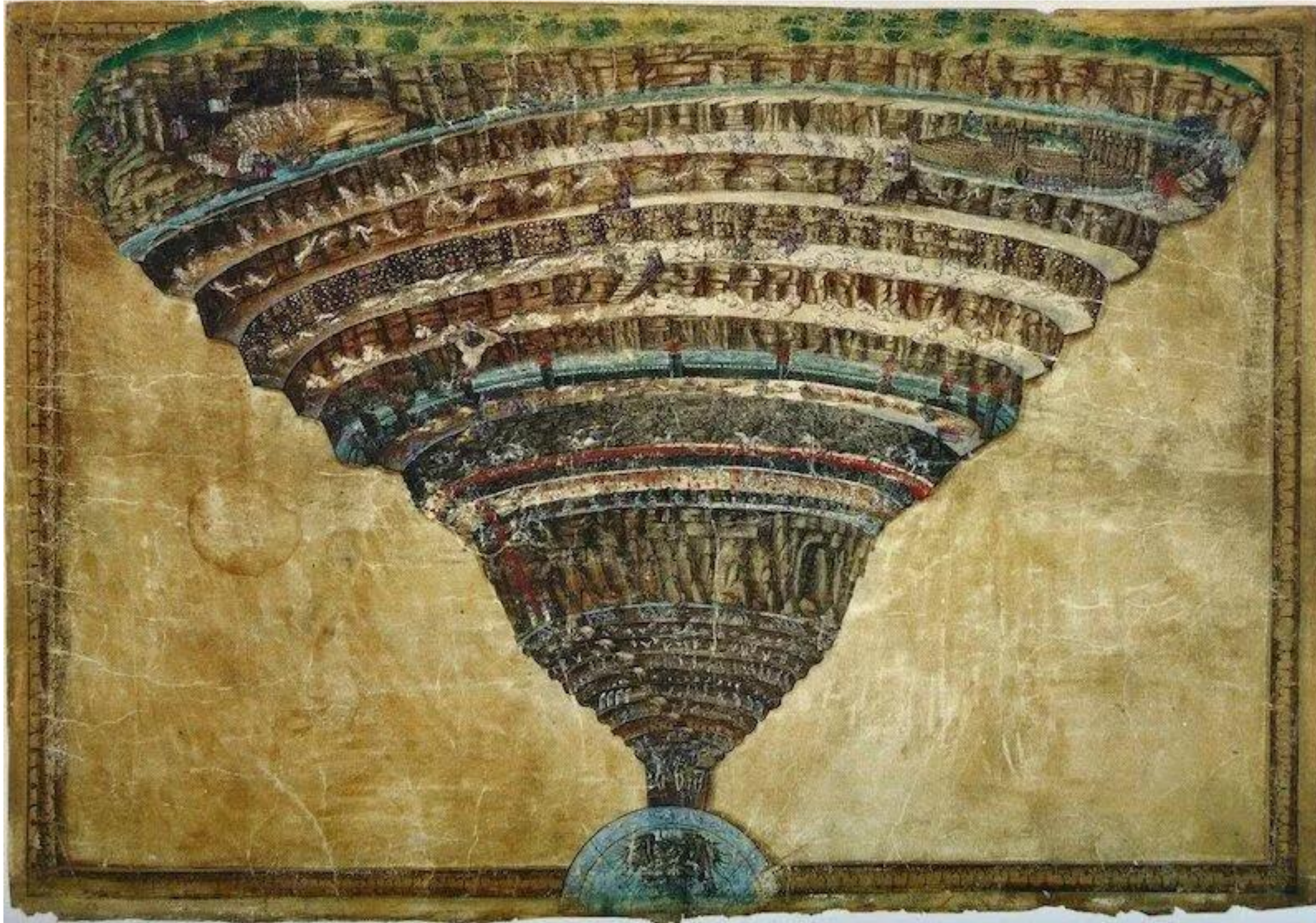
