



Universidad de Valladolid

FACULTAD de FILOSOFÍA Y LETRAS
DEPARTAMENTO de FILOLOGÍA INGLESA
Grado en Estudios Ingleses

TRABAJO DE FIN DE GRADO

Analysis and translation of Donal Ryan's *Evelyn*, a
cover version of Joyce's *Eveline*

Laura Barrios Albuena

Tutor: María Celsa Dapia Ferreiro

2014/2015

ABSTRACT

This paper provides a proposal of translation into Spanish of Donal Ryan's *Evelyn* and a comparative analysis between this short story and its original version, *Eveline*, of James Joyce. *Evelyn* is one of the 'cover versions' contained in *Dubliners 100*, a book created to commemorate the centenary of the publication of Joyce's *Dubliners*. The results show that *Evelyn* is a difficult story to translate because of its narrative style, lexicon, stylistic expressions, and geographical and cultural terms. They also reveal that Ryan actually took many aspects from *Eveline* in order to write his version, and that he was perfectly able to adapt its major themes, as migration and escape, to current circumstances in Ireland. Ryan maintained Joyce's style, but at the same time he made clear his own presence introducing some changes: different setting, different narrative mode, more relaxed syntax and vocabulary, and a new narrative perspective.

Key Words: cover version, *Dubliners 100*, James Joyce, Donal Ryan, *Eveline*, *Evelyn*.

Este trabajo aporta una propuesta de traducción al castellano de *Evelyn*, un relato de Donal Ryan, y un análisis comparativo entre este relato corto y su versión original, *Eveline*, de James Joyce. *Evelyn* es una de las obras versionadas que componen *Dubliners 100*, un libro creado para conmemorar el centenario de la publicación de *Dubliners*, de Joyce. Los resultados muestran que *Evelyn* no es un relato fácil de traducir, debido al estilo narrativo, al léxico, a las expresiones estilísticas y a los términos geográficos y culturales. Además, revelan que, en efecto, Ryan se sirvió de muchos aspectos de *Eveline* para escribir su versión, y que fue perfectamente capaz de adaptar los temas principales, como la migración y la huida, a las circunstancias actuales de Irlanda. Ryan mantiene el estilo de Joyce, al tiempo que deja clara su propia presencia mediante algunos cambios: otro escenario, un modo narrativo diferente, una sintaxis y un vocabulario más relajados y un tipo de narrador distinto.

Palabras clave: obra versionada, *Dubliners 100*, James Joyce, Donal Ryan, *Eveline*, *Evelyn*.

INDEX

INTRODUCTION, BACKGROUND INFORMATION, OBJECTIVES, AND METHODOLOGY	7
DONAL RYAN	9
<i>DUBLINERS 100</i>	11
HOW MUCH OF <i>EVELINE</i> IS THERE IN <i>EVELYN</i> ?	13
DONAL RYAN'S <i>EVELYN</i> AND A PROPOSAL OF TRANSLATION INTO SPANISH	17
ANALYSIS OF THE TRANSLATION PROCESS	26
CONCLUSIONS	31
BIBLIOGRAPHY	33

INTRODUCTION, BACKGROUND INFORMATION, OBJECTIVES, AND METHODOLOGY

Evelyn is one of the fifteen cover versions contained in *Dubliners 100*, a book published last year with the aim of commemorating the centenary of James Joyce's *Dubliners* (1914). Thus, the fifteen short stories of *Dubliners* are covered by fifteen Irish writers. *Evelyn* is the cover version of Joyce's *Eveline*, and it was created by Donal Ryan, who has come to be an important figure on the literature of Ireland in the past few years.

The idea of writing this project came to my mind because during this academic year 2014/2015 I have enjoyed an Erasmus stay in Dublin. One day, after having already decided to focus my essay on translation and while looking for something original to work with, my Professor of Spanish to English Translation in University College Dublin told us about this book, *Dubliners 100*. After doing some research I realized that, despite he is not the most famous writer, Donal Ryan is one of the contributors that stood out the most without the slightest doubt.

His short story has received grand recognition and it has attracted the attention of some academics, as Hedwig Schwall, from Leuven Centre for Irish Studies (Belgium), who last May presented a paper at the 14th International Conference of the Spanish Association for Irish Studies, held in Granada, under the title *Theatricality and Marginality in Dubliners: The Case of 'Eveline' in Joyce and Donal Ryan*, which will soon be published in a volume. If in such a short time Donal Ryan's cover version has obtained that credit, I thought that I should not miss the chance of focusing my study on it. Furthermore, as there is not any published paper studying this text yet -as far as I know-, my modest contribution will be new.

The final aim of this paper is offering a proposal of translation into Spanish and an analysis of Ryan's *Evelyn*. In order to achieve this goal, some preliminary steps are necessary. Initially, to become more familiar with Donal Ryan's professional career and his success, this will give a precise picture of his contribution to Irish literature. Then, to discover how

Dubliners 100 came to light and who the people involved in the project are. After this primary research, I will do the analysis of *Evelyn*. As it is a cover version, I think that the best idea is to do the analysis with respect to its original. For this reason, I will make a comparative analysis between *Evelyn* and *Eveline*, which will serve to measure to what extent there is a filiation between them. This way, we will know which aspects are taken from Joyce, and what aspects are Ryan's personal contribution. After that, a proposal of translation will be presented, together with a study of the difficulties found throughout the process and an explanation of how they are solved.

In order to achieve these objectives, I will follow a research plan. First of all, investigating Donal Ryan's professional career. Being as he is a recently published writer, I am not going to find much bibliography on him. However, on Internet there are many articles and interviews from where I can take information. I will try to avoid including excessive personal details; rather, the focus will be placed on three aspects: which of his writings have already been published, the recognition he has so far received, and his contribution to *Dubliners 100*. Secondly, looking for information about the publication and edition of *Dubliners 100* in order to discover who came up with the idea, how the elaboration was possible, and other writers' contribution. After this investigation, I will reach a much more practical section of the paper. It starts by reading James Joyce's *Eveline* and Donal Ryan's *Evelyn* as many times as necessary, in order to figure out all the aspects that Ryan took from Joyce to create his version. Thus, the analysis of *Evelyn* by means of a comparison with its original version will be done. Last but not least, I will engage in the proper translation of the text, paying special attention to the difficulties of the process and proposing a possible and reasoned solution.

DONAL RYAN

Donal Ryan (1976) is an Irish writer who has recently acquired renown thanks to his two first novels: *The Spinning Heart* (2012) and *The Thing About December* (2013). He grew up in a small village and now lives in a suburb of Limerick with his family. He has transferred his knowledge and background of these places into his own works, being this an important feature in his personal style and one of the reasons for his success. Ryan's writings stand out by his ability to fit within a tradition of Irish literature while stressing the local (Boyne).

