

THEOPHILI FOLENGII MANTUANI
VARIUM POEMA

Teofilo Folengo, Mantuan:
*Various Poems*¹

¹ The texts of the 68 poems in Teofilo Folengo's *Varium poema* are taken from the edition dated 1533, which includes three works: a 150-page prose tour de force written by his brother, Giovanni Battista Folengo: *Dialogi, quos Pomiliones vocat* (*Dialogues, which he calls Dwarves*); these *Diverse Poems* (ranging from 4 to 76 lines) and *Janus*, a 559 hexameter narrative poem also by Teofilo. More than a dozen of the poems here appear in other works, often a bit altered: I offer these versions in my Additional Notes, along with further information about the text. In 1958, C. F. Goffis published an idiosyncratic edition with translations and notes in Italian (*Il poema vario*, Torino, Loescher, 1958). The versions altered by Goffis are found on the extraordinarily useful Perseus Digital Library site from Tufts (by way of the *Poeti d'Italia in lingua latina* site). The poems and verses are not numbered in the original edition, but numbers make them much easier to work with so they have been added.

<p>01. Ad Paulum Ursinum.</p> <p>02. De seipso.</p> <p>03. AD matrem virginem,</p> <p>04. De Sala regione Campaniae.</p> <p>05. In Gallam Amici uxo.</p> <p>06. Ad Petrillum poetam impudicum.</p> <p>07. IOCUS De Scabie omnium morborum pessima.</p> <p>08. Methaphora de iis, quos ad magistratum se contulisse poenitet.</p> <p>09. De ira, ad Paulum Ursinum.</p> <p>10. Commendat hortulum Quirino.</p> <p>11. In Nativitate Servatoris.</p> <p>12. In Gallam amici uxorem.</p> <p>13. De duarum Avium fortuna.</p> <p>14. Tumulus Pom. Columnae.</p> <p>15. Item</p> <p>16. Ad amicum, de Galla eius uxore</p> <p>17. In Felem, quem ligone contrivit.</p> <p>18. Ad Socium de Limacibus.</p> <p>19. Ad Intronatos</p> <p>20. In Gallam furentem</p> <p>21. De quattuor Temporibus Anni. Experientia. I</p> <p>22. [De quattuor Temporibus Anni.] Experientia. II</p> <p>23. [De quattuor Temporibus Anni.] Experientia. III</p> <p>24. [De quattuor Temporibus Anni.] Experientia. IV</p> <p>25. [De quattuor Temporibus Anni.] Experientia. V</p> <p>26. [De quattuor Temporibus Anni.] Experientia. VI</p> <p>27. Tumulus Dorotheae tianaeae.</p> <p>28. In senem Hypocritam.</p> <p>29. In Apianum poetam,</p> <p>30. In Annunciatione Virg. Matris.</p> <p>31. Ad Alovisium Grifalconem.</p> <p>32. Ad seipsum</p> <p>33. Ad Federicum Gonzagam Mantuae Ducem.</p> <p>34. Tumulus Candidi Castelionaei.</p> <p>35. Item.</p> <p>36. In Maledicum aenigma.</p> <p>37. Ad Ducem Adriae Aquevivum.</p> <p>38. Tumulus Fambroniae Castelionaeae, quae matrem alloquitur.</p> <p>39. De Io. Bap. Chrysogono.</p> <p>40. Ad Servatorem nostrum.</p> <p>41. Tumulus Caroli Agnelli.</p>	<p>01. To Paolo Orsini</p> <p>02. About himself</p> <p>03. To the virgin mother</p> <p>04. About Sala, a region of Campagna</p> <p>05. Against Galla, the wife of a friend</p> <p>06. To Petrillo, a shameless poet</p> <p>07. A JOKE: About scabies, worst of all diseases</p> <p>08. Metaphor concerning those who regret having taken refuge in the administration</p> <p>09. About anger, to Paolo Orsini</p> <p>10. He commends his little garden to Quirinus</p> <p>11. On the Birth of the Savior</p> <p>12. Against Galla, the wife of a friend</p> <p>13. About the fate of two Birds</p> <p>14. The tomb of Pom. Colonna</p> <p>15. As above</p> <p>16. To a friend, about his wife Galla</p> <p>17. Against a cat bruised by a hoe</p> <p>18. To a Comrade, about Snails.</p> <p>19. To the <i>Intronati</i></p> <p>20. Against furious Galla</p> <p>21. On the four Seasons of the Year: Experiment 1</p> <p>22. Experiment 2</p> <p>23. Experiment 3</p> <p>24. Experiment 4</p> <p>25. Experiment 5</p> <p>26. Experiment 6</p> <p>27. Tomb of Dorothea of Tyana</p> <p>28. Against an old Hypocrite</p> <p>29. Against the poet Apiano</p> <p>30. On the Annunciation of the Virgin Mother</p> <p>31. To Luigi Grifalcone</p> <p>32. To himself</p> <p>33. To Federico Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua</p> <p>34. Tomb of Candido de Castellòn</p> <p>35. As above [Tomb of Candido de Castellòn]</p> <p>36. Enigma against a slanderer</p> <p>37. To Duke Aquaviva of Adria/ Atri</p> <p>38. Tomb of Fambronia Casteliona* who is speaking to her mother</p> <p>39. About Giov. Batt. Chrysogono</p> <p>40. To our Savior</p> <p>41. Tomb of Carlo Agnelli</p>
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<p>42. Tumulus Candidi Castelionaei.</p> <p>43. Querela Avis in Corillum Sagittarium.</p> <p>44. De Surrento.</p> <p>45. Tumulus Avali, principis Pescariae.</p> <p>46. Ad Nicodemum fratrem,</p> <p>47. Ad Iram.</p> <p>48. Ad socios Anachoritas.</p> <p>49. De quodam Anachoreta nimis ocioso.</p> <p>50. Flentes oculi ad Cor.</p> <p>51. De Sacello divo Ioan. Baptistae dicato.</p> <p>52. De eodem.</p> <p>53. Ad Nicolaum morosinaeum.</p> <p>54. Blanditur Pauli epistolis.</p> <p>55. De illo, Ductus est Iesus ut tentaretur a Diabolo.</p> <p>56. Blanditur suis oculis.</p> <p>57. In furem.</p> <p>58. Ad Christum Oratio.</p> <p>59. Cyrillum increpat, quod ignaro literarum paulinas donasset epistolas.</p> <p>60. De Nicolao Maurocaeno sive Morosinaeo.</p> <p>61. Moerens anima in Christum pie invehitur.</p> <p>62. DE SANCTORUM BEATITATE.</p> <p>63. Ad Cyrillum.</p> <p>64. De aureo Vase, in quo Eucharistia servatur.</p> <p>65. Blanditur suo ligoni.</p> <p>66. Ad Deum patrem de filio.</p> <p>67. Blanditur Cyrillo sarrienti.</p> <p>68. De passione Domini.</p>	<p>42. Tomb of Candido de Castellòn</p> <p>43. Lament of a Bird against the Archer Corillus</p> <p>44. About Sorrento</p> <p>45. Tomb of Avalus, prince of Pescara</p> <p>46. To [my] brother Nicodemo</p> <p>47. To Anger</p> <p>48. To my Anchorite companions</p> <p>49. About a certain Anchorite who is too leisurely</p> <p>50. Eyes weeping to the Heart</p> <p>51. About a shrine dedicated to St. John the Baptist</p> <p>52. About the same [shrine]</p> <p>53. To Niccolò Morosini</p> <p>54. He flatters Paul's epistles</p> <p>55. On that [passage], "Christ was led to be tempted by the Devil"</p> <p>56. He cajoles his eyes</p> <p>57. Against a thief</p> <p>58. Oration to Christ</p> <p>59. He scolds Cyril because he had given the Pauline epistles to an illiterate person</p> <p>60. On Niccolò Mauroceno or rather Morosini</p> <p>61. The doleful soul righteously inveighs against Christ</p> <p>62. ON THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE SAINTS</p> <p>63. To Cyril</p> <p>64. On the golden Urn, in which the Eucharist is kept</p> <p>65. He flatters his hoe</p> <p>66. To the father about his son</p> <p>67. He cajoles Cyril who is hoeing</p> <p>68. On the Lord's passion</p>
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	1. Ad Paulum Ursinum.	1. To Paolo Orsini. ²
1. 5. 10. 15. 17.	DUDUM cui labor istius Libelli, Et parum nitidi, et parum expoliti, Donetur satago, et voluto mecum: Qui tot ungue secet notas severa, Totque expungat acu hinc et inde mendas, Quot possunt niveos ferire ocellos. ³ Num quem simplicitas, merusque sermo Nunc Evangelii tenet, iuvatque, Quamvis doctiloqui minus Catulli Et lusus imitetur, et lepores, Explodetur ut improbus Poeta? Nullumque inveniet miser Patronum? En mi Paule, nihil modo repugnat, Quin meam hanc tibi Lesbiam perito Commendem, ut foveas sinu: velisque im- pune huic tot dare basiationes, Quot naevos feries stilo nigellos.	For sometime now I have mused and mulled: on whom should the labor of this Booklet, little polished and little refined, be bestowed: someone who'd slash many words with a harsh talon and poke with a needle here and there all the blemishes that can offend flawless eyes? Surely not someone whom the simplicity and plain talk of the Gospels presently grips and delights; however little he imitates the gibes and jests of smart-talking Catullus, is the Poet to be heckled as immoral? And will the wretch find no Patron? ⁴ Here then, Paolo, nothing now prevents me from entrusting my Lesbia to expert you, to cherish in your bosom: be willing to give it as many big kisses as the little black marks you inflict with your pen.
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	2. De seipso.	2. About himself. ⁵

² 1. *Ad Paulum Ursinum* (1. *To Paulo Orsini*), hendecasyllables, 17 lines. Not much is known about Paolo Orsini, son of Camillo Orsini, Captain General of Venice; Folengo is thought to have been his tutor from 1526 to 1530. Paolo and his father are mentioned often in Folengo's works. Simona Gatti Ravedati fixes his dates as 1517-1581, in Teofilo Folengo's *La Umanita' del Figliuolo di Dio*, Torino, Ediz. dell'Orso, 2000, p. 171.

³ 1.1. The dedicatory poem pays homage to the first poem in the collection of verses we have from Catullus (c.84-c.54 BCE), who is named here at verse 9; Folengo's poet-persona calls his collection of poems Lesbia (1.14) in imitation of the name Catullus gave to his beloved.

⁴ 1.11-12. In the code used by writers of the era, *Poeta* sometimes represents the receptive partner in a sexual exchange, and *Padrone* the partner traditionally referred to as the active male, see glossary to Jean Toscan, *Le carnaval du langage: le lexique érotique des poètes de l'équivoque de Burchiello à Marino* (Lille: Presses Universitaires, 1981).

⁵ 2. *De seipso* (2. *About himself*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines. Cf. poem 32. Two other versions of this poem were published, one in the undated Cipadense edition (c. 1535) of Folengo's epic *Baldus* (C), one in the posthumous Vigaso edition (V, 1552); for these see Additional Notes.

1.	Quae prius ingenio docili mihi floruit aetas, Magnificae poterat laudis adire iubar. Decipitur iuvenum sed mens improvida: quae qua* Saepe decus poscit, dedecus inde refert.	What a time of life flourished for me early on, when my talent was tractable, it could have approached the brilliance of magnificent fame.
5.	Cum mihi praeteritae subeunt insomnia vitae, Tam pudet, ut pudeat, non puduisse satis.	But the reckless mind of a young man is deceived: often from where it seeks honor, from there it brings back dishonor. ⁶
8.	Infelix tamen ipse minus fortasse viderer: Lusissem vafros si sine dente sales.	When the restlessness of my past life steals in on me, I am so ashamed that I am ashamed not to have been ashamed enough. Yet perhaps I could have appeared less unlucky, had I played at clever gibes without teeth.
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	3. AD matrem virginem,	3. To the virgin mother. ⁷
1.	VIRGO, quam rerum sibi praeter usus Legit in matrem sator orbis, ut quam Intulit noxam prius Eva, eandem	Virgin, whom the sower of the universe, contrary to normal practice, chose as a mother for himself, so that whatever mischief Eve inflicted earlier, you alone could drive away:
4.	Sola fugares: Si latus servas propius Tonantis, Praenitens omni superum catervae, Si te Amor circum, Charitesque, et omnis	if only you guard the flank of the Thunderer more closely, shining before the whole throng of celestial beings; if Love plays around you, and the Graces and all Glory,
8.	Gloria ludit: Si triumphanti cytharae, lyraeque, Et strepunt albi Aligeri, vocantes, Mater ó Mater patris, ó potenti	if for you triumphant, lutes and lyres and even the white Winged [<i>puti</i>] make noise, calling out, "Mother, O Mother of our father, O bride of the most potent of gods";
12.	Nupta Deorum: Si genus nos hinc miserum, quod atrae Debitum morti properat, vacamus Spe tibi cuncta, erigimusque nostrae	if from now on we – a doomed race, because it rushes destined for dark death – empty into you with all our hope, and raise prayers for our salvation,
16.	Vota salutis: Si Paros tandem tibi iuncta caelo Templa molitur, populusque supplex Hinc odoratis meditaturn aptum	if Paros/ Parian marble builds temples for you joined to the sky, and the populace entreating from here, rehearses a fitting song from the profumed altars,
20.	Carmen ab aris: Oro, ne nostris veneranda coeptis Subtrahas te te: sed opem benigni	I pray, lest you, venerable one, pull yourself from underneath the [things] begun by us:

⁶ 2.3. *qua*: the final letter is blurred here, and again in C; in the 1555 Boselli reissue of C, the word is clearly *quo*.

⁷ 3. *Ad matrem virginem* (3. *To the virgin mother*), Sapphics, 24 lines.

24.	Numinis, quo non aliud rogatur Certius, adfer,	rather, bring the aid of your beneficial divine will – nothing more secure than this is sought.
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	4. De Sala regione Campaniae.	4. About Sala, a region of Campagna. ⁸
1. 5. 10. 15.	SALA Nap[a]earum, Dryadumque admixta choraeis, Ibat, earumdem tantum pulcherrima, quantum Ipsa Cloes, atque ipsa Thyas Nereidas inter. Illam Capripedes, illam qui Pana sequuntur Et videre simul, simul et caluere medullis. Nam neque visa Pado Stella est tam pulchra, neque ipsa Tybri pater visa est tibi tam formosa Lycoris: Parthenope licet huic, licet illi Mantua vatem, Parthenope similem det primo, Mantua primum. Sed quid erit tantae sacra inter pectora mentis, Qui velut hic Stellam superat, velut ille Lycorim Laudibus, aequato celebret certamine Salam? En reperire datur quem adsumat phoebus, amentque Usque adeo Aonides, ut eas, quas aurea vernas Sala rosas, violasque, et candida lilia nectit, Auferat, et laurum, cui lauri cura, remittat.	Sala of the valley-Nymphs, went along mingled in with the chorus of Dryads, by far the very prettiest of these, as much as Chloe herself and even Thyas among the Nereids. As soon as the Goat-footed followers of Pan see her, that [Sala], they burn in their marrow. For Stella was not so beautiful to the Po, nor Lycoris herself so gorgeous to you, father Tiber: Let Napoli produce a poet for this one and Mantua for that: Mantua the best [poet], Napoli, one similar to the best. ⁹ But what kind of great mind will there be among the hallowed breasts, who could – just as this one conquers Stella with praises and that one Lycoris – celebrate Sala in a fair contest? Behold, it is granted that [one be] found whom Phoebus claims and even the Aonides/ Muses would love, so that he would carry off those spring roses and violets and white lilies which golden Sala links, and would send back the laurel to one who cares for the laurel.
	Huc huc verte fides aurati Scipio plectri,	Here, here, Scipio of the golden lyre/ plectrum,

⁸ 4. *De Sala regione Campaniae* (4. *About Sala, a region of Campagna*), hexameters, 62 lines.

Sala is one of the Napaeae, the nymphs of wooded valleys and grottoes; generally nymphs were considered demi-gods who sported with each other, often found in the company of satyrs.

Goffis suggests that Folengo is also referencing Sala Consilina in the Vallo di Diano (or Valdiano), province of Salerno, where Scipio Capece (named in v. 17-18) was governor around 1530.

Because the “Campagna region” is emphasized in the title, it should be noted that *campagna* (farmlands, hence plowable) is a code word for the sexual zone, and *sala* (Italian for room) was used for orifice, see Jean Toscan, *Le carnaval du langage: le lexique érotique des poètes de l'équivoque de Burchiello à Marino* (Lille: Presses Universitaires, 1981), pp. 898-9, 1581; 1362-3.

⁹ 4.6-12. There are references here whose import is not yet known: Goffis identifies Stella as a love interest of the Neapolitan poet Giovanni Pontano and the inspiration for his work about the river Po; Lycoris is the love interest of the yearning Gallus in Vergil's tenth *Eclogue*; Lycorias, a golden-haired sea nymph (Nereid), is mentioned in *Georgics*, 4; Father Tiber is addressed repeatedly in the *Aeneid*, but not said to be in love with Lycorias.

<p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p>	<p>Scipio Scipiadum nomen sortite, decusque. Quid sua necquicquam tibi consuit Ischia sarta, Ischia Nereidum matri decus Amphitrite? Non minus ipsa tibi debet, quam myrthea vati Mergilina suo, atque suo vel Clodia, vel quae Sirmia Benaci ludit pulcherrima ripis. Ischia cur frustra populat durissima quidquid Ramorum, florumque tibi, Laurique, Hederaeque, Et Myrthi pariunt, et fragrantissima Citrus? Ut nedum decori, verum sint illa decori Tam tibi quam patriae, Cyrrhaeque bibentibus undam. Verum nec decori, nec erunt sarta illa decori 30. Tam tibi quam patriae, Cyrrhaeque bibentibus undam.</p>	<p>turn the lyre strings: [you,] Scipio, who have been allotted the name and the honor/ splendor of the Scipios.¹⁰ Why did Ischia sew her garlands together for you to no avail, Ischia, honor/ splendor to her mother, Amphitrite of the Nereids? She herself owes no less to you, than myrtle-covered Mergellina [owes] to her poet, or Clodia to hers, or the very beautiful Sirmia who plays on the banks of Lake Garda.¹¹ Why does extremely hard Ischia lay waste to whatever branches and blossoms, the Laurels and Ivies and Myrtles produce for you, and the extremely fragrant Lemon tree? So that those [laurels*], would be less for your honor, in truth, than for the honor of the country, and for those drinking the waters of Cyrrha/ Parnassus.¹² In truth, those garlands will not be for your honor as much as for the honor of the country and for those drinking the waters of Cyrrha.</p>
<p>35.</p>	<p>Sala quidem te sola manet, quae solis amica est. Illa venit, venit en Dryadum stipante caterva, Cui latus adglomerant charites, cui thessala virgo Inter Hamadryadas occurrit laeta, vicissimque Extantes complexae humeros grata oscula miscent.</p>	<p>Indeed only Sala, who is a friend of the sun, stays with you. She comes, behold she comes with a throng of Dryads crowding close: the Graces amass at her side, [Daphne,] the happy Thessalian maiden meets her among the</p>

¹⁰ 4.17-8. In 1532, Scipio Capece (1480-1551) published the poem *Inarime* (Ischia) concerning the island and its famous inhabitant, Vittoria Colonna. Capece (also known as Capytius) was a law professor and published a number of literary and professional works; after the death of Sannazaro, he took over as president of the Academy founded by Pontano; he was accused of heresy by the Catholic Inquisition but not convicted. In vv. 17-30, Folengo implies that Ischia (i.e. Vittoria Colonna) did not properly appreciate her poet Scipio.

4.17. *aurati Scipio plectri*: Scipio of the golden plectrum: *plectrum* here (and below 4.56) signifies not just the pick for playing the strings, but the lyre itself as the iconic instrument of lyric poetry: Adams identifies a synonym of *plectrum*, *pecten*, with the phallus, p. 25; golden implies aptness for sexual activity: see for example, *Aureo laeti Genii colore* (Happy Spirits of golden color), 62.33; *De aureo vase* (On the golden urn/ chalice), 64 title; and *croceae Tomaclae* (big golden sausages), 26.6.

¹¹ 4.21-3. The poet of Mergellina is presumed to be Jacopo Sannazaro, author of the *Arcadia*, among other works. Clodia is thought to have been the woman addressed as Lesbia in the poems of Catullus; Sirmio is the peninsula that divides the Southern part of the Lago di Garda, and is the birthplace of Catullus. Goffis points out that Folengo treats the names of nymphs and other poets' inspiring entities as though they were fables (p. 10, n. 1).

¹² 4.29-31. Cyrrha is the name of one of the two peaks of Mount Parnassus, sacred to Apollo, a god associated with homosexuality: see below, 4.57 and note, and 31.9-10, 44.4.

40.	<p>Cos quibus, atque silex, et marmora dura liquescunt. iamque vagus per odora suae vestigia Daphnis Phoebus adest, sed quem niveae praesentia Salae Perstringit, caelique hebetat Sala una nitores. At cita Peneis tumido consulta pudori, Arripuit conversa fugam, perque avia multam Emicat in Sylvam fugitans, iamque aspice, iamque Fronduit, et miserum, ut crebro, delusit amantem.</p>	<p>Hamadryads, and standing aside by turns, embracing each other's outstanding/ impressive shoulders, they mingle welcome kisses. With these [kisses] they melt flint stone and rock and hard marble.¹³ And now Phoebus/ Apollo appears, ranging along the fragrant traces of his Daphne, but the presence of snow-white Sala constricts him and at the same time Sala blunts the brightness of the sky. But the swift [Daphne] Peneis, having taken note of the swelling shame, having turned back, snatched at escape, and, fleeing through pathless spaces, suddenly darts into a great forest, and look now! now she has put forth leaves and as often [happens], has cheated the wretched lover.</p>
45. 50. 55. 60.	<p>Sala manet tantum, claroque arridet amanti, Iniiciensque oculos oculis, simul ardet, et urit, Urit adurentem extincta Peneide Phoebum, His furtivus Amor repit, petisque* cachinnis Implicat et Dryadas, et semicapros Sylvanos. Ipsa Venus formosa suos intenderat arcus, Vitisatorque suos: sed Hymen tener abfuit unus, Abfuit unus Hymen:qui quos exciverat ignes Alma venus, Venerisque puer, quicquidve iocorum est, Compescat, miscens iunctis conubia taedis. Mittuntur blandae illecebrae, Charitesque decorae, Quae raptim accito Geniorum antistite, laetas Apportant Choreas, plectroque sonante resultant. Interea Salam Sol carpit, Salaque Solem: Dumque alternantes Natura intercipit ictus, Ipsa suas textit Zephiritis odora corollas, Rident prata, et Sylvae, et multicolora pererrant Rura vagi fontes, gemmantque in palmite botri: Atque ita perpetuo Campania tempore vernat.</p>	<p>Only Sala stays on, and smiles at her illustrious lover, and injecting [her] eyes into [his] eyes, blazes at the same time she burns; she burns Phoebus [Apollo] – consumed now that Peneis is extinct; furtive Love slinks in on these [two] and entwines both the Dryads and the sylvan half-goats with longed-for/ squint-eyed chortles. Shapely Venus herself had stretched her bows, and the Vine-planter his, but only tender Hymen was missing, only Hymen was missing, who would quench those fires or anything playful [that] favorable Venus and Venus's boy had excited, mingling/ joining spouses [only] after [wedding] torches have been joined.¹⁴ Alluring enticements are sent for, and the elegant Graces, who, having hurriedly invited the high-priest of Guardian Spirits, bring in the happy Dancers and with the lyre/ plectrum resounding, they rebound. In the meantime, the Sun grasps Sala, and Sala the Sun: and while Nature cuts short alternating strokes, fragrant [Venus] Zephyritis weaves her own wreathes; meadows laugh, and</p>

¹³ 4.35-6. *Extantes complexae humeros* (having embraced [each other's] impressive shoulders, sounds a bit awkward – shoulders may be a euphemism for breasts; *grata oscula miscent* (they mingle welcome kisses): the verb *misceo* (to mix, mingle) is used for mixing it up sexually, see for example 4.53, 62.62, and Adams, 180-1; this meaning seems to be highlighted by the next phrase: these kisses melt stone.

