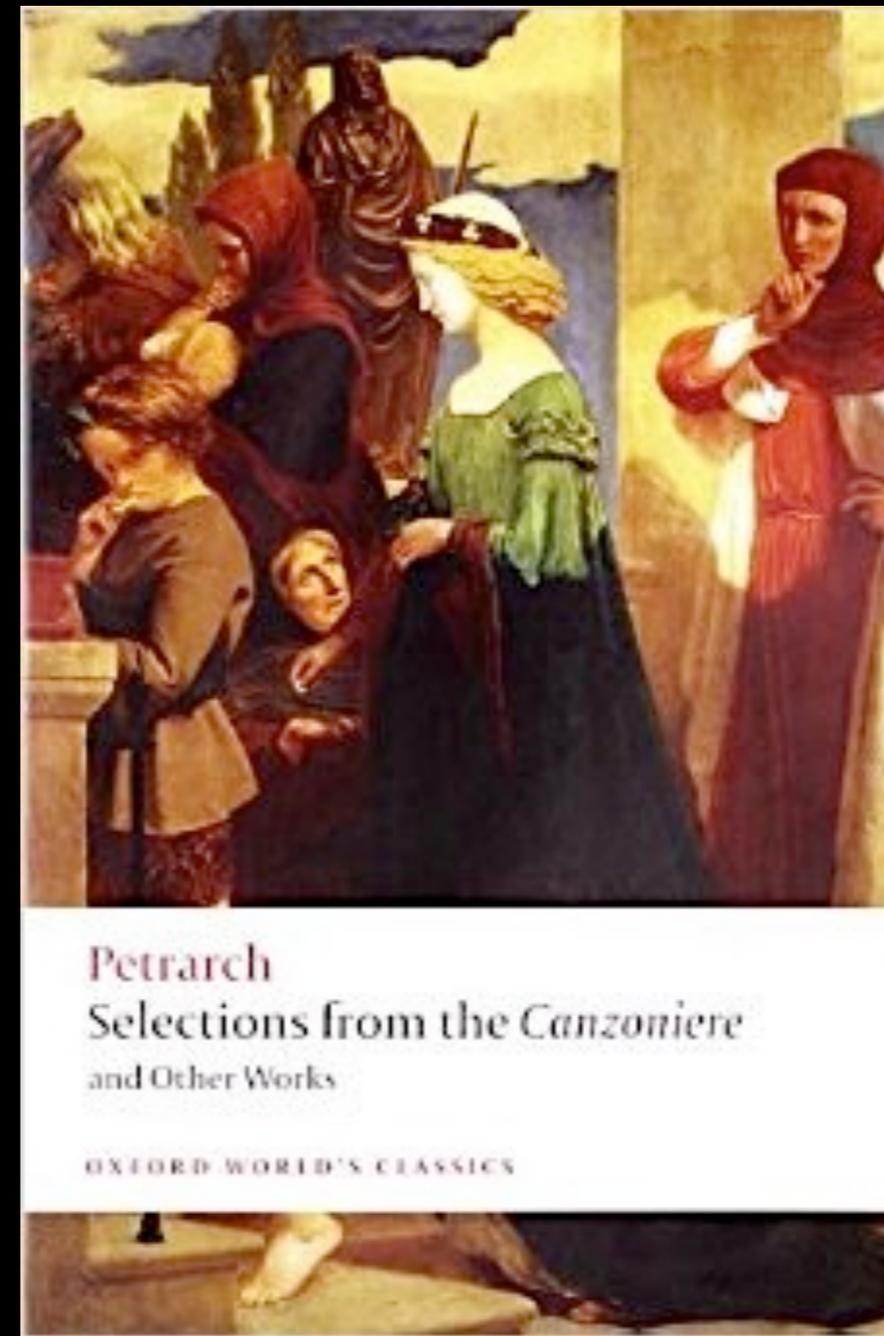


Making of the Western Mind Institute for the Study of Western Civilization Week 17, Petrarch





Francesco Petrarca, 1304-1374



Petrarch, Selections, Oxford World Classics
Mark Musa, editor





QUI COELVM CECINIT MEDIVM QVE IMMOMOVE TRIBVNAL ^{ET} LVSTRAVIT QVE ANIMO CVNGTA POETA SVO ^{ET} DOCTVS ADEST DANTE SVA QVEM FLORENTIA SAEPE ^{ET}
 SENSIT CONSILII AC PRELATE PATRE ^{ET} NIL POTVIT TANTO MOIS SALVA NOCERE POETA ^{ET} QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIT ^{ET}



QVI COELVM CECINIT MEDIVM QVE IMMOMOVE TRIBVNAL ET LVSTRAVIT QVE ANIMO CVNCTA POETA SVO DOCTVS ADEST DANTE SVA QVE FLORENTIA SAEPE
SENSIT CONSILII AC PIETATE PATREM NIL POTVIT TANTO MOIS SAEVA NOCERE POETA F QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIT

The Man in the Middle



QVI COELVM CECINIT MEDIVM QVE IMMOMVE TRIBVNAL QVE LVSTRAVIT QVE ANIMO CVNCTA POETA SVO DOCTVS ADEST DANTE SVA QVEM FLORENTIA SAEPE
SENSIT CONSILIVS AC PIETATE PATREM NIL POTVIT TANTO MOIS SAEVA NOCERE POETA QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIT

“Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita”



QVI COELVM CECINIT MEDIVM QVE IMMOTVE TRIBVNAL ET LVSTRAVIT QVE ANIMO CVNCTA POETA SVO DOCTVS ADEST DANTE SVA QVE FLORENTIA SAEPE
SENSIT CONSILII AC PIETATE PATREM NIL POTVIT TANTO MORIS SAEVA NOCERE POETA QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIT

“In the middle of the road of our life”

Dante, Divine Comedy, 1300

CANTO I

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita _____ a
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura, _____ b
ché la diritta via era smarrita. _____ a

Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura _____ b
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte _____ c
che nel pensier rinova la paura! _____ b

