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*The Weight of Words: Italian Translation,
Adaptation, and Effective Words in Marina
Carr's By the Bog of Cats...*

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation

2020/2021

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Abbreviations

ST- SOURCE TEXT

TT-TARGET TEXT

BBOC-BY THE BOG OF CATS

TA-TARGET AUDIENCE

TL-TARGET LANGUAGE

Abstract

Being able to translate emotions is at the very least a titanic task. It is almost impossible to translate the emotional drive that an actor conveys to his audience based on the words of a script. The aim of this study is to probe the unknown realm of emotions from one translation of the same text to another. In other words, this research will try to understand how it is possible to convey the same emotions as those conveyed by an actor on stage in a mere page of paper in a book. In order to try to find a solution to this dilemma, the text examined will be the work of Marina Carr, a famous Irish playwright, called *By the Bog of Cats...* (1998), a tragedy largely inspired on Euripides' *Medea* (431 BC) and plunged into the socio-cultural context of the Irish Midlands with the linguistic peculiarity of the so-called Midlands accent that Carr uses in its phonemic fashion. Therefore, in order to try to transfer from Irish-English to Italian the emotional weight and assortment that such a tragedy boasts, first of all a translation of the play into Italian will be carried out, in order to understand how words in their simplicity are rendered and interpreted by the translator always relating them to the potential interpretation of actors and actresses. Secondly, the adaptation of the Italian translation into the genre of a novel will take place in order to establish what emotional and metaphorical weight those words have, by removing the intervention of the actors from the translating and emotional equation and thus making the words on paper the interpreters of the drama on the page. Finally, the two translations will be compared in terms of syntax, semantics, metrics and rhetoric, analysing the different facets of the emotional perception of words and their inevitable linguistic choice.

1.The Text: By the Bog of Cats

The Irish playwright, Marina Carr, will be analysed because of her surprising powerful and modern plays. Native from County Offaly, in the heart of Ireland's Midlands, her past seems to have been pervaded by a not inconsiderable allure of mysticism and folklore that has nourished and filled her theatrical production. For much of her theatre work, Marina Carr has sought to pay homage to the great classics of Greek theatre literature and took them and contextualised them in the emotional setting of modern Ireland. From *Portia Coughlan* (1996) to *Ariel* (2002) and *Hecuba* (2015) and to *By the Bog of Cats...* (1998), Carr has taken a huge emotional load, put it down on paper and relied on the best performers to convey those wide-ranging emotions that permeate the pages of her works. Specifically, the play on which this study will focus is *By the Bog of Cats...* It is a tragedy largely inspired on Euripides' *Medea* and set in a modern Ireland, country that is struggling between inclusion and emancipation for her daughter Hester Swane [Hester Cygnus].

Before jumping into details, it is worth mentioning that the focus on emulating Greek tragedy is not so foreign to the world of Irish theatre. In particular, with Brendan Kennelly's rewriting of Euripides' *Medea* (1991). He decided to adopt and exacerbate those vibrant facets of *Medea*, namely the violence and need to be heard, that in the Greek original were slightly dormant. He focused on a paramount idea of wanting to subvert the tragedy while remaining faithful to the pathos and the emotional selections that the tragedy implied. In this regard, as analysed in the early Western literature, the Greek playwrights were the first to show women fighting back feistily against their subordination status. "Some of the strongest dramatic roles were given to women, especially in such a repressive society" (McDonald, 2005). If anything, the earliest Greek tragedies proved us that a woman's rebellion takes many forms. The *Medea* that Brendan Kennelly presents us aims at retaining her rebel facets and crosses over her path to be closely related to Irish heroines. In this sense many Greek tragedies follow a visceral red thread into the modern times in Ireland where, since 1980, Irish versions of the tragedies often have a political thrust and show Ireland's impatience with both the colonial legacy in Northern Ireland and the postcolonial one of the Republic of Ireland.

1.1 The human experience: Universal themes

To better unveil the nuances of this experimental and theoretical project, it seems more appropriate to acknowledge the 'behind the scene' that makes Marina Carr quite appreciated and avant-garde. As mentioned in a study about the catharsis in contemporary drama "Carr uses the Greek source

and adds some contemporary (psychological) circumstances to create her play and her heroine” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). Since early ages and multiple studies to prove it, tragedy represented more than just a tragic and dramatic experience. In fact, the way a tragedy applies to modern society is allegedly related to a contemporary understanding of contemporary psyche too, as such it is much more than “just an abreaction and a discharge of emotional tensions or ventilation of feelings.” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). Krzyżaniak noticed in her 2013 analysis of Greek tragedies and its cathartic aspect, that the role of tragedy needs to be understood under the cathartic perspective as deeply analytical too. In fact, “the application of the emotion exposure procedure [...] in modern tragedy introduces a link between theories concerned with the way drama affects the audience that were previously found exclusive: the dramatic theatre and the epic theatre” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). Contemporary tragedies, as those written by Marina Carr in the Irish context, engages viewers’ emotions and empathy because of the universality of feelings and emotions that can be related to the audience dispositions as per any literate text that manages to establish a contact with the reader/audience.

However, her work could appear alien to some novice of theatre or to foreigners who read the text translated and adapted for their own culture. It is indeed “permeated by concepts of destiny, rich in mythology, folktale all seasoned with a harsh version of Midlands’ accent in such relevant level that almost detached it from the contemporary world” (Wallace, 2003). For this reason, it has to be analysed as a reflection of their society and times. All characters, the heroines that Carr puts under the spotlights, are survivors, outsiders, navigated and feisty women that endured the inequities of the patriarchal modern world. Carr deals with tinkers, mad people, matricides, all of them united by the undestroyable connection with their origins and homeland: Ireland. In fact, as Melissa Sihra noticed, “a key factor in Carr’s dramas is the mise en scenes where the traditional rural settings of Irish Midlands concur to interact with the highly dramatic conception of the scene: they become site of incest, infanticide, domestic violence, rape, prostitution, infidelity, violation and suicide in a way that they retain their dramatic link to the past but reflect on a more concrete level the fractured underdog society in a modern and turbulent Ireland” (Sihra, 2003).

Understandably, Carr seems to have quite of a soft spot for Greek tragedy using its structure “to stitch together the narrative with untangling themes such as abandonment, betrayal and finally revenge in her contemporary adaptation” (Martinovich, 2003). As Frank McGuinness said in the preface to the opening night of *By the Bog of Cats...* at the Abbey Theatre in 2014, “trying to

understand what is happening in *By the Bog of Cats...* (1998) is quite complex. It is indeed a tragedy about sorrow, padded with necessary sarcasm and irony, yet it is also a play about death, it should come as no surprise that at the core of it there is the celebration of a wedding. A play where things that need to be said are left hanging in the quiet and uneasy silence of a tragic epilogue” (McGuinness, 1998).

1.2 Between Irishness and Greekness

By the Bog of Cats... (1998) tells the story of Hester Swane, Irish tinker and inhabitant of the peculiar and imaginary bog “of cats” in the Midlands, place ultimately recurrent in Carr’s settings and production. Swane has a daughter of seven years old, named after her mother the Big Josie Swane, who was a tinker too and “a loose wan, loose and lazy and aisy, a five-shillin' hoor” (*By the Bog of Cats*, 1998: 67) that abandoned Hester when she was just a kid and for whom Hester is still lingering. Hester is forced by her previous life-companion Carthage Kilbride to leave the Bog of Cats and her daughter too due to the reckless life she was leading. Faced with the inevitable deprivation of her freedom and pressured to make a forced decision, Hester in revenge sets fire to Kilbride’s fields and cattle and kills her daughter in the hope of protecting her from a motherless-life as she-herself was carrying on. The lights on the stage go down on the suicide of Hester Swane following the loss of her daughter and metaphorically of her mother too. *By the Bog of Cat...* was first staged in 1998 in Dublin and in all its later production in America because of the violence and pathos in the words and performance of the actors, it originated some controversial opinions in the audiences for the themes were brutal and raw that it is only thank to the ‘mythical setting’ filtering those themes that the audience could have appreciated the play (Sihra, 2003). Also, Carr managed to create ‘a kind of uncertainty’ “as she takes the audience and the reader to a ghostly journey into the liminal realms of unreal and fantastic” (Martinovich, 2003) which would only establish her connection with the Greek and mythological legacy. In fact, it is little wonder that the heritage of Greek theatre and tragedy had already been paved by different playwrights in the Irish literary universe, where some of them wanted to deal with timeless and fundamental dilemma, from Seamus Heaney and his

Antigone in *The Burial at Thebe*¹ until crossing paths with Brendan Kennelly's version of Euripides' *Medea* (1991), as mentioned previously. These authors in fact had a tendency to readapt the classical stories and narratives occurring in the Greek tragedy to modern times and modern Ireland, remarking the immortal and undivided objective behind the tragedy. In these regards, Marina Carr suggests a version of *Medea* that is viscerally strong and extremely close to Irish reality. Carr raises important themes such as the social estrangement that the community of Irish Travellers still experiences in Ireland, or the difficulty of a mother in having to bring up her daughter at the mercy of a patriarchal society. Above all, for the unconventional times humanity is living nowadays (between one lockdown, after the other) plays like this one could only be identified more relatable to the mayhem it is taking place, focusing on the importance of mental health and the effects that abandonment can have on people.

Inevitably, the choice of tragedy-structure in itself tries to pay homage also to the original great Greek dramatists and the persona that they created. For example, Carr pays homage to the Greek tradition transposing the figure of Tiresias, the Greek blind seer "whose lack of vision is countered by the gift to divine truth (Wilmen&Dillon, 2015:129), with the enigmatic CatWoman, "a woman in her late fifties, stained a streaky brown from the bog, a coat of cat fur that reaches to the ground, studded with cats' eyes and cats' paws. She is blind and carries a stick" (BBOC, 1998: Act 1; S3). Therefore, the will of emulating the tragedy can be also symptomatic of the need to convey a certain emotional weight that must necessarily be addressed and in which everyone can find themselves through the tragedy-structure.

This concept looks back at what is at the core of the definition of Greek tragedy, respecting it in all its facets. As Aristotle laid the foundation for the definition of "tragedy" in his work 'Poetics', paraphrased as "an organic unity that emerges from the harmonious combination of melody, language, plot, character, thought, and spectacle" (Dedebas, 2013), he established those three main points for which a tragedy could be called as such: unity of time, place and theme². For this reason, "any successful tragedy makes us feel simultaneously that we have done with the situation and that

¹ A readaptation of Sophocles' tragedy, the *Antigone* (441 BC).

² In his 'Poetics', Aristotle discusses about how in the end the tragedy needed to be an 'harmonious' ensemble of things, in this regards all time, place and theme have to concur to create and harmony of intent (i.e. events happening in twenty-four hours, in the same place and linked by one theme only).

we are still desperately concerned with it” (Leech, 1969). In other words, the intrinsically universality of a certain feeling, either through the words of a script or with the interpretation of an actor, touches certain chords of soul making the emotion even more relatable. What is clearly possible throughout an interpretation of actors, is the chance “to look at the way tragedy affects its audiences and to present a link between spectators’ reactions” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). Therefore, the effectiveness of this link is embodied by the “discharge of emotional tensions or ventilation of feelings usually related to the notion of cathartic purification, and mental processes responsible for cognition resulting from these experiences” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). With *By the Bog of Cat...*, Carr aims to plunge the audience into “the world of Hester’s despair, to expose them to the most drastic psychic experiences (pathos) and, subsequently, to provoke them to try to analyse the situation as it was happening to the in first person” (Krzyżaniak, 2013). Inevitably the number of social aspects and issues that factor in the development of the narrative in the *By the Bog of Cats...* seems able to move audiences in a more faithful way so that the universality of them is fully understood and it would come easy to also being conveyed by the actors and, subsequently, by the translators as interpreters of emotions. “When watching an on-stage re-creation of emotions, theatrical audiences are not only allowed to deal with their own past and present emotional experiences but they are also frequently granted insight into the emotional areas that would otherwise be denied them” (Krzyżaniak, 2013).

Subsequently, the driving force behind such a tragedy and the emotions it wishes to communicate is determined by the words and the way they are conveyed. The peculiarity of *By the Bog Of Cats...* is the choice of language used by Marina Carr: in fact, Carr uses a ‘phonemic language’, where the same sound of the Midlands accent is retained and transcribed as it is pronounced, that could almost be ascribable to ‘eyes’ dialect’ (Brett, 2009), represents a paramount challenge for the viewer, the reader and the translator. Therefore, it seems cardinal for the purpose of this research to focus on the translation aspect of this drama, trying to understand how such a language can be translated into Italian and how these very same emotions can be conveyed.

1.3 Shifting between language and culture: from ST to TT

Firstly, it has to be established that the reading and the translation of theatre texts in Italy is still a very niche sector. In fact, according to statistics, 12.3% of the editorial content is represented by

novel readers compared to the small 7.4% of theatre readers³, a large proportion of average Italian readers prefer to immerse themselves in the words of a novel rather than imagining actors reading their parts in a script. In this regard, the aim of this research is precisely to understand how, by translating a script and then adapting it into a novel-style, the emotions conveyed by the actors with their physicality can be impactfully conveyed and transferred from mere words on a page.

By framing it, the definition of 'emotive translation', as a branch of literary translation where the attempt is to decode the emotions that are to be transferred, via an acute and targeted choice of words, has to be included to better understand the rest of this research. When dealing with a specific emotional drive, the aims of the author could be taken into account, in order to better fathom the direction where to the translator should proceed. In this regard, the 'emotive translation' relies on the translator abilities, charging him/her with the duty of decoding and interpreting the emotion traced in the Source Text (ST) then taking it into the target text. This would shift the focus of their work from content, to form, to emotion, or rather agree to shape the first two in favour of the latter, to arrive at a new idea of fidelity.

Since tragedy and emotional language are therefore linked by an inescapable red thread, the following will proceed by analysing the theatre translation of Marina Carr's *By the Bog of Cats...* and how the actors who interpreted the author's words in Source Language (SL) managed to express those emotions in interviews. Analysing the excerpts in the following chapter was pivotal to understand the weight of SL and TL words used and to be used, the emotive charge and expressiveness embodied within the text and see the potential nuances in which it could be rendered and, finally, the chances offered by Italian with its translation of such peculiar text. This will lay the foundation for the next steps, which will be to understand how much of an impact a novel adaptation and its very same words can serve as a medium to establish a connection with what the author wanted to suggest in the ST and what the adapted translation was able to reflect.

³ DATA FROM ISTAT IN 2019; <https://www.istat.it/it/files/2019/12/Report-Produzione-lettura-libri-2018.pdf>

2. Understanding the Midlands: *By the Bog of Cats* on Italian stages and its emotive translation for the stage

Marina Carr's *By the Bog of Cats...* (*BBOC*) was taken under scrutiny for this study to analyse the emotional baggage of this tragedy from Irish-English to Italian. It needs to be also taken into account before meandering into specific analysis that this play has never been put on scene on Italian stages and never translated yet into Italian. This, of course, concurred to establish the first glimpse to be given to this experimental approach. As such, translating *BBOC* is quite a task as many factors have to be taken into consideration when dealing with such a text. First of all, it is necessary to understand why this work, rather than others, was chosen for the analysis of this study. In the previous chapter it was clear that Marina Carr has always had a weakness for the structure of Greek tragedy and the homage she has always tried to pay to the great Greek playwrights with her modern reinterpretations of various tragedies, from *Hecuba* (2015) to *By the Bog of Cats...* (1998), intended as a reinterpretation of Euripides' *Medea*. This study wants to shed light on the emotive translation of theatre text and its perception into a language such as Italian that boasts an almost antithetical linguistic-cultural hummus if compared to the Irish-English idiomatic heritage per certain aspects. The challenge here is due to the dichotomy between the two languages. The Italian language and the Irish-English language represent two codes that could not only be linguistically different but also emotionally diverse. During the experiment of translating certain acts of *BBOC*, the difficulties that arose were both linguistic, conceptual and cultural, precisely because they reflected the differences between the two languages.

2.1 Linguistic milestones

Linguistically speaking, the factor that posed multiple challenges was the language used by Marina Carr in this tragedy. In this particular case, Marina Carr uses a specific intonation which is that of the Midlands. This intonation is not only important for the affective bond with the author as she was born in County Offaly (in the heart of Ireland) and therefore a regular listener of this idiom, but also relevant to the story and the setting in which it is narrated. Rendering this linguistic peculiarity in Italian would have alienated the text and made it almost incomprehensible for two reasons. First of all, a phonetic one: Irish English boasts a complexity of phonemes, diphthongs, triphthongs and hiatuses often resulting in many words written in the same way but pronounced differently, if not entirely different one another (Hickey, 1986). From this point of view, the peculiarity of *BBOC* was precisely that it was written not only according to the Anglophone phonetic rules but also using a

very peculiar Midlands's intonation where the spelling corresponded to its pronunciation ('auld' /old/; 'lave' /leave/; wan /one/ etc.). In this way, Italian, on the other hand, retains its unchanged phonetic sound, i.e. in Italian each letter is pronounced as it is written, that is to say it is a phonemic language. Recreating Carr's Irish-English linguistic idiosyncrasy in Italian would therefore have produced some more ambiguities and totally inconclusive effects for cultural reasons as well. Precisely because in Italian, there is a wide range of dialects, accents and intonations, and perhaps equating the Midlands accent or the phonetic writing used in the play with a dialect of one of the twenty-one regions of Italy could have created that linguistic equivalence but would have eradicated the cultural context of the work as for example happened in some plays from the famous Italian playwrights such as Eduardo De Filippo. In his case, the play *Natale in casa Cupiello* was set in the Lancashire where the English director Mike Stott came from, retitling the play *Ducking out* (Anderman, 2005:261).

Therefore, in order to fulfil this lacuna in the TT, a linguistic compromise was opted: slang spelling of words belonging to colloquialisms recognised throughout Italy were inserted, in this way the aura of informality of the ST could be maintained. Additionally, among the various methods used, it was opted to report some slang expressions transcribed or through commonly used abbreviations such as " 'sti"/ " 'sto" to mean respectively "questi/questo" [these/this], more common in spoken Italian and also in text messages or chats on social networks (Berruto, 2005), which would aligned the language with the modern turn of the play. Indeed, one could say that Marina Carr in her theatrical language resorts to a form of "eye dialect" or as in the words of George Philip Krapp, who coined the term:

A language used to depict characters who are poorly educated or semi-literate, where the convention violated is the one of the eyes not the ears.