¹⁴ 4.49-53. Cf. Catullus 61 and 62.

		Woods, and changeable spouts stray amid multicolored fields, and grapes bud on the vine; and therefore Campagna stays green at all times. ¹⁵
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	5. In Gallam Amici uxo.	5. Against Galla, a friend's wife. ¹⁶
1. 4. 8. 12. 16.	Galla, te praefers rabidam, modum ne Ponis interdum Furias ciendi? Accipin quantos tua concitarint Verba tumultus? Usque quo mecum geminas palaestram? Meque discindis* mage quam valeret Ferre, qui erosa cute loppus acres Fluxit in angues? Pergis ah sic sic in ovem bidentem Dura grassari? superest, ut aut te Perferam ritu crucis, aut remota Poscar Eremo. Nil mihi blandis precibus relictum, Ut furens tandem rigor eliquescat: Stas minus Tygri, minus atque marso Flexilis Apro.	Galla, you come on raging, why don't you take a break now and then from rousing the Furies? Don't you understand what upheavals your words provoke? How long will you keep on wrestling with me? ¹⁷ And splitting me in two, more than even Job could bear, who, with his skin eroded, exuded pungent snakes? ¹⁸ So you continue to advance hard against the sacrificial lamb, ah, like this, like this? The upshot: either I endure you [like] a station of the cross, or I seek a remote Hermitage. Nothing is left of my persuasive pleas that might mollify at last the raging rigidity: you remain less flexible than a Tiger, even less than a Marsian Boar. ¹⁹
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¹⁵ 4.57. *Salam Sol carpit, Salaque Solem* (the Sun grasps Sala, and Sala the Sun): after having first pointed out to Scipio that Sala, golden Sala (the anus), a friend of the Sun, is the only one staying with him (4.31), here the poet solidly identifies the Sun as a sodomitic phallus. Throughout the collection, one sees the words Sol, Phoebus and Apollo in this role.

¹⁶ *In Gallam Amici uxo*. (5. *Against Galla, a friend's wife*), Sapphics, 16 lines. Poems 12, 16 and 20 are also invectives against Galla; Galla is the name given to the target of poetical invectives by near-contemporaries, Pontano and Poliziano, and traces its origin back to Martial. See Notes concerning snakes and Furies.

¹⁷ 5.5. *Usque quo...*: recalls Cicero's famous address to Catiline, "Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra."

¹⁸ 5.7. Job 19.26: "and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," King James version.

¹⁹ 5.15-16. Marsian boar: the Marsii were people of Central Italy (Marsica) famed as snake charmers and magicians; cf. Horace, *Odes*, 1.1.28.

	6. Ad Petrillum poetam impudicum.	6. To Petrillo/ Little Peter, a shameless poet. ²⁰
1. 5. 10. 15. 17.	<p>Quam sunt et lepidi, quam et elegantes Sunt tui Endecasyllabi Petrille, Summaque arte laboriosiores, Doctos qui referas in his Catullos:</p> <p>Tam sunt illecebrae tui exoleti Scortilli putridae, iocique turpes: Ut non putridius cadaver, ut non Sit, cur turpe oleat magis cloaca. Qua re odoriferas rosas Petrille</p> <p>Si quando olfacimus tui leporis, Optantes ibi mille habere nasos: En hui quam cito nostra, nescio quo Ventris profluvio, cadit voluptas, Ac intercipiunt rosas oleta,</p> <p>Optamusque ibi nullum habere nasum. Si nescis, tua bella mi Petrille</p> <p>Vernum Cynthia concacat Rosetum.</p>	<p>How charming and how elegant are your Hendecasyllables, Petrillo, more belabored than the finest art, [you,] who in these would recall learned ‘Catulluses’: the enticements of your stale harlot are so putrid, and your jokes so nasty, that a cadaver would not be more putrid, it couldn’t be, because she smells nastier than a sewer. For this reason, Petrillo, when we smell the fragrant roses of your wit, we wish then we had a thousand noses, but whew, how quickly our enjoyment plummets, with I don’t know what effluvium of the belly, and excretions intercept the roses, and we wish then to have no nose. If you don’t know, my Petrillo, your pretty Cynthia befouls the vernal Rose Garden.</p>
	{page 160} {p. K viii v}	{page 160} {p. K viii v}
	7. IOCUS De scabie omnium morborum pessima.	7. A JOKE: About scabies, the worst of all diseases. ²¹
1.	<p>PElion, et vastum iaculatus Iuppiter Ossam, Iusserat aeterno monte Typhoea premi. Utque suo prudens iam illo ex tempore regno</p>	<p>After flinging down [Mount] Pelion and the immense Ossa, Jupiter had ordered Typhon to be pressed hard by the eternal mount.²² And wary</p>

²⁰ 6. *Ad Petrillum poetam impudicam* (6. *To Petrillo, a shameless poet*), hendecasyllables, 17 lines. Petrillus has not been identified; there are two slight variants in the subsequent version *Ad poetam impudicum*, C pp. 316v-317, in Notes.

²¹ 7. *IOCUS De scabie omnium morborum pessima* (7. *A JOKE: About Scabies, the worst of diseases*), elegiac couplets, 22 lines. Scabies is a contagious skin disease caused by mites and characterized by intense itching, cf. Poliziano, *Silva in scabiem* (c. 1478). Note the title: this is a Joke : *morbus* means disease and also vice, and according to Craig Williams, Roman writers Seneca, Juvenal and others, referred to men who desired to be penetrated as suffering from a *morbus* (disease), see *Roman Sexuality* (Oxford, 1999, 2010), pp. 199-200; and see reference there to Martial’ s use of *obscena purigo* (obscene itch) for the same desire, p. 198.

²² 7.1. Pelion: a mountain in Central Greece, named for Pelius (father of Achilles); the Giants piled Mount Ossa onto Mount Pelion in order to reach Olympus and conquer the gods.
7.2. Typhon: a large humanoid beast: Typhon attacked Jupiter after the latter had imprisoned the Titans in the underworld; Jupiter finally overcame Typhon and buried him under Mount

<p>5.</p> <p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>20.</p>	<p>Prospiceret, miserum nos iubet esse genus. Quippe Superba iterum mens nostra invaderet astra, Ni iuga sub duro verbere dura ferat. Pandoram genuit: quae formosissima Divum, Multiplici evasit dote puella simul, Et simul adlabens nigri Cocytidos urbem, Omnigenam nobis attulit inde febrim. Tantaleo de fonte sitim diffudit, ut hydrops Aestuet ad liquidas, quo mage potat, aquas. Sysiphiis alii torquentur viscera Saxis, Atque alii titia discruciantur Ave. At nulla elanguent graviori corpora morbo: Quam quae per scabiem rumpimus ungue truce. Ipsa quidem spuma est, quam eructat Cerberus, aut quam Lurida surrecto crine Megera vomit. Non mihi quis iactet pestem: quae gallica dicta est: Quaeve aegros tentat glande tumente pedes. Quisquis pruritu informi, scabieque laborat, Omne quidem se se credat inisse malum.</p>	<p>now from that time on, so that he could watch over his kingdom, he orders us to be a wretched race. Naturally our Proud mind would again invade the stars if it did not bear a hard yoke under a hard lashing. He brought forth Pandora, most beautiful of Divinities, who escaped at once with her versatile maiden dowry, gliding down at once to the city of black Cocytus from where she brought [back] to us every kind of fever.²³ From the fountain of Tantalus she spread thirst, so that the more a dropsy-stricken man drinks, [the more] he burns for liquid waters. Others writhe in their viscera on Sisyphian Rocks, and still others are tortured by the Tityan Bird.²⁴ But no bodies languish from a more serious illness, than those we break open with a fingernail due to the vicious itch.²⁵ It is the very spume that Cerberus disgorges, or that lurid Megaera spews from her upraised locks.²⁶ Don't let anyone throw plague at me, which is called French, or the one that attacks infirm feet with a swelling gland/ <i>glans</i>. Anyone who is oppressed by the hideous itching and the scabs/ scabies, certainly believes himself to have entered into every evil.</p>
	<p>{page 161} {p. L}</p>	<p>{page 161} {p. L}</p>
	<p>8. Methaphora de iis, quos ad magistratum se contulisse poenitet.</p>	<p>8. Metaphor about those who regret having taken refuge in the administration.²⁷</p>

Etna (or under the island of Ischia), Goffis pp. 14-15, n. 4; cf. Dante, *Inferno* 31.124-6: "Ne ci fa ire a Tizio ne a Tifo." And see Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 1.151ff.

²³ 7.7. Pandora and her box of evils: see Notes for 64, and the reference there to Folengo's *Chaos del Triperuno*; cf. *Orlandino* 5.9.1-6 and 7.69.3-4.

²⁴ 7.14. *titia... Ave*: The giant Tityos (Tizio in Italian, as in note above) was punished for trying to kill Leto/ Latona (mother of Apollo and Artemis/ Diana), he was tortured by vultures who fed on his liver, which grew back every night.

²⁵ 7.16. *ungue*: *unguis* (nail, talon) seems to mean phallus, cf. Berni, *Capitolo dei Cardi*, v. 74.

²⁶ 7.18. Megaera is one of the snake-haired Furies evoked under various names throughout these poems: see Notes to 5.

²⁷ 8. *Methaphora de iis, quos ad magistratum se contulisse poenitet* (8. *Metaphor about those who regret having taken refuge in/ dedicated themselves to the administration*), hexameters, 23 lines. There are two subsequent publications of this poem, in C and V. The version in C contains 18 additional lines which make more explicit the coded description of sexual activity:

<p>1. Subdolos arridet saepe imprudentibus aequor, Mentiturque leves zephiros Aquilone parato. Hinc animi arrecti trepidant: quos plura videndi Cura subit, seu forte Deas in gurgite nantes, 5. Sive Tridentiferi verrentes Caerula currus. Verum ubi subducto ventum est qua litore circum Misceri aspiciunt coelum aequore, et aequora coelo: Protinus avulso singultant viscere proni Hinc atque hinc homines, nigraque urgente vomuntur 10. Bile dapes, foedatque acidus Nereidas humor. Unde indignantes Venti tam audacter amicas Conspurare, suas genus hoc mortale, caducum, Atque procax: ne non evadat crimen inultum: Concurrunt, sonituque ingenti obnixa iacenti 15. Tergora subiiciunt pelago, totumque revellunt. Sedibus aula Deum natat imis, deque quadrigis Attonitae saliunt Nymphae: perque atria curvi Delphines, Phocaeque* ruunt, et grandia Caete. Heu miseri quos nulla movet iactura priorum. 20. Tunc ea tempestas, ea tunc asperrima rerum Debuerat facies animo spectarier ante- quam Nauta insultans fortunae solveret audax. 23. Nunc frustra insani vellent contingere portum.</p>		<p>The sly sea often beams at the unprepared, and feigns light westerly breezes, while a North wind has been readied. Because of this, aroused spirits quiver: excessive interest in seeing steals in on them: whether by chance Goddesses are swimming in an eddy, or the chariots of the Trident-bearer are sweeping along the Blue [sea]. However, when the shore has been withdrawn, they spy where the wind all around is merging the sky with the sea and the seas with the sky. Suddenly the men gasp bent forward this way and that with their guts wrenched, and with black bile squeezing, their feasts are vomited up, and the acidic liquid defiles the Nereids. So the Winds, indignant that this mortal race, fallen and licentious, sullies their girlfriends so brashly – lest such a crime slip by unavenged – come running and with a mighty roar throw their resolute backs under the out-stretched sea and overturn it all. In the deepest seats the Gods’ chamber wavers, dazed nymphs leap from chariots and curved Dolphins and Seals and great Whales rush through the palaces. Ah, wretches, whom no sacrifice of those gone before moves at all. Then that tempest, then that terribly harsh aspect of things should have been considered, before the reckless Sailor set sail mocking fate. Now, to no avail, these madmen would like to reach port.</p>
	{page 161} {p. L}	{page 161} {p. L}
	9. De ira, ad Paulum Ursinum.	9. On Anger, to Paolo Orsini. ²⁸

see Additional Notes. The image of a tricky sea is invoked below, poem 46, and in *La Humanità del figliuolo di Dio*, 1.7.1-8; in *Chaos del Triperuno* metaphors abound concerning deceptive appearances.

²⁸ 9. *De ira, ad Paulum Ursinum* (9. *On Anger, to Paolo Orsini*), Sapphics, 60 lines. Anger is featured again below, no. 47. This poem appears in the Cipadense volume with some changes, and addressed not to Paolo Orsini (for whom see also poem 1 above) but to Baldus, the titular hero of Folengo’s Macaronic epic.

1.	NOCTE si quando media repente, Dum tibi obrepens sopor ambit artus, Paule, consurgitque Aquilo, trucemque	Suddenly in the middle of the night sometime, while creeping sleep inspects your limbs, Paolo, and the North Wind rises up and is carried against the savage South, you, shaken awake by erratic thunder, watch: Look! shafts from the window slits which the rapid lightning of enraged Jove drives through the air.* ²⁹ At the same time, Orion headfirst twists the broken clouds, so that you'd think Nereus, dragged up from the thirsty mass, was led up through the air from the [North] pole. ³⁰ But as soon as the weary winds have settled, and the sun drives the darkness beneath the horizon, up you surge, to explore the damage the brutal storm has managed. Mournful, you see, alas, how it has strewn fields with olive trees, how everywhere [are] woods with timbers uprooted, and Africus has loaded the shore with rotting algae.
4.	Fertur in Eurum. Tu vago excussus tonitru tueris Ecce rimosae radios fenestrae, Quos agit crebrum Iovis incitantis	
8	Aethera fulgur. Interim praeceps nebulas Orion Torquet abruptas, ut ab axe credas Mole subductum bibula per auras	
12.	Nerea duci. At simul fessi posuere venti, Solque propulsat tenebras sub ortum, Surgis, explorans quid atrox ruinae	
16.	Gesserit imber. Cernis heu moerens, ut agros olyvis, Ut nemus passim trabibus revulsis Straverit, littusque putri gravarit	
20.	Africus alga.	
24.	Flent lacessito tibi cuncta vultu, Hic Ceres, Floraeque nitor, Paterque Vitium sensere Iovem ruentem Grandinis iras.	All these things cry to you with a harried face; here Ceres, the splendor of Flora and the Father of vines/ vice have felt Jove hurl down the wrath of his hail. That <i>Pinus</i> has fallen, once downed by the wind, it can hardly revive, nor [can] the Maple, or Holm Oak. Once it has gone from here, alas, it's unable, by firm law, to go back. ³¹
28.	Quae semel vento ruit acta Pinus, Haud reviviscit, nec Acer, nec Ilex. Nescit heu certa, semel hinc quod exit, Lege reverti.	
	Non minus si quando furor virum, quem Ius potens irae decet, incitarit, Ah quibus sese veneranda larvis	No less than when fury has aroused a man, whom the potent code of anger suits, ah, with what grimaces the venerable image disfigures

²⁹ 9.5-8. The second quatrain as it appears in C is a bit clearer: En vago excussus tonitru,
fenestras/ Luce rimosas rutilare cernis./ Quam ciet creber Iovis huc et illuc/ Ventus et ignis.
(Look – shaken awake by erratic lightning, you see window chinks glowing with light that the
wind and fire of Jove stir up repeatedly this way and that, pp. 319-320).

³⁰ 9.10. *ab axe*: *axis* M. is axle, axis, chariot, sky heaven, North pole, region, clime, appears
below as well 11.2, 19.17, 48.11, 63.10. Nereus, god of the sea, father of the Nereids, here for
the sea.

³¹ 9.25-8. *vento*: *ventus* (wind) has been amply documented by Toscan for anus, in these poems
and elsewhere in Folengo's works winds are named individually (Boreas, Zephyr, etc.) and seem
to represent different kinds of sexual ardor, see Notes, Appendix 1; *Pinus*: trees are generally
considered phallic shapes.

32.	Turpat imago. Frons trahit vultus, oculosque torvis Asperat Flammis, tremebunda livent Labra, dens frendit, micat impedito.*	itself. The forehead contracts the face, and makes his eyes fierce with cruel Flames, his trembling lips turn purple, his teeth gnash, his tongue flickers in his jammed palate.
36.	Lingua palato. Iurgii tandem via vi patescit, Fulgur et linguae crepitat solutae, Mens cadit vesana, caduntque lapso	In the end the path of strife is opened by force, and a jolt cracks from his unleashed tongue; frenzied, his mind topples, and after his breast has collapsed, his senses subside.
40.	Pectore sensus. Victa quin morum gravitas fugatur, Virque, qui consors modo erat Deorum, Mugit ut bos, ut leo rugit, utque	In fact moral dignity trounced is driven out and that man, who just at this moment was a consort of the Gods, lows like an ox, roars like a lion, hisses like a snake.
44.	Sibilat anguis. Mox ubi lapsae Eumenides quierunt, Mensque redduxit sibi se, procellam Cernit ingentem miser, et peremptos	Soon when the lapsed Furies have calmed, and his mind has returned to itself, the wretch sees the massive upheaval, and in a flash his morals dashed.
48.	Fulmine mores. Verba succurrunt, reditura demum, Si redit noster, repetitque fontem Mintius, vel Signa queunt Olympi	His words come running, able to turn back only if our Mincio can turn back and seek its source, or the Signals of Olympus reverse their course.
52.	Vertere cursum. Ingemit secum, nec humi iacentes Sublevat demens oculos, nec inde (Tam pudet fusae gravitatis) uti	He groans to himself inside, and cannot raise his eyes cast down to the ground, from then on (so ashamed of his shed dignity) he dares not frequent a friend.
56.	Audet amico. Ira, si obluctans animum triumphat, Tu tibi servis: at inermis abs te Tunc fugit, cum te premis, estque summa haec	If Anger triumphs, struggling against the soul, you enslave yourself, but then it flies off harmless when you press yourself, and this is the best [victory] palm for your troubles.
60.	Palma laborum.	
	{page 163} {p. L ii}	{page 163} {p. L ii}
	10. Commendat hortulum Quirino.	10. He commends his garden to Quirinus. ³²
1.	CUI nam tot comitum, sodaliumque, Mandabo fidei, aequae curae, Hortum delicias meas, Quirine?	Now, of so many comrades and mates, Quirino, to whose dedication and patient care shall I entrust my delight, the garden? For (since indeed

³² 10. *Commendat hortulum Quirino* (He commends his little garden to Quirinus), hendecasyllables, 35 lines. Quirinus is unknown; Janus Quirinus was a war god worshipped on the Quirinal Hill in Rome. Other poems present the dilemma of “to whom should I dedicate this...”: no. 51 and 52 are most similar. A diminutive or *hortus* (garden), *hortulus* here for anus: cf. *Pomiliones*, p. 60 where it is coupled with *agellus* (and see Adams, 24, 84). Cf. *Priapeia*, 51, and see Notes.

5.	Nam (quod scire quidem te oportet unum, Quem plurisfacio, probans fidelem) Hinc praeceps abeo, nec ante voto Quam deus bene vertat, huc revertor. Cui vestrum hortulus iste erit colendus? Incertum est: tibi ne insuber Cyrille? 10. An tibi Ugo? tibi ne Paule? sed nec Ambos huic habiles, idoneosque, Vos curae inspicio, quidem librorum Macri, pallidulique deterentes 15. Tot volumina, nec pili aestimatis Plantarum studium. At tuae Quirine Magis crediderim sagacitati. Nam quis te serit, amputatque, sarritque Aut hortos melior colit? qui es actor Tam boni agricolae (ut datur videri) 20. Quam optimus Maro scriptor et magister. Quid non dant validi tui ligones?	you are one [who] especially ought to know, [you] whom I, proving steadfast, hold more dear) I go off from here headlong, and I'll not turn back to this point, by [my] vow, before god turns [it] over well. By which of you will this little garden be tended? It is unclear: by you, Lombard Cyril? For you, Hugo; for you, Paul? But I don't consider you two suitable and apt for this care, indeed thin and rather pale, rubbing away at so many folds of books, you don't value even a whit the pursuit of plants. No, I would rather rely on your shrewdness, Quirino. For, who better than you sows and prunes and weeds or cultivates gardens? You who are acting as a good farmer (as one can see), as Maro is an excellent writer and teacher. What don't your powerful hoes offer?
25.	Quibus continuo vacas labori: Quibus nos sapidis, salubribusque Sustentas epulis? tibi virentum Ubertas olerum redundat hortis: Et molles sua protulere Betae Late brachia, brassycaeque, opesque Horti, et nobilium quies ciborum Lactucae, atque Inulae, Intubumque amarum. 30. Cui non Cicorium, Cucumis, Pepoque, Non ventrosa deest Cucurbita, et quod Sopores gelidum Papaver infert: Non Cepae, Raphanum, Ascaloniumque, Non porrum, Allium, et illa, quae per hortos 35. Nostrae Salvia nascitur saluti.	With these aren't you at once free from hardship: with these don't you sustain us with tasty and wholesome dishes? For you an abundance of vigorous produce overflows from the gardens; and the tender Beets bring forth their shoots far and wide, and the cabbages, and the richness of the garden, and the Lettuces – repose of noble foods, and Inula and bitter Endive. ³³ The paunchy gourd is not missing, nor Chicory, Cucumber, and Melon, and the icy Poppy that inflicts deep sleep: neither are Onions, Radishes, Shallots, nor leeks, Garlic and that Sage which springs forth throughout the gardens for our salvation.
	{page 164} {p. L ii v}	{page 164} {p. L ii v}
	11. In Nativitate Servatoris.	11. On the Birth of our Savior. ³⁴
1.	QUI coelorum agitat rotas, et aureum	The one who moves the wheels of the heavens,

³³ 10.25. *molles... Betae* (tender Beets): see *Pomiliones*, note p. 127.

