

## **Presentation of the 1517 Epic *Baldus* by Aquario Lodola**

*The Book of Merlin Cocaio, Mantuan Poet: 17 Macaronic books never before published*

Venice, Paganini, 1517

Translation Ann E Mullaney

{P Title page/ P + i}

From Magister Aquarius, herbalist, expert in the art of enemas, to the illustrious Lord Passarino, Count of Carp, a pamphlet in praise of Merlin Cocaio.

For such a long time now, most serene Count, you have so rattled my brain that I should write something about the discovery of this volume for you, that I almost went mad over the ledgers of my memory, and lest you continue to cause me such craziness: Accept this which I did not hear, but actually touched with these very hands.

You have known for a while how keen I am to go exploring the world and the various customs in the world, and this is suitable for herbalists, teeth-pullers and masters of britches.

It happened that some of us herbalists were navigating toward Armenian in order to find roots, herbs, stones, little worms and things of this sort for concocting treacle.

Among us on that caravel were: Magister Quintinus Scaramella, Magister Salvanelus Bocatorta, Magister Dimeldeus Zucconus, Magister Johannes Baricocola, Magister Buttadeus de Grattarognis, and I, Magister Aquarius Lodola;

{P Aq. Lod. p. 1/ P + i v. }

but contrary Fortune welcomed us hostilely with such a discrepancy of winds on the high seas, that in the end our caravel ran aground on an uninhabited and barren island.

So, half-dead from such a frenzy of waves, we disembarked onto the dry sand of the shore and after resting a little while, we rose up to investigate the island.

The terrain was sandy there, so we entered various pine woods; there Phoebus was spreading intolerable heat, so, constrained by such sweltering heat, we fled down into a cavern of a truly immense mountain.

It was so dark that just looking at it scared us; nonetheless, assuming a brave spirit, we resolved to explore the cavern, after getting food and a torch.

Then, after making the sign of the cross, we went down into it and walking, walking, walking went further and further down.

After a two-day hike, behold! We found ancient legs, heads, and the assorted bones of various animals and a little in front of that we gazed upon a spacious cave with two bronze doors, marvelously wrought; here we stayed for an hour unsure whether we should go inside.

Finally, like sheep, one more presumptuous than the others, we followed.

We went searching here and there through the cave: we saw hammers, pliers, anvils and other such things, all very rusty; we saw human heads, arms and legs. Imagine for yourself how astonished we were.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 2/ P + ii}

Proceeding further along, behold – a wonder to relate! We counted eleven marble sepulchers whose immensity I am unable to describe; above these, there was also a long, wide porphyry tablet hanging down, on which was displayed this epigram in gilt letters composed and sculpted by our Cocaio.

“The right hand of Merlin Cocaio sculpted these tombs in which he concealed magnanimous men. By heavenly grace these men roamed through Phlegethontean shadows, and the things which they reported back to me, I wrote in five books in the heroic mode whatever I experienced of hell from their mouths.”

After mulling over these things a while, we began to read the epigrams on the sepulchers one by one, there were (as I said) eleven tombs and the middle one was more beautiful than the others, all in alabaster, in whose whiteness these verses are inscribed.

“I, Baldus, lie here, who was not afraid to break down the doors of hell; nor did one Stygian [door] frighten me. I saw the raging of Cocytus, the sighing, the wailing, the terrible-sounding voices, and death everlasting. Having fallen into hell, I was content to disdain the world and to ask god for strength in this cavernous mountain.”

On the right side of this same sepulcher, there was another pure white tomb suspended on four stone columns, this couplet hanging down from it.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 3/ P + ii v.}

“Rubinus always lived with Baldus [despite] the contempt of his father, and he could not stand to be far from his tomb.”

On the left moreover, we observe another sepulcher of striped marble, where the following distich was read.

“I Cingar lived as a pervert, but when I slipped into Orcus, I wept and noble piety did not abandon me.”

On Rubinus’s sepulcher there was also this poem written above the snow-white monument:

“Captivated by extraordinary love for Baldus, Philotheus saw hell, now he occupies the stars of the yoke/ constellation Libra.”

After these, near Cingar’s stone, we read these verses left inscribed on another sepulcher, which was in fact taller than it was long:

“If my body appeared to be half dog, this Falchettus could not be displeasing to god.”

So on account of that versifying we understood that this Falchettus had a half-dog shape; near that was another white rock; this we saw written with a poem:

“The noble Hircanus lies here, not known in the world, whose nurse was Cingar’s mother herself.”

Next to this burial of Hircanus there was also the following distich on the white stone:

“As a little one, and as both a youth and an old man I, Moschinus, lived with Baldo, without whom this stone would not have me.”