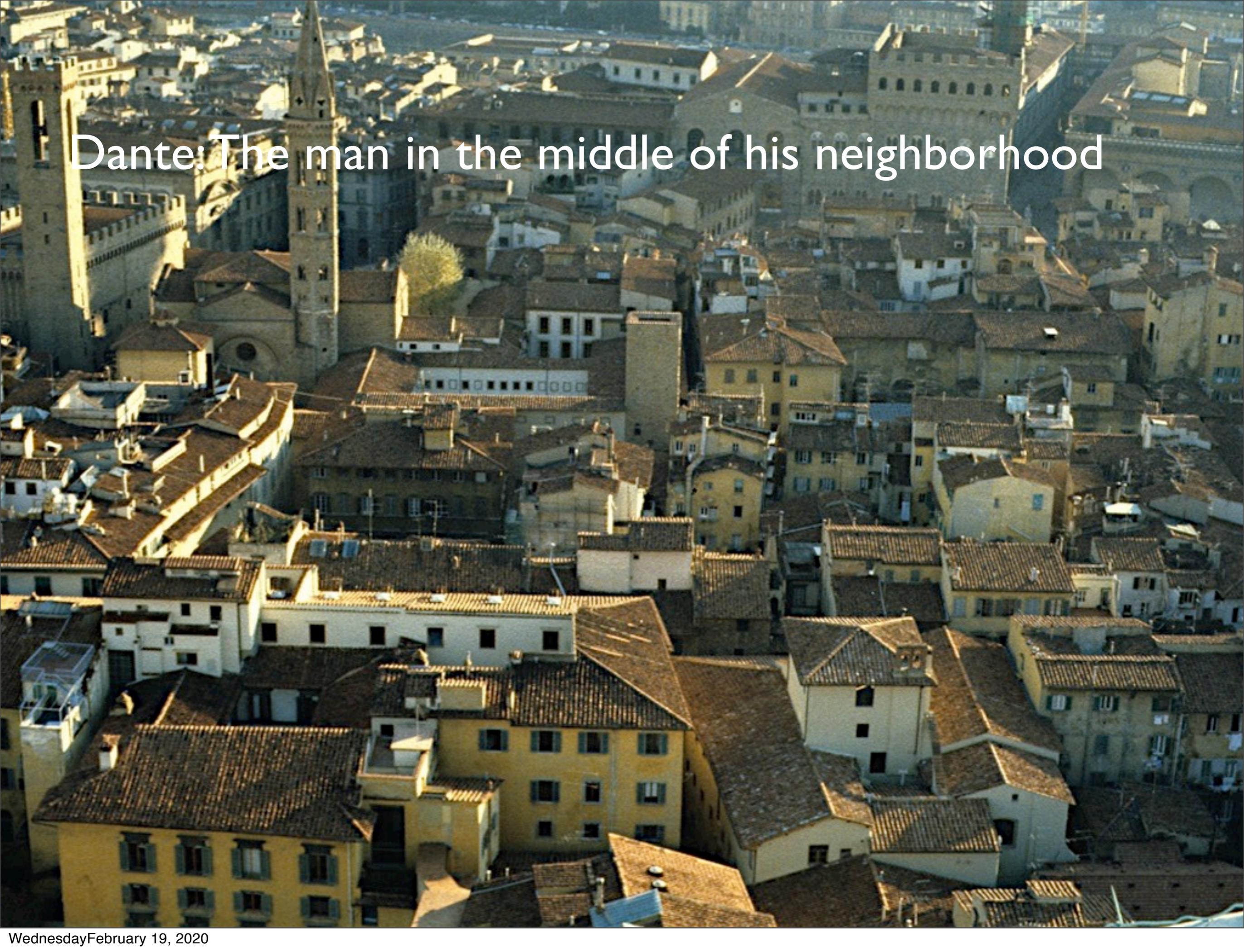
Tant' è amara che poco è più morte; _____ c
ma per trattar del ben ch' i' vi trovai, _____ d
dirò de l'altre cose ch' i' v'ho scorte. _____ c

Io non so ben ridir com' i' v'intrai, _____ IO
tant' era pien di sonno a quel punto
che la verace via abbandonai.





Florence, 1300

An aerial photograph of a densely packed, historic Italian town. The buildings are multi-story, with light-colored facades and dark, terracotta-tiled roofs. A prominent church tower with a pointed spire is visible on the left side. The town is built on a hillside, and the overall atmosphere is one of a well-preserved, traditional urban environment.

Dante: The man in the middle of his neighborhood

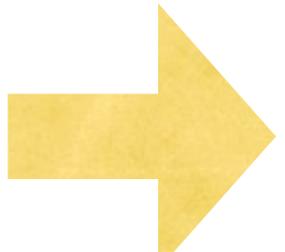
The World of Dante (c.1250-1300)

Medieval Time/Space-Unity

1. There is ONE TEXT
CHRISTIAN ONTOLOGY.
The Bible-OT & NT-is the Text.

2. TIME IS ONE STORY
beginning / middle / end.
Time is one solid piece /
one story in which we all participate.
Creation / Incarnation / Last Judgement.
God's creation on the move.

Time stretches out in one unbroken piece /
one narrative.
No cycles;



Time stretches out in one unbroken piece
one narrative.

No cycles;

No repetitions.

One Creation/One Salvation/One End

And Time is HOLY.

God's revelation will come IN HISTORY

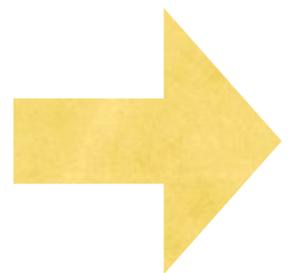
God's story and plan revealed in time, through time.

Everything is part of ONE GREAT DIVINE PAGEANT.

All time and space fall under one roof one unity stretching out.

All humanity, all nature all animals all everything together.

The world as NOAH'S ARK.



3. There is a ONE UNIFIED SPACE

A unified space.

A limited knowable time/space.

No infinity.

No hidden Black Holes.

A known and knowable world.

(but tiny little hints like Ulysses in DC that there is more)

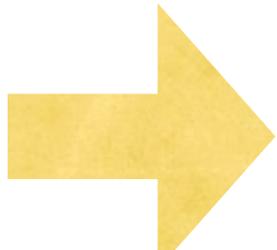
SPACE is full with gradations/ order/unity.

It is knowable because it is God's space.

God WANTS us to know and understand our world.

God would not trick us.(Aristotle and Plato agree)

It has a limit/an order/a goal.



4. The ART of this time shows us this one story / one piece / one human narrative.

The Gothic Cathedral.

The Divine Comedy.

Scrovegni Chapel

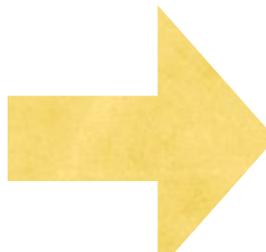
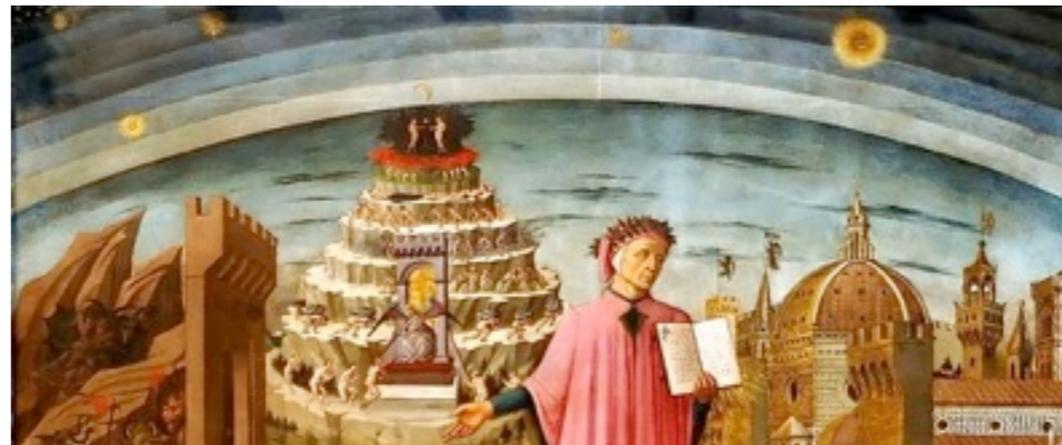
Maestá

5. This Judeo / Christian / Hellenic tradition has a kind of ENCYCLOPAEDISM.

Wants to include it all / aristotle / christ / aug / everything.

Thus 13thC Cathedral has everything in it; everything under one roof.