Therefore, for this translation, the approach preferred could represent a compromise between the method of "bringing the reader to the text and the text to the reader" (Schleiermacher, 1838/1998). Since this is a tragedy imbued with Irish culturalisms and references, taking it totally out of its context would have done neither justice to the author nor to the story that was to be translated and thus narrated. Therefore, in order to "put everyone in agreement", from a toponymic, character and cultural reference point of view, it was tried to remain consistent with the ST. However, adjustments took place for specific characters, not only for cultural-linguistic purposes but also for discursive textual reasons. In this case, the protagonist Hester Swane has been translated as 'Hester Cygnus' because "Swane" in fact alludes to the word "swan"[cigno] (due to the way it is pronounced in the

Midland accents) to which the story refers from beginning to end. Being Hester ancestrally bound to a black swan (Black Wing [Piuma Nera]) from her birth and representing a dark omen once dead for her, leading to her death too, it has been rendered as "Cygnus" which is not only the Latin-scientific name of the animal ('cigno') but is also a reference to the constellation Cygnus observed in the Irish sky and imbued with mysticism also closely linked to gypsy and Irish traveller culture.

Another character whose name was as challenging to be adapted into Italian, trying to maintain all the nuances of meaning, both from a cultural and linguistic point of view, was the 'Ghost Fancier'. In order to try to understand both how to translate this character and how to maintain those universal cultural and linguistic nuances, it was necessary to take into consideration the setting of this tragedy. *BBOC* is set in a peculiar geographical and morphological space, both from a global and a national point of view. The bog is a geological environment only known in northern European countries, particularly the UK, Finland, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands and Ireland. Resembling a form of muddy topos, the bog in Ireland has always been instilled with mysticism, folklore and the occult (Gladwin, 2011). Bogland has a peculiar formation as it layers very slowly between one level of moss and one vegetation until it breaks down. Each layer reflects the moment it was formed. In Irish folklore, the bog is that liminal space between life and death, an earthly purgatory, a place haunted by ghosts and lost souls (Gladwin, 2011). As per ghosts, the figure of the Ghost Fancier is established. In the absence of such a cultural correspondence in Italian, it has been rendered as 'Mietitore Solitario' [Lonely Reaper]. This choice was made in an attempt to recreate the cultural-linguistic ambivalence of the two words: 'ghost' became 'reaper' because of its dual meaning from the beginning; the first in reference to the legend of the 'pookah', a sort of ghost who roamed the bog in search of subjects to whom it could put good or bad luck; and the second one the classic reference to Death, since he introduces himself as "I'm ghoulin' for a woman be the name of Hester Swane" (*BBOC, Act 1*). For such folkloric density, in Italian one could never have understood the reference to "pookah", therefore "reaper" was the most appropriate and well-orchestrated term among many. With regard to that "solitario" [lonely], reference is made to the fact that in the more semantic meaning, the word "fancier" alludes to a pseudo-loving sentiment, "solitario" assumes the melancholic aspect of love.

2.2 Rendering the emotional assortment on the stage translation

Undoubtedly a great percentage of the emotions is conveyed by actors and directors via their suggestions and technical advice. In this regard, when translating a theatre text, what a translator

could aim is trying to recreate the same context and the same background, compromising between what she/he has to save from the SL and what exactly has to render in the best ways into the TL and TT. As reported by Olwen Fouéré, who interpreted Hester Swane in the Patrick Mason production, first and foremost the Greek component and those universality of feelings had a specific weight within the interpretation of such characters and play:

You're dealing with very primal energies, this stuff of the myth [...] all those Greek mythic figures are classical archetypes and representing primal energy within us. [...] They are in our DNA.

What has been noticed during this experimental translation was the approach towards the emotions without actors and theatrical rendering in Italian. This happened because of lack of any sources of such Italian text: as previously mentioned, *By the Bog of Cats...* has never been translated into Italian up to now and never been put on stage. Therefore, trying to imagine what the actors might have felt or how they wanted to interpret or convey the words of the translator would have represented a mighty challenge. For this specific occasion this play carries an interesting assortment of emotive baggage that concur in marking the tone, the approach and the atmosphere of the translation itself and that it cannot be disregarded. From the very first lines of the translation of the script, one perceives how a latent anger and violence fuels Hester Swane. The scene of the Act 3, the one chosen for this project, opens with Hester setting fire to Carthage's farm and cattle as a sign of revenge for threatening her to take away their daughter Josie from her. Therefore, it needs to be taken into account that in this very rare and peculiar occasion, it is the translator's duty to filter those emotion and render them with the accuracy of word as relatable to the TA as possible. The translator him/herself is indeed part of the interpretation process, in terms of processing and interpreting a sign, a morpheme, an idiom and therefore shape it into what would seem to be the general understanding in the TL. Thus, to solve the emotional missing piece of the absence of actors and at the same time by giving them already some hints, in this experimental translation the emotions were retained by: (a) multiple rhetoric questions, where it was needed a great amount of scepticism or doubt or tense back and forth between two characters in a tense dialogue; (b) multiple metaphors, similes and comparisons among many poetic devices; (c) slang and idiomatism writings in specific sentences that would underline the tone, mood and approach to the scene; (d) the quick back and forth, where there was an often recalling of words early used by a certain character so as to recreate a consistency in the characterisation of the persona; (e) specific words like '*paparino*' [daddy] that mentioned or said

by Hester would have come out as scornfully and distressed due to the narration rather than if said by her daughter Josie, who was just referring to her 'daddy' and being her only seven, underlining the naiveté of childhood; (f) reporting suggestion of actions and theatrical attitudes suggested by the author in italics.

Source Text (ST)	Target Text (TT)
<p>Monica</p> <p>I know what it's like to wait for somewan who's never walkin' through the door again. But this waitin' is only a fancy of yours. Now I don't make out to know anythin' about the workin's of this world but I know this much, it don't yield aisy to mortal wishes. And maybe that's the way it has to be. You up on forty, Hester, and still dreamin' of storybook endin's, still whingin' for your mam.</p> <p>Hester</p> <p>I made a promise, Monica, a promise to meself a long while back. All them years I was in the Industrial School I swore to meself that wan day I'm comin' back to the Bog of Cats to wait for her there and I'm never lavin' again.</p>	<p>Monica</p> <p>Hester, so cosa significa stare lì ad aspettare invano quel qualcuno che non varcherà più quella porta. Questa attesa è solo una tua fantasia. Adesso non voglio farti credere di sapere come gira questo mondo ma questo è quello che so: non rifugiarti così facilmente nei desideri mortali. Forse è così che debba andare e basta. Ancora a quasi quarant'anni, Hester, e stai a sognare ad occhi aperti un lieto fine, ancora a piagnucolare per la tua mamma.</p> <p>Hester</p> <p>Ho fatto una promessa, Monica. Una promessa solo e soltanto a me stessa tanto tempo fa. Per tutti quegli anni che ero all'orfanotrofio, ho giurato a me stessa che un giorno sarei tornata alla Palude dei Gatti ad aspettarla qui e non me ne sarei più andata.</p>
<p>Hester</p> <p>Well, it's dusk now and long after and where are ya, Mr Ghost Fancier. I'm here waitin' for ya, though I've been tould to flee. Maybe you're not comin' after all, maybe I only imagined ya.</p>	<p>Hester</p> <p>Beh, il tramonto è giunto da un pezzo, caro il mio Mietitore Solitario. Ndo stai tu? T'aspetto, sto qui anche se mi vogliono fuori dai piedi. Forse non verrai nemmeno, magari mi sono immaginata tutto.</p>
<p>Hester</p> <p>Oh it's yourself, Xavier, with your auld gun. I was wonderin' when I'd see ya in your true colours.</p>	<p>Hester</p> <p>Toh guarda, Xavier Cassidy con la sua maledettissima pistola. Iniziavo a chiedermi quando ti avrei visto veramente per quello</p>

<p>Must've been an awful strain on ya behavin' so well all day.</p> <p>Xavier Ya burnt the bloody house to the ground.</p> <p>Hester Did ya really think I was goin' to have your daughter livin' there?</p> <p>Xavier Ya won't best me, Swane, ya know that. I ran your mother out of here and I'll run you too like a frightened hare.</p>	<p>che sei. Devi aver fatto uno sforzo terribile per comportarti così bene tutto il giorno!</p> <p>Xavier Hai ridotto in cenere quella maledettissima casa fino all'ultimo muro.</p> <p>Hester Pensi veramente che avrei permesso a tua figlia di viverci?</p> <p>Xavier Non riuscirai a sconfiggermi, Cygnus, lo sai questo, si? Ho cacciato fuori di qui tua madre e cacerò anche te fuori di qui come una lepre terrorizzata.</p>
<p>Xavier Aye, in all respects bar wan. He loves the land and like me he'd rather die than part with it wance he gets his greedy hands on it. With him Cassidy's farm'll be safe, the name'll be gone, but never the farm. And who's to say but maybe your little bastard and her offspring won't be farmin' my land in years to come.</p>	<p>Xavier Avoglia, soprattutto eccetto pe' na cosa. Ama le mie terre e come me morirebbe piuttosto che separarsi da una di loro una volta che metterà le sue avide manine su di loro. Con lui la fattoria Cassidy sarà salva, il nome svanirà ma almeno la fattoria rimarrà. E chissà, magari quella tua bastardina e la sua prole non coltiveranno nemmeno per sbaglio la mia terra in futuro.</p>
<p>Xavier (puts gun to her throat) Won't I now? Think ya'll outwit me with your tinker ways and –</p> <p>Hester Let go of me!</p> <p>Xavier</p>	<p>Xavier (le punta la pistola alla gola) Ah è così quindi? Pensi di essere più furba di me, con i tuoi modi zingari e-</p> <p>Hester Lasciami andare!</p>

(a tighter grip) Now let's see the leftovers of Carthage Kilbride.

Uses gun to look down her dress.

Hester

I'm warnin' ya, let go!

A struggle, a few blows, he wins this bout.

Xavier

Now are ya stronger than me? I could do what I wanted with ya right here and now and no wan would believe ya. Now what I'd really like to know is when are **ya plannin' on lavin'?**

Hester

What're ya goin' to do, Cassidy? Blow **me** head off?

Xavier

Ya see, I married me daughter today. Now I don't care for the whiny little rip that much, but she's all I've got, and I don't want Carthage changin' his mind after a while. So, when are **ya lavin', Swane?** When?

Hester

Ya think I'm afraid of you and your **auld** gun. **(Puts her mouth over the barrel.)G'wan** shoot! Blow me away! Save me the bother **meself.** **(Goes for the trigger.)** Ya want me to do it for **ya?**

Xavier

(l'afferra ancora più forte) Diamo un po' un'occhiata a cosa ha lasciato Carthage Kilbride qui.

Usa la pistola per sbirciare sotto il suo vestito)

Hester

Ti avverto, lasciami andare!

Qualche spintone, qualche strattonamento, lui vince questo incontro.

Xavier

Quindi sei più forte di me adesso, no? Potrei farci quello che voglio con te in questo stesso momento e nessuno ti crederà. Ora, quello che voglio veramente sapere è quando hai intenzione di andartene?

Hester

Cosa hai intenzione di fare, Cassidy? Farmi saltare la testa?

Xavier

Vedi, mia figlia si è sposata oggi. Vedi, non mi interessa nulla di questa pantomima, ma lei è tutto quello che mi è rimasto, e non vorrei che Carthage cambiasse idea dopo un po'. Quindi, quando è che te ne vai, **Cygnus?** Quando?

Hester

Pensi che ho paura di te e di questa tua vecchia pistola. *(Mette la canna della pistola nella sua bocca)* **Avanti,** spara! **Fammi fuori!** Risparmiami il peso di doverlo

<p><i>Another struggle, this time Xavier trying to get away from her.</i></p> <p>Xavier You're a dangerous witch, Swane.</p> <p>Hester <i>(laughs at him)</i> You're sweatin'. Always knew ya were yella to the bone. Don't worry, I'll be lavin' this place tonight, though not the way you or anywan else expects. Ya call me a witch, Cassidy? This is nothin', you just wait and see the real –</p>	<p>fare da sola. <i>(Mette le mani sul grilletto)</i> Vuoi che lo faccia io per te? <i>Un altro strattone, adesso Xavier cerca di liberarsi dalla sua stretta.</i></p> <p>Xavier Strega, vecchia megera pericolosa, Cygnus.</p> <p>Hester <i>(gli ride in faccia)</i> Stai sudando. Ho sempre saputo fossi un cagasotto. Non ti preoccupare, me ne andrò stanotte, ma non nel modo che vi aspettate. Mi dai della strega, Cassidy? Questo è nulla ancora, aspetta di vedere il vero-</p>
<p>Carthage And have the whole neighbourhood makin' a laughin' stock of me?</p> <p>Hester That's not why ya won't let me stay. You're ashamed of your part in me brother's death, aren't ya?</p> <p>Carthage I had no part in it!</p> <p>Hester You're afraid I'll tell everywan what ya done. I won't. I wouldn't ever, Carthage.</p> <p>Carthage I done nothin' except watch!</p> <p>Hester Ya helped me tie a stone around his waist!</p>	<p>Carthage E lasciare che l'intero vicinato si faccia zimbello di me?</p> <p>Hester Non è per questo motivo che non vuoi che rimango. Ti vergogni di aver preso parte all'omicidio di mio fratello vero?</p> <p>Carthage Non ho preso proprio parte a niente io!</p> <p>Hester Hai paura che vada a spifferare in giro quello che hai fatto. Non lo farò. Non potrei mai, Carthage.</p> <p>Carthage Io non ho fatto proprio nulla, se non guardare!</p>

<p>Carthage He was dead by then!</p> <p>Hester He wasn't! His pulse was still goin'!</p> <p>Carthage You're only sayin' that now to torture me! Why did ya do it, Hetty? We were doin' fine till then.</p>	<p>Hester Mi hai aiutato a legargli un macino alla vita!</p> <p>Carthage Era già morto!</p> <p>Hester Non esattamente! Aveva ancora un po' di battito!</p> <p>Carthage Mi stai dicendo questo solo per torturarmi adesso! Perché l'hai dovuto fare, Hetty? Stavamo così bene fino a quel momento.</p>
<p><i>Hester stands there alone, takes a drink, goes into the caravan, comes out with a knife. She tests it for sharpness, teases it across her throat, shivers.</i></p> <p>Hester Come on, ya done it aisy enough to another, now it's your own turn.</p>	<p><i>Hester rimane lì ferma, si fa un bicchierino, entra nella roulotte e ne esce con un coltello in mano) Vede quanto è affilato, ci scherza poggiandolo sulla gola, rabbrivisce.</i></p> <p>Hester Andiamo su, l'hai fatto già una volta su qualcuno, adesso è il tuo turno.</p>
<p>Hester You're just bein' contrary now. Don't ya want to be with your daddy and grow up big and lovely and full of advantages I have not the power to give ya?</p> <p>Josie Mam, I'd be watchin' for ya all the time 'long the Bog of Cats. I'd be hopin' and waitin' and prayin' for ya to return.</p> <p>Hester</p>	<p>Hester Stai solo facendo il bastian contrario adesso. Non vuoi stare con il tuo paparino e crescere e diventare una grande e bella bambina, piena di soldi, che io non potrò mai darti?</p> <p>Josie Ma, mi sono presa cura di te per tutto il tempo nella Palude dei Gatti. Ho sperato,</p>

<p>Don't be sayin' those things to me now.</p>	<p>aspettato e pregato che tu ritornassi sempre.</p> <p>Hester</p> <p>Non dirmi queste cose adesso, Josie.</p>
<p>Hester</p> <p>Oh, Catwoman, I knew somethin' terrible'd happen, I never thought it'd be this. (Continues this terrible sound, barely recognisable as something human.)</p> <p>Catwoman</p> <p>What have ya done, Hester? Have ya harmed yourself?</p> <p>Hester</p> <p>No, not meself and yes meself.</p> <p>Catwoman</p> <p><i>(comes over, feels around Hester, feels Josie)</i> Not Josie, Hester? Not Josie? Lord on high, Hester, not the child. I thought yourself, maybe, or Carthage, but never the child. <i>(Runs to the edge of the stage shouting.)</i> Help, somewan, help! Hester Swane's after butcherin' the child! Help!</p>	<p>Hester</p> <p>Oh, Donna Gatto, lo sapevo che qualcosa di terribile sarebbe successo. Ma non avrei mai pensato a questo. <i>(Continua con questo terribile lamento, a stento qualcosa di umano)</i></p> <p>Donna Gatto</p> <p>Che cosa hai combinato, Hester? Ti sei fatta male?</p> <p>Hester</p> <p>No, non ho fatto del male a me stessa, eppure è proprio a me stessa che ho fatto male.</p> <p>Donna Gatto</p> <p><i>(si avvicina, tocca alla cieca vicino Ester e sente Josie)</i> Non Josie, Hester? Non Josie? Per tutti i santi numi, Hester, non la bambina. Pensavo fossi tu, forse Carthage, ma mai la bambina. <i>(Corre verso il bordo del palco e urla)</i> Aiuto, qualcuno venga qui, aiuto! Hester Cygnus ha sgozzato sua figlia! Aiuto!</p>
<p>Hester</p> <p>Ya won't forget me now, Carthage, and when all of this is over or half remembered and you think</p>	<p>Hester</p> <p>Non ti dimenticherai di me adesso, Carthage. Quando tutto questo sarà finito</p>

you've almost forgotten me again, take a walk along the Bog of Cats and wait for a purlin' wind through your hair or a soft breath be your ear or a rustle behind ya. That'll be me and Josie **ghostin' ya.** *(She walks towards the Ghost Fancier.)* Take me away, take me away from here.

Fancier

Alright, **my lovely.**

They go into a death dance with the fishing knife, which ends plunged into Hester's heart. She falls to the ground. Exit Ghost Fancier with knife.

Hester

(whispers as she dies) **Mam – Mam –**

Monica goes over to her after a while.

Monica

Hester – She's gone – Hester – She's cut her heart out – **it's lyin' there on top of her chest like some dark feathered bird.**

one rimarrà solo un mezzo ricordo, penserai di avermi quasi perdonato di nuovo, farai una passeggiata nella Palude dei Gatti e quando soffierà un vento macabro tra i tuoi capelli o una soffice brezza sfiorerà le tue orecchie o sentirai un leggero fruscio dietro di te, saremo lì. Saremo io e Josie a **perseguitarti.** *(Cammina verso il Mietitore Solitario)* Portami via, portami via da qui.

Mietitore

Certamente, **bambola.**

Iniziano una danza mortale con il coltello da pesca che trafigge il cuore di Hester. Hester cade morta al suolo. Il Mietitore Solitario esce con il coltello.

