

# Toronto Salutes Dante

## Inferno XVIII in Italian, English, and Slovak

Italian	English	Slovak
<p>Luogo è in inferno detto Malebolge, tutto di pietra di color ferrigno, come la cerchia che dintorno il volge.</p> <p>Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo, di cui suo loco dicerò l'ordigno.</p> <p>Quel cinghio che rimane adunque è tondo tra 'l pozzo e 'l piè de l'alta ripa dura, e ha distinto in dieci valli il fondo.</p> <p>Quale, dove per guardia de le mura più e più fossi cingon li castelli, la parte dove son rende figura, tale imagine quivi facean quelli; e come a tai fortezze da' lor sogli a la ripa di fuor son ponticelli, così da imo de la roccia scogli movien che ricidien li argini e ' fossi infino al pozzo che i tronca e raccogli.</p> <p>In questo luogo, de la schiena scossi di Gerion, trovammoci; e 'l poeta tenne a sinistra, e io dietro mi mossi.</p> <p>A la man destra vidi nova pieta, novo tormento e novi frustatori, di che la prima bolgia era repleta.</p> <p>Nel fondo erano ignudi i peccatori; dal mezzo in qua ci venien verso 'l volto, di là con noi, ma con passi maggiori, come i Roman per l'essercito molto, l'anno del giubileo, su per lo ponte hanno a passar la gente modo colto, che da l'un lato tutti hanno la fronte verso 'l castello e vanno a Santo Pietro, da l'altra sponda vanno verso 'l monte.</p> <p>Di qua, di là, su per lo sasso tetto vidi demon cornuti con gran ferze, che li battien crudelmente di retro.</p> <p>Ahi come facean lor levar le berze a le prime percosse! già nessuno le seconde aspettava né le terze.</p> <p>Mentr'io andava, li occhi miei in uno furo scontrati; e io sì tosto dissi: "Già di veder costui non son digiuno".</p> <p>Per ch'io a figurarlo i piedi affissi; e 'l dolce duca meco si ristette, e assentio ch'alquanto in dietro gissi.</p> <p>E quel frustato celar si credette bassando 'l viso; ma poco li valse, ch'io dissi: "O tu che l'occhio a terra gette, se le fazion che porti non son false, Venedico se' tu Caccianemico. Ma che ti mena a sì pungenti salse?".</p> <p>Ed elli a me: "Mal volontier lo dico; ma sforzami la tua chiara favella, che mi fa sovvenir del mondo antico.</p>	<p>There is a place in Hell called Malebolge, made all of stone the color of crude iron, as is the wall that makes its way around it.</p> <p>Right in the middle of this evil field is an abyss, a broad and yawning pit, whose structure I shall tell in its due place.</p> <p>The belt, then, that extends between the pit and that hard, steep wall's base is circular; its bottom has been split into ten valleys.</p> <p>Just as, where moat on surrounds a castle in order to keep guard upon the walls, the ground they occupy will form a pattern, so did the valleys here form a design; and as such fortresses have bridges running right from their thresholds toward the outer bank, so here, across the banks and ditches, ridges ran from the base of that rock wall until the pit that cuts them short and joins them all.</p> <p>This was the place in which we found ourselves when Geryon had put us down; the poet held to the left, and I walked at his back.</p> <p>Upon the right I saw new misery, I saw new tortures and new tortures, filling the first of Malebolge's moats.