6. Dante's DIVINE COMEDY the one most perfect literary embodiment of this world.





Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita _____ ^a
 mi ritrovai per una selva oscura, _____ ^b
 ché la diritta via era smarrita. _____ ^a

Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura _____ ^b
 esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte _____ ^c
 che nel pensier rinova la paura! _____ ^b

Tant'è amara che poco è più morte; _____ ^c
 ma per trattar del ben ch'i' vi trovai, _____ ^d
 dirò de l'altre cose ch'i' v'ho scorte. _____ ^c

Io non so ben ridir com' i' v'intrai, _____ ¹⁰
 tant' era pien di sonno a quel punto
 che la verace via abbandonai.

Ma poi ch'i' fui al piè d'un colle giunto, _____ ¹³

Wh
 I
 for I had
 Ah, it
 that savag
 which eve
 so bitt
 But to ret
 I'll also te
 I cann
 the wood
 the point
 But wh



QUI COELVM CECINIT MEDIVM QVE IMMOMOVE TRIBVNAL ¹⁵¹ LVSTRAVIT QVE ANIMO CVNGTA POETA SVO ¹⁵² DOCTVS ADEST DANTE SVA QVE FLORENTIA SAEPE ¹⁵³
 SENSIT CONSILIVS AC PRELATE PATRE ¹⁵⁴ NIL POTVIT TANTO MOIS SALVA NOCERE POETA ¹⁵⁵ QVEM VIVVM VIRTVS CARMEN IMAGO FACIES ¹⁵⁶



Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
vo mesurando a passi tardi e lenti,
e gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
ove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
dal manifesto accorger de la genti,
perché negli atti d'alegrezza spenti
di fuor si legge com'io dentro avampi.

Sì ch'io mi credo omai che monti e piagge,
e fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
sia la mia vita, ch'è celata altrui.

Ma pur sì aspre vie, né sì selvagge
cercar non so, ch'Amor non venga sempre
ragionando con meco; et io co' lui.



Alone and deep in thought
I measure with slow and lingering steps
the loneliest fields,
ready to flee if my eyes discern
a human footprint in the sand.

No other defense have I,
from the knowing glances of mankind,
for in my looks, bereft of joy,
one may read outwardly
how I burn within.

So that now I think
only the mountains and the hillsides,
the rivers and forests,
know the temper of my life,
which is hidden from all men.

Yet no path is so harsh, so savage,
that Love cannot find a way to join me,
and to speak to me,
and I to Him.

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TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM H. FLETCHER

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vo mesurando a passi tardi e lenti,
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ove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

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ché la diritta via era smarrita. — a — b
— a — b

Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte — c 4
che nel pensier rinova la paura! — b

Tant'è amara che poco è più morte;
ma per trattar del ben ch'i' vi trovai, — c 7
dirò de l'altre cose ch'i' v'ho scorte. — d — c

Io non so ben ridir com' i' v'intrai, 10
tant'era pien di sonno a quel punto
che la verace via abbandonai.



Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
vo mesurando a passi tardi e lenti,
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Fourteenth Century Background

1. Universal chronology breaks down into “ages.”
2. Church breaks down into schism and heresy.
3. Empire breaks down, thanks to collapse of Pope-Emperor partnership.
4. Christendom breaks down into “Europe.”
5. Europe breaks down into nation-states.
6. Italy breaks down into communes.
7. France breaks down into the Hundred Years War. (1337)
8. International language of Latin breaks down into vernaculars.
9. Literatures break down into national/vernacular works.
10. Art breaks down into personal point of view (Giotto).
11. Traditional religion of church breaks down into personal piety, personal inspiration, personal secret religious communication, and mysticism.
12. Christian confidence, piety breaks down under burden of Black Death.
13. Philosophy breaks down into subjectivism, intuition (Ockham).
14. Social cohesion, labor cooperation, entrepreneurial/labor unity breaks down under the impact of Black Death. End of “happy” family manor, beginning of modern labor, unions vs. owners (example: Ciompi Rebellion in Florence, 1381)
15. Agriculture breaks down under over-extension, famine, drought, and then Black Death; no workers, land values explode, overpopulation.

Dante, Petrarch and Self Awareness

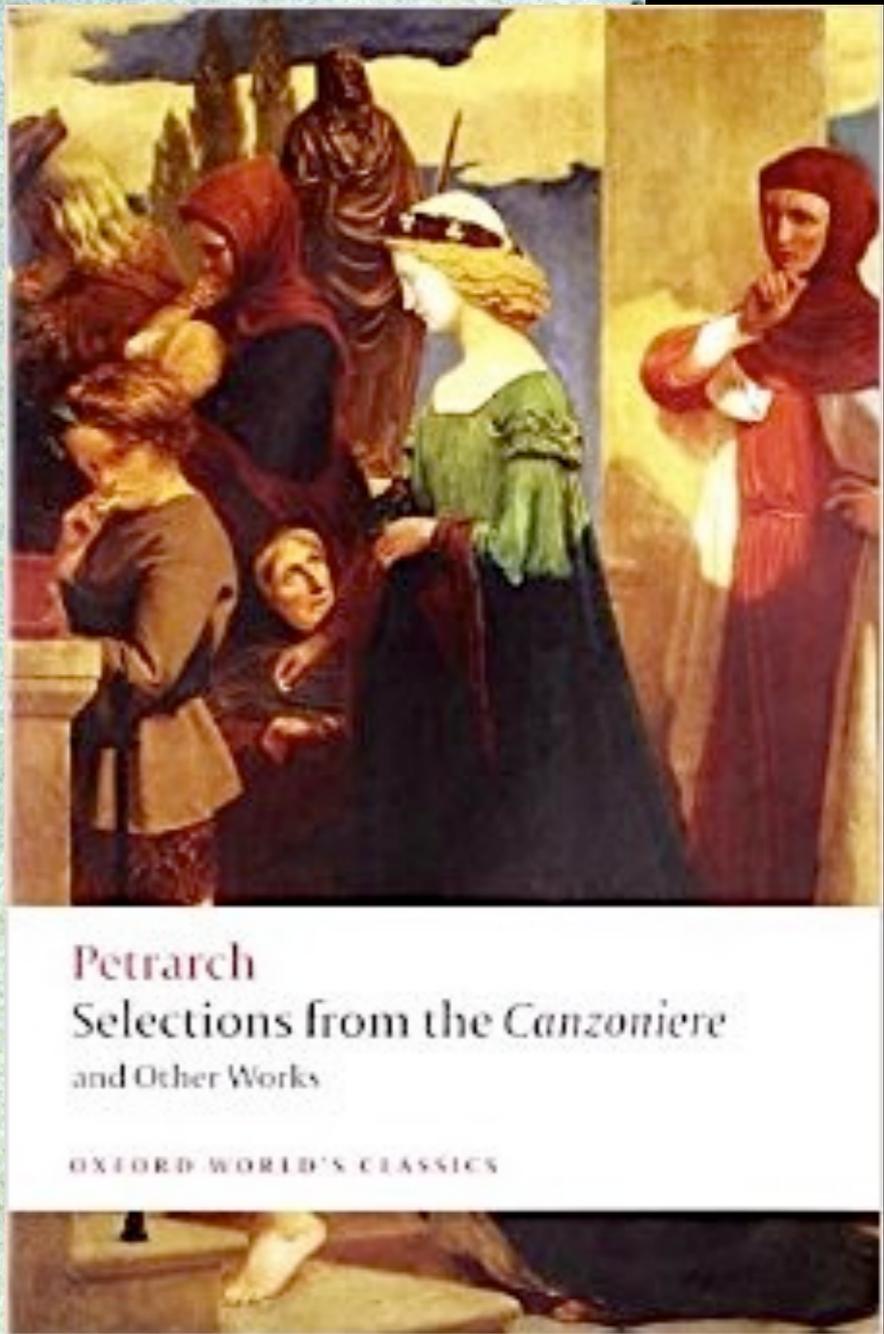
INDIVIDUALISM IN
WESTERN CIVILIZATION
the self in west

AUGUSTINE as first great
proponent of "self-hood"
Confessions as literature

Tradition all way to existentialism...
to Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky et al...
"passionate subjectivity" Kierkegaard's
phrase

the self in the west.....