10.28. *Inulae*: also called elecampane (inula helenium), flowering plant prized as a tonic, said to have sprung up where Helen of Troy's tears fell; *Intubum amarum*: Chicorium intybus.

³⁴ 11. *In Nativitate Servatoris* (11. *On the Birth of our Savior*), hendecasyllables, 38 lines.

<p>5.</p> <p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p> <p>35.</p> <p>38.</p>	<p>Sub se Orbem stabili volutat axe: Qui vim nubibus, et vaporibus, et Euris Ingentem incutit, ut Fretum tumescat Alte, fulmineoque terreat nos Mortales tonitru rescissus aether: Qui solis ditio sub potenti Late disposuit, quod esse rerum Tot causae nequeant, opesque Mundi, Ni Phoebus caleat, Sororque Phoebi Frigeat, speculique levis instar Fraternos sibi contrahat nitores: Nec nox aurea tot recludet ignes, Nec latum Mare tot levabit undas, Nec Terra omniparens tot aedet herbas, Ni Soli radios det Orbis auctor, Mox Solis radiis et undae, et ignes, Ac herbae immadeant, et incalescant. Qui tandem quatiens operta Terrae Fundamenta, Dei manum fatetur: En, quis credat? inops, et arctus Infans In praesepe iacet, premitque durae Stramentum stipulae, Bovemque, Asellumque Inter stratus, homo pusillus alget, Et nudus patitur suos Decembres. At castissima Mater, et puella Integerrima, candido revolvit In sudariolo tenellum lesum. Vagit interim Amor Benignitasque Tam parvi Pueri, brevisque Pupi. Vagin Pupe meus? nec anxios Parcis lachrymulis, dum anhela Mater Stringit fasciolas, et osculatur? Ne fle magne Puer: quod en mamillam Admovit Genitrix tuis labellis. Dum coeleste bibis lac à pie infans, Cessent ha tepidi madere ocelli, Cessent languidulae genae rigari:</p>	<p>and turns the golden Orb under himself with a stable pole, who imparts vast power with clouds and vapor and the South wind, so that the strait/ sea-water swells high, and the sky split by blinding thunder terrifies us mortals; the one who under the powerful authority of the sun, took charge far and wide, because there could not be so many origins of things and riches of the World if Phoebus would not warm, and Phoebus's Sister [the Moon] would not cool and, smooth like a looking glass, would not collect brotherly luster; [if] the golden night will not reveal so many fires/ passions, and [if] the wide Sea will not raise so many waves and the Earth, creator of all, would not produce so many herbs/ grasses, if the creator/ author of the Orb would not produce the Sun's rays, and next, after the Sun's rays, the waves and fires and herbs would not grow hot and dripping. The one who, shaking at last the hidden foundations of the Earth, admits the hand of God: Look now, who would believe it? Helpless and restricted an Infant lies in a manger and presses on a mat of hard straw laid out between the Ox and the Ass, the wee man feels cold; and naked, suffers his Decembres. But his most chaste Mother, and maiden most inviolate, rolls tender Jesus in a spotless little cloth, meanwhile Love wails and Mercy of such a little Boy, of a small Puppet. Do you wail, my little Puppet? Won't you refrain from tiny anxious tears, while your breathless Mother draws the swaddling tight and kisses [you]. Don't cry great Boy, because look! your Parent is bringing her breast to your lips. While you drink celestial milk, O pious infant, ah, let your warm little eyes stop dripping, let your languid little cheeks stop streaming.</p>
	<p>{page 166} {p. L iii v}</p>	<p>{page 166} {p. L iii v}</p>
	<p>12. In Gallam amici uxorem.</p>	<p>12. Against Galla, a friend's wife.³⁵</p>

³⁵ 12. *In Gallam amici uxorem* (12. *Against Galla, a friend's wife*), hendecasyllables, 12 lines. See 5.

1. 5. 10.	GALLA pernicies boni, velint Dii Tam bono bona sis tuo marito, Quam mihi rigidissima es Ferarum: Nam quod tu Eumenidum acta diritate, Xantippen imiteris in maritum, Ah me poenitet, ah minus ferendum est. Verum quod iacias Erinnis ipsa In me angues odii, malique virus, Parvi tam facio, nihilve pendo, Quam pendenda nihil palustris alga.	Galla, destruction of the good, may the Gods grant that you be as good to your good husband as you are the most rigid of Beasts with me: for, because driven by the fierceness of the Eumenides, you imitate Xanthippe against your husband, ah, it pains me, oh, it is not quite bearable. In truth, that you, yourself one of the Erinyes, might fling the snakes of hate at me, and the venom of evil, I make of so little count, and reckon as nothing, just as marshy algae is to be counted as nothing.
	{page 166} {p. L iii v}	{page 166} {p. L iii v}
	13. De duarum Avium fortuna.	13. On the fate of two birds. ³⁶
1. 5. 8.	Parvula dum saxo ludens Avis haeret acuto, Ecce madens volucrum caede Corillus adest. Protinus adducto, cui cretea ponitur arcu Spherula, se mira praeparat arte neci. Iamque ictum ferientis erat sententia Volucris, Quum pro illa subiit fata repente soror. Illa fugit, manet haec, sonat arcus, concita stridet Spherula, et indignum rumpit in aure caput.	A little Bird while playing clings to a sharp rock, behold, Corillus appears dripping wet from the slaughter of winged creatures. Immediately in his drawn bow, a clay sphere is placed: he gets ready to kill with admirable skill. And already the blow was about to be felt by the struck Birdie, when all of a sudden [her] sister underwent fate in her stead. That one flees, this one remains, the bow thrums, the rapidly moving sphere shrieks, and breaks the undeserving head in the ear.
	{page 166} {p. L iii v}	{page 166} {p. L iii v}
	14. Tumulus Pom. Columnae.	14. Tomb of Pompeo Colonna. ³⁷
	[ACROSTICS: POMPEIO DICATUM COLUMNAE]	[ACROSTICS: POMPEIO DICATUM COLUMNAE]

³⁶ 13. *De duarum Avium fortuna* (13. *On the fate of two birds*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines.

³⁷ 14. *Tumulus Pom. Columnae* (14. *Tomb of Pompeo Colonna*), hexameters, 7 lines, acrostics beginning, middle and end of verses: POMPEIO DICATUM COLUMNAE (dedicated to Pompeo Colonna). Pompeo Colonna (1479-1532), was known for feasting, learning and writing and apparently for his sexual prowess. He was a cousin of Vittoria Colonna, to whom he dedicated *De laudibus mulierum*. Made cardinal by Leo X, he participated in the Sack of Rome on the side of the imperial troops and was excommunicated by Clement VII. Reinstated under Charles V, he became viceroy of Naples.

1. 5.	Prò quantum excidii que de Dit, stragisque columna haec Omnis ut impulsu domus Inclyta nutet ab uno Magne tuo mota est tam Casu haec machina, quod nihil Peiore ad se se vale At mors ferre tumultu Extinctus ne iaces? an Tantarum agmina rerum Intercepta iacent simul*? Unde hoc missile fulmen Obtrivit saxum for Mosae grande columnae?	Oh, how much destruction and havoc this column gave so that from this one thrust the whole illustrious house wavers. [O] Great [Pompey], this machine/ siege engine is so moved by your demise, that Death would be able to take to itself nothing with a worse tumult. ³⁸ Do you lie there extinct? Do the streams of so many things interrupted lie there likewise? Why did a flung lightning bolt crush the grand stone of this shapely column?
	{page 167} {p. Liiii}	{page 166} {p. Liiii}
	15. Item	15. As above [Dedicated to Pompeio Colonna]. ³⁹
	[ACROSTICS: POMPEIO DICATUM COLUMNAE]	[ACROSTICS: POMPEIO DICATUM COLUMNAE]
1. 5.	Pondere fulta suo stent Dura haec marmora, donec Omnivagis cursum radi Is obliquat Apollo Magnanimus, liber, sa Croque ex ordine praesul Pompeius, tuto hic legit Acta ingentia portu Egregium referens vir Tute, ut nomine, Magnum Ipsa licet superet iam Virtus denique nomen Obtineatque polo sum Mae fastigia palmae.	Let these hard blocks of marble stand propped up by their weight, until Apollo diverts his course with rays straying everywhere. Pompeio, the magnanimous, unrestrained dignitary of the sacred order, gathers his remarkable deeds here in a safe port. Recalling [Pompey] the Great, distinguished in virtue and in name, although his actual virtue now would in fact surpass his name and would obtain the peak of the highest laurels at the pole/ in heaven.
	{page 167} {p. Liiii}	{page 167} {p. Liiii}
	16. Ad amicum, de Galla eius uxore	16. To a friend, about his wife Galla.

³⁸ 14.2, 14.4 etc.: Due to the acrostics, no punctuation follows the upper case letters ending verses, but a period would be expected after *uno*, *tumultu*, etc.

³⁹ 15. *Item* (15. *As above*), that is, *Dedicated to Pompeio Colonna*, hexameters, 7 lines, acrostics as above, poem 14. See. Additional Notes.

1.	INvidet nostram quis atrox quietem Hostis? infernae Lemur an tenebrae? Aut meas vires probat experiri	What atrocious enemy resents our serenity? Can it be a Specter of infernal gloom? Or does a celestial power try to put my forces to the test?
4.	Coelica virtus? Ecce quae serpsit mihi nuper Hydra, Hydra Lerneae feritas paludis, Heu quod ingenti iaculatur in me	Look what Hydra snaked in on me just now, a Hydra, savagery of the Lernaean swamp, ah, what venom she hurls against me from her vast throat. ⁴⁰
8.	Guttare virus. Foeminam linguae triplicis potentem, Vix thyestaea dape temperantem Audin? et quo nos studet inter astu	Do you hear [this] mighty woman with the triple tongue, scarcely refraining from a Thyestean feast? ⁴¹ And with what cunning she strives to break the peace between us?
12.	Rumpere pacem? Tu fide constes, moneo, caputque Et leve, et mordax, et inane vilis Foeminae sopi, facias ve quanti	May you stand firm in [your] faith, I urge [you], and the fickle and caustic and inanelly empty head of [that] woman, stupefy [it] or reckon [it] as much as algae.
16.	Penditur alga.	
	{page 168} {p. L iiii v}	{page 168} {p. L iiii v}
	17. In Felem, quem ligone contrivit.	17. Against a cat who was bruised by a hoe. ⁴²
1.	RESULTENT io io Coci, resultent Iam dudum queruli simul lebetes: Nuper nescio quid mali gemebant. Quin ipsae insiliant nigrae nigellis	Let the Cooks resound, “Hurrah, hurrah,” and likewise let the whining kettles resound: just now they were groaning from I don’t know what misdeed. Why not let the black pots themselves leap about with the blackish dishes, and here
5.	Ollae cum patinis: et huc, et illuc Permixti urceolis Catini, et Urnae, Et quantum est olidissimae Popinae, Io ter geminent, choroque ducant: Curis nanque animi levantur aegris,	and there Platters mixed in with Jugs and Jars and whatever belongs to a stinking Tavern – let them repeat “Hurrah” three times and let them lead dances, for the souls are released from grievous cares and cheerfully they triumph over their enemy. The enemy, that Tom-cat, schemer,
10.	Hostem nanque alacres suum triumphant. Hostis insidiator ille Felis, Versi pellis, atrox, trifurcifer fur, Et cuivis Cacodaemoni parandus,	shape-changer, cruel, three times a thief and compared to whatever Evil Demon you wish, as

⁴⁰ 16.4-8. The Lernaean Hydra was a many-headed serpent-like water beast with very poisonous breath who guarded an entrance to the underworld; she was slain by Hercules.

⁴¹ 16.10. *thyestaea dape* (Thyestean feast): Thyestes fraudulently took the throne and slept with the wife of his brother Atreus (father of Agamemnon and Menelaus). After Atreus regained the throne, he lured Thyestes back to Mycenae with promises of peace but then served him a feast of his slain sons.

⁴² 17. *In Felem, quem ligone contrivit* (17. *Against a tom-cat who was bruised by a hoe*), hendecasyllables, 34 lines. In C. 21 this poem is titled *In felem omnium pessimum* (*Against the worst of all cats*), in Notes.

<p>15.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p> <p>33.</p>	<p>Tam cautissimus omnium Latronum, Quam notissimus omnium malorum, Lurco, carnivora, et lucernilingus, Praedatorque inhians iugi rapinae, Ictu nunc valido atque ponderoso Ligonis periit, deditque poenas, Tot commissa luens, quot ille sparsim Per corpus rubeos pilos habebat. Ah pili scelerum indices suorum. I nunc, palladios bibas liquores Nulla religione: qui nec ipsi Parcis stuppae, olidas vorans lucernas. At vobis Lemures tenebricosi, Et nigri Genii iubetur Orci: Raptate hanc olei bibacitatem: Torquete hanc adipis gulositatem: Torrete ad patinas stigis flagranti Bullantes oleo, et putri sagina. Has poenas merito luat gulonis Felis ingluvies, voracitasque.</p>	<p>the most wary/ secure of all Plunderers, as he is the most notorious among all evil people – glutton, carnivore, oil lamp-licker and a predator open-mouthed for continual booty, now with a strong and heavy blow of the hoe, he has perished, and paid the penalty, atoning for all the [acts] he committed, as many as he had red hairs dispersed across his body. Ah, the hairs, indications of his evil deeds. Go ahead now, drink the Palladian fluids with no scruples/ religion: you who don't spare the flax [wicks] themselves, devouring the stinking oil lamps. But for you shadowy Specters and black Spirits of Orcus it is decreed: drag off this oil-drinking [creature], torture this glutton of fat, roast him in the pans of Styx boiling with fiery oil and putrid fodder. May the gluttony and voracity of the greedy cat justly suffer these punishments.</p>
	<p>{page 169} {p. L v}</p>	<p>{page 169} {p. L v}</p>
	<p>18. Ad Socium de Limacibus.</p>	<p>18. To a Comrade, about Snails.⁴³</p>
<p>1.</p> <p>5.</p>	<p>Blande Soci, an fueris nobis venator, an auceps, An piscator (ut his acer es) ambigimus. Nam neque quadrupedis, nec avis, nec piscis imago est Huic praedae, nostris quae cecidit patinis. Mirum quam genus id Coclearum longa remittat Cornua, quamque ingens pondus agat scapulis. Tardigradae sunt hae Limaces, sueta propago Secum ferre humeris omnia quae sua sunt.</p>	<p>Charming Companion, we wonder whether you have been a hunter for us or a bird-catcher/ spy (as you are as sharp as these). On the other hand, this prey's appearance is not of a quadruped or a bird or a fish which has fallen on/ from our dishes.⁴⁴ It is remarkable how this kinds of Snail-Shell could send out long Horns, and what an enormous weight it propels on its shoulders. These Snails/ Slugs are slow-moving, a race accustomed to carry with it on its back everything which belong to it.</p>
	<p>{page 169} {p. L v}</p>	<p>{page 169} {p. L v}</p>

⁴³ 18. *Ad Socium de Limacibus* (18. *To a Comrade, about Snails*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines.

⁴⁴ 18.4. *patinis* (dishes, pans) seems to signify the Italian word *padella*, used for orifice: cf. Aretino, *Strambotti* 94 and Toscan, pp. 1415-6.

	19. Ad Intronatos	19. To the Intronati. ⁴⁵
1.	Scilicet a triviis tanta est audacia nostris, Ut rudis, utque humili nostra haec succincta cothurno Musa, et degenerem vatem testata, canoras Senarum inspiciat Veneres, atque ocia Phoebi.	Certainly there is such boldness from our meeting-place, that this Muse of ours, coarse, and bound by a humble buskin, having even endorsed a degenerate poet, would look into the melodious Loves of the Sieneese and the leisure activities of Phoebus [Apollo]. ⁴⁶ There the companions of our Arsiccio restore the Etruscan/ Tuscan tongue or whatever is charming with singular care. Lucky Spirits, lucky breasts, let the Graces and Nymphs of the noble Arno make you as great as [they made] the magniloquent poet whom the [river] Mincio raised up from modest Andes to the summits of highest Rome. ⁴⁷ Oh may it be granted to me (if only Tuscany would favor works begun) to be numbered among the Apollonian Intronati. Would anything repay me with greater glory, even if I could celebrate the Dardanides/ Trojans no less well than Homer, or if I could challenge Verrine practices with great eloquence? ⁴⁸ Ah, come back, delirious one, that mighty light constricts the little eye/ torch, for which the sun is clouded from the pole/ heavens.
5.	Illic Arsicii comites cura unica nostri Hetruscam instaurant linguam, quicquidve leporum est. Felices Genii, felicia pectora, tanti Vos faciant Charites, et Nymphae nobilis Arni,	
10.	Quanti magniloquum vatem, quem Mintius Ande Sustulit e modica summae ad fastigia Romae. O mihi contingat (faveat modo Tuscia caeptis) Inter apollineos numerarier Intronatos. An quicquam maiore queat me laude referre:	
15.	Vel si Dardanidas celebrem non impar Homero: Vel si verrinos mores grandi ore lacessam? Ah redeas delira, ingens lux illa pusillum Perstringit lumen, cui sol caligat ab axe.	

⁴⁵ 19. *Ad Intronatos* (19. *To the Intronati*), hexameters, 17 lines. The Accademia degli Intronati (Academy of the Stunned) was founded in Siena in 1525 by Antonio Vignali ostensibly to further the study and debate of literature and other disciplines by young noblemen and clergy. Vignali is addressed here by his nickname Arsiccio (Parched/ Scorched, an adjective associated with sodomy); today he is known as the author of a book extolling anal sex, *La cazzaria*, translated into English by Ian Frederick Moulton as *The Book of the Prick*, New York, Routledge, 2003. Folengo's nickname in the Academy was Estremo, which means Extreme, but in code could also be anus, see Toscan, pp. 445-6, 1081, 1616.

⁴⁶ 19.1 *triviis*: *trivium*, *i*, N: the meeting-place of three roads; as a breeding place for course manners (the 'gutter'); [a place] sacred to Diana or Hecate, thus by extension, the moon, OLD. 19.2 *cothurno*: a high shoe worn by tragic actors, used for anus, see 37.16, 42.30, and Italian *cotturmo*, Toscan, p. 1322.

⁴⁷ *Felices genii, felicia pectora* (happy Spirits, happy breasts): cf. use of happy as gay, 62.67-9: *felices gladios... felices lachrymae* (happy swords... happy tears).

⁴⁸ 19.15. A reference to Cicero's orations against Verres, a corrupt governor of Sicily, but instead of "If I could challenge Verrine practices with great eloquence, "*Vel si verrinos mores grandi ore lacessam*" could perhaps also be translated "if I were to provoke swinish customs with a big mouth/ orifice."

	{page 170} {p. L v v}	{page 170} {p. L v v}
	20. In Gallam furentem	20. Against furious Galla. ⁴⁹
1. 4. 8. 12. 16.	AT quis, ó Divum pater, at quis, inquam, Inter Heroas fuerit potentes, Qui satis firma petat huius iram Fronte Colubrae? Ut ferox, ut turpis, ut expedita Impetus in me ciet: ut bilingue Os tumet vibrans, ut anhela me iam, iamque retentat. Per tuum te connubium, per ipsos Liberos Sampsonis meo receptos (Ni qua dirarum thalamos cerastas Pexit in illo) Oro, quid ferro similis petitae Bellvae saevis? agedum Luparum Pessima, en me me tibi dedo: vince: Pascere carnes.	But who, O father of the Gods, but who, I say, could there be among the powerful Heroes, who could adequately attack the anger of this Serpent/ Fury with the sturdy brow? How wild, how indecent, how freely it raises an assault against me, how its two-tongued mouth swells darting, how it hisses at me now, and now restrains itself. I beg you, by your marital union, by the very children received from my Samson (unless one of the Dirae/ Furies combed/ milked* serpents in that bed chamber), why do you rage like an attacked animal? Go on, nastiest of the She-wolves: Here I am, I give up, you win, feed on my flesh.
	{page 170} {p. L iiiii v v}	{page 170} {p. L iiiii v v}
	21. De quattuor Temporibus Anni. Experientia. I	21. On the four Seasons of the Year: Experiment 1. ⁵⁰
1.	VER novum domitis adest pruinis, Cui Mars nunc aperit, tenerque Aprilis, Occurrunt Veneres, vagique Amores,	The new Spring appears, after subduing the frosts, for whom Mars now opens up, and tender April; the Graces [of Venus] run to meet [it] and

⁴⁹ 20. *In Gallam furentem* (20. *Against furious Galla*) Sapphics, 16 lines. See 5.

⁵⁰ 21. *De quattuor Temporibus Anni. Experientia. I* (*On the four seasons of the year: Experiment 1*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines. The six poems in this series are included in the Cipadense edition, introduced by a frame story in verse which explains how Folengo's pseudonym-personage Merlin was challenged to write poems about the four seasons not in Macaronic Latin as he had done previously (1521) but in classical Latin: see Additional Notes. Experiment 1: Stripped of its poetic refinements and finely honed nuances, the message is straightforward: the "*ver novum*" ("new man") penetrates the old anus; naked heat hardens the stalks and excites the farmers; Autumn, groans with sap but by regulating the heat, keeps the sap in the vines until the snow (i.e. sperm) comes.

