

Creative Translation, *Bacchae* 1251-84

Ag. God, how cranky old age is and how curmudgeonly his face looks. Whatever, I hope my son is a good hunter, as wily as his mother, when he goes hunting with all his co-revelers. But what are you gonna do, that man is only able to fight against the gods. You know you should really talk to him about that, father. But anyway who will call him again to my sight, so that he can see this happy thing?

Cad. Oh god, when you realize what you've done you will suffer a terrible pain. If you stay like this forever, you won't know that you're wretched, although you are.

Ag. I don't get it, what's wrong, and what's painful?

*Something feels wrong, something feels wrong, no, no, just being silly, nothing is wrong, nothing is wrong. What was that? Why does my vision keep blurring and changing? Why does my head hurt so much, why is everything spinning? Why do father's words not make sense, why is his face changing?*

Ca. Look up at the sky with your eyes.

*WHY does my head hurt so much? Everything is spinning, and everything is unbalanced, offcenter. Just focus, just focus. Deep breath in and out...*

Ag. Ok. Why are you telling me to look at it?

*It's definitely a lion, look at its savage expression. Blessed me, Pentheus will love me forever. Blessed me, blessed mother. No wait, what was that? Or is it something else? Is that a face? What was that?*

Ca. Is it the same or different?

*There's something recognizable, but it's just out of my reach, like that moment when you just wake up and can't quite remember where you are or everything that's happened the day before. Why does it keep changing?*

Ag. It's brighter than before and clearer.

*Why does it look so familiar? It's getting more focused now.*

Ca. Are you still drunk?

*Everything is still spinning, my heart is racing, I can't remember anything. No, yes I can. I was just inside talking to Pentheus, or was I? Wasn't I just in my room?*

Ag. I don't understand what you're saying. I have become somehow sober, changing my thinking from before.

*What is going on? I was just at home with Pentheus, how did I get out here? Why am I wearing this? Why are my hands and feet so dirty? Where was I? This is so unnatural, I would never go out like this.*

Ca. Can you hear me and answer me clearly?

Ag. Yes, but I forget what I said before, father.

Ca. Well, who did you get married to?

*I know this, I got this.*

Ag. You gave me to one of the *spartoi*, as they say, to Echion.

*See it's fine. Nothing's out of place.*

Ca. Now who's your child?

*Ok, nothing that bad could have happened, I'm still a wife, still a mother.*

Ag. Pentheus. I had him with Echion.

*Where is Pentheus? He should be here.*

Ca. Whose head are you holding in your hands?

*How did I even get a lion?*

Ag. A lion's, I mean, at least that's what the people who hunted him say.

*Why were people hunting? We should have been inside.*

Ca. Look at it clearly. It takes little effort to see.

*It was just a lion, now what is this thing? No, it's not what I think.*

Ag. Oh god, what am I looking at? What am I holding in my hands?

*It's not Pentheus, not Pentheus, not Pentheus.*

Ca. Look at it and learn it clearly.

Ag. I, a wretch, see the greatest grief.

Ca. Does it appear to be the head of a lion?

Ag. No, I, miserable, hold the head of Pentheus.