Not far from this one a sublime monument was found stamped with this distich.

“Here you lie quietly, Virmazzo, although you were a Centaur, still you cannot be devoid of human intelligence.”

{P Aq. Lod. p. 4/ P + iii}

On the other side near Philotheus’s sepulcher the following was written in marble:

“Here I, Lirone, entering Acheron wailing, saw the pirates’ punishment which was to be given to me.”

Then on another stone, actually sculpted like a milepost, we were amazed by this writing:

“Neither mercy in heaven nor punishment in hell, is given to a buffoon, therefore, I, Bocalo, will live here.”

Stupefied by such an epigram, we decided to turn over the stone at the mouth of this tomb; having done this, behold! We saw an emaciated man, a beard down to the top of his feet, and he was toying with gall-nuts, cups and little playthings.

“Why, are you pestering me?” he says.

We to him, “Who are you?”

“I am who I was, but I will be what I was not, if you will grant what you have not granted.”

Amazed at this enigmatic statement, we reply,

“Speak more clearly.”

Sighing, he said, “No mercy is shown in heaven to buffoons, nor any pain in hell; I was a buffoon, indeed heaven and hell disdain to receive me; however, this judgment depends on you. If you will do something good for my soul I will go to heaven, if bad, I will be taken to hell: you decide.”

We answered him, “What do you want, good or bad?” And he, “What a man naturally desires.”

And saying this he became silent to such a degree that we were never able to get another word from his mouth.

Then and there, Father Gelminus who had come with us, began to murmur psalms, with the *Requiem aeternam*, and in a short time, freed from his body, [Boccalus] was taken to heaven by angels, from which we learned no small thing, in realizing that buffoons have no place in either heaven or hell, but it is up to the men left behind to entreat god for them.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 5/ P + iii v.}

While we were considering this further, behold, a sepulcher of surprising magnitude appeared, on whose side was hanging this epitaph:

“I was forty cubits long; I took two horns from Lucifer’s hell back to the world, because I was bringing two thousand souls in them snatched away from punishment; I am driven away from the celestial vault. Before the gates of heaven, I, a suppliant, beseech the Thunderer to grant me pardon for such a crime. But this was the sentence of the righteous judge: Let Fracassus stay [there] as many years as there were souls.”

So after we had observed these things attentively, we sought some trace of this poet and artificer, Merlin Cocaio, who had written (as his verses kept attesting) five books about the country of the devils.

After a long search and investigation, we unearthed a certain large chest, in which, after breaking it open with axes, we found a treasure of this laureate of ours, Cocaio, namely, extremely learned volumes in the Macaronic art: books, little books, small books, big old books and thousands of other scribblings.

We were happier than if we had found the riches of Croesus (since to us philosophers, wisdom is more pleasing than money);

{P Aq. Lod. p. 6/ P + iiiii }

we began to rifle through them this way and that with a certain greediness.

Among the other volumes there was one larger than all the rest dealing with natural things and those beyond the skies; there was a book dealing with all the battles conducted by King Charles, king of the French.

There was a book about warlocks and witches, and this attacked the Dominican brothers well enough.

There was a book entitled Barrichut, and another Transbaruch, another Robaiott, another Sgnirifot, another Scharcacol, another Cracricron, another Stritricetz, another Argnafel and many others which I don’t have in my memory, which deal with things so subtle that it is not fitting for men to utter them.

Among the other books mentioned above we took the five books of hell and arranged them in a small chest, and this [present] book on the deeds of the magnanimous Baldo,

leaving however the other books in the chest, we decided to carry that to the ship; but either God or Beelzebub did not take this along; for, right when we were all making an effort to carry it, with our shoulders beneath it, suddenly such an earthquake and a wind and a hammering of rocks started up that we immediately began to flee, fearing that the mountain would crash down on us; and thus, having abandoned the chest, we emerged at last outside the cavern. But when the earthquake would not stop, we boarded the ship and scarcely had we distanced ourselves from the shore, when right away we saw the island swimming miraculously and at a distance of 200 miles from our eyes; and it was not possible to draw near to it ever again, since if sailors even so much as threaten to disembark there, a similar earthquake is roused, with thunder and a commotion of storm clouds.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 7/ P + iii v.}

Therefore, as soon as I reached my own homeland, full of dread, I did not dare to open that particular little chest in which I had placed this work of Baldus and also the books of hell; nevertheless, having revived, I did open it and found only this book of Baldo's deeds, not even well-polished, since as could be believed, this was Merlin's first draft.

The books of hell, however, I did not find – either they vanished miraculously or, as I strongly suspect, someone stole them and perhaps they will be brought to light in due time.