4.	Dum tectum vetuli subintrat Anni. Sol fraeno ignivomos equos retentat, Lentis solstitium notans Quadrigis, Aestas nuda sitit, gravesque spicas	the fickle Cupids, while it [the <i>ver novum</i>] penetrates the covering of the aging Year. ⁵¹
8.	Dum torret, cupidos parat Colonos. Autumnus moderante sole flammam Prodit tardigradus, satis quod ille Succulentus hebet, suaque Vites	The Sun restrains the fire-breathing horses with the bit, marking the solstice with the slow Chariot; naked Summer is thirsty, and while she roasts the heavy stalks, she gets the Growers/ Farmers excited.
12.	Illi palmitibus gemunt onustis. Apportat gelidos Hyems Novembres, Canas hirta comas, trahit podagras, Tussit, pelliceis pedes ad imos	Autumn comes forth at a deliberate pace, while the Sun controls his flames: it's enough that full of sap he grows torpid, and his Vines groan with shoots laden with it.*
16.	Se volvit tunicis, fovetque prunas.	Winter brings icy Novembers, bedecked in white/ hoary fleece, she carries gout, she coughs and wraps herself in fur tunics down to the bottoms of her feet, and keeps the coals warm.
	{page 171} {p. L vi}	{page 170} {p. L vi}
	22. Experientia. II	22. Experiment 2 ⁵²
1.	Ver nitens, ubi Nix modo imperabat, Sumit regna, suasque ponit herbas.	Spring thriving, where just now Snow ruled, assumes power, and sets up its plants/ herbs.
4.	His arridet Amor, parensque Amoris, His blanda Zephyrus iocatur aura. Aestas delitiis laboriosa Praefert seria, decutitque flores:	Love smiles at them, and Love's parent; Zephyr with his gentle breeze plays with them. ⁵³
8.	His fruges subicit Ceres opimas, His flavae subeunt Deae manipuli.	Hard-working Summer prefers serious things to these delights, and shakes off the flowers; Ceres projects rich produce from under these, under these go up sheaves of the golden

⁵¹ 21.1-4. *Ver novum... subintrat Anni*: (*The New Spring/ Man enters from underneath/ penetrates surreptitiously*): the newness of the homosexual male is a theme of these "Experiments" (21.1, 22.10, 23.1, 26.11) and of other poems as well (31.9, 49.3, 52.1), and well-developed in the coded literature of the era, see Toscan, pp. 224-9, and *nuovo* in the glossary.

⁵² 22. *Experientia. II* (22. *Experiment 2*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines. Experiment 2 begins with snow in retreat, then proceeds through a series of eight instances of the normally innocuous pronoun *his* (these), to end triumphantly with fresh pole-driven snow; *His*, the dative/ ablative plural form of *hic, haec, hoc* (this, these), stands in turn for four different nouns, *herbas* (herbs, grasses), *flores* (flowers), *cados* (jars), and *rimas* (crevices), all of which were used for orifice, expressed in English here as objects of an array of prepositions: at, with, under, for, around, into: Toscan covers the first three (see Glossary), for *rima* see Adams, p. 95.

⁵³ 22.2-4. *herbas* (*plants*) in code sometimes means phallus sometimes buttocks: *suasque ponit herbas* and (sets up its plants): cf. Italian *porre, mettere*, in code, to impose coitus on, Toscan, pp. 159, 942, 951; *arridet*: cf. *ridere* (to laugh), a verb associated with sexual activity: Toscan, pp. 896, 1790-81; Zephyr (the West wind) famous for playing with the handsome young Hyacinth.

12.	Autumnus vacuos cados vetusti Ad novum reparat Thyoniani, His plaudit Bromius, Bromique Pupi His circumsiliunt, chorosque ducunt. Horret Bruma gelu, casaeque rimas Stipat sedula pervias rigori.	Goddess. Autumn prepares again the jugs emptied of old Thyonian [wine] for the new; Bromius/ Bacchus claps for them, and the Boys of Bromius leap around them, and lead [dancing] choruses. ⁵⁴
16.	His mugit Boreas, suasque victor His vibrat scythico nives ab Arcto.	Bruma/ Winter shudders from ice, and diligently stuffs the pervious cracks of the house with stiffness. Boreas growls into them, and triumphant, suddenly propels his snows into them from the Scythian [North] Pole/ Northern Plough. ⁵⁵
	{page 171} {p. L vi}	{page 170} {p. L vi}
	23. Experientia. III	23. Experiment 3 ⁵⁶
1.	Iam novos, variosque picta flores Passim reddit humus, decusque veris. Lascivit Cytheraea, consuitque	Now the colored earth restores new and varied flowers every which way, and the splendor of spring. [Venus] Cytherea sports about and joins together/ entwines violets and roses for playful [Cupid] Love.
4.	Ludenti violas, rosasque Amori. Dat messes ager hispidus salubres, Nec tunc utilis impeditur ardor.	The bristly field yields abundant harvests, and useful ardor is not then hampered. Golden Ceres weaves heavy stems, circling her temples with wreaths of grain tips.
8.	Texit flava Ceres graves aristas, Cingens tempora spiceis corollis. Pingues pampineos gravant lacertos Uvae: pampinei gravant lacerti	Plump grapes weigh down the vine arms, the vine arms weigh down the Elms, the elms weigh down the ass with switches, while you, Silenus, drive it laden with grape-clusters. ⁵⁷
12.	Ulmos: Ulmi asinum gravant flagellis, Dum Silene agis hunc gravem racemis. Nix alpes Aquilone sibilante	

⁵⁴ 22.10-11. *Thyoniani... Bromius*: Semele, mother of Dionysus (Bacchus) by Zeus, was renamed Thyone after her son rescued her from Hades; Bromius means the Noisy one, and is an epithet for Bacchus; below, Folengo uses the epithet Lyaeus (VP 24.12); cf. Ovid, *Met.* 4.1-21. Note the parallel of *vetusti/... Thyoniani* (22.9-10) to *vetuli... anni* 21.4

⁵⁵ 22.16. *scythico... Arcto*: Scythia, for the ancient Greeks, was a vast tract of land North of the Black Sea; due to references in a few ancient texts, Scythian men were thought to be effeminate and/ or homosexual; *Arctus, Arcti*, F. (note uppercase), is the celestial North pole, or more generally, Northern lands, as well as the constellation known as the Bear, the Dipper, or the Plough, cf. 62.23.

⁵⁶ 23. *Experientia. III* (23. *Experiment 3*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines.

⁵⁷ 23.10-11. In Roman times, elm trees were planted in vineyards to support the vines; Zaggia cites Vergil, *Georgics* 2.5-6 for a similar image of full vines, and he notes that in Classical Latin,

16.	Summas candidat, implicantur Amnes, Hic Nymphae vitreo stupent ab alveo, Et comunt glacie comas sub ipsa.	While the North wind hisses, snow whitens alpine summits, the currents are interlaced, here the Nymphs are astonished by the crystal channel, and comb their manes under the ice itself.
	{page 172} {p. L vi v}	{page 172} {p. L vi v}
	24. Experientia. IIII	24. Experiment 4 ⁵⁸
1. 4. 8. 12. 16.	Fragrant multicolora prata gemmis, Quas leni populant Apes susurro. Laetae qua nemorum trabes comantum Frondescunt, Avibus sonant canoris. Flagrant pulverulenta rura flammis, Quas brevi extenuant Oves sub umbra. Lentae qua Coryli, nigraeque olivae Pallescunt, querulis strident cicadis. Turgent mellificata musta botris, Quos Bacchae patulis ferunt canistris. Et qua vitibus explicantur umbrae: Io, Bacche canunt, io, Lyee. Torpent obstupefacta stagna crustis, Quas nec plaustra notant, rotaeque signant. Et qua Cymba modo premebat undas, Colludunt pueri, labantque plantis.	Variegated meadows are fragrant with buds which Bees plunder with a gentle buzzing. Where the happy tree-trunks of the shaggy groves grow fronds, they resound with melodic Birds. Very dusty lands are ablaze with flames, which the Sheep allay under a brief shade. Where pliant Hazelwood and black olive trees grow pale, they screech with querulous cicadas. Honeyed musts swell up from the grapes that the Bacchae carry in wide-open baskets. ⁵⁹ And where shadows are extended by the vines, they sing “Long live Bacchus, long live Lyaeus/ Dionysus! Motionless pools lie lethargic with crusts which [crusts/ scabs] carts don’t inscribe and wheels don’t stamp. And where just now the skiff was pressing the waves, the boys play together and slide on their soles.
	{page 172} {p. L vi v}	{page 172} {p. L vi v}
	25. Experientia. V	25. Experiment 5 ⁶⁰

ulmus was feminine, not masculine as seen here, op. cit. p. 502. The images here are fairly clear, some terminology is explained in Additional Notes.

⁵⁸ 24. *Experientia. IIII* (24. *Experiment 4*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines. The quatrains are constructed like verses of a song: *Fragrant...*, *flagrant...*; *turgent...*, *torpent...*

⁵⁹ 24.9. *mustum*, *musti*, N: must, new wine, partially fermented; used for sperm, cf. *Janus* 550; also *Mustes*, *mustae*, M: one initiated into sacred rites.

⁶⁰ 25. *Experientia. V* (25. *Experiment 5*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines. As in the poem above, the opening verbs of each quatrain are matched: *florescunt*, *durescunt*, *dulcescunt*, *canescunt* (they blossom, they get hard, they become fragrant, they turn white).

1.	Florescunt sata, vineaeque gemmant, Purae per teretes cient lapillos Raucum murmur aquae, udulique rivi	Plantings flourish and vines bud, pure waters stir up a raucous murmur across smoothed pebbles, and little wet streams whiten the lilies and redden the rose gardens.
4.	Albent Liliolis, rubent rosetis. Durescunt segetes agris, caduntque lam curvis sata falcibus, nec aestu Messores avidum gemunt laborem,	The stalks harden in the fields, and already the plants fall to the curved sickles, and yet the harvesters don't bemoan the ardent labor in the seething [air], but relieve the heat with repeated ladles. ⁶¹
8.	Sed crebris cyathis levant calorem. Dulcescunt, nimioque Botriones Sunt Ulmis oneri tumente succo. Fit vindemia, Vinitorque laetus	The grape-clusters grow fragrant and, swelling with juice, are of too great a burden for the elms. The harvest is held, and the happy vine- grower leaves the vines despoiled of their adornment.
12.	Suo destituit decore vites. Canescunt nive tecta, stiriaequae His pendent vitreae, stupentque guttae. Pastor straminibus, simulque arator	Rooftops grow white with snow, and glassy icicles hang from them and the drops are motionless. The shepherd and also the plower defend with straw – the latter, against sheep, but the former, bulls.
16.	Defendunt, hic Oves, at ille Tauros.	
	{page 173} {p. L vii}	{page 173} {p. L vii}
	26. Experientia. VI	26. Experiment 6 ⁶²
1.	Vector sydoniae calet puellae: Sagittas acuit tener Cupido: Torquati geminantur hinc Palumbes,	[Taurus] the transporter of [Europa,] the Sidonian girl, grows warm; tender Cupid sharpens arrows, thus the Ringed Doves are coupling, the long-eared Hares, and the nasty Boas. ⁶³
4.	Auriti Lepores, Boaeque turpes. Sydus herculei flagrat Leonis: Frondes nec tenui moventur aura: Dumos nec gelidi exeunt lacerti:	[Leo,] the star of Hercules' Lion blazes; the leaves are not moved by even a slight breeze, nor do the gelid lizards leave the briars; the Sailor lurks in port, the Traveler in shade.
8.	Portu Nauta latet, Viator umbra. Pugnaci haeret Apollo Scorpioni: Spumant labra mero, lacusque praelo Vi pressante capit novum phalernum:	Apollo is stuck in pugnacious Scorpio; vats froth with strong wine, and from the press

⁶¹ 25.6-7. Normally harvesters would indeed be worn out by hot weather, as in Vergil, "...rapido fessis messoribus aestu" (for the harvesters wearied from the scorching heat), *Eclogues*, 2.10. 25.8 *cyathis*: *cyathus* is a dipping cup with a handle, and a vessel is most often used in code for anus, although similar objects were also used for phallus: cf. *mestola/o* and *ramaiolo* (ladles), Boggione and Casalegno, op. cit. pp. 221, 224.

⁶² 26. *Experientia. VI* (26. *Experiment 6*), hendecasyllables, 16 lines.

⁶³ 26.1. *Vector sydoniae... puellae*: Jupiter, disguised as a Taurus (bull), carried the girl, Europa, to Sydonia (Kydonia) Crete; here the constellation Taurus stands for spring.

12.	Complenturque Cadi, Amphoraeque grandes. Horret sydere Bruma Capricorni: Auget ligna focus, veruque torret Longo terga Suum, superque crates	squeezing with force a tub holds the new Falernian, and the flasks are filled, and the large amphorae. ⁶⁴ Bruma/ Winter shrinks from the Capricorn star: he adds wood to the fire and with a long spit roasts the back of a pig; and on the grill, beef links and big golden sausages hiss. ⁶⁵
16.	Tuceta, et croceae strident Tomaculae.	
	{page 174} {p. L vii v}	{page 174} {p. L vii v}
	27. Tumulus Dorotheae tianaeae	27. Tomb of Dorothea of Tyana. ⁶⁶
	Dum sol plus nimio flagrat, Dorothea Dianae Quondam sacra, viro sed modo iuncta, lavat. Dumque lavat, castoque Deae natat inscia fonte, Marmor facta iacet marmore hoc in niveo.	While the sun burns way too much, Dorothea, once consecrated to Diana, but having joined with a man just now, bathes. And while she bathes, and unaware, swims in the chaste font of the Goddess, having been made stone, she lies in this white stone. ⁶⁷
	{page 174} {p. L vii v}	{page 174} {p. L vii v}
	28. In senem Hypocritam.	28. Against an old Hypocrite. ⁶⁸
1.	SENTIES (ni iam resipis) furentum Vindices Divum simulator iras. Vis pius, qui sis pietatis expers,	You will feel, faker (if you don't already taste it), the avenging wrath of the raging Gods. You wish to seem pious, you who are obviously lacking in piety.
4.	Quippe videri.	

⁶⁴ 26.11. *Phalernum* (Falerno), grown on the slopes of Mount Falerno near the border of Campania and Lazio, became the most famous white wine in Roman times; had such a high alcohol content that Pliny said it could be lit on fire.

⁶⁵ 26.13. *Bruma, ae*, F.: came to mean winter, but was initially winter solstice, from *brevima*, for *brevissima*, that is, the shortest day of the year.

26.16. *tucetum, i*, N: beef sausage; *tomacla* or *tomaculum, i*, N: a big sausage, bratwurst; cf. *Baldus* 1.38: *gialdasque tomaclas* (yellow bratwurst).

⁶⁶ 27. *Tumulus Dorotheae tianaeae* (27. *Tomb of Dorothea of Tyana*), elegiac couplets, 4 lines. Dorothea: Greek name meaning gift of God; Tyana was an ancient city of Cappadocia, now Turkey; (Apollonius of Tyana is mentioned in *Pomiliones*, p. 103).

⁶⁷ 27.1-4. Code should be considered: Dorothea (the 'Gift of God') was joined to a man, became marble and was placed in marble: see Toscan for examples of words for stone used both as phallus and buttocks (especially the female posterior), pp. 589-95. Additionally, "to bathe" stands for to copulate.

⁶⁸ 28. *In senem Hypocritam* (28. *Against an old hypocrite*), Sapphics, 36 lines.

<p>8.</p> <p>12.</p> <p>16.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>24.</p> <p>28.</p> <p>32.</p> <p>36.</p>	<p>Interim peccas miser, inque curas Deteris lucem pueros decentes: Nulla nec fati quibus est, nec Orci Tristis imago. Tu merum ludens bibis impudenter, Tu Lupus molli latitans sub Agno Spongiam Christi canis hic, et illic: Suggere temnis. Novit heu vindex scelerum nequaquam Fallier, nostrasque super medullas Excubat, doctus sua cuique morum Praemia ferre. An fugit te te quot habes dierum? Quot caput spargit cinerum? cavantque Quot cutem sulci? quot ab ore lapsi Forcipe denres* [dentes]? Si tibi fervor periit iuventae, Si liquor vivax, agilisque nervos Deficit, si grata petis facessit Forma puellis: Si madens, lippusque oculus gravescit: Si laboras pituita, refertque Gibba delphinem: quid adhuc ineptis Stulte? quid audes? It dies pernix, nec it una, siccam Sed simul spicam, simul et pruinam Corripit miscens: alio quid aequum Tempore difers? Ah redi delire, redi: Caleno Sat tibi indultum: lachrymis madendum: Fle, licet tarde, quia nec senum aetas, Nec Later humet.</p>	<p>Meanwhile you are sinning, wretch, and you wear down your light in concerns befitting boys, who don't have any idea of fate or of the gloomy Underworld. You shamelessly drink strong wine while playing; you are a Wolf hiding under a tender Sheep – you celebrate the sponge of Christ here, and there, you disdain to suck [it]. Ah, he knows how to be deceived not at all, the avenger of evil deeds, and stays vigilant over our innermost parts, skilled in bringing to each his rewards for behaviors. Does it escape you how many days you have? How much ash spatters your head? And how many furrows burrow your skin? How many teeth have slipped from your mouth with tongs. If for you the fervor of youth has passed away, if the long-lived and energetic fluid lets down your virility, if the shape pleasing to the solicited girls goes away; if watering and inflamed, the eye worsens; if you produce viscous discharge, and your hump recalls a dolphin – why are you still dallying, fool? Why do you dare? The fleet day goes, it does not go alone, but snatches up the dry stalk and hoar-frost at the same time, mixing them: how do you distinguish the right moment from any other? Ah, come back, delirious man, come back: you've indulged yourself enough with Caleno [wine], it should be soaked with tears; cry, although slowly, because neither the age of old men nor a brick are moist.⁶⁹</p>
	<p>{page 175} {p. L viii}</p>	<p>{page 175} {p. L viii}</p>
	<p>29. In Apianum poetam,</p>	<p>29. Against the poet Apianus/ Apiano.⁷⁰</p>

⁶⁹ 28.33. *Caleno*: wine from Cales, a town in Campania.

⁷⁰ 29. *In Apianum poetam* (29. *Against the poet Apianus*), hendecasyllables, 44 lines. This poet is not otherwise known; Apianus, means belonging to bees, or loved by bees, was sometimes used to translate the family name Bienewitz or Bennewitz, cf. brothers Peter and Georg Apian, contemporaries of Folengo; also could be composed of *api* and *anus*.

<p>1. 5. 10. 15. 20. 25. 30. 35.</p>	<p>CASTIGAS Apiane, nescio quo Me dicto sat acerbiore, quam, quod Te, tuique pares, putem decere. Cum sis doctiloqui socer/ gener* Maronis: Qui nuptum tibi dat suam poesim. At cum expers, et inops, et imperitus Sis Evangelii, phrasimque pressam Contemptor fugias: mones iniquo Me inculcare modo sacris Camoenis Nomen barbarum, et insolens Iesu. Quare, si sapio, mihi cavere Posthac debeam, et expolire Musas. Nam se, quisquis amat vocabulorum Id miscere genus lepore, praefert Non nisi aridulum, et malum Poetam. Sic culpas Apiane: nosque magno Das prorsus vitio, atque ineruditos Hac de barbarie vocas Poetas. O factum male, fila me ne eburni Plectri consona polluisse Phaebo? Incusas Apiane saepe nostro Me poemate nominare IESUM? Incusas merito: quod illud altum, Ac divinitus ante secla magnae Impostum Sophyae, typum salutis Secum nomen habens, scelus videtur, Et sensu, et calamo, oreque impudico Me versare nimis licentiose. Nam quis frugi hominum, sequax ve Iesu, Qui dignum sine suavitate Iesu Se ducat bene nominare Iesum? At tibi o Apiane dissipator Castae simplicitatis, istud atrum Tuum sacrilegum caput teretur Ictu fulmineo: qui adulter omnis Bonae iustitiae, hoc salubre nomen, Sanctumque, egregiumque, mysticumque, Vocas barbarum, et insolens, minusque Musarum auribus arte commodatum.</p>	<p>You chastise me, Apianus, with a remark harsher indeed than what I'd think seemly for you and your partners. Even though you may be the son-in-law of the smart-talking Maro: the one who gives you his poetry in marriage.⁷¹ Yet although you are lacking, deficient and unskilled in the Gospels and flee its compressed diction, scoffer, you admonish me for unduly thrusting the barbaric and uncommon name of Jesus into sacred verse/ goddesses of poetry.⁷² If I have taste, therefore, I should take heed from now on and polish my Muses. For whoever loves to mix that kind of vocabulary with wit, shows himself to be nothing but a bad and somewhat arid Poet. Thus you blame, Apianus, and you charge us outright with great vice, and with regard to this barbarity you call us unschooled Poets. Oh, badly done – me, to have defiled the harmonious strings of Apollo's ivory lyre/ plectrum? You accuse me, Apianus, of naming Jesus often in our compositions. You accuse rightly, because that lofty [name], and divinely set in place before the centuries of great Wisdom* – a name having within it a type of salvation, it seems a crime for me to turn it over and over too wantonly with my hunches and reed pen and unabashed mouth.* For what kind of honest men, or [what] devotee of Jesus, [is there] who, without the niceness of Jesus, would consider himself worthy to name Jesus properly? But for you, O Apianus, destroyer of chaste simplicity, this sordid sacrilegious head of yours is chafed by a lightning strike; [you] who are an adulterer of all good equality, this wholesome name and saintly and excellent and mystical, you call barbaric, and unusual, and not quite adapted to the Muses' ears. But you, barbarian, show yourself to be most barbaric, and to have drunk rigid Tigers, you who would be such a wanton and impudent</p>
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⁷¹ 29.4: *gener* (brother-in-law) is a hand-written correction replacing *socer* (father-in-law), one of three such corrections found in most of the remaining copies of the text.

⁷² 29.8-10. Perhaps a reference to *Chaos del Triperuno* (published in 1527) Folengo uses the name Jesus frequently, although not as insistently and explicitly as in these poems.

40.	At tu barbare barbarissimum te Praefers, et rigidas bibisse Tygres: Qui sis tam petulans, procaxque laeno Vestrae grammatices, ut alium Iesu Nomen despicias, quod ipse Apollo,	panderer of your grammarians, that you would scorn the nurturing name of Jesus, which Apollo himself and the Muses and Graces and whatever there is of elegant charm among the Laurel-bearing scholars respect, venerate and adore. For this reason, crazy man, I suggest you not heap up so many absurdities, and having been advised, [that you] suffer to be admonished, you who thus admonish us bitterly for evoking such a resounding name.
45.	Et Musae, et Charites, et elegantum Quantum est Laurigeris scholis leporum Formidant, venerantur, atque adorant. Quare summo ne ineptiarum Tot demens cumules, et admoneri	
50.	Consulto patere, admones qui acerbe Sic nos tam resonum referre nomen.	
	{page 177} {p. M}	{page 177} {p. M}
	30. In Annuntiatione Virg. Matris.	30. On the Annunciation of the Virgin Mother. ⁷³
1.	Stabat dicta sacris Puella templo, Coeli delitium, fidesque rerum, Felicisque iubar perennitatis, Infernaeque tremor profunditatis.	The Maiden appointed in sacred [texts] stood in the temple, the delight of heaven, and faith of things, and shining light of lucky perpetuity, and tremor of infernal depths. Virgin splendor of virginal splendors, nobility of Mothers, concern and happy angst of Fathers, for whom the ringing bards had recorded so many centuries before [that] a Maiden would come of a modest position. Who utterly without the male marriage chamber, and pregnant from/ heavy with the fiery brightness of god, wholly intact, would give birth to the Author of lost salvation, having achieved the name of Mother and Virgin at the same time.
5.	Virgo virginei decor decoris, Matrum nobilitas, Patrumque cura, Et laeta anxietas: quibus canori Vates detulerant tot ante seclis Venturam ingenui gradus Puellam.	
10.	Quae prorsus thalami virilis expers, Ignitoeque dei gravis nitore, Integerrima, perditae salutis Authorem pareret, simulque Matris,	
14.	Virginis simul assecuta nomen.	
	{page 177} {p. M}	{page 177} {p. M}
	31. Ad Alovisium Grifalconem.	31. To Luigi Grifalcone. ⁷⁴

⁷³ 30. *In Annuntiatione Virg. Matris* (30. *On the Annunciation of the Virgin Mother*), hexameters, 14 lines.