</p> <p>Along its bottom, naked sinners moved, to our side of the middle, facing us; beyond that, they moved with us, but more quickly— as, in the year of Jubilee, the Romans, confronted by great crowds, contrived a plan that let the people pass across the bridge, for to one side went all who had their eyes upon the Castle, heading toward St. Peter's, and to the other, those who faced the Mount.</p> <p>Both left and right, along the somber rock, I saw horned demons with enormous whips, who lashed those spirits cruelly from behind.</p> <p>Ah, how their first strokes made those sinners lift their heels! Indeed no sinner waited for a second stroke to fall—or for a third.</p> <p>And as I moved ahead, my eyes met those of someone else, and suddenly I said: "I was not spared the sight of him before."</p> <p>And so I stayed my steps, to study him; my gentle guide had stopped together with me and gave me leave to take a few steps back.</p> <p>That scourged soul thought that he could hide himself by lowering his face; it helped him little, for I said: "You, who cast your eyes upon the ground, if these your features are not false, must be Venèdico Caccianemico; but what brings you to sauces so piquant?"</p> <p>And he to me: "I speak unwillingly; but your plain speech, that brings the memory of the old world to me, is what compels me;</p>	<p>Je v pekle miesto, Zložaby sa volá: celé ho tvorí kameň šedivastý, z ktorého sú i hrádze dookola.</p> <p>Uprostred poľa padá do priepasti široká studňa s brehom takiež holým, o nej sa zmienim ešte v inej časti.</p> <p>Okrúhly breh čnie teda nad okolím a okrúhla je i tá priestraň tvrdá, jej dno sa delí do desiatich dolín.</p> <p>Jak tam, kde tvrdze, ktoré pnú sa zhrda a svoje hradby priekopami chránia, vinúcimi sa dokola kol brda, tak cez žľaby i tuná kraj sa skláňa; a jak z tých hradieb môstky spojujúce vždy k nižším valom spúšťa hradná brána: tak i tu balvan hrádze hor' sa pnúce vše pretína, by so žľabmi ich zobjal, jak jeho studňa odtína i hlce.</p> <p>Tu teda — kde sme z Geryona do brál zostúpili — hned' popri skalnej stene naľavo som sa za básnikom pobral.</p> <p>A napravo už hľadím k hroznej scéne, kde s novou mukou noví mučitelia — kde plno duší v prvom žľabe stene.</p> <p>Hriešnici v ňom sa na dva prúdy delia: kým bližší idú proti nám, tí z boku druhého smerom opačným zas trielia; takto i v Ríme v jubilejnom roku musí sa kráčať cez most na Tibere, aby sa vyhlo vírom v ľudskom toku,</p> <p>takže prúd jeden überá sa v smere k hradu a ďalej do Svatého Petra, kým druhý prúd zas k vršku späť sa berie.</p> <p>Rohatí čerti z oboch strán tu vetria a s veľkým bičom cielia po obeti; kruto ich tnú a žiadnu neušetria.</p> <p>Ej, ako tie len otŕčajú päty na prvý šľah, že ani jedna k pätám nežiada pridať druhý ani tretí!</p> <p>Tvár dáku známu cestou stretli sme tam, takže som hned' i ticho prehovoril: „Nie prvý raz sa s týmto predsa stretám.“</p> <p>Pozastal som a hlbšie zrak doň vnoril; a pátrajúc vždy väčšmi po otroči, vraciam sa kus, kam sladký vodca zvolil.</p> <p>Bičovaný však klopí zrak a bočí; neskryl mi predsa hanbu svojho lósu, bo volám už: „Ó, ty, čo klopíš oči, ak neklamú, ak tvoje črtu to sú — Caccianemico Venedico, povieš, čo voviedlo ta do tohoto zósu?“</p> <p>„Síce nie rád, no, ked' ma menom zovieš, ked' z toho sveta nútí ma reč mužská,“ odvetil mi, „nuž, ako nevyhovieš?!</p>