Hester

(sussurra morente) **Ma! Ma!**

Monica le si avvicina dopo un po'.

Monica

Hester, è morta. Hester, si è strappata via il cuore. **Giace lì, sul suo petto come un cigno dalle piume nere.**

3. The interpreter of the drama: the emotional assortment conveyed into the novel adaptation

What can be perceived from the previous chapter as a fundamental characteristic of a theatre text/translation is “that it puts its characters directly in front of our eyes and ears. As a result, the play moves us more intensely. A living presence arouses stronger feelings than the mere image of a person” (Zink, 1958: 169-173). Since an actor on stage is thus supposed to act what Aristotle suggested in his definition of what a tragedy should be, that is to say the main effect is to trigger an emotion, the duty of the 'actor in the flesh' seems to be the need to render those emotions. However, to delve into this analysis it is preferable to exclude the great vitality of the actors as a medium between the words of the script/translated version and the audience. For the benefit of the experimental project, the main focus was how conveying and channelling certain emotions through just words and the literary genre of a novel can slip in to support the cause. In this regard, before analysing what the adaptation of *BBOC* looks like, it might be necessary to put under scrutiny what the novel as literary genre means for Italian readers and why specifically this genre was chosen to adapt this play.

First of all, following some research and statistics conducted by ISTAT (2019), it emerged that regardless of their efforts and interests, Italian readers seem to be more driven towards the novel genre as it is not only the most popular and widespread but it is also the most accessible in terms of price and closeness with the readership. The publishing and book market in Italy, according to recent surveys made also by Amazon (2020) concerning the best-selling books per genre on their platform, is still rather concentrated on the novel and narrative genre, which appeals to any age group. Therefore, the choice of adapting Marina Carr's play *BBOC* in the structure of a 'pseudo-novel' might seem reasonable, understanding the publishing market and book preferences, and thus preferring the accessibility to the plot of this tragedy in Italy.

As we have previously pointed out, *BBOC* was written employing the peculiar Midlands accent, which for linguistic and cultural reasons could not have been emulated into Italian. Therefore, as verified and analysed in the Italian translation of the previous chapter, those linguistic features have been equally identified into the adaptation and their emotional value semantically and morphologically translated into Italian. However, considering the remarkable importance of a tragedy such as Marina Carr's, which revolves around a modern narration of Euripides' *Medea*, Italy, Italians and Italian language seem to be not so foreign to adaptations and re-elaborations of this tragedy. In fact, evidence of such interest in the story of Medea is represented by multiple artists

such as PierPaolo Pasolini and his cinematic version of Euripides' *Medea* (1969) interpreted by Maria Callas, or a more recent proof as the novel by Claudia Mazzilli, *Io Sono Medea* (2021) to mention some, which for reinterpreting and dealing with current issues (from the migration crisis, to the gender gap and the position of women in the society and abortion) could be mirrored more closely in Marina Carr's Hester Swane/Medea.

While trying to adapt this story to the canons of the novel structure, it was possible to find certain 'emotional facets' which came to the surface in a more decisive manner, so that the narrative also could have benefitted them. When speaking of 'emotional facets', it would be appropriate to understand which emotions are referred to in this tragedy and therefore how they could have been conveyed throughout certain words or allusions which either enhance the meaning or exacerbate it. When understanding the play, it is clear how a mixture of emotions comes to the reader's and translator's eyes and ears. The anger and violence are those that stand out at first.

Violence and rage pervade the text and the characters: it is as if Hester's resentment continues to grow until it finds its maximum denouement in blatant acts such as loud quarrels, arsons and unexpected behaviour that change the course of the narrative, such as what happens with Xavier Cassidy and the gun (BBOC, 1998: 65-68). Hester's anger manifests itself in a number of ways and would seem to be the result not only of subjugation (as being an outsider, a single mother, an almost divorced woman, an abandoned daughter and an Irish Traveller) due to social and cultural conditions that exacerbate prejudice against her tinker blood but also to a personal retrospect from which she seems to have no escape except to die:

"The only way I'm lavin' this place is in a box and if it comes to that I'm not lavin' alone. I'll take yees all with me" (BBOC, 1998: 62).

Underlying this partly repressed and partly unleashed anger may represent Hester Swane's deep-rooted sense of perpetual nostalgia and melancholy. Being abandoned by her mother has thus triggered in her a rarefied feeling of persistent lingered position for a mother who will not return (Josie Swane), for a love who will not return (Carthage and her daughter Josie) and for a life that will never be the same. These same extreme feelings could only be exorcised in one way: death, suicide. Although some in the audience saw it as an act of total selfishness, Hester's matricide could also be interpreted as a gesture of unquestioning altruism towards her daughter. The killing could have meant that she also wanted to free her daughter from the shame and fate of being deprived of a

mother, something that Hester instead experienced and led to her ruin. This form of mercy stands out among the emotions in this tragedy, the will of a mother, of a woman, that is prevented by herself to impose herself against the yoke of destiny that seems to have always been imposed on her and of which she never really had control. The claustrophobia that dictated these feelings and emotions could also be largely due to the toponymic condition of the bog itself.

In fact, as stated by Gladwin “bogs are commonly referred to as liminal ‘no places’ that bridge the empirical with the mysterious” (Gladwin, 2001). The purgatorial bog suggests a transitional stage in which Hester finds herself, lingering between two worlds, “I feel I’ve been a ghost already” (BBOC, 1998). “Liminality was a relevant point of discussion as it was reflected also in the *mise-en-scene* of the drama where the ghost-like figures, the haunted and tormented characters, Hester, moved and took part to the innovative and inclusive scenario” (Martinovich, 2013). Accordingly, Hester's liminal condition would reflect the geographical condition where the scene comes to life and those unfortunate events take shape. It is precisely that liminality that distinguishes the Bog of Cats and determines the succession of events and inevitably the life choices of the characters. As if she could not escape her destiny, Hester also perceives that visceral connection to such a toxic place, so harmful for her future from which she cannot detach herself and in which she will end her life remaining eternal in time: in that bog where she cocooned since her birth.

3.1 Recreating emotions: linguistic milestones

Trying to recreate this emotional assortment in the novel transposition means resorting to linguistic devices that clearly belong to the narrative genre, such as multiple compound sentences, complex phrasal structures and abundance of rhetorical figures. Although in its entirety the adaptation of the translated tragedy can almost be seen as part of the tragedy itself, as likely to take some features of a theatrical monologue, it is clear that the two genres differ thanks to diverse traits that managed to include it into the prose structure. One of those traits is the first-person narrating: although it occurs in monologues and soliloquies too, in this adaptation it does not refer to a listener who is directly or indirectly mentioned in the scene. Moreover, despite the psychological analysis of the character that is carried out and that could therefore unite the two genres (as being the introspective analysis another paramount feature of the drama monologue), in the adaptation linguistic-grammatical expedients are employed to make the discovery of the character's inner personality almost external, since there is no revelation that the audience did not already know except at the crucial moment of the final climax where the matricide and suicide take place. This in

practice took place by employing reflexives pronouns in Italian such as 'mi vidi' [lit. I saw myself] that would develop a sense of detachment and also via the usage of recurring fixed-expression as incipit of every chapter/scene of the Act 3, such as 'ricordo bene cosa accadde quella notte' [lit. I remember well what happened that night]. In this way the audience allegedly knew to expect something from the story. Therefore, in this adaptation, all the emotional baggage that distinguished the Italian translation of the Irish text, had to be matched and transferred in the most adequate way possible. What the 'emotive translation' was able to render in Italian was preliminary for the drafting of the adaptation. In fact, while referring to the words, the tones, the rhetorical figures and devices used in the translation and all the other expedients that contributed to shape the characters' actions, while matching those features with the fictional narration of the very same words mirrored in the new text, was the main goal in order to recreate the same aforementioned emotions that marked the tragedy.

Understandably, what happens when switching from one literary genre to another is the change of syntactic and morphological structure. In order to try to make the emotions that transpired in the translation and the original version as evident as possible, first of all the text underwent a radical change as it is a result of a rather free translation of the exact TT. As such, multiple syntactical and period structures changes took place. Clearly, the presence of longer, more complex, more articulated and intertwined sentences helped to create that rarefied atmosphere and stream-of-consciousness of storytelling that made the narrative unravel in a different way. With regard to the narration itself, it was decided to proceed with the narrator in first-singular person to seemingly make the emotions more truthful. Hester narrates the events that happened to her with a distant gaze and approach, as if she were jumping back to past events, which would support that detachment due to the liminality of the landscape and inevitably due to the inauspicious circumstances that occurred to her. Hence, this stylistic choice would have represented a paramount opportunity to mirroring the outsider condition that she had always experienced as a Traveller, but mostly as a woman in such patriarchal society.

In order to shed some light and relate the analysis to a more concrete and tangent discussion, I would report some of the adaptation's 'chapters' (whose denomination was put in order to create an opposite correspondent with the 'Scenes' in the script) according to the most relevant findings that stand out and that were employed to convey and transpose the 'tragic' assortment.

3.2 Capitolo 3: unveiling the disquiet of Hester's emotions and her tragic actions.

The Irish ST analysed was a continuum of action that took place in sequence, all belonging to the last Act of the tragedy. In the adaptation, for stylistic and aesthetic reason, the division into chapters took place, all renamed 'Capitolo 3' [Chapter 3] wanting to underline in such way the uniqueness of each one and their wholeness at the same time.

The first 'Capitolo 3' pioneered among the techniques employed to convey Hester's sentiment. Linguistically this translates with the use of the 'passato remoto', 'passato prossimo' or 'imperfetto', which in Italian have the task of placing the actions in a space and a time, prior to when the narration takes place. However, it is with through the repetitions (or anaphorae) of the verb "ricordare" [to remember], often at the first singular person 'ricordo' (as at line 2 or 18) and in the simple present tense form, that it was possible to establish that detachment that distinguishes Hester in the narration. Unlike the ST in Irish-English where, both to underline the character's characterisation and seemingly establish the rural setting where the register mirrored the illiterate yet profound scenario of words and actions that took place, in the adaptation it was as impossible as in the translated text into Italian to recreate that legitimacy of social strata for the benefit of audience understanding. Thus, the tone is slightly higher than in the original, element that could however enhance the emotions that Hester is trying to remember and communicate. Yet many cultural references needed to be underlined and put into context, especially in such narrative turn. Unveiling the several layers behind the history of the different groups within the Irish Travellers ethnic group could have been not as fruitful for the benefit of the TT and its adaptation as in the Italian culture the concept behind Irish Travellers/Gypsy/Tinkers/Rom/Romani unfortunately does not undergo such distinction as most time the words 'zingaro' or 'rom' sum all them up.

However, in order not to lose the characterization of such personage as Hester, some references to her 'background' were maintained, if anything they almost were exacerbated to match the level of emotive disquiet that they would have caused her within the text. For example, cultural (almost pop) references such as the stereotypical identification of tinkers as thieves of copper were intensified by the rhetoric question at line 9 where Hester refers to her own burndown house built on 'miscela di sbagli abusivi, calcestruzzo e rame rubato [lit. a mix of illegal mistakes, stolen concrete and copper]. Or again, the reference to her liminal condition due to society prejudices over Travellers community (Fanning, 2002), was still very underlined (line 10 'Come le brave zingare, costretta a vivere ai margini di una torbiera dimenticata da Dio' [lit. As a good tinker that I am, forced to live at the edges of a godforsaken bog]); or from line 40 to 42 where all her resentment, towards

this social stigma is still disrupting her to live a proper life as if even the memory would be affected by that thought, exemplified by the use of exaggerative formulas such as the sentence ‘come se la nostra vita valesse meno, come se per evitare che rubassimo qualcosa fosse meglio soddisfare quei primari bisogni, logorati da un pregiudizio inesistente’ [as if our lives worth less, as if to avoid being robbed of something it would have been better to satisfy our primal needs, consumed as they were of a non-existing prejudice]; and as a last example, the recalling to the popular imagination of the mystic and enigmatic figures of a gypsy, fortune-tellers (Ni Fhloinn, 2015:146), which concur to establish the magical and occult culture of this ethnic groups, could comply to underline that characterisation already present in the tragedy and outlined by Marina Carr, yet heightened in the Italian language (at line 52-53 ‘simbioticamente e probabilmente perseguitata da una maledizione, magia nera, sortilegi e fatture’ [symbiotically and probably haunted by a course, by dark magic, by dark sorcery and dark hexes]).

1	Capitolo 3
2	Ricordo poco di quella notte. Ricordo che rimasi seduta sugli scalini della mia roulotte,
3	mentre assistevo allo spettacolo infernale di fuoco e fiamme, mentre sorseggiavo del vino
4	rubato al matrimonio, accendendomi un sigaro e sentendo le grida di preoccupazione in
5	sottofondo di Monica Murray, alla vista dell’ovvio spettacolo acheronteo che le si stagliava
6	di fronte. Vedevo Monica Murray urlare, confusa e disorientata dinanzi il mio placido
7	disinteresse, e inveire contro un Dio inesistente, da nomade quale fossi . Mi ricordo che
8	iniziai a chiedermi a che serviva una casa dopotutto? Ma soprattutto a cosa serviva una tale
9	casa, frutto architettonico di una miscela di sbagli abusivi, calcestruzzo e rame rubato . Come
10	le brave zingare, costretta a vivere ai margini di una torbiera dimenticata da Dio , schiava
11	del giogo economico di un aguzzino, viscido e manipolatore, circondata di una bontà d’animo
12	di donna, avvinazzata come poche in quel momento, offrii calici trabordanti a quella
13	speranzosa e incosciente anima pia di Monica Murray che a stento si reggeva in piedi. La
14	sentivo che blaterava desideri di fuga verso un giardino dell’Eden intramettendo quanti più
15	chilometri possibili tra lei e la dannatissima Palude dei Gatti. Quella stessa Palude per cui io
16	stessa, Hester Cygnus, per l’ultima volta sette anni fa, non credetti più in nessun Paradiso.
17	Con lo sguardo incuriosito e addolcito dall’ebbrezza del momento, ricordo che scorsi una
18	confusione sovrana sulla faccia di Monica Murray. Ricordo che le raccontai come per me, mia
19	madre, la grande Josie Cygnus fosse ancora nell’aria. Lei, ad avermi rivolto un ultimo sguardo

20 di sbieco e sinistro, m'aveva abbandonata al limitare dell'infanzia, lì proprio davanti la stessa
21 roulotte dove rimasi seduta pochi attimi quella dannata notte. Come se il tempo si fosse
22 fermato e con esso il terribile stato mentale in cui versavo. Quell'attesa straziante a cui
23 volevo porre fine, quell'incontro che se mai fosse accaduto, avrebbe messo a tacere ogni mio
24 scetticismo e rivendicato la mia posizione di donna matura, **non più nomade. Di donna**
25 **cosciente, non più nomade. Di donna vissuta e che aveva trovato un posto finalmente in**
26 **quel maledettissimo mondo, non più nomade.** A quelle parole Monica Murray rimase quasi
27 stizzita. Lei aveva conosciuto Josie Cygnus. L'aveva conosciuta bene, un ammasso di
28 menzogne e calunnie di donna, mendace come la luna e devastante come umide torbiera in
29 fiamme, che spesso appiccava lei stessa. **Si palesava con quella sua chioma corvina e quei**
30 **suoi occhi ammalianti,** avanzando leggiadra come **un cigno nero** nella torbiera e **stregando**
31 tutti coloro incappassero in lei. Di una bellezza eterea quasi di un altro mondo e forse lo era
32 anche. Una creatura mistica dalla voce angelica, una sirena che richiamava a sé tutti gli
33 abitanti della torbiera a raccolta, a venerarla e ossequiarla. Non c'era evento nella torbiera
34 che potesse accadere senza Josie Cygnus e con quelle sue canzoni angeliche e divine. Ma per
35 quanto celestiali ed eteree potessero essere quelle nostre apparizioni canore, ricordo ancora
36 come nel fiore della giovinezza quella gentaglia fosse solo interessata alla voce di mia madre.
37 **Ricordo i loro sguardi disgustati** alla vista dei nostri corpi da straccione. **Non si degnavano**
38 **nemmeno di offrirci del cibo,** di renderci partecipi della giovialità e calore di festeggiamenti
39 vari: sole lì, **abbandonate da una comunità che spremeva le corde vocali della vecchia Josie**
40 **Cygnus in cambio di quattro spiccioli contati e cibo andato a male, come se la nostra vita**
41 **valesse meno, come se per evitare che rubassimo qualcosa fosse meglio soddisfare quei**
42 **primari bisogni, logorati da un pregiudizio inesistente.** Dopotutto il **sangue zingaro** non
43 mente. Ricordo come mi bruciasse ancora sulla pelle, dopo anni, quello stigma sociale. Gli
44 sguardi riluttanti e tracotanti di diffidenza non sembravano aver mai sfiorato però Josie
45 Cygnus, per cui ogni occasione era buona per andare subito a scialacquare quei soldi in birra
46 e sigari, lasciandomi in attesa di un'avvinazzata Josie Cygnus su quegli scalini, nella speranza
47 di un ritorno che non sarebbe mai avvenuto. **Covavo** quel desiderio intrinseco, di quelli che
48 portano al logoramento mentale nella ricerca di risposte a domande assillanti e martellanti
49 in cui rifugiarsi per fuggire a una realtà che senso non ha. Avevo speso quarant'anni a
50 piangere per una madre che non sarebbe tornata: ingenua, credevo nelle storie a lieto fine,

51	ferrea nelle mie promesse, legata com'ero alla Palude dei Gatti simbioticamente e
52	probabilmente perseguitata da una maledizione, magia nera, sortilegi e fatture che mi
53	pervasero , si impossessarono di me e non riuscirono essere esorcizzate.

The vicissitudes of the tragedy take place in a single day. It would almost seem that this approach may endeavour the readers to feel more involved, as if they were in fact spectators along with Hester of her own actions in action. The syntactic structures would make it possible to transfer the level of disquiet to potentially move certain chords even in the reader himself, understanding how the same character is in the grip of his own emotions and thus reinstating the concept of lack of control over own destiny: adaptation Hester, precisely because of the external-narrator voice, succumbs to her own emotions, remembering what they made her do and to which obscenities they forced her. Specifically in another part of the adaptation, where Carthage and Hester have that heart-to-heart conversation, the reflexive structure and the position of verbs that allude to an external narration seemed to underline that specific alienation.

