrió por las tres sílabas con que había pronunciado su apellido y la miró. Era una chica delgada, en pleno desarrollo, de piel pálida y pelo color heno. El gas de la despensa hacía que pareciera más pálida. Gabriel la conoció cuando era una niña que solía sentarse al pie de la escalera y acunar una muñeca de trapo.

—Sí, Lily —respondió—. Y me da la impresión de que tendremos toda una noche de nieve.

Levantó la mirada al techo de la despensa, que trepidadaba por los pasos y el arrastrar de pies en el piso de arriba, escuchó durante un momento el piano, y después miró a la muchacha, que colocaba su abrigo cuidadosamente doblado en un anaquel.

—Dime, Lily —dijo en tono amistoso—, ¿vas todavía a la escuela?

—Oh, no, señor —respondió ella—. He terminado este año y para siempre.

—Oh, entonces —dijo Gabriel, jovialmente— supongo que un día de éstos iremos a tu boda.

La muchacha le miró sobre el hombro y dijo con gran amargura:

—Los hombres de...
now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you."

Gabriel coloured, as if he felt he had made a mistake and, without looking at her, kicked off his goloshes and flicked actively with his muffer at his patent-leather shoes.

He was a stout, tallish young man. The high colour of his cheeks pushed upwards even to his forehead, where it scattered itself in a few formless patches of pale red; and on his hairless face there scintillated restlessly the polished lenses and the bright gilt rims of the glasses which screened his delicate and restless eyes. His glossy black hair was parted in the middle and brushed in a long curve behind his ears where it curled slightly beneath the groove left by his hat.

When he had flicked lustre into his shoes: made his shoes lustre by brushing them

Gabriel se sonrojó como si se creyera haber cometido un error y, sin mirarla, se sacudió las galochas de los pies y con su bufanda fuerte sus zapatos de charol.
embedded content
would think that he was airing his superior education. He would fail with them just as he had failed with the girl in the pantry. He had taken up a wrong tone. His whole speech was a mistake from first to last, an utter failure.

Just then his aunts and his wife came out of the ladies' dressing-room. His aunts were two small, plainly dressed old women. Aunt Julia was an inch or so the taller. Her hair, drawn low over the tops of her ears, was grey; and grey also, with darker shadows, was her large flaccid face. Though she was stout in build and stood erect, her slow eyes and parted lips gave her the appearance of a woman who did not know where she was or where she was going. Aunt Kate was more vivacious. Her face, healthier than her sister's, was all puckers and creases, like a shrivelled red apple, and her hair, braided in the same old-fashioned way, had not lost its ripe nut colour.

They both kissed Gabriel frankly. He was their favourite nephew the son of their dead elder sister, Ellen, who had married T. J. Conroy of the Port and Docks.

“Gretta tells me you're not going to take a cab back to Monkstown tonight, Gabriel,” said Ambas le besaron en cuant le vieron. Era su sobrino favorito, el hijo de su difunta hermana mayor, Ellen, que se había casado con T. J. Conroy del Puerto y los Diques.

—Gretta me ha dicho que no va a tomar un coche para regresar a Monkstown esta noche.

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Pensarián que estaba evidenciando su mejor educación. Fracasaría con ellos como había fracasado con la muchacha en el cuarto de desahogo. Se equivocó de tono. Todo su discurso estaba equivocado de arriba abajo. Un fracaso total.

Fue entonces cuando sus tías y su mujer salieron del cuarto de vestir. Sus tías eran dos ancianas pequeñas que vestían con sencillez. Tía Julia era como una pulgada más alta. Llevaba el pelo gris, hacia atrás, en un [122] moño a la altura de las orejas; y gris también, con sombras más oscuras, era su larga cara flácida. Aunque era robusta y caminaba erguida, los ojos lúgubres y los labios entreabiertos le daban la apariencia de una mujer que no sabía dónde estaba ni a dónde iba. Tía Kate se veía más viva. Su cara, más saludable que la de su hermana, era toda bullos y arrugas, como una manzana roja pero frunciida, y su pelo, peinado también a la antigua, no había perdido su color de castañita madura.

Las dos besaron a Gabriel, cariñosas. Era el sobrino preferido, hijo de la hermana mayor, la difunta Ellen, la que se casó con T. J. Conroy, de los Muelles del Puerto.

—Gretta me acaba de decir que no va a regresar en coche a Monkstown esta noche.
Aunt Kate.

“No,” said Gabriel, turning to his wife, “we had quite enough of that last year, hadn’t we? Don’t you remember, Aunt Kate, what a cold Gretta got out of it? Cab windows rattling all the way, and the east wind blowing in after we passed Merrion. Very jolly it was. Gretta caught a dreadful cold."

Mrs. Conroy laughed. "Don’t mind him, Aunt Kate,” she said. "He’s really an awful bother, what with green shades for Tom’s eyes at night and making him do the dumb-bells, and forcing Eva to eat the stirabout. The poor child! And she simply hates the sight of it!... O, but you’ll never guess what he makes me wear now!”

She broke out into a peal of laughter: gave a long and melodious expression of glee mixed with a peal of laughter and glanced at her husband, whose admiring and happy eyes had been wandering from her dress to her face and hair. The two aunts

Tía Kate frunció severamente el ceño y asintió con la cabeza a cada una de sus palabras.

—Así es, Gabriel, así es —dijo—. Las precauciones nunca son pocas. [Todo el cuidado es poco.]

—Aunque si fuera por Grettá —dijo Gabriel—, regresaría a casa caminando por la nieve, si la dejáramos.

Mrs. Conroy sonrió. —No le hagas caso, tía Kate —dijo la señora Conroy, riendo—. Es un pejigüera horrible. ¡De verdad! No permite a Tom que lea por las noches sin una visera verde, y obliga a Eva a comerse todas las gachas. ¡A la pobre chica, que se pone mala en cuanto las ve!... Y no os imagináis lo que me obliga a ponerme.

Serió con una carcajada y miró a su marido cuyos felices y admirativos ojos corrían sus ropas, su rostro y su pelu. Las tías rieron cordialmen-
Gutapercha.

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heartyly: cordially
solicitude: cuidado, afán, ansiedad
standing joke: permanent source of amusement, pleasantries

laughed heartily, too, for Gabriel's solicitude was a standing joke with them.

gutapercha.

“Goloshes!” said Mrs. Conroy. “That’s the latest. Whenever it’s wet underfoot I must put on my galoshes. Tonight even, he wanted me to put them on, but I wouldn’t. The next thing he’ll buy me will be a diving suit.”

Gabriel laughed nervously and patted his tie reassuringly, while Aunt Kate nearly doubled herself, so heartily did she enjoy the joke. The smile soon faded from Aunt Julia’s face and her mirthless eyes were directed towards her nephew’s face. After a pause she asked:

“Goloshes, Julia!” exclaimed her sister. “Goodness me, don’t you know what galoshes are? You wear them over your... over your boots, Gretta, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Conroy. “Guttapercha things. We both have a pair now. Gabriel says everyone wears them on the Continent.”

“O, on the Continent,” murmured Aunt Julia, nodding her head slowly.

Gabriel knitted his brows and said, as if he were slightly angered:


—Oh, en el continente —murmuró la tía Julia, asintiendo suavemente con la cabeza.

Gabriel frunció las cejas como si estuviera ligeramente enfadado, y dijo:

—Sí —dijo Mrs. Conroy—. Unas cosas de gutapercha. Los dos tenemos [123] un par ahora. Gabriel dice que todo el mundo las usa en el continente.

—Ah, en el continente —murmuró tía Julia, moviendo la cabeza lentamente.
“It’s nothing very wonderful, but Gretta thinks it very funny because she says the word reminds her of Christy Minstrels.”

“But tell me, Gabriel,” said Aunt Kate, with brisk tact. “Of course, you’ve seen about the room. Gretta was saying…”

“All right,” replied Gabriel. “I’ve taken one in the Gresham.”

“To be sure,” said Aunt Kate, “by far the best thing to do. And the children, Gretta, you’re not anxious about them?”

“O, for one night,” said Mrs. Conroy. “Besides, Bessie will look after them.”

“To be sure,” said Aunt Kate again. “What a comfort it is to have a girl like that, one you can depend on! There’s that Lily, I’m sure I don’t know what has come over her lately. She’s not the girl she was at all.”

Gabriel was about to ask his aunt some questions on this point, but she broke off suddenly to gaze after her sister, who had wandered down the stairs and was craning her neck over the banisters.

“Now, I ask you,” she said almost testily, “where is Julia going? Julia! Julia! Where are you going?”

—Y ahora —dijo casi enojada — ¿adónde va Julia? ¡Julia! ¡Julia! ¿Adónde vas?
Julia, who had gone halfway down one flight, came back and announced blandly:

“Here’s Freddy.”

At the same moment a clapping of hands and a final flourish of the pianist told that the waltz had ended. The drawing-room door was opened from within and some couples came out. Aunt Kate drew Gabriel aside hurriedly and whispered into his ear:

“Slip down, Gabriel, like a good fellow and see if he’s all right, and don’t let him up if he’s screwed. I’m sure he’s screwed. I’m sure he is.”

Gabriel went to the stairs and listened over the banisters. He could hear two persons talking in the pantry. Then he recognised Freddy Malins’ laugh.

“IT's such a relief,” said Aunt Kate to Mrs. Conroy, “that Gabriel is here. I always feel easier in my mind when he’s here. . . . Julia, there’s Miss Daly and Miss Power will take some refreshment. Thanks for your beautiful waltz, Miss Daly. It made lovely time.”

A tall wizen-faced man, with a stiff grizzled moustache and swarthy skin, who was passing out with his partner, said:

“And may we have some refreshment, too, my lady?”

“Un hombre alto de mustias facciones, piel aterenazada y engomado, bigote entrecano, que pasaba con su pareja, dijo:

—¿Podemos tomar un refresco nosotros tam-
Miss Morkan?”

—Julia —dijo la tía Kate de modo tajante—, aquí tienes al señor Browne y a la señorita Furlong. Llévalos con las señoritas Daly y Power.

—Yo me encargaré de las damas —dijo Mr. Browne, apretando sus labios hasta que sus bigotes se erizaron para sonreír con todas sus arrugas.

—Sabe usted, señorita Morkan, que me aprecio porque...

He did not finish his sentence, but, seeing that Aunt Kate was out of earshot, at once led the three young ladies into the back room. The middle of the room was occupied by two square tables placed end to end, and on these Aunt Julia and the caretaker were straightening and smoothing a large cloth. On the sideboard were arrayed dishes and plates, and glasses and bundles of knives and forks and spoons. The top of the closed square piano served also as a sideboard for viands and sweets. At a smaller sideboard in one corner two young men were standing, drinking hop-bitters.

Mr. Browne led his charges thisher and invited them all, in jest, to some ladies’ punch, hot, strong and sweet. As they said they never took anything strong, he opened three bottles

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bién, señorita Morkan?

—Julia —dijo la tía Kate, sumariamente—, y aquí están Mr. Browne y Miss Furlong. Llévalos adentro, Julia, con Miss Daly y Miss Power.

—Yo me encargo de las damas —dijo Mr. Browne, apretando sus labios hasta que sus bigotes se erizaron para sonreír con todas sus arrugas.

—Sabe usted, Miss Morkan, la razón por la que les caigo bien a las mujeres es que...

No terminó la frase, sino que, viendo que la tía Kate estaba lejos para escucharle, condujo a las tres jóvenes a la habitación de atrás. Un par de mesas cuadradas colocadas juntas ocupaban la mitad de la habitación, sobre las que la tía Julia y la guardesa estiraban y alisaban un enorme mantel. En el aparador se ordenaban fuentes y platos y cuchillos y tenedores y cucharas sujetas en mazos. Una vez cerrado, la parte superior del piano servía también como aparador para dulces y viandas. Junto a un aparador más pequeño colocado en una esquina, se encontraban dos hombres bebiendo cerveza amarga de lúpulo.

El señor Browne llevó hasta allí a las señoritas puestas a su cargo y, en broma, invitó a todas a tomar un poco del dulce, fuerte y caliente ponche de las damas. Como dijeron que nunca tomaban nada fuerte,
of lemonade for them. Then he asked one of the young men to move aside, and, taking hold of the decanter, filled out for himself a goodly measure of whisky. The young men laughed to his pleasantry, swaying in musical echo to his young ladies laughed in его смехе, суетя свои тела в идибонд своих плечах. Три девушки смеялись в унисон с его смехом.

—God help me,” he said, smiling, “it’s the doctor’s orders.”

His wizened face broke into a broader smile, and the three young ladies laughed in musical echo to his pleasantry, swaying their bodies to and fro, with nervous jerks of their shoulders. The boldest said:

“O, now, Mr. Browne, I’m sure the doctor never ordered anything of the kind.”

Mr. Browne took another sip of his whisky and said, with sidling mimicry:

“Well, you see, I’m like the famous Mrs. Cassidy, who is reported to have said: ‘Now, Mary Grimes, if I don’t take it, make me take it, for I feel I want it.’”

His hot face had leaned forward a little too confidentially and he had assumed a very low Dublin accent so that the young ladies, with one instinct, received his speech in silence. Miss Furlong, who was one of Mary Jane’s pupils, asked Miss Daly what was the name of the pretty waltz she had played;

abrió tres limonadas para ellas. Después pidió a uno de los jóvenes que se apartara un poco y, cogiendo un escanciador, se sirvió una considerable medida de whisky. Los jóvenes le miraron respetuosamente mientras daba un sorbo de prueba.

Su rostro ajado se extendió en una sonrisa amplia, y las tres jóvenes rieron haciendo eco musical de su humorada, mecieniendo sus cuerpos de un lado para otro con nerviosas sacudidas de sus hombros. La más osada dijo:

El señor Browne dio otro sorbo a su whisky e, imitando sus movimientos con bufonería, dijo:

“Bueno, verá, yo soy como la famosa señora Cassidy, de la que se dice que dijo: ‘Ahora, Mary Grimes, si no tomo lo que hice, haz que lo tome, pues siento que lo deseo.’”

Su rostro calido inclinado hacia adelante en un gesto de confidencia ligeramente excesiva, y su utilización de un acento dublines muy bajo, hicieron que las jóvenes atendieran en silencio a sus palabras. La señorita Furlong, que era alumna de Mary Jane, preguntó a la señorita Daly cuál era el nombre del bonito vals que tocara.

abrió tres botellas de limonada. Luego les pidió a los jóvenes que se hicieran a un lado y, tomando el frasco, se sirvió un buen trago de whisky. Los jóvenes lo miraron con respeto mientras probaba un sorbo.

—Por Dios —dijo, sonriendo—, ésta es la receta del médico.

Su cara musitía se extendió en una sonrisa aún más abierta y las tres muchachas rieron haciendo eco musical a su ocurrencia, contoneando sus cuerpos en vaivén y dando nerviosos tirones a los hombros. La más audaz dijo:

—Ah, vamos, señor Browne, estoy segura de que el médico nunca le recetará una cosa así.

Mr. Browne tomó otro sorbo de su whisky y dijo con una mueca ladeada:

“Bueno, ustedes saben, yo soy como Mrs. Cassidy, que dicen que dijo: «Vamos, Mary Grimes, si no tomo un vaso, dámelo tú, que es lo que necesita.»

Su cara acalorada se inclinó hacia adelante en gesto demasiado confidente y habló imitando un dejo de Dublin tan bajo que las muchachas, con idéntico instinto, escucharon su dichos en silencio. Miss Furlong, que era una de las alumnas de Mary Jane, le preguntó a Miss Daly cuál era el nombre de ese vals tan lindo
and Mr. Browne, seeing that he was
_{ignorad}_, turned _X_ promptly to the two
young men who were more appreciative.

A _red-faced_ young woman, dressed in
_pansy_, came into the room, excitedly
closing her hands and crying:

"**Quadrilles!**"

"Three ladies, Mary Jane!"—said Aunt Kate.

The two young gentlemen asked the
ladies if they might have the pleasure, and Mary
Jane turned to Miss Daly.

"O, Miss Daly, you're really awfully
good, after playing for
the last two dances,
but really we're so
short of ladies
_tonight._"

"I don't mind in the least, Miss Morkan."

"But I've a nice partner for you, Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the
tenor. I'll get him to sing
later on. All Dublin is
that'll just do now: well, that is perfect.

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_tonight._"

"I don't mind in the least, Miss Morkan."

"But I've a nice partner for you, Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the
tenor. I'll get him to sing
later on. All Dublin is

_Quadrilles_ Originaly a card game played by four
persons with fully cards (the 8s, 9s, and 10s were
removed), here it refers to a square dance in which four
women engaged in five separate figures; a complicated dance.

"_Contradanza! Contradanza!_"

"Three ladies, Mary Jane!"—said Aunt Kate.
As the piano had twice begun the prelude to the first figure Mary Jane led her recruits quickly from the room. They had hardly gone when Aunt Julia wandered slowly into the room, looking behind her at something.

"What is the matter, Julia?" asked Aunt Kate anxiously. "Who is it?"

Julia, who was carrying in a column of table-napkins, turned to her sister and said, simply, as if the question had surprised her: "It's only Freddy, Kate, and Gabriel with him."

In fact right behind her Gabriel could be seen piloting Freddy Malins across the landing. The latter, a young man of about forty, was of Gabriel's size and build, with very round shoulders. His face was fleshy and pallid, touched with colour only at the thick hanging lobes of his ears and at the wide wings of his nose. He had coarse features, a blunt nose, a convex and receding brow, tumid and protruded lips. His heavy-lidded eyes and the disorder of his scanty hair made him look sleepy. He was laughing heartily in a high key at a story which he had been telling Gabriel on the veranda of the hotel.

Mary Jane sacó a su leva rápidamente de la habitación, pues el piano ya comenzaba por segunda vez el preludio de la primera figura. Apenas habían salido, tía Julita recorrió lentamente la habitación en busca de algo.

"¿Qué pasa, Julia? —preguntó ansiosamente la tía Kate. —A quién buscas?"