Here, therefore, O most serene Prince, I have told you the manner of the discovery of this volume, and do not think I was dreaming, because I can lead forth many witnesses, especially the aforementioned herbalists; I have made a real effort to sift through the non-fantastical meaning of our poet in this book for nearly seven months now, to such an extent that my mind has nearly toppled (as one says) like a bowling pin.

Nevertheless, I enthusiastically seized upon each book, from the first to the last, admiring such great disdain for philosophy, astronomy and cosmography, that I came to consider Pythagoras, Plato and many other philosophers as nothing.

Furthermore, chewing over the grandiloquence and the richness of the discussions, I presume to not give a shit about Cicero and Vergil.

Doesn't his poetry glow with a certain loftiness or rather greatness of speech? "The pawing horses cannot stand still in their restraints" and in other passages. [cf. V 1.239]

"... and they turn the windlasses, cocking the curved crossbows" [V 16.41]

"They light the fuses on their rifles, bullets are discharged with a toof taff." [cf. V 4.485]

Why is Lucan praised for comparisons?

{P Aq. Lod. p. 8/ P + v}

Here is what our Merlin Cocaius writes about Baldo:

“With what fury a bull in love with a young heifer, when it is assaulted in a field by a thousand dogs, first wounds with its hooves, then gores with its horns; and spreading sand, launches big kicks into the air and fills the skies with howls from its frothy mouth.” [cf. V 11.265-69]

Such was Baldus etc., and in other passages:

“As a wild boar with its mouth open, which a hunter has wounded with a sharp spear, goes through the countryside and woods, goes through the tops of fields, breaking branches and bushes, spewing bloody foam from its curved tusks.” [cf. V 4.368-71]

If you want a description of a tempest at sea why do bash your brains saying: “Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis/ Africus et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus” (Eastwind and Southwind rush together—and Southwest wind, thick with squalls, and they roll huge breakers toward the beaches) [*Aeneid*, 1.85-6]

Look at how well our Merlin sings:

“... when suddenly the army of winds arrives. First Boreas, and blowing against him, Sirocco. Behold! Garbino is here, against whom Greco lets loose big farts, which resound in the highest skies. Olympus flashes, teeming with flame-throwing lightning and lets stormy rains shoot out.” [cf. V 12.460-70]

If you want morality, why do you need to rifle through Horace, Juvenal, Terence? Behold again – our Cocaius:

“They are all doctors, but they spurn their medicine; they are all friends, but won’t share a friendly pint. I am rich, everyone is willing to die for me; I am poor, no one wants to spend a penny on me.” [cf. V 4.227-30]

{P Aq. Lod. p. 9/ P + v v.}

If you wish to discuss the enjoyable curiosity of astronomy, why so many spheres of the universe?

Why do you try to understand Euclid?

Therefore, read everything in Book 10 since it is all about astrology; you will see how clearly everything is explained by orbits, not copying other astrologers, and this is shown by Cingar’s character; specifically in that extremely profound subject matter of the moon, and how well he defines its waning and waxing and its qualities, indeed he says:

“I was watching the white Moon with her spotty face dispel shadows from the shoals of the sea and the lands of the earth. Doctors observe her: she knows when medicine is to be given to the patient and when this would make him shit out his intestines.” [cf. V 14.434-55]

O most skillful, O most excellent poet! Look at the opening he chooses and if it is comparable to the Virgilian opening, for Vergil said:

“Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris/ Italiam fato profugus laviniaque venit/ Littora multum ille et terris iactatus et alto” (I sing of arms and the man who first came to Italy and the Lavinian shore from the coast of Troy – a fugitive of fate, he was greatly tossed about on land and sea.) [*Aeneid*, 1.1-3]

Look what magnificence Merlin displays in his opening.

“A certain fantastic fantasy has come to me, to sing the story of Baldo with the fat muses, whose high flying fame and noble name make the earth tremble and the abyss beshit itself in fear.” [cf. V 1.1-4] But wishing to proclaim all the beautiful parts, it would be necessary to read the whole book immediately; you, clever Prince, know quite well what I wish to explain.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 10/ P + vi}

I am sickened that this noble volume was not both revised and copied by him; oh, how much better it would have been, since where land is better plowed, it is more fertile, as Columella attests.

However, worthless pedagogue idiots emerged who stirred up debate: that this Cocaio was not Mantuan; oh, what a great torment to learn this, since the poet himself attests in the 16th macaronic [book], saying thus:

“I am called by the name Cocaius of Manto’s blood,” wherefore it is understood not so much that he was Mantuan, rather that his female lineage was from Manto, a mage, it is said, who built the city called by her name, Mantua.

But a greater proof can be discerned in the various passages: how well he depicts the habits and customs of these same citizens and principally in the first seven books.