⁷⁴ 31. *Ad Alovisium Grifalconem* (31. *To Luigi Grifalcone*), hexameters, 10 lines. Luigi Grifalcone, studied under Pomponazzi then went on to teach math, and Greek and Hebrew literature in Paris, Rome and Venice; his family name was originally Dragani, but he took on the names Mercatelli and Grifalcone: biographical information from C.F. Goffis, op cit. pp. 57-8.

1. 5. 10.	<p>Quid refert quod onusta auro, gemmisque lucerna Sit mihi, et hanc Cyclops sicano cuderit antro: Vel quod orontaei Bombycis stamine, vel quod Ipsa venafrano Pallas ornarit olivo, Pendula si cessat? Si nulli admota coruscat? Te non dissimilem video, qui culmen adeptus Virtutum (cum homines se praeter caetera norint Causa hominum genitos) contemnis promere signa, Sub quibus arma novus duce tractet Apolline miles Siccine mortales divum nos munere fraudas?</p>	<p>What does it matter that my lantern may be laden with gold and gems, and Cyclops may have pounded it out in the Sicilian cave, or that Pallas [Athena] herself furnished [it] with a wick of Orontean Silk or with Venafran olive oil, if hanging down it is inactive.⁷⁵ If having been brought near it emits light for no one? I don't see you as dissimilar, who, having arrived at the culmination of virtue (since men recognize themselves as, contrary to the other origin, born of men) you disdain to bear the battle standard, under which the new soldier carriers arms with Apollo as leader – do you thus defraud us mortals of a gift of the gods?⁷⁶</p>
	{page 177} {p. M}	{page 177} {p. M}
	32. Ad seipsum.	32. To himself. ⁷⁷
1. 4. 8.	<p>Iam diu assuesti (domat usus artes, Et iugum tauros, et equos lupatum) Perpeti longas Philotheu maligni Temporis iras. Seu Canis, seu regnet Hyas, det illa Igneos aestus, gelidos det ista, Tu nihil flammae, nihil et flabelli Commoda pendis.</p>	<p>A long time ago, Philotheus, you got used to (practice tames art, a yoke, bulls, a sharp bit, horses) enduring the prolonged angers of malignant times.⁷⁸ Whether Canis reigns, or Hyas – let that one produce fiery raging, this one icy, you count as nothing the benefits of a flame, and as nothing [those] of a fan.⁷⁹</p>

⁷⁵ 31.3. The Orontes river flows up through Lebanon, Syria and Turkey (also known as Draco, Typhon and today Asi (rebel, perhaps because it flows South to North); in this area the Silk Road followed the Orontes.

31.4. *venafrano... olivo*: Venafrano is the name of a town famous for olives, once part of the Terra di Lavoro province in Campania, now in the southwest corner of Molise.

⁷⁶ 31.6-10. The new soldier is a homosexual man who serves under Apollo, a man born of man, contrary to the other origin, see notes at 4.57 and 21.1.

⁷⁷ 32. *Ad seipsum* (32. *To himself*), Sapphics, 12 lines. Cf. poem 2.

⁷⁸ 32.1-4. ...*Temporis iras*: *ira* for sexual furor is the subject of poems 9 and 47; *tempus* is time but also phallus (see 39.14) and this *tempus* is a theme of *Janus*, see verses 1, 65, 126, 151, 167.

⁷⁹ 32.5-8: Canis Major, the Great Dog constellation whose brightest star is Sirius, invoked again below, 62.22 and 67.5; the end page of this volume reads, *In Promontorio Minervae ardente Sirio, M D XXXIII* (On the Sorrentine peninsula with Sirius burning/ in late summer, 1533). Hyas, a son of Atlas by one of the Oceanids, was a hunter killed by his intended prey; his sisters, the Hyades, mourned his death with copious crying and Zeus placed them in the constellation Taurus from which they send copious rains; the Hyades were also thought to be the original

12.	lurgium linguae tamen insolentis (Prò viro forti nisi non pudendum) Et minas, turpemque sonum ferendo Vincere nescis.	Yet the abuse of an insolent tongue (for a strong man, nothing if not disgraceful) and the threats/ pressures and nasty sound you don't know how to overcome by bearing.
	{page 178} {p. M i v}	{page 178} {p. M i v}
	33. Ad Federicum Gonzagam Mantuae Ducem.	33. To Federico Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. ⁸⁰
1. 5. 8.	Palpanti styga Dux ò praestantissime coelum Tun mi ades? an nocti sufficis astra meae? Sed prò quanto ardes nunc Phoebos, quod nisi ab illo Stem procul, ecce in noctem, et styga, rursus agor. Qua re age iam quae sit tua lux patiari videri, Si procul, expande, si prope, coge iubar. Nam mihi non acies illa est, quae proxima possit Divinum Solis lumen adire tui.	While [I am] coaxing Styx, O Duke most outstanding, are you here, my heaven? Or are you supplying stars for my night? But how you blaze now like Apollo, so that if I do not stay away from that, behold I am driven again into night, and Styx. So go ahead now, what your light could be, allow to be seen: if far off, expand, if near, constrain the luster. For I do not have such acuity, that it could approach most closely the divine light of your Sun.
	{page 178} {p. M i v}	{page 178} {p. M i v}
	34. Tumulus Candidi Castelionaei.	34. Tomb of Candido de Castellòn. ⁸¹

inhabitants of Boeotia; cf. *Pomiliones* p. 14. It seems relevant that both the “dog days” of summer and periods of menstrual “rains” were widely regarded as times to refrain from procreative conjugal relations (Toscan, pp. 249-63).

32.7. *flabellum*: a circular ceremonial fan used in pagan and Christian rituals to keep insects away from consecrated objects, a symbol of honor; fan-shaped organ or body part. Speculation: the “you” addressed as the poetic persona is said to lack interest in the advantages of either a flame, perhaps for female anus, or a fan, perhaps for vagina – he counts both as nothing (Ital. *niente, nullo*, and similar were common for anus).

⁸⁰ 33. *Ad Federicum Gonzagam Mantuae Ducem* (33. *To Federcio Gonzaga Duke of Mantua*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines. Federico Gonzaga (1500-1540), eldest son of Isabelle D’Este and Francesco Gonzaga, he ruled Mantua. He had Giulio Romano build the Palazzo Te, where in 1530 he was made Duke by Emperor Charles V. He had 2 children by his mistress Isabella Boschetti and 7 by his wife. According to extant letters, Federico supplied his own copy for the publication of the second edition of Folengo’s epic *Baldus* in 1521. The *Orlandino* (1525) and the first part of the *Chaos del Triperuno* (1527) were dedicated to him. Folengo implies here and elsewhere, especially in *Janus*, that he was on physically intimate terms with Federico.

⁸¹ 34. *Tumulum Candidi Castelionaei* (34. *Tomb of Candido de Castellòn*), hexameters with acrostics, 8 lines. C.F. Goffis identifies Candido of Castellòn as a constable in the service of Venice, who in 1526 fought victoriously in the assault on Cremona with Camillo Orsini (one of

	[ACROSTICS: HIC IACET CANDIDUS CASTELIO.]	[ACROSTICS: HIC IACET CANDIDUS CASTELIO.]
1. 5. 8.	Heus tu quisquis ades, sis Clemens ossibus his, neC Inspicias tanti ducis Absque favoribus arma Candidus hic ille, huma Nis qui abscessit ab oriS Inque deum numero sua Desuper inclyta cerniT Acta, refertque suo iam lam praeconia MartE Candidus hic, inquam, cui Dii apposuerunt suum meL Et dulcem ambrosiam, vi Vax quoque nectar Olympi Tuque igitur sacro da Sertaque, thuraque, bustO.	Ah, you, whoever is present, be merciful to these bones, and do not look upon the arms of such a leader without favor. That Candidus [is] here, who has receded from the human shore/ mouth, and sees his illustrious deeds from above in the ranks of the gods, and now brings back commendations for his Martial [skill]. Candidus [is] here, I say, for whom the gods served up their honey and sweet ambrosia, and too the lively nectar of Olympus. You, therefore, offer garlands and frankincense to the sacred mound.
	{page 179} {M ii}	{page 179} {M ii}
	35. Item	35. As above. ⁸²
	[ACROSTICS: HIC IACET CANDIDUS CASTELIO.]	[ACROSTICS: HIC IACET CANDIDUS CASTELIO.]
1. 5. 8.	Horrida mors ferro dum Curvo huc sevit, et illuC Incautum hunc Iuvenem secant, armorumque proterva Consternit decus, et iuvenilis culmen honoris Improba, crudelis, trux, Dira: quis impete possit Arma referre suo? quin Iulius, Hector, et ipse Clarus Alexander tam durum anteire tribunal Erectasque acti cervices subdere morti Tanta est hoc rigido districta potentia fatO.	While horrid death ravages with a curved blade here, and there cuts down this incautious youth, and violent, lays low the splendor of arms and the peak of youthful glory: wicked, cruel, savage Dira/ Harpy, who could carry back his weapons from her assault? Not even Julius, Hector and the famous Alexander himself – driven to go before such a hard tribunal, and to submit their erect necks to death. So much power has been distracted by this rigid fate.
	{page 179} {p. M ii}	{page 178} {p. M ii}
	36. In Maledicum aenigma.	36. Enigma against a wicked-tongued [person]. ⁸³

Folengo's patrons), under the command of Francesco Maria della Rovere, against imperial troops. He was born in Pina, a small town west of Castellòn de la Plana on the east coast of Spain; poems 35 and 42 also address the tomb of Candido de Castellòn.

⁸² 35. *Item* (35. *As above*), i.e. *Tomb of Candido de Castellòn*, hexameters with acrostics, 8 lines.

⁸³ 36. *In Maledicum aenigma* (36. *Enigma against an evil-tongued person*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines.

1. 5. 8.	Errans Mus scribere, tuum nunc accipe nomen, Idque tuis par sit moribus, idque iocis. Diceris errans Mus, male si mutilata reduces: Raptaque stent numeris bina elementa suis. Quis rogo diminuit meritum tibi nomen? an errans Mus (nam Mus peredit cuncta) peredit idem? Erras Mus ita ne, ut laceres duro omnia dente? Denique erit tituli iam nota nota tui.	You are written Errant Mouse – accept your name now and let it be on par with your habits and your jokes. ⁸⁴ You are called <i>errans Mus</i> – if you restore what has been badly mutilated and let the two elements snatched away stand in their own place. Who, I ask, has diminished the value of your rightful name? Perhaps the same errant Mouse (for the Mouse gnaws on all things) gnawed it? Therefore, you err, Mouse, so that you can lacerate everything with your hard tooth? Now at last the marks of your title will be remarked.
	{page 179} {M ii}	{page 179} {M ii}
	37. Ad Ducem Adriae aquevivum.	37. To Duke Aquaviva of Adria/ Atri. ⁸⁵
1. 5. 10.	Multa tui virtus, qua dux nitidissime utrunque Prospectum oceani late quatis, ut super omnes Arduus incedas et Phoebi, et Martis alumnos: En longe devota tibi duo pectora traxit, Vivae semper aquae dulces bibitura liquores: Ad quos turba coit vatium, qui te auspice dicunt, Quae non altiloquo sunt visa indigna Maroni. Quis te Pieridum neget esse amplexibus, aut quis De Iove non dicat te una cum Pallade natum, Si dotes animi, si robur penset in armis? Felices ò vitae hominum, felicia Secla: Lapsa quibus coelo Ducis est praesentia tanti. Cui Mars bellandi, cui pulcher Apollo canendi Ius dedit, ut nusquam melior te hoc tempore vates	Great is your virtue, most shining duke, with which you shake both vistas of the ocean far and wide, so that you stride towering above all the protégés of Apollo and of Mars; behold [your virtue] has drawn two breasts long devoted to you, about to drink the sweet liquors of water always lively/ fresh; the throng of poets gathers to them, who, under your protection, say those things which do not seem unworthy of the exalted Maro. Who would deny that you are born from the embraces of the Pierides, or who would not declare you born of Jove at the same time as Pallas [Athena], if one would weigh endowments of the soul and strength in arms?

⁸⁴ 36.1. *Errans Mus*: the letters “r” and “n” have been cropped from *errans mus*, thus producing Erasmus (1466-1536), humanist, Catholic priest, translator, and writer known for his acerbic sense of humor.

⁸⁵ 37. *Ad Ducem Adriae aquevivum* (37. *To Duke Aquaviva of Atri*), hexameters, 19 lines: Goffis identified the addressee as Giannantonio Donato d’Acquaviva (1485-1554), Conte di Gioia, Duca d’Atri and Conte di Conversano. Atri (in ancient times called Adria or Hadria) is located in what is now Northern Abruzzo; Conversano is 30 KM South of Bari: these could be the vistas (*utrunque/ Prospectum oceani*) referred to in 37.1-2, that is, North and South of the boot spur of Italy, however Sannazaro wrote of other members of the Aquaviva family as being great in both arms and letters. In code, some other duality may be involved, at any rate the Duke’s sexual prowess appears to be invoked.

15. 19.	Incumbat musis, aut Dux praestantior armis. O ergo ne gracilis laudes contemne Cothurni Maxime Semideum: nec puri subtrahe vivas Fontis aquas: patere ingenium hoc, quod tua verset Inclyta facta, locetque tuum super aethera nomen.	Oh fortunate lives of men, fortunate Generations, for whom the presence of such a Duke has glided from the sky. To whom Mars gave the right to wage war, beautiful Apollo, to sing, so that nowhere at this time does a bard take control of the Muses better than you, or a Duke more outstanding [take control of] arms. Therefore, O Greatest Semi-god, do not disdain the praises of a modest Buskin, and don't withdraw the lively/ fresh water of [your] pure fountain; put up with this talent that spins your illustrious deeds, and places your name above the atmosphere. ⁸⁶
	{page 180} {p. M ii v}	{page 180} {p. M ii v}
	38. Tumulus Fambroniae Castelionaeae, quae matrem alloquitur.	38. The Tomb of Fambronia Casteliona, who is speaking to her mother. ⁸⁷
	Heus mater, satis haec fleta ossa, diutius atrum It funus, quam quod Christicolam deceat. Ne geme, neu tanti facias, quod morte fefelli Mortalem, aeterno quo fruerer, thalamo.	Ah, mother, [you] have cried enough for these bones, the gloomy funeral goes on longer than what would befit a Christ-worshiper. Don't cry, or make so much [about it], because I cheated the mortal [bed] with death, so that I would enjoy the eternal [marriage bed].
	{page 180} {p. M ii v}	{page 180} {p. M ii v}
	39. De Io. Bap. Chrysogono.	39. About Giovanni Battista Chrysogono. ⁸⁸
1.	Huc huc Chrysogonus tot ex amicis Charis, quot numerare nemo possit, Huc charissimus ad suos redibit	Here, here, Chrysogonus, very dearest of so many dear friends no one could number them, here at last he will come back to his Hermits, he

⁸⁶ 37.16 *Cothurni*: see 19.2.

⁸⁷ 38. *Tumulus Fambroniae Castelionaeae, quae matrem alloquitur* (38. *The Tomb of Fambronia Castigliona**, who is speaking to her mother), elegiac couplets, 4 lines. Fambronia is not known to us; compare the mocking mention of Feliciana Scaglione who died in childbirth in *Pomiliones*, pp. 146-7.

⁸⁸ 39. *De Io. Bap. Chrysogono* (39. *About Giovanni Battista Chrysogono*), hendecasyllables, 30 lines. Giovanni Battista Folengo (1490-1559) was Teofilo's brother, and the author of the first section of the 1533 volume, the *Pomiliones*; he later published voluminous commentary on the Psalms and on other biblical writings in a similar exuberant tongue-in-cheek style.

<p>5.</p> <p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p>	<p>Tandem Eremicolas: diutius qui Quam promiserat, et suam bis, et ter, Fidem astrinxerat, est procul: gravique In moerore tenet Sodalitatem. Sed (ne flete oculi mei miselli) Revertetur, et ista plus duobus Nobiscum colet Iliceta seclis: Quem videbitis, ut prius solebat, Foecundum simul Hortulum perita Contrectare manu, simul tenellas Suo tempore commodare plantas. Licet patricius, licet sit alta Natus prole: tamen venusti Iesu Ob dulcem, atque humilem benignitatem, Synceras adhibet manus labori, Callis horridulas diu, et nigellas: Nam illum utile, multiplexque semen Occultare solo iuvat feraci, Mox rivo tenui strepentis undae Inducit vitreum satis liquorem, Quem culti simulac bibere sulci, Ac leni tepuere Solis aestu, Pandit multiplices agellus herbas, Et refert avido duplum Colono. Qua re tandem aderit, suosque caros Angelumque, Theophilumque, raptim Amplectetur, et osculis trecentis Blando non sinet ore suaviari.</p>	<p>who is away longer than what he'd promised and had pledged faith two and three times, and holds his Fraternity in heavy mourning.⁸⁹ But (don't cry, my poor little eyes) he will turn back and will tends these Holm oak groves with us for two more epochs: you will see him who earlier would caress the fecund little Garden with a skilled hand, and also attune tender little plants to his own time/ their own season. Although a patrician, although born of a lofty breed, even so for the sake of the sweet and humble benevolence of charming Jesus, he applies sincere hands to exertion, long roughish with calluses, and blackish, for it pleases him to conceal the valuable and versatile seed in the fertile soil; then he introduces ample glassy liquid with a fine stream of noisy ripples; when the plowed furrows have drunk this and have grown warm from the gentle heat of the Sun, the small field spreads out multiple herbs and pays the avid Farmer back two-fold. For this reason he will arrive at last and will quickly embrace his dear [ones], Angelo and Teofilo, and will not stop smooching them with three hundred kisses from his alluring mouth.</p>
	<p>{page 181} {p. M iii}</p>	<p>{page 181} {p. M iii}</p>
	<p>40. Ad Servatorem nostrum.</p>	<p>40. To Our Savior.⁹⁰</p>
<p>1.</p> <p>5.</p>	<p>FLAgrantissime Iesu amoris ardor, Et repleta sitis, repletioque Divinae sitiens perennitatis: FRAgrantissime Iesu odoris arbor, Miscens nectareum croco liquorem,</p>	<p>Most flagrant Jesus, ardor of love, and thirst fulfilled and fulfillment thirsting with divine perpetuity; Most fragrant Jesus, tree trunk of aroma, mixing the nectar-like liquid with saffron,</p>

⁸⁹ 39.4. *Eremicolas*: *eremicola* is a hermit, one who inhabits a hermitage, *-cola* also means one who cares, cf. *Christicolam* above, 38.2.

39.6. *astrinxerat/ Fidem* (had pledged his faith): could be translated "had embraced his beloved."

⁹⁰ 40. *A Servatorem nostrum* (40. *To Our Savior*), hendecasyllables, 17 lines.

10.	Spirans ambrosium rosis odorem: AMantissime Iesu honoris author, Qui nos degeneres, diuque lethes Sopitos fluvio, vocas ad astra: Pientissime Iesu amaror et fel, Dum clavos crucis horridos amarae In te ultro rapis: utque dulcor, ut mel, Ut sis vita simul mihi misello: Quid tibi referam tot ob dolores	breathing the aroma of ambrosia on the roses; Most loving Jesus, author of respect/ creator of honor, you who call us – degenerate and long muddled by the river Lethe – to the stars; Most devout Jesus, bitterness and gall while you freely force the horrid nails of the bitter cross into yourself, so that you could be sweetness, and honey, and life as well for poor little me.
15.	Clementissime Iesu? an appetis cor? An cor appetis istud aridum? ecce Quaecunq; habeas, ferasque tecum.	How shall I repay you, most merciful Jesus, for so many sorrows? Do you long for my heart? Do you long for this arid heart? Here, have whatever and take [it] with you.
	{page 182} {p. M iii v}	{page 182} {p. M iii v}
	41. Tumulus Caroli Agnelli.	41. Tomb of Carlo Agnelli. ⁹¹
1.	Carole, quis vatum praestans, et idoneus adsit, Qui satis ad tumuli defleat ossa tui?	Carlo, what poet is near, outstanding and suitable, who could weep amply at the bones of your tomb? The strength of our poetry is scanty,
5.	Sunt, fateor, nostro tenues in carmine vires, Non tamen ah tenues liquimur in lachrymas. Carmina debentur lachrymis, lachrymaeque sepulchris, Debentur functis luce sepulchra viris*	I admit, yet, oh, we do not liquefy into scanty tears. Poems are indebted to tears, tears to sepulchers, sepulchers to men discharged of light. ⁹² Here, here, let the Graces hasten, and the sisters of Phoebus/ the Muses and those divinities who live in a spring, and those [who live] in a grove. Here, I say, let them hasten, and let them adorn with raving elegies pyres continually fed by a torch.
10.	Huc huc et Charites properent, Phoebique sorores, Quaeque colunt fontem numina, quaeque nemus. Huc, inquam, properent, elegisque furentibus ornent Busta sepulchrali semper alenda face.	
	{page 182} {p. M iii v}	{page 182} {p. M iii v}
	42. Tumulus Candidi Castelionaei.	42. The Tomb of Candido de Castellòn. ⁹³
1.	Arma, supercilio quae templi affixa Viator	Gleaming arms, Wanderer, which you admire

⁹¹ 41. *Tumulus Caroli Agnelli* (41. *Tomb of Carlo Agnelli*), elegiac couplets, 10 lines. Carlo Agnelli was Gonzaga's ambassador to Rome, according to C.F. Goffis, and believed to be yet living in September of 1534, op. cit. p. 70.

⁹² 41.6. At the end of the line, after *viris*, punctuation is absent where a period is expected.

⁹³ 42. *Tumulus Candidi Castelionaei* (42. *Tomb of Candido de Castellòn*), hexameters 32 lines. For information on Candido, see above, 34.