However, this mastery did not guarantee his triumph at the very beginning. His novels were as a whole rejected 47 times in a period of three years before they were finally approved for publication, as he explains in an interview in *Book Trust*. Ryan accomplished his goal thanks to Sarah Davis-Goff, who at that time was an intern at Lilliput Press in Dublin, because she was the one who convinced her boss to publish Donal Ryan's novel (Shortall). It just happened that Doubleday Ireland, a new imprint launched by Transworld Ireland, also focused its attention on Ryan at that time; and as a result, both companies worked together in order to co-publish Ryan's novels (Madden).

After being published, the novels quickly became bestsellers and received grand recognition. *The Spinning Heart* won the 2012 Book of the Year at the Irish Book Awards and the Guardian First Book Award in 2013; it was long-listed for the 2013 Man Booker Prize as well as for the 2014 Desmond Elliott Prize; and it was a finalist for the International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award 2014 (Lea; "Artist Bios"). Meanwhile, *The Thing About December* was shortlisted for Novel of the Year at the Irish Book Awards in 2013 and the Kerry Group Irish Novel of the Year Award for 2014 ("Artist Bios").

Donal Ryan has also contributed to *Dubliners 100*, published by Tramp Press. This is an independent Irish publishing company founded by the already mentioned Sarah Davis-Goff and Lisa Coen. In "Donal Ryan on his Contribution to Dubliners 100", last year, Ryan said that Sarah was the first person who asked him to involve in that project. Ryan created a cover version of James Joyce's *Eveline*. There, he also explained the process he went

through in order to do the task. Although he had read James Joyce's work some time before, he started to write relying on what he remembered about it. He also said in "Donal Ryan on his Contribution to Dubliners 100": "Things read tend to turn in memory to a series of images that inform a particular feeling, and what I felt was a sense of something squandered, an escape not made, a plan sundered by fear". He added that after finishing the first draft, he "re-read" *Eveline* and "re-wrote" the draft. The result is a short story called *Evelyn*, which was short-listed for Irish Short Story of the Year 2014.

In *The Spinning Heart*, Donal Ryan used a narrative technique based in a multiplicity of voices, because each chapter is recounted by a different character. As a result, readers perceive a variety of perspectives and viewpoints. This polyphony of voices is also present somehow in *Evelyn*, because although it is a first person narration, it is replete of other characters' speech.

Donal Ryan set his novels in a rural Irish town, which is a really familiar setting for him, because he grew up in a similar place. In addition, the stories take place in periods of time that he actually lived. This way, he was able to portrait the real feelings and emotions of the people there, and the result is a truly realistic work. In *Evelyn*, he chose to place the setting in Limerick and he also brought the story to our current time.

DUBLINERS 100

James Joyce's published works had entered the public domain in January 1st 2012, when the EU copyright laws upon them expired; and from that moment, everybody has the right to reproduce his masterpieces as they please (McEneff). This is how *Dubliners 100*, a collection of fifteen cover versions of the fifteen original short stories contained in James Joyce's *Dubliners*, was created. It was published in June 5th 2014 by the Tramp Press, and the one who came up with the idea was a young man from South Wales, Thomas Morris, the editor of the collection.

In the introduction of *Dubliners 100*, Morris explained that, according to his own experiences, 're-written tales' tend to become disappointing, and he was thinking about this one day while walking across Grafton Street, Dublin. He added that there was a busker playing the Jeff Buckley version of Leonard Cohen's *Hallelujah*. That day was the 99th anniversary of the publication of *Dubliners*, so the idea of creating a cover version of *Dubliners* came to his mind: if cover versions succeed in music and they are seen as celebrations of something great and also as grand new creations, then re-writings can work in literature, he thought.

Thus, in order to celebrate the centenary of the publication of *Dubliners*, fifteen Irish writers were asked to create cover versions of James Joyce's stories. Some of these writers are Patrick McCabe, author of *The Butcher Boy*; John Boyne, especially known by *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*; Michèle Forbes, writer of *Ghost Moth*, and Paul Murray, who wrote *Skippy Dies*. The only guideline Thomas Morris proposed to them was to re-imagine the stories in any way they feel suitable, in his words "to sing Joyce's stories in their own voices" (Morris, *Wales Arts Review*).

In *Wales Arts Review*, Morris also clarified that each author had his own reasons to accept the proposal. For instance, he said that Donal Ryan received the idea as a chance to pay homage to a writer he had read a lot, although it was intimidating for him as well. In the case of Eimear McBride, who covered *Ivy Day in the Committee Room* and is declared to be a fan of Joyce, this project was an opportunity to have a good time; according to Morris.

In the introduction of *Dubliners 100*, among other things, Morris confessed to feel with “no right to be editing this anthology” because he is neither Irish nor a Joycean academic. Morris added that some knowledge about Joyce’s *Dubliners* will guarantee access to more subtle nuances when reading *Dubliners 100*. However, the book he has edited is independent; it is not necessary to be familiar with the original.

In “DBF Interviews”, Thomas Morris expressed his admiration for Donal Ryan and he speaks about the fact that he has been short-listed for Irish Short Story of the Year in 2014 with *Evelyn*. According to Morris, this shows two things – “that Donal has written a superb story, and secondly, that his story is its own thing in its own right” (“DBF Interviews”).

HOW MUCH OF *EVELINE* IS THERE IN *EVELYN*?

In this section, I will present the comparative analysis between Joyce's *Eveline* and Ryan's *Evelyn*. It can be presumed that the similarities are going to be numerous, since the task of Ryan was to write a 'cover version', but it is important to know how far these similarities go. Thereby, the distinction between what is Joyce's influence and what is Ryan's own creation in *Evelyn* will be clear.

As we have already seen, Donal Ryan has always chosen familiar settings to situate his writings. Thus, Limerick is the setting of *Evelyn*, and this means that the story does not happen in Dublin as James Joyce decided and as the title of his masterpiece suggests - *Dubliners*. Even so, both stories happened in Ireland and both writers were born there. Furthermore, both writers included several terms referring to geographical and cultural aspects of this country. Joyce made allusion to the devoted St Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, *The Bohemian Girl* light opera, the Hill of Howth... while Ryan wrote about Galway, the Protestant Young Men's Association, the *Advertiser*...

James Joyce lived a period in which Ireland was under the power of The British Empire, and that is what he reflected in the short story. During the 19th century, Belfast became the economy controller of Ireland. In this way, Joyce wrote in *Eveline* about a man from Belfast who bought a field and built big and high quality houses. In addition, that was a period of waves of emigration, mainly after the Great Famine of mid-19th century. Many people escaped from Ireland looking for a better life abroad. *Eveline* also has the idea of moving to a foreign country in order to live a better life, as she deserves.

Donal Ryan also brought the narrative time of the story to the period he lives, nowadays. The economic and political situation of Ireland has changed for the better in this last 100 years, but currently there are also migration problems – although in the opposite direction. Ireland is one of the European countries which receives more asylum seekers who look for protection and a better life. In the story one of these immigrants is Hope, and *Evelyn* falls in love with her. This is a time in which the majority of immigrants are not allowed to stay,

neither is Hope. However, Irish citizens prepare ‘Welcome Nights’ in order to help those people.