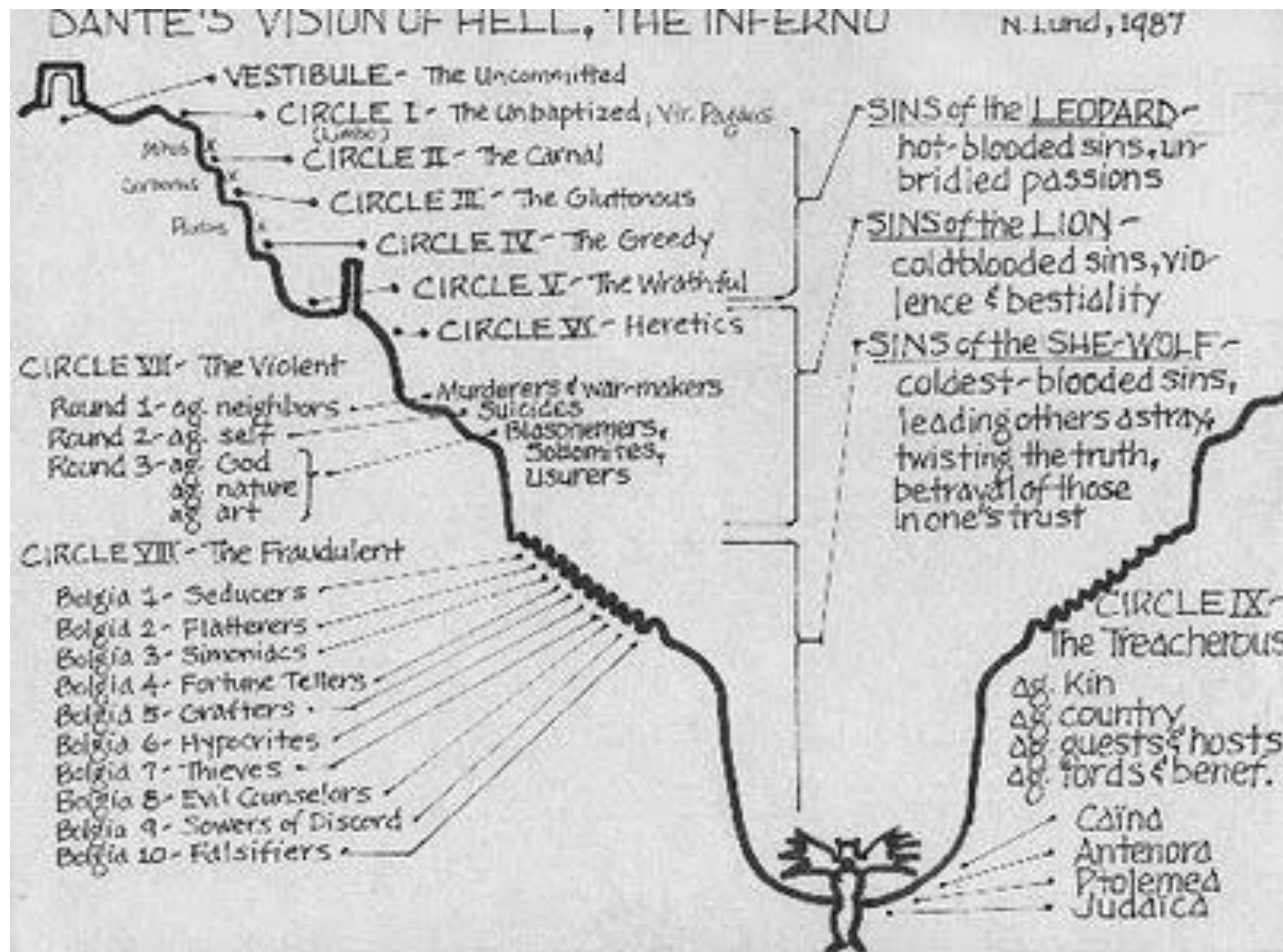
