

1971

# Felices los Normales / Happy Are the Normal

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opportunities for interpretation. Those opportunities are small and delicate: how to catch the part physical, part spiritual tone of *ligera-mente sobrehumanos*; how to approximate the word resonance in *comestibles* and *bebestibles*; how to meet the unusually forged expression, the *diecisiete rostros de la sonrisa*. We have taken few rare steps in the translation. But we have tried to compensate lightly, for some of our problems, by a slightly off-normal timbre in our version. This is often as far as the translator can go toward criticism. But it is a long way.

Frederic Will

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## FELICES LOS NORMALES

Felices los normales, esos seres extraños.  
Los que no tuvieron una madre loca, un padre  
    borracho, un hijo delincuente,  
Una casa en ninguna parte, una enfermedad desconocida,  
Los que no han sido calcinados por un amor devorante,  
Los que vivieron los diecisiete rostros de la  
    sonrisa y un poco más.  
Los llenos de zapatos, los arcángeles con sombreros,  
Los satisfechos, los gordos, los lindos,  
Los rintintín y sus secuaces, los que cómo no, por aquí,  
Los que ganan, los que son queridos hasta la empuñadura,  
Los flautistas acompañados por ratones,  
Los vendedores y sus compradores,  
Los caballeros ligeramente sobrehumanos,  
Los hombres vestidos de truenos y las mujeres de relámpagos,  
los delicados, los sensatos, los finos,  
Los amables, los dulces, los comestibles, y los bebestibles.  
Felices las aves, el estiércol, las piedras.  
Pero que den paso a los que hacen los mundos y los sueños,  
Las ilusiones, las sinfonías, las palabras que nos desbaratan  
Y nos construyen, los más locos que sus madres, los más borrachos  
Que sus padres y más delicuentes que sus hijos  
Y más devorados por amores calcinantes.  
Que les dejen su sitio en el infierno, y basta.

FERNANDO RETAMAR

RETAMAR: HAPPY ARE THE NORMAL

Happy are the normal, those strange beings.  
Those who did not have a crazy mother, a drunken father, a  
delinquent son,  
a house anywhere, an unknown disease.  
Those who have never been burned up completely by a devouring  
love.  
Those who have loved the sixteen faces of a smile and a little  
more.  
Those full of shoes, archangels with sombreros,  
the satisfied, the fat, the lovely,  
the rintintin and their followers, the 'why not, over here?'  
those who win, those who are loved to the hilt,  
flutists accompanied by rats,  
sellers and their buyers,  
slightly superhuman gentlemen.  
Men dressed in thunder, women in lightning,  
the delicate, the wise, the fine,  
the kind, the sweet, the edible and the drinkable.  
Happy the birds, the bird shit, the stones.

Because they open the way to those who make the world and dreams:  
illusions, symphonies, words that disassemble  
and put us together, those more crazy than their mothers,  
those more drunk  
than their father and more delinquent than their sons  
and more devoured by firing loves.  
That leave them their place in hell, and enough.

Tr: Arbelaez+Will