One of the most significant changes that Donal Ryan introduces when re-writing James Joyce’s *Eveline* is the newness of re-gendering the protagonist, at the time that he maintains the original name. As a result, his *Eveline* becomes *Evelyn*. Besides this change of gender, Evelyn is a feminized and weak protagonist; just like Eveline. His name is one of the aspects that feminizes him, as we can see when Hope says: “You have a girl’s name” (Ryan, *Evelyn*), and when he remembers how his schoolmates used to call him “Eveline” at the time that they hit him. He is weak because when that happened to him at school he never fought back, and what is more, he lets Hope to treat him badly.

Donal Ryan maintained the protagonist’s orphanage of one parent, so Evelyn has lost his father as well as Eveline has lost her mother. Both protagonists complain of the difficult situations they have at home. However, when they have the chance of escaping, suddenly their homes do not seem that awful. In that moment of doubt both of them think about their respective dead parents. In the case of Eveline, she thinks about her mother and at first she remembers the promise she made to her when dying – that she would keep the family together. However, at the end she recognizes that she does not want to repeat the same sad life of her mother, and this seems to help her to make the decision to go with Frank. In the case of Evelyn, he thinks about his dead father and he wonders what he would say of his attempt of abandoning his mother for a girl who does not love him. Finally, they both feel regret for trying to avoid the duty of taking care of their family and home. Still, there is a singularity in the text of Donal Ryan – his protagonist goes further than Joyce’s. Evelyn actually abandons his mother for a short time.

Apart from that, their respective living parents have some aspects in common – they both are alcoholic and becoming old. Eveline’s father is also racist and violent, but these characteristics are not present in Evelyn’s mother. However, we can see racism in the counterman who “regarded Hope darkly” (Ryan, *Evelyn*) and violence in Evelyn’s

schoolmates and maybe also in Hope, because she is quite aggressive. Still on family aspects, Eveline has brothers and sisters, but Evelyn seems to be an only child.

The narrative techniques used in *Evelyn* are quite similar to those in *Eveline*. James Joyce's story has some characteristics in common with the stream of consciousness technique, because the detailing of Eveline's reflections and feelings control the story. Although there is a third-person narrator, the account occurs in the protagonist's head. Donal Ryan has imitated this technique, but using a first-person narrator. The verbal tense also differs from one short story to the other – in Joyce's we can find a unique tense, the past one; on the contrary, Ryan combines present and past tense. Apart from these differences, Donal Ryan has followed James Joyce's style by introducing flashbacks of the protagonist's childhood. It has to be said that Eveline memories of her past are really happy. She remembers some beautiful moments with her family before her mother's death, in which even her father was good with them. Evelyn also remembers happy moments with his mother before she fell to drink, but he also thinks about how his schoolmates made fun of him because of his name.

In *Eveline* we find the motif of paralysis, because there is almost no action. The protagonist is most of the time static, sitting at the window; and at the end, when Frank is leaving, she is immobile, paralyzed with fear. In addition, the plot of the story happens in a very short period of time, maybe just a few hours. On the contrary, in *Evelyn* there is more action, the protagonist goes from one place to another, and when he is abandoning Hope, he is actually moving, because he is the one who leaves. Besides, the narrative time is expanded to a few days.

In both texts we find that the protagonist's families are religious. In *Eveline*, it is understood that the family is Catholic because they are devoted to St Marguerite-Marie Alacoque, who belongs to the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand, Evelyn's family could be Protestant because one of the Welcome Nights is celebrated in the Protestant Young Men's Association. Another similitude is that the two main characters pray just before taking their final decision.

When the two protagonists are abandoning their respective opportunities of changing their lives, Frank and Hope call them loudly. Frank shouts “Come! Come! Eveline! Evvy!” (Joyce, 1993, 26) and Hope cries “Evelyn, Evie, please” (Ryan, *Evelyn*). This is seen one more time in Donal Ryan’s story. When Evelyn is abandoning his home, his mother is there, and she tries to prevent him from leaving by saying “Please, Evelyn, I need you here” (Ryan, *Evelyn*).

In the case of Eveline, she lets her unique hope of a better life to go with Frank. At the last instant, she abandons Frank and their dream of going to Argentina. In a similar way, Evelyn abandons Hope, who can be seen as a technique employed by Ryan to personify the abstract concept of a better life present in Joyce’s text. In other words, Eveline says goodbye to hope, whereas Evelyn says goodbye to Hope. Nevertheless, this personification carried out by Ryan cannot be taken further, because Hope has not any other similarity with the meaning of “hope”. She is a girl who has been running away for a long time and is looking for refuge in Ireland, she is aggressive, hard to please, thankless, and she mistreats the only person who tried to help her, Evelyn.

Both Eveline and Hope spend some time thinking about what people thought or could think about them. For example, in *Eveline* we can read “What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow?” (Joyce, 1993, 23). Similarly, Hope believes that she is observed and hated everywhere just because a counterman was rude with her.

Speaking about the length of the texts, the amount of words is quite similar. James Joyce’s *Eveline* is 1827 words long, and Donal Ryan’s *Evelyn* is 1754 words long. Another similarity that can be highlighted appears at the beginning of the stories. Both of them start with a woman sitting alone in the living room, they are respectively Eveline and Evelyn’s mother. In the case of Donal Ryan he actually says “living room”, but in Joyce’s story this is something we understand because, as the description says, the room is full of familiar objects. Both women look at an image of a man hanging on the wall: a photograph of a priest who was a friend of Eveline’s father and a portrait of Evelyn’s father.

DONAL RYAN'S *EVELYN* AND A PROPOSAL OF TRANSLATION INTO SPANISH

In this section, it is presented Donal Ryan's *Evelyn*, taken from *Writing.ie*, and my proposal of translation into Spanish on a paragraph-by-paragraph basis:

5 What good is this? Mother asks nightly, and gestures about her. What good is any of it, with nobody to share it? Oh, Augustine, she wails, my Augustine! And brandy slops from her bulbous glass onto her monstrous lap. A portrait of my father hangs apologetically above the living room fireplace; she sits at an angle from it in a hard high-backed chair and contorts her neck backwards and upwards to regard him censoriously. I nursed you through three illnesses, she says, and my reward is to be here, alone. My oil-on-canvas father avoids her eyes, preferring to gaze balefully at the crumbling cornice. She swings her eyes toward me and allows her pupils to dilate, as though to focus on me would be to acknowledge my existence, diluting her argument with my father's image.

10 ¿De qué sirve esto? Mi madre pregunta cada noche, y señala a su alrededor. ¿De qué sirve nada de esto, sin nadie con quien compartirlo? Oh, Augustine, se lamenta, ¡mi Augustine! Y la copa de brandy se le derrama sobre su gigantesco regazo. Encima de la chimenea del salón cuelga con ademán de disculpa un retrato de mi padre; mi madre se sienta formando un ángulo oblicuo con respecto a él en una silla con el respaldo alto y rígido y contorsiona el cuello hacia atrás y hacia arriba para observarle de forma crítica. Cuidé de ti durante tres enfermedades, le dice, y mi recompensa es estar aquí, sola. La imagen en óleo sobre lienzo de mi padre evita sus ojos, prefiere contemplar de manera amenazante la cornisa derruida. Mi madre dirige los ojos hacia mí y dilata las pupilas, como si fijar la vista en mí significase admitir mi existencia, diluyendo así la pelea con la imagen de mi padre.