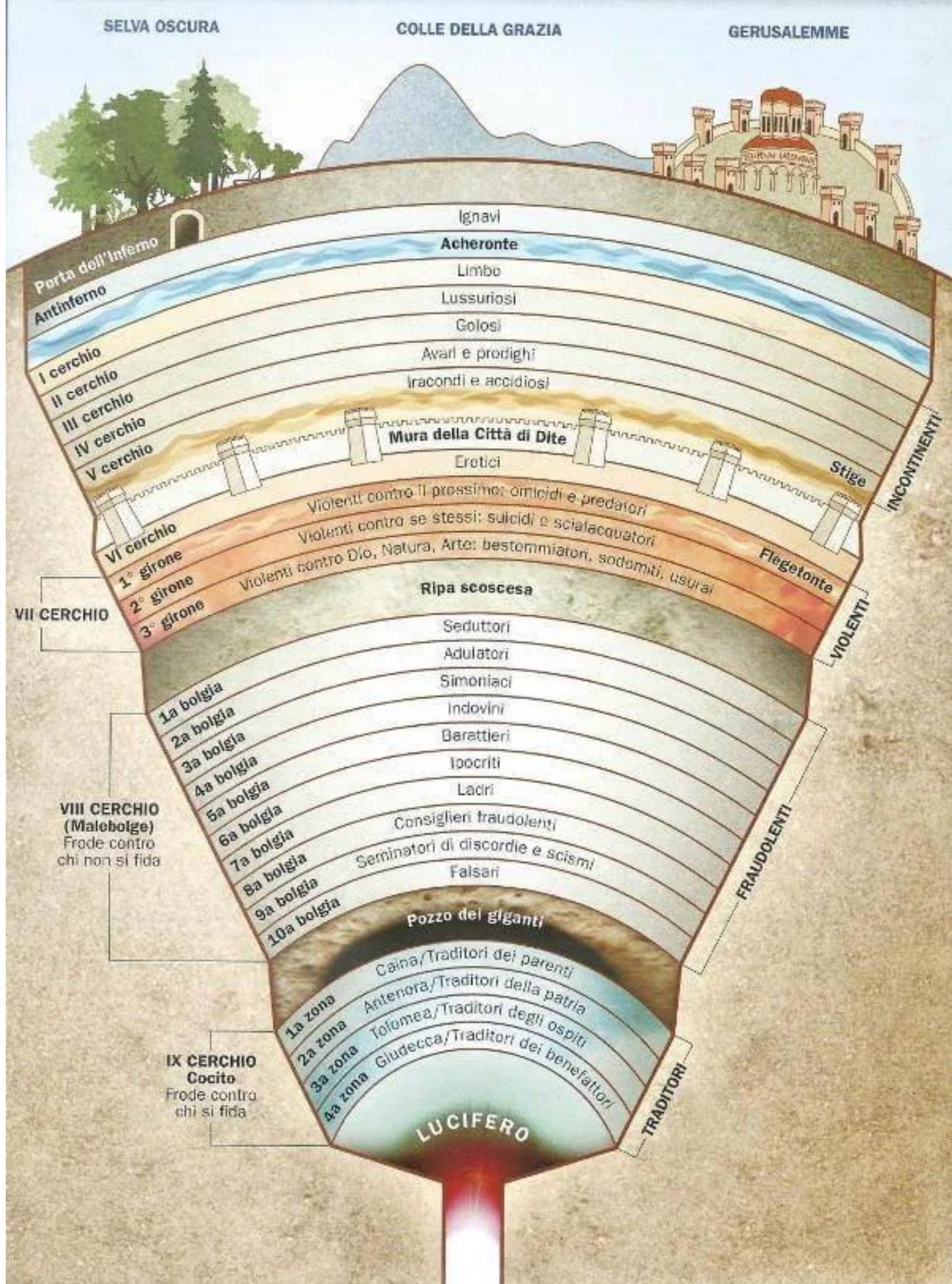


