

Inferno V, VI

Andreas Capellanus (twelfth century)
De amore

Inspired by the work of the Muslim philosopher Ibn Hazm, Capellanus' *De amore* ("The Art of Courtly Love") describes the social and personal attitudes and practices underpinning the ethos of courtly love: the duties and obligations of love between men and women as well as the social and class aspects that shape this affection. A fundamental paradox of this love lies in the tension between mystical devotion and sexual desire. The first part of the treatise defines love as "a certain inborn suffering derived from the sight of and excessive meditation upon the beauty of the opposite sex." The second part, "How Love May Be Retained," describes how to keep love alive between equal partners. In the third part, "The Rejection of Love," he advises his friend Walter to give up bodily love and pursue spiritual love. Drawing on Ovid and other ancient and medieval models, the treatise makes no attempt in reconciling these contradictory perspectives on the twofold nature of love.

Inferno V, VI

Virgil (70 B.C. - 19 B.C.)
Book VI, *Aeneid*

After its hurried departure from Carthage, the Trojan fleet arrives on the shore of Italy. Aeneas organizes the funeral rites for his father, Anchises, and ventures inland. He visits the Sibyl's temple in order to learn what lies ahead for him in this promised land. The temple leads into a vast mysterious cave, wherein Aeneas meets her. She tells him that the dangers at sea are past, but new dangers await him in the newly-found land. Prompted by Anchises, who appears in his dream, Aeneas undertakes a journey through the underworld to consult the ghost of his dead father.

Liber Sexus, *Aeneid*

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas
et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
obuertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci
ancora fundabat naus et litora curuae
praetexunt puppes. iuuenum manus emicat ardens 5
litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae
abstrusa in uenis silicis, pars densa ferarum
tecta rapit siluas inuentaque flumina monstrat.
at pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo
praesidet horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae, 10
antrum immane, petit, magnam cui mentem animumque
Delius inspirat uates aperitque futura.
iam subeunt Triuiae lucos atque aurea tecta.

Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna
praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo 15
insuetum per iter gelidas enauit ad Arctos,
Chalcidicaque leuis tandem super astitit arce.
redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacrauit
remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.
in foribus letum Androgeo; tum pendere poenas 20
Cecropidae iussi (miserum!) septena quotannis
corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna.
contra elata mari respondet Cnosia tellus:
hic crudelis amor tauri suppostaque furto
Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monimenta nefandae,
hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error;
magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resoluit,
caeca regens filo uestigia. tu quoque magnam 30

partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
 bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
 bis patriae cecidere manus. quin protinus omnia
 perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
 adforet atque una Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos, 35
 Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:
 'non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
 nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuuenos
 praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis.'
 talibus adfata Aenean (nec sacra morantur 40
 iussa uiri) Teucros uocat alta in templa sacerdos.

Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
 quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
 unde ruunt totidem uoces, responsa Sibyllae.
 uentum erat ad limen, cum uirgo 'poscere fata 45
 tempus' ait; 'deus ecce deus!' cui talia fanti
 ante fores subito non uultus, non color unus,
 non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
 et rabie fera corda tument, maiorque uideri
 nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando 50
 iam propiore dei. 'cessas in uota precesque,
 Tros' ait 'Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscent
 attonitae magna ora domus.' et talia fata
 conticuit. gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
 ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo: 55
 'Phoebe, grauis Troiae semper miserate labores,
 Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
 corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
 tot maria intraui duce te penitusque repostas
 Massylum gentis praetentaque Syrtibus arua: 60
 iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
 hac Troiana tenuis fuerit fortuna secuta;
 uos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
 dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens
 gloria Dardaniae. tuque, o sanctissima uates, 65
 praescia uenturi, da (non indebita posco
 regna meis fati) Latio considerare Teucros
 errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
 tum Phoebos et Triuiaes solido de marmore templum
 instituum festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. 70
 te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
 hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata
 dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
 alma, uiros. foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
 ne turbata uolent rapidis ludibria uentis; 75
 ipsa canas oro.' finem dedit ore loquendi.

At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
 bacchatur uates, magnum si pectore possit
 excussisse deum: tanto maais ille fatioat

os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo. 80
 ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
 sponte sua uatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
 'o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis
 (sed terrae grauiora manent), in regna Lauini
 Dardanidae uenient (mitte hanc de pectore curam), 85
 sed non et uenisse uolent. bella, horrida bella,
 et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
 non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
 defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
 natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita luno 90
 usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
 quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraueris urbes!
 causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
 externique iterum thalami.
 tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, 95
 qua tua te Fortuna sinet. uia prima salutis
 (quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.'

