

Bachelor Thesis English Language and Culture  
Utrecht University

# Translating James Joyce

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## The Complexity of “Clay”

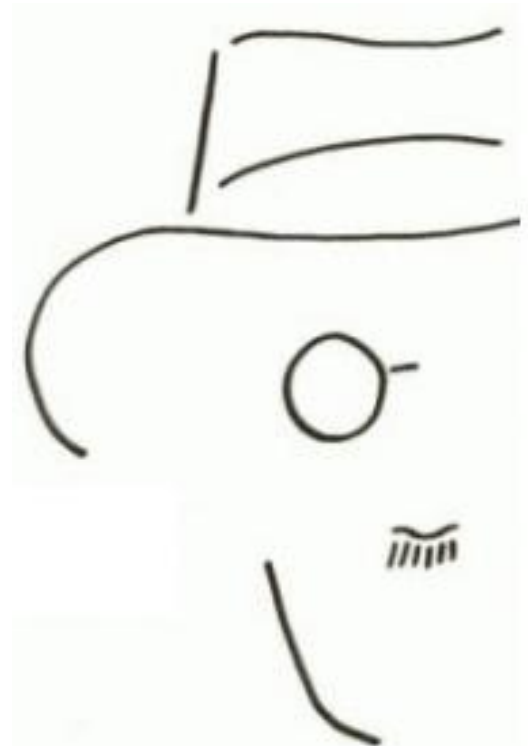
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## **Introduction**

James Joyce is known as one of the greatest writers of literature written in English. As a born Dubliner he dedicated virtually all his works to his much beloved Ireland, particularly to the capital, Dublin. One of those works is *Dubliners*: a collection of short stories that depict Irish middle-class life in Dublin around the turn of the twentieth century. Peering into the homes and hearts of the people that live in Dublin, the stories give insight into life in the city. Joyce's vision of Dublin was rather bleak and so is the image that he presents with his stories. He believed that Dublin had a paralysing effect on its inhabitants who spiritually suffered from living in the city. This paralysing grip is what tied Joyce to Dublin as well. Despite living on the European continent for most of his life, Joyce never fully managed to let go of Dublin. The stories are intensely personal and each marks a moment of epiphany for the central character. In this thesis, I shall present an overview of the most important difficulties that a translator will come across when translating the tenth story in the collection, "Clay," followed by a fresh translation of the story.

## **Story Summary**

"Clay" tells the story of Maria, a middle-aged woman who works in the Dublin by Lamplight laundry, a Protestant charity that houses "fallen women" (Gifford 77). Maria is a shy, diminutive person who has grown very fond of her life in the laundry. It is All Hallows Eve and Maria has been given the night off to spend with one of her former foster children, Joe Donnelly, and his family. After Maria has served tea to the women in the laundry she hurries to get to the Donnelly's. On her way over, she stops to buy treats for everyone so that they can have a nice evening. She buys a dozen penny cakes for the children and a thick slice of plumcake for Joe and his wife. When Maria arrives at the Donnelly's she realises that she misses the expensive plumcake and quickly becomes the centre of attention. Soon after, Maria

joins the children in a traditional Hallow Eve's game: she is blindfolded and has to feel around for objects so she can guess what they are. When the children start to laugh Maria realises that they have tricked her. It turns out that Maria has grabbed a piece of clay.

### **Target Text Profile**

“Clay” is a complex and multi-layered story that presents an array of difficulties for a translator. First of all, Joyce is known for his complex, witty narratives and exquisite style of writing. Precisely these features pose the greatest difficulties for a translator. The seemingly simple style and language can be deceiving for it is actually the most important part of the story. Joyce made clever use of language as a characterisation tool for Maria. Maintaining Joyce's style is key to delivering a translation that has the same effect in the target language. Secondly, the period in which the source text was published was very different from the period in which the target text will be published. This means that a the target audience might have difficulty understanding certain elements of the text due to a lack of knowledge. This has to be taken into account when making the translation. The same is true for the culture-specific elements that are present in the text. Lastly, there are, as in every translation, the linguistic differences between the source and target language. These have to be studied carefully in order to produce a natural translation in the target language.

In order to make an adequate translation it is important to project a hypothetical target audience for the translation. In this particular case there is no translation brief and, hence, no specific target audience. Selecting a target audience for a literary translation is a rather complex task. A literary work can appeal to various readers for various reasons, which makes it hard to determine a specific “ideal” reader. In comparison to Joyce's other works, *Dubliners* is one of his “easier” works. The collection can serve as an introductory work to Joyce's writing for readers that are unknown with his works, such as secondary school pupils.

The mock commission I have set for myself is to translate “Clay” for the Dutch publishing house “Athenaeum – Polak & Van Gennep.” The short story will be published as part of a fresh translation of *Dubliners*, to be published on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the original publication.

### **Source Text Analysis**

“Clay” is a literary text which means that it can be defined as an “expressive text,” according to Katharina Reiss’s categorisation of text types (Munday 112). This means that the style of the author is a priority for a translator because the main goal of the text is to express the author’s attitude and perspective through the use of the aesthetic dimension of language. If a translator focuses on the norms of the source text, this will lead to a more adequate translation i.e. a translation that realises the textual relations of the source text without undermining the linguistic system of the target language, whereas a strong focus on the norms of the target text will lead to an acceptable translation, i.e. a translation that complies to the norms of the target culture (Toury 324). No matter the focus of the translator, there will always be shifts in the target text in comparison to the source text. Every decision that a translator makes will eventually lead to a compromise between an acceptable and an adequate translation.

Christiane Nord stresses the importance of a source text analysis. In order to create an adequate analysis of the source text she says that translation issues should be isolated from their context. She distinguishes between four levels on which problems may occur and states that by structurally working through these problems from top to bottom, all can eventually be solved. The first set of problems that Nord addresses are the pragmatic problems. These problems have to do with differences in knowledge between readers of the source and target texts. The second category treats the issues “due to the differences in norms and conventions between source and target cultures” (Nord 147), mostly culture-specific elements. The third

level on which problems may occur is on a linguistic level. These problems occur due to the differences between the linguistic systems of source and target language. The last category that is mentioned are the text-specific problems. With this categorisation in mind I have analysed “Clay” and highlighted some of the most important difficulties that were present in the story.