DANTE: INFERNO, CANTOS X-XVI



Sandro Botticelli
1445-1510



Stavvi Minòs orribilmente, e ringhia

There Minos sits, grinning, grotesque, and hale.
He examines each lost soul as it arrives
and delivers his verdict with his coiling tail.



Gustave Doré
Canto V

Amor condusse noi ad una morte
Love brought us to one death



William Blake, Canto V



Gustave Doré, Canto V

Here, too, I saw a nation of lost souls,
far more than were above they strained their chests
against enormous weights, and with mad howls

rolled them at one another. Then in haste
They rolled them back, one party shouting out:
Why do you hoard?" and the other, "Why do you waste?"



Hoarders and Wasters, Canto VII

Gustave Doré
1832-1883

"May you weep and wail to all eternity,
for I know you, hell-dog, filthy as you are."
Then he stretched both hands to the boat, but warily

the Master shoved him back, crying "Down! Down!
with the other dogs!" Then he embraced me saying:
"Indignant spirit, I kiss you as you frown."



Filippo Argenti, Canto VIII

Eugene Delacroix
1798-1863

where all at once three hellish and inhuman
Furies sprang to view, bloodstained and wild.
Their limbs and gestures hinted they were women.



Doré, Canto IX

Gustave Doré, Canto IX

“Turn your back and keep your eyes shut tight;
for should the gorgon come and you look at her,
never again would you return to the light.”



Medusa
After Caravaggio
Canto IX



Gustave Doré



Artist unknown

“O Tuscan, who go living through this place
speaking so decorously, may it please you pause
a moment on your way, for by the grace
Of that high speech in which I hear your birth,
I know you for a son of that noble city
which perhaps I vexed too much in my time on earth.”