<p>5.</p> <p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p>	<p>Suspiciis ad Tumulum rutilantia, Candidus ille Castelio, dux ille ducum celeberrimus, ille Agminis adversi terror, virtusque suorum, Gestabat, patriaeque suae assignabat honori. Mirum quam se se dura inter bella ferebat Impiger hic Heros: cui multi ponderis ipse Mars genitor dederat nuper thoraca, simulque Fulmineum gladium, et galeam cervice comantem.</p> <p>Indefessa viri que* vis, quae gloria, quae laus, Quisve animus, quod robur erat, novere phalanges Adversae toties fusae: cum praelia miscens, Aut clava, aut mucrone hostes caedente fugabat. Vos etiam Insubres, etiam gens clara Cremonae, Quondam fumivomis Venetorum obsessa metallis, Castelionaei Ducis acta ingentia nostis. Primus ibi ante alios cunctis qui cernuus urbis Conscendit miro ausu propugnacula tantae: Quem non saxa, trabes, et edaci pulvere flammae Deterrere unquam poterant, quin ferreus ille Hostibus in mediis vastam per vulnera caedem Spargeret, ac se se pulchra cum laude referret Ad socios, magnoque Ducum legeretur honore. Ergo age clara viri tollamus gesta potentis, Spargamusque alacres victrici fronde sepulchrum. Martia Pina suo felix gratetur alumno: Cuius ob insignes titulos, ac nominis auram, Expulit hesperias longa obsidione Catervas. Nosque Poetarum minimi (quando inclyta magni Facta Ducis merito nequeamus ferre cothurno) Saltem hoc mantoi recitemus carmen Homeri: Candidus insueti miratur limen Olympi.</p>	<p>affixed to the lintel of the temple at the Tomb, [arms] which that Candido de Castellòn bore, that most famous Duke of Dukes/ Leader of Leaders, that terror of opposing columns and asset of his own [men], and he gave credit with honor to his country.⁹⁴ It is wondrous how this energetic Hero carried himself amid hard battles; [he] to whom Mars himself the father had recently given a breastplate of great weight, and also a lightning-fast sword and a plumed helmet for his head. What indefatigable stamina of man, what glory, what merit, or what courage, what strength was there, opposing forces learned, put to flight so many times – when stirring up battles, he routed the enemy with a cudgel or thrashing sword tip.⁹⁵ You Milanese too, and you noble people of Cremona as well, earlier besieged by the smoke-belching canons/ machinery of the Venetians, you knew the remarkable deeds of the Castellonian Duke. [He] who, first, headlong before others mounted the ramparts of so great a city with daring amazing to all; whom neither rocks, nor beams and the devouring cinders of flame could ever deter, in fact, iron-hard he would dispense vast slaughter by means of wounds in the middle of the enemy, and would restore himself to his friends with noble glory and would be chosen with the great regard of Leaders.⁹⁶ Therefore, come let us extol the illustrious deeds of a powerful man, and cheerful, let us strew his sepulcher with a victory fronds. Fortunate Martial Pina congratulates its protégé, on account of whose distinguished titles and breath of name/ renown, expelled from long siege the Hesperian/ Western Swarms.⁹⁷ And in</p>
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⁹⁴ 42.3. *Dux* (leader, duke) is used for phallus.

⁹⁵ 42.13. Folengo uses *mucrone* in Italian, for stinger, cf. *Chaos del Triperuno*, where the leader of the bees is said to be free of worry concerning the “humido mucrone,” p. 225 (R 369). *caedente*: *caedo*, *caedere* means to beat, wound, slaughter, and also to sodomize; and see the noun form below, 42.21 *caedem* (“slaughter”).

⁹⁶ 42.23. *Ducum* (of the Leaders), genitive plural where *Ducem* (the Leader) accusative singular seems expected, cf. Vergil, *Geor.* 1.124-5.

⁹⁷ 42.26. Pina is the Valencian town in which Candido was born; Italian *pina* is code for penis.

		all events let us, the least of poets (since we are not capable of relating the famous deeds of a great Leader with a worthy buskin) recite this verse of the Mantuan Homer, 'Candido marvels at the threshold of the unusual Olympus.' ⁹⁸
	{page 183} {p. M iiiii}	{page 183} {p. M iiiii}
	43. Querela Avis in Corillum Sagittarium.	43. Lament of a Bird against the Archer Corillo. ⁹⁹
	Dii, quibus est Avium (Si sit tamen ulla) potestas, Certaque plumosi sollicitudo gregis, Cernitis ut largo pateat mihi pectus hiatu? Promat ut abruptum viscera nuda latus? Conterite authorem Dii tanti vulneris arcum, Ipseque pro Alitibus porra Corillus edat.	Ye gods, who have power over birds (if there be any), and a certain sympathy for the feathery flock, do you see how my breast lies open with a wide crevice? How my torn flank displays my naked viscera? Crush, ye gods, the bow, author of such wounds and let this Corillus eat leeks instead of winged things.
	{page 183} {p. M iiiii}	{page 183} {p. M iiiii}
	44. De Surrento.	44. About Sorrento. ¹⁰⁰
1.	Delicias Phoebi, Musarumque ocia sentis, Dum surrentina gargara in urbe tenes. Nempe (modo veniat quod edas aliunde) recessus Non valet/ habet* huic Helicon, mollis et Ascra,	You feel the pleasures of Phoebus [Apollo] and the ease of the Muses, while you keep [your] gullet* in the Sorrentine city. ¹⁰¹ Respites/ recesses to be sure (but just let what you eat

⁹⁸ 42.32. Line adapted from Vergil's fifth Eclogue, in which the deceased Daphnis is imagined to be in heaven, "Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi/ sub pedibus videt nubes et sidera Daphnis" (Radiant Daphnis is amazed at the unusual threshold of Olympus; he sees the clouds and stars beneath his feet), *Ecl.* 5. 56-7; these lines are thought to be an imitation of *De rerum natura* 5.1-54, where Lucretius calls Epicurus a god for having brought humans a purged mind. here, the unusual Olympus stands for anus: see 34.7, 61.8, 62.44.

⁹⁹ 43. *Querela Avis in Corillum Sagittarium* (43. *Lament of a Bird against the Archer Corillo*), elegiac couplets, 6 lines.

¹⁰⁰ 44. *De Surrento* (44. *About Sorrento*), elegiac couplets, 8 lines. 44.

¹⁰¹ 44.2. *gargara* (gullet): Gargara is a snowcapped spur of Mount Ida (Turkey), location of a temple to Zeus; Zeus is said to have abducted Ganymede from Mount Gargaron. 5.20.11); Macrobius defines *gargara* as a large quantity (*Saturnalia*, 5.20.11), and quotes Vergil, *Georgics*, 1.100-3; *gargara* came to stand for fertility, agricultural prosperity. The Latin verb *gargarizare* is to gargle: Goffis translates *gargara* as *gola* (throat); *gurgulio* in Latin is gullet, windpipe, throat, and well attested for penis, Adams, pp. 33-4, and this seems to be the meaning here; *in urbe* (in the city): female orifice.

5.	pares Verum si colles tantum apponantur aprici: Sit tibi Surrentum delitiosa fames.	come from another source); Helicon is not effective for this, and gentle Ascra – comparable, but only if sun-warmed hills might be placed near by, would you have a refined craving for Sorrento/ Sorrentine [wine]. ¹⁰² A Chameleon is nourished by air, a Cicada by dew, these same things Sorrento gives you – it lacks bread. ¹⁰³
8.	Aere Camaleon nutritur, rore Cicada, Haec ea Surrentum dat tibi, pane caret.	
	{page 184} {p. M iiii v}	{page 184} {p. M iiii v}
	45. Tumulus Avali, principis Pescariae.	45. Tomb of Avalos, Prince of Pescara. ¹⁰⁴
	[ACROSTICS: AVALUS REGNAT VICTOR]	[ACROSTICS: AVALUS REGNAT VICTOR (Avalus rules victorious)]
	Armorum decus, et ter Ror, quis preterit? heus tV Vove viator, hic Avalus Est, sua munera marti Arma aderunt suspensa roGo per saecula, doneC	Who passes by the splendor and terror of arms? Alas, traveler, Avalus is here: dedicate his tributes to Mars. Arms will appear suspended

¹⁰² 44.4. *valet*: the text has *valet*, crossed out with *habet* written above it, one of three such handwritten corrections.

44.4. Ascra was an ancient hamlet on Mount Helicon, in Boeotia; Hesiod's hometown, he wrote of it, "Ascra, vile in winter, painful in summer, never good," *Work and Days*, 639-40. Like Mount Parnassus, Mount Helicon, sacred to Apollo, was associated in code with homosexuality.

44.6 *delitiosa*: delicate: note spelling: cf. 44.1: *Delicias*; see Additional Notes.

¹⁰³ 44.7. *Camaleon* (Chameleon): Pliny and others reported that chameleons could be nourished by mere air, cf. Hamlet's rejoinder to a question from Claudius, "Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed..." Shakespeare, *Hamlet* 3.2. The code meaning for "aria" (air) is often anus; *Cicada* (Cidada), Italian *grillo* (cricket) could stand for phallus, and dew for the female orifice, see Toscan, pp. 529-37; cf. in the final editions the twin sons of Baldus are named Grillus and Fanettum (little shrine), originally they were called Cingarinus and Marcellinus.

44.8. *pane* (bread): Italian *pane* was used for several aspects of sexual activity, but here it seems to stand for the sodomitic phallus: poet and prelate Giovanni della Casa (1503-1556) wrote of putting his "pane" in a special little oven, "Io per me rade volte altrove il metto,/ Con tutto ch'il mio pan sia pur piccino,/ E'l forno delle donne un po'grandetto" (As for me, rarely do I put it elsewhere, seeing as how my bread is actually rather small, and the women's oven is sort of big), *Capitolo sopra il forno*, 28-30.

¹⁰⁴ 45. *Tumulus Avali, principis Pescariae* (45. *Tomb of Avalos, Prince of Pescara*), hexameters with acrostics, 6 lines. Fernando (Ferrante) D'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara (1490-1525), was a Spanish nobleman and successful military leader born in Naples. Betrothed as a boy to Vittoria Colonna, they married in 1509. After contributing to a Spanish-Hapsburg victory against the French in the Battle of Pavia in 1525, D'Avalos died later that year of his wounds and illness; see *Pomiliones* 3, pp. 48-50 for similar tributes to D'Avalos.

	<p>Labitur, adriacosque si Nus Pescaria lustraT Virtus multiplici fert Alta haec ossa triumphO Sors abiit contempta, ni Tet suo acumine victoR</p>	<p>from the pyre for centuries, until Pescara has slipped away and moves through Adriatic bays. Lofty virtue bears these bones with versatile triumph. Fate departed spurned; the victor shines forth from his sharp point/ promontory.</p>
	{page 184} {p. M iiii v}	{page 184} {p. M iiii v}
	46. Ad Nicodemum fratrem.	46. To [my] brother Nicodemo. ¹⁰⁵
1. 5. 10. 15. 20. 25.	<p>HOC tandem Nicodeme colligamus Portu vela, nec amplius modo huc, modo illuc, Per fluctus agitamus anxiosi. Nos qui reliquiae, superstitesque, Immani superavimus profundo: Iam laetum canimus Celeuma, iamque Saltantes ruimus potiri arena, Et putri sale iam cutem madentem Purgantes, Maris execramur undas. Grates ergo suas, suasque laudes Ore et corde rependimus Tonanti. Hic hic o Nicodeme roboramus Navim dente volubilem tenaci, Non Sortis fidei dehinc parandam. Sat concredita vita nostra morti est. Nam tentare fretum quid est, mori ni est? Hic opes Nicodeme, opumque fastus Nos nec quam minimi aestimamus assis. Horum qui ambitione moliuntur Sub coelum solium, eminentiamque, Quo eunt altius Icarum aemulantes, Ruunt altius Icarum sequentes. Hii fortunae ita commodis anhelant, Ut quae finis eos manet, nec horae Tantillum ratione metiuntur. His tandem Nicodeme commoramur</p>	<p>Let us tie up our sails in this harbor at last, Nicodemo, let us no longer be driven through the swells now here, now there, queasy. We relics and survivors who've overcome the immense depths: now we sing a happy Row-call, and now leaping, we rush to possess the arena.¹⁰⁶ And purging our skin sodden with putrid salt, we curse the waves of the Sea. Then with heart and mouth we pay back the Thunderer his thanks and his praises.* Here here, Nicodemo, we brace the rolling ship with a tenacious anchor, henceforth not to be raised with faith in Fate. Our life has been entrusted to death long enough. For to attempt the high seas what is it if not to die? Here, affluence, Nicodemo, and the pride of affluence we value less than the tiniest coin. These [men] who ambitiously build a throne up to heaven, and an eminence, the higher they go emulating Icarus, the more deeply they fall following Icarus. These [men] pant so for the rewards of fortune, that what end awaits them, or what little part of an hour, they do not measure wisely. Let us linger together at last, Nicodemo, in these forest retreats, and take possession of these caves, where there is peace and a just life. Here,</p>

¹⁰⁵ 46. *Ad Nicodemum fratrem* (46. *To my brother Nicodemo*), hendecasyllables, 31 lines.

Nicodemo Folengo is one of the older brothers of Giovanni Battista and Teofilo: he joined the Benedictine order in 1502. One of Giovanni Battista's pieces in the *Pomiliones* is dedicated to him, *Pomilio 2*. A prefatory letter said to be by Nicodemo was published with Giovanni Battista's *Commentary on the Psalms* in 1543 and appears in subsequent editions as well; a humorous response to it by Giovanni Battista is also included.

¹⁰⁶ 46.4-9. Cf. *Aeneid*, 1.171-3; for a similar image of the treacherous sea, see above, poem 8.

30.	Sylvarum latebris, et his potimur Speluncis, ubi pax, et aequa vita est. Hic viri Nicodeme gloriantur Se solos bona vera comperisse: Qui deo, sibi, proximoque vivunt.	Nicodemo, men boast of being the only ones to have found real good things: [men] who live with god, themselves and the one closest [to them]/ their neighbor.
	{page 185} {p. M v}	{page 185} {p. M v}
	47. Ad Iram.	47. To Anger. ¹⁰⁷
1. 4. 8. 12. 16. 20.	IRA vis praeceps animi, repente Quae turpas, adigisque in atrum, Quale vel Protei, vel erat Chimaere Pingere, Monstrum, Unde laerneo recalens veneno, Huc meis repsti miseris medullis? Unde? dic fornax odii, Canisque Spuma trifaucis. Credin abreptum hoc ideo fuisse, Quicquid est curae mihi, quidquid artis, Quidquid ardescit studii tuendae Pacis? an inquam Credis abreptum hoc ideo fuisse, Quod semel fracto ruerim capistro? Me sibi, ne frende, trahunt, trahentque Vulnera lesu. En serenatis ut adest ocellis, Ut mihi, humanos miserans, pepercit: Tu breves frustra Eumenidum colubros Livida torques.	Anger, mind's brash passion, you who suddenly deform a man and drive him to portray a dark Monster, the Chimera or Proteus, why, growing inflamed again with Lernaean venom, have you crept into my wretched marrow? Why? Speak up, forge of hate and froth of the three-jawed Dog. Do you think for that reason this should have been torn away – everything I care about, every talent, every effort [that] flares up for protecting the Peace? I ask you if you think for that reason this should have been torn away – because once, having broken the halter, I rushed in? They draw me to him, the wounds of Christ, don't grimace, and will draw me. ¹⁰⁸ Look how he appears with calm little eyes, how feeling sorry for humans, he spared me; livid, you wring the short serpents of the Eumenides in vain. ¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁷ *Ad Iram (To Anger)*, Sapphics, 20 lines; cf. 9. *De ira (About anger)*.

¹⁰⁸ 47.15. *trahunt, trahentque* (to draw, drag, pull): the Italian equivalent, *trarre*, was widely used to mean to have intercourse; see 66.18-19 where the subject is again Christ on the cross, *ut ora trahunt retrahuntque per ilia tristem/Languentemque animam* (how his mouth draws his woeful languishing breath back and forth across his loins/ flanks); see Toscan, Glossary, *trarre... tratto* p. 1761, and *ritrarre* 1741, and cf. Adams, *tracto*, pp. 186-7, 208.

47.16. *vulnera* (wounds): already in Roman times, *vulnus* was sometimes used for orifice (Adams, p. 152); several synonyms for wound, *piaga* for example, were used in the Italian code: see the section on pain, effort, etc. in Toscan, p. 320-40, and pp. 934-5; "the wounds of Christ" appear again below, 50.28, 66.13, 23 and see 68, *De passione Domini*. The imperative warning "ne frende" (don't gnash your teeth) calls attention to the audacity of the statement.

¹⁰⁹ 47.19-20. *breves... Eumenidum colubros...*: snakes and Furies, see Notes to 5.

	{page 186} {p. M vii}	{page 186} {p. M vii}
	48. Ad socios Anachoritas.	48. To [my] Anchorite companions. ¹¹⁰
1. 5. 10. 14.	Duremus socii, precumque nixi propugnaculo, et unitate nostra Facti iam stabiles, nec huc, nec illuc Flectamur folio pares, quod Aura Quaevis fert modico, ut lubet, susurro. Perstemus validi, nec utris instar Inflemur tumidae: sed hoc laborum Curramus stadium semel receptum. At cursu in medio, cavete, condunt Suas decipulas, suosque casses, Ter centum Genii mali et nigelli, Qui circumsiliunt ab axe pluti. porro lachrymulis ubi precantes Dulcis laverimus pedes Iesu, Illi ne minimi aestimentur unguis.	Let us become hard, friends, and having relied on the rampart of prayers, and made stable now in our unity, let us not be bent this way and that like a leaf, which any Breeze carries as it pleases with a slight rustling. Sturdy, let us stand strong, and not puff up like swollen bags; but also once this race-track of labors has been undertaken, let us gallop. But yet in the middle of the race, beware, they lay their traps and their snares – three hundred wicked and blackish Spirits, who leap around from the pole of Pluto/ region of hell. ¹¹¹ Later when praying we have bathed the feet of Jesus with our sweet little tears, let those [Spirits] be deemed worth less than a fingernail. ¹¹²
	{page 186} {p. M v v}	{page 186} {p. M v v}
	49. De quodam Anachoreta nimis ocioso.	49. About a certain Anchorite who is too leisurely. ¹¹³
1.	Ni ego hallucinor has tenebricosi Per frondes Nemoris, procul videre Macronem videor, novissimus qui Nobiscum accola factus est Eremi.	If I am not hallucinating, through these boughs of the shrouded Grove, I seem to see from afar Macro, who has been made the very newest inhabitant of the Hermitage with us. ¹¹⁴ So that

¹¹⁰ 48. *Ad socios Anachoritas* (48. *To [my] Anchorite companions*), hendecasyllables, 14 lines.

¹¹¹ 48.11. *ab axe Pluti*: *axe* (axis, pole, region); Pluto (Hades) was the ruler of the underworld as well as the name of the realm itself, mentioned again below, 55.10; and see similar references to the black spirits of Orcus: 17.28, 28.7-8, 50.5-8, and mention of Dis, Cocytus and Phlegethon, Styx, etc.

¹¹² 48.13: *pedes* (feet): used for posterior, cf. 7.20, 50.23-4, 61.10, 66.22.

¹¹³ 49. *De quodam Anachoreta nimis ocioso* (49. *About a certain Anchorite who is too leisurely*), hendecasyllables, 15 lines.

¹¹⁴ 49.3. Macro was a Roman name; in Latin, it is also the dative/ ablative form of the adjective *macer* meaning thin, meager, and appears to be used as such in 10.13, “Macri pallidulique”; in Greek *makros* means long, lofty, deep. This Macro is described as *novissimus* (the newest) and this associates him with sodomy, see note at 21.1: he may be the personification of a voracious

5.	Ut quidquid segetum modo per urbes Mendici, modo de labore nostro Venamur: comedat, voretque lurco. Quid non semper edit, nihil laborans? Verum subdubito sit an Macro iste.	whatever stalks of grain we poor fellows hunt up begging first through the cities, then from our labor, the glutton eats and devours. What is he not always eating, while working at nothing? However I wonder whether this is Macro. [But]
10.	Immo est, nam sedet hic, et oscitatur, Quod sedere suum est, et oscitari. Mirum si quid agat volumen istud Nugarum, Simiusque ineptiarum, Quam torpescere commodum ad laborem:	indeed it is, for here he sits, and yawns, because to sit is his thing, and to yawn. It's amazing if this volume of trifles, this ape of silliness would do anything other than grow slothful toward beneficial labor, than grow fervent for Massican
15.	Quam ferverescere massicum ad liquorem.	liquid. ¹¹⁵
	{page 187} {p. M vi}	{page 187} {p. M vi}
	50. Flentes oculi ad Cor.	50. Eyes crying to the heart. ¹¹⁶
1.	O cor, ah cur plus nimio gravaris? Cur times tantum, nec amare discis? An tui, dic cor, sumus intuendo	Oh heart, ah, why are you so overly burdened? Why do you fear so much, and not learn to love? Do tell, heart, are we, by our staring, the cause
4.	Causa doloris? Cernimus maesti siquidem bicornes pingier templis Lemures, nigrasque Sontium furcis animas voracem	of your pain? [We are] gloomy, given that we see painted in the temples two-horned Lemures carrying black souls of the guilty on forks down to insatiable
8.	Ferre sub Orcum. Hinc sanguis frigans tremebunda currit Ossa per, circunque tuum tribunal (Noster es iudex) coit, et paventes	Orcus. ¹¹⁷ That's why freezing blood runs through quivering bones, and collects around your tribunal/ raised seat (you are our judge), and abandons our terrified limbs.
12.	Deserit artus. Omnis heu tunc artis inops, tuique Impotens, nescis quid agas miselle, Aut quid obiectes opis imminenti	Alas, then, lacking every skill, having no control of yourself, poor wretch, you don't know what you're doing, or what forces you might thrust at anger threatening from above.
16.	Desuper irae, Nosque laxata cute discolores	And us, multi-colored, you have always

thirsting for "wine" – a phallus (cf. 17.7: *Praedatorque inhians iugi rapinae* (a predator gaping for continual booty), or an anus (cf. 43.3).

¹¹⁵ 49.15. *massicum*: Massica is a white wine from the Monte Massico region of Campania; white wine is used often in these poems for ejaculate; in *Janus*, Folengo features "Janus" boasting, "Then, a long time afterward the Assyrians learned to say *lanus* (for indeed they call wine *yani*)... I who learned to draw out sweet Massican from grapes (551-3).

¹¹⁶ 50. *Flentes oculi ad Cor* (50. *His eyes crying to his heart*), Sapphics, 28 lines.

¹¹⁷ 50.6. *Lemures* in Roman times were vengeful and insatiable spirits; the poet may have had in mind something like the vivid fresco of the damned taken to hell by horned demons painted in the Orvieto Cathedral by Luca Signorelli (c.1445-1523).