### Pragmatic Problems

The most important difficulty that presents itself on this level is the issue of the alarming similarity to real places and people. Joyce’s work strongly focuses on a truthful representation of Dublin life during the tumultuous early twentieth century (which is in line with his aim to write a chapter on the “moral history” of his country). Ireland was defined by its struggle for independence from Great Britain and was in the midst of a cultural revival. The strive for independence came with a struggle to define the Irish identity; people set out to redefine what it meant to be Irish. This struggle is clearly reflected in *Dubliners*. Many of Joyce’s characters are stuck in their repetitive daily routine and find themselves unable to change their lives even though they want to. Joyce's central theme of paralysis is also connected with this notion. In a letter to his brother, Joyce stated that Dublin “is suffering from hemiplegia of the will” (qtd. in Brannigan 64), meaning that “Dubliners were paralysed from acting or living decisively or even consciously” (Brannigan 64). Joyce was so fascinated by this concept that he wrote *Dubliners* with the intention and desire “to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis which many consider a city” (qtd. in Brannigan 64). The theme is apparent in all the stories in the inability of the characters to escape Dublin’s paralysing stranglehold. As Michael Holmes and Alan Roughley point out, “Joyce's focus on the theme of paralysis ... can be transferred to the political sphere as well, ... there are clear indications of stasis and paralysis” (43). Joseph Brady states that “Dublin ... was nationalist in orientation, with a rather cool relationship with

the British authorities” (14). The character's inability to break their routine can thus be seen as a reference to Ireland's fight for independence and inability to break free from Great Britain. This political sphere is an essential factor in Joyce's stories and although “the specific political issues raised in *Dubliners* are no longer as relevant or important as they were at the time Joyce wrote his stories” (33), it is still an important part of the collection, and therefore important to maintain in a translation.

In “Clay,” Maria suffers from spiritual paralysis and an inability to escape spinsterhood. At first glance this may not be clear to the reader because Maria deceives herself and is blind to the true nature of her desires, but on closer inspection it turns out that Maria desires everything she claims she does not. This is most evident in Maria's claim that she does not want “any ring or man either” (Joyce 86). Throughout the story she denies the suggestion of love three times. The first occurs when Lizzie Flemming says that “Maria was sure to get the ring” (Joyce 86). Although Maria laughs at this and claims that she wants neither a ring nor a man, her eyes “sparkled with disappointed shyness,” (Joyce 86) revealing the true nature of her desires. The second time that Maria denies love is in the cake shop in Henry street when the lady behind the counter asks her whether she wants to buy a wedding-cake. The fact that this “made Maria blush and smile and the young lady” (Joyce 88) indicates that she could only wish that she was buying a wedding-cake. The last denial of love is an unconscious one. Maria makes a mistake in singing “I Dreamt that I Dwelt” by singing the first stanza a second time rather than singing the second stanza. It is precisely this second stanza that captures Maria's deepest wish, and the fact that she omits it indicate her blindness and self-deception.

### Culture-Specific Problems

“Clay” is riddled with culture-specific elements that put the translator’s skills to the test. Culture-specific elements tend to have a double meaning, namely the objective meaning, known as denotation, and the ideas or qualities connected to the culture-specific element, the connotation. These connotations can be different in each language and culture and that is what makes the translation of culture-specific elements so difficult. A translator needs to take the connotative as well as the denotative meaning of both cultures and languages into account to come to an accurate and understandable translation that is both true to the source and target text. Andrew Chesterman suggests that there are two possible solutions in dealing with problems that come with translating culture-specific elements: either the elements are translated into an equivalent in the target language, known as adaptation, or the culture-specific elements are maintained in the target text, so-called exoticisation (168).

The culture-specific elements in “Clay” are very diverse and can be categorised in three categories. The first category centres around All Hallows Eve, the night before All Saints (1st of November). The story revolves around Maria’s activities in relation to this festivity, which means that understanding the feast and the culture-specific elements related to it, is key to understanding the story. All Hallows Eve is known in Dutch as “Allerheiligenavond” which does not pose any difficulties for a translator. The challenge is that the Dutch (nowadays) do not celebrate All Hallows Eve, which means that a Dutch reader will not have any associations with the festivities that Maria is about to attend. In Joyce’s time, it was traditional to play games that were said to glimpse into the future. One of those divination games is the saucer game that Maria plays at the Donnelly’s. Each saucer contains a different item that symbolises the future. Maria grabs a piece of clay. Apart from the title, the word “clay” never occurs in the story, but is cryptically referred to when Maria “felt a soft wet substance with her fingers” (Joyce 90). A piece of clay signified death (Gifford 77). In English, “clay” refers both to a type of soil and to “earth as the material of the human body”



(*OED*). This definition comes from the Bible that states that “the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground” (Genesis 2:7). Later on, it says that “thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return” (Genesis 3:19). As Christine O’Neill points out, “the breadth of reference of the word ‘clay’ is particular to English” (70) and is difficult to translate in other languages. The first translation of “clay” in Dutch that comes to mind is “klei”. However, “klei” only refers to the type of soil and not to the association with death, whereas the synonym “aarde” encompasses both. A common Dutch phrase is “iemand ter aarde bestellen,” which means to bury someone or to give someone back to the earth. Although this is less evocative of death than “clay” is, it still portrays the symbolism in a similar way. This has led to my decision to translate the title with “aarde”. If the symbolism of death in the title is lost, the reader will have difficulties understanding the game that Maria plays

The story also features currency. Joyce uses two ways to refer to the formerly British monetary unit. At first, it is stated that Maria has “two half-crowns and some coppers” (Joyce 85) in her purse. Later on, it is mentioned that she “would have five shillings clear after paying tram fare” (Joyce 86). Not every Dutch reader will be familiar with the formerly British currency and will be confused when there are two different names for it in the story. Since two half-crowns equals five shillings, I chose to substitute the former with the latter to avoid confusion. This does not mean that every reader will know what a shilling is, but I have not adapted it to the modern currency because that would take away the authenticity of the story. Besides, the meaning can be extracted from the story. I have nonetheless attempted to make it as easy as possible for a Dutch audience to understand. For example, when Maria has to pay “two-and-four” (Joyce 88), I have translated this by “twee shilling en vier penny”.

Lastly, many streets and other geographical places are specifically named in the story. Maria’s route to the Donnelly family is, for instance, explicitly stated. She travels from

Ballsbridge to Drumcondra via the Pillar to buy a cake at Downes's cake-shop. There are a number of possibilities that can be considered when translating these concepts into Dutch. According to *De Nederlandse Taalunie* there are two approaches that are most commonly used in Dutch: either the names are literally adopted (using an "endonym"), or the names are adapted to the Dutch spelling, or completely or partially replaced by a Dutch exonym ("Spelling"). In most cases, I have chosen not to translate these culture-specific elements because they are so specific to Dublin that changing them would take away the quintessentially Irish mood. I did, however, alter some if it would cause difficulties for a Dutch reader. The Pillar, for example, became "de Nelson Pillar". In this case I added information to clarify what is referred to.