1	Ricordo poco di quella notte da dannata in cui ho segnato il mio destino. Ricordo i suoi occhi,
2	quelli di Carthage, furibondi, indemoniati e i suoi versi ovattati che rammentavano urla e
3	strepiti di rimproveri per aver incendiato di proposito il bestiame, le fattorie, la casa come se
4	avessi voluto imporgli un giudizio divino, io divinità indiscussa con le vite e i beni altrui. Il suo
5	astio non mi tangeva, almeno non quello nei miei confronti, temetti che però mi volesse
6	portare via il mio cuore, la mia piccola bambina, nostra figlia. Quella stessa primogenita per
7	cui giurò di sposarmi. Aveva fatto delle promesse Carthage. Con il mio cuore in balia di
8	quell'affetto, io l'assecondai. Mi trasferii in una casa, con mura e un bel salottino curato,
9	come le persone normali diceva. Io volevo solo rimanere nella Palude dei Gatti a cui ero
10	visceralmente legata e mi accasciai su questa idea di normalità che aveva voluto
11	indottrinarmi, io che non normale non fui mai. Ricordo come quella notte tra le fiamme lo
12	pregai di farmi restare nella roulotte, pur di rimanere con nostra figlia. Queste mie parole
13	divennero solo benzina sul fuoco sulle sue intenzioni in quello scenario infernale di campi in
14	fiamme e la nostra casa ridotta in brandelli, io con il mio vestito da sposa incenerito, rigettata
15	come un organo sbagliato da questa vita, dalla nostra vita insieme. Ma più mi accorsi di
16	osservarlo mentre lo vedevo dimenarsi tra scuse poco plausibili, in me iniziò a stagliarsi

17 quell'idea per cui lui, codardo come pochi, non volesse che io fossi rimasta a causa dell'onta
18 in cui lo costringevo a vivere ogni giorno. Quella era l'infamia che si portava dietro dopo
19 l'omicidio che entrambi mettemmo in atto, sgozzando la gola, lì in bella mostra di mio fratello
20 Joseph Cygnus e gettando il suo corpo morente nel lago con quel macigno legato alla vita e
21 di conseguenza portandoci un macigno dietro noi per tutta la vita. Quella notte più di tante
22 altre, ricordo che ripensammo entrambi molto a quell'omicidio, considerando quanto
23 Carthage non si capacitasse ancora di averlo compiuto dopo molteplici anni. **Disse che era**
24 **rimasto lì a guardare**, spettatore di una tragedia. **Disse** che era da quel momento che tutto
25 aveva iniziato ad andare a rotoli, che stavamo bene fino ad allora, che forse eravamo anche
26 felici. Io sapevo di non esserlo mai stata. Né con lui né con nessun altro, perché l'unica
27 persona a cui avrei voluto schiaffare in faccia la mia felicità non era lì e io l'aspettavo da così
28 troppo tempo, che avevo anche iniziato a non volerne più sapere. Immaginarla che si godesse
29 la vita lì con mio fratello, mio padre; un'altra vita diversa da quei pochi anni insieme, mi
30 devastò. Fu quella fitta lancinante al cuore che mi portò a finire il lavoro, quello sporco
31 lavoro. Mi ero sentita trafitta, arpionata, moribonda, errando tra due vite, una terrena e una
32 ultraterrena come se non appartenessi a nessuna di queste due senza di lei. Come avrei mai
33 potuto fare parte di quella sua vita? Il suo sguardo inebetito fu la dimostrazione di quanto
34 distanti le nostre menti fossero come due linee parallele destinate a non incontrarsi mai. Il
35 senso di colpa lo mangiava vivo, **lui come** una fenice rinata dalle ceneri di mio fratello; **lui**
36 creatosi dal nulla **con i soldi e il sudore rubati a un morto; lui che quando mi guardava,**
37 **vedeva** solo Joseph Cygnus precipitare a picco nel Bergit's Lake una volta e ancora un'altra
38 volta. Pensava che facendomi fuori, potesse esorcizzare e **redimere** la tua sporca anima:
39 quanta ingenuità nei suoi pensieri. Non avrebbe mai potuto essere così. **Io rimarrò impressa**
40 nei suoi ricordi, quando tutto questo **sarà** finito, incastonata nella sua memoria, nelle mura
41 di quella casa vuota e **sterile** che condividerà con Caroline Cassidy. Mi reclinò il mio voler
42 affogare i problemi nel whiskey, il mio scappare via nel cuore della notte sbattendo la porta
43 sul retro della prigione in cui mi aveva costretta alla normalità, senza mai chiedersi che forse
44 avevo solo bisogno di qualcuno che mi capisse. **Qualcuno** che condividesse con me il tratto
45 fatiscente della mia vita, del mio errare nella torbiera. **Qualcuno** che portasse con me lo
46 stesso peso, lo stesso **ardello**, sulle spalle. La sua faccia, **attonita, millantava** come in realtà
47 non ci fossimo mai capiti, quasi come la reale vittima di questi reati mortali fosse solo lui nel

48	non averne azzeccata nemmeno una. E forse era così, perché quel suo navigare in ostinazione
49	e testardaggine come l'incedere ossessivo di un mulo , non gli aveva nemmeno fatto pensare
50	quanto mi sentissi giudicata da parte sua e come io di mio infierivo fustigandomi il doppio
51	con lo scudiscio del mio giudizio . Irato e orgoglioso delle sue scelte a quelle mie parole,
52	quella notte, decise di portarmi via Josie definitivamente, come un Dio avverso e categorico
53	che delibera sulla sorte dei poveri comuni mortali.

The manifest resent that Hester feels towards Carthage along with the anger and indignation are the crucial emotions in this part of the Act. In order to recreate those emotions, verbs and words whose tone and importance needed to be amplified were chosen: words like 'mi accasciai' [lit. I collapsed/became discouraged] or 'attonita' [astonished] or again 'millantava' [lit. bragged about] were chosen in Italian rather than their 'colloquial' equivalents to create that stylistic footprint and underline the degree of the emotion as if it would make it more impactful. The indifference through which Hester seemed to have lived and experienced her life and vicissitudes with Carthage needed to be emphasised to better understand her actions and rarefied hopeless condition she was referring. In fact, when she mentioned how Carthage forced her into that social life ('Ya wanted me to see how normal people lived' (BBOC, Act 3:69)), this concept could have been rendered into Italian through the single expressions such as 'volevo' [I wanted]. This would help implying the desire in wanting to do something yet prevented to achieve it due to the hurricane of emotions and feelings (and promises made by Carthage about their lives). It was also paramount finding a compromise between the characterisation in the adaptation with the one of the script versions (ST&TT) and therefore to comply to this task, it seemed reasonable relying on some indirect reporting speech: repeated verbs or expressions such as 'disse' [lit. he said] or 'lui che/ lui che quando mi guardava' [lit. him who/ him that when he used to look at me] concurred to create that distressing and persistent rhythm of narration where remembering was also part of the pain. This very traumatic disposition which would slightly merge with a subtle jealousy regarding the tenor of life she never experienced and that Carthage almost forced her into it, could be conveyed via the occasional reference to a hopeless future with the usage of verbs at future tenses and adjectives that allude to eternity such as 'rimarrò impressa' [lit. I will be engraved] or 'quando tutto questo sarà finito' [lit. when all of this will be over].

Lastly, in this fragment, a great implementation of figurative speech was needed. This was because of the nature of the novel as a literary genre per se, where emotions need to be supported by words to stimulate reader's imagination and made them part of the action (which happens differently in the script because of actors' intervention). Many metaphors, similes and imaginative reference were employed as part of the storytelling process to support the sentiment Hester was experiencing, from the sense of belonging to the inner judgemental disposition towards herself: 'rigettata come un organo sbagliato da questa vita, dalla nostra vita insieme' [lit. like the wrong organ, rejected from this life, from our life] or 'fustigandomi il doppio con lo scudiscio del mio giudizio' [lit. scourging me twice with the lash of my judgement]. Expressions like those could sound alien to an English speaker as their literal translation would not render them justice in the metaphorical way or even in the word-play manner as in Italian.

One could almost speak of a metaphor within a metaphor. Specifically in the other scene where the subtle rape takes place, it was crucial to avail of multiple metaphors and figurative speech to serve the purpose of the description of such a brutal and raw scene and its relevant connected feelings. In fact, Hester's hostility and inward aggression is displayed when she is threatened to leave the bog by Xavier: he forces Hester to give up waiting and abandon the bog by defaming Big Josie, "We often breathed the same air, me and Josie Swane, she was a loose wan, loose and lazy and aisy, a five-shillin' hoor" (BBOC, 1998: Act3 p.66), and he dehumanises Hester as referring to her as a 'piece of meat', "Now let's see the leftovers of Carthage Kilbride" (BBOC, 1998: 68). As noticed by Ozbey in '*A psychological autopsy of Hester Swane in Marina Carr's By the Bog of Cats...*' (2018), "this sense of aggression has destructive consequences in different forms. When he attempts to rape Hester and puts a gun to her throat (Act 3: 67), she becomes more outrageous and violent". In these regards, the violence takes a different turn, an unexpected one, when "she directs her destructive impulses to herself and attempts to harm herself which hints that Hester's violence has no limits" (2018):

"Ya think I'm afraid of you and your auld gun. (*Puts her mouth over the barrel.*) G'wan shoot! Blow me away! Save me the bother meself. (*Goes for the trigger.*) Ya want me to do it for ya?" (Act 3 : 67).

When it came to the adaptation of this specific scene, this anger and rage were depicted through multiple figurative speech such as the personification of the gun barrel that in the ST is clearly handled by Xavier Cassidy ("*Uses the gun to look down her dress*") (Act 3: 67)), whereas in the adaptation it seemed to have its own vigour, "La canna di quella pistola setacciò la mia pelle, i miei

pori, sbirciò sotto al mio vestito, prepotentemente come se si sentisse libera” [lit. the gun barrel sifted my skin, my pores and started peeking fiercely under my dress as if it had the free permission]. Similes were employed too, in order to establish a more figurative and imaginative scenario, especially when comparing Xavier Cassidy to a feline, aiming at its prey and ready to attack it, “circospetto come un felino che aggira la propria preda prima di saltarle alla gola” [lit. like a ravenous cat circling its prey before attacking it], or when referring to hunting hares which in Anglo-Irish cultural heritage often embodied a death omen thus to be chased out (Thrupp, 1867: 162-167), “con quella consapevolezza pomposa di chi ha stanato tutte le lepri possibili e col terrore nei loro occhi le ha cacciate via fino al loro ultimo respiro” [lit. with that arrogant awareness of who drove all the hares out and with their eyes full of fear he hunted them down until their last breath]. Hence, to underline the machismo of Xavier’s character that fuelled the infuriating rage from Hester side while he kept branding her with names such as ‘dangerous witch’, ‘tinker tongue’, ‘lunatic’, ‘mind unhinged’ or entirely referring to the old practice of burning witches at the stake (“A hundred year ago we'd strap ya to a stake and roast ya till your guts exploded” (BBOC, 1998: Act 3: 68)), it was solved by using a closing sentences even in the adaptation that would relate the entire scene/paragraph to those allusions: “come tutti gli uomini che temono gli spiriti irrequieti, noi streghe, vecchie fattucchiere” [lit. as all those men who fear outspoken souls, us, women, old witches and sorceresses].

1 Ricordo poco di quella notte prima che sentissi il gelido tocco del coltello che **lambiva** la mia
2 gola. C'era Josie, la mia piccola bambina. La ricordo che voleva tornare a godersi la festa,
3 nella totale felicità infantile che solo la giovinezza sapeva regalare. Ricordo che avevo un
4 pezzo di torta nuziale in mano, **lo zucchero del nemico**, mica male. La guardai allontanarsi,
5 con un nodo alla gola che rendeva tutto più difficile. Ricordo la sensazione di assuefazione
6 totale per la **latente** nostalgia di qualcosa di non ancora accaduto, ma non sentii il sottile
7 sibilo di vento e la presenza iraconda e ubriaca di Xavier Cassidy **annidato** nell'ombra con
8 una pistola in mano. Lo sentii chiedermi con quel suo fare viscido se mi stessi godendo il
9 dolce, quasi non vedesse l'ora di vedermi soffocare con la torta nuziale di sua figlia. Lo vidi
10 guardarsi intorno **circospetto come un felino che aggira la propria preda prima di saltarle**
11 **alla gola**: guardava le mura che avevo ridotto in cenere e sogghignava come se non gliene
12 importasse nulla, **con quella consapevolezza pomposa di chi ha stanato tutte le lepri**
13 **possibili e col terrore nei loro occhi le ha cacciate via fino al loro ultimo respiro**. Gli sentivo
14 dire che mi voleva fuori dai piedi, da casa sua, dai suoi terreni, ma non stava a lui prendere
15 decisioni sulla mia vita, schiacciarmi sotto il giogo della sua dominazione. No. Avrebbero
16 dovuto essere affari miei e di Carthage. Quello sciocco e talmente ingenuotto, padre di mia
17 figlia, perfino Xavier Cassidy aveva una scarsa e terribilmente bassa opinione di lui dopo
18 avergli affidato le sue fattorie. Tanto riluttante quanto speranzoso che Carthage difendesse
19 a costo della vita quell'accozzaglia di terriccio e detriti, Xavier Cassidy voleva solo perpetrare
20 la sua perenne scalata sociale, trascinando con sé perfino Carthage e plasmandolo a sua
21 immagine e somiglianza, sebbene lo trattasse come il migliore dei tirapiedi. Lo percepivo
22 nell'aria che si stava prendendo tutto quello che era mio. Con quella sua arroganza lo ascoltai
23 fare riferimento a Josie, 'quella tua bastardina', nella sua vita e l'idea del mio più caro tesoro
24 nelle mani di un così viscido individuo, mi fece rabbrivire. Ricordo di una storia vecchia
25 quanto il mondo di come Xavier Cassidy costrinse suo figlio a morire, ragazzino troppo poco
26 coraggioso e intraprendente per gli standard del padre. È in questi contesti che non seppi
27 mai **discernere l'uomo dalla bestia**: Xavier Cassidy aveva immerso il cane nella stricnina,
28 giocando a fare il Dio con la vita di altri esseri viventi, conscio che il figlio non avrebbe fatto
29 altro che abbracciare il corpo morente e ancora caldo dell'animale e che di contro avrebbe
30 suggellato la sua condanna a morte. Xavier Cassidy si nascondeva dietro il mistero di un
31 omicidio accidentale che **la nebbia della torbiera custodiva gelosamente**. Come anche tutti

32	i miei segreti che la Palude dei Gatti aveva udito, visto e responsabilmente mai rivelato per
33	me e i miei demoni. Ricordo di sentire la mia bocca pronunciare parole di misericordia, di
34	come capissi il dolore e l'onta che attanagliasse l'animo di Xavier Cassidy. Lo conoscevo quel
35	dolore, era anche il mio. Ricordo come cercò sempre di sviare, trascendendo in becere
36	allusioni a quanto fossi squaldrina e spossata come mia madre. Io, che di lei non ebbi mai
37	un'altissima considerazione. Anzi se non altro, il livore e la rabbia che provavo nei suoi
38	confronti colmavano a tappo l'oltre della mia esistenza . C'è stato un momento in cui la
39	odiavo, la detestavo, le auguravo il peggio, eppure in un breve attimo della mia mortale vita,
40	l'ho saputa anche perdonare. Seppi distaccarmi da tutta quella meschinità e infamia di cui
41	mi nutrivò ogni qual volta pensassi all'odio e il rammarico che provavo verso quella donna.
42	La mia opinione era ormai vuota. Mi sentii svuotata di ogni emozione quando pensavo a lei.
43	La vacuità dei miei occhi si riversò nelle mie parole, parole che per Xavier Cassidy furono
44	provocazioni scagliate nel cuore della sua mascolinità. Quello che ricordo ne seguì dopo fu
45	infatti l'inevitabile conseguenza delle mie azioni, totalmente coscienti. Impercettibilmente
46	intravidi la canna della pistola e la mia gola troppo vicine l'una all'altra. Me la sentii puntata
47	all'ugola, ma io ero più forte. Mi sentii apostrofare come zingara , come se la mia cultura
48	valesse solo il pregiudizio di mentalità bigotte nel tempo, ma io ero più forte. Vidi il mio
49	corpo divincolarsi e la pressione sulla mia ugola farsi sempre più insistente, per poi seguire
50	la linea del mio vestito. Io ero più forte.
51	La canna di quella pistola setacciò la mia pelle , i miei pori, sbirciò sotto al mio vestito,
52	prepotentemente come se si sentisse libera di poter fare "qualsiasi cosa con gli avanzi lasciati
53	da Carthage" di questo mio corpo in balia di desideri altrui. Io ero più forte. Delle sue parole,
54	del letame di bugie con cui riempì la mia mente. "Potrei farci quello che voglio con te ora e
55	nessuno ti crederà", mi aveva detto mentre mi minacciò di volermi fuori dai piedi. Ma io ero
56	più forte. Sono sempre stata costretta ad esserlo. Ricordo che agguantai anche io la pistola
57	e la ridirezionai di nuovo sulla mia ugola, pressando ancora di più e intrecciando le mie dita
58	alle sue sul grilletto, sperando quasi che realmente la facesse finita. La facessi finita. Voleva
59	che me ne andassi e per dispetto mi infilai la canna della pistola in bocca e lo intimai di
60	sparare. Xavier Cassidy era privo di spina dorsale alcuna, come tutti gli uomini che temono
61	gli spiriti irrequieti, noi streghe, vecchie fattucchiere .

The last scene of the third act of *BBOC* adaptation, as much as the ST, was the most moving and emotional. In this last scene the climax of the tragedy took place: abandoned to her emotions, Hester started considering suicide when young Josie Swane interrupted her. After a very animated conversation, to save her daughter from a motherless life, Hester slaughtered her and once conscious of her action took her life too. In the storytelling style text, those dramatic and cathartic, yet extremely ‘pathetic’ moments needed to be mirrored with the same emotional assortment employed on stage by the actors through their tone, voice modulation and physicality. It seemed that in this last scene all the main features explained previously and employed in the whole text were reported and rendered in a calmer way at first. In other words, it was opted to reduce the dynamism of the staged scene in favour of a more loosen and mitigated manner in order to experience every single word on the reader mind and skin. To transfer this mitigated and obstructed feeling in the story telling, several verbs bringing the meaning of slowness and faded memory were employed, resorting to some onomatopoeias and similes such as the sentence ‘centellinava il suo scandire come gocce di fredda pioggia invernale nell amia torbiera’ [lit. eat/drink slowly/ beat the time as cold winter raindrops in my bog] that when pronounced in Italian it recalls the sound of the drops beating time. Hence, in this last chapter the external singular first-person narrator was exasperated by setting the rhythm of the sentence structure via multiple punctuation signs (colons and semicolons). In this way the actions carried out slowly by Hester could mirror the breath of the sentence, potentially making the reader following that rhythm, specifically in the sentence ‘Come se fossi spettatrice delle azioni del mio corpo, vidi il mio braccio sollevarsi e lentamente prendere il coltello e poggiarlo imprudentemente sulla mia gola’ [lit. As if I was spectator of my own actions, I saw my arm lifting itself and slowly grabbing the knife and unwisely leaning it against my throat].