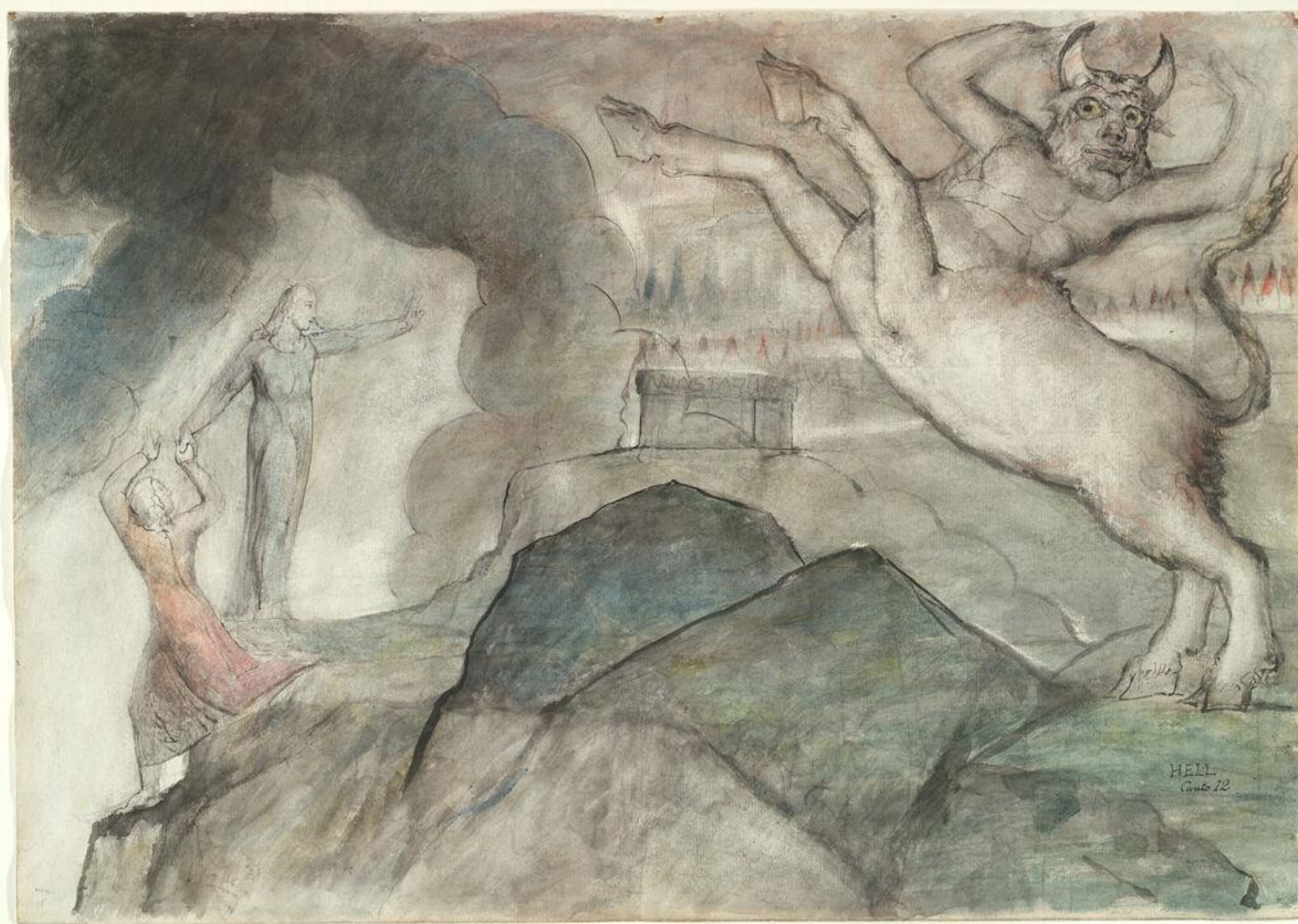


William Blake
1757-1827
Canto X

As a bull that breaks its chains just when the knife
has struck its death-blow, cannot stand nor run
but leaps from side to side with its last life —

so danced the Minotaur, and my shrewd Guide
cried out: “Run now! While he is blind with rage!
Into the pass, quick, and get over the side!”

A file of Centaurs galloped in the space
between the bank and the cliff, well armed with arrows,
riding as once on earth they rode to the chase.