Francesco Petrarca, 1304-1374



Francesco Petrarca
His Letter to
Posterity

Autobiography
Self awareness
Subjectivity

The Modern Man

Petrarch, "Letter To Posterity"

Francesco Petrarca, to Posterity, greeting:

It is possible that some word of me may have come to you, though even this is doubtful, since an insignificant and obscure name will scarcely penetrate far in either time or space. If, however, you should have heard of me, you may desire to know what manner of man I was, or what was the outcome of my labors, especially those of which some description or, at any rate, the bare titles may have reached you.

To begin, then, with myself. The utterances of men concerning me will differ widely, since in passing judgment almost every one is influenced not so much by truth as by preference, and good and evil report alike know no bounds. I was, in truth, a poor mortal like yourself, neither very exalted in my origin, nor, on the other hand, of the most humble birth, but belonging, as Augustus Caesar says of himself, to an ancient family. As to my disposition, I was not naturally perverse or wanting in modesty, however the contagion of evil associations may have corrupted me.

My youth was gone before I realized it; I was carried away by the strength of manhood. But a riper age brought me to my senses and taught me by experience the truth I had long before read in books, that youth and pleasure are vanity—nay, that the Author of all ages and times permits us miserable mortals, puffed up with emptiness, thus to wander about, until finally, coming to a tardy consciousness of our sins, we shall learn to know ourselves.

In my prime I was blessed with a quick and active body, although not exceptionally strong; and while I do not lay claim to remarkable personal beauty, I was comely enough in my best days. I was possessed of a clear complexion, between light and dark, lively eyes, and for long years a keen vision, which, however, deserted me, contrary to my hopes, after I reached my sixtieth birthday, and forced me, to my great annoyance, to resort to glasses. Although I had previously enjoyed perfect health, old age brought with it the usual array of discomforts.

My parents were honorable folk, Florentine in their origin, of medium fortune, or, I may as well admit it, in a condition verging upon poverty. They had been expelled from their native city, and consequently I was born in exile, at Arezzo, in the year 1304 of this latter age, which begins with Christ's birth, July the 20th, on a Monday, at dawn. I have always possessed an extreme contempt for wealth; not that riches are not desirable in themselves, but because I hate the anxiety and care which are invariably associated with them. I certainly do not long to be able to give gorgeous banquets. I have, on the contrary, led a happier existence with plain living and ordinary fare than all the followers of Apicius, with their elaborate dainties. So-called convivia, which are but vulgar bouts, sinning against sobriety and good manners, have always been repugnant to me. I have ever felt that it was irksome and profitless to invite others to such affairs, and not less so to be bidden to them myself. On the other hand, the pleasure of dining with one's friends is so great that nothing has ever given me more delight than their unexpected arrival, nor have I ever willingly sat down to table without a companion. Nothing displeases me more than display, for not only is it bad in itself and opposed to humility, but it is troublesome and distracting.

In my familiar associations with kings and princes, and in my friendship with noble personages, my good fortune has been such as to excite envy. But it is the cruel fate of those who are growing old that they can commonly only weep for friends who have passed away. The greatest kings of this age have loved and courted me. They may know why; I certainly do not. With some of them I was on such terms that they seemed in a certain sense my guests rather than I theirs; their lofty position in no way embarrassing me, but, on the contrary, bringing with it many advantages. I fled, however, from many of those to whom I was greatly

attached; and such was my innate longing for liberty that I studiously avoided those whose very name seemed incompatible with the freedom that I loved.

I possessed a well-balanced rather than a keen intellect— one prone to all kinds of good and wholesome study, but especially inclined to moral philosophy and the art of poetry. The latter, indeed, I neglected as time went on, and took delight in sacred literature. Finding in that a hidden sweetness which I had once esteemed but lightly, I came to regard the works of the poets as only amenities.

Among the many subjects that interested me, I dwelt especially upon antiquity, for our own age has always repelled me, so that had it not been for the love of those dear to me, I should have preferred to have been born in any other period than our own. In order to forget my own time, I have constantly striven to place myself in spirit in other ages, and consequently I delighted in history. The conflicting statements troubled me, but when in doubt I accepted what appeared most probable, or yielded to the authority of the writer.

My style, as many claimed, was clear and forcible; but to me it seemed weak and obscure. In ordinary conversation with friends, or with those about me, I never gave thought to my language, and I have always wondered that Augustus Caesar should have taken such pains in this respect. When, however, the subject itself, or the place or the listener, seemed to demand it, I gave some attention to style, with what success I cannot pretend to say; let them judge in whose presence I spoke. If only I have lived well, it matters little to me how I talked. Mere elegance of language can produce at best but an empty renown. . . .