Find these verses then, noted in the front of this book, which we decided should be written, where talking about himself, he says:

“If you inquire who I am, Mantuan in country, and the years under whose rule I lived, under King Gaioffo, in whose jurisdiction the Macaronic kingdom stands. [Cf. Dante, *Inferno* 1. 66-76.]

If [you ask] my name, I am called Merlin Cocaio. Cocaio is my name, Merlin is my title; while by chance my pregnant mother had been looking for a bottle-stopper lost in a field, she gave birth to me, and I was given this name [Cocaio means cork, bottlestopper]; and so that you may learn the meaning of Merlin: every day a merle had carried a beakful to my crib for me, since my mother drowned in wine when I was an infant. Here, I am called Cocaio; there I am named Merlin.

{P Aq. Lod. p. 11/ P + vi v.}

“We sang of the noble arms of the magnanimous Baldo. The heroic style was not pleasing to me; brilliant Macaronic poetry shows me to the world as a bard.

The long and short syllables maintain their proper length everywhere; I rarely corrupt them with my [poetic] liberty.

I wrote very many vocabulary words of my invention; which anyone will be able to understand without explanations. [cf. V 22.1-132]

See with what smoothness he establishes his homeland and tells about his studies, therefore let there be no disagreement among these ignoramuses; and as to what age it was, or under whose rule he lived – he himself attests and says under the reign of Gaioffo; who this king Gaioffo was, Johannes

Scannagatus in his histories and Petrus Bricola in his supplements described.

In what location the Macaronic reign is, many writers have spoken, especially Tibertus Pizzaferrus and Guglielmo Mangiafico.

It is noted moreover that our poet was of peasant parents, therefore, because his mother, impregnated with him, gave birth to him while she was looking for a bottle stopper, and thus chance created his name.

The reason he is called Merlin means therefore that the merle brought edibles to his crib every day, since his mother was drowned/ drowned herself in a vat of wine while he was an infant – O such a great and unprecedented calamity!

He recited the deeds of Baldo so that they would be clearly available in a book; the Mantuan poet himself saw Baldo and spoke to him when Baldo himself lived near Mantua.

And our poet observes the standard length of syllables, even though some worthless people say that in this Macaronic art, it is not necessary to maintain the long and short qualities of vowels,

{P Aq. Lod. p. 12/ P + vii}

O rude and uncouth people, who are gripped by such madness: scan Merlin's poems and then you will see if he maintains the norm.

Although, infrequently, he corrupts the syllables on his [poetic] authority; however, not everyone possesses this power.

Lastly, O most splendid Prince, lest I drag on too long, I announce to you that what I have said is utterly true, and I swear to this before my co-herbalists mentioned above.

Farewell, remember me in the city of Alchedamach, Magister Aquarius.

[P.S.] I found this following eclogue in the same chest, which I didn't decline to send to you as well. Again, farewell.



MERLINI COCAI POETAE  
MANTUANI LIBER MA  
CARONICES LI-  
BRI XVII  
NON ANTE IMPRESSI

*Magistri Aquarii, herbolatti in arte cristeriensi  
peritissimi ad illustrem dominum Passarinum  
comitem Scarduarum libellus de  
laudibus Merlini Cocai.*

*dudum serenissime comes adeo  
meum imbalordasti cervellum,  
ut tibi de retrovatione huius  
voluminis aliquid scriberem quod  
de memoriae cadastris quasi  
mattus caschaverim, et ne tantum mihi prebeas  
amplius impazzum, Accipe rem, non quam audivi  
sed his manibus pertocavi. Iam pridem nosti quan-  
tum ego sum in curiosando mundum diversosque  
mundi costummos sollicitus. et hoc herbolattos,  
cavatores dentium, magistros bragirorum con-  
decet. Accidit quod nos aliquanti Herbolatti na-  
vigabamus ad partes armeniae causa retrovan-  
di radices, herbas, lapides, vermiculos, et huius  
modi facendas ad conficiendam triaquam. Erantque  
inter nos super illam garauellam Magister Quin-  
tinus scaramella: Magister Salvanelus bocca  
torta: Magister Dimeldeus Zucconus, Magister Io-  
annes baricocola, Magister Buttadeus de gratta  
rognis, et ego, Magister Aquarius lodola, Sed con-  
trariante fortuna tanta nos discrepantia vento*