1	Sentii Caroline Cassidy allontanarsi e ricongiungersi ai suoi invitati in quella gioviale sebbene
2	apparente aria di festa. Rimasi lì, immobile per quello che mi sembrò una quantità
3	indefinibile di tempo che centellinava il suo scandire come gocce di fredda pioggia invernale
4	nella mia torbiera. Incapace di muovermi se non spinta da quel desiderio di arsura che mi
5	infiammava la gola. Sete, crescente per quell’unica bevanda che potesse sopire i miei sensi
6	e addolcire quegli strani pensieri che iniziavano a sopraggiungere quando incrociai con lo
7	sguardo il sottile filo del coltello da pesca, in agguato sul tavolo della cucina nella mia
8	roulotte. Trangugiai troppo velocemente quel bicchiere di vino e iniziai a osservare la lamina
9	affilata, quasi invitante. Come se fossi spettatrice delle azioni del mio corpo, vidi il mio

10	braccio sollevarsi e lentamente prendere il coltello e poggiarlo imprudentemente sulla mia
11	gola. Lunghe scariche di brividi mi percorsero la schiena mentre la lama lambiva il mio collo.

The radical change in rhythm in the adaptation could be explained by the action that followed. Hester realises that she could not promise any successful tenor of life to her own daughter, as she herself was about to commit suicide while staring at the fishing knife on the kitchen table and the relevant personification of the tools in the adaptation ('in agguato' [lurking]) would explain the detachment already occurred. However, when stopped on the action by the sudden arrival of her daughter, the realisation of what was about to happen occurred in a spur of irascible second.

1	Sentivo di doverla stringere a me come quando era piccola, quanto un cucciolo abbandonato
2	nella torbiera, talmente forte da poterla uccidere. Uccidere. Ebbene, ricordo veramente
3	poco di quel momento. La stringevo, la rassicuravo, le sussurravo parole di gentilezza e calore
4	materno, come a calmare un indomabile e spaventato animale. Le dicevo che sarebbe andato
5	tutto bene, che l'avrei portata con me, che non avrei mai voluto costringerla a sorbirsi l'attesa
6	di un'assenza. Vidi le mie mani poggiarsi sui suoi occhi e cullare il suo esile corpo di soli sette
7	anni con le mie braccia luride di cenere della nostra vita precedente che avevo bruciato per
8	vendetta. Quello che accade dopo nella Palude dei Gatti non venne mai dimenticato. Quel
9	braccio della morte che decise di farmi procedere con il dondolio della nenia che canticchiavo
10	come per farla addormentare, quello stesso braccio gentilmente impugnò la lama maledetta
11	e liberatoria e con movimento ferreo e selvaggio si impossessò di me e trafisse da lato a lato
12	il diafano e gracile collo di mia figlia. La sentivo boccheggiare, aggrapparsi all'ultimo anelito
13	di vita e pronunciare il mio nome, chiamarmi, Mamma, Mamma. Avevo sgozzato mia figlia.
14	Mi morì tra le braccia e mentre tenevo il corpo caldo ancora della mia bambina, inzuppato
15	di sangue, ipnotizzata da quel colore così vivo ma terribilmente letale, sentii la DonnaGatto
16	avvicinarsi. Sentii montare in un me un urlo sovraumano, animalesco e iniziai a gridare e
17	sbraitare il mio dolore, esorcizzandolo con le urla e gli strepiti prendendo consapevolezza
18	dell'empio atto che avevo portato a compimento. La DonnaGatto nella sua cecità mi
19	domandava cosa fosse accaduto, la sentivo farmi domande, non che avessi la forza, la voce,
20	il coraggio di rispondere. La vista mi si annientò e mi sentii piombare in un'oscurità a cui, mio
21	malgrado, ero troppo abituata.

With the anaphoric repetition of the verb 'uccidere' [to kill], it was possible to relate the increasing awareness where Hester was conceiving the thought of killing her seven-year-old child and therefore setting the crescendo. In addition, that repetitive structure in the emphatic sentence, 'Quello che accade dopo nella Palude dei Gatti non venne mai dimenticato' [lit. What followed in the Bog of Cats could never be forgotten], concurred to build the rhythm and the suspense in the reader's perception of the scene. This indeed could not transpire in the staged version of the TT as the actors would have displayed it in a normal pace and potentially carry the audience throughout the entire scene. The sentences that followed were all constructed with the reflexive structure with the addition of reported indirect speech where it was more understandable acknowledging the sentiment, particularly: 'La sentivo boccheggiare, aggrapparsi all'ultimo anelito di vita e pronunciare il mio nome, chiamarmi, Mamma, Mamma' [lit. I could hear her gasping for air, holding on the last life breath and calling me Mam – Mam]. The solemn understanding that occurred could be seen as proof of such volatile and aggressive characterisation as once realised that she killed her child, 'Avevo sgozzato mia figlia' [lit. I had slaughtered my own daughter]. That extremely quick realisation could have been metaphorically mirrored in the '(Hester cuts Josie's throat in one savage movement)' (BBOC, 1998: Act 3: 75) and therefore that "pure act of violence is problematic as her perception of violence as a solution complicates the protagonist's maternal identity" (Ozbey, 2018:248). If in the ST she acknowledges the cruel act while still holding the warm dead body of her daughter and beginning to produce a '*wail, a terrible animal heat wail*' (BBOC, 1998 : 76), in the adaptation this fixated image needed to be mirrored via extremely vivid effective language in order to equal the pathetic level of distress: 'mentre tenevo il corpo caldo ancora della mia bambina, inzuppato di sangue, ipnotizzata da quel colore così vivo ma terribilmente letale' [lit. while I was holding the still warm body of my baby, drenched in blood, I was hypnotised by that colour so bright yet rather letal].

Finally, "the action culminates in the ultimate degree of violence, the suicide, considering that Hester's traumatised and marginalised situation leaves no choice to her" (Ozbey, 2018: 250), resorting in a form of stoic death that puts the last piece in the puzzling events of this tragedy. By now, Hester's character seems to unleash a different aspect of her own behaviour: there is in fact that divergent stance where Hester rebellious as she is, "does not submit to her fate, but she dies of her own volition. From this perspective, she does not want to be a victim of destiny and perpetrates violence herself in an outrageous way" (Ozbey, 2018: 250). For the benefit of the mystic and folkloristic setting, her death was by means of the Ghost Fancier, character that only Hester

could see and simply allusion to death, which is the reason why it is referred as suicide. In this excerpt taken from the adaptation of the very last scene, the figurative speech speaks for itself since the beginning.

1	Poi, una gelida brezza mi investi. Sentivo che era arrivato il momento. Aprì gli occhi e lo vidi
2	lì, quel Mietitore, Il Mietitore, mortale, affascinante come lo sognai quella mattina stessa
3	quando trascinai la vecchia carcassa di Piuma Nera dalla lastra di ghiaccio nella torbiera
4	invernale. Ci guardammo negli occhi, era arrivato tardi, gli feci notare. Lui sorrise. Mi sentii
5	strattonare e vidi Carthage strapparmi via il corpo di mia figlia, zampillante di sangue.
6	Ebbene, così facendo Carthage aveva segnato la sua condanna a morte; non si sarebbe
7	dimenticato mai di me, l'avrei perseguitato per tutta la vita. Ad ogni brivido sinistro lo
8	percorresse lungo la schiena, ad ogni fruscio spettrale sfiorasse le sue orecchie, io e Josie
9	saremmo state lì a ricordargli che non sarebbe stato facile dimenticarci. Così facendo guardai
10	il Mietitore e lo supplicai di portarmi via. Sentii una fredda lama arpionare quel che era
11	rimasto del mio cuore di nomade, di zingara e improvvisamente un bagliore di luce mi si
12	stanziò davanti e riuscì solo a dire 'Mamma' 'Mamma'.

She felt a cold breeze, symptom of the deadly wind and in this imaginative description the words 'gelida brezza' [lit. gelid breeze] unveiled the revelation that she would commit suicide, as this word pair could often be associated with the cold of death. The Ghost Fancier appears as a potential deus ex machina, even though at the very end that inevitably help Hester concluding sadly her quest. The ending sentence re-echoes of the ST and the TT that culminates with Hester whispering in search of her mother ('Mamma, Mamma'), not only connected her to the same fate she brought on her daughter but also concur in creating the monumental and emotional climax in which the tragedy ends. In order to carry that emotional ending and concluding the tragedy in such a tragic way, the description was not only vivid but it was also needed to resort to some cultural reference in order to potentially give a solemn and well-deserved conclusion: 'Sentii una fredda lama arpionare quel che era rimasto del mio cuore di nomade, di zingara e improvvisamente un bagliore di luce mi si stanziò davanti e riuscì solo a dire 'Mamma' 'Mamma' [lit. I felt the icy touch of a cold knife harpooning what was left of my traveller heart, my tinker heart, and suddenly a bright beam of light manifested in front of me and I could only say 'Mam – Mam'].

Conclusion

Considering what has been analysed in these chapters, the aim was to shed light on a subject that still seems to lack a proper understanding, for many elements have yet to be taken into consideration. In retrospect it would be appropriate to say that this single experiment can only represent the tip of the iceberg of all the challenges in translating the cultures and social backgrounds of a people or a language. Undoubtedly, recalling some Translation Studies which have already undergone analysis and which have been able to give a definition to certain concepts helped the arguments. For example, one could have resorted to the explicitation theory (chronologically, Vinay & Darbelnet, 1958; Nida, 1964; and Blum-Kulka, 1986/2000). It is the one which, even if not entirely in its wholeness, could be taken as a reference since in the course of translation, as in the words of Blum-Kulka, “the translation process itself” is part of the employment of such theory, for example “the process of interpretation performed by the translator on the source text” (1986/200:300). On a practical level, this would translate with potential usage of footnotes or a simply insertion of quotations and bottom-page descriptions that would have hypothetically distracted the reader from the scene, from the action that was taking place. This could have occurred mostly because the events of the tragedy were dynamically unfolding both on the stage and in the translated text to have continually interrupted the text with various clarifications would not have benefited the narration or the unravelling of the action on the stage. On the contrary, what happened in the adaptation was that a potential application of such translation theory, in all of its nuances, would have been encompassed by the breath and rhythm of the sentence and would not have disturbed the reader's attention too much. Moreover, it would also be possible to say that the occurrence of this condition would have taken place thanks to the largely free translation of the already translated text. That is, as explained in the previous chapter, the target words and concepts used in the adaptation inevitably depended on the theatrical translation carried out in Chapter 2. However, since this was a narrative text, where the canonical characteristics of storytelling seemed to embrace all the various emotions that needed to be exemplified, the free translation was in fact the most appropriate solution to try to instil a compromise between words and emotions. As a matter of fact, *By the Bog of Cats...* is extremely pervaded by Irish culture, that resorting to a word-by-word translation in the TT and TL would leave aside too many references or crucial points, essential for the plot. However, duty of the *mise en scène*, costumes and physicality of actors on stage could be to concur in maintaining those different cultural and social reference. Once the

translated play has been handed over, it should serve as an interpretation of the original for “‘real’ translation takes place on the level of the *mise en scène*, in other words, that a theatre text is an incomplete entity” (Bassnett, 1991: 101). Up until this point, the real goal of the translation was supposed to be allegedly the one of helping the TL actors in embracing those emotion through the words the translator chose. As in the words of Elain Aston “As drama and life in some sense moved closer together, so dramatics dialogue moved closer to ‘everyday’ speech. Whether a play was comic or tragic, it needed to create the impression of a world inhabited by ‘real’ people holding ‘everyday’ conversations” (2013: 62). This concept was interestingly quite close to the basic on which the adaptation was laying its foundation. The universality of themes, topics and familial ‘milieu’ scene were possible to be recreated from the staged version of the play to the adapted version thanks to the figurative language. Hester’s marginalisation, as Carr explained in an interview “I chose to make her a traveller because travellers are our national outsiders”, her violent destructive behaviour, her perennial awaiting condition and consequential nostalgia and melancholia and yet the humour through which she approached all the tragic and dramatic vicissitudes in the play, could only have been rendered through figurative speech. Metaphors, personifications, hyperboles, and many other poetic devices employed in the writing of the adapted text, concurred in creating emotional images. They aided at conveying those hidden and obscure feelings and sentiments whereas precise and specific words were failing. Clearly, the translation partook in the creation of the adaptation giving it the basics to explore on a deeper level the emotions that were orbiting in the text and of which all characters, on a more specific focus Hester, experienced. As such, “figurative language is embedded within and intimately connected to our cultures, behaviours, and models of the world” (Harmon, 2015: 71) and for this paramount reason it could potentially pave the way on resolute and convoluting studies that might approach the novel adaptation of tragedy, taking into account that the tragic experience and catharsis is embedded in the human experience too and because of this it is intrinsic in everyday life since the beginning of times. In fact, as Carr stated in an interview “it is not like this happened two and half thousand years ago. Human nature changes very little. [...] We have not changed that much. The passions are still raging in us all. The idea of family, love, right, wrong, all these questions that they try to tackle, they are still with us” (Terrazas, 2019: 195).

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Appendix One: *By the Bog of Cats...* (English Stage Text)

Act 3	
1.	Hester <i>sits on the steps of the caravan, drinks some wine from the bottle she took from the wedding, lights a cigar.</i> Monica <i>shouts offstage.</i>
2.	Monica Hester! Hester! Your house! It's on fire! Hester! (<i>Runs on.</i>) Come quick, I'll get the others!
3.	Hester Don't bother.
4.	Monica But your house – Ya set it yourself?
5.	Hester I did.
6.	Monica Christ almighty woman, are ya gone mad?
7.	Hester Ya want a drink?
8.	Monica A drink, she says! I better go and get Carthage, the livestock, the calves –
9.	59
10.	Hester Would ya calm down, Monica, only an auld house, it should never have been built in the first place. Let the bog have it back. Never liked that house anyway.
11.	Monica That's what the tinkers do, isn't it, burn everythin' after them?
12.	Hester Aye.
13.	Monica They'll skin ya alive, Hester, I'm tellin' ya, they'll kill ya.
14.	Hester And you with them.
15.	Monica I stood up for ya as best I could, I've to live round here, Hester. I had to pay me respects to the Cassidys. Sure Xavier and meself used walk to school together.
16.	Hester Wan of these days you'll die of niceness, Monica Murray.
17.	Monica A quality you've never had any time for.
18.	Hester No, I'm just wan big lump of maneness and bad thoughts. Sit down, have a drink with me, I'll get ya a glass. (<i>Goes into the caravan, gets one.</i>) Sit down before ya fall.
19.	Monica (<i>sitting on steps, tipsily</i>) We'll go off in this yoke, you and me.
20.	Hester Will we?
21.	Monica Flee off from this place, flee off to Eden.
22.	Hester Eden – I left Eden, Monica, at the age of seven. It was on account of a look be this caravan at dusk.

23.	Monica And who was it gave ya this look, your mother, was it? Josie Swane?
24.	Hester OH aye, Monica, she was the wan alright who looked at me so askance and strangely – Who'd believe an auld look could do away with ya? I never would've 'cept it happened to me.
25.	Monica She was a harsh auld yoke, Hester, came and went like the moon. Ya'd wake wan mornin' and look out over the bog and ya'd see a fire and know she had returned. And I'd bring her down a sup of milk or a few eggs and she'd be here sittin' on the step just like you are, with her big head of black hair and eyes glamin' like a cat and long arms and a powerful neck all knotted that she'd stretch like a swan in a yawn and me with ne'er a neck at all. But I was never comfortable with her, riddled by her, though, and I wasn't the only wan. There was lots spent evenin's tryin' to figure Josie Swane, somethin' cold and dead about her except when she sang and then I declare ya'd fall in love with her.
26.	Hester Would ya now?
27.	Monica There was a time round here when no celebration was complete without Josie Swane. She'd be invited everywhere to sing, funerals, weddin's, christenin's, birthdays of the bigger farmers, the harvest. And she'd make up songs for each occasion. And it wasn't so much they wanted her there, more they were afraid not to have her.
28.	Hester I used go with her on some of them singin' sprees before she ran off. And she'd make up the song as we walked to wherever we were goin'. Sometimes she'd sing somethin' completely different than the song she'd been makin' on the road. Them were her 'Blast from God' songs as opposed to her 'Workaday' songs, or so she called them. And they never axed us to stay, these people, to sit down and ate with them, just lapped up her songs, gave her a bag of food and a half a crown and walked us off the premises, for fear we'd steal somethin', I suppose. I don't think it bothered her, it did me – and still rankles after all these years. But not Josie Swane, she'd be off to the shop to buy cigars and beer and sweets for me.
29.	Monica Is there another sup of wine there?
30.	Hester (<i>pours for her</i>) I'm all the time wonderin' whatever happened to her.
31.	Monica You're still waitin' on her, aren't ya?
32.	Hester It's still like she only walked away yesterday.

33.	Monica Hester, I know what it's like to wait for somewan who's never walkin' through the door again. But this waitin' is only a fancy of yours. Now I don't make out to know anythin' about the workin's of this world but I know this much, it don't yield aisy to mortal wishes. And maybe that's the way it has to be. You up on forty, Hester, and still dreamin' of storybook endin's, still whingin' for your mam.
34.	Hester I made a promise, Monica, a promise to meself a long while back. All them years I was in the Industrial School I swore to meself that wan day I'm comin' back to the Bog of Cats to wait for her there and I'm never lavin' again.
35.	Monica Well, I don't know how ya'll swing to stay now, your house in ashes, ya after appearin' in that dress. They're sayin' it's a black-art thing ya picked up somewhere.
36.	Hester A black-art thing. (<i>Laughs.</i>) If I knew any black-art things, by Christ, I'd use them now. The only way I'm lavin' this place is in a box and if it comes to that I'm not lavin' alone. I'll take yees all with me. And, yes, there's things about me yees never understood and makes yees afraid and yees are right for other things goes through my veins besides blood that I've fought so hard to keep wraps on.
37.	62
38.	Monica And what things are they?
39.	Hester I don't understand them meself.
40.	Monica Stop this wild talk then, I don't like it.
41.	Hester Carthage still at the weddin'?
42.	Monica And where else would he be?
43.	Hester And what sourt of mood is he in?
44.	Monica I wasn't mindin'. Don't waste your time over a man like him, faithless as an acorn on a high wind – wine all gone?
45.	Hester Aye.
46.	Monica I'll go up to the feast and bring us back a bottle unless you've any objections.
47.	Hester I'll drink the enemy's wine. Not the wine's fault it fell into the paws of cut-throats and gargiyles.
48.	Monica Be back in a while, so.
49.	Hester And check see Josie's alright, will ya?
50.	Monica She's dancin' her little heart out.