20 Mother's friend Reeney organised the first Welcome Night. She booked a medium-sized conference room at the Radisson Hotel and nobody came. I think Reeney forgot to distribute her leaflets at the reception centres. Mother and Reeney and her blank-faced sisters and Reverend Black and a group of press-ganged dancers and musicians sat before a

25 table of apple tarts and sandwiches and assorted cordials and Reeney tutted and sighed and pinked and reddened and eventually gave up and instructed the surly serving staff to clear everything away, there had obviously been some misunderstanding. Mother was ecstatic, she was replete, energised, on the drive home. The. Whole. Thing. *Disastrous!* Not *one* foreigner! How would they even have gotten out there from the city? And the shrill glee in her laugh made my eardrums vibrate.

30 Reeney, una amiga de mi madre, organizó la primera Noche de Acogida. Reservó una sala de conferencias de tamaño mediano en el Hotel Radisson y no vino nadie. Creo que Reeney se olvidó de distribuir los folletos en los centros de acogida. Mi madre y Reeney y sus inexpresivas hermanas y el Reverendo Black y un reclutado grupo de bailarines y músicos
35 Reeney chasqueó la lengua y suspiró y se ruborizó y enrojeció y al final se dio por vencida y ordenó al hosco personal de servicio que recogiera todo, ya que claramente había habido algún malentendido. Mi madre estaba eufórica, estaba pletórica, animada, durante el camino de vuelta a casa. ¡Un. Completo. *Desastre!* ¡Ni *un* solo extranjero! ¿Cómo iban a haber conseguido tan siquiera llegar allí desde la ciudad? Y me vibraron los tímpanos a
40 causa del estridente sonido de su risa.

Mother organised the second Welcome Night. In the Protestant Young Men's Association hall on Athlunkard Street. People came, of various shades. She counted and catalogued and licked her lips, almost curtseying to the more regal Africans. She unwittingly inverted people's names, addressing them by their surnames. Reeney gently, discreetly corrected her
45 and Mother thanked her through gritted teeth. She poured tea and tepid coffee into mugs from giant flasks, and words into the embarrassed silence. She asked whether they were Christian or ... otherwise. What is otherwise? a man asked. Oh, you know, *Islamic* or some such, Mother replied. What is *sumsuch*? the man asked. I think he was ribbing her, in a playful way, but it was hard to read his face, the stony blackness of it. He reached out a
50 massive hand for Mother's proffered tea, to stop the terrible rattling of cup against saucer, I think. He sang a keening song of long, unwavering syllables at the end of that night, and clapped and hooted wildly at our Irish dancers, and Mother declared herself his friend, and

declared her night a victory. There were *people* there, at least. Real live refugees. That was the first night I saw Hope.

55 Mi madre organizó la segunda Noche de Acogida. En el salón de actos de la Asociación de Jóvenes Protestantes situada en la calle Athlunkard (Limerick, Irlanda). Vino gente, de distinta clase. Contó y catalogó y se relamió los labios, casi hacía reverencias a los africanos más majestuosos. Sin darse cuenta invertía los nombres, así que se dirigía a la gente por el apellido. Con tacto y discreción, Reeney la corrigió y mi madre le dio las
60 gracias a regañadientes. Vertió en tazas café y té tibio de termos grandes, y palabras en el silencio embarazoso. Les preguntó si eran cristianos u ... otra cosa. ¿Qué es otra cosa? preguntó un hombre. Bueno, ya sabes, islámicos o algo así, respondió mi madre. ¿Qué es alguasí? preguntó el hombre. Creo que le estaba tomando el pelo, pero era difícil interpretar la serena negrura de su rostro. Extendió una mano enorme hacia el café que ofrecía mi
65 madre, creo que para acabar con el insoportable golpeteo de la taza contra el plato. Interpretó un canto fúnebre de largas, firmes sílabas al final de la noche, y batió las palmas y se rio a carcajadas con los bailarines irlandeses, y mi madre se declaró su amiga, y declaró victoriosa aquella noche. Asistió *gente*, al menos. Refugiados de carne y hueso. Aquella fue la primera noche que vi a Hope.

70 Hope travelled from France to England on the Eurostar in the summer of 2008 in a car with a man to whose friend she had given three thousand pounds. She was told she still owed seven, and would have to work it off. She travelled across England and Wales in a lorry driven by a silent man, lying on his narrow curtained bunk, and to Ireland across a stomach-churning sea, and to Dublin in the back of a white van with flowers painted on the side.
75 When her trafficker slid the panel door back she kicked him in the testicles with all the force she could muster in her half-starved, dehydrated state. Force enough to dump him on the pavement, moaning. He sounded like a dog about to die of thirst, Hope said. Mweeeeh, mweeeeh, mweeeeh, she mimicked softly, and laughed, and looked in my eyes and through them and into the centre of me and I laughed with her. Work THAT off, she said to him,
80 and stepped over him and ran away. I fell in love with her as she told me that story.

Hope viajó desde Francia a Inglaterra en un tren de Eurostar en el verano de 2008 dentro de un coche con el amigo de un hombre al que había pagado tres mil libras. Le dijeron que aún debía siete mil, y que iba a tener que pagarlo. Atravesó Inglaterra y Gales tumbada en la estrecha litera con cortina de un camión que conducía un hombre callado, y llegó a Irlanda
85 atravesando un mar que revolvió el estómago, y a Dublín en la parte de atrás de una furgoneta blanca con flores pintadas en un lado. Cuando su traficante deslizó el panel de la puerta trasera, le dio una patada en los testículos con toda la fuerza que pudo sacar dado su estado de casi inanición y deshidratación. Fuerza suficiente para tirarle al suelo, gimiendo. Parecía un perro muriéndose de sed, dijo Hope. Buaaaa, buaaaa, buaaaa, le imitó suavemente,
90 y se rio, y me miró a los ojos y a través de ellos y hasta mi interior y yo reí con ella. Cóbrate ESO, le dijo, y pasó por encima de él y huyó. Me enamoré de ella en el momento que me contó esa historia.

Evelyn. You have a girl's name, she said. I laughed and told her how as a teenager I considered my mother's naming of me to be an act of violence. My schoolmates needed no
95 nickname for me, just a chanted elongation to keep time with their blows: E-ve-line, E-ve-line. I never fought back, just curled myself tightly on the ground. I didn't tell Hope that part. I asked my mother once why she'd called me Evelyn. Waugh, she said. The humourist. Waugh was a *man*, you know. Anyway, it was your father's idea. Her raised eyebrows and downturned mouth said that was an end to it; the matter was not to be raised
100 again. She knew I knew the truth.