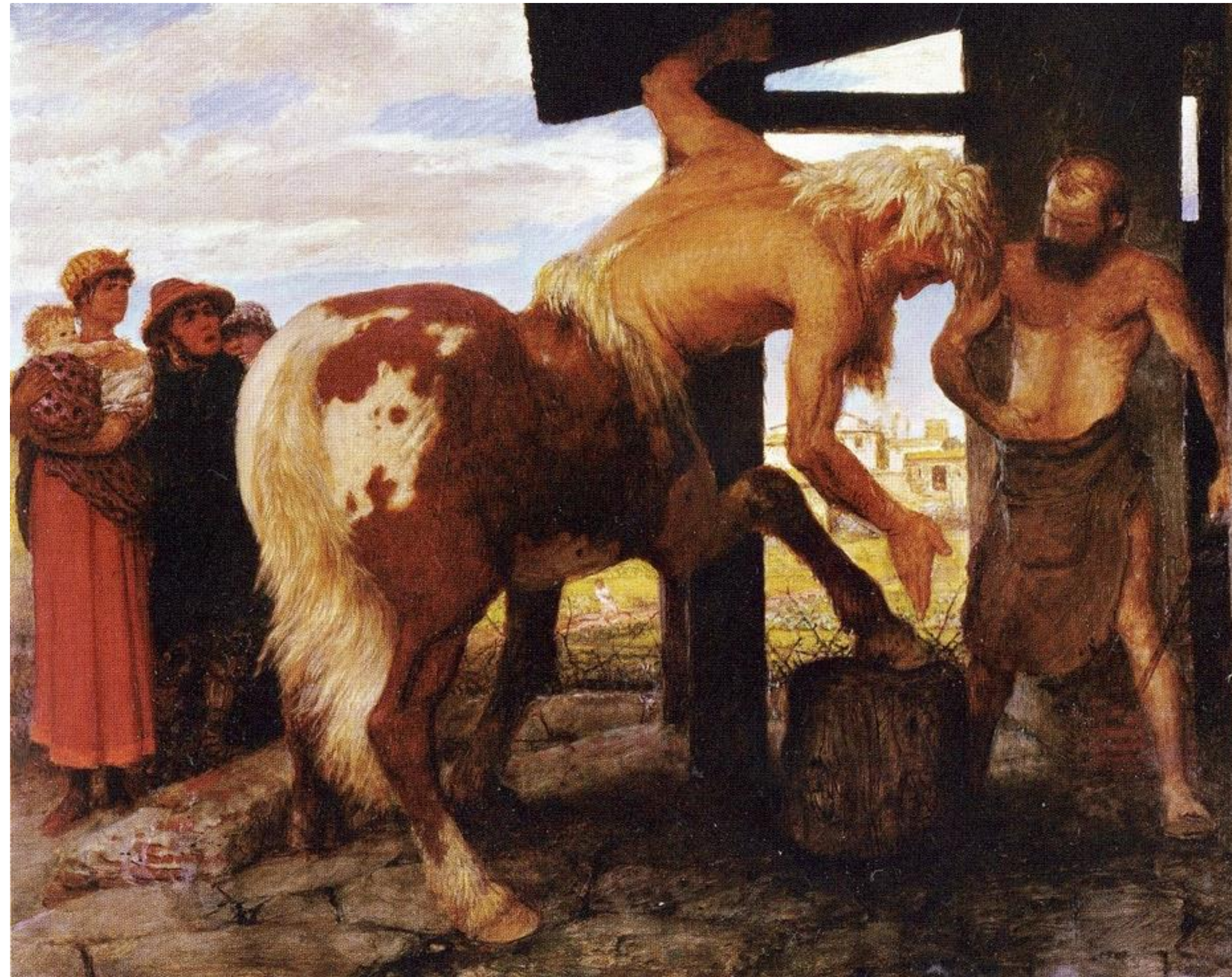


William Blake
Canto XII



Gustave Doré
Canto XII

Arnold Böcklin, 1827-1901
Centaur at the Village Blacksmith's
1888



Puzzled, I raised my hand a bit and slowly
broke off a branchlet from an enormous thorn:
and the great trunk of it cried: "Why do you break me?"

And after blood had darkened all the bowl
of the wound it cried again: "Why do you tear me?
Is there no pity left in any soul?"