Julia, que cargaba una pila de servilletas, se volvió a su hermana y dijo llamando, como si la pregunta la sorprendiera: "—No es más que Freddy, Kate, y a Gabriel que está con él.

Justo a su espalda podía verse a Gabriel conduciendo a Freddy a través del rellano. Este último, un hombre joven de unos cuarenta años, era de la misma estatura y del mismo peso de Gabriel, pero de hombros caídos. Su cara era moñuda y pálida, con toques de color sólo en los colgantes lóbulos de la oreja y en las anchas aletas de su nariz. Era de rasgos toscos, con una nariz romana, una frente convexa y elevada y unos labios prominentes y sensuales. Sus ojos de pesados párpados y el desorden de su pelo ralo le daban un aire somnoliento. Se reía con ganas de un cuento que le venía haciendo a Gabriel por la mano.
stairs and at the same time rubbing the
knuckles of his left fist
backwards and forwards
into his left eye.

—Buenas tardes, Freddy—dijo la tía Julia.

Freddy Malins dio las
buenas tardes a las señoritas Morkan en lo que, por el habitual tono
ganoso de su voz, pareció un saludo desatento, X
y a continuación, viendo
las muecas que le hacía el señor Browne desde el aparador, cruzó la habi-
tación con un paso más
bien vacilante, y comenzó a repetir en voz baja
lo que acababa de con-
tar a Gabriel.

—No está tan mal, ¿no es verdad? —dijo la tía Kate a Gabriel.

Freddy Malins bade
the Misses Morkan
good-evening in what
seemed an offhand
fashion by reason of the
habitual catch in his
voice and then, seeing
that Mr. Browne was grinning at him from the
sideboard, crossed the
room on rather shaky
legs and began to repeat
in an undertone the
story he had just told to
Gabriel.

—¿No está tan mal, verdad? —preguntó la
tía Kate a Gabriel.

Gabriel animó rá-
pidamente su frente X
sombria y con-
testó:

—Oh no. Apenas se le
nota.

Las cejas de Gabriel
fruncidas, pero,
las despejó en seguida
para responder:

—¡Es un terri-
bile! —dijo ella.— Y su pobre
madre que lo obligó a ha-
cer una promesa
el Fin de Año. Pero
por qué no pasamos
al salón, Gabriel.

Before leaving the
room with Gabriel she
signalled to Mr.
Browne by frowning
and shaking her
forefinger in warning
and to and fro. Mr.
Browne nodded in
answer and, when she
had gone, said to
Freddy Malins:

—Y ahora, Teddy,
voy a servirte un buen
escalera, al mismo
tiempo que se frotaba
un ojo con los
nudillos del puño
izquierdo.

Antes de dejar el
cuarto con Gabriel,
tía Kate le hizo se-
ñas a Mr. Browne, poniendo mala cara
y sacudiendo el
dedo índice. Mr.
Browne asintió y,
cuando ella se hubo
ido, le dijo a Freddy Malins:

—Vamos a ver,
Teddy, que te voy a dar

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a good glass of lemonade just to buck you up."

Freddy Malins, who was nearing the climax of his story, waved the offer aside impatiently but Mr. Browne, having first called Freddy Malins’ attention to a disarray in his dress, filled out and handed him a full glass of lemonade. Freddy Malins’ left hand accepted the glass mechanically, his right hand being engaged in the mechanical readjustment of his dress. Mr. Browne, whose face was once more wrinkling with mirth, poured out for himself a glass of whisky while Freddy Malins exploded, before he had well reached the climax of his story, in a kink of high-pitched bronchitic laughter and, setting down his untasted and overflowing glass, began to rub the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye, repeating words of his last phrase as well as his fit of laughter would allow him.

Gabriel no podía escuchar mientras Mary Jane tocaba la música pero la pieza que ella tocaba carecía de melodía para él, y dudaba que tuviera melodía alguna para el resto del auditorio, a pesar de haber implorado a Mary Jane que tocara algo. Cuatro jóvenes que habían salido de la habitación de los refectorios para atender el vaso de limonada para que te recompongas.

Freddy Malins, que estaba acercándose al desenlace de su cuento, rechazó la oferta con un gesto impaciente, pero Mr. Browne, después de haberle llamado la atención sobre lo desgarrado de su atuendo, le llenó un vaso de limonada y se lo entregó. Freddy Malins aceptó el vaso mecánicamente con la mano izquierda, mientras que su mano derecha se encargaba de ajustar sus ropas mecánicamente. Mr. Browne, cuya cara se colmaba de regocijadas arrugas, se llenó un vaso de whisky mientras Freddy Malins estallaba, antes de llegar al momento culminante de su historia, en una explosión de caricaturas brasnuqueas, y dejando a un lado su vaso rebosado sin tocar, empezó a frotar los nudillos de su puño izquierdo, repitiendo las palabras de su última frase cuando se lo permitía su ataque de risa.
to stand in the doorway: to step at the entrance of a room, usually to enter or leave it.
doorway at the sound of the piano, had gone away quietly in couples after a few minutes.

The only persons who seemed to follow the music were Mary Jane herself, her hands
racing along the keyboard, where the pianist places her hands:

in momentary imprecation: pronouncing brief magic formulas
at her elbow: at her side

Gabriel’s eyes, irritated by the floor, which glittered with beeswax under the heavy chandelier,

wandered vaguely at above higher than, over # under

hung was, suspended beside it: on, the side of it

two murdered princes: assassinated by Richard III

Tower: Tower of London

worked in...wools: made in tapestry

when she was a girl: in her adolescence

they: where they gone to been pupils kind: set

taught: part of their education

worked: made at: for birthday: anniversary

waistcoat of purple tabinet: similar to satin; tabinet: little poplin

lind: covered inside

mulberry: dark purple

had had: had + past participle, past perfect

call: name

brains carrier: one who possesses intelligence

a little proud of: to have a certain admiration for

matronly: dignified

before: in front of pierglass: large mirror

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tr.de G. Cabrera-Infante

Los ojos de Gabriel, irritados por el resplandor del piso encerado bajo la luz de la pesada araña que colgaba del techo, vagaron por la pared más allá del piano, en la que colgaba un cuadro con la escena del balcón en Romeo y Julieta y junto a él otro cuadro con los dos príncipes asesinados en la Torre bordado en lana marrón, azul y roja por la tía Julia cuando era joven. Un trabajo que probablemente habían aprendido en la escuela a la que fueron cuando eran jóvenes, pues su madre le bordó una vez como regalo de cumpleaños un chaleco en tabinet púrpura con capecitas de zorro, forrado de satén morado y con botones que parecían moras. Era raro que su madre careciera de talento musical, a pesar de estar considerada por la tía Kate como el soporte cerebral de la familia Morkan. Ella y Julia siempre estuvieron ligeramente orgullosas de su seriedad y digna hermana. Su fotografía descansaba ante el espejo de pared. Tenía un libro abierto so-

pronto como empezó a sonar el piano, se alejaron de dos en dos y en silencio después de unos acordes. Las únicas personas que parecían seguir la música eran Mary Jane, cuyos manos recorrían el teclado o se alzaban en las pausas como las de una sacerdotisa en un momento de imprecación, y tía Kate, de pie a su lado volteando las páginas.

Gabriel’s eyes, irritated by the floor, which glittered with beeswax under the heavy chandelier, wandered to the wall above the piano... A picture of the balcony in Rome and Juliet hung there and beside it was a picture of the two murdered princes in the Tower which Aunt Julia had worked in red, blue and brown woools when she was a girl. Probably in the school they had gone to as girls that kind of work had been taught for one year. His mother had worked for him as a birthday present a waistcoat of purple tabinet, with little foxes’ heads upon it, lined with brown satin and having round mulberry buttons. It was strange that his mother had had no musical talent though Aunt Kate used to call her the brains carrier of the Morkan family. Both she and Julia had always seemed a little proud of their serious and matronly sister. Her photograph stood before the pierglass.

Sonido del piano desde la puerta del salón, desaparecieron emparejados y silenciosamente, a los pocos minutos. Las únicas personas que parecían seguir la música eran Mary Jane misma, cuyas manos recorrían el teclado o se alzaban sobre él como las de una sacerdotisa en un momento de imprecación, y la tía Kate que se encontraba a su lado para pasar la página.

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los ojos de Gabriel, irritados por el piso que brillaba encerado debajo del macizo candelabro, vagaron hasta la pared sobre el piano. Colgaba allí un cromo con la escena del balcón de Romeo y Julieta, junto a una reproducción del asesinato de los principitos en la Torre que tía Julia había bordado en lana roja, azul y carmelita cuando niña. Probablemente les enseñaban a hacer esa labor en la escuela a que fueron de niñas, porque una vez su madre le bordó, para cumpleaños, un chaleco en tabinet púrpura con capecitas de zorro, festoneado de raso castaño y con botones redondos imitando moras. Era raro que su madre no tuviera talento musical, porque tía Kate acostumbraba a decir que era el cerebro de la familia Morkan. Tanto ella como Julia habían parecido siempre bastante orgullosas de su hermana, tan matrarcial y tan seria. Su fotografía se veía de lante del tremó. Tenía un libro abierto so-
on her knees and was pointing out something in it to Constantine who, dressed in a man-o'-war suit, lay at her feet. It was she who had chosen the name of her sons for she was very sensible of the dignity of family life. Thanks to her, Constantine was now senior curate in Balbriggan and, thanks to her, Gabriel himself had taken his degree in the Royal University. A shadow passed over his face as he remembered her sullen opposition to his marriage. Some slighting phrases she had used still rankled in his memory; she had once spoken of Gretta as being country cute and that was not true of Gretta at all. It was Gretta who had nursed her during all her last long illness in their house at Monkstown.

He knew that Mary Jane must be near the end of her piece for she was playing again the opening melody with runs of scales after every bar and while he waited for the end the resentment died down in his heart. The piece ended with a trill of octaves in the treble and a final deep octave in the bass.

Great applause greeted Mary Jane as, blushing and rolling up her music nervously, she escaped from the room. The most vigorous clapping came from the four young men in the doorway who had gone away to the

Sabía que Mary Jane debía de estar a punto de concluir su pieza porque tocaba de nuevo la melodía de apertura, llena de escalas detrás de cada compás, y mientras aguardaba el final se disipó el resentimiento de su corazón. La pieza terminó con un gorgorito de octavas en el sobreaugado y una octava grave en el bajo. Una salva de aplausos agradeció la interpretación de Mary Jane que, ruborizada, enrolló nerviosamente la partitura y escapó de la habitación. Los aplausos más vigorosos procedían de los cuatro jóvenes de la puerta que se habían marchado a la
refreshment-room: buffet

Lancers: a quadrille for more than four couples. Even more than quadrilles, the term evokes military associations that cast a primitive if not predatory light on the four young men in the doorway.

Frequent-mannered: with frank, direct manners
talkative: voluble
freckled: covered with small brown marks

She did not wear: her dress had not bore on it: had on, it showed

device and motto: emblem. A nationalist enthusiasm for Celtic language, history, and literature began.

When they had taken their places she said abruptly:

“I have a crow to pluck with you.”

“With me?” said Gabriel.

She nodded her head gravely.

“What is it?” asked Gabriel, smiling at her solemn manner.

“Who is G. C.?” answered Miss Ivors, turning her eyes upon him.

Gabriel coloured and was about to knit his brows, as if he did not understand, when she said bluntly:

“Oh, innocent Amy! I have found out that you write for The Daily Express. Now, aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

“This is to pluck with: to pluck of a dead bird before cooking it

blinking his eyes: shutting and opening his eyes restlessly; his restless eyes

should: must (more commanding than should)

Why should I be ashamed of myself?: asked Gabriel, blinking his eyes and trying to

habitación de los refrescos al iniciarse la pieza, regresando cuando cesó el sonido del piano.

Se organizó un baile de lanceros. Gabriel se encontró emparejado con la señorita Ivors, una joven habladora y de modales francos, con un carisma pecoso y prominentes ojos castaños. Vestía un corpiño sin escote y el prendedor con el que se sujetaba el cuello lucía una divisa __irlandesa.

Una vez que estuvieron en sus sitios, ella dijo abruptamente:

—Tengo un cuervo que desplumar con usted.

—¿Conmigo? —dijo Gabriel.

Ella asintió gravemente con la cabeza.

—¿De qué se trata? — preguntó Gabriel, sonriendo los modales de la dama con su sonrisa.

—¿Quién es G.C.? — respondió la señorita Ivors, con los ojos fijos en él.

Gabriel enrojeció y estaba a punto de fruncir las cejas como si no entendiese, cuando ella dijo sin mayor rodeo:

—Oh, inocente Amy! Me he enterado de que escribe usted para The Daily Express. ¿Qué me dice? ¿No se avergüenza de sí mismo?

—¿Por qué habría de avergonzarme de mí mismo? — preguntó Gabriel, parpadeando y

fueron a refrescar cuando empezó la pieza y que regresaron tan pronto el piano se quedó callado.

Alguien organizó una danza de lanceros, y Gabriel se encontró de pareja con Miss Ivors. Era una dama franca y habladora, con cara pecosa y grandes ojos castaños. No llevaba escote, y el largo broche al frente del cuello tenía un motivo irlandés.

Cuando ocuparon sus puestos, ella dijo de pronto:

—Tiene usted una cuentapendiente conmigo.

—¿Yo? —dijo Gabriel.

Ella asintió con gravedad.

—¿Qué cosa es? — preguntó Gabriel, sonriendo ante su solemnidad.

—¿Quién es G. C.? — respondió Miss Ivors, volviéndose hacia él.

Gabriel se sonrojó, y ya iba a fruncir las cejas como si no hubiera entendido, cuando ella le dijo abiertamente:

—¡Ay, inocente Amy! Me enteré de que escribe usted para The Daily Express. Y bien, ¿no lo da vergüenza?

—¿Y por qué me iba a dar? — preguntó Gabriel, pes-tañando, tratando
Fifteen Shillings

A derogatory term referred to inhabitants of Ireland whose allegiance was more to England than to Ireland.

continued blinking:

friends of many years' standing:

Bachelor's Walk:

O'Clohissey's:

for which:

The Daily Express:

for review:

more welcome:

patry:

feel:

newsly:

nearly:

teaching:

used to:

query:

second-hand booksellers:

Bachelor's Walk: name of a Dublin avenue

O'Clohissey's: O'Clohissey's bookshop

by-street: small street

how to meet her charge: how to respond to her accusation

above: superior to

friends of many years' standing: old companions

grandiose: pompous, grandiloquent

continued blinking: -ing after continue, go on, stop, finish, give up etc.

lamely: without conviction

Joyce's The dead

—Bueno, yo me avergüenzo de usted — dijo la señorita Ivors francamente—. Mira que escribir para semejante periodicocho. Ignoraba que fuera usted pro británico.

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Una mirada perpleja apareció en el rostro de Gabriel. Era verdad que escribía una columna literaria en el Daily Express los miércoles. Pero eso no lo convertía en pro-ingles. Los libros que le daban a criticar eran casi mejor bienvenidos que el mezquino cheque, ya que le deleitaba palpar la cubierta y hojear las páginas de un libro recién impreso. Casi todos los días, no bien terminaba las clases en el instituto, solía recorrer el malecón en busca de las librerías de viejo, y se iba a Hickey's, en el Paseo del Soltero, y a Webb's o a Massey's, en el muelle de Aston, o a O'Clohissey's, en una calle lateral. No supo cómo afrontar la acusación. Le hubiera gustado decir [128] que la literatura está muy por encima de los traínes políticos. Pero eran amigos de muchos años, así que se habían desarrollado con simultaneidad, primero en la Universidad y después como profesores: con ella no quería arriesgar una frase grandilocuente. Siguió parpadeando e intentando sonreír, y murmuró débilmente que no veía nada político

de sonreír.
When their turn to cross had come he was still perplexed and inattentive. Miss Ivors promptly took his hand in a warm grasp and said in a soft friendly tone:

"Of course, I was only joking. Come, we cross now."

When they were together again she spoke of the University question and Gabriel felt more at ease. A friend of hers had shown her his review of Browning’s poems. That was how she had found out the secret: but she liked the review immensely. Then she said suddenly:

"O, Mr. Conroy, will you come for an excursion to the Aran Isles this summer? We’re going to stay there a whole month. It will be splendid out in the Atlantic. You ought to come. Mr. Clancy is coming, and Mr. Kilkelly and Kathleen Kearney. It would be splendid for Gretta too if she’d come. She’s from Connacht, isn’t she?"

"Her people are," said Gabriel shortly.

"But you will come, won’t you?" said Miss Ivors, laying her arm hand eagerly on his arm.

"The fact is," said Gabriel, "I have just arranged to go——"
“Go where?” asked Miss Ivors.

“Well, you know, every year I go for a cycling tour with some fellows and so——”

“But where?” asked Miss Ivors.

“Well, we usually go to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany,” said Gabriel awkwardly.

“And why do you go to France and Belgium,” said Miss Ivors, “instead of visiting your own land?”

“Well,” said Gabriel awkwardly, “it’s partly to keep in touch with the languages and partly for a change.”

“And haven’t you your own language to keep in touch with—Irish?” asked Miss Ivors.

“Well,” said Gabriel, “if it comes to that, you know, Irish is not my language.”

“Go where?” note how Miss Ivors makes Gabriel feel guilty (innocent)

go for a cycling tour: visit a place on a bicycle

some fellows: one or two friends

so: consequently

usually: habitually

perhaps: not certainly

awkwardly: lamely (note all the signs of Gabriel’s timidity and embarrassment)

instead of: in place of — of -ing

land: country (Ireland)

keep in touch with: continue to practise

for a change: to do something different

if it comes to that: if you start on that subject (Gabriel’s response shows that he is on the defensive)

neighbours: the people around them

cross-examination: insistent questioning

keep: maintain

good humour: serenity

under the ordeal: during this difficult experience

blush: red colour

own: which is your property, your responsibility (note the repetition)

know nothing of: don’t know at all

Their neighbours had turned to listen to the cross-examination. Gabriel glanced right and left nervously and tried to keep his good humour under the ordeal which was making a blush invade his forehead.