LANGUAGE

Petrarch and Language

1. French
2. Italian
3. Latin
4. Greek



SCHOLARSHIP

Petrarch in the Library in Verona, 1345, Find Cicero

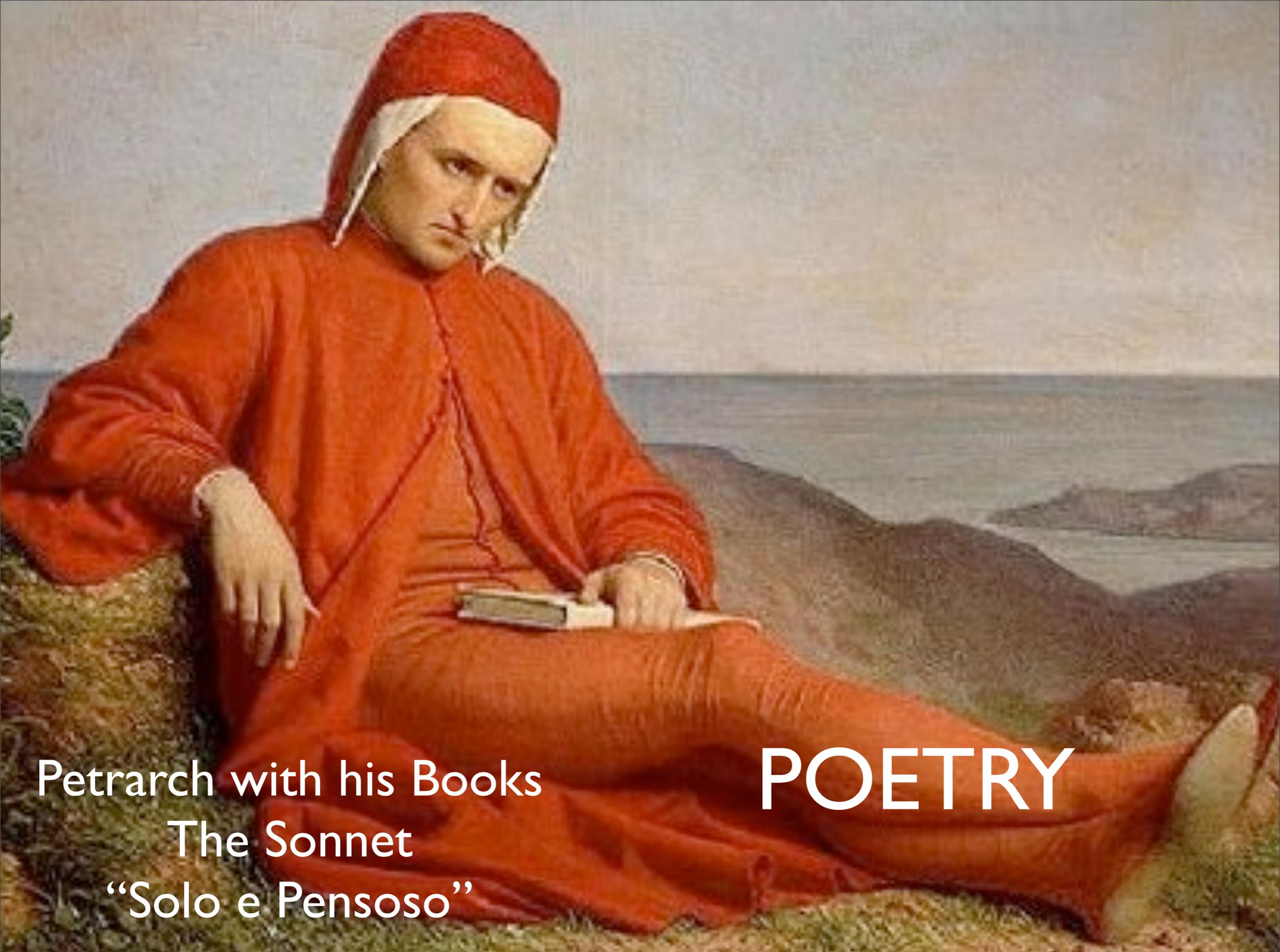


Petrarch's rediscovery of Cicero's letters is often credited with initiating the 14th-century Italian Renaissance and the founding of Renaissance humanism

Petrarch in the Forum
with friend
Giovanni Colonna



HISTORY



Petrarch with his Books
The Sonnet
“Solo e Pensoso”

POETRY



Petrarch with his Books
The Sonnet
“Solo e Pensoso”

Il Canzoniere
The Big Song Book



The Sonnet

1. Petrarch “invents” it.
2. One subject (love)
3. Short
14 lines (various)
12 syllables/line (various)
4. a/b/b/a
or
a/b/a/b

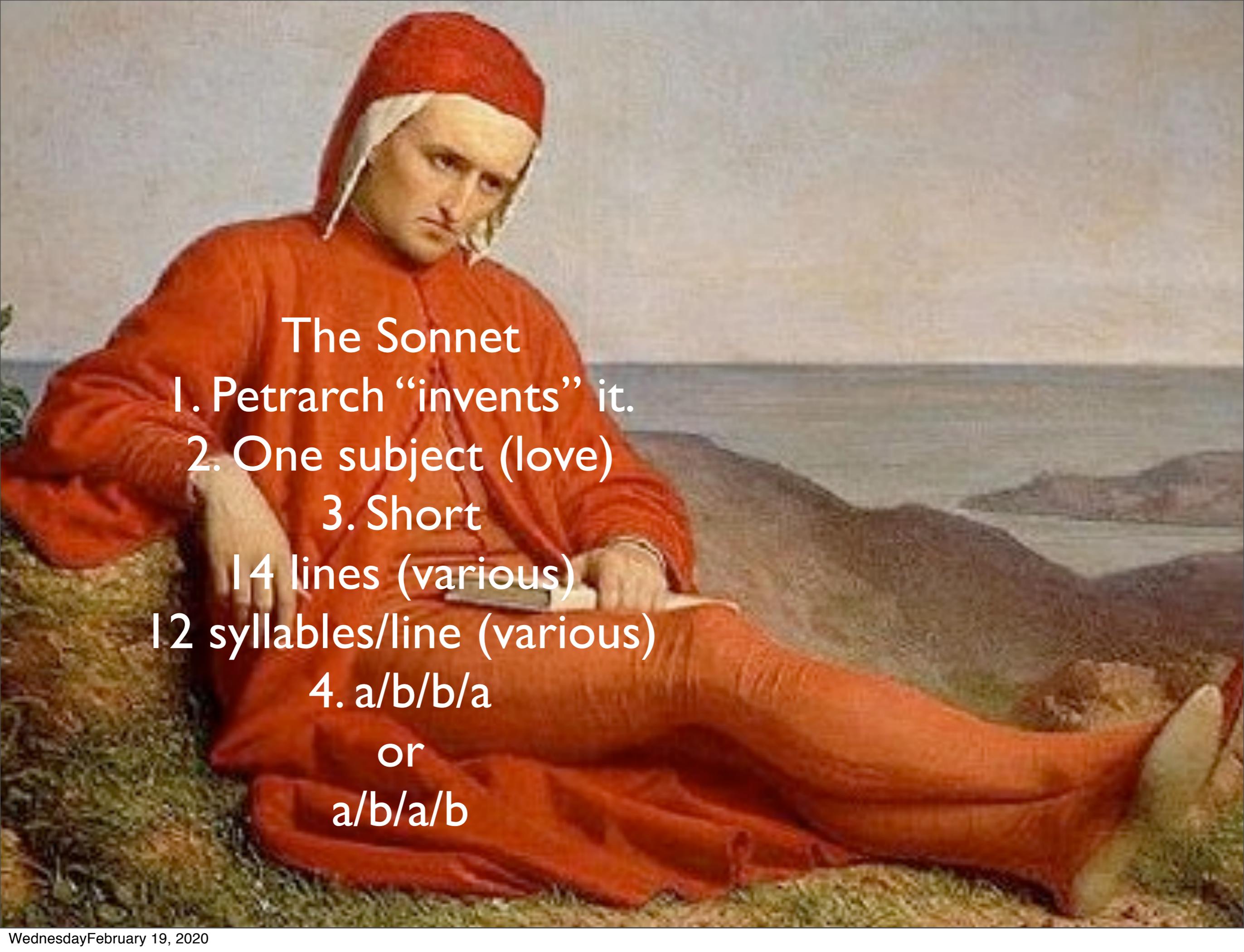


Wyatt
Sidney
Shakespeare
Donne
Milton
Wordsworth
Keats
Byron
Shelley

Sonnet XXIX: When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



The Sonnet

1. Petrarch “invents” it.
2. One subject (love)
3. Short
14 lines (various)
12 syllables/line (various)
4. a/b/b/a
or
a/b/a/b



Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
vo mesurando a passi tardi e lenti,
e gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
ove vestigio uman l'arena stampi.

Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi
dal manifesto accorger de la genti,
perché negli atti d'alegrezza spenti
di fuor si legge com'io dentro avampi.

Sì ch'io mi credo omai che monti e piagge,
e fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre
sia la mia vita, ch'è celata altrui.