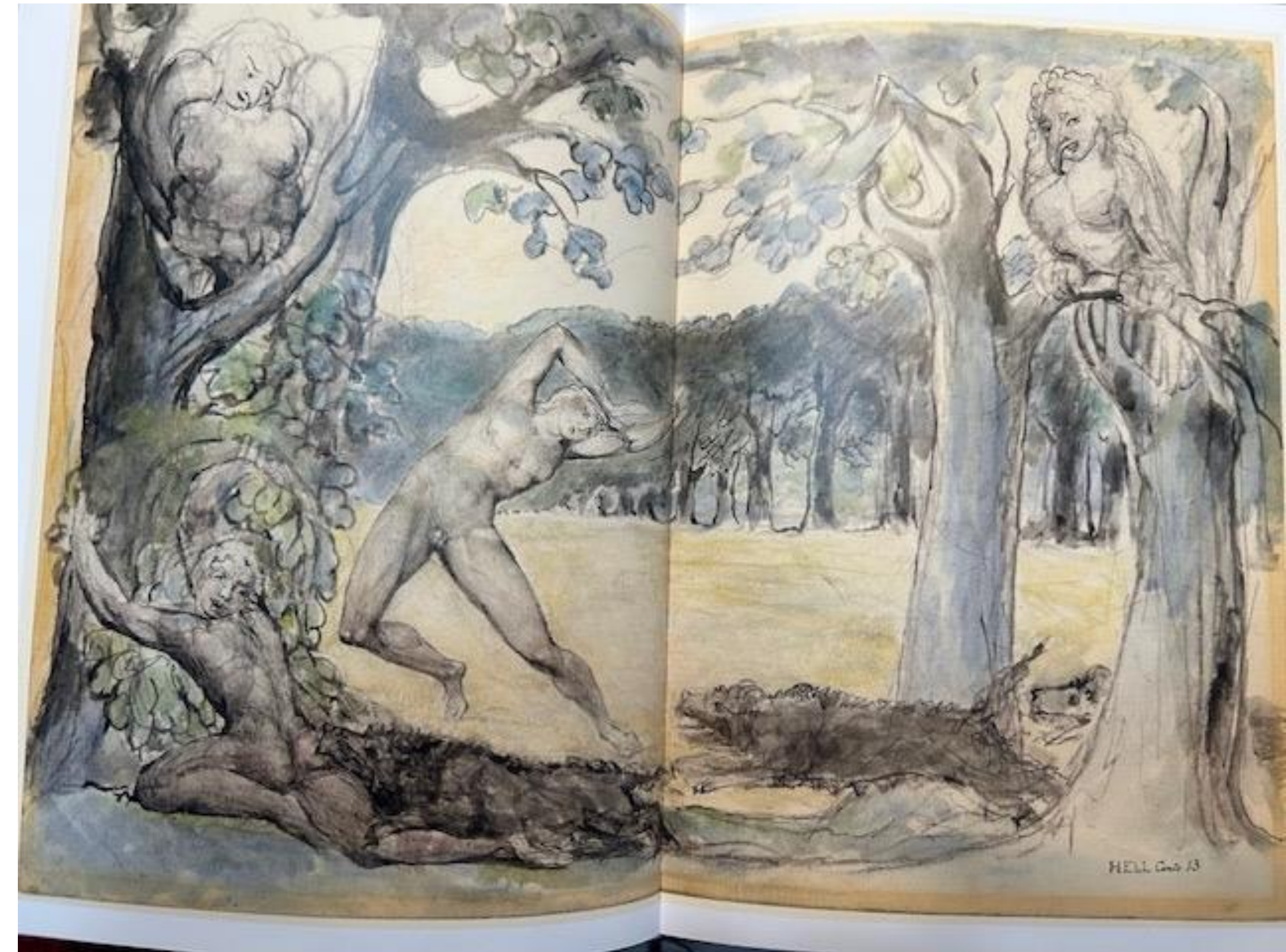
Pier delle Vigne
1190-1249
Minister to Frederick II



Doré
Canto XIII

Behind them was the forest full of black
She-mastiffs, ravenous, and swift of foot
As greyhounds, who are issuing from the chain.

On him who had crouched down they set their teeth,
And him they lacerated piece by piece,
Thereafter bore away those aching members.



Blake
Canto XIII

At this my Guide spoke with such vehemence
as I had not heard from him in all of Hell:
“O Capaneus, by your insolence

You are made to suffer as much fire inside
as falls upon you. Only your sullen rage
could be fit torment for your sullen pride.”