“Go where?” note how Miss Ivors makes Gabriel feel guilty (innocent)

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Gabriel did not answer for his retort had heated him.

Miss Ivors.

They had to go visiting together and, as he had not answered her, Miss Ivors said warmly: "Of course, you've no answer."

Gabriel tried to cover his agitation by taking part in the dance with great energy. He avoided her eyes for he had seen a sour expression on her face. But when they met in the long chain he was surprised to feel his hand firmly pressed. She looked at him from under her brows for a moment quizzically until he smiled. Then, just as the chain was about to start again, she stood on tiptoe and whispered into his ear:

"West Briton!"

When the lancers were over the quadrille was finished.

The lancers were over: the quadrille was finished.

The lancers were over Gabriel went away to a remote corner of the room where Freddy Malins' mother was sitting. She was a stout feeble old woman with white hair. Her voice had a catch in it like her son's and she stuttered.

"O, to tell you the truth," retorted Gabriel suddenly, "I'm sick of my own country, sick of it!"

"Why?" asked Miss Ivors.

"Why?" repeated Miss Ivors.

"I answered you, you have...; you can't answer me."

"Of course, you've no answer."

Miss Ivors.

They had to go visiting: a way their turn to do the visiting (they are still dancing) couple crosses over to another couple.

Miss Ivors.

Tenían que seguir bailando juntos y, como no había recibido respuesta, la señorita Ivors dijo enfadadamente: "¿Por qué? —repitió a señorita Ivors.

Gabriel no respondió: su réplica lo había alterado.

Gabriel no respondió: su réplica lo había alterado.

Tenían que hacer la ronda de visitas los dos ahora, y, como todavía no había él respondido, Miss Ivors le dijo, muy acalorada:

—Por supuesto, no tiene qué decir.
slightly. She had been
told that Freddy had
come and that he was
nearly all right. Gabriel asked her
whether she had had a
good crossing. She
lived with her married
daughter in Glasgow
and came to Dublin on
a visit once a year. She
answered placidly that
she had had a beautiful
crossing and that the
captain had been most
attentive to her. She
spoke also of the
beautiful house her
daughter kept in
Glasgow, and of all the
friends they had there.
While her tongue
rambled on Gabriel
tried to banish from
his mind all memory of
the unpleasant incident
with Miss Ivors. Of
course the girl or
woman, or whatever
she was, was an
enthusiast but there
was a time for all
things. Perhaps he
ought not to have
answered her like that.
But she had no right to
call him a West Briton
before people, even in
joke. She had tried to
make him ridiculous
before people,
heckling him and
staring at him with her
rabbit’s eyes.

He saw his wife
making her way towards
him through the waltzing
couples. When she
reached him she said
into his ear:

“Gabriel. Aunt Kate wants to know
won’t you carve the
goose as usual. Miss Daly will carve
the ham and I’ll do the
pudding.”

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Vio a su mujer
avanzando hacia él a
través de las parejas
que bailaban vals.
Cuando le alcanzó, le
dijo al oído:

—Gabriel, tía Kate quiere saber si
vas a trinchar la oca
como siempre. La
señorita Daly cortará
el jamón y yo serré
el budín.

Vio a su mujer
abriéndose paso hacia
él por entre las parejas
que valsaban. Cuando
llegó a su lado le dijo al oído:

—Gabriel, tía Kate quiere saber si no vas a
trinchar el ganso como de
costumbre. Miss Daly va a cortar el ja-
món y yo voy a ocupar-
me del pudín.
“All right,” said Gabriel.

“She’s sending in the younger ones first as soon as this waltz is over so that we’ll have the table to ourselves.”

“Were you dancing?” asked Gabriel.

“Of course I was. Didn’t you see me? What row had you with Molly Ivors?”

“No row. Why? Did she say so?”

“Something like that. I’m trying to get that Mr. D’Arcy to sing. He’s full of conceit, I think.”

“No row,” said Gabriel moodily, “only she wanted me to go for a trip to the west of Ireland and I said I wouldn’t.”

His wife clasped her hands excitedly and gave a little jump.

“O, do go, Gabriel,” she cried. “I’d love to see Galway again.”

“You can go if you like,” said Gabriel coldly.

She looked at him for a moment, then turned to Mrs. Malins and said:

“There’s a nice husband for you, Mrs. Malins.”

While she was threading her way back...
Gabriel heard the snow coming against the hotel window: the room had...cleared: the snow would be lying: hardly heard: Gabriel hardly heard what she was saying. Now that supper was coming near he began to think again about his speech and about the quotation. When he saw Freddy Malins coming across the room to visit his mother Gabriel left the chair free for him and retired into the embrasure of the window. The room had already cleared and from the back room came the clatter of plates and knives. Those who still remained in the drawing room seemed tired of dancing and were conversing quietly in little groups. Gabriel’s warm trembling fingers tapped the cold pane of the window. How cool it must be outside! How pleasant it would be to walk alone out, first along by the river and then through the park! The snow would be lying on the branches of the trees and forming a bright cap on the Wellington Monument. How much more pleasant it would be there than at the hotel cooked it for their dinner.

Gabriel apenas oía lo que ella decía. Ahora que se acercaba la cena comenzó a pensar de nuevo en su discurso y sobre la cita. Cuando vio a Freddy Malins atravesar el salón para saludar a su madre, Gabriel le dejó libre la silla y se retiró al alféizar de la ventana. El salón se había desahogado y de la habitación de atrás llegaba el ruido de platos y cubiertos. Quienes permanecían en el salón parecían cansados de bailar, y conversaban tranquilamente en grupitos. Los dedos calientes y temblorosos de Gabriel rozaron el frío cristal de la ventana. ¡Qué frío debía de hacer ahí fuera! ¡Cuánto agradable sería dar un paseo solitario, primero a lo largo del río y después a través del parque! La nieve estaría colgando de las ramas de los árboles y formaría una tenue capa en lo alto del monumento a Wellington. ¡Mucho más agradable que encontrarse en el salón, Mrs. Malins, como si no la hubieran interrumpido, siguió contándole a Gabriel sobre los lindos lares de Escocia y sus escenarios naturales, preciosos. Su yerno la llevaba cada año a los lagos y salían de pesquería.
He ran over the headings of his speech: Irish hospitality, sad memories, the Three Graces, Paris, the quotation from Browning. He repeated to himself a phrase he had written in his review: “One feels that one is listening to a thought-tormented music.” Miss Ivors had praised the review. Was she sincere? Had she really any life of her own behind all her propagandism? There had never been any ill-feeling: no hostility had ever existed between them until that night. It unnerved him to think that she would be at the supper-table, looking up at him while he spoke with her critical quizzing eyes. Perhaps she would not be sorry to see him fail in his speech. An idea came into his mind and gave him courage. He would say, alluding to Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia: “Ladies and Gentlemen, the generation which is now on the wane among us may have had its faults but for my part I think it had certain qualities of hospitality, of humour, of humanity, which the new and very serious and hypereducated generation that is growing up around us seems to me to lack.” Very good: that was one for Miss Ivors. What did he care that his aunts were only two ignorant old women?

A murmur in the room attracted his attention. Mr. Browne was advancing from the door, gallantly

Repasó las notas de su discurso: la hospitalidad irlandesa, recuerdos tristes, las Tres Gracias, París, la cita de Browning. Repitió para sí mismo una frase que había escrito en su crítica: «Uno siente que está escuchando la música de una mente atormentada. La señorita Ivors había alabado su crítica. ¿Había sido sincera? ¿Sabía ella algo de una vida más allá de todo su proselitismo? Nunca había habido malos sentimientos entre ellos hasta aquella noche. Le desalentaba pensar en ella sentada a la mesa, mirándole con sus críticos ojos zumbones mientras hablaba. Quizá no le dolería verle equivocarse en su discurso. Se le ocurrió una idea que le infundió valor. Aludiendo a la tía Kate y a la tía Julia, podría decir: Damas y caballeros, la generación que ahora se halla en retirada entre nosotros habrá tenido sus faltas, pero por mi parte yo creo que tuvo ciertas cualidades de hospitalidad, de humor, de humanidad, de las que la nueva generación, tan seria y supereducada, que crece ahora en nuestro seno, me parece carecer.» Muy bien dicho: que aprenda Miss Ivors. ¿Qué le importaba si sus tías no eran más que dos viejas ignorantes?

Un rumor en la sala atrajo su atención. El señor Browne avanzaba desde la puerta escoltando con galantería

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it sounded so genuine:

escorted Aunt Julia, who leaned upon his arm, smiling and hanging her head. An irregular musketry of applause escorted her also as far as the piano and then, as Mary Jane seated herself on the stool, and Aunt Julia, no longer smiling, half turned so as to pitch her voice fairly into the room, gradually ceased. Gabriel recognised the prelude of Julia’s—Arrayed for the Bridal. Her voice, strong and clear in tone, attacked with great spirit the runs which embellished the air and though she sang very rapidly she did not miss even the smallest of the grace notes. To follow the voice, without looking at the singer’s face, was to feel and share the excitement of swift and secure flight.

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del brazo a la tía Julia, que sonreía cabizbaja. Una salva irregular de aplausos la escoltó hasta el piano y luego, cuando Mary Jane se sentó en la banqueta y la tía Julia, dejando de sonreír, dio media [131] vuelta para mejorar proyectar su voz hacia el salón, cesaron gradualmente. Gabriel reconoció el preludio. Era una vieja canción del repertorio de tía Julia, *Ataviada para la boda*. Su voz, fuerte y de clara entonación, atacó con vigor las escalas que embellecieron la melodía, y aunque cantó muy rápido, no perdió ni la más mínima nota de adorno. Seguir aquella voz sin mirar el rostro de la cantante, era como sentir y compartir la excitación de un vuelo ruidoso y seguro. Cuando terminó la canción, Gabriel unió sus calurosos aplausos a los del auditorio y a los procedentes de la invisible mesa de la cena. Aquello sonó tan genuino que un ligero rubor se apoderó del rostro de la tía Julia al inclinarse para retirar del atri la vieja carpeta de partituras encuadernada en cuero con sus iniciales en la cubierta. Freddy Malins, que la había escuchado sin mover la cabeza del lado por el que oía mejor, seguía aplaudiendo cuando todos los demás habían dejado
proved too much for him: in acquiescence. At last, when he could clap no more, he stood up suddenly and hurried across the room to Aunt Julia whose hand he seized and held in both his hands, shaking it when words failed him or the catch in his voice proved too much for him.

"I was just telling my mother," he said, "I never heard you sing so well, never. No, I never heard your voice so good as it is tonight. Now! Would you believe that now?

That's the truth. Upon my word and honour that's the truth. I never heard your voice sound so fresh and so... so clear and fresh, never."
As long as I am coming: since I first came, during all the time I have been coming.

Neither did I: approval of a negative clause; and I never heard.

Greatly improved: a considerably better quality

Shrugged: made a movement of doubt with her shoulders

Meek pride: a mixture of self-satisfaction and humility ago: in the past

As voices go: speaking of voices in general

I often told: I frequently said to

Emphatically: with force

She was...thrown away: her talent was devalued

Would never be said by me.: that she was...thrown away: she wouldn't be said or led by anyone.

Aunt Julia shrugged her shoulders and said with meek pride:

She turned as if to appeal to the good sense of the others against a refractory child while Aunt Julia gazed in front of her, a vague smile of reminiscence playing on her face.

No, continued Aunt Kate, "she wouldn't be said or led by anyone; nobody could advise or guide her: (final, led —)

Slaughtering: working like a slave, a servant

Six o'clock: at six o'clock in the morning

"Well, isn't it for the honour of God, Aunt Kate?" asked Mary Jane, twisting round on the piano-stool and smiling.

Turned...on: attacked suddenly

Fiercely: with violence

Discovered. All I can say is I never heard her sing half so well as long as I am coming here. And that's the honest truth."

"Neither did I," said Mr. Browne. "I think her voice has greatly improved."

"Thirty years ago I hadn't a bad voice as voices go."

"I often told Julia," said Aunt Kate emphatically, "that she was simply thrown away in that choir. But she never would be said by me."

"No," continued Aunt Kate, "she wouldn't be said or led by anyone: nobody could advise or guide her; (final, led —)"

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"Neither did I," said Mr. Browne. "I think her voice has greatly improved."

"I often told Julia," said Aunt Kate emphatically, "that she was simply thrown away in that choir. But she never would be said by me."

"No —siguió la tía Kate—, nunca hizo caso ni admitió los consejos de nadie... Esclavizada en aquel coro noche y día. ¡A las seis de la mañana el día de Navidad! Y todo ¿para qué?"

"Bueno, ¿no es para alabar a Dios, tía Kate? —preguntó Mary Jane, girando con una sonrisa en el taburete del piano."

"Bueno, ¿no sería por la honra del Señor, tía Kate? —preguntó Mary Jane, girando en la banqueta, sonriendo.

La tía Kate se volvió hacia su sobrina para brimiento peor. Todo lo que puedo decir es que nunca la habría oído cantar tan bien ninguna de las veces que he estado antes aquí. Y es la pura verdad.

—Ni yo tampoco —dijo Mr. Browne—. Creo que de voz ha mejorado mucho.

—Se volvió como si quisiera apelar al buen sentido de los demás frente a un niño incorregible, mientras tía Julia, una vaga sonrisa reminiscente esbozándose en sus labios, miraba alejada al frente.

—No —siguió tía Kate—, no deja que nadie la convenza ni la dirija, cantando como una esclava de ese coro noche y día, día y noche. ¡Desde [132] las seis de la mañana el día de Navidad! ¿Y todo para qué?

—Bueno, ¿no sería por la honra del Señor, tía Kate? —preguntó Mary Jane, girando en la banqueta, sonriendo.

La tía Kate se volvió a su sobrina como una
said:

“I know all about the honour of God, Mary Jane, but I think it’s not at all honourable for the pope to turn out the women out of the choirs that have slaved there all their lives and put little whipper-snappers of boys over their heads. I suppose it is for the good of the Church if the pope does it. But it’s not just, Mary Jane, and it’s not right.”

She had worked herself into a passion and would have continued in defence of her sister for it was a sore subject with her but Mary Jane, seeing that all the dancers had come back, inter vened pacifically:

“Now, Aunt Kate, you’re giving scandal to Mr. Browne who is of the other persuasion.”

Aunt Kate turned to Mr. Browne, who was grinning at this allusion to his religion, and said hastily:

“Oh, I don’t question the pope’s being right. I’m only a stupid old woman and I wouldn’t presume to do such a thing. But there’s such a thing as common everyday politeness and gratitude. And if I were in Julia’s place I’d tell that Father Healy straight up to his face…”

And besides, Aunt Kate,” said Mary Jane, “we presume to do such a thing: take the liberty of doing that. There’s such a thing as: this thing is important I wore; were or was are used after if I would; that: the individual called straight up to his face: directly and clearly besides: in addition to that

for the Pope to turn out: when the Pope turns out turn out: spot: such that: who

put-over their heads: replace them with little whipper-snappers: pretentious young boys (Pius X had just proclaimed the exclusion of women from the church choirs)

right: morally correct

had worked herself into a passion: little by little she became very irritated for: because some: painful, distressing come back: from the refreshment-room to the drawing-room

question: have doubts the Pope being right: that the Pope is right presume to do such a thing: take the liberty of doing that there’s such a thing as: this thing is important I wore: were or was are used after if I would: that: the individual called straight up to his face: directly and clearly besides: in addition to that

had worked herself into a passion: little by little she had become very irritated

hastily: in haste, quickly

say: have doubts

right: morally correct

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are...hungry: need to eat

quarrelsome: looking for quarrels, disputes

are thirsty: need to drink

so that: in conclusion

we had better go: it would be better for us, we ought to go

landing: space at the top of stairs

trying: making efforts

put on / taken off

cloak: simple sleeveless cape used as an overcoat

in the least: at all

overstayed her time: stayed longer than the time she had fixed

for only ten minutes: ten minutes, no more

delay you: make you late

take a pick itself: have a little something to eat

all your dancing: all the dances you had / gerund (verb + ing) used as a noun

didn't enjoy yourself at all: you didn't have a pleasant evening

hopelessly: in a disappointed manner

ever so much: enormously, immensely

let: allow, permit

rung off: go quickly

real...hambre, y cuando estamos hambrientos, y cuando tenemos hambre somos todos muy belicosos.

—Y cuando estamos sedientos también nos ponemos pendencieros

—Así que lo mejor es que vayamos a cenar — dijo Mary Jane — y dejemos la discusión para luego.

—Así que más vale que vayamos a cenar — dijo Mary Jane — y dejemos la discusión para más tarde.

On the landing outside the drawing-room Gabriel found his wife and Mary Jane trying to persuade Miss Ivors to stay for supper. But Miss Ivors, who had put on her hat and was buttoning her cloak, would not stay. She did not feel in the least hungry and she had already overstayed her time.

—But only for ten minutes, Molly — said Mrs. Conroy — That won't delay you.

—Tan sólo para tomar un bocado — dijo Mary Jane — después de todo lo que has bailado.

—Para que comas un bocado — dijo Mary Jane — después de tan to bailoteo.

—Pero si no son más que diez minutos, Molly — dijo Mrs. Conroy —. No es tanta la demora.

—No puedo, de veras — dijo Miss Ivors.

—No puedo, de veras — dijo Miss Ivors.

—Me parece que no lo pasaste nada bien — dijo Mary Jane con desaliento.

—Me lo he pasado muy bien, se lo aseguro a ustedes — dijo la señorita Ivors — pero ahora han de permitir que me vaya.

—Sí, muy bien, se lo aseguro — dijo Miss Ivors — pero ahora deben dejarme ir corriendo.

—Pero ¿cómo va a

—Pero ¿cómo va a
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Mary Jane gazed after her, a moody puzzled expression on her face, while Mrs. Conroy leaned over the banisters to listen for the hall-door. Gabriel asked himself was he the cause of her abrupt departure. But she did not seem to be in ill humour; she had gone away laughing. He stared blankly down the staircase.