Translation
Book VI, *Aeneid*

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
 The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaean shore:
 Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
 They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
 And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
 Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
 Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
 Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
 Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
 Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
 Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
 When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
 (The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by Fame,
 To the Cumaean coast at length he came,
 And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
 Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost;

Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
 The mournful parents stand around in tears,
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.
 Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well
 That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mold.
 All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;
 Each varying object his delight renew'd:
 Eager to read the rest- Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame,
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
 "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.
 Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,
 And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
 As many voices issue, and the sound
 Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.
 Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:
 "This is the time; enquire your destinies.
 He comes; behold the god!" Thus while she said,
 (And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,)
 Her color chang'd; her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
 Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:
 "Why this delay?" she cried- "the pow'rs invoke!
 Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
 She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
 O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 "Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
 Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
 Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
 Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
 Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
 And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
 Th' event of things in dark futurity;
 Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
 To conquer and command the Latian state;
 To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
 For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
 Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
 To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
 And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
 Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
 Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my land;
 For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
 Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
 Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
 All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
 Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
 But O! commit not thy prophetic mind
 To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
 Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
 Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."
 Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
 The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
 With more and far superior force he press'd;
 Commands his entrance, and, without control,
 Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
 Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
 Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
 Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:

"Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view- a field of blood,
And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
The dawns of thy safety shall be shown
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."

(Translation by John Dryden)

Inferno V, VI

Thomas Aquinas (c.1225-1274)
Summa Theologiae

Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* is a vast compilation of the most important theological ideas of the time, synthesizing divergent schools of thought, from Platonism and Aristotelianism to Hellenic and Christian philosophy. The book comprises three major parts: the First Part deals with the existence of God and nature, the creation of the world and human existence; the Second Part focuses on morality, both private and public; and the Third Part, which is unfinished, discusses the life of Christ, the sacraments and the end of the world. In the Prologue, Aquinas presents his scholastic methodology, which first requires to pose a yes/no answer, to examine all the arguments of the negative position, to present a contrary argument and finally to construct the defense argument by critiquing the objections presented in the beginning. This complicated style of argumentation betrays nevertheless an ethical and epistemic concern with the instability of figurative language and its possibility to supply a firm system of reference for truth and reality.

Prologues

Quia catholicae veritatis doctor non solum profectos debet instruere, sed ad eum pertinet etiam incipientes erudire, secundum illud Apostoli I ad Corinth. 3, 1-2: tanquam parvulis in Christo, lac vobis potum dedi, non escam; propositum nostrae intentionis in hoc opere est, ea quae ad Christianam religionem pertinent, eo modo tradere, secundum quod congruit ad eruditionem incipientium.

Consideravimus namque huius doctrinae novitios, in his quae a diversis conscripta sunt, plurimum impediri: partim quidem propter multiplicationem inutilium quaestionum, articulorum et argumentorum; partim etiam quia ea quae sunt necessaria talibus ad sciendum, non traduntur secundum ordinem disciplinae, sed secundum quod requirebat librorum expositio, vel secundum quod se praebebat occasio disputandi; partim quidem quia eorundem frequens repetitio et fastidium et confusionem generabat in animis auditorum.

Haec igitur et alia huiusmodi evitare studentes, tentabimus, cum confidentia divini auxilii, ea quae ad sacram doctrinam pertinent, breviter ac dilucide prosequi, secundum quod materia patietur.

Translation Prologue

Since a teacher of catholic truth should instruct not only the advanced but beginners as well - as St. Paul says, "Like babes in Christ I fed you milk and not meat" (I Cor. 3:1) - our intention in this work is to convey the content of

the Christian religion in a way fit for the training of beginners. We have seen that novices in this study are greatly hindered by the various writings on the subject. They are hindered partly because of the multiplication of useless questions, articles and arguments in these writings; partly because the order in which essential material is delivered in these writings is determined, not by the nature of doctrine itself, but by the books on which the writings are commenting; and partly because frequent repetition has bred boredom and confusion in the minds of hearers.

Eager to avoid these and other pitfalls we shall now attempt to examine the content of sacred doctrine briefly and clearly, so far as the material allows, twisting in God's aid.

(Translation by David Burr)