*[P + i v. /P Aq. Lod. p. 1]*

*rum in altum mare diversaliter acoiavit quod no-  
stra garauella se ad quandam inhabitatam et inher-  
bosam insulam tandem inzzapellavit. Nos itaque  
semivivi tanto pro sbalordimento fluctuum des-  
smontavimus in siccam littoris harenam et ali-  
quantillum repossati surreximus ad vestigandam  
insulam. Terrenus ibi sabionizzus erat, unde di-  
versos intravimus pignarum boschos, intolera-  
bilem Phoebus ibi caldum effundebat, unde con-  
stricti tanto caliditatis boimento, sub cuiusdam  
montagnae smisuratissimae cavernam adfugimus,  
Quae nimis obscura nos in aspectu solo spaven-  
tabat, tamen valorosum assummentes animum,  
deliberavimus accepta victuaria et lumine per  
illam curiosare. Facto itaque signo crucis subintra-  
vimus et caminantes caminantes caminantes sem-  
per magis ad bassum andabamus: Post caminamentum  
duorum dierum, ecce vetustas gambas, testas, variaque  
ossa diversorum animalium retrovabamus, et pau-  
lo ante spaciosum antrum cum duabus portis de brun-  
zo mire laboratis aspeximus, hic stetimus dubio  
si per unam horam si dentrum pergere debebamus:  
Tandem ad fozam pegorarum unum presumtuo-  
siosem aliis sequebamur: Imus hinc inde cercan-  
tes per speluncam, vidimus maleos, martellos, te-  
nais, incudines, et haec similia valde rugimenta,  
vidimus testas, brazzos, gambas humanas, quan-*

[P + ii /P Aq. Lod. p. 2]

*to stupore afficiebamur, tu ipse puta. Ulterius procedentes ecce (mirabile dictu) marmoreas undecim adnumeravimus sepulturas, quarum magnitudinem non explicare meum est, super illas autem tabula porphidina longa et larga dependebat, in qua litteris aureis hoc Epigrama compositum et sculptum a nostro Cocai patebat.*

*Hos sculpsit tumulos Merlini dextra Cocai,*

*Texit magnanimos in quibus ipse viros.*

*Hi phlegethontes coelo donante per umbras*

*Lustrarunt, ac res quas retulere mihi.*

*Scriptimus haerico libros in quinque coturno:*

*De baratro sensi quidquid ab ore suo.*

*His dudum fantasticatis, coepimus epigramata sepulchrorum singulatim legere, erant (ut dixi)*

*undecim tumuli, et medius illorum erat formosior, totus de alabastro, in cuius bianchitudine talia*

*notantur carmina.*

*Hic iaceo Baldus, qui inferni rumpere portas*

*Non timui, nec me terruit una Stygis.*

*Vidi ego Cocyti fremitum, suspiria, fletus,*

*Terrisonas voces, perpetuamque necem.*

*Lapsus ab inferno, placui contemnere mundum,*

*Hoc ve cavernoso monte rogare deum.*

*Ad manum dextram ipsius sepulchri alter candidissimus tumulus super quattuor lapides columbas*

*suspendebatur hoc geminum carmen premens.*

[P + ii v. /P Aq. Lod. p. 3]

*Semper apud Baldum contempto patre Rubinus  
 Vixit, et a tumulo non procul esse tulit.  
 Ad sinistram autem aliud marmoreum virgulatum cerni  
 mus sepulchrum, ubi tale legebatur disticon:  
 Perversus vixi Cingar, sed lapsus ad orcum  
 Fleui, nec pietas defuit alta mihi.  
 Apud Rubini sepulchrum talis quoque versus su  
 per niveum monumentum scribebatur.  
 Captus ab egregio Baldi Philotheus amore,  
 Infernum vidit, nunc tenet astra iugi.  
 Post hec legimus apud Cingaris lapidem tales  
 anotatos versus in quodam sepulchro reliq[uo]s diffe  
 renti, erat enim plus altum quam longum.  
 Si mihi dimidium corpus canis extitit, hoc non  
 Falchettus potuit displicuisse deo.  
 QUapropter intelleximus per illam versificationem hunc  
 Falchettum habuisse formam semicaninam, apud quem  
 aliud niveum saxum, hoc carmine vidimus scriptum.  
 Nobilis Hircanus iacet hic, non cognitus orbi,  
 Cui nutrix mater Cingaris ipsa fuit.  
 Apud hanc Hircani sepulturam talis quoque su  
 per album saxum disticus erat.  
 Parvulus ut Baldo vixi, iuvenisque senexque  
 Moschinus sine quo me lapis hic nec habet.  
 Non procul ab ipso monumentum sublime funda[ba]  
 tur hoc signatum distico.  
 Hic Virmazze lates, Centaurus q[ui] licet esses*

[P + iii / P Aq. Lod. p. 4]