Ma pur sì aspre vie, né sì selvagge
cercar non so, ch'Amor non venga sempre
ragionando con meco; et io co' lui.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
ché la diritta via era smarrita.

Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte
che nel pensier rinova la paura!

Tant' è amara che poco è più morte;
ma per trattar del ben ch' i' vi trovai,
dirò de l' altre cose ch' i' v' ho scorte.

Io non so ben ridir com' i' v' intrai,
tant' era pien di sonno a quel punto
che la verace via abbandonai.

Ma poi ch' i' fui al piè d' un colle giunto,
là dove terminava quella valle

che m' avea di paura il cor compunto,
guardai in alto e vidi le sue spalle
vestite già de' raggi del pianeta
che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle.

Allor fu la paura un poco queta,
che nel lago del cor m' era durata
la notte ch' i' passai con tanta pietà.

E come quei che con lena affannata,
uscito fuor del pelago a la riva,
si volge a l' acqua perigliosa e guata,
così l' animo mio, ch' ancor fuggiva,
si volse a retro a rimirar lo passo
che non lasciò già mai persona viva.

Poi ch' èi posato un poco il corpo lasso,
ripresi via per la piaggia diserta,
sì che 'l piè fermo sempre era 'l più basso.

Two of the three realms the voyager must visit.

When I had journeyed half of our life's way,
I found myself within a shadowed forest,
for I had lost the path that does not stray.

4 Ah, it is hard to speak of what it was, 4
that savage forest, dense and difficult,
which even in recall renews my fear:

7 so bitter—death is hardly more severe! 7
But to retell the good discovered there,
I'll also tell the other things I saw.

10 I cannot clearly say how I had entered 10
the wood; I was so full of sleep just at
the point where I abandoned the true path.

13 But when I'd reached the bottom of a hill— 13
it rose along the boundary of the valley
that had harassed my heart with so much fear—

16 I looked on high and saw its shoulders clothed 16
already by the rays of that same planet
which serves to lead men straight along all roads.

19 At this my fear was somewhat quieted; 19
for through the night of sorrow I had spent,
the lake within my heart felt terror present.

22 And just as he who, with exhausted breath, 22
having escaped from sea to shore, turns back
to watch the dangerous waters he has quit,

25 so did my spirit, still a fugitive, 25
turn back to look intently at the pass
that never has let any man survive.

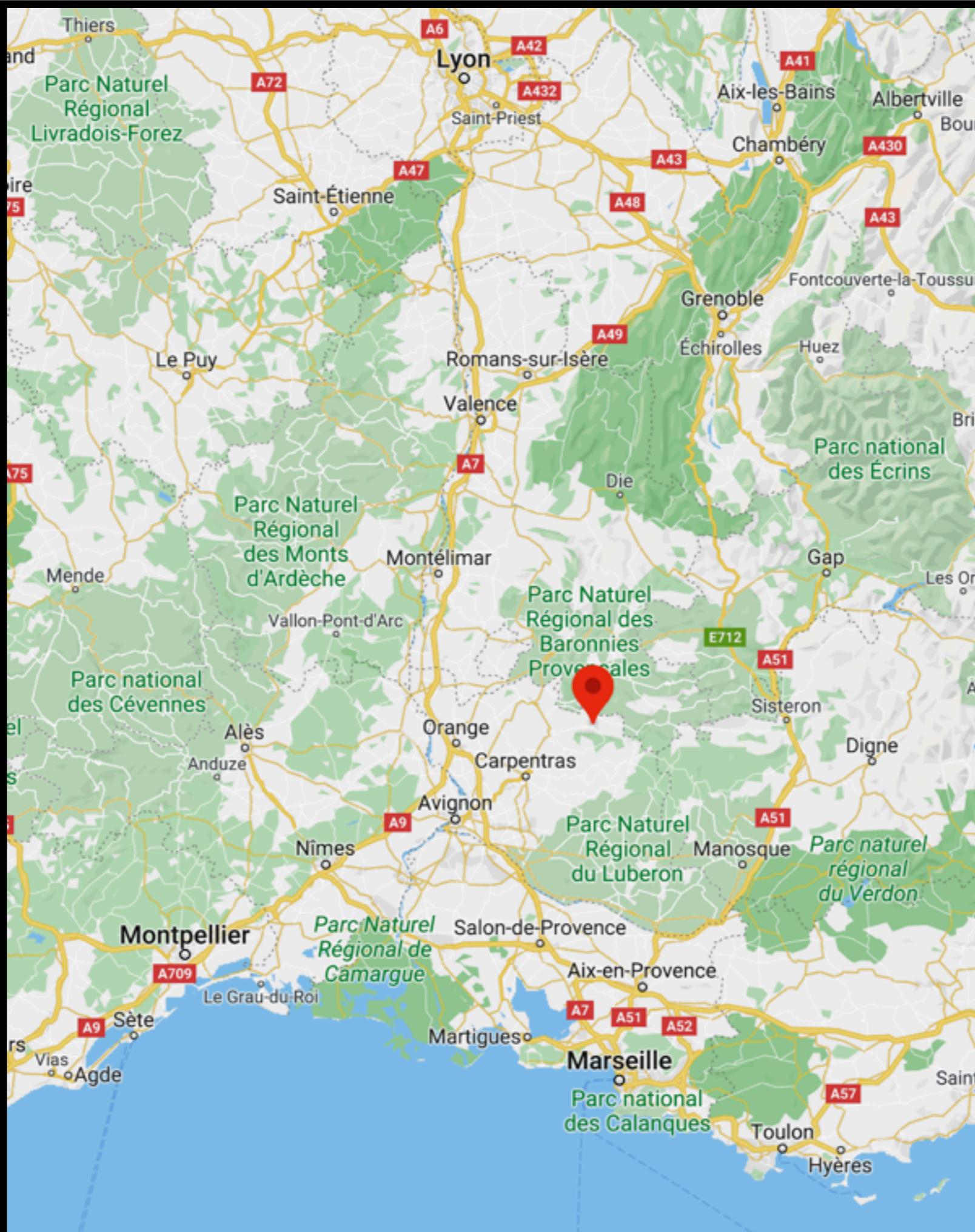
28 I let my tired body rest awhile. 28
Moving again, I tried the lonely slope—
my firm foot always was the one below.

Petrarch and La Mia Italia





PETRARCH'S ASCENT OF MONT VENTOUX





Mont Ventoux is a mountain in the Provence region of Southern France, located some 12 miles northeast of Carpentras, Vaucluse. On the north side, the mountain borders the *Drôme département*. At 6,263 ft it is the highest mountain in the region and has been nicknamed the "Beast of Provence", the "Giant of Provence",¹ or "The Bald Mountain". It has gained fame through its inclusion in the Tour de France cycling race; in 2009 it was the scene of the first penultimate-day mountain top finish in the Tour de France, with Alberto Contador sealing his yellow jersey.



The Italian poet Petrarch wrote about his ascent of Mont Ventoux in Provence on 26 April 1336 in a well-known letter published as one of his *Epistolae familiares* (IV, 1). In this letter, written around 1350, Petrarch claimed to be the first person since antiquity to have climbed a mountain for the view. His account is often cited in discussions of the new modern spirit of the Renaissance.