I' fui colui che la Ghisolabella  
condussi a far la voglia del marchese,  
come che suoni la sconcia novella.

E non pur io qui piango bolognese;  
anzi n'è questo loco tanto pieno,  
che tante lingue non son ora apprese

a dicer 'sipa' tra Sàvena e Reno;  
e se di ciò vuoi fede o testimonio,  
rècati a mente il nostro avaro seno".

Così parlando il percosse un demonio  
de la sua scuriada, e disse: "Via,  
ruffian! qui non son femmine da conio".

I' mi raggiunsi con la scorta mia;  
poscia con pochi passi divenimmo  
là 'v'uno scoglio de la ripa uscia.

Assai leggeramente quel salimmo;  
e vòlti a destra su per la sua scheggia,  
da quelle cerchie eterne ci partimmo.

Quando noi fummo là dov'el vaneggia  
di sotto per dar passo a li sferzati,  
lo duca disse: "Attienti, e fa che feggia

Io viso in te di quest'altri mal nati,  
ai quali ancor non vedesti la faccia  
però che son con noi insieme andati".

Del vecchio ponte guardavam la traccia  
che venia verso noi da l'altra banda,  
e che la ferza similmente scaccia.

E 'l buon maestro, senza mia dimanda,  
mi disse: "Guarda quel grande che vene,  
e per dolor non par lagrime spanda:

quanto aspetto reale ancor ritene!  
Quelli è lasón, che per cuore e per senno  
li Colchi del monto privati féne.

Ello passò per l'isola di Lenno  
poi che l'ardite femmine spietate  
tutti li maschi loro a morte dienno.

Ivi con segni e con parole ornate  
Isifile ingannò, la giovinetta  
che prima avea tutte l'altre ingannate.

Lasciolla quivi, grida, soletta;  
tal colpa a tal martiro lui condanna;  
e anche di Medea si fa vendetta.

Con lui sen va chi da tal parte inganna;  
e questo basti de la prima valle  
sapere e di color che 'n sé assanna".

Già eravam là 've lo stretto calle  
con l'argine secondo s'incrocchia,  
e fa di quello ad un altr'arco spalle.

Quindi sentimmo gente che si nicchia  
ne l'altra bolgia e che col muso scuffa,  
e sé medesma con le palme picchia.

Le ripe eran grommate d'una muffa,  
per l'alito di giù che vi s'appasta,  
che con li occhi e col naso facea zuffa.

Lo fondo è cupo sì, che non ci basta  
loco a veder senza montare al dosso  
de l'arco, ove lo scoglio più sovrasta.

Quivi venimmo; e quindi giù nel fosso  
vidi gente attuffata in uno sterco  
che da li umani privadi parea mosso.

For it was I who led Ghisolabella  
to do as the Marquis would have her do—  
however they retell that filthy tale.

I'm not the only Bolognese who weeps here;  
indeed, this place is so crammed full of us  
that not so many tongues have learned to say

sipa between the Sàvena and Reno;  
if you want faith and testament of that,  
just call to mind our avaricious hearts."

And as he spoke, a demon cudgeled him  
with his horsewhip and cried: "Be off, you pimp,  
there are no women here for you to trick."

I joined my escort once again; and then  
with but few steps, we came upon a place  
where, from the bank, a rocky ridge ran out.

We climbed quite easily along that height;  
and turning right upon its jagged back,  
we took our leave of those eternal circlings.

When we had reached the point where that ridge opens  
below to leave a passage for the lashed,  
my guide said: "Stay, and make sure that the sight

of still more ill-born spirits strikes your eyes,  
for you have not yet seen their faces, since  
they have been moving in our own direction."

From the old bridge we looked down at the ranks  
of those approaching from the other side;  
they too were driven onward by the lash.

And my good master, though I had not asked,  
urged me: "Look at that mighty one who comes  
and does not seem to shed a tear of pain:

how he still keeps the image of a king!  
That shade is Jason, who with heart and head  
deprived the men of Colchis of their ram.

He made a landfall on the isle of Lemnos  
after its women, bold and pitiless,  
had given all their island males to death.

With polished words and love signs he took in  
Hypsipyle, the girl whose own deception  
had earlier deceived the other women.

And he abandoned her, alone and pregnant;  
such guilt condemns him to such punishment;  
and for Medea, too, revenge is taken.

With him go those who cheated so: this is  
enough for you to know of that first valley  
and of the souls it clamps within its jaws."

We were already where the narrow path  
reaches and intersects the second bank  
and serves as shoulder for another bridge.

We heard the people whine in the next pouch  
and heard them as they snorted with their snouts;  
we heard them use their palms to beat themselves.