Evelyn. Tienes nombre de chica, dijo Hope. Me reí y le conté que de adolescente consideraba el hecho de que mi madre me hubiera puesto ese nombre como un acto de violencia. Mis compañeros del colegio no necesitaron inventarse un mote, solo una elongación coreada para seguir el ritmo de sus golpes: E-ve-line, E-ve-line. Nunca me
105 defendí, solo me acurrucaba en el suelo. No le conté a Hope esa parte. Una vez le pregunté a mi madre por qué me había llamado Evelyn. Waugh¹, dijo. El humorista. Waugh era un *hombre*, ya sabes. De todas formas, fue idea de tu padre. Sus cejas arqueadas y la mueca de

¹ Evelyn Waugh (1903-1966) fue un escritor inglés conocido por la sátira y el humor negro de sus novelas.

su boca dieron a entender que ese era el final de la conversación; no volveríamos a hablar del asunto. Ella era consciente de que yo sabía la verdad.

110 I told Hope I would support her application for asylum. She thanked me and told me there was no way to do so. She knew the system, it was almost the same in every European country: form- filling, refusal, appeal, refusal, deportation. Except here there is more *welcome* nights, yay! And she raised her arms in mock celebration and laughed and looked in past my eyes and I sat rigid, priapic, praying she wouldn't notice. Her legs stretched
115 sweetly out from her, creamy- brown, viciously muscled. Her firm breasts strained the fabric of her light summer dress. I wondered how it would feel to be kicked in the balls by her.

Le dije a Hope que apoyaría su solicitud de asilo. Me dio las gracias y me dijo que no había forma de hacerlo. Conocía el sistema, era casi el mismo en todos los países europeos:
120 cumplimentación de formulario, rechazo, recurso, rechazo, deportación. Excepto que aquí habían más noches de *acogida*, ¡hurra! Y alzó los brazos parodiando una celebración y se rio y miró más allá de mis ojos y yo me senté rígido, fálico, rezando para que ella no se diera cuenta. Estiró con dulzura las piernas, de color marrón cremoso, extremadamente musculadas. Sus firmes pechos tensaban la tela de aquel ligero vestido veraniego. Me
125 preguntaba qué se sentiría al recibir una patada suya en las pelotas.

I drove to Galway and scoped out hiding places; hostels and cheap hotels where cash would be unquestioningly accepted, where long- term arrangements could be easily, namelessly made. I read ads in the *Advertiser*, for cottages on the coast, in the mountains, in the cracked and cratered Burren. I found a renovated cottage thatched with reeds and daub on
130 the midway of a boreen that led to a tiny sheltered bay. I doled fifty twenties into a callused hand and was thanked in Irish. I vainly searched my ancient memories for the words for *You're welcome*. I drove home filled with a feeling of lightness, of freedom, a taste in my mouth of delicious exile. Hope was sitting cross-legged, absorbing the sunlight, on the steps of the reception centre. I don't know, she said. What about your mother? I cannot love
135 a man who will mistreat his mother.

Conduje hasta Galway y sopesé escondrijos; albergues y hoteles baratos donde aceptaran pago en metálico sin hacer preguntas, donde se pudiera llegar a acuerdos a largo plazo sin complicaciones, de forma anónima. Miré anuncios en la página web de *Advertiser*, de casitas en la costa, en la montaña, en la agrietada y llena de cráteres región de Burren².

140 Encontré una cabaña restaurada con el tejado hecho de paja, carrizos y barro, cerca de una senda que iba a dar a una diminuta bahía protegida. Puse cincuenta billetes de 20 en una mano encallecida y me dieron las gracias en irlandés. Busqué, en vano, en mis viejos recuerdos cómo decir *De nada*. Conduje hasta casa embargado de un sentimiento de ligereza, de libertad, con un sabor a delicioso exilio. Hope estaba sentada con las piernas
145 cruzadas, absorbiendo la luz del sol, en los escalones del centro de acogida. No sé, dijo. ¿Qué pasa con tu madre? No puedo amar a un hombre que trate mal a su madre.

Mother's bladder loosened itself as she climbed the stairs that evening. She made her way onwards in deliberate oblivion, leaving an acrid trail of thin wetness on the cream stair carpet. What message was there for me in that haughty pissing? She turned from the
150 landing and her swollen cheeks were dissected by tear tracks. All of her was leaking. You go, she said, and leave me here, and you may stay gone, my fine boy. Oh, she could see me now. I had told her I was going on a speaking tour with my father's books. Ha! she said. Who would want to hear about that ... *flimflam!* That ... weasel's ... *pornography!* It's all arranged, I told her. Well, and a sob flew wetly from her, *unarrange* it. Please, Evelyn, I
155 need you here. I almost believed her.

La vejiga de mi madre se aflojó cuando subía las escaleras aquella noche. Se abrió paso hacia delante con indiferencia, dejando un desagradable rastro de humedad en la moqueta de color crema de la escalera. ¿Qué mensaje había para mí en esa meada arrogante? Se volvió en el rellano y le surcaron lágrimas por las mejillas hinchadas. Toda ella estaba
160 goteando. Vete, dijo, y déjame aquí, y será mejor que no vuelvas, mi buen hijo. Oh, si ella pudiera verme ahora. Le había dicho que me iba a una gira de conferencias con los libros de mi padre. ¡Já! dijo. ¡Quién iba a querer oír nada sobre esa ... *bobería!* ¡Esa ... *pornografía* ...

²Es una región de paisaje kárstico situada al noroeste del condado de Clare (Irlanda). Su nombre proviene de la palabra gaélica "bhoireann", que literalmente significa "lugar pedregoso".

ponzoñosa! Está todo planeado, le dije. Pues, y rompió en llanto, *desplanéalo*. Por favor, Evelyn, te necesito aquí. Casi la creo.

165 Hope didn't like the car I had hired. Why not a Mercedes? *Everyone* drives a Nissan. My mouth dried as I drove and no amount of water would moisten it. We need to be low-key, I explained, to meld with the background. Meld! she spat, Ha! We stopped in Spiddal for petrol and food. The counterman was gruff and regarded Hope darkly. You see, she said as we drove away, everywhere I am watched, suspected, hated. She stood still before the
170 cottage, looking at the mottled thatch. What is this? A *hut*. She turned and pierced me with her eyes and I felt my desert-dry mouth open and close again soundlessly. The low wooden door was stiff; she sighed as I struggled and pushed past me, entering the dark cottage with an exaggerated stoop. She unbuttoned her coat and stood in the kitchen and said It will do.

A Hope no le gustó el coche que había alquilado. ¿Por qué no un Mercedes? *Todo el mundo*
175 conduce un Nissan. Se me secó la boca mientras conducía y ninguna cantidad de agua hubiera conseguido humedecerla. Necesitamos ser discretos, expliqué, para mezclarnos con el ambiente. ¡Mezclarnos! escupió, ¡Já! Paramos en Spiddal³ a por gasolina y comida. El dependiente fue arisco y miró a Hope con desprecio. Ves, dijo mientras nos alejábamos con el coche, en todos lados me observan, sospechan de mí y me odian. Se detuvo ante la casa,
180 mirando el tejado de paja moteado. ¿Qué es esto? Una *cabaña*. Se giró y me taladró con los ojos y sentí que la boca, seca como el desierto, se me abría y cerraba una y otra vez sin producir sonido alguno. La portezuela de madera estaba atascada, Hope suspiró mientras yo forcejeaba y apartándome de un empujón, entró en la oscura cabaña mientras se agachaba mucho más de lo necesario. Se desabrochó el abrigo y se paró en la cocina y dijo Servirá.