*Non tamen humana mente carere potes.  
Ad aliam partem apud sepulchrum Philothei sic  
in marmore scriptum erat.  
Ecce ego Lironus subiens Acheronta, Pyratae  
Flens vidi poenam quae mihi danda fuit.  
In alio quoque saxo ad modum centenari sculpito  
hanc prosam admirati sumus.  
Nec in coelo gratia, Nec in inferno pena  
datur buffonis, hic ergo vivam Bocalus.  
Obstupefacti pro tali epigramate, deliberavimus  
evolvere lapidem ab ostio sepulture huius, quo  
facto, ecce videmus hominem macilentum, bar-  
batum usque ad summitates pedum, et cum gallis, bechi-  
ris, nonnullisque bagatellis ludebat, quid, inquit, me in-  
festatis? ad quem nos, quis es tu? sum qui fui, sed ero qui  
non eram, si vos dabitis quod non dedistis. Nos verbum  
aenigmatatum admirati rispondemus, dic clarius,  
Ille suspirans dixit, nulla gratia datur in coelo bu-  
fonis, nec ulla pena inferno, bufonus fui, i[mm]o coe-  
lum et infernus dedignantur me suscipere, in vobis autem  
hoc pendet arbitrium, si per anima mea aliquid nonum [sic] fece-  
ritis, ad coelum pergam, si malum in infernum portabor, vide  
te vos, cui nos, quid vis, bonum aut malum? et ille, quod  
naturaliter homo desiderat, et sic dicens adeo conti-  
cuit, quod ab eius numquam ore amplius potuimus  
verbum accipere, illico quodam frater Gelminus, qui nobis  
cum venerat, coepit barbottare psalmos cum req[ui]em*

[P + iii v. / P Aq. Lod. p. 5]

*aeternam, et in parvo spacio ille solutus corpore portatur ab angelis in coelo, unde nec parum didicimus intelligentes quod buffoni non habent partem et in coelo et in inferno, sed reliquorum hominum est deprecari deum pro illis.*

*Nos ulterius intuentes, ecce sepulchrum mirae magnitudinis apparuit, in cuius latere pendebat hoc Epitaphium.*

*Longus ego cubitos quadraginta: reversus ab orco  
Luciferi ad mundum cornua bina tuli.*

*In quibus ereptas quoniam duo mille ferebam*

*De poenis animas, pellor ab arce poli.*

*Ante fores coeli supplex exoro tonantem,*

*Ut mihi pro tanto crimine det veniam.*

*Iudicis at recti fuit haec sententia, tot stet*

*Annos Fracassus quot fuerant animae.*

*His diligenter animadversis quaerebamus aliquod indicium huius vatis et artificis merlini cocai, qui scripserat (ut sua testabantur carmina) quinque libros de diavolorum patria. Post lungam querositatem et investigationem quendam magnum cassonem desotteravimus, quo securibus fracto, Huius nostri laureati Cocai thesaurum atrovavimus, viz. in arte macaronica doctissima volumina, libros, librettos, libricos, librazzos et mille alios schartafacios. Nos magis alegri quam si cresi denarios catavissemus (quia nobis philosophis magis scientia quam pecunia gradat), coepimus quadam ingorditate scartabella-*

[P + iii / P Aq. Lod. p. 6]

*re modo hunc modo illunc erat inter alia volumina quoddam ma-  
ius aliis tractans de cunctis cosis naturalibus, et  
supra celestibus, erat liber tractans quantas bata-  
ias fecit rex Carlonus franciosorum rex; erat liber  
de striis et strionibus, et hic frates dominiginos im-  
pugnabat assaium, erat liber intitulus barrichut  
alter transbaruch, alter robaiott, alter sgnirifot,  
alter scharcacol, alter cracricon, alter stritrichez  
alter argnafel: et plures alios, quod ad memoriam  
non habeo qui tractant de cosis tam subtilibus quas  
homines non decet eloqui, inter alios superdictos quin-  
que libros de inferno accepimus et in quadam cassu  
la governavimus et ipsum librum de gestis magna-  
nimi Baldi, ceteros vero libros linquentes in cap-  
sa deliberavimus illam portare ad navem, Sed aut  
deus aut belzeub non tulit hoc. Nam cum pariter  
omnes subiectis spallis illam portare sforzaremur  
tantus illico terremotus, et ventus, et petrarum in-  
cussio exorta est, quod statim confugere coepimus,  
dubitantes illam montagnam nobis ruinare adossum.  
et sic relicta capsam tandem extra cavernas exivi-  
mus, sed quia non cessabat terremotos, ingredimur na-  
vem et a littore vix discostati, statim illam insula vi-  
dimus miraculose natantem et a nostris oculis du-  
centos migliaros discostatam apud quam non ampli-  
us possibile est apropinquare, quoniam si marinari  
saltem ibi desmontare minazzant, idem terremotus cum*