And exhalations, rising from below,  
stuck to the banks, encrusting them with mold,  
and so waged war against both eyes and nose.

The bottom is so deep, we found no spot  
to see it from, except by climbing up  
the arch until the bridge's highest point.

This was the place we reached; the ditch beneath  
held people plunged in excrement that seemed  
as if it had been poured from human privies.

Ja som to (a svet právom po mne prská)  
Ghisolabellu nahral Markízovi,  
nech hocjako znie už povest mrzká.

Z Bologne, pravda, nie som nijak nový,  
lebo tu so mnou toľkí spolu chripia,  
že toľko úst už dneska nevysloví

od Saveny až k Rénu slovo sipa;  
tým slovám ľahko prikladá sa viera,  
ak vieš, že z nás nik hrstou nerozsýpal!"

No vtom sa vrezal švihár do šudiera  
a skríkol čert: „Už ber sa spopod brala,  
tu kupliar málo zo žien navydiera!"

Dvojica naša tiež sa odobrala  
blíz k stene skalnej od tých duší hnusných —  
z nej vybieha už vyklenutá skala.

Ľahko sme vošli do tých brázd jej drsných,  
a vpravo zahnúc po zvrásnenom svahu,  
vzdialili sme sa od okruhov krušných.

Ked' sme už boli na úrovni prahu,  
kde skala prechod otvára z dna jamy,  
riekol môj pán: „Tu skloň sa nad záľahu

tých druhých duší, čo sa rútia tmami  
a ktorých tvár si dosiaľ nepobadal,  
pretože išli jedným smerom s nami."

Z pradávneho sa mosta dívam na dav,  
ktorý tam dole podobne bič honí  
a ktorý z druhej strany priechod hľadá.

Láskavý majster sám sa ku mne skloní  
a riekne: „Hľaď, ten veľký, čo k nám ide  
a napriek bôlu slzy nevyroní —

aký to kráľ! Vždy ešte kráľ v tom hyde!  
Jáson je to, čo cez úkly temné  
predsa len urval rúno na Kolchide.

No tam, kde ženy páchli nepríjemne  
a vyvraždili celý národ mužský —  
no ponajprv tam na ostrove Lemne

cez zdobné reči, bozkov sladké dúšky  
mladuškú, nežnú klame Hypsipylu,  
čo oklamala predtým svoje družky.

Nechá ju samu, pozbavenú pyľu:  
a vina tá trest tento priekla mu,  
ním pyká tu i za Medeu milú.

S ním idú všetci, ktorí takto klamú;  
týchto pár slov nech prvý žlab ti zblíži  
i s tými, ktorých pchá si v svoju tlamu."

Prišli sme tam, kde úzka prť sa kríži  
s tou nižšou hrádzou, tvoriacou už plece  
oblúku, ktorý v druhý žlab sa níži.

Jak množstvom prasieci napratané vrece —  
ňufákmi funí, plieska sa a tiesni  
tu biedny ľud, a sem a tam sa mece.

Svahy sú celé vykladané v plesni  
z tých výparov, čo vydychuje výkal,  
bridivý očiam, pre nos viac než desný.

Dno je tu také hlboké, že znikiať  
doň nevidno, len na samotný chrbát  
skaly ak by sa človek vyredikal.

A odtiaľ vidím v hlbine sa šklbať  
akýchsi ľudí pohrúzených v brude,  
o jeho vzniku nesluší sa hľať.

E mentre ch'io là giù con l'occhio cerco,  
vidi un col capo sì di merda lordo,  
che non parëa s'era laico o cherco.

Quei mi sgridò: "Perché se' tu sì gordo  
di riguardar più me che li altri brutti?".  
E io a lui: "Perché, se ben ricordo,

già t' ho veduto coi capelli asciutti,  
e se' Alessio Interminei da Lucca:  
però t'adocchio più che li altri tutti".

Ed elli allor, battendosi la zucca:  
"Qua giù m' hanno sommerso le lusinghe  
ond'io non ebbi mai la lingua stucca".