185 Do you think I will let you touch me, because you have brought me here, hidden me away? Do you think I'm your slave? No, no, I whispered. I just love you. You don't have to do anything. I cooked a stir-fry and she sat silently across from me, looking past me through the window at the darkening sky. My throat constricted, my stomach clenched. My cutlery

³ Se trata de un pueblo pequeño situado en Galway.

rattled against my plate. I'm sorry, I whispered. For what, she whispered back. I didn't
190 know.

¿Crees que dejaré que me toques, porque me has traído hasta aquí y me has escondido?
¿Crees que soy tu esclava? No, no, susurré. Simplemente te amo. No tienes que hacer nada.
Cociné un revuelto y se sentó silenciosamente enfrente de mí, mirando más allá de mí a
195 través de la ventana al cielo mientras anochecía. Se me cerró la garganta, se me contrajo el
estómago. Los cubiertos golpeteaban contra el plato. Lo siento, susurré. El qué, susurró ella
de vuelta. No supe qué decir.

I lay that night on the broken springs of a musty sofa-bed and thought of Mother and the
duty I was leaving undone. To care for her into old age, to see her to the end of her path. I
imagined her lying prone and buckled at the foot of the stairs, soaked in brandy and blood.
200 The sound of Hope's soft, long breaths floated from the bedroom. I imagined the warmth of
her body, the nakedness of it, feet from me. I imagined her anger if I appeared at her bed
and woke her. I imagined her softening in the sunlit morning, walking hand in hand with
me through the salty breeze to the sandy cove at the end of the breen and saying Yes, this
is good, we will stay here a while. I imagined her lips on mine, our mingled breaths. I said a
205 childish prayer and wondered if my father could see me, and what he would think of me
now. If he would say Go home to your mother, you fool. Or, Well done, my son, now
you're a man. What had I done, really, but fall stupidly into unrequited love and make a
promise to save a woman from deportation that I couldn't possibly keep? My money would
be gone inside six months. Hope thought I was rich. I let her think it. I thought of Mother at
210 her best, laughing, calling me Ev, her blue-eyed son, before she fell to drink. Fell.

Esa noche me tumbé sobre los resortes rotos de un sofá-cama mohoso y pensé en mi madre
y en el deber que estaba dejando sin terminar. Cuidar de ella durante su vejez, estar
presente hasta el final de su camino. Me la imaginé tumbada boca abajo y desplomada a los
pies de las escaleras, empapada de brandy y sangre. El sonido de la respiración de Hope,
215 suave y profunda, flotaba desde la habitación. Me imaginé el calor de su cuerpo, la
desnudez del mismo, a pocos pasos de mí. Me imaginé cuánto se enfadaría si apareciera en

su cama y la despertara. Me la imaginé más calmada en la mañana soleada, andando juntos de la mano a través de la brisa salada hacia la cala arenosa al final de la senda y diciendo, sí, esto está bien, nos quedaremos aquí un tiempo. Me imaginé sus labios sobre los míos, nuestras respiraciones mezcladas. Recé una oración infantil y me pregunté si mi padre
220 podría verme, y qué pensaría de mí ahora. Si diría Ve a casa con tu madre, idiota. O, Bien hecho, hijo mío, ahora eres un hombre. ¿Qué había hecho, en realidad, más que enamorarme como un estúpido no correspondido y hacer una promesa de salvar a una mujer de la deportación que no iba a poder cumplir? El dinero se me acabaría en menos de
225 seis meses. Hope pensaba que era rico. Dejé que lo pensara. Pensé en mi madre en su mejor momento, riendo, llamándome Ev, su niño de ojos azules, antes de que cayera en la bebida. Pero cayó.

The rent for the cottage was paid for a month. I left a small bundle of notes on the trestle table before the fireplace. The heavy door, swollen from the damp air, scraped again on the
230 threshold and shrieked as I pulled it open; Hope stirred, then appeared at the bedroom doorway, silhouetted in moonlight. My breath caught in my throat, the shape of her. She saw the money and knew I was leaving her. I set my face to the dark world outside, to the moaning wind. Evelyn, she cried behind me as I started the engine, Evie, please.

Pagué la renta de la cabaña por un mes. Dejé un pequeño fajo de billetes en el caballete
235 situado ante la chimenea. La puerta robusta, hinchada por el aire húmedo, rozó otra vez en el umbral y chirrió cuando tiré para abrirla; Hope se movió, después apareció en la puerta de la habitación, sombreada por la luz de la luna. Se me cortó el aliento en la garganta al ver su silueta. Vio el dinero y entendió que la estaba abandonando. Volví mi rostro al oscuro mundo de fuera, hacia el viento que gemía. Evelyn, gritó ella viniendo detrás de mí,
240 mientras yo arrancaba el coche, Evie, por favor.

ANALYSIS OF THE TRANSLATION PROCESS

Evelyn is a first person account in which the main character narrates a short period of his life, when he tried to help an asylum seeker woman with whom he was in love. This story is narrated in past tense, although Evelyn starts using present tense in the first paragraph. He details as well some aspects of his childhood, a former period in his life.

Clearly, *Evelyn* is not narrated the usual way; at first sight it seems to be a chaotic account. This is because it is reported as Evelyn remembers, as if he is reviewing the facts in his head or telling them to a friend. Consequently, the narration has a colloquial tone and an informal written style - many sentences start with the conjunction “and”, there are contractions as “didn’t”, the lexicon is a bit careless, there are not connectors...

The whole story is made up by facts that the protagonist actually lived, saw, imagined, or was told. Besides this, he also reproduces the speech of other characters in a faithful way. In order to do this, Donal Ryan resorts to a mixture of narrative modes, not the traditional direct and indirect speeches. The characters speak for themselves, so their words are reproduced literally and objectively. Their interventions are not indicated by quotation marks, and not all of them are introduced by reporting phrases as “she said.” In those cases, they are generally recognizable thanks to the change of the tense, from the extended simple past to present. Hence, they are integrated in the narration, and this makes it difficult to delineate where they begin and end. As a result, apart from making more alive and natural the narration, this technique creates some confusion when reading and it has been a source of difficulty when translating. Nonetheless, Donal Ryan has also included some traditional indirect speech, to a lesser extent. This chiefly corresponds to Evelyn’s speech.