### Language Pair-Specific Problems

There are several differences between English and Dutch that can cause difficulties in translation. An important point that deserves the attention of a translator is the use of punctuation. The most remarkable punctuation is Joyce's use of dashes to indicate that something is said. This is highly unusual and it would be preferred in Dutch to use inverted commas. However, it must be considered that Joyce did this with specific reasons. Joyce disliked the use of what he called "perverted commas", because "they insinuate a spurious hierarchy between the language of the narrator ... and the limited perspective of the characters. Moreover, perverted commas impose boundaries between speakers, implying that their speech is private property" (Ellmann 60). Because it was so important to Joyce to use dashes, I decided not to replace them by inverted commas.

Another issue concerned with punctuation that needs to be highlighted is the use of the semi-colon and the comma. These are generally more often used in English than in Dutch and it is up to the discretion of the translator to use them as deemed fit. As a rule of thumb

decision, I have replaced most of the semi-colons by commas since this is more appropriate in Dutch. For instance, the sentence “ these barmbracks seemed uncut; but if you went closer...” (Joyce 85) became in Dutch “ze leken ongesneden, maar als je goed keek...”.

### Source Text Specific Problems

James Joyce is renowned for his unique style and use of language. A great deal of attention in this area has been paid to his major works *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, yet language and style are equally important in *Dubliners*. As Katie Wales argues, the “plainness of the style was an effect as carefully crafted as any of his later marked stylistic deviations; and the rhetorical techniques actually contribute to the sense of ordinariness conveyed” (37). In a letter to his publisher Grant Richards, Joyce states that “he has written the stories in a style of ‘scrupulous meanness’” (Wales 38). The phrase suggests Joyce’s concern with language and the precision and restraint with which he chose it. Scrupulous means “thorough, exact, and careful about detail” (Collins), and meanness denotes the “ordinariness” with which the stories are written, hence a “mean” or “middle” style. The challenge for a translator is to avoid wordy translations that compromise Joyce’s style.

A very important part of Joyce’s style is the use of repetition. Joyce’s intention when writing *Dubliners* was to write “a chapter of the moral history” of Ireland (qtd. in Seidel 43). He wanted to give insight into the life of the average Dubliner and the reason he chose Dublin for the scene was because “that city seemed [to be] the centre of paralysis” (qtd. in Seidel 43). In order to portray everyday life for what it was, Joyce had to focus on the rituals and routine of this everyday life. The language and the rhetorical skills which he deploys underline this theme. Joyce deliberately chose a more unsophisticated style of writing not only to reflect the plainness of everyday life in Dublin, but also to reflect the idiolect of the character portrayed. Furthermore, Joyce uses focalisation as a literary device to draw more attention to his

character's idiolect. Hugh Kenner dubbed this technique the "Uncle Charles Principle" which means that "the narrative idiom need not be the narrator's" (18). A great example from "Clay" is when it is stated that Joe "was so nice to" Maria (Joyce 91). The use of "nice" is very characteristic of Maria, as explained later on, and it would be more common for a narrator to say that he was very good to her. As translator it is important to notice this subtle differences, in order to stay true to Joyce's style.

One of the pitfalls for a translator is an attempt to "rewrite" Joyce's style by replacing repetitions by synonyms. Particularly in "Clay", Joyce used a considerable amount of lexical and syntactic repetition. The opening paragraph of the story gives a good impression of the narrative style as a whole:

The matron had given her leave to go out as soon as the women's tea was over *and* Maria looked forward to her evening out. The kitchen was spick *and* span: the cook said you could see yourself in the big copper boilers. The fire was nice *and* bright *and* on one of the side-tables were four *very* big barmbracks. These barmbracks seemed uncut; *but* if you went closer you would see that they had been cut into long thick even slices *and* were ready to be handed round at tea. Maria had cut them herself.

Maria was a *very, very* small person indeed *but* she had a *very long* nose *and* a *very long* chin. (Joyce 85; emphasis added)

In this paragraph alone, there are already eight instances of the syntactic connectives "and" and "but". Throughout the story the repetitive use of these connectives convey an impression of Maria's character, namely that she has a rather simplistic mind and lifestyle and a rather limited world-view. It conveys the image of childish person. In addition, the recurrent use of "but" adds to her reputation as a "veritable peace-maker" (Joyce 85). In an attempt to smooth the troubles and deficiencies of her life, Maria tries to see the good in everything and

everyone. Every negative thought and image is generally followed by a positive: “[s]he used to have such a bad opinion of Protestants but now she thought they were very nice people, a little quiet and serious, but still very nice people” (Joyce 86).

The childish image is enhanced by the frequent use of the adjective “nice”. The word occurs twelve times in “Clay” out of only twenty-nine times in the whole collection. The repeated use of “nice” is noteworthy for several reasons. First of all, as aforementioned, it is used as tool of characterisation. The various occurrences of “nice” all have a very different meaning. The entry in the *Oxford English Dictionary* gives 14 possible definitions of “nice” and states that “it is difficult to say in what particular sense the writer intended [the word] to be taken”, which suggests a hollowness of the phrase. Maria mostly uses it to describe people and things in a positive light which again adds to her status as peacemaker. In addition, once again the recurrence of “nice” can be understood as mimicking the speech patterns and linguistic abilities of Maria. It demonstrates a lack of linguistic variation which only further reinforces the childlike image. It is difficult to translate “nice” in Dutch in a similar consistent fashion. Since it has so many different definitions, I had to chose several different translations. However, I have tried to remain consistent throughout the text in an attempt to portray the same repetition. Seven out of twelve instances of nice refer to people. I chose to refrain from stylistic variation and I have translated all these instances with “aardig”.

Another very important part of Joyce’s style is the subtle use of tone. Tone is so important in “Clay” because it supports the image of Maria’s childishness. This childlike image immediately becomes clear in the opening sentence of the story: “The matron had given her leave to go out” (Joyce 85). This suggests that Maria is not able to decide for herself when she can go out and should ask permission from the matron. Although this sentence is toneless by itself, it can be interpreted in a number of ways, depending on the context. In this case it indicates Maria’s position within the hierarchy of the laundry and I have therefore

translated leave with “toestemming” rather than “verlof”. This suggested childishness from the opening sentence is reinforced later on in the same paragraph when the story moves to the barmbracks. It is stated that “Maria had cut them herself” (Joyce 85). As opposed to the first sentence, this sentence is very dependent on tone. The key word here is “herself,” because it suggests a sense of pride. Cutting barmbracks is a task that requires minimal skill and the note of pride in Maria’s attitude shows that she considers it quite an accomplishment. This illustrates her childlike mind and indicates the narrow scope of her life and the way it limits her horizon.