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Mary Jane la vio marchar con una expresión triste y confundida en su rostro, mientras la señora Conroy se inclinaba sobre la barandilla para oír si cerraba la puerta del vestíbulo. Gabriel se preguntó si era él la razón de su busca salida. Pero la dama no parecía estar de mal humor; se había ido riendo. Y se quedó mirando la escalera, confuso.

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Mary Jane se quedó mirándola, una expresión preocupada en su rostro, mientras Mrs. Conroy se inclinó por sobre la baranda para oír si cerraba la puerta del zaguán. Gabriel se preguntó si sería él la causa de que ella se fuese tan abruptamente. Pero no parecía estar de mal humor: se había ido riéndose a carcajadas. Se quedó mirando las escaleras distraído.

At the moment Aunt Kate came toddling out of the supper-room, almost wringing her hands in despair.

Tía Kate salió del salón en ese momento, con pasitos de niño pequeño y exprimiéndose casi las manos de desesperación.

En ese momento la tía Kate salió del comedor dando tumbos, casi exprimiéndose las manos de desespero.
Un ganso gordo y pardo descansaba a un extremo de la mesa, y al otro extremo, sobre un lecho de papel engordado con ramitas de perejil, reposaba un guacamayo, listo para trinchar una bandada de gansos si fuera necesario.

A fat brown goose lay at one end of the table and at the other end, on a bed of creased paper strewn with sprigs of parsley, lay a great ham, stripped of its outer skin and peppered over with crust crumbs, a neat paper frill round its shin and beside this was a round of spiced beef.

Where is Gabriel? —grité Gabriel, súbitamente animado—, listo para trinchar una bandada de ocas, si es el caso.

—¿Dónde está Gabriel? —grito—. ¿Dónde se ha metido Gabriel? Todo el mundo está esperando, preparados para comenzar, y no hay quien trinche la oca.
stand which upheld a pyramid of oranges and American apples, two squat old-fashioned decanters of cut glass, one containing port and the other dark sherry. On the closed square piano a pudding in a huge yellow dish lay in waiting and behind it were three squads of bottles of stout and ale and minerals, drawn up according to the colours of their uniforms, the first two black, with brown and red labels, the third and smallest squad white, with transverse green sashes.

Brown indicates that the stout was Guinness; red that the ale is Bass.

Gabriel took his seat boldly at the head of the table and, having looked to the edge of the carver, plunged his fork firmly into the goose. He felt quite at ease now for he was an expert carver and liked nothing better than to find himself at the head of a well-laden table.

While Gabriel and Miss Daly exchanged plates of goose and plates of ham and spiced beef Lily went from guest to guest and tentaba una pirámide de naranjas y manzanas americanas, se situaban dos rechonchos escanciadores antiguos de cristal tallado, el uno con oporto y el otro con jerez oscuro. Sobre el piano cerrado aguardaba un enorme plato amarillo lleno de budín, tras el que se desplegaban tres escuadras de botellas de cerveza —stout y ale— y de agua mineral, según el color de sus uniformes, las dos primeras con sus etiquetas rojas y marrones, y la tercera y más pequeña con sus bandas verdes transversales.

Gabriel tomó resueltamente asiento a la cabecera de la mesa y, tras echar un vistazo al filo del cuchillo, hundió firmemente el trinchante en la oca. Se sentía perfectamente a sus anchas, pues era un trinchador experto y nada le gustaba más que verse a la cabecera de una mesa bien dispuesta.

Gabriel tomó asiento decidido a la cabecera de la mesa y, después de revisar el filo del trinchón, hundió su tenedor con firmeza en el ganso. Se sentía a sus anchas, ya que era trinchador experto, y nada le gustaba tanto como sentarse a la cabecera de una mesa bien puesta.

—Señorita Furlong, ¿qué quiere usted que le sirva? —preguntó.— ¿Un ala o una lascota de pechuga?—Sólo una pequeña loncha de pechuga.

—Miss Furlong. ¿Qué le doy? —preguntó.— ¿Un ala o una lascota de pechuga [134]?—Una lascota de pechuga.

—¿Y para usted, señorita Higgins?—Oh, cualquier cosa, señor Conroy.

Mientras Gabriel y Miss Daly intercambiaban platos de jamón y platos de jamón y de carne aceitada, Lily iba de invitado en invitado...
open and carried...:

Mary Jane waited on her pupils and saw that they got the best slices and Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia opened and carried across from the piano bottles of stout and ale for the gentlemen and bottles of minerals for the ladies. There was a great deal of confusion and laughter and noise, the noise of orders and counter-orders, of knives and forks, of corks and glass-stoppers. Gabriel began to carve second helpings as soon as he had finished the first round without serving himself. Everyone protested loudly so that he compromised by taking a long draught of stout for he had found the carving hot work. Mary Jane settled down quietly to her supper but Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia were still toddling round the table, walking on each other’s heels, getting in each other’s way and giving each other unheeded orders. Mr. Browne begged of them to sit down and eat their suppers and so did Gabriel but they said there was time enough, so that, at last, Freddy Malins never eat worse: always eat as well. Without + -ing

Aunt Julia opened and carried...:

while a dish of hot floury potatoes wrapped in a white napkin. This was Mary Jane’s idea and she had also suggested apple sauce for the goose but Aunt Kate had said that plain roast goose without any apple sauce had always been good enough for her and she hoped she might never eat worse. Mary Jane served them round without serving herself. Everyone protested loudly so that he compromised made a concession. Gabriel, but it had never been enough, so that, at last, Freddy Malins never eat worse: always eat as well. Without + -ing

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stood up and, capturing Aunt Kate, plumped her down on her chair amid general laughter.

When everyone had been well served Gabriel said, smiling:

“Now, if anyone wants a little more of what vulgar people call stuffing let him or her speak.”

A chorus of voices invited him to begin his own supper and Lily came forward with three potatoes which she had reserved for him.

“Well,” said Gabriel amiably, as he took another preparatory draught, “kindly forget my existence, ladies and gentlemen, for a few minutes.”

He set to his supper and took no part in the conversation with which the table covered Lily’s removal of the plates. The subject of talk was the opera company which was then at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Bartell D’Arcy, the tenor, a dark-complexioned young man with a smart moustache, praised very highly the leading contralto of the company but Miss Furlong thought she had a rather vulgar style of production. Freddy Malins said there was a Negro chieftain singing in the second part of the Gaiety pantomime who had one of the finest voices; and while the table was being cleared a Negro who was a member of the company but Miss Furlong did not have much to say about him put in a turn amid gentle laughter.

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Malins se levantó y, capturando a tía Kate, la arrellanó en su silla en medio del regocijo general.

—Ahora, si alguien quiere un poco más de lo que la gente vulgar llama alimento, que lo diga.

—Damas y caballeros —dijo Gabriel amablemente, según tomaba otro trago preparatorio, —les ruego que tengas a bien olvidarte de que existo, damas y caballeros, por unos minutos.

Se sentó a cenar y no intervino en la charla que se adueñó de la mesa en cuanto Lily se llevó los platos. El tema de conversación era la compañía de ópera que a la sazón actuaba en el Teatro Real. El señor Bartell D’Arcy, hombre de voz oscura y fino bigote, elogió mucho a la primera contralto de la compañía, pero a Miss Furlong le pareció que ésta tenía una presencia escénica más bien vulgar. Freddy Malins dijo que había un caudillo negro que cantaba en la segunda parte de la pantomima del Gaiety con una de las mejores
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ever: in all his life, at any time
tenor voices he had ever heard.

“Have you heard him?” he asked Mr. Bartell D’Arcy across the table.

“No,” answered Mr. Bartell D’Arcy carelessly.

“Because,” Freddy Malins explained, “now I’d be curious to hear your opinion of him. I think he has a grand voice.”

“No — dijo el señor Bartell D’Arcy cautelosamente.

—Es que me gustaría conocer su opinión — explicó Freddy Malins—. Creo que tiene una gran voz.

—¿Porque — explicó Freddy Malins— tengo curiosidad por conocer su [135] opinión. A mí me parece que tiene una gran voz.

Nobody answered this question and Mary Jane led the table back to the legitimate opera. One of her pupils had given her a pass for Mignon. Of course it was very fine, she said, but it made her think of poor Georgina Burns. Mr. Browne could go back farther still, to the old Italian companies that used to come to Dublin—Tietjens, Ilma de Murzka, Campanini, the great Trebelli, Giuglini, Ravelli, Aramburo. Those were the days, he said, when there was something like singing to be heard in Dublin. He told too of how the top gallery of the old Royal used to be packed night after night.

Nadie respondió a aquello y Mary Jane hizo que la conversación regresara a la ópera de verdad. Uno de sus alumnos le había conseguido una entrada para Mignon. Era muy hermoso, dijo, pero suscitaba en ella el recuerdo de la pobre Georgina Burns. El señor Browne podía remontarse aún más atrás en su memoria y llegar hasta las viejas compañías que solían pasar por Dublin: Tietjens, Ilma de Murzka, Campanini, el gran Trebelli, Giuglini, Ravelli, Aramburo. Aquellos días, dijo, cuando en Dublín se podía escuchar algo parecido al canto y el gallinero del viejo Royal, se ponía de bote en bote todas las noches, y con-

voices de tenores que él había oído.

diseño de Fernando Galván

—¿Le ha oído usted? —preguntó a través de la mesa al señor Bartell D’Arcy.

—No — dijo el señor Bartell D’Arcy sin darle importancia.

—Porque — explicó Freddy Malins— tengo curiosidad por conocer su [135] opinión. A mí me parece que tiene una gran voz.

—¿Y por qué no va a tener él también una buena voz? — preguntó Freddy Malins en tono brusco—. ¿Porque no es más que un negro?

Nadie respondió a su pregunta, y Mary Jane pastoreó la conversación de regreso a la ópera seria. Una de sus alumnas le había dado un pase para Mignon. Claro que era muy buena, dijo, pero le recordaba a la pobre Georgina Burns. Mr. Browne se fue aún más lejos, a las viejas compañías italianas que solían visitar a Dublin: Tietjens, Ilma de Mujza, Campanini, el gran Trebelli, Giuglini, Ravelli, Aramburo. ¿Qué tiempos aquellos, dijo, cuando se oía en Dublín lo que se podía llamar bel canto. Contó cómo la tertulia del viejo Real es-
night, of how one night an Italian tenor had sung five encores to Let Me like a Soldier fall, introducing a high C; compare: as a result of

the gallery boys: the young men of the top gallery

picking a bone: eating with her fingers a piece of the goose to please me; to my taste

Caruso: Italian tenor who was alive then

That was why. Why did they never play the grand old operas now, he asked, Dinorah, Lucrezia Borgia? Because they could not get the voices to sing them: that was why.

“Where are they?” asked Mr. Browne defiantly.

“In London, Paris, Milan,” said Mr. Bartell D’Arcy warmly. “I suppose Caruso, for example, is quite as good, if not better than any of the men you have mentioned.”

“Maybe so,” said Mr. Browne. “But I may tell you I doubt it strongly.”

“Oh, I’d give anything to hear Caruso sing,” said Mary Jane.

“For me,” said Aunt Kate, who had been picking a bone, “there was only one tenor. To

tó que hubo una noche en que un tenor italiano repitió cinco veces Let Me Like a Soldier dando un do de pecho cada vez, y que los muchachos del gallinero se dejaban llevar a veces de su entusiasmo hasta el punto de desencior los caballos del carruaje de alguna gran prima donna para llevarla ellos mismos por las calles de Dublin hasta su hotel. ¿Por qué ya no se interpretaban las grandes óperas antiguas, preguntó, como Dinorah o Lucrecia Borgia? Porque ya no había modo de reunir las voces necesarias para ello: por eso.

—¿Dónde están? —preguntó el señor Browne, desafiante.

—En Londres, París, Milán —dijo el señor Bartell D’Arcy, entusiasta—. Supongo que Caruso, por ejemplo, es tan bueno, si no mejor, que cualquiera de los hombres que ha mencionado usted.

—Puede ser —dijo el señor Browne—, pero debo decirle que lo dudo mucho.

—Oh, daría cualquier cosa por oír cantar a Caruso —dijo Mary Jane.

—Para mi —dijo la tía Kate después de roer un hueso— sólo hubo un tenor. Que me agradara,
please me, I mean. But I suppose none of you ever heard of him."

"Who was he, Miss Morkan?" asked Mr. Bartell D’Arcy politely.

"His name," said Aunt Kate, "was Parkinson. I heard him when he was in his prime and I think he had then the purest tenor voice that was ever put into a man’s throat."

"Strange," said Mr. Bartell D’Arcy. "I never even heard of him."

"Yes, yes, Miss Morkan is right," said Mr. Browne. "I remember hearing of old Parkinson but he’s too far back for me."

"A beautiful, pure, sweet, mellow English tenor," said Aunt Kate with enthusiasm.

El enorme budín se llevó a la mesa una vez que Gabriel hubo terminado. El ruido de tenedores y cucharas dio comienzo de nuevo. La mujer de Gabriel servía cucharadas de budín y pasaba los platos a la mesa, siendo reemplazada a mitad de camino por Mary Jane, que los rellenaba con gelatina de frambuesas o de naranja o con manjar blanco y compota. El budín era obra de la tía Julia, a quien todos felicitaron por ello. En cuanto a ella, se limitó a decir que no lo encontraba que a mí me guste. Pero supongo que ninguno de ustedes ha oído hablar de él.

"¿Quién es él, señorita Morkan? —preguntó cortésmente el señor Bartell D’Arcy.

"Su nombre —dijo la tía Kate— era Parkinson. Le oí cuando comenzaba su Barrera, y pienso que tenía la más pura voz de tenor que jamás haya habido en garganta masculina alguna.

"¿Quién es él, Miss Morkan? —preguntó Mr. Bartell D’Arcy, cortésmente.

"Su nombre —dijo tía Kate— era Parkinson. Lo oí cantar cuando estaba en su apogeo y creo que tenía la más pura voz de tenor que jamás salió de una garganta humana.

"Sí, sí, tiene razón Miss Morkan —dijo Mr. Browne—. Recuerdo haber oído hablar del viejo Parkinson, aunque pertenece a una época demasiado lejana para mí.

"Un hermoso, puro, dulce y melodioso tenor inglés —dijo la tía Kate con entusiasmo.

"¿Quién es él, señor Bartell D’Arcy—? Jamás oí hablar de él.

"¿Quién es él, Mr. Bartell D’Arcy—? Nunca oí hablar de él.

"Sí, sí, tiene razón Miss Morkan —dijo Mr. Browne—. Recuerdo haber oído hablar del viejo Parkinson. Pero eso fue mucho antes de mi época.

"Una bella, pura, dulce y suave voz de tenor inglés —dijo la tía Kate entusiasmada.

Como Gabriel había terminado, se trasladó el enorme pudín a la mesa. El sonido de cubiertos comenzó otra vez. La mujer de Gabriel puso porción tras porción a la mesa, el pudín estaba de camino por Mary Jane, quien los rellenaba con gelatina de frambuesas, o de naranja o con manjar blanco o jalea. El pudín había sido hecho por tía Julia y ésta recibió elogios de todas partes. Pero ella dijo que no había
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...said that it was not quite brown enough.

"Well, I hope, Miss Morkan," said Mr. Brown, "that I'm brown enough for you because, you know, I'm all brown."

All the gentlemen, except Gabriel, ate some of the pudding out of compliment to Aunt Julia. As Gabriel never ate sweets the celery had been left for him. Freddy Malins also took a stalk of celery and ate it with his pudding. He had been told that celery was a capital thing for the blood and he was just then under doctor's care.

Mrs. Malins, who had been silent all through the supper, said that her son was going down to Mount Melleray in a week or so. The table then spoke of Mount Melleray, how bracing the air was down there, how hospitable the monks were and how they never asked for a penny-piece from their guests.

"And do you mean to say," asked Mr. Browne incredulously, "that a chap can go down there and put up there as if it were a hotel and live on the fat of the land and then come away without paying anything?"

"O, most people give some donation to the monastery when they leave," said Mrs. Malins also took a stalk of celery which Gabriel never ate, except Gabriel, ate it with his pudding.

Los hombres, con la excepción de Gabriel, le hicieron el honor al pudín de la tía Julia. Como Gabriel nunca comía postre, le dejaron a todo el apio. Freddy Malins también cogió un tallo y se lo comió junto con su pudín. Alguien le había dicho que el apio era lo mejor que había para la sangre, y como estaba bajo tratamiento médico. La señora Malins, llamada durante toda la cena, dijo que su hijo iba a pasar alrededor de una semana en Monte Melleray. La mesa se puso a hablar entonces de Monte Melleray, de lo tonificante que resultaba el aire de por allí, de la hospitalidad de los monjes y de que jamás cobraban ni un penique a sus huéspedes.

—¿Quieren decir ustedes —preguntó el señor Browne, con un tono de incredulidad— que un tipo llega allí y se instala como si estuviera en un hotel y vive del producto de la tierra y después se va sin pagar un céntimo?

—Oh, algunas personas dejan algún donativo para el monasterio. Cuando se van —dijo

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—Bueno, señora Morkan —dijo Mr. Browne—, en que yo sea lo bastante «bruno» para su gusto, porque, como ya sabe, yo soy todo bruno.

Los hombres, con la excepción de Gabriel, le hicieron el honor al pudín de la tía Julia. Como Gabriel nunca comía postre, le dejaron a todo el apio. Freddy Malins también cogió un tallo y se lo comió junto con su pudín. Alguien le había dicho que el apio era lo mejor que había para la sangre, y como estaba bajo tratamiento médico... Mrs. Malins, que no había hablado durante la cena, dijo que en una semana o cosa así su hijo ingresaría en Monte Melleray. Los concurrentes todos hablaron de Monte Melleray, de lo reconstituyente que era el aire allá, de los hospitales que eran los monjes y cómo nunca cobraban ni un penique a sus huéspedes.

—¿Y me quiere usted decir —preguntó Mr. Browne, incrédulo— que uno va allá, y se hospeda como en un hotel, y vive de lo mejor, y se va sin pagar un penique?