Appresso ciò lo duca "Fa che pinghe",  
mi disse, "il viso un poco più avante,  
sì che la faccia ben con l'occhio attinghe

di quella sozza e scapigliata fante  
che là si graffia con l'unghie merdose,  
e or s'accoscia e ora è in piedi stante.

Taïde è, la puttana che rispuose  
al drudo suo quando disse "Ho io grazie  
grandi apo te?": "Anzi maravigliose!".

E quinci sian le nostre viste sazie".

And while my eyes searched that abysmal sight,  
I saw one with a head so smeared with shit,  
one could not see if he were lay or cleric.

He howled: "Why do you stare more greedily  
at me than at the others who are filthy?"  
And I: "Because, if I remember right,

I have seen you before, with your hair dry;  
and so I eye you more than all: you are  
Alessio Interminei of Lucca."

Then he continued, pounding his pate:  
"I am plunged here because of flatteries-  
of which my tongue had such sufficiency."

At which my guide advised me: "See you thrust  
your head a little farther to the front,  
so that your eyes can clearly glimpse the face

of that besmirched, bedraggled harridan  
who scratches at herself with shit-filled nails,  
and now she crouches, now she stands upright.

That is Thaïs, the harlot who returned  
her lover's question, 'Are you very grateful  
to me?' by saying, 'Yes, enormously!'"

And now our sight has had its fill of this."

Ako tak zrakom blúdim po tom ľude,  
uzriem tam hlavu skoro celú v lajne  
(že neviem, či to kňaz či laik bude!).

Tá vykríkla: „Čo hľadíš neprestajne  
a nenásytne len na moje muky?”  
A ja: „Bo znám ťa nielen z tejto stajne —

ked' suchú hlavu kládol si si v ruky!  
Nuž preto väčšmi pútaš ma než iní,  
môj Alessio Interminei z Lukky.”

Hned' začal tŕcť sa po tej svojej dyni:  
„Lichôtky, po nich jazyk môj vždy prahol,  
pohrúžili ma do takejto špin.“

Riekol mi pán: „Tak keby si sa nahol,  
že by si okom dosiahol až k pľundre —  
že by si zrakom do tváre až siahol

tej špinavej a rozcuchanej cundre,  
čo zalajnené nechty v hrud' si vsekla;  
vše kľaká, vstáva vše a stále žundre.

Thais to je, tá pobehlica z pekla,  
čo milému, ked' pýtal sa, či cíti  
sa povdačnou, „Ó, preúžasne“, riekla.

A tým náš zrak nech tuná je už sýty!”

## Credits

Italian: D. Alighieri, *La Commedia secondo l'antica vulgata*, ed. by G. Petrocchi (Florence, 1994) from the website [www.danteonline.it](http://www.danteonline.it) by the Società dantesca italiana.

English: D. Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy*, ed. by Allen Mandelbaum (Berkeley, 1980) from the website [www.danteonline.it](http://www.danteonline.it) by the Società dantesca italiana.

Slovak: D. Alighieri, *Božská komédia*, ed. by Viliam Turčány and Jozef Felix (Bratislava, 2005). First edition 1964.

Commemorating the 700th anniversary of the death of Dante Alighieri, **Toronto Salutes Dante** features more than thirty Canada-based guests who read Dante's *Inferno* in various languages, several for the first time. In addition to ten different Italian dialects, there are represented Anishinaabemowin, Arabic, Bulgarian, English, Farsi, French, German, Latin, Mandarin, Portuguese, Québécois, Russian, Sanskrit, Slovak, Spanish, Stoney Nakoda, Swedish, Thai, and Ukrainian. In 15-minute clips, well-known personalities of Canadian public and cultural life, professors, and students at the University of Toronto, and members of the Italo-Canadian community share their voices and fresh memories of the most important Italian author in world literature. Listen to Dante's *Inferno* as you have never heard it before on the [Department of Italian Studies' Youtube channel](#) from March 25th to June 2021.

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