### **Conclusion**

The translation of James Joyce’s short story “Clay” poses many problems for a translator. One of the major pitfalls for a translator is Joyce’s unique and exquisite writing style. Although it may not be obviously marked, Joyce has paid a great deal of attention to language and style. He purposefully made use of lexical repetition over the stylistically use of synonyms, in order to underline his theme of paralysis and to portray the repetitive routine of everyday life in Dublin. In addition, style is used to characterise Maria and to give insight in her unsophisticated childlike mind. It is this hidden complexity, and especially what appears to be the simplicity of the text, that will demand the most of a translator. It was precisely this part of the translation that I struggled the most with. This was mainly because style is such an important part of Maria’s characterisation that a change in style would easily have led to a change in character. Moreover, the subtle use of tone is a special problem because it is dependent on the reader’s ear and it is open to interpretation. The most demanding, however, was the translation of “nice”. It is exactly because it is such a hollow phrase that can be translated in so many ways, that caused the most difficulty.

Furthermore, the quintessentially Irish mood and the culture-specific elements that are part of the story will also put the translator's skills to the test. It is important to weigh all options when deciding whether to translate culture-specific elements or not. This may take some time because the importance of the strong culture meaning they provide the text with must be taken into account. In the case of "Clay" I decided, after careful consideration, to maintain the culture-specific elements because I believe that most not cause too much difficulty for a Dutch audience. Even if certain elements may not be understood at once, this will not affect the understanding of the story. I have adapted some where necessary if they could cause difficulties.

Lastly, the historical background to which the story is written can lead to a different interpretation from the target audience due to a lack of knowledge. Joyce lived in very tumultuous times and a lot happened and changed in Ireland at the time he wrote *Dubliners*. Without this specific knowledge and understanding the target audience might have difficulties fully understanding the story. As a translator, it is important to take this into account. All in all, the complexity of "Clay" should not be underestimated.

## Appendix I

### Aarde

De directrice had haar toestemming gegeven om meteen na de broodmaaltijd<sup>1</sup> voor de vrouwen weg te gaan en Maria verheugde zich op haar avondje uit. De keuken was brandschoon: de kok zei dat je jezelf kon zien in de grote koperen ketels. Het vuur brandde helder en warm en op een van de bijzettafels lagen vier enorme krentenbroden<sup>2</sup>. Ze leken ongesneden, maar als je goed keek kon je zien dat ze in lange, dikke, gelijke plakken waren gesneden, klaar waren om rondgedeeld te worden bij het eten. Maria had ze zelf gesneden.

Maria was een werkelijk heel, heel klein vrouwtje, maar ze had een ontzettend lange neus en een ontzettend lange kin. Ze praatte een beetje door haar neus, altijd op een geruststellende toon: Ja, lieverd, en Nee, lieverd. Ze werd altijd gehaald als de vrouwen onenigheid hadden over hun wastobbes en ze slaagde er altijd in om vrede te stichten. Op een dag had de directrice tegen haar gezegd:

– Maria, je bent een echte vredesduif<sup>3</sup>!

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<sup>1</sup> Although “tea” literally means “thee” it refers to a light meal with tea in the late afternoon. The Dutch equivalent of this would be “de broodmaaltijd”.

<sup>2</sup> Barmbracks are “speckled cakes”, or currant and raisin breads, that were traditionally baked “with coins or rings in them, each item symbolising a future - riches or marriage” (Brannigan 38). After I figured out what barmbracks were, the first image that came to mind was that of “Twentsche krentenwegge” which is basically exactly the same but with a different tradition. Although this might sound like a perfect translation I found it a bit too local. For that reason I chose the more neutral “krentenbroden”. This translation means that the tradition behind the barmbracks remains unknown, but since this is not essential to understanding the story there is no need to explain.

<sup>3</sup> I have also considered “vredestichter” but in the end decided to go with “vredesduif” because that implies more of a symbolic meaning, whereas “vredestichter” can be interpreted as actively bringing peace.



En de onderdirectrice en twee dames van het bestuur hadden het compliment gehoord. En rooie Mooney zei altijd wat ze de doofstomme, die verantwoordelijk was voor de strijkijzers, wel niet zou aandoen als Maria er niet was. Iedereen was zo dol op Maria.

De vrouwen kregen hun eten om zes uur en ze zou nog voor zevenen weg kunnen zijn. Twintig minuten van Ballsbridge naar de Nelson Pillar; twintig minuten van de Nelson Pillar naar Drumcondra; en twintig minuten om de spulletjes te kopen. Ze zou er nog voor achten zijn. Ze haalde haar beurs<sup>4</sup> met de zilveren knip tevoorschijn en las nogmaals de woorden: *Een cadeau uit Belfast*. Ze was erg gehecht aan die beurs omdat Joe die vijf jaar geleden voor haar had meegebracht toen hij en Alphy op pinkstermaandag naar Belfast waren geweest. Er zat vijf shilling en nog wat kleingeld in. Ze zou precies vijf shilling overhouden na het betalen van het tramkaartje. Wat zouden ze een fijne avond hebben met al die liedjes die de kinderen zouden zingen! Ze hoopte alleen wel dat Joe niet dronken thuis zou komen. Hij was zo anders als hij wat gedronken had.

Hij had vaak gevraagd of ze bij hem wou<sup>5</sup> intrekken, maar ze zou zich het vijfde wiel aan de wagen voelen<sup>6</sup> (ook al was de vrouw van Joe nog zo aardig tegen haar) en bovendien was ze gewend geraakt aan haar leven in de wasserij. Joe was een prima vent. Ze was vroeger hun kindermeisje geweest en Joe zei vaak:

– Mamma is mamma maar Maria is mijn echte moeder.

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<sup>4</sup> I chose “beurs” over “portemonnee” because it suits Maria and her situation. I have also taken the period in which the text was written into account and decided that “beurs” would be more appropriate.

<sup>5</sup> The use of “wou” in written language may be considered incorrect and/or informal, but I used it nonetheless because it represents Maria’s character and reflects Joyce’s style of “scrupulous meanness.” I have remained consistent throughout the text.

<sup>6</sup> I decided to translate this phrase with a trope because it clearly represents what Maria is trying to say. She indicates that “she would have felt herself in the way,” meaning that she either feels unwelcome or an impediment, which is exactly what the trope indicates.