Blake, Capaneus the Blasphemer, Canto XIV

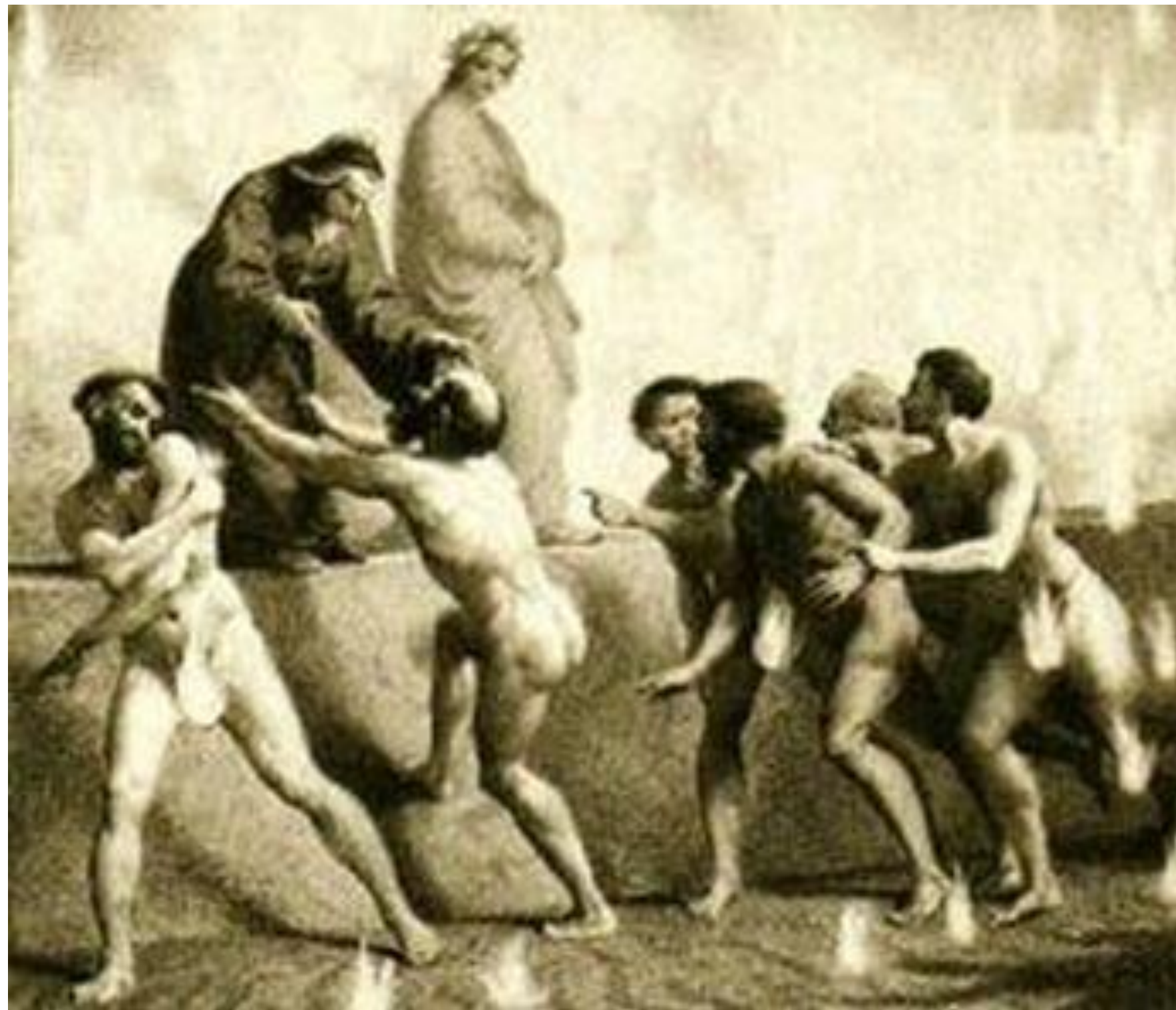
“O my son! may it not displease you,” he cried,
“If Brunetto Latini leave his company
and turn and walk a little by your side.”

And I to him: “With all my soul I ask it.
Or let us sit together, if it please him
who is my Guide and leads me through this pit.”

“My son!” he said, “whoever of this train
pauses a moment, must lie a hundred years
forbidden to brush off the burning rain.

I did not dare descend to his own level
but kept my head inclined, as one who walks
in reverence meditating good and evil.

Therefore, go on. I will walk at your hem,
and then rejoin my company, which goes
mourning eternal loss in eternal flame.”



F. Scaramuzzi, Brunetto Latini, 1859

when three shades turned together in the plain,
breaking toward us from a company
that went its way to torture in that rain.

They cried with one voice as they ran toward me:
“Wait, oh wait, for by your dress you seem
a voyager from our own tainted country.”

Ah! what wounds I saw, some new, some old,
branded upon their bodies! Even now
the pain of it in memory turns me cold.

My Teacher heard their cries, and turning-to
stood face to face. “Do as they ask,” he said,
for these are souls to whom respect is due;”



Blake, The punishment of Jacopo Rusticucci and his companions
Canto XVI.