The peculiar use that Donal Ryan makes of orthography and diacritical marks has been one of the problems I have had to deal with. Some exceptions apart, most of the singularities appear in the speeches. For this reason, I think that he has used them with the aim to transmit on paper the changes on tonality expressed in voice by the characters. For example, in “Not *one* foreigner!” (line 28) and “Work **THAT** off” (line 79), italics and capital letters are respectively used to express where the emphasis was marked in the

enunciation. Punctuation is also used to express on paper the elongation of the speech, as in “She asked whether they were Christian or ... otherwise” (lines 46-47), where ellipsis represents a brief pause. When translating, I have decided to maintain those distinctive features just like in the original, because I do not want to deviate from Ryan’s technique, except with one word – “Mother”. In *Manual de Traducción* (158), Juan Gabriel Lopez Guix speaks about the divergence about capital letters between English and Spanish. He says that in English it is common to capitalize those names which indicate relationship. However, when translating into Spanish, this capitalization has to be erased in most of the cases. Subsequently, “*Mother*” becomes “*mi madre*” or “*mamá*”, seldom we also can find “*Madre*”. After doing this investigation, I have decided to translate “*Mother*” as “*mi madre*”, because this is the common use among young people.

They are many the allusions that Donal Ryan has made to geographical points and cultural knowledge, most of them referring to Ireland and, probably, not always easy to identify for non-Irish people. This serves as a technique used to provide a pinch of local color to the story. After locating all these allusions, I separated those which I considered to be widely known so as not to need any further explanation, (as “Galway”, line 126). However, those that are less easily recognizable involved some difficulties in the translation process. I have tried to solve these problems resorting to different methods: adding information between brackets, extending the term with a few more words, and attaching footnotes. This was not done randomly, but depending on what I felt necessary. I thought that the first option was perfect in those cases where the explanation was indispensable for the overall understanding of the story, as happened with “Athlunkard Street” (line 42). It is an important fact that Donal Ryan changed the location of the story, from Dublin, as James Joyce, to Limerick. For this reason, I have translated it as “calle Athlunkard (Limerick, Irlanda)” (line 56). With regard to the second option, making a brief extension of the term, it was useful with those aspects which may not be familiar for Spanish speakers, as “Eurostar” (line 70) and “Advertiser” (line 128). They are proper names that, without a clear context, could be misunderstood; they need a few words to clarify the meaning. Therefore, translating the former as “un tren de Eurostar” (line 81) is enough for readers to

understand that it is referring to the subterranean railway line connecting Paris and London. With reference to the latter term, “la página web de Advertiser” (line 138) will avoid readers to mistake it for a newspaper, for example. On the contrary, the last method is useful when there is additional information that, though interesting to the readers, must not be included inside the text because it would hinder fluent reading. This happened with “Waugh” (line 97), “Burren” (line 129), and “Spiddal” (line 167), as more than just a few words were necessary to explain them.

Another point of difficulty when translating has been the past tense; whether translating the English simple past into ‘pretérito imperfecto’ o ‘pretérito perfecto simple.’ Most of the time, the decision was clear, but not always, as in this sentence: “Reeney gently, discreetly corrected her and Mother thanked her through gritted teeth” (lines 44-45). These actions can be understood as happening only once or being repeated several times. Personally, I guessed that they happened only once, that is why I used the Spanish “pretérito perfecto simple” in this case.

Another challenging point arose from the vocabulary used by Ryan. In the story there is a borrowing taken from the Irish Gaelic language, “boreen” (line 130), which means “a narrow country lane”. I have decided to translate it by a common noun in Spanish, “senda” (line 141), whose meaning is quite similar. The English language is always said to be prone to innovation, and this is reflected in Donal Ryan’s text. He used words that are not frequently found in English texts, to such an extent that at first I considered them to be invented words. The words I am referring to are: censoriously (adv), blank-faced (adj), pinked (v) (line 25), pissing (n), and unarrange (v). In order to ascertain this supposition, I decided to look them up in some dictionaries, such as Oxford Dictionary or Collins Dictionary. After doing this search, I discovered that “censoriously” (line 5) does exist, it is recognized to be the adverb which comes from the adjective “censorious”. “Blank-faced” (line 22) does not appear as such in the dictionary, but “faced” is sometimes used as the second element of a compound word; so “blank-faced” is grammatically correct. When translating, I have tried to combine the meaning of the two words, which results in “inexpresivas” (line 33). One of the meanings of “pink” is “to blush, to become pink”. This

does not have an equivalent translation in Spanish, so I have used one of the possible translations of “reddened” (line 25). “Pissing” (line 149) is recognized to be a word, but with the category of adjective or adverb, not noun as in *Evelyn*. Taking into account that the noun “piss” already exists, I have wondered why Ryan created a new word. It can be concluded, because of the context, that the reason is to emphasize the displeasure of the situation. Consequently, I have translated it into the term which has the most negative connotation in Spanish, “meada” (line 158). “Unarrange” (line 154) is not found in any dictionary either, so it is an invented word. Perhaps, since it appears in italics, typography has here the purpose of marking that the incorrectness is deliberate. This word is used by Evelyn’s mother when she is having an argument with him, and after he said “It’s all arranged”. Consequently, we can imagine that the mother added the prefix “un-” to “arrange” in order to mean that she wanted him to reverse the action. Although it is not grammatically correct, people often invent words when speaking in informal contexts, it is a quite common occurrence in ordinary speech. I have tried to maintain this colloquialism with another invented word, “desplanear” (line 163).

There are two more instances of grammatical incorrectness in the text. Both appear while reproducing immigrants’ speech, so it can be concluded that this is a technique used by Donal Ryan in order to reflect that they do not master the English language. I have tried to keep to that when translating: “Sumsuch” (line 48)> “alguasí” (line 63), and “Except here there is more welcome nights” (lines 112-113)> “Excepto que aquí habían mas noches de acogida” (lines 120-121).

Furthermore, there are some terms charged with a stylistic function, which have not been easy to translate. For example, in “She poured tea and tepid coffee into mugs from giant flasks, and words into the embarrassed silence” (lines 45-46) the verb is not chosen at random. It has a double meaning, one more ordinary and the second more literary, and this has to be transferred to the Spanish version - “Vertió en tazas café y té tibio de termos grandes, y palabras en el silencio embarazoso” (lines 60-61). Another example is the following: “I thought of Mother at her best, laughing, calling me Ev, her blue-eyed son, before she fell to drink. Fell” (lines 209-210). That “Fell” is used to cut the idyllic moment,

an effect I think I have achieved this way: “Pero cayó” (line 226). Another example is “That ... weasel’s ... *pornography!*” (line 153), because “weasel” is not referring to the animal, here it has a figurative meaning. For this reason, I have translated it as “ponzoñosa” (line 163), with the aim to maintain the pejorative sense.

The term “Welcome Night” (first appeared in line 20) has also made me ponder over different ways to get it translated. Finally, I have decided to translate it as “Noche de Acogida”, because this way it is clear the connotation of welcoming asylum seekers. In the same way, I have translated “reception centre” (first appeared in line 22) as “centro de acogida”, in order to underscore that connotation.

As it is frequent in English, in Donal Ryan’s text there are many adverbs composed by adjectives ended in “-ly”. Although the equivalent translation in Spanish would be adjectives which end in “-mente”, they are not so commonly used in Spanish. For this reason, it is recommended to turn to the translation technique called *transposition* in order to change the grammatical category of the English adverb into another class of word, as I have done in these examples: “nightly” (line 1) > “cada noche” (line 10); and “unwittingly” (line 43) > “sin darse cuenta” (line 58).