51.	<i>Exit Monica. Hester looks around, up at the winter sky of stars, shivers.</i>
52.	Hester Well, it's dusk now and long after and where are ya, Mr Ghost Fancier. I'm here waitin' for ya, though I've been tould to flee. Maybe you're not comin' after all, maybe I only imagined ya.
53.	<i>Enter Josie running, excited.</i>
54.	Josie Mam! – Mam! I'm goin' on the honeymoon with Daddy and Caroline.
55.	Hester You're goin' no such where.
56.	63
57.	Josie Ah, Mam, they're goin' drivin' to the sea. I never seen the sea.
58.	Hester It's just wan big bog hole, Josie, and blue, that's all, nothin' remarkable about it.
59.	Josie Well, Daddy says I'm goin'.
60.	Hester Don't mind your daddy.
61.	Josie No, I want to go with them. It's only for five days, Mam.
62.	Hester There's a couple of things you should know about your precious daddy, you should know how he has treated me!
63.	Josie I'm not listenin' to ya givin' out about him. <i>(Covers her ears with her hands.)</i>
64.	Hester That's right, stand up for him and see how far it'll get ya. He swore to me that after you'd be born he'd marry me and now he plans to take ya off of me. I suppose ya'd like that too.
65.	Josie <i>(still with ears covered)</i> I said I'm not listenin'!
66.	Hester <i>(pulls Josie's hands from her ears)</i> You'll listen to me, Josie Swane, and you listen well. Another that had your name walked away from me. Your perfect daddy walked away from me. And you'll walk from me too. All me life people have walked away without a word of explanation. Well, I want to tell ya somethin', Josie, if you lave me, ya'll die.
67.	Josie I will not.
68.	Hester Ya will! Ya will! It's a sourt of curse was put on ya be the Catwoman and the black swan. Remember the black swan?
69.	Josie <i>(frightened)</i> Aye.
70.	64
71.	Hester So ya have to stay with me, d'ya see, and if your daddy or anywan else axes ya who ya'd prefer to live with, ya have to say me.

72.	Josie Mam, I would've said you anyway.
73.	Hester Would ya? – Oh, I'm sorry, Josie, I'm sorry, sweetheart. It's not true what I said about a curse bein' put on ya, it's not true at all. If I'm let go tonight I swear I'll make it up to ya for them awful things I'm after sayin'.
74.	Josie It's alright, Mam, I know ya didn't mean it – Can I go back to the weddin'? The dancin's not over yet.
75.	Hester Dance with me.
76.	<i>Begins waltzing with Josie. Music.</i>
77.	Come on, we'll have our own weddin'.
78.	<i>Picks her up, they swirl and twirl to the music of the song 'By the Bog of Cats...' They sing it together.</i>
79.	Ya beautiful, beautiful child, I could ate ya.
80.	Josie I could ate ya too – Can I go back to the weddin' for a while?
81.	Hester Ya can do anythin' ya want 'cept lave me. (<i>Puts her down.</i>)G'wan then, for half an hour.
82.	Josie I brung ya a big lump of weddin' cake in me handbag. Here. Why wasn't it your weddin', Mam?
83.	Hester It sourt of was. G'wan and enjoy yourself.
84.	<i>And exit Josie running. Hester looks after her eating the wedding cake. Xavier Cassidy comes up behind her from the shadows, demonic, red-faced, drink taken, carries a gun.</i>
85.	Xavier Ya enjoyin' that, are ya, Swane, me daughter's weddin' cake?
86.	65
87.	Hester Oh it's yourself, Xavier, with your auld gun. I was wonderin' when I'd see ya in your true colours. Must've been an awful strain on ya behavin' so well all day.
88.	Xavier Ya burnt the bloody house to the ground.
89.	Hester Did ya really think I was goin' to have your daughter livin' there?
90.	Xavier Ya won't best me, Swane, ya know that. I ran your mother out of here and I'll run you too like a frightened hare.
91.	Hester It's got nothin' to do with ya, Cassidy, it's between me and Carthage.

92.	Xavier Got everythin' to do with me and ya after makin' a mockery of me and me daughter in front of the whole parish.
93.	Hester No more than yees deserve for wheedlin' and cajolin' Carthage away from me with your promises of land and money.
94.	Xavier He was aisy wheedled.
95.	Hester He was always a feckless fool.
96.	Xavier Aye, in all respects bar wan. He loves the land and like me he'd rather die than part with it wance he gets his greedy hands on it. With him Cassidy's farm'll be safe, the name'll be gone, but never the farm. And who's to say but maybe your little bastard and her offspring won't be farmin' my land in years to come.
97.	Hester Josie'll have nothin' to do with anythin' that's yours. I'll see to that. And if ya'd looked after your own son better ya wouldn't be covetin' Josie nor any that belongs to me.
98.	Xavier Don't you talk about my young fella.
99.	66
100.	Hester Wasn't it me that found him, strychnined to the eyeballs, howlin' 'long the bog and his dog in his arms?
101.	Xavier My son died in a tragic accident of no wan's makin'. That's what the inquest said. My conscience is clear.
102.	Hester Is it now? You're not a farmer for nothin', somethin' about that young lad bothered ya, he wasn't tough enough for ya probably, so ya strychnined his dog, knowin' full well the child'd be goin' lookin' for him. And ya know what strychnine does, a tayspoonful is all it takes, and ya'd the dog showered in it. Burnt his hands clean away. Ya knew what ya were at, Cassidy, and ya know I know. I can tell the darkness in you, ya know how? Because it mirrors me own.
103.	Xavier Fabrications! Fabrications of a mind unhinged! If ya could just hear the mad talk of yourself, Swane, and the cut of ya. You're mad as your mother and she was a lunatic.
104.	Hester Nothin' lunatic about her 'cept she couldn't breathe the same air as yees all here by the Bog of Cats.
105.	Xavier We often breathed the same air, me and Josie Swane, she was a loose wan, loose and lazy and aisy, a five-shillin' hoor, like you.

106.	Hester If you're tryin' to destroy some high idea I have of her you're wastin' your time. I've spent long hours of all the long years thinkin' about her. I've lived through every mood there is to live concernin' her. Sure there was a time I hated her and wished the worst for her, but I've taught meself to rise above all that is cruel and unworthy in me thinkin' about her. So don't you think your five shillin' hoor stories will ever change me opinion of her. I have memories your cheap talk can never alter.
107.	67
108.	Xavier And what memories are they, Swane? I'd like to know if they exist at all.
109.	Hester Oh they exist alright and ya'd like to rob them from me along with everythin' else. But ya won't because I'm stronger than ya and ya'll take nothin' from me I don't choose to give ya.
110.	Xavier <i>(puts gun to her throat)</i> Won't I now? Think ya'll outwit me with your tinker ways and –
111.	Hester Let go of me!
112.	Xavier <i>(a tighter grip)</i> Now let's see the leftovers of Carthage Kilbride.
113.	<i>Uses gun to look down her dress.</i>
114.	Hester I'm warnin' ya, let go!
115.	<i>A struggle, a few blows, he wins this bout.</i>
116.	Xavier Now are ya stronger than me? I could do what I wanted with ya right here and now and no wan would believe ya. Now what I'd really like to know is when are ya plannin' on lavin'?
117.	Hester What're ya goin' to do, Cassidy? Blow me head off?
118.	Xavier Ya see, I married me daughter today. Now I don't care for the whiny little rip that much, but she's all I've got, and I don't want Carthage changin' his mind after a while. So when are ya lavin', Swane? When?
119.	Hester Ya think I'm afraid of you and your auld gun. <i>(Puts her mouth over the barrel.)</i> G'wan shoot! Blow me away! Save me the bother meself. <i>(Goes for the trigger.)</i> Ya want me to do it for ya?
120.	<i>Another struggle, this time Xavier trying to get away from her.</i>
121.	68
122.	Xavier You're a dangerous witch, Swane.

123.	Hester <i>(laughs at him)</i> You're sweatin'. Always knew ya were yella to the bone. Don't worry, I'll be lavin' this place tonight, though not the way you or anywan else expects. Ya call me a witch, Cassidy? This is nothin', you just wait and see the real –
124.	<i>Enter Carthage running, enraged, shakes her violently.</i>
125.	Carthage The cattle! The calves! Ya burnt them all, they're roarin' in the flames! The house in ashes! A' ya gone mad altogether? The calves! A' ya gone mad?
126.	Hester <i>(shakes him off)</i> No, I only meant what I said. I warned ya, Carthage, ya drove me to it.
127.	Xavier A hundred year ago we'd strap ya to a stake and roast ya till your guts exploded.
128.	Carthage That's it! I'm takin' Josie off of ya! I don't care if I've to drag ya through the courts. I'll have ya put away! I'll tell all about your brother! I don't care!
129.	Hester Tell them! And tell them your own part in it too while you're at it! Don't you threaten me with Josie! This pervert has just been gropin' me with his gun and you want Josie round him –
130.	Xavier The filthy lies of her –
131.	Hester Bringin' a child on a honeymoon, what are ya at, Carthage? Well, I won't let ya use Josie to fill in the silences between yourself and Caroline Cassidy –
132.	Xavier She's beyond reasonin' with, if she was mine I'd cut that tinker tongue from her mouth, I'd brand her lips, I'd –
133.	69
134.	Carthage <i>(exploding at Xavier)</i> Would you just go back to the weddin' and lave us alone, stop interferin'. If ya'd only let me handle it all the way I wanted to, but, no, ya had to push and bring the weddin' forward to avoid your taxes, just lave us alone, will ya!
135.	Xavier I will and gladly. You're a fiasco, Kilbride, like all the Kilbrides before ya, ya can't control a mere woman, ya'll control nothin', I'm havin' serious doubts about signin' over me farm –
136.	Carthage Keep your bloody farm, Cassidy. I have me own. I'm not your scrubber boy. There's other things besides land.
137.	Xavier There's nothin' besides land, boy, nothin'! A real farmer would never think otherwise.
138.	Carthage Just go back to the weddin', I'll follow ya in a while and we can try hammerin' out our differences.

139.	Xavier Can we? (<i>Exits.</i>)
140.	Hester All's not well in paradise.
141.	Carthage All'd be fine if I could do away with you.
142.	Hester If ya just let me stay I'll cause no more trouble. I'll move into the caravan with Josie. In time ya may be glad to have me around. I've been your greatest friend around here, Carthage, doesn't that count for nothin' now?
143.	Carthage I'm not havin' me daughter livin' in a caravan!
144.	Hester There was a time you loved this caravan.
145.	Carthage Will ya just stop tryin' to drag up them years! It won't work!
146.	Hester Ya promised me things! Ya built that house for me. Ya wanted me to see how normal people lived. And I went along with ya again' me better judgement. All I ever wanted was to be by the Bog of Cats. A modest want when compared with the wants of others. Just let me stay here in the caravan.
147.	70
148.	Carthage And have the whole neighbourhood makin' a laughin' stock of me?
149.	Hester That's not why ya won't let me stay. You're ashamed of your part in me brother's death, aren't ya?
150.	Carthage I had no part in it!
151.	Hester You're afraid I'll tell everywan what ya done. I won't. I wouldn't ever, Carthage.
152.	Carthage I done nothin' except watch!
153.	Hester Ya helped me tie a stone around his waist!
154.	Carthage He was dead by then!
155.	Hester He wasn't! His pulse was still goin'!
156.	Carthage You're only sayin' that now to torture me! Why did ya do it, Hetty? We were doin' fine till then.
157.	Hester How does anywan know why they done anythin'? Somethin' evil moved in on me blood – and the fishin' knife was there in the bottom of the boat – and Bergit's Lake was wide – and I looked across the lake to me father's house and it went through me like a spear that she had a whole other life there – How could she have and I a part of her?
158.	Carthage Ya never said any of this before – I always thought ya killed your brother for the money.

159.	Hester I met his ghost tonight, ya know –
160.	Carthage His ghost?
161.	Hester Aye, a gentle ghost and so lost, and he spoke so softly to me, I didn't deserve such softness –
162.	Carthage Ah, would you stop this talk!
163.	Hester You rose in the world on his ashes! And that's what haunts ya. You look at me and all you see is Joseph Swane slidin' into Bergit's Lake again. You think doin'71 away with me will do away with that. It won't, Carthage. It won't. You'll remember me, Carthage, when the dust settles, when ya grow tired scourin' acres and bank balances. Ya'll remember me when ya walk them big, empty, childless rooms in Cassidy's house. Ya think now ya won't, but ya will.
164.	Carthage Ya always had a high opinion of yourself. Aye, I'll remember ya from time to time. I'll remember ya sittin' at the kitchen table drinkin' till all hours and I'll remember the sound of the back door closin' as ya escaped for another night roamin' the bog.
165.	Hester The drinkin' came after, long after you put it into your mind to lave me. If I had somewan to talk to I mightn't have drunk so hard, somewan to roam the bog with me, somewan to take away a tiny piece of this guilt I carry with me, but ya never would.
166.	Carthage Seems I done nothin' right. Did I not?
167.	Hester You want to glane lessons for your new bride. No, Carthage, ya done nothin' right, your bull-headed pride and economy and painful advancement never moved me. What I wanted was somewan to look me in the eye and know I was understood and not judged. You thought I had no right to ax for that. Maybe I hadn't, but the way ya used judge me – didn't it ever occur to ya, that however harshly ya judged me, I judged meself harsher. Couldn't ya ever see that.
168.	Carthage I'm takin' Josie, Hester. I'm takin' her off of ya. It's plain as day to everywan 'cept yourself ya can't look after her. If you're wise ya'll lave it at that and not have us muckin' through the courts. I'll let ya see her from time to time.
169.	Hester Take her then, take her, ya've taken everythin' else. In me stupidity I thought ya'd lave me Josie. I should've known ya always meant to take her too.
170.	72
171.	<i>Enter Caroline with a bottle of wine.</i>

172.	Caroline (to Carthage)Oh, this is where ya are.
173.	Carthage She's after burnin' all the livestock, the house, the sheds in ruins. I'm away up there now to see what can be salvaged. G'wan back home, I'll be there in a while. (<i>Exits.</i>)
174.	Caroline Monica said ya wanted wine, I opened it for ya.
175.	Hester Take more than wine to free me from this place. Take some kind of dark sprung miracle. (<i>Takes the wine.</i>)
176.	Carthage (<i>coming back</i>)Caroline, come on, come on, I don't want ya around her.
177.	Hester G'wan back to your weddin' like Carthage says.
178.	Caroline <i>goes to exit, stops.</i>
179.	Caroline I just wanted to say –
180.	Hester What? Ya just wanted to say what?
181.	Caroline Nothin' – Only I'll be very good to Josie whenever she stays with us.
182.	Hester Ya better be!
183.	Caroline I won't let her out of me sight – I'll go everywhere with her – protect her from things. That's all. (<i>Goes to exit.</i>)
184.	Hester Didn't ya enjoy your big weddin' day, Caroline?
185.	Caroline No, I didn't – Everywan too loud and frantic – and when ya turned up in that weddin' dress, knew it should've been you – and Daddy drinkin' too much and shoutin', and Carthage gone away in himself, just watchin' it all like it had nothin' to do with him, and everywan laughin' behind me back and pityin' me – When me mother was alive, I used go into the sick room ⁷³ to talk to her and she used take me into the bed beside her and she'd describe for me weddin' day. Of how she'd be there with a big hat on her and so proud. And the weddin' was goin' to be in this big ballroom with a fountain of mermaids in the middle, instead of Daddy's idea of havin' the do at home to save money – None of it was how it was meant to be, none of it.
186.	Hester Nothin' ever is, Caroline. Nothin'. I've been a long time wishin' over me mother too. For too long now I've imagined her comin' towards me across the Bog of Cats and she would find me here standin' strong. She would see me life was complete, that I had Carthage and Josie and me own house. I so much wanted her to see that I had flourished without her and maybe then I could forgive her – Caroline, he's takin' Josie from me.
187.	Caroline He's not, he wouldn't do that, Hester.