[P + iiii v./P Aq. Lod. p. 7]



tonitruis et nubium perturbatione movetur. Ego ita  
 que prima ad p[ropriam] patriam iunctus quadam formidine non  
 audebam illam aperire capsulam, in quam hoc idem opus  
 Baldi, et libros de inferno posueram, tamen animatus  
 eandem aperui, et tantum hoc volumen de gestis Baldi  
 adinveni, nec dum bene limatum, quia ut posset credi,  
 haec a Merlino cocchio prima fuit copia, libros autem  
 de inferno non inveni, quos aut miracolose evanu-  
 isse, aut aliquem robasse valde suspicor, et forsi-  
 tan ad lucem in processu temporis videbuntur. En igitur  
 Serenis. P. tibi modum Inventionis huius voluminis  
 enarravi, nec me somniasse puta, quoniam multos  
 possum aducere testes, maxime predictos Herbolatos infan-  
 tasticabile vero sentimentum nostri poetae in hoc lib.  
 vii. iam pene menses adeo sforzatus sum crevelare  
 quod ingenium quasi (ut ait) de birlo cecidit. Singu-  
 la tamen ad ultimum taccacissime brancavi: tantam  
 philosophiae, astronomiae, cosmographiae, spernazacionem  
 admiratus ut Pythagoram, Plato, quam pluresque  
 philosophos reputaverim nientum. Praeterea grandi loquaci-  
 tationem sermonisque grassitudinem masticans Cice.  
 Virgilioque incagare praesumo. Nonne quandam altezam  
 granditudinem ve renidet illud carmen: Raspantes ne  
 queunt in stroppam stare cavalli? et in alio loco  
 Martinulosque rotant curvas flectendo balestras,  
 Dantque focum sgioppis tuf taf sborrante balotta?  
 Quid in comparationibus laudatur Lucanus? ecce

[P + v /P Aq. Lod. p. 8]

*Noster Merlinus cocaius quid de Baldo scribit.  
Cum quali furia taurus sub amore vedellae  
Millibus a canibus quando assaltatur in agro,  
Nunc pedibus ferrat, nunc illos cornibus urtat,  
Et spargens sabiam magnos trat in aere calces  
Oreque spummoso coelum mugitibus implet.  
Talis erat Baldus etc. et in alio loco.  
Qualis cum bocca porcus Cingiarius aperta,  
Quem cazzator habet speto pungente feritum,  
It per campagnas, boschos, it per cavedagnas.  
Sanguineam spum[m]am torto cum dente biassans.  
Si descriptionem unius tempestatis maritimae quaeris,  
quid tuum rumpis cermisionem in Virg. dicente: Una Eu-  
rusque, Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis Aphricus,  
et vastos voluunt ad littora fluctus, Ecce quanto  
Merlinus noster bene cantat.  
Ecce repentinus ventorum storus arivat,  
Borra prior, contraque illum sofiano sirocco.  
En Garbinus adest contra quem grecus amollat  
corezas grandes quibus aeth[e]ra summa rebumbant.  
Fulgure flamigero creber lampezzat olimpos,  
Atque procellasas laxat sborrare piozas.  
Si mortalitatem quaeris, quid Hora., Juve, Teren. scar-  
tabellare bisognat? En rursus noster Cocaius.  
Omnes sunt medici, sua sed medicamina spermunt,  
Omnes compagni, sed non compagna scudella.  
Sum dives, quisquam pro me vulte ponere vitam,*

[P + v v. /P Aq. Lod. p. 9]

*Sum pauper, nullus pro me vult ponere robbam.  
Si curiositatem delectabilem astronomiae dicere ve-  
lis quid tantas sphaeras mundi? quid Euclidem intelligere  
conaris? qua re in lib. x imo totum, lege quia totus astro-  
logiam sapit, videbis quanto distincte non alios imita-  
tus astrologos omnes enucleatur circulos, et hoc in  
persona Cingaris demonstratur, viz. in illa profundissima  
materia de luna, et quantum bene diffinit eius deffe-  
ctus, et crescentum, et proprietatem, ait enim.  
Cernebam lunam maculosa fronte biancam,  
Distenebrare maris scoios, terraeque paesos.  
Hanc servant medici quando medicina malato  
Danda scit, haec faceret quandoque cagare budellas.  
O peritissimum, o eloquentissimum, poetam, ecce quod  
principium assumpsit et si comparandum est princi-  
pio virgiliano, ait enim Virgilius.  
Arma virumque cano, troiae qui primus ab oris  
Italiam fato profugus laviniaque venit  
Littora, multum ille\* terris iactatus et alto.  
Ecce quam magnificentiam noster Merlinus in prin-  
cipio ostentat.  
Fantasia mihi quaedam fantastica venit  
Historiam Baldi grossis cantare camaenis.  
Altivagam cuius famam, nomenque gaiardum  
Terra tremit, bartrumque metu se cagat adossum.  
Sed volens omnia formosa declarem oporteret to-  
tum librum spaciatamenter legere, tu, ingeniose prin-*