—Oh, la mayoría...
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Mary Jane.

“I wish we had an institution like that in our Church,” said Mr. Browne candidly.

He was astonished to hear that the monks never spoke, got up at two in the morning and slept in their coffins. He asked what they did it for.

“That’s the rule of the order,” said Aunt Kate firmly.

“Aunt Kate repeated that it was the rule, that was all. Mr. Browne still seemed not to understand. Freddy Malins explained to him, as best he could, that the monks were trying to make up for the sins committed by all the sinners in the outside world. The explanation was not very clear for Mr. Browne grinned and said:

“I like that idea very much but wouldn’t a comfortable spring bed do them as well as a coffin?”

“The coffin,” said Mary Jane, “is to remind them of their last end.”

As the subject had grown lugubrious it was buried in a silence of the table during which Mrs. Malins could be

Mr. Browne is protestant.

Mary Jane.

—Ya me gustaría que nuestra Iglesia tuviera una institución semejante —dijo el señor Browne con un tono sincero.

Y se quedó estupefacto cuando oyó que los monjes no hablaban, se levantaban a las dos de la madrugada y dormían en sus féretros. Preguntó la razón de tal comportamiento.

—Es la regla de la orden —dijo tía Kate tajantemente.

—Sí, pero ¿por qué? —preguntó el señor Browne. La tía Kate repitió que tal era la regla, eso era todo. El señor Browne pareció no entenderlo. Freddy Malins le explicó lo mejor que pudo que los monjes trataban de enmendar los pecados cometidos por todos los pecadores del mundo exterior. La explicación no resultó muy clara, pues el señor Browne hizo una mueca y dijo:

—Me gusta mucho esa idea, pero una cama confortable ¿no les vendría tan bien como un féretro?

—El féretro —dijo Mary Jane —es para que recuerden las Postrimerías.

Como el tema se había puesto lugubre, fue sepultado en un silencio durante el cual se oyó cómo la señora...
heard saying to her neighbour in an indistinct undertone:

"They are very good men, the monks, very pious men."

The raisins and almonds and figs and apples and oranges and chocolates and sweets were now passed about the table and Aunt Julia invited all the guests to have either port or sherry. At first Mr. Bartell D’Arcy refused to take either but one of his neighbours nudged him and whispered something to him upon which he allowed his glass to be filled. Gradually as the last glasses were being filled the conversation ceased. A pause followed, broken only by the noise of the wine and by unsettlings of chairs. The Misses Morkan, all three, looked down at the tablecloth. Someone coughed; said “ahem, ahem” once or twice and then a few gentlemen patted the table gently as a signal for silence. The silence came and Gabriel pushed back his chair.

The patting at once grew louder in encouragement and then ceased altogether. Gabriel leaned his ten trembling fingers on the tablecloth and smiled nervously at the company. Meeting a row of upturned faces he raised his eyes to the chandelier. The piano was playing a row of upturned faces

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5 They are very good men, the monks, very pious men.

10 The raisins and almonds and figs and apples and oranges and chocolates and sweets were now passed about the table and Aunt Julia invited all the guests to have either port or sherry. At first Mr. Bartell D’Arcy refused to take either but one of his neighbours nudged him and whispered something to him upon which he allowed his glass to be filled. Gradually as the last glasses were being filled the conversation ceased. A pause followed, broken only by the noise of the wine and by unsettlings of chairs. The Misses Morkan, all three, looked down at the tablecloth. Someone coughed; said “ahem, ahem” once or twice and then a few gentlemen patted the table gently as a signal for silence. The silence came and Gabriel pushed back his chair.

Mallins le decía con tono monótono a su vecina de mesa.

—Son muy buenas personas los monjes, muy pios.

Las pasas y las almendras y los higos y las manzanas y las naranjas y los chocolates y los caramelos circularon por la mesa, y la tía Julia invitó a sus invitados a que eligieran oporto o jerez. El señor Bartell D’Arcy rehusó tomar nada en un primer momento, pero uno de sus vecinos le dio un codazo y le susurró algo que le hizo adelantar su vaso para que se lo llenaran. La conversación cesó poco a poco según se llenaban los últimos vasos. Siguió una pausa, rota únicamente por el ruido del vino y el crujir de las sillas. Las señoritas Morkan, las tres, hundieron sus miradas en el mantel de la mesa. Alguien tisó una o dos veces, y a continuación unos pocos caballeros tamborilearon suavemente en la mesa como una señal de atención. La atención se produjo, y Gabriel echó hacia atrás su mesa y se levantó.

a Mrs. Malins decir a su vecina en un secreto a voces:

—Son muy buenas personas los monjes, muy religiosos.

Las pasas, y las almendras, y los higos, y las manzanas, y las naranjas, y los chocolates, y los caramelos, pasaron de mano en mano, y tía Julia invitó a los huéspedes a beber oporto o jerez. Al principio, Mr. Bartell D’Arcy no quiso beber nada, pero uno de sus vecinos le llamó la atención con [137] el codo y le susurró algo al oído, ante lo cual aquél permitió que le llenaran su copa. Gradualmente, según se llenaban las copas, la conversación se detuvo. Siguió una pausa, rota sólo por el ruido del vino y las sillas al moverse. Las Morkan, las tres, bajaron la vista al mantel. Alguien tisó una o dos veces y luego unos cuantos comensales tocaron en la mesa suavemente pidiendo silencio. Cuando se hizo el silencio, Gabriel echó su silla hacia atrás y se levantó.
waltz tune and he could hear the skirts sweeping against the drawing-room door. People, perhaps, were standing in the snow on the quay outside, gazing up at the lighted windows and listening to the waltz music. The air was pure there. In the distance lay the park where the trees were weighted with snow. The Wellington Monument wore a gleaming cap of snow that flashed westward over the white field of Fifteen Acres.

He began:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

It has fallen to my lot this evening, as in years past, to perform a very pleasing task but a task for which I am afraid my poor powers as a speaker are all too inadequate.”

“No, no!” said Mr. Browne.

But, however that may be, I can only ask you tonight to take the will for the deed and to lend me your attention for a few moments while I endeavour to express to you in words what my feelings are on this occasion.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not the first time that we have gathered together under this hospitable roof, around this hospitable board. It is not the first time that we have gathered together as assembled.

poor powers as a speaker: bad quality of my oratory
all too: completely
inadequate: insufficient (note Gabriel’s pompous style!)

He began:

“Ladies and caballeros,” said Mr. Browne.

But, however that may be, I can only ask you tonight to take the will for the deed and to lend me your attention for a few moments while I endeavour to express to you in words what my feelings are on this occasion.

“Ladies and caballeros: no es esta la primera vez que nos reunimos bajo este hospitaleiro techo, alrededor de esta hospitaleiro mesa. No es la primera vez que nos constituimos en compañía de los hombres y mujeres de esta casa. No es la primera vez que nos reunimos bajo este hospitaleiro techo, alrededor de esta hospitaleiro mesa. No es la primera vez que nos reunimos bajo este hospitaleiro techo, alrededor de esta hospitaleiro mesa.

—Damas y caballeros:

Comenzó:

Hame tocado en suerte esta noche, como en años anteriores, cumplir una tarea muy grata, para la cual me temo, empero, que mi pobre capacidad oratoria no sea lo bastante adecuada.

—De ninguna manera! —dijo Mr. Browne.

Bien, sea como sea, sólo puedo pedirles esta noche que tomen el deseopor la realidadd, y me presten su atencion durante unos escasos momentos durante los que trataré de expresarles en palabras lo que siento en ocasiones como ésta.

—I-No! —dijo el señor Browne.

—Pero, sea como sea, sólo puedo pedirles esta noche que tomen el deseo por la realidad, y me presten su atención durante unos escasos momentos durante los que trataré de expresarles en palabras lo que siento en ocasiones como ésta.
the recipients—or perhaps, I had better say, the victims—of the hospitality of certain good ladies."

He made a circle in the air with his arm and paused. Everyone laughed or smiled at Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia and Mary Jane who all turned crimson with pleasure. Gabriel went on more boldly:

"I feel more strongly with every recurring year that our country has no tradition which does it so much honour and which it should guard so jealously as that of its hospitality. It is a tradition that is unique as far as my experience goes (and not a few places abroad) among the modern nations. Some would say, perhaps, that with us it is rather a failing than anything to be boasted of. But granted even that, it is, to my mind, a princely failing, and one that I trust will long be cultivated among us. Of one thing, at least, I am sure. As long as this one roof shelters the good ladies aforesaid—and I wish from my heart it may do so for many and many a long year to come—the tradition of genuine warm-hearted courteous Irish hospitality, which our forefathers have handed down to us and which we in turn must hand down to our descendants, recipients—o quizá sea mejor decir «víctimas»—de la hospitalidad de ciertas almas bondosas.

Dibujó un círculo en el aire con sus brazos y se quedó en silencio un instante. Todos rieron o sonrieron al ver que la tía Kate y la tía Julia y Mary Jane se ponían coloradas de placer. Gabriel siguió adelante, más animado.

"—Cada año que pasa siento de un modo más nítido que nuestro país no tiene tradición a la que deba más honor y con la que se sienta más celosamente comprometido que esa que procede de su hospitalidad. Una tradición que es única en mi experiencia (y he visitado no pocos países extranjeros) entre las naciones modernas. Algunos dirían, tal vez, que es más defecto que virtud de cual vanagloriarse. Pero, aun si concebimos que fuera así, se trata, a mi entender, de un defecto principesco, que confío que cultivemos por muchos años por venir. De una cosa, por lo menos, estoy seguro. Mientras este techo cobijó a las donas sombrías—y deseo desde el fondo de mi corazón que sea así por muchos años y muchos años por transcurrir—la tradición de genuina, cálida y cortés hospitalidad irlandesa, que nuestros antepasados nos legaron y que a su vez debemos legar a nuestros descendientes,
A hearty murmur of assent ran round the table. It shot through Gabriel’s mind that Miss Ivors was not there and that she had gone away discourteously: and he said with confidence in himself:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“A new generation is growing up in our midst, a generation actuated by new ideas and new principles. It is serious and enthusiastic for these new ideas and its enthusiasm, even when it is misdirected, is, I believe, in the main sincere. But we are living in a sceptical and, if I may use the phrase, a thought-tormented age: and sometimes I fear that this new generation, educated or hypereducated as it is, will lack those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humour which belonged to an older day. Listening tonight to the names of all those great singers of the past it seemed to me, I must confess, that we were living in a less spacious age. Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days: and if they are gone beyond recall let us hope, at least, that in gatherings such as this we shall still speak of them with pride and affection, still...”

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tes, vivirá entre nosotros.

Un cordial murmullo de aquisescencia recorrió la mesa. La ausencia de la señorita Ivors y su extemporánea marcha atravesó como un rayo la mente de Gabriel, que prosiguió con mayor confianza en sí mismo:

—Damas y caballeros:

»Una nueva generación crece entre nosotros, una generación animada por nuevas ideas y nuevos principios, seria y entusiasta por esas nuevas ideas, con un entusiasmo que, incluso cuando se torna erróneo, es, en mi opinión, plenamente sincero. Pero vivimos en una época escéptica y, si se me permite usar la frase, de mentes aterrorizadas; a veces temo que esta nueva generación, tan educada o hipereducada, carezca de aquellas cualidades de humanidad, de hospitalidad, de generoso humor que pertenecen a otros tiempos. Escuchando esta noche los nombres de aquellos grandes cantantes del pasado, tuve la impresión, he de confesarlo, de que vivimos en una época de menor amplitud. Aquellos tiempos pueden ser calificados, sin exageración, de amplios. Si aquellos días se han ido de un modo irrevocable, esperemos que, por lo menos, en reuniones como ésta todavía hablemos de ellos con orgullo y afecto, abrigando en nuestro...”

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[138] palpita todavía entre nosotros.

Un cordial murmullo de asenso corrió por la mesa. Le pasó por la mente a Gabriel que Miss Ivors no estaba presente y que se había ido con descortesía, y dijo con confianza en sí mismo:

—Damas y caballeros:

—Una nueva generación crece en nuestro seno, una generación motivada por ideales nuevos y nuevos principios. Es ésta seria y entusiasta de estos nuevos ideales, y su entusiasmo, aun si está mal enderezado, es, creo, eminentemente sincero. Pero vivimos en tiempos escépticos y, si se me permite la frase, en una era acuciada por las ideas, y a veces me temo que esta nueva generación, educada o hipereducada como es, carecerá de aquellas cualidades de humanidad, de hospitalidad, de generoso humor que pertenecen a otros tiempos. Escuchando esta noche los nombres de esos grandes cantantes del pasado me pareció, debo confesarlo, que vivimos en época menos espaciosa. Aquellos se pueden llamar, sin exageración, días espaciosos; y si desaparecieron sin ser recordados, esperemos que, por lo menos, en reuniones como ésta todavía hablemos de ellos con orgullo y con afecto, que todavía atesoraremos en nuestros cora-

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cherish in our hearts the memory of those dead and gone great ones whose fame the world will not willingly let die.”

“Hear, hear!” said Mr. Browne loudly.

“But yet,” continued Gabriel, his voice falling into a softer inflection,

“There are always in gatherings such as this sadder thoughts that will recur to our minds: thoughts of the past, of youth, of changes, of absent faces that we miss here tonight. Our path through life is strewn with many such sad memories: and were we to brood upon them always we could not find the heart to go on bravely with our work among the living. We have all of us living duties and living affections which claim, and rightly claim, our strenuous endeavours.

Therefore, I will not linger on the past. I will not let any gloomy moralising intrude upon us here tonight. Here we are gathered together for a brief moment from the bustle and rush of our everyday routine. We are met here as friends, in the spirit of good-fellowship, as colleagues, also to a certain extent, in the true spirit of camaraderie, and as the guests of—what shall I call them? —

“¡Eso es! ¡Eso es!” dijo Mr. Browne.

—Sin embargo —continuó Gabriel, con una inflexión más delicada—, las reuniones como ésta no pueden evitar el acoso de pensamientos más tristes, rememoraciones del pasado, de la juventud, de cambios, de rostros que esta noche echamos de menos. Nuestro paso por la vida está profusamente sembrado de tan tristes memorias, a las que acudimos con melancolía siempre que nos resulta imposible hallar el modo de afrontar con coraje nuestra labor entre los vivos. Todos tenemos deberes y afectos que reclaman, nuestra esfuerzo más constante y tenaz.

—¡Así se habla! —dijo Mr. Browne.

—Pero como todo —continuó Gabriel, su voz cobrando una entonación más suave—, siempre hay en reuniones como ésta pensamientos tristes que vendrán a nuestra mente: recuerdos del pasado, de nuestra juventud, de los cambios, de esas caras ausentes que echamos de menos esta noche. Nuestro paso por la vida está cubierto de tales memorias dolorosas, y si fuéramos a cavilar sobre las mismas, no tendríamos ánimo para continuar valerosos nuestra vida cotidiana entre los seres vivientes. Tenemos todos deberes y afectos que reclaman, y por razón reclaman, nuestro esfuerzo más constante y tenaz.
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The table burst into applause and laughter at this allusion. Aunt Julia vainly asked each of her neighbours in turn to tell her what Gabriel had said.

"He says we are the Three Graces, Aunt Julia," said Mary Jane.

Aunt Julia did not understand but she looked up, smiling, at Gabriel, who continued in the same vein:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

I will not attempt to play tonight the part that Paris played on another occasion. I will not attempt to choose between them. The task would be an invidious one and one beyond my poor powers. For when I view them in turn, whether it be our chief hostess herself, whose good heart, whose too good heart, has become a byword with all who know her, or her sister, who seems to be gifted with perennial youth and whose singing must have been a surprise and a revelation to us all tonight, or, last but not least, when I consider our youngest hostess, talented, cheerful, hard-working and the best of nieces, I confess, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I do not attempt to interpret this noche el papel desempeñado por Paris en otra ocasión. No voy a intentar escoger entre ellas. Esa labor sería odiosa y estaría fuera del alcance de mis pobres fuerzas. Pues cuando las contemplo, y veo a la decana de nuestras anfitrionas, cuyo buen corazón, cuyo demasiado buen corazón se ha convertido en una perogrullada para todos los que la conocen, o a su hermana, que parece gozar del don de la juventud perenne, y cuyas canciones pueden haber sido una sorpresa y una revelación para quienes la han oído esta noche, o —la última, pero no la menos importante— cuando considero a nuestra anfitriona más joven, hábil, jovial, haciéndola y la mejor de las sobrinas, confieso, damas y caballeros,
Gabriel glanced down at his aunts and, seeing the large smile on Aunt Julia’s face and the tears which had risen to Aunt Kate’s eyes, hastened to his close. He raised his glass of port gallantly, while every member of the company fingered a glass expectantly, and said loudly:

“Let us toast them all three together. Let us drink to their health, wealth, long life and prosperity and may they long continue to hold the proud and self-won position which they hold in their profession and the position of honour and affection which they hold in our hearts.”

All the guests stood up, glass in hand, and turning towards the three seated ladies, sang in unison, with Mr. Browne as leader:

For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
For they are jolly gay fellows,
Which nobody can deny.

Aunt Kate was making frank use of her handkerchief and even Aunt Julia seemed moved. Freddy Malins beat time with his pudding-fork and the singers turned towards one another, as if in melodious conference, while they sang with emphasis:

La tía Kate utilizó sin tapujos su pañuelo, y hasta la tía Julia pareció conmovida. Freddy Malins marcó el ritmo con su tenedor para el budín, y los cantantes giraron los unos hacia los otros, como en una reunión canora, mientras cantaban con acento categórico:

Other:

- Let us: imperative, 1st person plural
- health: vigor
- wealth: prosperity
- may they long: let us wish that for a long time they will
- won: gained; self-won: acquired by their merits
- hold: occupy, possess
- stood up (stand): raised themselves, got to their feet
- seated: sitting
- as leader: at their head
- was making: making
- handkerchief: (for drying her tears)
- beat time: marking the tempo
- in melodious conference: they were making musical conversation
- emphasis: force
Unless he tells a lie, unless he tells a lie,

Then, turning once more towards their hostesses, they sang:

For they are jolly gay fellows, for they are jolly gay fellows, for they are jolly gay fellows, Which nobody can deny.