Na het uiteenvallen van het gezin hadden de jongens voor haar die positie in de *Dublin by Lamplight*-wasserij geregeld en ze vond het er leuk. Vroeger dacht ze weinig goeds over Protestanten maar nu vond ze het bijzonder aardige mensen, een beetje stil en zwaar op de hand, maar nog steeds bijzonder aardige mensen in de omgang. Dan had ze nog haar planten in de kas en ze hield ervan om die te verzorgen. Ze had mooie varens en vetplanten en, wanneer er gasten kwamen, gaf ze hen altijd een of twee stekjes uit haar serre mee naar huis. Van één ding hield ze niet en dat waren de psalmen op de muren, maar de directrice was zo'n aardig persoon om mee om te gaan, zo verfiynd.

Toen de kok haar vertelde dat alles klaar was ging ze de vrouwenkamer binnen en begon aan de grote bel te trekken. Binnen enkele minuten kwamen de vrouwen in groepjes van twee en drie binnen terwijl ze hun stomende handen aan hun rok afveegden en de mouwen van hun blouses over hun rode stomende armen trokken. Ze namen plaats achter hun enorme mokken die de kok en de doofstomme vulden met hete thee die al in enorme tinnen kannen geroerd was met melk in suiker. Maria was verantwoordelijk voor het verdelen van het krentenbrood en ze zag erop toe dat elke vrouw vier sneetjes kreeg. Er werd een hoop gegapt en gelachen tijdens het eten. Lizzie Fleming zei dat Maria zeker de ring zou krijgen en ook al had Fleming dat al zo veel Allerheiligenavonden gezegd, Maria moest erom lachen en zei dat ze geen ring of man wou, maar toen ze lachte fonkelden haar grijsgroene ogen met teleurgestelde onzekerheid<sup>7</sup> en raakte het puntje van haar neus bijna het puntje van haar kin. Daarop hief rooie Mooney haar mok en bracht een toast uit op Maria's gezondheid terwijl alle andere vrouwen hun mokken op de tafel kletterden, en ze zei dat ze het jammer vond dat ze

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<sup>7</sup> The “disappointed shyness” in Maria’s eyes indicates how she feels and is a reflection of her character. Maria is not just shy but rather insecure and tries to laugh her insecurities away. This is why I translated “shyness” by “onzekerheid” and not as “verlegenheid.”

geen druppel bier<sup>8</sup> had om op haar te drinken. En Maria lachte opnieuw tot het puntje van haar neus bijna het puntje van haar kin raakte en tot haar kleine lichaam bijna uit elkaar schudde omdat ze wist dat Mooney het goed bedoelde, ze was per slot van rekening een ordinaire<sup>9</sup> vrouw.

Maar wat was Maria blij toen de vrouwen hun eten op hadden en de kok en de doofstomme begonnen waren met het afruimen van de tafel! Ze ging naar haar kleine slaapkamertje en verzette de wekker van zeven naar zes uur omdat ze zich realiseerde dat de volgende ochtend een misochtend was. Ze trok haar schort en werkschoenen uit en legde haar beste kleren klaar op het bed en zette haar zondagse schoenen naast het voeteneinde van het bed. Ze trok ook een andere blouse aan en toen ze voor de spiegel stond dacht ze aan hoe ze zich kleepte voor de mis op zondagochtend toen ze nog een klein meisje was, en ze keek met een eigenaardig soort sympathie naar het kleine lichaam dat ze zo vaak mooi had gemaakt. Ondanks haar leeftijd vond ze dat ze een mooi klein lijfje had.

Toen ze buiten kwam glinsterden de straten van de regen en was ze blij met haar oude bruine regenjas. De tram was vol en ze moest op een klein bankje achterin de wagon zitten, met haar gezicht naar alle mensen. Ze kon met haar voeten nauwelijks bij de grond. In haar gedachten ging ze alles langs wat ze ging doen en dacht hoe veel beter het was om onafhankelijk te zijn en je eigen geld op zak te hebben. Ze hoopte maar dat ze een fijne avond zouden hebben. Ze was er bijna zeker van, maar ze kon toch niet helpen denken hoe jammer het was dat Alphy en Joe niet meer tegen elkaar praatten. Tegenwoordig hadden ze altijd

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<sup>8</sup> Porter is a dark brown beer which is nowadays not very well-known with the public. For that reason I decided to translate it as just “bier,” and not specifically porter. The same applies to stout later on in the text.

<sup>9</sup> I chose to translate “common” as “ordinair” because it refers back to Ginger Mooney. “Ordinair” portrays a sense of vulgarity and uncivil behaviour whereas “gewoon” hints at ordinariness. Joyce characterises Mooney as a dominant person and therefore “ordinair” seemed more fit.

ruzie, maar vroeger, toen ze nog klein waren, waren het elkaars beste vrienden: maar zo was het leven.

Ze stapte uit bij de Nelson Pillar en baande zich vlug een weg door de menigte. Ze ging naar binnen bij banketbakkerij Downes, maar de winkel stond zo vol met mensen dat het erg lang duurde voordat ze werd geholpen. Ze kocht een doos met twaalf gemengde cakejes<sup>10</sup> en verliet de winkel uiteindelijk met een grote goed gevulde tas. Toen bedacht ze wat ze nog meer zou kopen: ze wilde iets ontzettend moois kopen. Ze zouden vast en zeker genoeg appels en noten hebben. Het was lastig om iets te verzinnen wat ze kon kopen en het enige wat ze zich kon bedenken was taart. Ze besloot om een rozijnencake te kopen, maar op de rozijnencake van Downes zat niet genoeg amandelglazuur, dus ging ze naar een winkel in Henry Street. Het duurde erg lang voordat ze haar keuze kon maken en de stijlvolle jonge dame achter de toonbank, die zichtbaar een beetje geïrriteerd was door haar, vroeg haar of ze soms op zoek was naar een bruidstaart. Dat deed Maria blozen en ze glimlachte verlegen naar de jonge vrouw, maar die nam het allemaal erg serieus en sneed uiteindelijk een dikke plak rozijnencake af, pakte het in en zei:

– Twee shilling en vier penny, alstublieft.