[P + vi /P Aq. Lod. p. 10]

*ceps, melius quam explicare velim, nosti, tedet me  
hoc nobile volumen ab illo non fuisse et revedutum  
et copitum, o quanto melius fuisset nam terra quo  
plus aratur, plus fecundat, testante colomella.  
Exierunt autem nonnulli pedagogi idioti qui iam questio  
nem moverunt, ipsum cocaium non fuisse mantuanum, o  
grandis difficultas hoc scire, cum ipse poeta testetur  
in sexta decima macaronice, sic dicens, Nomine cocaius  
dicor de sanguine mantos, unde datur intelligi, non  
tantum ipsum fuisse mantoanum, verum est de genologia  
mulieris mantos, qui maga, dicitur aedificasse urbem,  
suo nomine dictam Mantoam, Sed ad maiorem probationem  
potest deprehendi in diversis locis, quantum bene mo-  
res et costumos eiusdem civitatis depingit, et maxime in  
primis septem libris, Hos tamen in in fronte voluminis  
huius versus anotos tunc reperi, quos scribendos  
esse iudicavimus ipse de seipso loquens ait.  
Si queris qui sim patria mantous, et annis  
Sub quibus imperii vixi, sub rege gaioffo,  
Cuius in arbitrio macaronica regna stetero,  
Si nomen, cocaius ego Merlinus apellor.  
Cocaius nomen, titulus Merlinus, in agro  
Dum mater pregnans cocaium forte botazzi  
Quaereret ammissum peperit me, nomen et istud  
Sortior, utque scias Merlini significatum,  
Quotidie ad cunas tulerat mihi merla becatam,  
Nam mea se in vino genitrix me infante negavit.  
Cocaius vocor hinc, Merlinu[or] [sic] nominor illinc.*

[P + vi v. /P Aq. Lod. p. 11]

*Inclita magnanimi Baldi cantavimus arma:  
Non stilus heroicus placuit mihi, clara poesis  
Me macaronenscis vatem manifestat in orbem.  
Silaba longa brevis propriam tenet undique normam,  
Libertate mea raro corrumpimus illos.  
Multa meo ingenio vocabula plura catavi,  
Quae sine comentis intendere quisque valebit.  
Ecce quam liquido\* suam denotat patriam, et suum intimat  
studium, nulla igitur sit altercatio inter istos igno-  
rantes, et quo tempe fuit aut sub quo imperio vixit ipse  
met testatur, quando ait sub rege Gaioffo, quis fuit iste  
rex Gaioffus, Ioannes Schannagatus in historiis su-  
is et Petrus bricola suis in supplementis describe-  
runt. In quo situ orbis regna macaronica sint, mul-  
ti scriptores dixerunt, precipue Tibertus pizzafer-  
rus et Gulielmus mangiafigus. Denotat etiam poeta  
noster fuisse de villanis parentibus, eo quod mater  
sua impregnata de se dum cercaret cocaium Botazzi  
partuivit illum et sic casus nomen fecit, cur vocetur  
Merlinus significat eo quo merla avis sibi quo-  
tidie mangiamentum ferebat in cunis, quia mater sua,  
dum esset infans, semet anegavit in tinello vini, o gran-  
dis et nunquam audita desgratia, Baldi gesta decan-  
tavit quia ut clare patet in libro, ipse poeta manto-  
us vidit et loquutus est Baldum quando ipse Bal-  
dus versabatur apud mantuam. Et bene noster  
Poeta servat Normam silabarum, nonnulli ta-  
men dicunt in hac arte Macaronica non debe-*

[P + vii /P Aq. Lod. p. 12]

*ri servare breviamenta, neque longamenta, o rudes et  
grossolani quos tanta matezza piavit. scandite mer  
lini carm. videbitis postea si norma servetur.*

*Sua tamen auctoritate licet raro corumpit silabas  
sed non omnes hanc potestatem habent. Denique splendidissime  
princeps, ne in longum protrahar, anuncio tibi quae dixi  
fuisse verissima, et sic testor coram supradictis me  
is coherbolattis. Vale memor mei ex urbe alche-  
damach,                      Magister Aquarius.  
Hanc subsequentem aeglogam in eadem capsula retrovavi,  
quam tibi etiam mittere non renui: Iterum vale.*

*[P + vii v. /P Aq. Lod. p. 13]*