The acclamation which followed was taken up beyond the door of the supper-room by many of the other guests and renewed time after time, Freddy Malins acting as officer with his fork on high.

The piercing morning air came into the hall where they were standing so that Aunt Kate said:

"Close the door, somebody. Mrs. Malins will get her death of cold."

"Browne is out there, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane. "Browne is everywhere," said Aunt Kate, lowering her voice.

Mary Jane laughed at her tone.

"Really," she said archly, "he is very attentive."

"He has been laid on here like the gas," said Aunt Kate in the same tone, "all during the Christmas."

She laughed herself this time good-humouredly and loudly:

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then added quickly:

“...But tell him to come in, Mary Jane, and close the door. I hope to goodness he didn’t hear me.”

At that moment the hall-door was opened and Mr. Browne came in from the doorstep, laughing as if his heart would break. He was dressed in a long green overcoat with mock astrakhan cuffs and collar and wore on his head an oval fur cap. He pointed down the snow-covered quay from where the sound of shrill prolonged whistling was borne in.

“Teddy will have all the cabs in Dublin out,” he said.

Gabriel advanced from the little pantry behind the office, struggling into his overcoat and, looking round the hall, said:

“Gretta not down yet?”

She’s getting on her things, Gabriel,” said Aunt Kate.

“Who’s playing up there?” asked Gabriel.

“Nobody. They’re all gone.”

“O no, Aunt Kate,” said Mary Jane. “Bartell D’Arcy y Miss O’Callaghan aren’t gone yet.”

“Someone is fooling at the piano anyhow,” said Gabriel.
Mary Jane glanced at Gabriel and Mr. Browne and said with a shiver:

“'T-it makes me feel cold to look at you two gentlemen muffled up like that. I wouldn’t like to face your journey home at this hour.”

“I’d like nothing better this minute,” said Mr. Browne stoutly, “than a rattling fine walk in the country or a fast drive with a good spanking goer between the shafts.”

“We used to have a very good horse and trap at home,” said Aunt Julia sadly.

“Aunt Kate and Gabriel laughed too.

“Why, what was wonderful about Johnny?” asked Mr. Browne.

“The never-to-be-forgotten Johnny,” said Mary Jane, laughing.

Aunt Kate and Gabriel laughed too.

—Dan ustedes frío sólo de verles tan encapuchados. No me haría ninguna gracia tener que ir a casa a estas horas. —Pues a mí —dijo resueltamente el señor Browne— nada me gusta más, precisamente a estas horas, que un hermoso paseo bien ligero crujiente caminata por el campo o con un raudo trotón entre las varas.

—En casa teníamos un carruaje y un caballo estupendo —dijo tristemente la tía Julia.

—Antes teníamos un caballo muy bueno y coche en casa —dijo tía Julia con tristeza.

—¿Cómo es eso? — preguntó el señor Browne—. ¿Qué tenía de extraordinario este Johnny? —preguntó Mr. Browne.

—El Muy Malogrado Patrick Morkan, es decir, nuestro abuelo —explicó Gabriel—, comúnmente conocido en su edad provecta como el viejo caballero, era un fabricante de cola.

—El difunto y llorando Patrick Morkan, es decir, nuestro abuelo —explicó Gabriel—, comúnmente conocido en sus últimos años como el viejo caballero, era un fabricante de cola.

—Oh, vamos, Gabriel —dijo la tía Kate, riéndose—, tenía un molino para fabricar almidón.

—Ah, vamos, Gabriel —dijo tía Kate, riendo—, tenía una fábrica de almidón.
“Well, glue or starch,” said Gabriel, “the old gentleman had a horse by the name of Johnny. And Johnny used to work in the old gentleman’s mill, walking round and round in order to drive the mill. That was all very well; but now comes the tragic part about Johnny. One fine day the old gentleman thought he’d like to drive out with the quality to a military review in the park.”

“The Lord have mercy on his soul,” said Aunt Kate compassionately.

“Amén,” said Gabriel. “So the old gentleman, as I said, harnessed Johnny and put on his very best tall hat and his very best stock collar and drove out in grand style from his ancestral mansion somewhere near Back Lane, I think.”

E very one laughed, even Mrs. Malins, at Gabriel’s manner and Aunt Kate said:

“Oh, now, Gabriel, he didn’t live in Back Lane, really. Only the mill was there.”

“Out from the mansion of his forefathers,” continued Gabriel, “he drove with Johnny. And everything went on beautifully until Johnny came in sight of King Billy’s statue: and whether he

—Bueno, cola o almidón —dijo Gabriel—. El viejo caballero tenía un caballo que respondía al nombre de Johnny. Y Johnny trabajaba en el molino del viejo caballero, dando vueltas y vueltas para moverlo. Todo eso iba muy bien, pero ahora viene el lado trágico de Johnny. Un buen día el viejo caballero decidió darse un paseo con la gente de prosapia para ver un desfile militar en el parque.

—El Señor tenga piedad de su alma —dijo la tía Kate, misericordiosamente.

—Amén —dijo Gabriel—. Así, el caballero viejo, como dije, le puso el arnés a Johnny y se puso él su mejor sombrero de copa y su mejor cuello duro, salió con gran prosopopeya de su casa solariega en algún lugar cercano a Back Lane, supongo.

Todos, incluso la señora Malins, se rieron ante el modo en que Gabriel contaba aquello, y la tía Kate dijo:

—Oh no, Gabriel. Él no vivía realmente en Back Lane. Allí sólo estaba el molino.

—Salió de la mansión de sus antepasados —continuó Gabriel— salió, pues, el coche tirado por Johnny. Y todo iba de lo más bien hasta que Johnny vio la estatua del rey Billy, y fuera que Johnny se

—De la casa de sus antepasados —continuó Gabriel—, el caballero viejo tenía un caballo que respondía al nombre de Johnny. Y Johnny trabajaba en el molino del caballero viejo, dando vueltas y vueltas a la noria. Hasta aquí todo va bien, pero ahora viene la trágica historia de Johnny. Un buen día se le ocurrió al caballero viejo ir a dar un paseo en coche con la gente de postín a ver una parada en el bosque.

—¿Bueno, almidón o cola —dijo Gabriel—, el caballero viejo tenía un caballo que respondía al nombre de Johnny. Y Johnny trabajaba en el molino del caballero viejo, dando vueltas y vueltas a la noria. Hasta aquí todo va bien, pero ahora viene la trágica historia de Johnny. Un buen día se le ocurrió al caballero viejo ir a dar un paseo en coche con la gente de postín a ver una parada en el bosque.
fell in love with: became enamoured of
sits on: ...the horse on which King Billy is sitting)

fell in love with the horse King Billy sits on or whether he thought he was back again in the mill, anyhow he began to walk round the statue.”

enamorara del caballo del rey Billy o fuera que pensó encontrar de nuevo en el molino, el caso es que se puso a dar vueltas alrededor de la estatua.

Gabriel paced in a circle round the hall in his goloshes amid the laughter of the others.

Gabriel dio una vuelta por el vestíbulo con las galochas puestas y entre las risas de los demás.

“Round and round he went,” said Gabriel, “and the old gentleman, who was a very pompous old gentleman, was highly indignant. ‘Go on, sir! What do you mean, sir? Johnny! Johnny! Most extraordinary conduct! Can’t understand the horse!’”

—Venga a dar vueltas y vueltas —dijo Gabriel—, ante la soberana indignación del viejo caballero, que era un viejo caballero muy pomposo. Pero, señor, ¿esto qué es? ¿Qué significa esto, señor? ¡Johnny! ¡Johnny! ¿Qué conducta tan extraordinaria! ¡No entiendo a este caballo!"

The peal of laughter which followed Gabriel’s imitation of the incident was interrupted by a resounding knock at the hall door. Mary Jane ran to open it and let in Freddy Malins. Freddy Malins, with his hat well back on his head and his shoulders humped with cold, was puffing and steaming after his exertions.

El estruendo de las risas que siguieron a la parodia de Gabriel se interrumpió ante un golpe resonante en la puerta del vestíbulo. Mary Jane corrió a abrir la puerta y dejó pasar a Freddy Malins, quien, con el sombrero sobre la nuca y los hombros encogidos por el frío, resoplaba y echaba vapor a causa de sus esfuerzos.

“I could only get one cab,” he said.

—Sólo he podido conseguir un coche —dijo.

“O, we’ll find another along the quay,” said Gabriel.

—Bueno —dijo Gabriel—, encontraremos otro a lo largo del muelle.

“Yes,” said Aunt Kate. “Better not keep Mrs. Malins standing in the draught.”

—Sí —dijo, tía Kate—. Lo mejor que no dejéis a la señora Malins en medio de la corriente.

Las risotadas que siguieron a la interpretación que Gabriel dio al incidente quedaron interrumpidas por un resonante golpe en la puerta del zaguán. Mary Jane corrió a abrir la puerta para dejar entrar a Freddy Malins, quien, con el sombrero bien echado hacia atrás en la cabeza y los hombros encogidos de frío, soltaba vapor después de semjejante esfuerzo.

—No consigui más que un coche —dijo.

—Bueno, encontraremos nosotros otro por el malecón —dijo Gabriel.
Mrs. Malins was helped down the front steps by her son and Mr. Browne, and after many manoeuvres hoisted into the cab. Freddy Malins clambered in after her and spent a long time settling her on the seat, Mr. Browne helping him with advice. At last she was settled comfortably and Freddy Malins invited Mr. Browne into the cab. There was a good deal of confused talk, and then Mr. Browne got into the cab. The cabman settled his rug over his knees, and bent down for the address. The confusion grew greater and the cabman was directed differently by Freddy Malins and Mr. Browne, each of whom had his head out through a window of the cab. The difficulty was to know where to drop Mr. Browne along the route, and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane helped to make the decision from the doorstep with cross-directions and contradictions and abundance of laughter. As for Freddy Malins he was speechless with laughter. He popped his head in and out of the window every moment to the great danger of his hat, and told his mother how the discussion was progressing, till at last Mr. Browne shouted to the bewildered cabman above the din of everybody's laughter:

La señora Malins bajó las escaleras del portal con la ayuda de su hijo y del señor Browne, y, tras muchas maniobras, fue alzada hasta el coche. Freddy Malins se encaramó tras ella, y perdió un largo rato colocándola en su asiento con la ayuda del señor Browne, que acudió en cuanto se requirieron sus servicios. Al fin quedó colocada del modo más confortable, y Freddy Malins invitó al señor Browne a que subiera al coche. Hubo una buena dosis de charlotear confusión y, al cabo, el señor Browne subió al coche. El cochero arregló la manta que llevaba sobre las rodillas y se inclinó para oír adónde, tenía que dirigirse. La confusión se hizo mayor. Freddy Malins y el señor Browne, sacando cada uno la cabeza por la ventanilla, y luego los una por la ventana, dirigieron al cochero a lugares distintos. La dificultad estribaba en el punto donde había que dejar al señor Browne, y la tía Kate, la tía Julia y Mary Jane intentaron resolverla desde el portal mediante direcciones cruzadas, contradicciones y profusión de risas. Freddy Malins no podía hablar por la risa. Sacaba y metía la cabeza por la ventanilla a cada momento, con gran riesgo para su sombrero, y describía a su madre la marcha de la discusión hasta que, finalmente, el señor Browne se dirigió al aturdido cochero, alzando la voz sobre todo el risueño alboroto.
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“Do you know Trinity College?”

“Yes, sir,” said the cabman.

“Well, drive bang up against Trinity College gates,” said Mr. Browne, “and then we’ll tell you where to go. You understand now?”

“Yes, sir,” said the cabman.

“Make like a bird for Trinity College.”

“Right, sir,” said the cabman.

The horse was whipped up and the cab rattled off along the quay amid a chorus of laughter and adieus.

Gabriel had not gone to the door with the others. He was in a dark part of the hall gazing up the staircase. A woman was standing near the top of the first flight, in the shadow also. He could not see her face but he could see the terra-cotta and salmon-pink panels of her skirt which the shadow made appear black and white. It was his wife. She was leaning on the banisters, listening to something. Gabriel was surprised at her stillness and strained his ear to listen also. But he could hear little save the noise of laughter and dispute on the front steps, a few chords struck on the piano and a few notes of a man’s voice. 

—¿Sabe usted dónde está Trinity College?
—Sí, señor —dijo el cochero.

—Pues tire usted directamente hasta estamparse en las puertas del Trinity College —dijo el señor Browne—, y entonces le diré adónde debe ir. ¿Me ha entendido?
—Sí, señor —dijo el cochero.
—Muy bien, siga entonces derecho hasta dar contra la portada de Trinity College —dijo Mr. Browne—, y ya le diré yo por dónde coger. ¿Entiende ahora?
—Sí, señor —dijo el cochero.
—Volando hasta Trinity College.
—Entendido, señor —gritó el cochero.

Unos foetazos al caballo y el coche traqueteó por la orilla del río en medio de un coro de risas y de adieus.

Gabriel no había salido al portal con los demás. Estaba en una zona oscura del vestíbulo, mirando hacia arriba de la escalera. Una mujer se encontraba en lo alto del primer tramo de escalones, también en la oscuridad. No podía ver su cara, pero sí los pliegues color terracota y salmón rosado de su falda que en la penumbra parecía blanca y negra. Era su esposa. Estaba inclinada sobre la barandilla, escuchando algo. Gabriel se sorprendió ante su quietud, y aguzó el oído para escuchar también. Pero sólo oyó las risas y disputas en el portal, unos pocos acordes en el piano y unas cuantas notas de una canción cantada por un...
standing. He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. Distant Music he would call the picture if he were a painter.

The hall-door was closed; and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane came down the hall, still laughing.

"Well, isn't Freddy terrible?" said Mary Jane. "He's really terrible."

Gabriel said nothing but pointed up the stairs towards where his wife was standing. Now that the hall-door was closed the voice and the piano could be heard more clearly. Gabriel held up his hands for them to be silent. The song seemed to be in the old Irish tonality and the singer seemed uncertain both of his words and of his voice.

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hombre.

Permaneció en las tinieblas del vestíbulo, tratando de captar la melodía y mirando a su mujer, cuya actitud llenaba de gracia y misterio hacia que pareciera el símbolo de algo. Se preguntó de qué podía ser símbolo una mujer de pie en la oscuridad de una escalera, oyendo una música distante. Si hubiera sido un pintor le habría gustado pintarla en aquella actitud. El fieltro azul de su sombrero mostraría el contraste del bronce de su pelo contra la oscuridad, y los pliegues oscuros de su falda contrastarían con los iluminados. Si fuera un pintor llamaría Música distante a ese cuadro.

La puerta del vestíbulo se cerró; y la tía Kate, la tía Julia y Mary Jane atravesaron el vestíbulo, todavía entre risas.

—Ese Freddy es tremendo, ¿no es así? — dijo Mary Jane—. Realmente tremendo.

Gabriel permaneció en silencio, señalando hacia lo alto de la escalera, donde se encontraba su mujer. Ahora que la puerta del vestíbulo estaba cerrada, la voz y el piano se oían más claramente. Gabriel levantó una mano para que las mujeres guardaran silencio. La canción parecía plegarse a una antigua tonalidad irlandesa, y el cantante parecía indecido tanto en la voz como en la

Se quedó inmóvil en el zaguán sombrío, tratando de captar la canción que cantaba aquella voz y escudriñando a su mujer. Había misterio y gracia en su pose, como si fuera ella el símbolo de algo. Se preguntó de qué podía ser símbolo una mujer de pie en una escalera oyendo una melodía lejana. Si fuera pintor la pintaría en esa misma posición. El sombrero de fieltro azul destacaría el bronce de su pelo recortado en la sombra, y los fragmentos oscuros de su traje pondrían las partes claras de relieve. Lejana melodía llamaría él al cuadro si fuera pintor.

Cerraron la puerta del frente, y tía Kate, tía Julia y Mary Jane regresaron al zaguán riendo todavía.

—¡Vaya con ese Freddy, es terrible! — dijo Mary Jane—. ¡Terrible!
The voice, made plaintive by distance and by the singer’s hoarseness, faintly illuminated the cadence of the air with words expressing grief:

O, the rain falls on my heavy locks
And the dew wets my skin,
My babe lies cold...

“O,” exclaimed Mary Jane. “It’s Bartell D’Arcy singing and he wouldn’t sing all the night. O, I’ll get him to sing a song before he goes.”

“O, do, Mary Jane,” said Aunt Kate.

Mary Jane brushed past the others and ran to the staircase, but before she reached it the singing stopped and the piano was closed abruptly.

“O, what a pity!” she cried. “Is he coming down, Gretta?”

Gabriel heard his wife answer yes and saw her come down towards them. A few steps behind her were Mr. Bartell D’Arcy and Miss O’Callaghan.

“O, Mr. D’Arcy,” cried Mary Jane, “it’s downright mean of you to break off like that when we were all in raptures listening to you.”

Gabriel oyó a su esposa decir que sí y la vio bajar hacia ellos. Unos pasos detrás aparecieron el señor Bartell D’Arcy y la señorita O’Callaghan.

“O, señor D’Arcy—griñó Mary Jane—es muy desconsiderado por su parte dejar de cantar como lo ha hecho, justamente cuando todos lo escuchábamos embelesados.

“I have been at him all the evening,” said Miss O’Callaghan, “and Mrs. Conroy, too, and he told us he had

—Le he insistido durante toda la velada—dijo la señora O’Callaghan,—y también la señora Conroy, y nos ha dicho que tenía un cata-
a dreadful cold and couldn’t sing.”

“O, Mr. D’Arcy,” said Aunt Kate, “now that was a great fib to tell.”

“Can’t you see that I’m as hoarse as a crow?” said Mr. D’Arcy roughly.