Ze had verwacht dat ze in de tram naar Drumcondra moest staan omdat geen van de jonge mannen haar leek op te merken, maar een oudere man maakte plaats voor haar. Hij was een gezette man en droeg een bruine, harde hoed. Hij had een vierkantig rood gezicht en een grijzige snor. Maria vond dat hij eruit zag als een kolonel en ze bedacht hoeveel beleefder hij was dan al die jonge mannen die simpelweg recht voor zich uit staarden. De man begon tegen haar te praten over Allerheiligenavond en het regenachtige weer. Hij ging ervan uit dat de tas

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<sup>10</sup> It remains unclear what Joyce exactly meant by “penny cake.” I could think of two possible meanings namely a cheap cake or a small cake. Both meanings are represented in “cupcake”, however, a cupcake would be out of place in this text since the term is rather new and modern. This led to my decision to use the simplified “cakejes.”

gevuuld was met leuke dingen voor de kleintjes en zei dat het alleen maar goed was dat de kinderen plezier hadden nu ze nog jong waren. Maria was het met hem eens en schonk hem ingetogen knikjes en kuchjes. Hij was erg aardig tegen haar en toen ze bij de Canal Bridge uitstapte bedankte ze hem en maakte een buiging, en hij boog voor haar, lichtte zijn hoed en glimlachte vriendelijk; en terwijl ze langs de huizenrij liep, haar hoofd lichtjes gebogen tegen de regen, bedacht ze hoe gemakkelijk het was om een heer te herkennen, zelfs als hij wat gedronken had.

Iedereen zei: Ha, daar is Maria! toen ze bij het huis van Joe kwam. Joe was net thuisgekomen van het werk en alle kinderen hadden hun zondagse kleren aan. Er waren twee grote buurmeisjes en er werden spelletjes gespeeld. Maria gaf de tas met cakejes aan de oudste jongen, Alphy, om te verdelen en mevrouw Donnelly zei dat het aardig was van haar om zo'n grote tas met cakejes mee te nemen en liet alle kinderen zeggen:

– Dank je wel, Maria.

Maar Maria zei dat ze iets speciaals had meegenomen voor papa en mamma, iets wat ze zeker leuk zouden vinden, en ze ging op zoek naar haar rozijnencake. Ze keek eerst in de tas van Downes en daarna in de zakken van haar regenjas en daarna op de kapstok, maar ze kon hem nergens vinden. Toen vroeg ze aan alle kinderen of zij 'm opgegeten hadden—per ongeluk, natuurlijk—maar de kinderen zeiden allemaal van niet en keken alsof ze geen taart meer lustten als ze beschuldigd zouden worden van diefstal. Iedereen had een oplossing voor het mysterie en mevrouw Donnelly zei dat Maria de cake gewoon in de tram had laten liggen. Maria, die zich herinnerde hoe de man met de grijzig snor haar in de war had gebracht, kreeg een kleur van schaamte, ergernis en teleurstelling. Bij de gedachte aan het mislukken van haar kleine verassing en de twee shilling en vier penny die ze voor niks had weggegooid, begon ze bijna te huilen.

Maar Joe zei dat het niks uitmaakte en liet haar bij de haard zitten. Hij was erg aardig tegen haar. Hij vertelde haar wat er allemaal op zijn kantoor speelde en had een bijdehante opmerking herhaald die hij tegen de chef had gemaakt. Maria begreep niet waarom Joe er zo hard om moest lachen, maar ze zei dat de chef vast een erg bazig persoon was om mee te werken. Joe zei dat hij zo erg nog niet was, als je maar wist hoe je met hem om moest gaan; dat hij een degelijk persoon was zolang je hem maar niet tegen de haren in streek. Mevrouw Donnelly speelde piano voor de kinderen en ze dansten en zongen. Toen deelde de twee buurmeisjes de noten uit. Niemand kon de notenkraker vinden en Joe werd er bijna boos om en vroeg hoe ze dachten dat Maria de noten kon kraken zonder een notenkraker. Maar Maria zei dat ze niet van noten hield en dat ze zich niet druk hoefden te maken om haar. Toen vroeg Joe of ze een flesje bier<sup>8</sup> wou en mevrouw Donnelly zei dat ze ook portwijn in huis hadden als ze dat liever had. Maria zei dat ze het liefst had dat ze haar niks aanboden, maar Joe stond erop.

Dus Maria gaf hem zijn zin en zaten ze bij het haardvuur over vroeger te praten, en Maria vond dat ze een goed woordje voor Alphy moest doen. Maar Joe riep dat God hem morsdood mocht slaan als hij ooit nog een woord tegen zijn broer zou zeggen, en Maria zei dat het haar speet dat ze erover begonnen was. Mevrouw Donnelly zei tegen haar man dat het een grote schande was van hem om zo over zijn eigen vlees en bloed te praten, maar Joe zei dat Alphy geen broer van hem was en daar was bijna een ruzie over ontstaan. Maar Joe zei dat hij zijn geduld niet zou verliezen omdat het een speciale avond was, en hij vroeg zijn vrouw om nog wat bier open te maken. De twee buurmeisjes hadden een aantal spelletjes voor Allerheiligenavond georganiseerd en alles was al gauw weer goed. Maria was blij om de kinderen zo vrolijk te zien en Joe en zijn vrouw waren zo goed gehumeurd. De buurmeisjes zetten een aantal schoteltjes op tafel en leidden de kinderen geblinddoekt richting de tafel. Eén pakte het gebedenboek en de andere drie pakten het water, en toen een van de

buurmeisjes de ring pakte schudde mevrouw Donnelly haar vinger richting het blozende meisje alsof ze wou zeggen: O, daar weet ik alles van! Ze wilden Maria per se blinddoeken en haar naar de tafel leiden om te zien wat zij zou pakken; en, terwijl ze geblinddoekt werd, lachte en lachte Maria totdat het puntje van haar neus bijna het puntje van haar kin raakte.

Ze leidden haar naar de tafel te midden van gelach en gegrap en ze plaatste haar hand in de lucht zoals ze verteld was te doen. Ze bewoog haar hand heen een weer in de lucht en liet hem zakken op een van de schoteltjes. Ze voelde een zachte natte substantie met haar vingers en was verbaasd dat niemand wat zei of haar blinddoek af deed. Er was een korte stilte gevolgd door een hoop gebakkelei en gefluister. Iemand zei iets over de tuin en uiteindelijk zei mevrouw Donnelly iets ontzettends boos tegen een van de buurmeisjes en verplichtte haar om het onmiddellijk weg te gooien: dat was geen spelletje. Maria begreep dat het verkeerd was gegaan en dat ze het over moest doen: deze keer kreeg ze het gebedenboek.

Daarna speelde mevrouw Donnelly op haar viool<sup>11</sup> *Miss McCloud's Reel* voor de kinderen, en Joe kreeg Maria zo ver om een glas wijn te nemen. Algauw was iedereen weer behoorlijk vrolijk en mevrouw Donnelly zei dat Maria nog voor het einde van het jaar een non zou worden omdat ze het gebedenboek had gekregen. Maria had Joe nog nooit zo aardig meegemaakt als hij vanavond was, zo veel aardig gepraat en fijne herinneringen. Ze zei dat ze allemaal erg aardig voor haar waren.