188.	Hester He's just been here tellin' me.
189.	Caroline I won't let him, I'll talk to him, I'll stand up for ya on that account.
190.	Hester Ya never stood up for nothin' yet, I doubt ya'll stand up for me. Anyway, they won't listen to ya. You're only a little china bit of a girl. I could break ya aisy as a tay cup or a wine glass. But I won't. Ya know why? Because I knew ya when ya were Josie's age, a scrawky little thing that hung on the scraps of my affection. Anyway, no need to break ya, you were broke a long while back.
191.	Caroline There's somethin' wrong of me, isn't there? (<i>Stands there, lost-looking.</i>)
192.	Hester G'wan back to your weddin' and lave me be.
193.	Caroline I promise ya I'll do everythin' I can about Josie.
194.	Hester (<i>softly</i>)G'wan. G'wan. ⁷⁴
195.	<i>Exit Caroline. Hester stands there alone, takes a drink, goes into the caravan, comes out with a knife. She tests it for sharpness, teases it across her throat, shivers.</i>
196.	Come on, ya done it aisy enough to another, now it's your own turn.
197.	<i>Bares her throat, ready to do it. Enter Josie running, stops, sees Hester with the knife poised.</i>
198.	Josie Mam – What's that ya've got there?
199.	Hester (<i>stops</i>)Just an auld fishin' knife, Josie, I've had this years.
200.	Josie And what are ya doin' with it?
201.	Hester Nothin', Josie, nothin'.
202.	Josie I came to say goodbye, we'll be goin' soon. (<i>Kisses Hester.</i>)
203.	Hester Goodbye, sweetheart – Josie, ya won't see me again now.
204.	Josie I will so. I'm only goin' on a honeymoon.
205.	Hester No, Josie, ya won't see me again because I'm goin' away too.
206.	Josie Where?
207.	Hester Somewhere ya can never return from.
208.	Josie And where's that?
209.	Hester Never mind. I only wanted to tell ya goodbye, that's all.
210.	Josie Well, can I go with ya?
211.	Hester No ya can't.
212.	Josie Ah, Mam, I want to be where you'll be.
213.	75

214.	Hester Well, ya can't, because wance ya go there ya can never come back.
215.	Josie I wouldn't want to if you're not here, Mam.
216.	Hester You're just bein' contrary now. Don't ya want to be with your daddy and grow up big and lovely and full of advantages I have not the power to give ya?
217.	Josie Mam, I'd be watchin' for ya all the time 'long the Bog of Cats. I'd be hopin' and waitin' and prayin' for ya to return.
218.	Hester Don't be sayin' those things to me now.
219.	Josie Just take me with ya, Mam. (<i>Puts her arms around Hester.</i>)
220.	Hester (<i>pushing her away</i>)No, ya don't understand. Go away, get away from me, g'wan now, run away from me quickly now.
221.	Josie (<i>struggling to stay in contact with Hester</i>)No, Mam, stop! I'm goin' with ya!
222.	Hester Would ya let go!
223.	Josie (<i>frantic</i>)No, Mam. Please!
224.	Hester Alright, alright! Shhh! (<i>Picks her up.</i>)It's alright, I'll take ya with me, I won't have ya as I was, waitin' a lifetime for somewan to return, because they don't, Josie, they don't. It's alright. Close your eyes.
225.	Josie <i>closes her eyes.</i>
226.	Are they closed tight?
227.	Josie Yeah.
228.	Hester <i>cuts Josie's throat in one savage movement.</i>
229.	(<i>softly</i>)Mam – Mam – (<i>And Josie dies in Hester's arms.</i>)
230.	76
231.	Hester (<i>whispers</i>)It's because ya wanted to come, Josie.
232.	<i>Begins to wail, a terrible animal heat wail. Enter the Catwoman.</i>
233.	Catwoman Hester, what is it? What is it?
234.	Hester Oh, Catwoman, I knew somethin' terrible'd happen, I never thought it'd be this. (<i>Continues this terrible sound, barely recognisable as something human.</i>)
235.	Catwoman What have ya done, Hester? Have ya harmed yourself?
236.	Hester No, not meself and yes meself.
237.	Catwoman (<i>comes over, feels around Hester, feels Josie</i>)Not Josie, Hester? Not Josie? Lord on high, Hester, not the child. I thought yourself, maybe, or Carthage, but never the

	child. <i>(Runs to the edge of the stage shouting.)</i> Help, somewan, help! Hester Swane's after butcherin' the child! Help!
238.	Hester <i>walks around demented with Josie. Enter Carthage running.</i>
239.	Carthage What is it, Catwoman? Hester? What's wrong with Josie? There's blood all over her.
240.	Hester <i>(brandishing knife)</i> Lave off, you. Lave off. I warned ya and I tould ya, would ya listen, what've I done, what've I done?
241.	<i>Enter Monica.</i>
242.	Carthage Give her to me!
243.	Monica Sweet Jesus, Hester –
244.	Carthage Give her to me! You've killed her, she's killed her.
245.	Hester Yees all thought I was just goin' to walk away ⁷⁷ and lave her at yeer mercy. I almost did. But she's mine and I wouldn't have her waste her life dreamin' about me and yees thwartin' her with black stories against me.
246.	Carthage You're a savage!
247.	<i>Enter the Ghost Fancier. Hester sees him, the others don't. He picks up the fishing knife.</i>
248.	Hester You're late, ya came too late.
249.	Carthage What's she sayin'? What? Give her to me, come on now. <i>(Takes Josie off Hester.)</i>
250.	Hester Ya won't forget me now, Carthage, and when all of this is over or half remembered and you think you've almost forgotten me again, take a walk along the Bog of Cats and wait for a purlin' wind through your hair or a soft breath be your ear or a rustle behind ya. That'll be me and Josie ghostin' ya. <i>(She walks towards the Ghost Fancier.)</i> Take me away, take me away from here.
251.	Fancier Alright, my lovely.
252.	<i>They go into a death dance with the fishing knife, which ends plunged into Hester's heart. She falls to the ground. Exit Ghost Fancier with knife.</i>
253.	Hester <i>(whispers as she dies)</i> Mam – Mam –
254.	Monica <i>goes over to her after a while.</i>
255.	Monica Hester – She's gone – Hester – She's cut her heart out – it's lyin' there on top of her chest like some dark feathered bird.
256.	<i>Music. Lights.</i>

Appendix Two: *By the Bog of Cats...* (Italian Stage Text)

Atto 3	
1.	<i>Hester si siede sugli scalini della roulotte, beve del vino dalla bottiglia che ha rubato al matrimonio e si accende un sigaro. Monica grida da dietro le quinte.</i>
2.	Monica Hester! Hester! La tua casa! Sta bruciando! Hester! (<i>Corre</i>) Vieni, veloce, io vado a cercare gli altri!
3.	Hester Non ti preoccupare.
4.	Monica Ma la tua casa- le hai dato fuoco tu?
5.	Hester Proprio così
6.	Monica Dio santissimo, sei impazzita, donna?
7.	Hester Un sorso?
8.	Monica Un sorso, dice lei! È meglio che vada a prender Carthage, il bestiame, i vitelli-
9.	59
10.	Hester Datti na calmata, Monica, è solo una maledettissima baracca. Non avrebbe mai dovuto essere costruita. Lascia che la torbiera se la riprenda. Non mi è mai piaciuta quella casa, comunque.
11.	Monica È questo quello che fanno gli zingari, vero? Ridurr' in cenere tutto al loro passaggio?
12.	Hester Se.
13.	Monica Ti scuoiarono viva, Hester. Qui lo dico e qui lo nego, questi qua ti fanno fuori.

14.	Hester E tu appresso loro.
15.	Monica Ti ho aiutato in tutti i modi possibili, ma devo comunque viverci qui anche io, Hester. Devo portare rispetto ai Cassidy. Certo, io e Xavier andavamo comunque a scuola insieme.
16.	Hester Uno di questi giorni morirai di gentilezza, Monica Murray.
17.	Monica Una qualità che tu non hai mai avuto voglia di scoprire.
18.	Hester No, sono solo un ammasso di meschinità e cattivi pensieri. Siediti, dai. Fatti un sorso con me, ti porto un bicchiere. <i>(Entra nella roulotte e prende un bicchiere)</i> Siediti prima che cadi a terra.
19.	Monica <i>(si siede sugli scalini, barcollando ubriaca)</i> Saremo libere da questo prima o poi, io e te.
20.	Hester Ah sì?
21.	Monica Scapperemo via da questo postaccio, via verso il Paradiso.
22.	Hester Paradiso. Ho lasciato il Paradiso, Monica, sette anni fa. È stato tutto per uno sguardo, lanciato da questa roulotte al tramonto.
23.	Monica E chi ti ha mai lanciato st'ultimo sguardo? Tua madre, vero? Josie Cygnus?
24.	Hester Eccerto, Monica. Lei, è stata lei quella a guardarmi di sbieco e così stranamente. Chi avrebbe mai pensato che uno sguardo potesse cancellare tutto? Non riuscirò mai ad accettare che tutto questo è accaduto a me.

25.	<p>Monica</p> <p>Era una vecchia e terribile imbrogliona, Hester, veniva e se ne andava via come la luna. Uno si svegliava una mattina, guardava la torbiera in fiamme bruciare e sapevi che era tornata. Le portavo una zuppa di latte o qualche uovo e lei rimaneva seduta, qui su questi stessi scalini, dove sei seduta tu ora, con la sua lunga chioma nera e quegli occhi da gatta ammalianti, con le sue lunghe braccia e un possente colle così teso che lo stirava come un cigno quando sbadigliava e io con a stento un po' di collo. Non riuscivo mai a trovarmi a mio agio con lei, mi sentivo stregata da lei e non penso di essere stata l'unica. Ho passato molte notti a cercare di capire chi fosse Josie Cygnus, con quel suo essere fredda come una morta se non quando cantava. Ed era lì, che ti innamoravi di lei.</p>
26.	<p>Hester</p> <p>E adesso?</p>
27.	<p>Monica</p> <p>Una volta da ste parti nessuna festa poteva dirsi completa senza Josie Cygnus. Veniva invitata ovunque per cantare. Funerali, matrimoni, battesimi, compleanni dei più famosi contadini, ad Halloween. E se ne usciva con una canzone diversa per ogni occasione. Non piaceva a molti, non lo facevano per il piacere di averla lì, forse più per la paura che non fosse lì.</p>
28.	<p>Hester</p> <p>Andavo spesso con lei prima che sparisse. E quante canzoni inventava mentre camminavamo per andare a chissà quale evento. Alle volte iniziava a cantare una canzone totalmente diversa da quella che aveva inventato per strada. C'erano quelle canzoni 'Esplosioni divine' in contrasto con quelle 'Dei poveri comuni mortali', o come le chiamava. Non ci chiedevano mai di rimanere, sta gentaglia, di sederci con loro e mangiare con loro. Dovevamo solo cantare le nostre canzoni, le davano poi un po' di cibo e qualche centesimo e ci accompagnavano all'uscita, per paura che rubassimo qualcosa, penso. Non penso che le importasse. A me invece importava eccome, mi brucia ancora dopo tutti questi anni. Ma non a Josie Cygnus. Si fiondava subito a comprare sigari, birra e caramelle per me.</p>
29.	<p>Monica</p> <p>C'è un altro po' di vino lì ancora?</p>

30.	Hester <i>(le versa del vino)</i> E non riesco a smettere di domandarmi che diamine le sia successo.
31.	Monica Aspetti ancora che spunti da dietro l'angolo, vero?
32.	Hester Sembra solo ieri che sia andata via.
33.	Monica Hester, so cosa significa stare lì ad aspettare invano quel qualcuno che non varcherà più quella porta. Questa attesa è solo una tua fantasia. Adesso non voglio farti credere di sapere come gira questo mondo ma questo è quello che so, non rifugiarti così facilmente nei desideri mortali. Forse è così che debba andare e basta. Ancora a quasi quarant'anni, Hester, e stai a sognare ad occhi aperti un lieto fine, ancora a piagnucolare per la tua mamma.
34.	Hester Ho fatto una promessa, Monica. Una promessa a me stessa tanto tempo fa. Per tutti quegli anni che ero all'orfanotrofio, ho giurato a me stessa che un giorno sarei tornata alla Palude dei Gatti ad aspettarla qui e non me ne sarei più andata.
35.	Monica Beh, non so esattamente quanto vorrai stare ancora con una casa ridotta ormai in cenere e tutta sporca in quel vestito. Si vocifera che sei stata maledetta con chissà quale magia nera.
36.	Hester Magia nera. <i>(Ride)</i> Se solo sapessi qualche magia nera, Cristo di un Dio se la userei ora! L'unico modo in cui me ne andrò da questo posto è da dentro na bella bara e se dovesse accadere, non sarò da sola. Vi trascino tutti via con me. E, sì, ci saranno cose che voi non capirete mai di me e che vi faranno paura e avrete anche ragione perché ci sono cose che mi scorrono dentro, oltre il sangue, che ho dovuto combattere così angosciose da non poter semplicemente essere curate.
37.	62
38.	Monica Di quali cose stai parlando?

39.	Hester Non le capisco nemmeno io.
40.	Monica Dacci un taglio con queste idiozie, allora. Non mi piacciono.
41.	Hester Carthage è ancora al matrimonio?
42.	Monica E dove altro debba essere?
43.	Hester E di che umore è?
44.	Monica Non c'ho fatto caso. Non perdere tempo dietro a un uomo così, senza speranze come una ghianda in mezzo a una burrasca. Il vino è tutto finito?
45.	Hester Se.
46.	Monica Faccio un salto al ricevimento e rubo per noi una bella bottiglia, sempre se ti va.
47.	Hester Berrò il vino del nemico. Non è colpa del vino, dopotutto, se è finito tra le grinfie di quei tagliagole e gargoyle.
48.	Monica Torno tra un po' allora.
49.	Hester Controlleresti anche se Josie sta bene, per favore?
50.	Monica Sta ballando come una scatenata.
51.	<i>Monica esce. Hester si guarda intorno, rivolge lo sguardo alla stellata notte d'inverno e rabbrivisce.</i>
52.	Hester

	Beh, il tramonto è giunto da un pezzo e ndo stai, Mietitore Solitario. T'aspetto, sto qui anche se mi vogliono fuori dai piedi. Forse non verrai nemmeno, magari mi sono immaginata tutto.
53.	<i>Josie entra, correndo e tutta felice.</i>
54.	Josie Ma! Ma! Vado in luna di miele con papino e Caroline.
55.	Hester Tu non vai proprio da nessuna parte.
56.	63
57.	Josie Dai, Ma, vanno a farsi un giro verso il mare. Non ho mai visto il mare.
58.	Hester È semplicemente un grande pezzo di torbiera, Josie, niente di che, niente di così spettacolare.
59.	Josie Beh, Papino ha detto che posso andare.
60.	Hester Non ascoltare tuo padre.
61.	Josie No, io voglio andare con loro. È solo per cinque giorni, Ma!
62.	Hester Ci sono un paio di cose che dovrei sapere sul tuo caro paparino. Se solo sapessi come mi ha trattata!
63.	Josie Non sto qui ad ascoltare i tuoi insulti su di lui. (Si copre le orecchie con le sue mani)
64.	Hester Hai ragione, stai un po' dalla sua parte e guarda che fine farai. Mi aveva giurato che una volta che tu fossi nata, mi avrebbe sposato e ora guarda: pensa di volerti portar via da me. Penso anche tu preferisca così.
65.	Josie (<i>coprendosi ancora le orecchie</i>) Ho detto che non ti sento!

66.	Hester <i>(leva le mani di Josie dalle orecchie)</i> Ascoltami, ascoltami bene, Josie Cygnus. Un'altra con il tuo stesso nome è fuggita via da me. Il tuo paparino perfetto è fuggito via da me. E anche tu vorrai fuggire via da me. Tutta le persone della mia vita sono fuggite via da me senza uno straccio di spiegazione. Beh, voglio dirti una cosa, Josie, se tu mi lasci, morirai.
67.	Josie Non è vero!
68.	Hester Lo farai eccome! Certo che lo farai! Porti una maledizione addosso, messa dalla Donna Gatto e dal cigno nero. Ti ricordi quel cigno nero?
69.	Josie <i>(terrorizzata)</i> Sì
70.	64
71.	Hester Ecco, tu rimani con me, capito? e se il tuo paparino o chiunque altro ti chiede con chi tu preferisci vivere, rispondi con me.
72.	Josie Ma, avrei detto con te in ogni caso.
73.	Hester Veramente? - Oh, mi dispiace tanto, Josie, piccola mia. Non è vero quello che ho detto della maledizione che hai addosso, è solo una bugia. Se riesco a sopravvivere a stanotte, giuro che mi farò perdonare per tutte le cose che ho t'ho detto.
74.	Josie Va tutto bene, Ma. So che non le intendevi. Posso tornare al matrimonio adesso? Stanno ancora tutti ballando.
75.	Hester Balla con me.
76.	<i>(Inizia a ballare il walzer con Josie)</i> Musica.
77.	Dai, questo sarò il nostro di matrimonio.

78.	<i>(La prende in braccio, fanno delle piroette, dei giri a ritmo della canzone 'Nella Palude dei Gatti'. Cantano insieme)</i>
79.	La mia bellissima bambina, così bella che me la mangerei tutta.
80.	Josie Potrei mangiarti anche io. Posso tornare al matrimonio per un pochetto?
81.	Hester Puoi fare tutto quello che vuoi, però non abbandonarmi. (La mette giù) Dai adesso, va', per mezz'oretta.
82.	Josie Ti ho portato una fettona di torta nuziale nella borsetta. Ecco qui. Perché non è questo il tuo matrimonio, Ma?
83.	Hester L'è stato più o meno. Dai, su, vatt' a divertirti.
84.	<i>Josie esce correndo. Ester la guarda mentre mangia la torta. Xavier Cassidy le arriva da dietro nella penombra, come un invasato, paonazzo e ubriaco. Ha una pistola in mano.</i>
85.	Xavier Te la pappi tutta quella cosa lì, eh, Cygnus? La torta nuziale di mia figlia?
86.	65
87.	Hester Toh guarda, Xavier Cassidy con la sua vecchia pistola. Iniziavo a chiedermi quando ti avrei visto veramente per quello che sei. Devi aver fatto uno sforzo terribile per comportarti così bene tutto il giorno
88.	Xavier Hai ridotto in cenere quella maledettissima casa fino all'ultimo muro.
89.	Hester Pensi veramente che avrei permesso a tua figlia di vivere lì?
90.	Xavier Non riuscirai a sconfiggermi, Cygnus, lo sai questo, sì? Ho cacciato fuori di qui tua madre e cacerò anche te fuori di qui come una lepre terrorizzata.
91.	Hester Non sono affaracci tuoi Cassidy, è una cosa tra me e Carthage.

92.	Xavier Eccome se sono affaracci miei! Come non potrebbero, dopo che ti sei presa gioco di me e di mia figlia davanti tutta la parrocchia.
93.	Hester Niente che voi tutti non vi siate meritati, facendo le moine e persuadendo Carthage a lasciarmi in cambio di vuote promesse, terre e denaro.
94.	Xavier Che ingenuotto quello lì, oh!
95.	Hester È sempre stato un inutile sciocco.
96.	Xavier Avoglia, soprattutto eccetto pe' na cosa. Ama le mie terre e come me morirebbe piuttosto che separarsi da una di loro una volta che metterà le sue avide manine su di loro. Con lui la fattoria Cassidy sarà salva, il nome svanirà ma almeno la fattoria rimarrà. E chissà, magari quella tua bastardina e la sua prole non coltiveranno nemmeno per sbaglio la mia terra in futuro.
97.	Hester Josie non avrà niente a che fare con qualsiasi cosa ti appartenga. Penserò io stessa a quello. E se tu avessi avuto più cura di tuo figlio non saresti qui a invidiare la presenza di Josie e qualsiasi altra cosa che mi appartiene.
98.	Xavier Non osare parlare del mio ragazzo.
99.	66
100	Hester Non sono stata forse io a trovarlo pieno di stricnina fino ai capelli, urlando nella torbiera con il suo cane tra le braccia?
101	Xavier Mio figlio è morto in un tragico e irrisolto incidente. Questo è quanto riporta l'indagine. Io ho la coscienza pulita.