He went into the pantry hastily and put on his overcoat. The others, taken aback by his rude speech, could find nothing to say. Aunt Kate wrinkled her brows and made signs to the others to drop the subject. Mr. D’Arcy stood swathing his neck carefully and frowning.

“It’s the weather,” said Aunt Julia, after a pause.

“Yes, everybody has colds,” said Aunt Kate readily, “everybody.”

“They say,” said Mary Jane, “we haven’t had snow like it for thirty years; and I read this morning in the newspapers that the snow is general all over Ireland.”

“I love the look of snow,” said Aunt Julia sadly.

“So do I,” said Miss O’Callaghan. “I think Christmas is never really Christmas unless we have the snow on the ground.”

“But poor Mr. D’Arcy doesn’t like the snow,” said Aunt Kate, catarro horrible y no podía cantar.

—M enudo embuste, señor D’Arcy —dijo la tía Kate.

—¿Acaso no ve que estoy ronco como un cuervo? —dijo el señor D’Arcy con aspereza, apresurándose hacia la despensa para ponerse el abrigo. Los demás, desconcertados por su modo tan rudo de hablar, no encontraron qué decir. La tía Kate frunció las cejas e hizo señas de que lo dejaran estar. El señor D’Arcy se tapó cuidadosamente el cuello con un aire enfurruñado.

—Es el tiempo —dijo la tía Julia, tras un rato de silencio.

—En efecto, todo el mundo está acatarrado —dijo la tía Kate rápidamente—. Todo el mundo.

—Dicen que no habíamos tenido una nevada como esta en treinta años —dijo Mary Jane—. Y he leído esta mañana en los periódicos que la nieve cubre por igual toda Irlanda.

—Me gusta ver la nieve —dijo la tía Julia, tristemente.

—Y a mí —dijo la señora O’Callaghan—. Yo creo que las Navidades no son nunca verdaderas Navidades si el suelo no está nevado.

—Pero al pobre señor D’Arcy no le gusta la nieve —dijo la tía Kate, rro terrible y no podía cantar.

—Ah, Mr. D’Arcy —dijo la tía Kate—, mire que decir tal embuste.

—¿No se dan cuenta de que estoy más ronco que una rana? —dijo Mr. D’Arcy, grosero.

Entró apurado al cuarto de desahogo a ponerse su abrigo. Los demás, pasmados ante su ruda respuesta, no hallaban qué decir. Tía Kate encogió las cejas y les hizo señas a todos de que olvidaran el asunto. Mr. D’Arcy, ceñudo, se abrigó la garganta con cuidado.

—Es el tiempo —dijo tía Julia, luego de una pausa.

—Sí, todo el mundo tiene catarro —dijo tía Kate en seguida—, todo el mundo.

—Dicen —dijo Mary Jane— que no habíamos tenido una nevada así en treinta años; y leí esta mañana en los periódicos que nieva en toda Irlanda.

—A mí me gusta ver la nieve —dijo tía Julia con tristeza.

—Y a mí —dijo Miss O’Callaghan—. Yo creo que las Navidades no son nunca verdaderas Navidades si el suelo no está nevado.

—Pero al pobre de Mr. D’Arcy no le gusta la nieve —dijo tía
Mr. D'Arcy came from the pantry, fully swathed and buttoned, and in a repentant tone told them the history of his cold. Everyone gave him advice and urged him to be very careful of his throat in the night air. Gabriel watched his wife, who did not join in the conversation. She was standing right under the dusty fanlight and the flame of the gas lit up the rich bronze of her hair, which he had seen her drying at the fire a few days before. She was in the same attitude and seemed unaware of the talk about her. At last she turned towards them and Gabriel saw that there was colour on her cheeks and that her eyes were shining. A sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart.

"Mr. D'Arcy," she said, "what is the name of that song you were singing?"

"It's called The Lass of Aughrim," said Mr. D'Arcy, "but I couldn't remember it properly. Why? Do you know it?"

"The Lass of Aughrim," she repeated. "I couldn't think of the name."

"It's a very nice air," said Mary Jane. "I'm sorry you were not in voice tonight."

"Now, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate, smiling.

Mr. D'Arcy salió del cuarto de desahogo todo abrigado y abotonado, y en son de arrepentimiento les hizo la historia de su catarro. Cada uno le dio un consejo diferente, le dijeron que era una verdadera lástima y lo urgieron [144] a que se cuidara mucho la garganta del sereno. Gabriel miraba a su mujer, que no se mezcló en la conversación. Estaba de pie debajo del reverbero y la llama del gas iluminaba el vivo bronce de su pelo, que él había visto secar al fuego unos pocos días antes. Seguía en su actitud y parecía no tener nada que ver con la conversación. Al fin se volvió hacia ellos, y Gabriel vio que había color en sus mejillas y que sus ojos brillaban. Una súbita oleada de alegría brotó de su corazón.

Se llama La joven de Aughrim —dijo Mr. D'Arcy—, pero no la puedo recordar muy bien. ¿Por qué? ¿La conoce?

La joven de Aughrim —repitió ella—. No podía dar con el nombre.

—Es una canción muy bella —dijo Mary Jane—. Siento que no esté usted bien de voz esta noche.

—Vamos, Mary Jane —dijo tía Kate—. No
“don’t annoy Mr. D’Arcy. I won’t have him annoyed.”

Seeing that all were ready to start she shepherded them to the door, where good-night was said:

“Well, good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks for the pleasant evening.”

“Good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks ever so much. Goodnight, Aunt Julia.”

“O, good-night, Gretta, I didn’t see you.”

“Good-night, Mr. D’Arcy. Good-night, Miss O’Callaghan.”

“Good-night, Miss Morkan.”

“Good-night, again.”

“Good-night, all. Safe home.”

“Good-night. Good night.”

The morning was still dark. A dull, yellow light brooded over the houses and the river; and the sky seemed to be descending. It was slushy underfoot; and only streaks and patches of snow lay on the roofs, on the parapets of the quay and on the area railings. The lamps were still burning redly in the murky

La mañana estaba oscura todavía. Una desviada luz amarilla rumbaba sobre las casas y el río; y el cielo parecía encorvarse. El suelo se hacía fango bajo los pies y sólo quedaban retazos de nieve sobre los techos, sobre los parapetos del muelle y sobre las verjas de los alrededores. Las farolas ardían todavía con una luz rojiza en el lúgubre
She was walking on before him with Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, her shoes in a brown parcel tucked under one arm and her skirt holding up from the slush. She had no longer any grace of attitude, but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, valorous.

Ella caminaba delante de él, junto al señor Bartell D'Arcy, con sus zapatos en un paquete marrón que apretaba bajo el brazo, recogiéndose la falda para evitar el barro. Ya no había gracia alguna en su actitud, pero los ojos de Gabriel aún brillaban de felicidad. La sangre corría palpitante por sus venas, y los pensamientos se agolomeraban tumultuosos en su cerebro: orgullosos, regocijados, dulces, intrépidos.

She was walking on before him so lightly and so erect that he longed to run after her noiselessly, catch her by the shoulders and say something foolish and affectionate into her ear. She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. A heliotrope envelope was lying beside his breakfast-cup and he was caressing it with his hand. Birds were twittering in the ivy and the sunny web of the curtain was shimmering along the floor: he could not eat for happiness. They were standing on the crowded platform and he was placing a ticket.
inside the warm palm of her glove. He was standing with her in the cold, looking through a grated window at a man making bottles in a roaring furnace. It was very cold. Her face, fragrant in the cold air, was quite close to his; and suddenly he called out to the man at the furnace:

“It is the fire hot, sir?”

But the man could not hear with the noise of the furnace. It was just as well. He might have answered rudely.

A wave of yet more tender joy escaped from his heart and went coursing in warm flood along his arteries. Like the tender fire of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments, to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of ecstasy. For the years, he felt, had not quenched his soul or hers. Their children, in his writing, her household cares had not quenched all their souls’ tender fire. In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: “Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no

en la cáldima palma de su guante. Estaba con ella a la intemperie, mirando a través de una ventana enrejada al hombre que fabricaba botellas en un horno rugiente. Hacia mucho frío. Su cara, recubierta por el viento helado, estaba muy cerca del suyo; y de pronto ella le llamó la atención al hombre del horno:

—¿Está caliente el fuego, señor?

Pero el ruido del horno impidió que el hombre la oyera. Menos mal. Quizá hubiera respondido de mala manera.

Una ola de alegría aún más dulce brotó de su corazón y recorrió sus arterias en cálido torrente. Momentos de su vida juntos, de los que nadie sabía ni sabría nunca, surgieron como el dulce fuego de las estrellas e iluminaron su memoria. Le apetecía recordar con ella, hacerle olvidar los años de su insipida existencia juntos y recordar sólo aquellos momentos de éxtasis. Pues sentía que los años no habían colmado su alma ni la de ella. Los hijos de ambos, los escritos de él, las labores domésticas de ella, no habían asfixiado el dulce fuego de sus almas. En una carta que él le había escrito, decía: ¿Por qué palabras como éstas me parecen tan desvaídas y frias? ¿Es porque no hay palabra suficientemente

taba de pie con ella a la intemperie, mirando a través de una ventana un hombre haciendo botellas ante un horno rugiente. Hacia mucho frío. Su cara, recubierta por el viento helado, estaba muy cerca de la suya; y de pronto ella le llamó la atención al hombre del horno:

—Señor, ¿ese fuego está caliente?

Pero el hombre no la pudo oír con el ruido que hacia la fornal. Más valía así. Con toda seguridad le habría respondido de mala manera.

Una ola de una alegría más tierna esparció de su corazón para corroerle en cálido torrente por las arterias. Como el tierno calor de las estrellas, rompieron a iluminar su memoria momentos de su vida juntos que nadie conocía, que nadie sabría nunca. Anhelaba hacerle recordar a ella todos esos momentos para hacerle olvidar su aburrida existencia juntos y que recordara solamente los momentos de éxtasis. Ya que los años, sentía él, no habían colmado la sede de su alma o la de ella. Los hijos, sus escritos, su labor de ama de casa, no habían apagado el tierno fuego de sus almas. En una carta que le escribió por aquel tiempo, él le decía: ¿Por qué palabras como éstas me parecen tan sosas y frías? ¿Es porque no hay una palabra tan
word tender enough to be your name?"

Like distant music
these words that he had
written years before
were borne towards him
from the past. He
longed to be alone with
her. When the others
had gone away, when he
and she were in the
room in the hotel, then
they would be alone
together. He would call
her softly:

"Gretta!"

Perhaps she would
not hear at once: she
would be undressing.
Then something in his
voice would strike her.
She would turn and look
at him....

At the corner of
Winetavern Street
they met a cab. He
was glad of its
traguing noise as it
saved him from
conversation. She was
looking out of the
window and seemed
tired. The others
spoke only a few
words, pointing out
some building or
street. The horse
galloped along
wearily under the
murky morning sky,
dragging his old
rattling box after his
heels, and Gabriel
was again in a cab
with her, galloping to
catch the boat,
galloping to their
honeymoon.

As the cab drove
across O'Connell
Bridge Miss
O'Callaghan said:

“They say you never
cross O'Connell Bridge
again:"
without seeing a white horse.”

“I see a white man this time,” said Gabriel.

“At home?” asked Mr. Bartell D’Arcy.

Gabriel pointed to the statue, on which lay patches of snow. Then he nodded familiarly to it and waved his hand.

“Good-night, Dan,” he said gaily.

When the cab drew up before the hotel, Gabriel jumped out and, in spite of Mr. Bartell D’Arcy’s protest, paid the driver. He gave the man a shilling over his fare. The man saluted and said:

“A prosperous New Year to you, sir.”

“Similarly,” he replied, said Gabriel cordially.

She leaned for a moment on his arm in getting out of the cab and while standing at the kerbstone, bidding the others good-night.

She was his: he possessed, owned her

wildly carriage: dignity of a married woman

kindling again: returning fire, resuscitation

touch of: contact with

keen pang of lust: intense pain of concupiscence

under cover of: protected by

without seeing: without + -ing (the gerund is used after all prepositions except to)
cover of her silence he pressed her arm closely to his side; and, as they stood at the hotel door, he felt that they had escaped from their lives and duties, escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure.

An old man was dozing in a great hooded chair in the hall. He lit a candle in the office and went before them to the stairs. They followed him in silence, their feet falling in soft thuds on the thickly carpeted stairs. She mounted the stairs behind the porter, her head bowed in the ascent, her frail shoulders curved as with a burden, her skirt girt tightly about her. He could have flung his arms about her hips and held her still, for his arms were trembling with desire to seize her and only the stress of his nails against the palms of his hands held the wild impulse of his body in check. The porter halted on the stairs to settle his guttering candle. They halted, too, on the steps below him. In the silence Gabriel could hear the falling of the molten wax into the tray and the thumping of his own heart against his ribs.

The porter led them along a corridor and opened a door. Then he set his unstable hand on the hotel door, he felt that they had escaped from their lives and duties, escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure.

El portero les condujo a lo largo de un corredor y abrió una puerta. Dejó su estrés de silencio, le apretó el brazo a su costado; y al detenerse a la puerta del hotel sintió que se habían escapado a sus vidas y a sus deberes, escapado del hogar y de los amigos y corrián juntos, corazones radiantes y salvajes, hacia una nueva aventura.

En el vestíbulo del hotel un viejo dormitaba en un enorme sillón con capirote. Encendió una vela en el despacho y marchó delante de ellos hacia la escalera. Le siguieron en silencio, hundiendo con un ruido suave los pies en la espesa alfombra de la escalera. Ella subió las escaleras tras el portero, con la cabeza inclinada en la ascensión, sus frágiles hombros curvados como bajo un peso, y la falda ciñéndola apretadamente. Él hubiera extendido los brazos para atrapar sus caderas y detenerla, pues sus brazos temblaban bajo el deseo de poseerla, y sólo la violencia de sus uñas contra la palma de sus manos mantuvo el control de su cuerpo bajo aquel savaje impulso. El portero se detuvo en medio de la escalera para poner bien la vela goteante. Ellos se detuvieron también, unos cuantos escalones detrás. En aquel silencio, Gabriel oyó caer la cera derretida en el platillo de la palmatoria, y el retumbar de su propio corazón contra sus costillas.
were to: tended to, intended to
candle down on a toailet-table and asked at what hour they were to be called in the morning.

“Eight,” said Gabriel.

The porter pointed to the tap of the electric-light and began a muttered apology, but Gabriel cut him short.

“We don’t want any light. We have light enough from the street. And I say,” he added, pointing to the candle, “you might remove that handsome article, like a good man.”

The porter took up his candle again, but slowly, for he was surprised by such a novel idea. Then he mumbled good-night and went out. Gabriel shot the lock to.

A ghastly light from the street lamp lay in a long shaft from one window to the door. Gabriel threw his overcoat and hat on a couch and crossed the room towards the window. He looked down into the street in order that his emotion might calm a little. Then he turned and leaned against a chest of drawers with his back to the light. She had taken off her hat and cloak and was standing before a large swinging mirror, unhooking her waist. Gabriel paused for a few moments, watching her, and then said:

“Gretta!”

La luz espectral de la calle atravesaba la habitación como una larga saeta entre una de las ventanas y la puerta. Gabriel tiró su abrigo y su sombrero sobre un sofá y cruzó la habitación hacia la ventana. Miró abajo, hacia la calle, para que su emoción se sosiegara un poco. Después se volvió y se recostó contra una cómoda con la espalda hacia la luz. Ella se había quitado el sombrero y la capa y estaba frente a un gran espejo giratorio, desabrochándose la blusa. Gabriel dejó pasar unos momentos, mirándola, y luego dijo:

—¡Gretta!

Joyce’s The dead

tr. de Fernando Galván

tr. de G. Cabrera-Infante

inestable vela en una mesa de tocador, y les preguntó a qué hora querían que les llamasen.

—A las ocho —dijo Gabriel.

El portero señaló la conexión de la luz eléctrica y comenzó a rezongar una excusa que Gabriel interrumpió.

—No queremos luz alguna. Tenemos luz suficiente con la de la calle. Y le diré —añadió, señalando la vela— que puede llevarse ese agradable aparato, sea buen chico.

El portero cogió la vela de nuevo, aunque con la lentitud de la sorpresa que le producía una idea tan novedosa. Masculló las buenas noches y se fue. Gabriel echó el cerrojo.

El portero cargó con la vela otra vez, pero sin prisa, ya que se había sorprendido de idea tan novedosa. Luego murmuró las buenas noches y salió. Gabriel pasó el pestillo.

La fantasmal luz del alumbrado público iluminaba el tramo de la ventana [147] a la puerta. Gabriel arrojó abrigo y sombrero sobre un sofá y cruzó el cuarto en dirección a la ventana. Miró abajo hacia la calle para calmar su emoción un tanto. Luego se volvió a apoyarse en un armario, de espaldas a la luz. Ella se había quitado el sombrero y la capa y se paró delante de un gran espejo movible a zafarse el vestido. Gabriel se detuvo a mirarla un momento y después dijo:
Joyce's The dead

She turned away from the mirror slowly and walked along the shaft of light towards him. Her face looked so serious and weary that the words would not pass Gabriel's lips. No, it was not the moment yet.

“You looked tired,” he said.

“I am a little,” she answered.

“You don’t feel ill or weak?”

“No, tired: that’s all.”

She went on to the window and stood there, looking out. Gabriel waited again and then, fearing that diffidence was about to conquer him, he said abruptly:

“By the way, Gretta!”

“What is it?”

“You know that poor fellow Malins?” he said quickly.

“Yes. What about him?”

“Well, poor fellow, he’s a decent sort of chap, after all,” continued Gabriel in a false voice. “He gave me back that sovereign I lent him, and I didn’t expect it, really. It’s a pity he wouldn’t keep away from that Browne, because he’s not a bad fellow, really.”

He was trembling now with annoyance.

Why did she seem so annoyed?

She turned away from the mirror slowly and walked along the shaft of light towards him. Her face looked so serious and weary that the words would not pass Gabriel’s lips. No, it was not the moment yet.