Eindelijk werden de kinderen moe en slaperig en Joe vroeg aan Maria of ze een liedje wou zingen voordat ze wegging, een van de oude liedjes. Mevrouw Donnelly zei: Ja, graag, Maria!, en dus moest Maria wel opstaan en naast de piano gaan staan. Mevrouw Donnelly beval de kinderen stil te zijn en naar Maria's liedje te luisteren. Vervolgens speelde ze het voorspel en zei: Nu, Maria!, en Maria begon al blozend te zingen in een kleine trillende stem.

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<sup>11</sup> *Miss McCloud's Reel* will not be known by a Dutch audience, and to clarify that it is a fiddle tune I added "op haar viool."

Ze zong: *Ik droomde dat ik verbleef* en toen ze het tweede couplet moest zingen, zong ze opnieuw:

*Ik droomde dat ik woonde in een marmeren zaal,  
omringd door slaven en vazallen,  
en te midden van al die pracht en praal  
was ik de hoop en trots van allen.  
Mijn schatten waren niet te tellen,  
en ik stamde van een aloud koningsras,  
maar het mooiste wat ik kan vertellen  
is dat jouw liefde onveranderd was.<sup>12</sup>*

Maar niemand wees haar op haar fout en toen ze klaar was met zingen was Joe ontzettend ontroerd. Hij zei dat er dat er niks boven vroeger ging en dat er geen mooiere muziek was voor hem zoals die van goeie<sup>13</sup> ouwe Balfe, wat anderen ook zeiden; en in zijn ogen welde zoveel tranen op dat hij niet kon vinden wat hij zocht en uiteindelijk moest hij zijn vrouw vragen hem te vertellen waar de kurkentrekker was.

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<sup>12</sup> It was real struggle to translate the song and that is why I turned to the original translation from Rein Bloem for inspiration. To me, this was a near-perfect translation that I could not have improved with a translation of my own. I did, however, added “marmeren” in the first line because the third line refers to a certain beauty, and without the addition of “marmeren” it will be unclear to the reader what beauty is meant. I also added “al” in the third line to stress the abundance of riches. Apart from those minor changes, I used the original translation on the pretext of “never change a winning team.”

<sup>13</sup> The source text mentions “poor old Balfe,” but I decided to translate it as “goeie ouwe Balfe” because that is the phrase that is used in Dutch when someone nostalgically refers to something in or from the past. The “goeie” captures the nostalgia.



## Appendix II

### Clay

The matron had given her leave to go out as soon as the women's tea was over and Maria looked forward to her evening out. The kitchen was spick and span: the cook said you could see yourself in the big copper boilers. The fire was nice and bright and on one of the side-tables were four very big barmbracks. These barmbracks seemed uncut; but if you went closer you would see that they had been cut into long thick even slices and were ready to be handed round at tea. Maria had cut them herself.

Maria was a very, very small person indeed but she had a very long nose and a very long chin. She talked a little through her nose, always soothingly: *Yes, my dear*, and *No, my dear*. She was always sent for when the women quarrelled over their tubs and always succeeded in making peace. One day the matron had said to her:

– Maria, you are a veritable peace-maker!

And the sub-matron and two of the Board ladies had heard the compliment. And Ginger Mooney was always saying what she wouldn't do to the dummy who had charge of the irons if it wasn't for Maria. Everyone was so fond of Maria.

The women would have their tea at six o'clock and she would be able to get away before seven. From Ballsbridge to the Pillar, twenty minutes; from the Pillar to Drumcondra, twenty minutes; and twenty minutes to buy the things. She would be there before eight. She took out her purse with the silver clasps and read again the words *A Present from Belfast*. She was very fond of that purse because Joe had brought it to her five years before when he and Alphy had gone to Belfast on a Whit-Monday trip. In the purse were two half-crowns and some coppers. She would have five shillings clear after paying tram fare. What a nice evening they would have, all the children singing! Only she hoped that Joe wouldn't come in drunk. He was so different when he took any drink.

Often he had wanted her to go and live with them; but she would have felt herself in the way (though Joe's wife was ever so nice with her) and she had become accustomed to the life of the laundry. Joe was a good fellow. She had nursed him and Alphy too; and Joe used often say:

– Mamma is mamma but Maria is my proper mother.

After the break-up at home the boys had got her that position in the *Dublin by Lamplight* laundry, and she liked it. She used to have such a bad opinion of Protestants but now she thought they were very nice people, a little quiet and serious, but still very nice people to live with. Then she had her plants in the conservatory and she liked looking after them. She had lovely ferns and wax-plants and, whenever anyone came to visit her, she always gave the visitor one or two slips from her conservatory. There was one thing she didn't like and that was the tracts on the walls; but the matron was such a nice person to deal with, so genteel.

When the cook told her everything was ready she went into the women's room and began to pull the big bell. In a few minutes the women began to come in by twos and threes, wiping their steaming hands in their petticoats and pulling down the sleeves of their blouses over their red steaming arms. They settled down before their huge mugs which the cook and the dummy filled up with hot tea, already mixed with milk and sugar in huge tin cans. Maria superintended the distribution of the barmbrack and saw that every woman got her four slices. There was a great deal of laughing and joking during the meal. Lizzie Fleming said Maria was sure to get the ring and, though Fleming had said that for so many Hallow Eves, Maria had to laugh and say she didn't want any ring or man either; and when she laughed her grey-green eyes sparkled with disappointed shyness and the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin. Then Ginger Mooney lifted her mug of tea and proposed Maria's health while all the other women clattered with their mugs on the table, and said she was sorry she hadn't a sup of

porter to drink it in. And Maria laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin and till her minute body nearly shook itself asunder because she knew that Mooney meant well though, of course, she had the notions of a common woman.

But wasn't Maria glad when the women had finished their tea and the cook and the dummy had begun to clear away the tea-things! She went into her little bedroom and, remembering that the next morning was a mass morning, changed the hand of the alarm from seven to six. Then she took off her working skirt and her house-boots and laid her best skirt out on the bed and her tiny dress-boots beside the foot of the bed. She changed her blouse too and, as she stood before the mirror, she thought of how she used to dress for mass on Sunday morning when she was a young girl; and she looked with quaint affection at the diminutive body which she had so often adorned. In spite of its years she found it a nice tidy little body.