20.	Semper obiurgaris, et omnis in nos Culpa fertur, qui male lanitores Te tueamur. Tunc procellosas Aquilone rupto Sublevas iratus aquas. Quid heu quid Fluctibus mersi obruimur, pedesque it	reproached with lax skin, and every charge is brought against us, who as Gatekeepers protect you badly. ^{118*} Then irate, after Aquilone/ Boreas has broken in, you raise up stormy waters. Why, oh, why are we overcome, immersed in swells, and the weeping flows to the bottoms of [our] feet?
24.	Fletus ad imos? Ne nimis saevi tibi cor, tuisque Ne cor ah saevi miseris ocellis, Sed Crucis causam memora, sed ipsa	Heart do not rage too much at yourself, and ah, heart, do not rage at your wretched eyes, but remember the cause of the cross, but
28.	Vulnera Christi.	[remember] the very wounds of Christ. ¹¹⁹
	{page 188} {p. M vi v}	{page 188} {p. M vi v}
	51. De Sacello divo Ioan. Baptistae dicato.	51. About the shrine dedicated to St. John the Baptist. ¹²⁰
1.	Cui vestrum Proceres, bonique Cives Urbis sydereae, modo absolutum, Quaecunque, dicamus hoc sacellum? An tibi Petre? summa cui ligandi,	To which of you, Upright Leaders and Good Citizens of the star-lit city, shall we designate this shrine finished up just now, whatever it's like?
5.	Solvendique Animas rogata cura est? Ecquid Paule tibi? quis aptior te? Te quis continuus magis, magisque Indefessus Evangeli ad labores? Sed nec Petre tibi, nec alteri (absit	To you, Peter? to whom the supreme task has been assigned: linking and unlinking Souls. Or how about to you, Paul? Who is more fitting than you? Who is more persistent than you and more unflagging in the toils of the Gospel? But neither to you, Peter, nor to the other one (may
10.	Livor Coelitibus) sacramus Aram: Aram, quae erigitur: Favete laeti Baptistae nemorum, sacraeque Eremi Cultori, ut nemorum, sacraeque Eremi Cultores foveat, diuque servet.	Envy be absent from the Heaven-dwellers) do we consecrate the Altar, the Altar which is erected. Favor the Baptist, happy Cultivators of the groves and of the holy Hermitage, so that he may cherish the Cultivators of the groves and of
15.	Baptista huic preaerit* [praeerit] Sacello et Arae, Det nomen, titulumque, et illi, et illi. Vos quoque aligeri Deum ministri,	the holy Hermitage and keep [them] for a long time. The Baptist will take the lead for this Shrine and Altar: let him give his name and his title,

¹¹⁸ 50.17. *laxata cute*: the surface meaning may be that the eyes feel they are chided for staying open (in fear); on the code level this seems to refer to passive homosexuality, where *laxata* (lax, slackened) and *cutis* read as Italian *cuoio* (skin, used for anus), may refer to passive homosexuality, see Toscan, pp. 563, 1313, 1324-6 and for *laxatus* Adams, p. 46, 172-3. *discolores* (multi-colored) may refer to bisexuality, see Toscan, p. 855.

¹¹⁹ 50.28. *vulnera Christi* (wounds of Christ): see 47.16.

¹²⁰ 51. *De Sacello divo Ioan. Baptistae dicato* (51. *About the shrine dedicated to St. John the Baptist*), hendecasyllables, 19 lines.

19.	Hinc hinc horrisonum vetate fulmen, Hinc hinc anguicommas fugate Diras.	both to that and to that. And you too, winged ministers of God, ban the horrible-sounding thunderbolt from here, from here; drive off the snake-haired Furies from here, from here.
	{page 188} {p. M vi v}	{page 188} {p. M vi v}
	52. De eodem.	52. About the same [shrine]. ¹²¹
1. 5. 10. 13.	O quisnam Superum novo sacello, Haud tofo, et parisi sito columnis, Sed crusta scopuli modo expedito, Huic nomen facit? O quis huius arae, Quodquod munus erit, favens secundat? An Baptista feras id obtineri Abs te? an, si quateris prece, assequemur? Sed non hanc refugis subire curam. Olim tu quoque vastitate rupum, Et sylvae latebris frui solebas. Qua re tu face quidquid est Sacelli, Quidquid ara precum vovet, ratum sit.	Oh, who of the Celestials offers his name for this new shrine, set up not with tufo and Parian columns, but made ready just now with a slab of rock? Oh, who, favoring this altar, might promote [it], whatsoever its function will be? Would you, Battista, allow it to be maintained by you? And, if you are shaken by prayer, will we succeed? But don't refuse to submit to this duty. In the past, you too used to enjoy the barrenness of the cliffs and the retreats of the forest. Therefore, you, do whatever is for the Shrine, whatever prayers the altar vows, let them be fulfilled.
	{page 189} {p. M vii}	{page 189} {p. M vii}
	53. Ad Nicolaum morosinaeum.	53. To Niccolò Morosini. ¹²²
1. 5.	I papire, meum Morosinaeum Festina reperire, ubi moratur: Dic suos male torpet ad sodales Remigrare, nec esse tam negoci, Ut modo, Venio, modo, Venibam Modo, quum Veniam rescribat ad nos. Ah tandem Veniat, sonetque, veni. Hunc precare, vel arroganter urge:	Go, paper! Hurry, find my Morosini where he lags behind: Say he's painfully slow coming back to his buddies, and not to be so busy that he must write back to us first, "I'm coming", then "I was coming", and then, "I will come at any time." Let him come at last and shout, "I've come."

¹²¹ 52. *De eodem* (52. *About the same [shrine]*), 13 hendecasyllables.

¹²² 53. *Ad Nicolaum morosinaeum* (53. *To Niccolò Morosini*), hendecasyllables, 19 lines. Niccolo Morosini was a fellow hermit monk and church authority. Morosini is also the subject of poem 60, and is mentioned in the *Pomiliones* where a letter is dedicated to him, pp. 7-9. In 53 and 60 there is word-play on the family name Morosini and the Latin verb *moror* (to stay behind, delay) and related adjectives.

10.	Demum provideat suo decori: Satis prospiciat suis Amicis: Qui sylvis velut Orphani vagantur. Quocirca si animo (ut solet) virili praestet, huc Avis advolabit instar. 15. Quamvis Nobilium modo hi, modo illi Contendant reditus vetare coeptos. Qui modo (nisi falsa nunciantur) Illum glutineis foveant in ulnis. Dic ergo repetat suos amicos, 19. De quibus, mora si trahatur, actum est.	Beg him, or urge him arrogantly: he should provide at last for own glory, he watches out for his friends quite enough, who wander about the forests like orphans. ¹²³ Wherefore, if he performs with manly spirit (as is his wont), he'll glide hither like a Bird. Although now these Nobles, now those vie to prevent returnings already begun. Just now (unless false [starts] are announced) they cherish him in their gluey arms. So, say he should go back to his friends, for whom, if delay is drawn out, it's over.
	{page 190} {p. M vii v}	{page 190} {p. M vii v}
	54. Blanditur Pauli epistolis.	54. He flatters Paul's epistles. ¹²⁴
1.	Mi Libelle, mi ocelle, corculumque, Et solaciolum mei laboris. Quem noctuque diuque savior, cui Assurgo tremebundus, ut quid omni 5. Duriusculus es magis libello? Ut quid te asperulum, inviumque praefers? Qua re me puerum sat imperitum, Ignarumque tuae profunditatis Mammis admoveas, quoad virili 10. Grandiusculus assuescar escae.	My little book, my little eye and small heart and small solace of my toil, which day and night I kiss, for which I rise up quivering, why are you a little harder than every [other] little book? Why do you show yourself a little harsh and inaccessible? For this reason you move me, quite an untrained boy, ignorant of your profundity, close to your breasts, until I, a little bigger, may become accustomed to manly food/ bait.
	{page 190} {p. M vii v}	{page 190} {p. M vii v}
	55. De illo, Ductus est Iesus ut tentaretur a Diabolo.	55. On [the passage]: "Christ was led to be tempted by the devil." ¹²⁵

¹²³ 53.8. *arroganter* (arrogantly) seems out of place here, but in code, Italian words meaning haughty were used to describe sexual excitation (Toscan, pp. 1165-6), so the phrase seems to be suggestive, something like "press him snootily."

¹²⁴ 54. *Blanditur Pauli epistolis* (54. *He flatters Paul's Epistles*), hendecasyllables, 10 lines. Paul's epistles treated again below, 59.

¹²⁵ 55. *De illo, Ductus est Iesus ut tentaretur a Diabolo* (55. *On [the passage]: "Christ was led so that he might be tempted by the devil"*), hexameters, 13 lines. The passage is close to Matthew 4.1: "tunc Iesus ductus est in desertum ab Spiritu ut temptaretur a diabolo" (then Jesus was led into the desert by the Holy Spirit that he might be tempted by the devil); cf. Luke 4.2

1.	Inferni Lemures, et Monstra nigerrima Ditis, Vosque avidi umbrarum Manes, quae audacia tanti Vexat, ut Authorem rerum vos omnium adorti posse illum vestro sperastis fallere visco?	Infernal Ghosts, and blackest Monsters of Dis, and you, greedy Manes of the shadows, what audacity afflicts you so, that having risen up, you hoped to be able to deceive that Author of all things with your viscous [glue]? Learn, shapeless
5.	Discite deformes Animae, non ulla manere Gaudia vos post hac summi aetheris,* illa fideles, Illa decent humiles vitas. vos iure superbas, Candorem exuti, luitis caligine poenas.	Souls, no joys of the highest heaven remain for you after this side: those [joys] are suited to faithful lives, those to humble [lives]. You, haughty [Souls], having cast off whiteness, justly pay the penalty in darkness. Henceforth, far away from the light, miserable shades of
10.	Hinc a luce procul miseri Cocytidos umbrae, Res alibi vestra est, ubi Pluto immania sceptrum Sustinet ignipotens, vosque inter pendet ab atro Terribilis solio, flammasque impartit edaces:	Cocytus, your business is elsewhere, where fire- potent Pluto upholds an immense scepter, and hangs among you terrifying from his dark throne, and doles out voracious flames, whereby your fortune is subject to/ addicted to perpetual death.
13.	Sors ubi perpetuo vestra est obnoxia fato.	
	{page 190} {p. M vii v}	{page 190} {p. M vii v}
	56. Blanditur suis oculis.	56. He cajoles his eyes. ¹²⁶
1.	Flevimus tandem ne oculi? an duas (ni Fallor) horas flevimus? o beatae, O salubres lachrymulae, O pusilli	Have we wept at last eyes? Haven't we wept for two (unless I'm mistaken) hours? O blessed, O wholesome little tears, O squalls of a small breast.
4.	pectoris imbres. An bibunt Memphitica prata Nilum Largius septemgeminum? sitim ne Mollius sedat puteo profundo	Do the Memphis plains drink the seven- mouthed Nile more lavishly? Does burnt Syene allay thirst more agreeably with its deep well than I am revived just now by your liquor? ¹²⁷
8.	Usta Syene Ut modo vestro recreor liquore? O mei dulces novies ocelli, Et favis Hyblae magis, et recenti	Oh my little eyes sweet nine times more than either honeycomb from Hybla or new milk. But a level mind, I declare, ought to be brought in here, for things, lest too confident or too eager with success, you relax the reins of the eyelid, and a wicked adulterer creep in.
12.	Lacte. Sed aequa est, Nuncio, mens huc adhibenda, rebus, Ut nimis fisi, aut alacres secundis Frena laxetis cilio, malusque	
16.	Repat adulter. Ille nam fallax, et adulter hostis,	For that false and adulterous enemy, hard, savagely shape-changer Cupid, already calls now

¹²⁶ 56. *Blanditur suis oculis* (56. *He cajoles his eyes*), Sapphics, 24 lines. Cf. poem 50.

¹²⁷ 56.7-8. Seems to be a play on the color burnt sienna, and Syene, Egypt (present day Aswan), famous for having red granite and a deep well which in ancient times was used to demonstrate the vertical position of the sun on summer solstice.

20.	Versipellis, durus, atrox Cupido Iam faces, atque arma vocat, feroxque in vulnera pendet. Ah niger Daemon, violas ocellos Tun meos furtim? rapies amorem Foede Amor bellae Crucis? at velis no-	for torches and arms, and warlike, pays out in wounds. Ah, black Demon, you furtively dishonor my eyes? You snatch away love for the beautiful Cross, Foul Love/ Cupid? But [whether] you wish it or not, we watch.
24.	lisque, tuemur.	
	{page 191} {p. M viii}	{page 191} {p. M viii}
	57. In furem.	57. Against a thief. ¹²⁸
1.	AT quis tam validi repertus, et tam Firmi pectoris, ut tibi impudens fur Non succenseat, et reclamet usque Ad convitia, et acriora dicta?	But who has been found of such a sturdy, and such a firm breast that he would not get irritated with you, impudent thief, and protest all the way to outbursts and more bitter words? If in fact
5.	Venisti siquidem Hortuli ad vireta Succulenta mei, et negas negare Quemquam, aut Alcynoi, aut Adonis hortos, Tam vernos nec habere flosculos, nec Tam simillima poma fulgido auro,	you came in to the sap-rich greenery of my Garden, and you deny [what] no one denies, [that] the gardens of Alcinous or of Adonis have little flowers so green or fruits so very similar to gleaming gold as those they say belonged to the Hesperides. ¹²⁹ Nonetheless, you have stolen the crown and the small solace of my little Garden,
10.	Qualia Hesperidum fuisse dicunt. Tu mei nihilominus corollam Et solatiolum Hortuli latro, et fur Suffuratus es, An tu ita optime hospes Solvisse hospitium soles? ita album	thief: do you usually repay hospitality like this, most noble guest? Like this covertly under your robe, thief, three times a thief/ tri-gallows thief, you snatch away my white Lily? to whom both milk and snow, and roses and violets paid homage – [those] both less whitish and less scented? For this reason, turn over your sacrilegious (let it be said up front) hands to be cleansed by a holy man, and confess the crime of theft committed. For, if it escapes you, that
15.	Clam sub veste rapis trifurcifer fur Meum Liliolum? cui et lac, et nix, Et rosae et violae dabant honores, Minusque albidulae, minusque olentes? Qua re sacrilegas (sit ante dictum)	
20.	Sacro trade manus viro piandas, Et facti facinus fatere furti.	

¹²⁸ 57. In *furem* (57. *Against a thief*), hendecasyllables, 23 lines.

¹²⁹ 57.7-10. Famous gardens of antiquity: the garden of Alcinous was described as always in full fruit; the Gardens of Adonis were part of a life-death-rebirth ritual where herbs and such were planted in pots and collapsed in summer heat, prompting women to mourn loudly for Adonis; the Garden of the Hesperides was a mythological Eden attended by the daughters of the evening star Hesperus (the planet Venus), mentioned in *Pomiliones*, p. 118; the golden apple of discord which led to the Trojan war came from this garden and Hercules stole one of its golden apples: Boggione and Casalegno specify the Garden of the Hesperides as signaling the use of *orto* for anus, because of the illusion to apples (buttocks), *Dizionario storico del lessico erotico italiano* (Milano, Longanesi, 1996), p. 548.

23.	Nam, si te latet, ille flos stetit Bellam ante effigiem benigni Iesu.	flower would have stood before the beautiful effigy of merciful Jesus.
	{page 192} {p. M viii v}	{page 192} {p. M viii v}
	58. Ad Christum Oratio.	58. Oration to Christ. ¹³⁰
1. 5. 10. 15. 20.	Lux mea (nanque tibi summus pater omne potenter Credidit imperium mundi, seu parcere clemens Subiectis, seu iuste probes domitare superbos) Prò phlegethontaeis quae gens emersa caminis In me signa movet frendens? pessumque minatur Me dare? iamque tubas strepere, et clangoribus atris Accipio lituos, atque arma sonantia late. Me miserum quae nam facies? quae monstra? quis horror Urgentem Lemurum? qualis quantusque catervas Ductor agit? spumasque atrox vomit ore cruentas? Ille Satan (ni fallor) erit: qui adversa volutat Castra, pudicitiae invasurus moenia nostrae. Et quis ego? ut veniam contra? summaeque ruinae Me obiiciam? cui nulla acies, nulla arma, nec ulla, Quod magis ad Martem facit, experientia belli. Ergo age Christe meos legatos excipe: qui sunt Et lachrymae, et gemitus, et quae suspiria Tygres, Et quae sarmaticas valeant inflectere Cautes. Te coeli, terraeque potens, te maxime regum, Quem trepidant manes victi, cui coelica paret Militia, unum oro, da invictum pectus, et arma, Daque triumphatis me me hostibus altius ire.	My light (for, the supreme father powerfully entrusted all control of the world to you, whether merciful, you spare [your] subjects, or just, you try to humble the haughty), oh, what people emerged from Phlegethontean forges, move banners against me gnashing their teeth? And threaten to give me worse? And now trumpets blare, and I perceive war horns with terrible clamors, and also arms echoing far and wide. Oh poor me, for, what shapes [are these]? What monsters? What horror of thrusting Lemures/ Specters? What sort and what size is the Commander [who] drives the troops? And frightful, vomits bloody foam from its mouth? That would be Satan (if I'm not mistaken), who sends the enemy camp flying, about to invade the walls of our chastity. And who am I, that I might come against [him]? That I would subject myself to the greatest collapse? [I] for whom no battle array, no arms, nor any war experience, that make it better for Mars/ martial activity.* Therefore, go on, Christ, receive my envoys, which are tears, and moans, and such sighs that would be able to bend Tigers and Samartian/ Balkan mountains. ¹³¹ You, power of sky and earth, you, the greatest of kings, at whom the vanquished shades tremble, whom the heavenly militia obeys, I beseech one [thing], grant me an invincible breast, and arms, and with the enemy conquered allow me to go higher. ¹³²

¹³⁰ 58. *Ad Christum Oratio* (58. *Oration to Christ*), hexameters, 22 lines.

¹³¹ 58.18 *sarmaticas... Cautes*. Sarmatia in ancient times corresponded to western Scythia: modern Ukraine, Moldova and Southern Russia to the Balkan mountains.

¹³² 58.20-2. These three verses are identical to *Baldus*, Bk. 17.75-8 where Leonardo pleads in defense of his virginity.

	{page 193} {p. N}	{page 193} {p. N}
	59. Cyrillum increpat, quod ignaro literarum paulinas donasset epistolas.	59. He scolds Cyril, because he had given the Pauline epistles to an illiterate person. ¹³³
1. 5. 10. 15. 20.	O' qui nobile Solitariorum Effulges specimen quot extiterunt, Quot ve sunt modo, quot ve erunt deinceps, Mallet aut Chrysogono, aut mihi dedisses, Quam isti delicias peritorum, Pauli scilicet aureum libellum. An sat commodus ille, idoneusque Hortifossor habetur, ut libellum Tam bellum, aureolumque, melleumque Docti susciperet manu Cyrilli? An Cyrille habilem esse censuisti Durum foeniseam explicare Paulum? Is quanto magis utilis ligoni: Is tanto minus utilis libello est: Cui nec littera quamlibet minuta, Nec tantillus apex patet figurae. Verum, inquis, bonus est vir, ah cachinnor Ut huius bonitas homuntionis, Qui Bubulci ad aratrum ineptit, aptet Se se Pauli ad epistolas profundi.	O noble specimen of Solitarians/ Hermits, you who shine forth from however many have existed, or however many exist now, or however many there will be hereafter, I would prefer you'd given to Crysogono or to me rather than to this one, the delights of [those] more experienced, namely the little golden book of Paul. Can that Garden-digger be considered agreeable enough and suitable, that he should take up a little book so beautiful, and golden and honeyed from the hand of learned Cyril? Can it be, Cyril, that you have judged a hay-cutter capable of expounding the hard Paul? The more useful he is with a hoe, the less useful he is with a little book; not one letter no matter how minute is well known to him, nor the faintest outline of a figure. However, you say, he is a good man; ah, I chortle that the goodness of this little man, who is inept at the plow of a rustic, may accommodate itself to the epistles of the profound Paul.
	{page 194} {p. N i v}	{page 194} {p. N i v}
	60. De Nicolao Maurocaeno sive Morosinaeo.	60. About Niccolò Mauroceno or rather Morosini ¹³⁴
1.	EST mihi ad Venetas iter Lacunas: Ut inde omnimoda protervitate Furer doctiloquum Morosinaeum,	I must make a trip to the Venetian Lagoons, so that I may steal from there with boldness of every sort the learned-tongued Morosini, the

¹³³ 59. *Cyrillum increpat, quod ignaro literarum paulinas donasset epistolas* (59. *He scolds Cyril, because he had given the Pauline epistles to an illiterate person*), hendecasyllables, 20 lines. In C, this poem is titled *Ad Seraphum* (*To Seraphus*) and is addressed to a fictional mage from the epic *Baldus* and the book in question contains the epistles of *Flaccus* (Horace), see Notes; poem 54, also involves Paul's epistles.

¹³⁴ 60. *De Nicolao Maurocaeno* (60. *About Niccolò Mauroceno or rather Morosini*), hendecasyllables, 19 lines. See note at 53.

<p>5.</p> <p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>19.</p>	<p>Nostrae praesidium Sodalitatis, Nostraeque auspiciam iubarque Eremitae. Illum subripiam, suaeque Matris Extirpem vetulae sinu licebit: Quae verbosum, et anile nescio quid Miscens blanditiis, et udo oculo Stillas callidula eliquans minutas, Hunc nobis adimit, satis, superque Morosa est mulier, morosiorque, Quam quod expediat morosinaeae. Quin natum memorat semel Sacrorum Oblatum officio? quibus parentum Impium est pietatem anteferre? Quare audaculus hunc ego admonere, Immo liberius volo exprobrare, Furarique suis Morosinaeis.</p>	<p>president of our Fraternity, and of our patrons, and shining light of our Hermitage.* [That] I snatch him away and uproot him from the bosom of his elderly Mother will be lawful: [she] who mingling [something] verbose and old-womanish with I don't know what sort of caresses and is cunning, exuding small drops from [her] moist eye, she takes him/ this one away from us: the woman is hard enough to please and then some, and is slower, than what may be expected of a "Morosini."¹³⁵ Isn't she mindful that her son was relegated once and for all to the duty of Sacred rites? [That] it is irreverent to prefer the tenderness of parents to these [duties]? For this reason I want to urge him a bit cheekily, or rather take him to task more liberally, and steal him from his <i>Morosine</i>/ girlfriends.</p>
	<p>{page 194} {p. N i v}</p>	<p>{page 194} {p. N i v}</p>
	<p>61. Moerens anima in Christum pie invehitur.</p>	<p>61. The doleful soul righteously inveighs against Christ.¹³⁶</p>
<p>1.</p> <p>5.</p> <p>10.</p>	<p>ME ne supervacuis et adhuc insistere curis? Non posse obstructam coeli recludere portam? Illam quandoquidem crebris posco ictibus, illam Excutio, impello, clamores insuper addo Solicitus, donec pene iam labefactus amaras Prorumpo in lachrymas, et me me in limine sterno. Siccine evangelicae iuxta promissa salutis Ianua pulsanti mihi iam reseratur Olympi? En ego, qui toties supplex tero limina templi, Amplexusque aras teneo, pedibusque volutor Christe tuis, animo fassus contagia vitae Tanta meae, tepidoque oculi mihi fonte liquescunt: Necquicquam crucior: Ne ah clementissime IESU,</p>	<p>Am I to persist even with efforts hitherto pointless? Not be able to open the blocked door to heaven? Inasmuch as I beseech it with persistent blows, shake it, force [it], on top of that, flustered, I add screeches, until almost tottering I all but burst into bitter tears and stretch myself out at the entrance. So, in keeping with the promises of Evangelical salvation, are the gates of Olympus to be unlocked for me pounding? Here I am, a suppliant – I wear out the entrances of the temple, and having embraced the altars, I hold tight and roll around at your feet, Christ, having disclosed from my</p>

¹³⁵ 60.12-3. *morosus, a, um*; comp. *morosior*: word-play, meaning both hard to please, and protracted, lingering; added to these: the family name of Morosini, *Morosinae* are the women of the family, and *morosa* is Italian for girlfriend; cf. no. 53.