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He was trembling now with annoyance.

Why did she seem so
"When did you lend him the pound?" she asked, after a pause.

Gabriel strove to restrain himself from breaking out into brutal language about the sottish Malins and his pound. He longed to cry to her from his soul, to crush her body against his, to overmaster her. But he said:

"O, at Christmas, when he opened that little Christmas-card shop in Henry Street."

He was in such a fever of rage and desire that he did not hear her come from the window. She stood before him for an instant, looking at him strangely. Then, suddenly raising herself on tiptoe and resting her hands lightly on his shoulders, she kissed him.

"You are a very generous person, Gabriel," she said.

Gabriel, trembling with delight at her sudden kiss and at the quaintness of her abstracted? He did not know how he could begin. Was she annoyed, too, about something? If she would only turn to him or come to him of her own accord! To take her as she was would be brutal. No, he must see some ardour in her eyes first. He longed to be master of her strange mood.

Gabriel luchó por contenerse y no arrancar a maldecir brutalmente al estúpido de Malins y su libra. Anhelaba gritarle desde el fondo de su alma, estrujar su cuerpo contra el suyo, dominarla. Pero dijo:

"Oh, por Navidad, cuando abrió esa pequeña tienda de tarjetas de Navidad en Henry Street."

Sufría tal fiebre de rabia y de deseo que no la oyó acercarse, desde la ventana. Ella se detuvo ante él un instante, mirándole de un modo extraño. Después se alzó súbitamente de puntillas y, descansando ligeramente las manos en sus hombros, le besó.

"Eres una persona muy generosa, Gabriel," dijo.

Gabriel, temblando de deleite ante aquél súbito beso junto a una frase tan

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“Gretta, dear, what are you thinking about?”

She did not answer nor yield wholly to his arm. He said again, softly:

“Tell me what it is, Gretta. I think I know what is the matter. Do I know?”

She did not answer at once. Then she said in an outburst of tears:

“O, I am thinking about that song, The Lass of Aughrim.”

She broke loose from him and ran to the bed and, throwing una mano sobre el pelo y empezó a alisárselo hacia atrás, tocándolo apenas con los dedos. El lavado se lo había puesto fino y brillante. Su corazón rebosaba de felicidad. Ella se había movido hacia él por su propia voluntad precisamente cuando él así lo deseaba. Quizás los pensamientos de su mujer corrian parejos con los suyos. Quizás su mujer hubiera podido al impetuoso deseo __ __ __ que le poseía. Ahora que se le mostraba rendida, se preguntaba el porqué de su falta de confianza en sí mismo. Se puso en pie, sosteniendo su cabeza entre las manos. Luego, deslizando un brazo suavemente alrededor de su cuerpo y atrayéndola hacia él, dijo en voz baja:

—¿En qué piensas, querida Gretta?

—Dime qué es, Gretta. Creo que sé lo que te pasa. ¿Lo sé?

—Me acuerdo de esa canción, La doncella de Aughrim.

—Oh, pienso en esa canción, La joven de Aughrim.

Se soltó de él para dejarse caer en la cama, cruzando
her arms across the bed-rail, hid her face. X

Gabriel stood stockstill for a moment in astonishment and then followed her. As he passed in the way of the cheval-glass he caught sight of himself in full length, his broad, well-filled shirt-front, the face whose expression always puzzled him when he saw it in a mirror, and his gilt-rimmed eyeglasses.

He halted a few paces from her and said:

"What about the song? Why does that make you cry?"

She raised her head from her arms and dried her eyes with the back of her hand like a child. A kinder note than he had intended went into his voice.

"Why, Gretta?" he asked.

"I am thinking about a person long ago who used to sing that song."

"And who was the person long ago?" asked Gabriel, smiling.

"It was a person I used to know in Galway when I was living with my grandmother," she said.

The smile passed away from Gabriel's face. A dull anger began to gather again at the back of his mind and the dull fires of his lust began to glow angrily in his veins.
“Someone you were in love with?” he asked ironically.

“It was a young boy I used to know,” she answered, “named Michael Furey. He used to sing that song, The Lass of Aughrim. He was very delicate.”

Gabriel was silent. He did not wish her to think that he was interested in this delicate boy.

“I can see him so plainly,” she said, after a moment. “Such eyes as he had: big, dark eyes! And such an expression in them—an expression!”

“O, then, you are in love with him?” said Gabriel.

“Salía con él —dijo ella— cuando estaba en Galway.”

A thought flew across Gabriel’s mind.

“I used to go out walking with him,” she said, “when I was in Galway.”

A idea através la mente de Gabriel.

“Perhaps that was why you wanted to go to Galway with that Ivors girl?” he said coldly.

She looked at him and asked in surprise:

“What for?”

“¿Para qué?”

“Sus ojos hicieron que Gabriel se sintiera embarazado. Encogiéndose los hombros y dijo:”

“How do I know? To see him, perhaps.”

Ella le miró y preguntó sorprendida:

“¿Cómo lo voy a saber? Para verlo, quizá.”

Retiró la mirada.
from him along the shaft of light towards the window in silence.

“He is dead,” she said at length. “He died when he was only seventeen. Isn’t it a terrible thing to die so young as that?”

“What was he?” asked Gabriel, still ironically.

“He was in the gasworks,” she said.

Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ridiculous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous, well-meaning sentimentalist, orating to vulgarians and idealising his own clownish lusts, the pitable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. Instinctively he turned his back more to the light lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead.

He tried to keep up his tone of cold interrogation, but his voice when he spoke was humble and indifferent.

—Está muerto — dijo ella al rato—. Mu-rió cuando apenas te-nía dieciséis años. ¿No es terrible morir tan joven?

—¿A qué se dedicaba? —preguntó Gabriel sin cejar en su ironia.

—Trabajaba en la fábrica de gas —dijo ella.

Gabriel se sintió humillado por el fracaso de su ironía y por la evocación de aquella imagen de entre los muertos, un muchacho de la fábrica de gas. Mientras él rebosaba de recuerdos de su vida secreta juntos, lleno de ternura, alegría y deseo, ella le había estado comparando mentalmente con otro. Una vergonzosa conciencia de su propia persona se apoderó de él. Se vio a sí mismo como una imagen ridícula, como el correvidile de sus tías, un sentimental nervioso y bienpensante, un charlata adocenado y un idealista de sus propios, anhelos de pagayo, el fatuo sujeto muy digno de piedad que había visto reflejado en el espejo. Instintivamente volvió la espalda a la luz, por miedo a que ella pudiera ver la vergüenza que ardía en su frente.

He tried to maintain his tone of fríoa interrogación, pero su voz sonó sumisa y apática.

—El está muerto —dijo ella al rato—. Mu-rió cuando apenas te-nía dieciséis años. ¿No es terrible morir así tan joven?

—¿Qué era él? — preguntó Gabriel, iró-nico todavía.

—Trabajaba en el gas —dijo ella.

Gabriel se sintió humillado por el fracaso de su ironía y ante la evocación de esta figura de entre los muertos: un muchacho que trabajaba en el gas. Mientras él había estado lleno de recuerdos de su vida secreta en común, lleno de ternura y deseo, ella lo comparaba mentalmente con el otro. Lo asaltó una vergonzante conciencia de sí mismo. Se vio como una figura ridícula, actuando como recadero de sus tías, un nervioso y bienintencionado sen-timental, alardeando de orador con los hu-mildes, idealizando hasta su visible luju-ria: el lamentable tipo que había visto momentáneamente en el espejo. Instintivamente dio la espalda a la luz, no fuera que ella pudiera ver la ver-güenza que le quemaba el rostro.
Joyce’s The dead

“I suppose you were in love with this Michael Furey, Gretta,” he said.

“I was great with him at that time,” she said.

Su voz sonó velada y triste. Consciente de cuán en vano había estado tratando de conducirla por donde se proponía, Gabriel le acarició la mano y dijo, también tristemente:

—¿Y por qué murió tan joven, Gretta? ¿De agotamiento?

—I think he died for me.

Un terror indefinido se apoderó de Gabriel al oír semejante respuesta, como si en la hora en que hubiera esperado triunfar, algún ser intangible y vengativo se le echara encima con las fuerzas que en su contra hubiera podido sacar de su mundo indefinido.

Fue en el invierno —dijo ella—, al principio del invierno, cuando yo estaba a punto de irme de la casa.
She paused for a moment and sighed.

“He was very fond of me and he was such a gentle boy. We used to go out together, walking, you know, Gabriel, like the way they do in the country. He was going to study singing only for his health. He had a very good voice, poor Michael Furey.”

“Well; and then?” asked Gabriel.

“Then the night before I left, I was in my grandmother’s house in Nuns’ Island, packing up, and I heard gravel thrown up against the window. The window was so

Se detuvo un momento para hacerse con el dominio de su voz, después prosiguió:

“La noche de la víspera de mi partida yo estaba en la casa de mi abuela en Nuns’ Island, preparando mi equipaje, cuando oí que echaban unas chinitas contra la ventana. La ventana

Hizo una pausa para suspirar.

—Bien, ¿y entonces? —preguntó Gabriel.

—Y entonces, cuando vino la hora de dejar yo Galway y venir acá para el convento, él estaba mucho peor y no me dejaban ni ir a verlo, por lo que le escribí una carta diciéndole que me iba a Dublín y que regresaría en verano y que esperaba que estuviera mejor para entonces.
wet I couldn’t see, so... I ran downstairs as I was and slipped out the back into the garden and there was the poor fellow at the end of the garden, shivering.”

“And did you not tell him to go back?” asked Gabriel.

“I implored of him to go home at once and told him he would get his death in the rain. But he said he did not want to live. I can see his eyes as well as well! He was standing at the end of the wall where there was a tree.”

“And did he go home?” asked Gabriel.

“Yes, he went home. And when I was only a week in the convent he died and was buried in Oughterard, where his people came from. O, the day I heard that, that he was dead!”

She stopped, choking with sobs, and, overcome by emotion, flung herself face downward on the bed, sobbing in the quilt. Gabriel held her hand for a moment longer, irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window.

She was fast asleep.

Gabriel, leaning on his elbow, looked for a few moments unresentfully on her

Dejó de hablar, sacudida por los sollozos, y, dominada por la emoción, se echó de bruces sobre la cama, sollozando en el edredón. Gabriel sostuvo su mano un momento más, sin saber qué hacer, y después la dejó caer, temeroso de inmiscuirse en su pena, y se alejó lentamente hacia la ventana.

Ella estaba profundamente dormida.

Gabriel, apoyado en el codo, vacío de remordimiento, miró unos instantes su

ventana. El cristal estaba tan anegado que no podía ver, por lo que corrió abajo así como estaba y salió al patio, y allí estaba el pobre al final del jardín, tiritando.

—¿Y no le dijiste que se fuera para su casa? —preguntó Gabriel.

—Le rogué que regresara a su casa y le dije que aquella lluvia le iba a matar. Pero él me dijo que no quería vivir. Pude ver sus ojos tan bien, ¡tan bien! Estaba de pie al final del jardín, donde había un árbol.

—¿Y se fue? —preguntó Gabriel.

—Sí, se fue. Y cuando yo llevaba una semana tan sólo en el convento, murió y fue enterrado en Oughterard, de donde era su familia. ¡Oh, el día en que lo supe, el día en que supe que había muerto!

Se detuvo, ahogada en llanto, y, sobrecogida por la emoción, se tiró en la cama bocabajo, a sollozar sobre la colcha. Gabriel sostuvo su mano durante un rato sin saber qué hacer, y luego, temeroso de entrometerse en su pena, la dejó caer gentilmente y se fue, quedó, a la ventana.

Ella dormía profundamente.

Gabriel, apoyado en un codo, miró por un rato y sin remordimiento su pelo re-
poor a part: what a poor part, what a minor role

no longer beautiful

first girlish beauty: beauty when she was a young girl

must have been: had certainly been

as though: as if

never: place of the adverb

man and wife: a married couple

his curious eyes rested long upon...: he looked for a long time with curiosity at...

hair: and, as he thought of what she must have been then, in that time of her first girlish beauty, a strange, friendly pity for her entered his soul. He did not like to say even to himself that her face was no longer beautiful, but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death.

Perhaps she had not told him all the story. His eyes moved to the chair over which she had thrown some of her clothes. A petticoat string dangled to the floor. One boot stood upright, its limp upper fallen down: the fellow of it lay upon its side. He wondered at his riot of emotions of an hour before. From what had it proceeded? From his aunt's supper, from his own foolish speech, from the wine and dancing, the merry-making when saying good-night in the hall, the pleasure of the walk along the river in the snow. Poor Aunt Julia!

Deep-drawn breath: profound respiration

romance: love affair

for her sake: because of her

it hardly pained him: he did not suffer much

how poor a part: what a poor part, what a minor role

as though: as if

never: place of the adverb

man and wife: a married couple

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She, too, would soon be a shade with the shade of Patrick Morkan and his horse.

The blinds would be drawn down and Aunt Kate would be sitting beside him, crying and blowing her nose and telling him how Julia had died. He would cast about in his mind for some words that might console her, and would find only lame and useless ones. Yes, yes: that would happen very soon.

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one, they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover’s eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

Generous tears filled Gabriel’s eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

El aire del cuarto le helaba la espalda. Se estiró con cuidado bajo las sábanas y se echó al lado de su esposa. Uno a uno se iban convirtiendo ambos en sombras. Mejor pasar audaz al otro mundo en el apogeo de una pasión que marchitarse consumido funestamente por la vida. Pensó cómo la mujer que descansaba a su lado había evocado en su corazón, durante años, la imagen de los ojos de su amante al decirle que no deseaba vivir.

Lágrimas generosas colmaron los ojos de Gabriel. Jamás había sentido algo parecido hacia mujer alguna, pero sabía que tal sentimiento había de ser amor. Las lágrimas se hicieron más espesas en la mirada de Gabriel. Nunca había sentido aquello por ninguna mujer, pero supo que ese sentimiento tenía que ser amor. A sus ojos las lágrimas crecieron...
eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence.

His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

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Unos roces en el cristal le hicieron volverse hacia la ventana. Había comenzado de nuevo a nevar. Contempló somnoliento los copos, plateados y oscuros, cayendo oblicuamente contra la luz de la farola. Había llegado el momento de que emprendiera el viaje hacia el oeste. Si, los periódicos tenían razón: nevaba de igual modo sobre toda Irlanda. La nieve caía sobre todos los lugares de la oscura llanura central, sobre las colinas sin árboles, caía dulcemente sobre el Pantano de Allen y, más hacia el oeste, caía suavemente en las oscuras olas amotinadas del Shannon. Caía así en todo el desolado cementerio de la loma donde yacía Michael Furey, muerto. Reposaba, espesa, al azar, sobre una cruz corva y sobre una losa, sobre las
The final paragraph is generally conceded to be one of the most ambiguous. It opens with the sound of the snow tapping against the pane, uniting and contrasting the scene with the earlier occasion of Gabriel at the window during the party and, of course, of Michael Furey’s “tapping” on Gretta’s window with the pebbles. Gabriel is described as watching “sleepily,” and in western literature there is traditionally a close connection between sleep and death. We have seen in the preceding paragraphs that Gabriel is being visited by the shades of the dead, and the implication is that, because of the events of this night, he has come to realize not only that he is a ridiculous figure, but that he has never known what true love is, and, moreover, that Gretta felt more for someone in her earlier life than she has for him. The crux of the problem of interpretation is the meaning of “The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward.” Certainly to go west is a time-honored trope in literature for death, for the setting of the sun; however, in this story the west (Galway, the Aran Isles) has symbolized the life force (the Gaelic, the true roots of Ireland, the sturdy peasantry, the life force of Michael Furey). Consequently, there has been considerable disagreement over whether Gabriel is now irretrievably dead spiritually or that he is realizing here that his true regeneration lies in the renewal of life that can come from seeking out his roots, of no longer being a “West Briton.” The reader will have to make a choice or, in the spirit of contemporary literary theory, decide that there is no choice, that the contradictions render the sentence meaningless. On the other hand, one can accept both meanings, revel in the ambiguity, attempt to hold two contradictory interpretations in the mind at the same time without trying to resolve them. A final possibility is that Joyce himself had not settled on a meaning, that he himself is leaving Gabriel’s spiritual state torn between two contradictions. The other major problem of interpretation is presented by the image of the snow, which is falling all over Ireland (including the Bog of Allen, some twenty-five miles southwest of Dublin). Does it represent death, is all Ireland covered by the spirit of the dead, is there no physical or spiritual fire in Ireland? Attempts to determine an unassailable interpretation are further confounded by the final images of death (the graveyard) and yet a death with promise of resurrection, as we are given allusions to the crucifixion of Christ with the “spear” and the “thorns.” So, is Gabriel incontrovertibly spiritually dead or is there the suggestion that he will be renewed. All we know is that his soul is fainting (has swooned) and that the snow — whether death or rebirth is “falling faintly” not only “upon all the living and the dead,” but on all the readers of this timeless story.

NOTA BENE:
Esta traducción de Dubliners se hizo utilizando el texto corregido por el erudito joyceano Robert Scholes, quien reprodujo con la mayor fidelidad la versión ideal de James Joyce, siguiendo escrupulosamente su puntuación preferida y adoptando muchos de los cambios que el propio Joyce anotara en las pruebas de página de la pseudo-edición de Grant Richards, que, como se sabe, se perdieron “sin dejar huellas”! Sin embargo, ha sido posible introducir —en la edición definitiva en inglés del libro tanto como en esta traducción— decisivos cambios de vocabulario, de completo acuerdo con los deseos expresos del autor. La edición inglesa usada por el traductor fue la impresa por la editorial Jonathan Cape de Londres en 1968. Es necesario aclarar que ninguna de las anteriores traducciones de Dubliners ni muchas de sus últimas impresiones en inglés, —noblemente, las ediciones de Penguin Books desde 1956 hasta 1968, por ejemplo— respetan las constantes supersticiones tipográficas del irlandés ni las imprescindibles correcciones queridas «por aquel que en vida admirara a Parnell».

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