102	<p>Hester</p> <p>Ah davvero? Non sei un campagnolo qualsiasi tu, qualcosa di quel ragazzo non doveva proprio andarti a genio, forse non era abbastanza tosto per i tuoi standard, quindi gli hai avvelenato il cane con la stricnina, sapendo perfettamente che il ragazzino sarebbe andato in capo al mondo per quel cane. E sai perfettamente cosa fa la stricnina, ne basta solo un pizzico e tu c’hai fatto la doccia a quel povero cane. Non ti sei nemmeno dovuto sporcare le mani. Sapevi quello che facevi, Cassidy, e sai anche che io capisco. Capisco il male che ti attanaglia, sai perché? Perché si riflette nel mio.</p>
103	<p>Xavier</p> <p>Quante menzogne! Invenzioni dalla testa di una spossata! Se solo potessi sentire le folli cose che dici e lo stato in cui versi, Cygnus. Sei pazza come tua madre e lei era una folle!</p>
104	<p>Hester</p> <p>Non c’era niente di folle in lei, semplicemente che non riusciva a respirare la vostra stessa aria qui nella Palude dei Gatti.</p>
105	<p>Xavier</p> <p>Abbiamo spesso respirato la stessa aria, io e Josie Cygnus. Era una mina vagante, pazza, pigra e anche una facile sguadrina da quattro soldi come te.</p>
106	<p>Hester</p> <p>Se stai cercando di smontare l’alta opinione che mi sono fatta di mia madre, stai sprecando il tuo tempo. Ho speso lunghe ore in questi lunghi anni a pensare a lei. Sono sopravvissuta a qualsiasi umoraccio si possa provare quando si parla di lei. C’è stato certamente un momento in cui la odiavo e le auguravo il peggio, ma ho imparato a passare sopra tutta quella crudeltà e indegnità che mi trovavo in me quando pensavo a lei. Quindi, non pensare che le tue storie sulle sguadrine da quattro soldi possano farmi cambiare idea su di lei. Tengo strette a me dei ricordi così cari che le tue misere chiacchiere non potranno mai cambiare.</p>
107	67
108	<p>Xavier</p> <p>E quali sarebbero questi ricordi, Cygnus? Sono proprio curioso di sapere se esistono per davvero.</p>

109	Hester Oh, è chiaro che esistono e non vedi l'ora di fregarmi anche questi come tutto il resto, vero? Non ci riuscirai, perché sono più forte di te e non avrai niente da me se non decido di dartelo io.
110	Xavier <i>(le punta la pistola alla gola)</i> Ah è così quindi? Pensi di essere più furba di me, con i tuoi modi zingari e-
111	Hester Lasciami andare!
112	Xavier <i>(l'afferra ancora più forte)</i> Diamo un po' un'occhiata a cosa ha lasciato Carthage Kilbride qui. <i>Usa la pistola per sbirciare sotto il suo vestito)</i>
113	Hester Ti avverto, lasciami andare!
114	<i>Qualche spintone, qualche stratonamento, lui vince questo incontro.</i>
115	Xavier Quindi sei più forte di me adesso, no? Potrei farci quello che voglio con te in questo stesso momento e nessuno ti crederà. Ora, quello che voglio veramente sapere è quando hai intenzione di andartene?
116	Hester Cosa hai intenzione di fare, Cassidy? Farmi saltare la testa?
117	Xavier Vedi, mia figlia si è sposata oggi. Vedi, non mi interessa nulla di questa pantomima, ma lei è tutto quello che mi è rimasto, e non vorrei che Carthage cambiasse idea dopo un po'. Quindi, quando è che te ne vai, Cygnus? Quando?
118	Hester Pensi che ho paura di te e di questa tua vecchia pistola. <i>(Mette la canna della pistola nella sua bocca)</i> Avanti, spara! Fammi fuori! Risparmiami il peso di doverlo fare da sola. <i>(Mette le mani sul grilletto)</i> Vuoi che lo faccia io per te?
119	<i>Un altro strattone, adesso Xavier cerca di liberarsi dalla sua stretta.</i>

120	68
121	Xavier Strega, vecchia megera pericolosa, Cygnus.
122	Hester <i>(gli ride in faccia)</i> Stai sudando. Ho sempre saputo fossi un cagasotto. Non ti preoccupare, me ne andrò stanotte, ma non nel modo che vi aspettate. Mi dai della strega, Cassidy? Questo è nulla ancora, aspetta di vedere il vero-
123	<i>Carthage entra correndo, furioso e la scuote violentemente.</i>
124	Carthage Le vacche! I vitelli! Hai bruciato tutto, si dimenano in fiamme! La casa è incenerita! Sei diventata pazza improvvisamente? I vitelli! Sei impazzita?
125	Hester <i>(togliendoselo di dosso)</i> No, ho rispettato la mia parola. Ti avevo avvertito, Carthage. Mi hai spinto tu a fare questo.
126	Xavier Un centinaio di anni fa ti avremmo legato a una pira e dato fuoco fino a quando le tue budella non esplodevano.
127	Carthage Ne ho abbastanza! Josie verrà via con me! Non mi interessa se sarò costretto a sbatterti in tribunale. Ti farò internare! Racconterò tutta la verità sulla storia di tuo fratello! Non me ne frega più nulla!
128	Hester Sputa il rospo, vai! Di loro che anche tu sei parte di tutto questo mentre ci sei! E non ricattarmi usando Josie, sai! Questo sporco pervertito mi ha appena violentato con la sua pistola e tu vuoi mettergli Josie davanti-
129	Xavier Lurida bugiarda-
130	Hester Portarsi dietro una bambina in luna di miele, ma che problemi hai, Carthage? Beh, non ti lascerò usare Josie per riempire i momenti di silenzio tra te e Caroline Cassidy-

131	Xavier È totalmente uscita fuori di senno, se fosse cosa mia le avrei già tagliato quella lingua zingara che si ritrova, avrei cucito quelle labbra che si ritrova-
132	Carthage <i>(furibondo verso Xavier)</i> Torna al matrimonio e lasciaci soli, smettila di intrometterti! Se solo mi avessi lasciato gestire a me tutta la faccenda! Ma no! Dovevi per forza fare pressioni sul matrimonio e anticiparlo per evitare di pagare le tasse. Lasciaci da soli, che diamine!
133	Xavier Con molto piacere. Sei un fiasco, Kilbride, come tutti i Kilbride prima di te, non riesci a controllare una semplicità, non riesci a controllare nulla. Sto avendo seri dubbi nell'averti ceduto la mia fattoria-
134	Carthage Tieniti pure la tua stramaledettissima fattoria, Cassidy! Ho la mia. Non sono il tuo mulo da soma. Ci sono altre cose più importanti di un terreno.
135	Xavier Non c'è nulla di più importante di un terreno, ragazzo. Nulla. Nessun contadino penserebbe lo stesso.
136	Carthage Torna al matrimonio, te ne prego. Sarò con voi tra un po' di tempo e forse lì potremmo discutere le nostre divergenze.
137	Xavier Tu dici? <i>(Esce)</i> .
138	Hester C'è crisi in Paradiso.
139	Carthage
140	Andrebbe tutto bene se non ci fossi ancora tu tra i piedi.
141	Hester Se mi lasci rimanere giuro che non creerò disturbo. Mi trasferirò nella roulotte con Josie. Magari nel tempo sarai anche felice di avermi tenuto. Sono stata comunque una delle tue più care amiche, Carthage. Questo deve pur valere qualcosa, no?

142	Carthage Non lascerò mia figlia a vivere in una roulotte!
143	Hester Una volta adoravi quella roulotte.
144	Carthage La smetti di rivangare il passato! Non funzionerà!
145	Hester Mi hai fatto delle promesse! Hai costruito quella casa per me. Volevi che capissi come le persone normali vivono. E io ti ho assecondato, andando contro il mio istinto di nuovo. Tutto quello che volevo era soltanto vivere nella Palude dei Gatti. Un piccolo desiderio se paragonato a certi di altre persone. Lasciami soltanto rimanere nella roulotte.
146	70
147	Carthage E lasciare che l'intero vicinato si faccia zimbello di me?
148	Hester Non è per questo motivo che non vuoi che rimango. Ti vergogni di aver preso parte all'omicidio di mio fratello vero?
149	Carthage Non ho preso proprio parte a niente io!
150	Hester Hai paura che vada a spifferare in giro quello che hai fatto. Non lo farò. Non potrei mai, Carthage.
151	Carthage Io non ho fatto proprio nulla, se non guardare!
152	Hester Mi hai aiutato a legargli un macino alla vita!
153	Carthage Era già morto!
154	Hester Non esattamente! Aveva ancora un po' di battito!

155	Carthage Mi stai dicendo questo solo per torturarmi adesso! Perché l'hai dovuto fare, Hetty? Stavamo così bene fino a quel momento.
156	Hester Come fanno a sapere le persone perché fanno una determinata cosa? Qualcosa di oscuro mi ha preso - e il coltello da pesca era semplicemente lì nella barca- e il Bergit's Lake è molto grande - e ho guardato davanti a me la casa di mio padre sul lago e il pensiero che lei avesse avuto una vita interamente diversa lì mi ha attraversato come un arpione. Come avrei mai potuto fare parte di lei?
157	Carthage Non mi hai mai detto queste cose prima d'ora. Pensavo avessi ucciso tuo fratello per i soldi.
158	Hester Ho incontrato il suo fantasma, stanotte, sai-
159	Carthage Il suo fantasma?
160	Hester Se, n'animella così gentile e così disorientata, mi ha parlato così dolcemente. Non mi meritavo tutta quella gentilezza -
161	Carthage Ah, ma la smetti con queste idiozie!
162	Hester Sei rinato ad oggi dalle sue ceneri! È questo quello che ti perseguita! Tu mi guardi e quando mi guardi vedi solo Joseph Cygnus scivolare giù a picco nel Bergit's Lake un'altra volta. Pensi che mettermi fuori gioco possa risolvere la situazione Non lo farà, Carthage. Non lo farà. Ti ricorderai di me, Carthage, quando le acque si saranno calmate e tu sarai stanco di rovistare tra terreni e saldi bancari. Ti ricorderai di me quando camminerai in quelle grandi stanze prive di figli nella casa di Cassidy. Pensi che adesso non lo farai, ma fidati.

163	Carthage Hai sempre avuto una grande opinione di te stessa. Chiaro, penserò a te di tanto in tanto. Ricorderò di come stavi seduta al tavolo della cucina a scolarti intere bottiglie e ricorderò anche il rumore della porta sul retro, sbattere nel bel mezzo della notte, mentre tu scappavi a vagare per la torbiera.
164	Hester Ho iniziato a bere dopo, molto dopo che tu hai ben deciso di lasciarmi. Se avessi avuto qualcuno con cui parlare forse non avrei bevuto così tanto, qualcuno con cui vagare per la torbiera con me, qualcuno che si caricasse anche un briciolo di questa colpa con me. Ma non l'hai mai fatto.
165	Carthage Sembra quasi che non abbia fatto una singola cosa giusta. No?
166	Hester Almeno imparerai le lezioni per la tua nuova moglie. No, Carthage, non ne hai azzeccata una. Quella tua testardaggine da mulo e sudata scalata sociale non mi hanno mai commosso. Quello che volevo era qualcuno che mi guardasse negli occhi e mi facesse capire che non mi giudicava, anzi mi comprendeva. Pensavi non avessi il diritto di pretendere niente di tutto ciò. Forse non ce l'avevo, ma il modo in cui mi giudicavi - non ti è mai balenato nella testa che per quanto tu mi giudicassi severamente, io mi giudicavo ancora di più? Non avresti mai potuto prevederlo.
167	Carthage Josie verrà via con me! Mi tocca portartela via. Tu sei l'unica che non riesce a capire che non puoi prenderti cura di lei, è chiaro come il sole a tutti. Se sei furba abbastanza, ti farai andare bene questa decisione e non ci dovremmo sorbire la scena ridicola in tribunale. Te la lascerò vedere qualche volta.
168	Hester Prenditela, prenditela pure. Tanto ormai hai preso tutto. Nella mia stupidità pensavo che almeno Josie me la lasciassi. Avrei dovuto immaginarlo che la tua intenzione era quella di tenertela tutta per te da sempre.
169	<i>Hester rimane lì ferma, si fa un bicchierino, entra nella roulotte e ne esce con un coltello in mano. Vede quanto è affilato, ci scherza poggiandolo sulla gola, rabbrivisce.</i>

170	Andiamo su, l'hai fatto già una volta su qualcuno, adesso è il tuo turno.
171	<i>Si scopre la gola, pronta a farlo.</i>
172	<i>(Josie entra correndo, si ferma e guarda sua madre con il coltello pronto)</i>
173	Josie Ma! Che cosa hai lì?
174	Hester <i>(si ferma)</i> Solo un vecchio coltello da pesca, Josie.
175	Josie E che vuoi farci?
176	Hester Niente, Josie, niente.
177	Josie Sono venuta per salutarti, partiremo presto. <i>(Da un bacio ad Ester.)</i>
178	Hester Addio tesoro mio. Josie, non mi rivedrai più.
179	Josie Ma certo che si! Vado solo in luna di miele.
180	Hester No Josie, non mi rivedrai più perché anche io me ne sto andando.
181	Josie Dove vai?
182	Hester In uno posto da dove non puoi tornare indietro.
183	Josie E dove sarebbe?
184	Hester Non importa. Volevo solo salutarti, tutto qui.
185	Josie Beh, posso venire con te?
186	Hester No non puoi.

187	Josie Dai, Ma! Voglio venire con te!
188	Hester Beh, non puoi, perché una volta che vai lì non puoi più tornare indietro.
189	Josie Non vorrei tornare comunque indietro se tu non ci sei, Ma.
190	Hester Stai solo facendo il bastian contrario adesso. Non vuoi stare con il tuo paparino e crescere e diventare forte e amorevole e piena di soldi, che io non potrò mai darti?
191	Josie Ma, mi sono presa cura di te per tutto il tempo nella Palude dei Gatti. Ho sperato e aspettato e pregato che tu ritornassi.
192	Hester Non dirmi queste cose adesso, Josie.
193	Josie Portami con te, Ma. <i>(Mette le mani intorno ad Hester)</i>
194	Hester <i>(spingendola via)</i> No, non capisci. Vattene via, vattene via da me, adesso, scappa via da me subito.
195	Josie <i>(cercando di rimanere abbracciata alla madre a fatica)</i> No, Ma, fermati! Vengo con te.
196	Hester Lasciami andare!
197	Josie <i>(agitata)</i> No, Ma! Ti prego!
198	Hester E va bene! E va bene! Shhh! <i>(La prende in braccio)</i> Va bene, ti porterò con me. Non vorrei mai che anche tu rimanga ad aspettare qualcuno che non tornerà mai, perché non tornano Josie. Non tornano mai. Va tutto bene.
199	Chiudi gli occhi.
200	<i>Josie chiude gli occhi.</i>

201	Sono chiusi forte forte?
202	Josie Si.
203	<i>Hester le taglia la gola con un movimento selvaggio.</i>
204	<i>(dolcemente) Ma... Ma... (e Josie muore tra le braccia di Hester)</i>
205	Hester (sussurra) Questo è perché volevi venire con me Josie.
206	<i>Inizia a gridare come un'ossessa tra le lacrime) Entra la Donna Gatto.</i>
207	Donna Gatto Hester, che cosa è successo? Che cosa è successo?
208	Hester Oh, Donna Gatto, lo sapevo che qualcosa di terribile sarebbe successo. Ma non avrei mai pensato a questo. <i>(Continua con questo terribile lamento, a stento qualcosa di umano)</i>
209	Donna Gatto Che cosa hai combinato, Hester? Ti sei fatta male?
210	Hester No, non ho fatto del male a me stessa, eppure è proprio a me stessa che ho fatto male.
211	Donna Gatto <i>(si avvicina, tocca alla cieca vicino Ester e sente Josie)</i> Non Josie, Hester? Non Josie? Per tutti i santi numi, Hester, non la bambina. Pensavo fossi tu, forse Carthage, ma mai la bambina. <i>(Corre verso il bordo del palco e urla)</i> Aiuto, qualcuno venga qui, aiuto! Hester Cygnus ha sgozzato sua figlia! Aiuto!
212	<i>Hester cammina come una folle con in braccio ancora Josie Carthage entra, correndo.</i>
213	Carthage Donna Gatto, che cosa è successo? Hester? Che è successo a Josie? C'è sangue ovunque!
214	Hester <i>(brandendo il coltello)</i> Allontanati. Allontanati! Ti avevo avvertito, te l'avevo detto io. Perché non mi ascolti mai? Che cosa ho fatto, che cosa ho fatto?
215	<i>Monica entra.</i>
216	Carthage Dammela!

217	Monica Santo Dio, Hester-
218	Carthage Dammi la bambina! L'hai uccisa! Questa pazza l'ha uccisa!
219	Hester Voi tutti pensavate che me ne sarei semplicemente andata e l'avrei abbandonata nelle vostre mani. Ci siete quasi riusciti. Ma lei è mia e non le avrei mai permesso di sprecare la sua vita sognandomi e con voi che l'avvenavate l'anima con storie macabre sul mio conto.
220	Carthage Sei un mostro!
221	<i>Entra il Mietitore Solitario. Hester lo vede, gli altri no. Le sfilta di mano il coltello da pesca.</i>
222	Hester È tardi, sei arrivato troppo tardi.
223	Carthage Che sta blaterando? Cosa? Dammi la bambina, subito! <i>(Le toglie via dalle braccia Josie)</i>
224	Hester Non ti dimenticherai di me adesso, Carthage. Quando tutto questo sarà finito one rimarrà solo un mezzo ricordo, penserai di avermi quasi perdonato di nuovo, farai una passeggiata nella Palude dei Gatti e quando soffierà un vento macabro tra i tuoi capelli o una soffice brezza sfiorerà le tue orecchie o sentirai un leggero fruscio dietro di te, saremo lì. Saremo io e Josie a perseguitarti. <i>(Cammina verso il Mietitore Solitario)</i> Portami via, portami via da qui.
225	Mietitore Certamente, bambola.
226	<i>Iniziano una danza mortale con il coltello da pesca che trafigge il cuore di Hester. Hester cade morta al suolo. Il Mietitore Solitario esce con il coltello.</i>
227	Hester <i>(sussurra morente)</i> Ma! Ma !
228	<i>Monica le si avvicina dopo un po'.</i>

229	Monica Hester, è morta. Hester, si è strappata via il cuore. Giace lì, sul suo petto come un cigno dalle piume nere.
230	<i>Musica. Si abbassano le luci.</i>

Appendix Three: *By the Bog of Cats...* (Italian Adaptation)



Adaptation_BBOC.doc
cx