¹³⁶ 61. *Moerens anima in Christum pie invehitur* (61. *The doleful soul righteously inveighs against Christ*) hexameters, 14 lines.

14.	Ne patere hanc animam spe, quam tenet anxia, labi.	soul the many contagions/ corruptions of my life, and my eyes liquefy in a tepid spout; I suffer to no avail. Ah, most merciful Jesus, don't allow this soul to slip away from hope, which it holds anxiously.
	{page 197} {p. N ii}	{page 197} {p. N ii}
	62. DE SANCTORUM BEATITATE.	62. On the Blessedness of the Saints. ¹³⁷
1.	MENS diu siccis peregrina terris, Iam dei fontem sitit ad perennem, Iam satis vitae penitus caducae	A mind wandering a long while on dry lands, now thirsts at the perennial font of god, now has lived enough of the wavering life, disturbed deep within.
4.	Turbida vixit. Pugnat abruptis laqueis vetustae Carnis educi exilio, suaeque Dulce iam littus patriae relata	With snares of old-standing flesh broken open, it fights to be led from exile, and now revived exults to behold the sweet shore of its native land.*
8.	Visere gestit. Fortius terrae patimur ruentum Tot procellarum, tot adhuc laborum, Laeta cum sensu memori tenemus	We suffer more stalwartly so many driving storms on land, so many struggles thus far, when with a sense of remembering* we hold the happy joys of Heaven,
12.	Iubila Coeli, Quis triumphalem sat alacritatem Illius regni aetherei? quis auro Tecta fulgenti, niveisque gemmis	Who could express adequately the triumphant alacrity of that ethereal realm? Who – the structures built with gleaming gold, and snow- white gems?
16.	Condita promat? Limus, et quicquid maculis nitorem Inficit, quicquid graveolentis aerae Fumat e stagnis, procul a Deorum	Mud, and whatever infects the splendor with spots, whatever strong-smelling vapor steams from the pools, recedes far from the seat of the Gods. ¹³⁸
20.	Sede recedit. Non ibi glebas queritur praeustas, Seu trahant rimas Cane sub flagrante, Seu decembrali rigeant sub arcto,	There he does not complain, the hard plower, about scorched clods, or whether they score cracks under the burning Dog, or grow stiff under December's pole/ the Plough. ¹³⁹
24.	Durus arator.	

¹³⁷ 62. DE SANCTORUM BEATITATE (62. On the Blessedness of the Saints), Sapphics, 76 lines. The path to beatitude, or supreme happiness, is treated at length by Giovanni Battista Folengo in *Pomiliones* 4 and 7.

¹³⁸ 62.17-20: see Notes.

¹³⁹ 62.22-3. *rimas*: cf. 22.13; *decembrali... sub arcto*: cf. 22.16.

<p>28.</p> <p>32.</p> <p>36.</p> <p>40.</p> <p>44.</p> <p>48.</p> <p>52.</p> <p>56.</p>	<p>Ver ibi sertis alimenta florum Praebet aeternum, variatque nedum Tot coloratos, sed odore miro Spirat amictus. Mobiles aerae, Zephyrique lenes, Et iugi ripas decorant virore, Et ferunt multo variata sylvis Poma decore. Aureo laeti Genii colore Post triumphantem glomerantur Agnum, Et chorus ducunt, et agunt ovantes Ore paeana. Quisque Divorum sua per trophaea Gloriam pulchri tituli reportat, Aut quibus victor stygium palaestris Fuderit hostem, Aut Tyrannorum veluti furentum Spreverit Crates, Clibanos, Ahena, Ut sequi Regem cruce sub beata Posset Olympo. Iam tenent portus, vacuique tandem Colligarunt vela cadente fluctu, Navitae digni, qui oleae coronas Aetherae sumant. Iam canunt iunctis clypeis receptu, Post tot obiecti capitis pericla, Milites digni, qui onerent superno Tempora lauro. Iamque coelestes animae levant se Se catervatim Lachesi perempta Sub thronum Regis, pariterque laeta Voce resultant.</p>	<p>There spring constantly offers the fuel of flowers for garlands, and not only does it vary so many colors but it exhales mantles of wondrous odor.*¹⁴⁰</p> <p>Mobile breezes and gentle Zephyrs both adorn the slopes of the ridge with green, and with great adornment bring varied fruits to the forests.</p> <p>Happy Spirits of golden color cluster behind a triumphant Lamb, and they lead in dancers, and rejoicing with their mouths,* perform paeans.</p> <p>Each of the Gods brings back the glory of noble distinction through his trophies: as victor either he routed the Stygian enemy from those training schools/ brothels, or he spurned Grills, Furnaces and Cauldrons as though of raging Tyrants, so that he might follow the king into Olympus beneath the blessed cross.¹⁴¹</p> <p>Now they hold the port and emptied/ free at last, at the falling tide they have tied up the sails, the worthy sailors who take up crowns of olive [branches] into heaven.^{142*}</p> <p>Now their shields joined, after being thrown so many mortal dangers, they call for retreat, the worthy soldiers, who weigh down their temples with a lofty laurel.</p> <p>And now the celestial souls raise themselves in throngs, annulled by Lachesis beneath the King's throne, and together they reverberate with a happy voice.¹⁴³</p>
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¹⁴⁰ 62.25-8. *Ver... aeternum* (eternal spring): cf. *ver novum* 21.1. *variat.../ ... coloratos*, cf. 23.1.

¹⁴¹ 62.42. *Crates, Clibanos, Ahena*: *Crates*: grill (craticula), the framework of a shield; *Clibanos*: a furnace, stove; *Ahena*: *ahenum* (*aeneum*), a vessel made of copper or bronze, a cauldron; cf. a similar passage in *Janus* 48-52. Olympus is used for anus: see 42.32 and note.

¹⁴² 62.48. *Aetherae*: *aether, aetheris*, M. and *aethera, ae*, F. (ether, sky, heaven): one expects *aethera* (masc. acc. plur.) with *a* at the end instead of *ae*, so this may be a typographical error.

¹⁴³ 62.54. *Lachesi* (by Lachesis): one of the three Fates: Clotho spins the flax, Lachesis measures out the length of thread-life, and Atropos cuts it, cf. Dante *Purgatory*, 25.103-5.

<p>60.</p> <p>64.</p> <p>68.</p> <p>72.</p> <p>76.</p>	<p>Hic suum Regem Proceres honorant, Praedicant, mirantur, amant, loquuntur, Hic Dei nomen tonat: hic labores Dona sequuntur.</p> <p>Hic bonos Cives amor unus, una Claritas miscet, penetrantque se se Mutuo tamquam vitreos, nec ulla Nube nigrescunt.</p> <p>Est idem cunctis quod inhaeret uni, Id volunt, noluntque, pares amici, O quam felices gladios, quibus gens Tanta perempta est.</p> <p>Vosque felices lachrymae tot ante Noctibus fusae vigilanter, et vos Antra, sylvestresque dapes, et horrens Cultus Eremiti.</p> <p>Hoc quidem coelos rapiunt agone Seduli Athletae sibi se negantes, Nunc in aeterna sine fine laeti Pace quiescunt.</p>	<p>Here the Upright Leaders honor their King, they praise, admire, love, comment; here the name of God thunders, here rewards follow labors.</p> <p>Here, one love, one clarity brings good Citizens together, and they penetrate each other mutually as though [they were] of glass, and are not darkened by any cloud.¹⁴⁴</p> <p>Everyone has the same [thing] that holds fast to the one: they want it and don't want it, equal friends; O what lucky swords by which so many people have been annulled.</p> <p>And you, lucky tears vigilantly flowing on so many nights before, and you hollows and woodland feasts, and bristling/ dread cult of the Hermitage.</p> <p>Indeed by this contest the hardworking Athletes denying themselves to themselves/ each other, seize heaven, happy now they rest in eternal peace.</p>
	<p>{page 197} {p. N iii}</p>	<p>{page 197} {p. N iii}</p>
	<p>63. Ad Cyrillum.</p>	<p>63. To Cyril/Cirillo.¹⁴⁵</p>
<p>1.</p> <p>5.</p> <p>10.</p>	<p>QUOD Cyrille tuus stat Hortus acrem Ad Notum oppositus, quod a Favoni Flatu sepositus, quod alter haurit Opimum, quod opimat alter haustum, Dicis nec minimum virentis herbae Cultori areolas tibi referre. O malae areolae, malique Venti, Quorum qui humidulo madescit imbre, Hunc Cyrille, ais ustulare betas: Et qui siccat, agitque ab axe nubes, Hunc idem asseris irrigare betas. O inquam degeneres, malique Venti,</p>	<p>Since your garden, Cyril, stands facing the bitter South Wind, since it is secluded from the blowing of the West Wind, since the one parches the fertile [soil], and the other fertilizes parched [soil], you claim that the little plots of green herbs don't repay you, the grower, at all.¹⁴⁶ O bad little plots, and bad Winds: the one of these that wets with a humid little shower, this, Cyril, you say burns the beets, and the one that dries, and drives the clouds from the pole, this you likewise assert irrigates the beets. Oh, I say, decadent and bad winds, you who pervert the</p>

¹⁴⁴ 62.61-8. *bonos Cives* (good citizens): code for homosexuals, see also 51.1; 61, 65: *unus*: code for anus, see also 4.50-1, 68.22; *vitreos* (glass-like): in code the fragile anus is often compared to crystal (Ital. *cristallo*); *nube* (by a cloud): clouds and rain designated menstrual flow.

¹⁴⁵ 63. *Ad Cyrillum* (63. *To Cyril/Cirillo*), hendecasyllables, 23 lines.

¹⁴⁶ 63.2. Favonius, meaning favorable, was a wind-god similar to Zephyrus, and held sway over plants and flowers.

15.	Qui praevertitis ordinem, nec ipsi Meo sufficitis dapes Cyrillo. At non est (fateamur) ò Cyrille In causa, nec amaror Austri, Nec dulcor Zephiri negantis auram: Sed iucunda, frequens, vigilque cura Librorum: quibus unus accolarum	order, and don't provide feasts for this Cyril of mine. But it is not (let's admit it), O Cyril, a matter either of the bitter Auster [Southeast wind] or the sweet Zephyr refusing its breath, but the agreeable, frequent and vigilant care of books, for which you alone of the inhabitants of the desert would rather stay up at night. So then, instead of leek, Ambrosia, instead of sharp onion, you'd rather suck nectar-like liqueur: for you pursue books; you flee the hoe.
20.	Deserti magis excubas. proinde Pro porro Ambrosiam, pro acore caepe Suggis nectareum magis liquorem:	
23.	Nam libros sequeris, fugis ligonem.	
	{page 198} {p. N iii v}	{page 198} {p. N iii v}
	64. De aureo Vase, in quo Eucharistia servatur.	64. On the golden vase in which the Eucharist is kept. ¹⁴⁷
1.	URNULA, quam gemmis auroque nitere videmus, Quaeritur angusto quid ferat in gremio.	A little urn, which we see glisten/ struggle with precious gems and gold, is asked what it carries in its narrow womb. It is a prize more precious than any other, what the [womb*] as far as its embrace of things does not grasp, behold [the urn] grasps.
4.	Est precium quo non aliud preciosius, ipsa, Quod rerum amplexus non capit, ecce capit.	
	{page 198} {p. N iii v}	{page 198} {p. N iii v}
	65. Blanditur suo ligoni.	65. He flatters his hoe. ¹⁴⁸
1.	AMO te merito Ligo ligonum Antistes, nitidi minister horti, Nam quantum est, vel erit, vel ante constat Tot iam secla fuisse sarculorum,	I love you, Hoe, rightly so, master of hoes, minister of the lustrous garden, for, however many mattocks there are or will be or that it is established there were already during so many centuries before this, nobody cleans out the herbs better than you, whence so many plantings, a manifold ripening of green sprouts, and a splendor of blooms. For thanks to your
5.	Nemo te melius repurgat herbas, Unde tot sata, multiplexque vernat Pubertas holerum, decusque florum. Tua namque opera Nemus virentum	

¹⁴⁷ 64. *De aureo Vase, in quo Eucharistia servatur* (64. *On the golden vase in which the Eucharist is kept*), elegiac couplets, 4 lines. A different version appears at the end of the *Chaos* along with other poems in code, *Chaos del Triperuno* (1527), in Notes.

¹⁴⁸ 65. *Blanditur suum ligonem* (65. *He flatters his hoe*), hendecasyllables, 13 lines. A second version is found in C, pp. 321-321v, in Notes. Images here recall the vision of eternal spring in Ovid, *Met.* 1.89-112.

10. 13.	Betarum superat, suosque late Dat lactuca dapum quies lacertos, Non est dicere quanta brassycarum Sit vis: dispeream nisi praealtis Se herbae subiiciant pares Cupressis.	efforts the vigorous Grove of beets outdoes [itself] and the lettuce – repose of feasts – offers its foliage. And this is not to say how much vitality of cabbages there may be: let me die if the plants don't shoot up from below like very tall Cypresses.
	{page 199} {p. N iiiii}	{page 199} {p. N iiiii}
	66. Ad Deum patrem de filio.	66. To God the father about his son.
1. 5. 10. 15. 20.	ASpicis alme pater pro me quamque impia, quamque Fert indigna Puer tuus ille simillimus Agno? Ille tuus Puer innocuus, Puer unica proles Qui tibi, tam dira laniatur caede, nec illi Parcis, ut e stygio me servum carcere ducas? Nonne hic expulsor tenebrarum, authorque dierum? Hoc duce nonne vetus patuit pereuntibus error, Et datur ad nostram via, lux, aditusque salutem? Tu pater, ah, crucis horrenda sinis arbore natum Dilectum natum rescisso corpore figi? Turpius an tanti genus est cruciaminis? ambos Ille pedes, ambasque manus traiectus ahenis Ut pendet clavis: ut apertum vulnere pectus Sanguineum manat fluvium, ut compacta cruore Caesaries rubet: transfixo vepribus horrent Serta tenus cerebro: cervix ut languida prona est In latus: ut livent oculi: ut defossa cavantur Tempora: ut ora trahunt retrahuntque per ilia tristem Languentemque animam: Cernis spectacula tanta haec O Pater et pateris? mitissime conditor, ut me De morte ad vitam revoces, tua pignora torques.	Do you see, nourishing father, how for me that Boy of yours who is so like a Lamb, how he bears immoral and improper things? That innocent Boy of yours, [that] Boy who is your only child, how with dreadful gore he is torn from you, nor do you spare him, so that you may lead me, a servant, out of the Stygian prison? Isn't he the banisher of shadows, the author of days? With him as leader, hasn't the ancient error been revealed by those perishing, and the way, the means and the light given for our salvation? You, father, ah, do you allow your son, your beloved son, to be affixed to the horrible beam of the cross with his body cut open? Is there a nastier kind of such great torture? Pierced by bronze nails [through] both his hands and both his feet so that he hangs down; how his breast opened with a wound pours a bloody stream, how his flowing hair compacted with gore turns red, how the crown bristles with thorns down to his pierced skull, how his languid neck is prone at his side; how his eyes are livid, how his temples dug in are pierced, how his mouth* draws his woeful languishing breath back and forth across his loins/ flanks: You see such a spectacle as this, O Father, and you allow it? ¹⁴⁹ Most clement founder, so that you might call me back to life from death, you torment your pledges/ offspring.

¹⁴⁹ 66.18-19: cf. 47.15.

25. 30.	Ista meas decuere manus, decuere pedesque Vulnera, cuspidibus Clavorum pervia duris. Sic haurire latus mihi Lancea, sic mihi frontem Debuerant haurire simul rigidissima serta. Quid sputum? quid amarum fel? quid amarior ipso Felle iocus mordax? an visa nocentior illi Crux ligni cruce linguarum? oreque subsannantum? Eya agite ò sensusque mei, mea mens, mea quaeque Vis animi, fluite in lachrymas, in flumina, in amnes. Flete oculi miseri, pro me quod ab aethere labens Huc deus, ad facinus mortem subit omne piandum.	These wounds have adorned my hands, and have adorned my feet, pervious to the hard tips of these nails. Thus the lance should have drained my flank, thus the terribly stiff crown should have drained my forehead. How about the spittle? How about the bitter gall? How about the biting ridicule more bitter than gall itself? Did a cross of wood appear to him more harmful than a cross of tongues? Than the sneer of a mouth? Go on, O feelings of mine, my mind, whatever my strength of soul, flow in tears, in streams, in rivers. Weep, wretched eyes, because god gliding hither from heaven for me, expiating every crime endures [even] unto death.
	{page 200} {p. N iiiii v}	{page 200} {p. N iiiii v}
	67. Blanditur Cyrillo sarrienti.	67. He cajoles Cyril [who is] hoeing. ¹⁵⁰
1. 5.	Tu tandem requiesce mi Cyrille, O mi care Cyrille, tute tandem Sub Lauru requiesce digne lauro. Nam quod te assiduo eneces labore, Glebas excutiens Canis sub aestu Non laudo, expedit interim ociari, Umbellasque subire te decentes.	Relax at last, my Cyril, O, my dear Cyril, relax safely at last under the Laurel, [you who are] worthy of a laurel. For, that you struggle with grueling labor, shaking out clods of dirt under the heat of the Dog Star, I don't approve; in the meanwhile, it's best to rest and place yourself under pleasing parasols.
	{page 200} {p. N iiiii v}	{page 200} {p. N iiiii v}
	68. De passione Domini.	68. On the Lord's Passion. ¹⁵¹
1. 5.	Heu me mens mea Iesus, heu meum mel, Meae deliciae, meique flamma Dulce urens animi, meusque ocellus, Qui cum saepe loqui, et bonas solebam Noctes ducere pervigil fruendo. Heu me heu me miserum miserrimumque Iesus se obtulit impiis, et ultro Ille ille in cruce contumeliosa	Oh me, my mind, Jesus, ah my honey, my delight and flame burning sweetly in my soul, and my little eye/ darling, with whom I used to talk frequently, and used to spend good nights sleepless, enjoying. Ah me, ah wretched me and me most wretched of all, Jesus offered himself to the wicked, and what's more, he himself has been hung dead on the insulting cross with a

¹⁵⁰ 67. *Blanditur Cyrillo sarrienti* (67. *He cajoles Cirillo who is hoeing*), hendecasyllables, 7 lines.

¹⁵¹ 68. *De passione domini* (68. *On the Lord's Passion*), hendecasyllables, 46 lines.

<p>10.</p> <p>15.</p> <p>20.</p> <p>25.</p> <p>30.</p> <p>35.</p> <p>40.</p> <p>45.</p>	<p>Fracto corpore mortuus pependit. Ah Lupi rabidissimi, ah quod Agnum, Tam bellum Agnum odio et neci dedistis. Ah Gryphes rigidi, famelicique, Siccine abripuisse vos Columbam? Sic inquam abripuisse vos Columbam Mellitam niveamque et elegantem? Ac demum truculenter immolasse? Lugete o Scopuli, aridaeque rupes, Aut si quid scopulis et aridis est Rupibus magis horridum et rebelle. Immanes siquidem Ferae gemiscunt, Et nigri colubri, et breves cerastae, Unus saevit homo, exuitque sese Humanis, ut id omne quod ferarum est, Ut quod Caucasi, Atlantis, ut quod Aethnae Amens induat, utque crudior sit, Ut sit frigidior, magisque durus Quavis tygre, draconeque, et molari. Insontem ne hominem ipse sons cruentis Invadit manibus? spuit? flagellat? Subsannatur? acerbat? ossa tandem Tot disiecta flagris, cruci duorum Inter corpora destinat Latronum? Sol ferruginea impeditus umbra Tam diram abstinuit videre mortem. Tellus quassa, petraeque scissae, et urnae Sanctorum cinerum repertae inanes Haud magno sine teste nosse rerum Authorem fremuere: Perstat unum Immortale animal, negat, resistit Velle agnoscere amabiles Iesu Mores, et documenta veritatis. Tu vero bone Iesu, et ultionum Spretor, Carnifici tui cruoris Indulges homini, Patrisque pro illo Exoras veniam, poloque adactum Tam tibi oppositum oscularis hostem.</p>	<p>shattered body. Ah, you utterly rabid Wolves, ah, what a Lamb, such a beautiful Lamb you have surrendered to hatred and to death. Ah, you stiff and starving Griffins, just like that you've snatched away a Dove? Like that, I say, you've snatched away a honey-sweet Dove, snow-white, elegant? And in the end you've brutally sacrificed it? Bewail, O boulders and dry Cliffs, or if anything is more horrid and rebellious than boulders and dry cliffs [bewail that]. If in fact huge Beasts moan, and black serpents, and short horned snakes, only man rages, and strips himself of what is human, so that out of his mind, he might put on all that belongs to beasts and to the Caucasus and Atlantis and Etna, so that he is more cruel, more frigid and harder than any tiger and dragon and millstone. Doesn't the guilty man himself take possession of the guiltless one with his gory hands? Doesn't he spit? Flail? Isn't he derided? Doesn't he grow harsher? Rent at last by so many whippings, he binds his bones to the cross between the bodies of two Thieves.*</p> <p>The sun obstructed by a rusty shadow abstains from looking at a death so dire.¹⁵² The earth has been shaken, stones split, and the urns of the saints found empty of ashes by no means groan without a great witness for having known the author of things. One immortal animal stands firm, refuses and resists being willing to recognize the loving customs of Jesus, and the documents of truth. But you, good Jesus, and scorner of vengeance, you indulge man, the tormentor of your bloodstream, and for him you beseech your father's mercy, and the enemy so opposed by you, having been thrust from the pole, you kiss.</p>
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¹⁵² 68.33. The sun was similarly shadowed upon Caesar's death as described in Virgil's Georgics 1.466-8.