Jakob Burckhardt, in *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* declared Petrarch "a truly modern man", because of the significance of nature for his "receptive spirit"; even if he did not yet have the skill to describe nature Petrarch's implication that he was the first to climb mountains for pleasure, and Burckhardt's insistence on Petrarch's sensitivity to nature have been often repeated since. There are also numerous references to Petrarch as an "alpinist", although Mont Ventoux is not a hard climb, and is not usually considered part of the Alps.



The Legitimacy of the Modern Age by Hans Blumenberg describes Petrarch's ascent of Ventoux as "one of the great moments that oscillate indecisively between the epochs:" between the Medieval and the Modern Mind. The pure beauty of nature, of God's creation, the celebration of the beauty of this life, of bodies and the Medieval concentration on our sinful selves. So at the top Petrarch brings out his Augustine and reads the saints words.

To-day I made the ascent of the highest mountain in this region, which is not improperly called Ventosum. My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer. I have had the expedition in mind for many years; for, as you know, I have lived in this region from infancy, having been cast here by that fate which determines the affairs of men. Consequently the mountain, which is visible from a great distance, was ever before my eyes, and I conceived the plan of some time doing what I have at last accomplished to-day. The idea took hold upon me with especial force when, in re-reading Livy's *History of Rome*, yesterday, I happened upon the place where Philip of Macedon, the same who waged war against the Romans, ascended Mount Haemus in Thessaly, from whose summit he was able, it is said, to see two seas, the Adriatic and the Euxine. Whether this be true or false I have not been able to determine, for the mountain is too far away, and writers disagree. Pomponius Mela, the cosmographer - not to mention others who have spoken of this occurrence - admits its truth without hesitation; Titus Livius, on the other hand, considers it false. I, assuredly, should not have left the question long in doubt, had that mountain been as easy to explore as this one. Let us leave this matter one side, however, and return to my mountain here, - it seems to me that a young man in private life may well be excused for attempting what an aged king could undertake without arousing criticism.

While I was thus dividing my thoughts, now turning my attention to some terrestrial object that lay before me, now raising my soul, as I had done my body, to higher planes, it occurred to me to look into my copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, a gift that I owe to your love, and that I always have about me, in memory of both the author and the giver. I opened the compact little volume, small indeed in size, but of infinite charm, with the intention of reading whatever came to hand, for I could happen upon nothing that would be otherwise than edifying and devout. Now it chanced that the tenth book presented itself. My brother, waiting to hear something of St. Augustine's from my lips, stood attentively by. I call him, and God too, to witness that where I first fixed my eyes it was written: "And men go about to wonder at the heights of the mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not." I was abashed, I closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned from even the pagan philosophers that nothing is wonderful but the soul, which, when great itself, finds nothing great outside itself. Then, in truth, I was satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain; I turned my inward eye upon myself, and from that time not a syllable fell from my lips until we reached the bottom again. Those words had given me occupation enough, for I could not believe that it was by a mere accident that I happened upon them. What I had there read I believed to be addressed to me and to no other, remembering that St. Augustine had once suspected the same thing in his own case, when, on opening the book of the Apostle, as he himself tells us, the first words that he saw there were, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."