The sentence “And brandy slops from her bulbous glass onto her monstrous lap” (lines 2-3) proved to be more laborious than expected. After shuffling several options, I have decided to apply the translating technique known as *condensation*. I have considered that in Spanish the meaning is clear enough with fewer words. For this reason, the final result is “Y la copa de brandy se le derrama sobre su gigantesco regazo” (line 12).

Finally, English is a language which prefers short sentences, and it is frequent to find them connected by nexus or punctuation marks. As Spanish is syntactically more complex, I have decided to add some subordinate clauses to Donal Ryan’s work, as in this example: “She unwittingly inverted people’s names, addressing them by their surnames” (lines 43-44) > “Sin darse cuenta invertía los nombres, así que se dirigía a la gente por el apellido” (lines 58-59).

CONCLUSIONS

Donal Ryan excels in writing about social concerns of contemporary Ireland and his style is truly realistic. Since his two novels and *Evelyn* are situated in places and periods he knows well, it can be deduced that he feels more comfortable writing about circumstances closed to him. This goes as far as to change the location of the cover version of *Eveline*, even when Dublin is such a distinctive feature of Joyce's masterpiece. In addition, he has coped with the task of covering *Eveline* by updating the story to our current time, dealing with the themes of migration and escape with grand ability. In the same way that *Eveline* is a story which portrays faithfully the situation of many Irish families during the 19th century, *Evelyn* depicts some common circumstances of people currently living in Ireland.

Throughout the comparative analysis between *Eveline* and *Evelyn* included in the preceding pages, we have had the opportunity to confirm that Donal Ryan has actually taken many aspects from Joyce's story in order to create his cover version, while preserving his own personal style. He has followed Joyce's narrative technique of simulating a stream of consciousness, in the sense that his story is also a compilation of Evelyn's thoughts, feelings, and memories. However, while James Joyce presents the characters' exact words using direct speech, Ryan combines direct and indirect speech, along with some intermediate narrative techniques. It certainly stands out the fact that Ryan has adopted a more relaxed syntax and lexicon, and has chosen a first-person narrator –in contrast with Joyce's third-person–. Somehow one gets the impression that Ryan has gone one step beyond Joyce, and maybe the changes he introduces have the purpose of offering a more chaotic and natural narrative, closer to a real stream of consciousness.

No doubt *Evelyn* has not been an easy text to translate. Despite being a really short story, there are numerous geographical and cultural terms, invented words and stylistic expressions. All these peculiarities make me assume that *Evelyn* is a writing intended exclusively for a particular type of reader, an Irish reader. Therefore, it has been really hard to translate it and adapt it to a different target reader, without losing its essence. During the

process, I have had to take several decisions based on my own criterion, accepting the implicit risk.

Being as it is a recent publication, *Evelyn* has not been translated or analysed in detail yet. Therefore, it can be said that the practical part of this paper is a totally new contribution to the study of this work. Of course, I assume that the proposal of translation I am presenting here is just one of the possible ways in which this short story may be rendered into Spanish. Hopefully, in the near future other researchers will become interested in this piece and will offer us new perspectives on such an intricate narrative work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

“Artist Bios.” *The Doolin Writers Weekend*. Bewley's, March 2015. Web. 1 June 2015. <<http://www.doolinwritersweekend.com/writers.html>>.

“DBF Interviews: Thomas Morris.” *Dublin Book Festival*. 12 Nov 2014. Web. 15 Apr 2015. <<http://www.dublinbookfestival.com/category/news/dbf-interviews-thomas-morris/>>.

“Donal Ryan on his Contribution to Dubliners 100.” *Eason Edition*. 13 June 2014. Web. 3 May 2015. <<http://www.easonedition.com/donal-ryan-on-his-contribution-to-dubliners-100/>>.

“I was averaging one rejection a fortnight - an interview with Donal Ryan.” *Book Trust*. Free Word and Arts Council England, Sep 2013. Web 10 March 2015. <<http://www.booktrust.org.uk/books/adults/interviews/227>>.

“Vote Now For Your Favourite Short Story of the Year.” *Writing.ie*. The Arts Council and Foras na Gaeilge, 18 Nov 2014. Web. 2 March 2015. <<http://www.writing.ie/news/vote-now-for-your-favourite-short-story-of-the-year/>>.

Boyne, John. “The Thing About December, by Donal Ryan.” *The Irish Times*. 19 Oct 2013. Web. 11 March 2015. <<http://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/the-thing-about-december-by-donal-ryan-1.1562873>>.

Collins Dictionary. Web. <<http://www.collinsdictionary.com/>>.

Joyce, James. *Dubliners*. Ware: Wordsworth Editions Limited, 1993. Print.

Lea, Richard. “Guardian first book award 2013 goes to Donal Ryan.” *The Guardian*. 28 Nov 2013. Web. 9 March 2015. <<http://www.theguardian.com/books/2013/nov/28/guardian-first-book-prize-2013-donal-ryan>>.

López Guix, Juan Gabriel. *Manual de Traducción: Inglés/Castellano, Teoría y Práctica*. Barcelona: Gedisa, 1999. Print.

Madden, Caroline. "I Have a New Three-Book Deal Now with Penguin Random House". *My First Book Deal*. WordPress, 10 Feb 2015. Web. 29 May 2015. <<http://myfirstbookdeal.com/2015/02/10/i-have-a-new-three-book-deal-now-with-penguin-random-house-donal-ryan/>>.

McEneff, Andrew. "Review: Dubliners 100." *Short Story Ireland*. WordPress. Web. 13 May 2015. <<http://shortstoryireland.com/features/reviews/review-dubliners-100/>>.

Merriam Webster Dictionary. Web. <<http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/boreen>>.

Morris, Thomas. "Far Away and Very Close: Dubliners at 100." *Wales Arts Review*. Virtual Pudding, 19 June 2014. Web. 27 May 2015. <<http://www.walesartsreview.org/far-away-and-very-close-dubliners-at-100/>>.

Morris, Thomas. *Dubliners 100: Fifteen New Stories Inspired by the Original*. Dublin: Tramp Press, 2014. Print.

Ní Dhuibhne, Éilís. "Dubliners 100. 15 New Stories Inspired by the Original Dubliners." *Estudios Irlandeses*. Spanish Association for Irish Studies. Web. 8 June 2015. <<http://www.estudiosirlandeses.org/reviews/dubliners-100-15-new-stories-inspired-by-the-original-dubliners/>>.

Oxford Dictionaries. Web. <<http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/>>.

Shortall, Eithne. "Booker hope Donal Ryan rescued from the reject pile." *The Sunday Times*. Times Newspapers, 28 July 2013. Web. 8 May 2015. <http://www.thesundaytimes.co.uk/sto/news/uk_news/Arts/article1293181.ece>.

Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. 6th ed. 2007. Print.

Word Reference. Web. <<http://www.wordreference.com/>>.