When she got outside the streets were shining with rain and she was glad of her old brown waterproof. The tram was full and she had to sit on the little stool at the end of the car, facing all the people, with her toes barely touching the floor. She arranged in her mind all she was going to do and thought how much better it was to be independent and to have your own money in your pocket. She hoped they would have a nice evening. She was sure they would but she could not help thinking what a pity it was Alphy and Joe were not speaking. They were always falling out now but when they were boys together they used to be the best of friends: but such was life.

She got out of her tram at the Pillar and ferreted her way quickly among the crowds. She went into Downes's cake-shop but the shop was so full of people that it was a long time before she could get herself attended to. She bought a dozen of mixed penny cakes, and at last came out of the shop laden with a big bag. Then she thought what else would she buy: she wanted to buy something really nice. They would be sure to have plenty of apples and nuts. It was hard to know what to buy and all she could think of was cake. She decided to buy some

plumcake but Downes's plumcake had not enough almond icing on top of it so she went over to a shop in Henry Street. Here she was a long time in suiting herself and the stylish young lady behind the counter, who was evidently a little annoyed by her, asked her was it wedding-cake she wanted to buy. That made Maria blush and smile at the young lady; but the young lady took it all very seriously and finally cut a thick slice of plumcake, parcelled it up and said:

– Two-and-four, please.

She thought she would have to stand in the Drumcondra tram because none of the young men seemed to notice her but an elderly gentleman made room for her. He was a stout gentleman and he wore a brown hard hat; he had a square red face and a greyish moustache. Maria thought he was a colonel-looking gentleman and she reflected how much more polite he was than the young men who simply stared straight before them. The gentleman began to chat with her about Hallow Eve and the rainy weather. He supposed the bag was full of good things for the little ones and said it was only right that the youngsters should enjoy themselves while they were young. Maria agreed with him and favoured him with demure nods and hems. He was very nice with her, and when she was getting out at the Canal Bridge she thanked him and bowed, and he bowed to her and raised his hat and smiled agreeably, and while she was going up along the terrace, bending her tiny head under the rain, she thought how easy it was to know a gentleman even when he has a drop taken.

Everybody said: *O, here's Maria!* when she came to Joe's house. Joe was there, having come home from business, and all the children had their Sunday dresses on. There were two big girls in from next door and games were going on. Maria gave the bag of cakes to the eldest boy, Alphy, to divide and Mrs. Donnelly said it was too good of her to bring such a big bag of cakes and made all the children say:

– Thanks, Maria.

But Maria said she had brought something special for papa and mamma, something they would be sure to like, and she began to look for her plumcake. She tried in Downes's bag and then in the pockets of her waterproof and then on the hallstand but nowhere could she find it. Then she asked all the children had any of them eaten it—by mistake, of course—but the children all said no and looked as if they did not like to eat cakes if they were to be accused of stealing. Everybody had a solution for the mystery and Mrs. Donnelly said it was plain that Maria had left it behind her in the tram. Maria, remembering how confused the gentleman with the greyish moustache had made her, coloured with shame and vexation and disappointment. At the thought of the failure of her little surprise and of the two and fourpence she had thrown away for nothing she nearly cried outright.

But Joe said it didn't matter and made her sit down by the fire. He was very nice with her. He told her all that went on in his office, repeating for her a smart answer which he had made to the manager. Maria did not understand why Joe laughed so much over the answer he had made but she said that the manager must have been a very overbearing person to deal with. Joe said he wasn't so bad when you knew how to take him, that he was a decent sort so long as you didn't rub him the wrong way. Mrs. Donnelly played the piano for the children and they danced and sang. Then the two next-door girls handed round the nuts. Nobody could find the nutcrackers and Joe was nearly getting cross over it and asked how did they expect Maria to crack nuts without a nutcracker. But Maria said she didn't like nuts and that they weren't to bother about her. Then Joe asked would she take a bottle of stout and Mrs. Donnelly said there was port wine too in the house if she would prefer that. Maria said she would rather they didn't ask her to take anything: but Joe insisted.

So Maria let him have his way and they sat by the fire talking over old times and Maria thought she would put in a good word for Alphy. But Joe cried that God might strike him stone dead if ever he spoke a word to his brother again and Maria said she was sorry she

had mentioned the matter. Mrs. Donnelly told her husband it was a great shame for him to speak that way of his own flesh and blood but Joe said that Alphy was no brother of his and there was nearly being a row on the head of it. But Joe said he would not lose his temper on account of the night it was and asked his wife to open some more stout. The two next-door girls had arranged some Hallow Eve games and soon everything was merry again. Maria was delighted to see the children so merry and Joe and his wife in such good spirits. The next-door girls put some saucers on the table and then led the children up to the table, blindfold. One got the prayer-book and the other three got the water; and when one of the next-door girls got the ring Mrs. Donnelly shook her finger at the blushing girl as much as to say: *O, I know all about it!* They insisted then on blindfolding Maria and leading her up to the table to see what she would get; and, while they were putting on the bandage, Maria laughed and laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin.

They led her up to the table amid laughing and joking and she put her hand out in the air as she was told to do. She moved her hand about here and there in the air and descended on one of the saucers. She felt a soft wet substance with her fingers and was surprised that nobody spoke or took off her bandage. There was a pause for a few seconds; and then a great deal of scuffling and whispering. Somebody said something about the garden, and at last Mrs. Donnelly said something very cross to one of the next-door girls and told her to throw it out at once: that was no play. Maria understood that it was wrong that time and so she had to do it over again: and this time she got the prayer-book.

After that Mrs. Donnelly played Miss McCloud's Reel for the children and Joe made Maria take a glass of wine. Soon they were all quite merry again and Mrs. Donnelly said Maria would enter a convent before the year was out because she had got the prayer-book. Maria had never seen Joe so nice to her as he was that night, so full of pleasant talk and reminiscences. She said they were all very good to her.

At last the children grew tired and sleepy and Joe asked Maria would she not sing some little song before she went, one of the old songs. Mrs. Donnelly said *Do, please, Maria!* and so Maria had to get up and stand beside the piano. Mrs. Donnelly bade the children be quiet and listen to Maria's song. Then she played the prelude and said *Now, Maria!* and Maria, blushing very much began to sing in a tiny quavering voice. She sang *I Dreamt that I Dwelt*, and when she came to the second verse she sang again:

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls  
With vassals and serfs at my side,  
And of all who assembled within those walls  
That I was the hope and the pride.  
I had riches too great to count; could boast  
Of a high ancestral name,  
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,  
That you loved me still the same.

But no one tried to show her her mistake; and when she had ended her song Joe was very much moved. He said that there was no time like the long ago and no music for him like poor old Balfe, whatever other people might say; and his eyes filled up so much with tears that he could not find what he was looking for and in the end he had to ask his wife to tell him where the corkscrew was.

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