PETRARCH'S ASCENT OF MONT VENTOUX













AREZZO

Λ
2





Wednesday February 19, 2020







CAFFÈ DEI COSTANTI

VIAGGI/TA

ACQUAZZURE





Santa
Maria
della
Pieve
Arezzo

























Wednesday February 19, 2020











Wednesday February 19, 2020





















Petrarch's family moves to France in 1311





ITALY

Mt Ventoux

Pont du Gard

Avignon

Nîmes

Tarascon

Arles

Montpellier

Aigues-Mortes

La Grande-Motte

Camargue

Marseille

Toulon

Port-Grimaud

St-Tropez

Île de Port-Cros

Mougins

Antibes

St-Paul

Vence

Nice

Monaco

Digne

Entrevaux

Mende

Gap

Mediterranean Sea

SPAIN

Perpignan

Narbonne

Lot

Aveyron

Tarn

Rhône

Ardeche

Durance

Verdon

Var





Palace of the Popes, Avignon on the Rhone river



















ITALY

Mende

Gap

Digne

Mt Ventoux

Pont du Gard

Avignon

Entrevaux

Var

Nîmes

Vence

Nice

Monaco

Tarascon

Durance

Tourrette-sur-Loup

St-Paul

Montpellier

Arles

Mougins

Antibes

La Grande-Motte

Aiguës-Mortes

Camargue

Port-Grimaud

St-Tropez

Marseille

Toulon

Île de Port-Cros

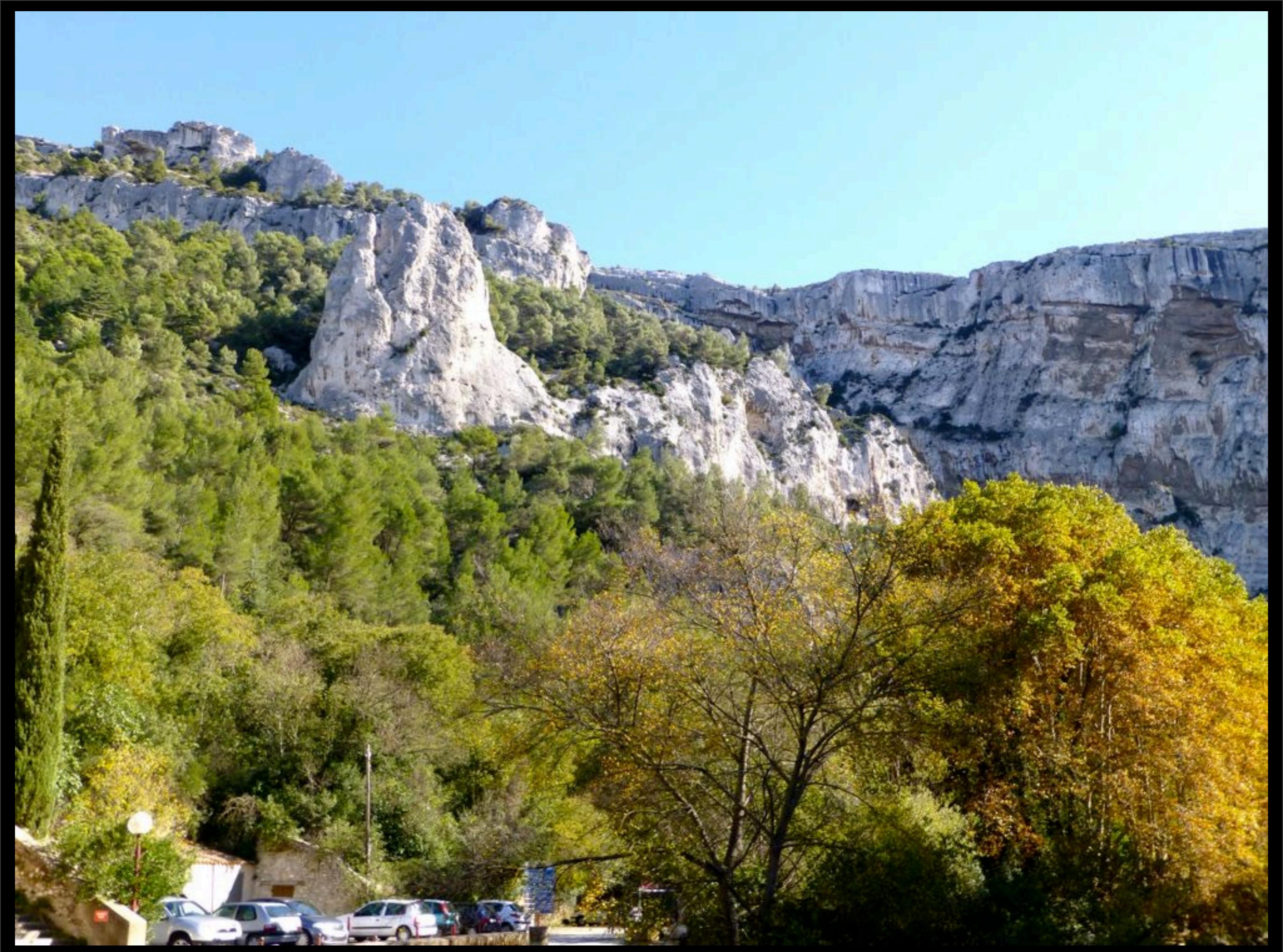
Narbonne

Perpignan

Collioure

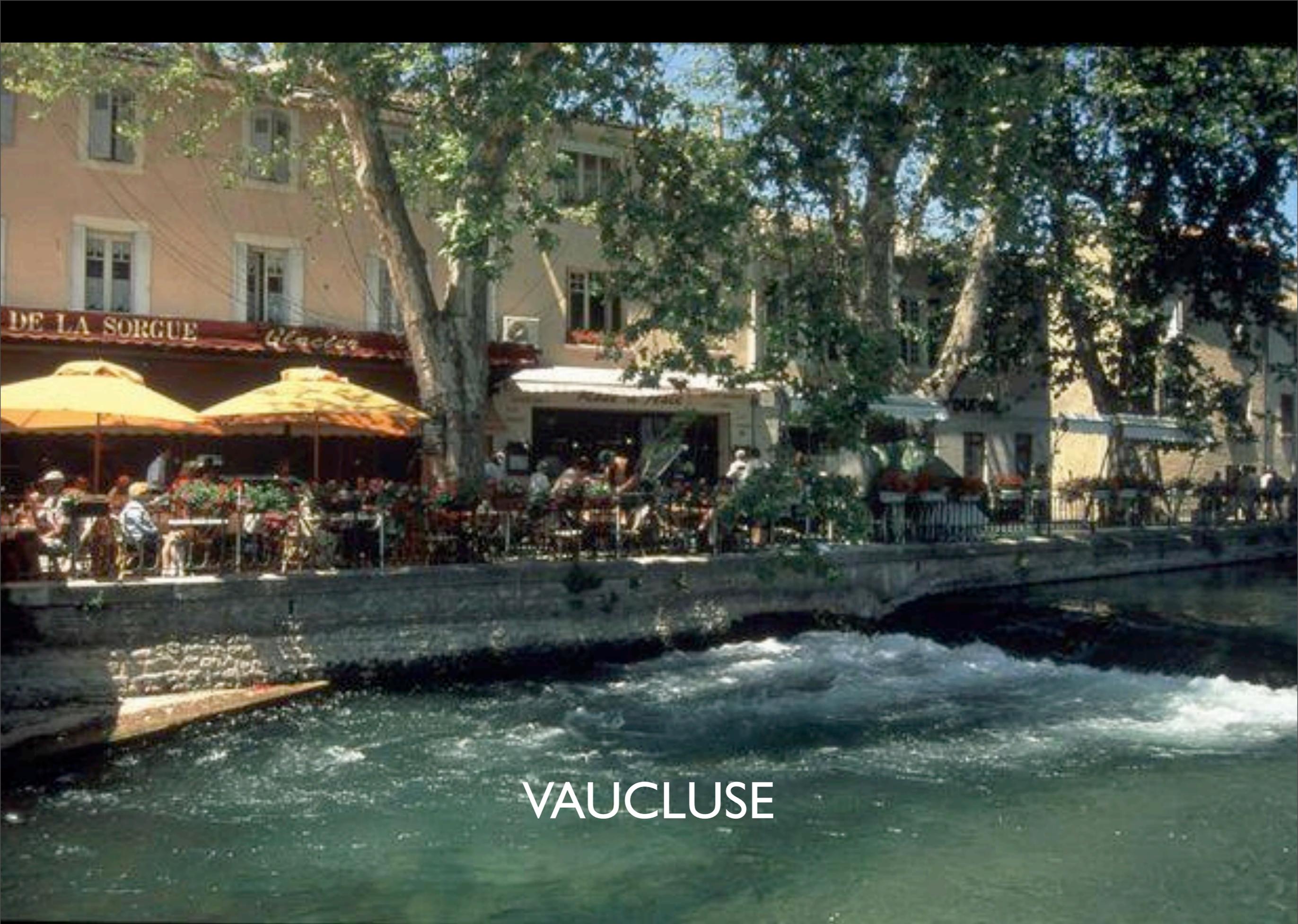
Mediterranean Sea

SPAIN



Wednesday February 19, 2020





VAUCLUSE





LE CHIARE FRESCHE E DOLCI ACQUE
DI QUESTA FONTANA GLORIOSA
AI PELLEGRINI DELLA POESIA
RIPETERANNO
NEI SECOLI DEI SECOLI
I NOMI CONGIUNTI DI PETRARCA E DI LAURA
DI FRANCIA E D'ITALIA

—
LA SOCIETÀ DANTE ALIGHIERI
POSE

8 SETTEMBRE 1963

—
DANS CETTE VALLÉE FLORE
FRONT LES PLAISIRS DU SIÈCLE
FRANÇOIS PETRARQUE
VINT ABRITER SA MÉDITATION
EN L'AUTOMNE DE L'ANNÉE 1374
FIDÈLE AU CULTÉ DE LAURE
ET A CÉTYDE DE L'ANTIQUITÉ
AUCUN LIEU NE FUT PLUS CHÈRE A SON CŒUR
NI PLUS PROPICE A SA GLOIRE

—
LA VILLE DE VAUGENÈSE A SON PÈRE

AOUT 1922





Wednesday February 19, 2020

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
ove le belle membra
pose colei che sola a me par donna;
gentil ramo ove piacque
(con sospir mi rimembra)
a lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
erba e fior che la gonna
leggiadra ricoverse
co l'angelico seno;
aere sacro, sereno,
ove Amor co' begli occhi il cor
m'aperse;
date udienza insieme
a le dolenti mie parole estreme.

Clear, cool, sweet, waters
where she, for me the only woman,
would rest her lovely body,
against the gentle branch
on which it pleased her
(sighing I remember it)
to make a column for her lovely side,
and grass and flowers which her gown
richly flowing covered
with its angelic folds,
sacred air serene
where Love with those fair eyes opened my
heart:
listen all of you together
to these my last, mournful words.











Arqua Petrarca, near Padova

















Rosée sculp

PETRARCA'S HAUS.









Cultura di Padova Settore Beni Culturali
Casa del Petrarca
L'ingresso è consentito solo a
30 minuti prima della chiusura

Orario dal 01/02 al 30/09
9.00-12.30 15.00-19.00

Orario dal 01/10 al 31/01
9.00-12.30 14.30-17.30

Chiuso lunedì non festivi - 01/01 - 01/02
01/08 - 01/09 - 01/10

Apertura: € 1,00 - Ridotto € 0,50

















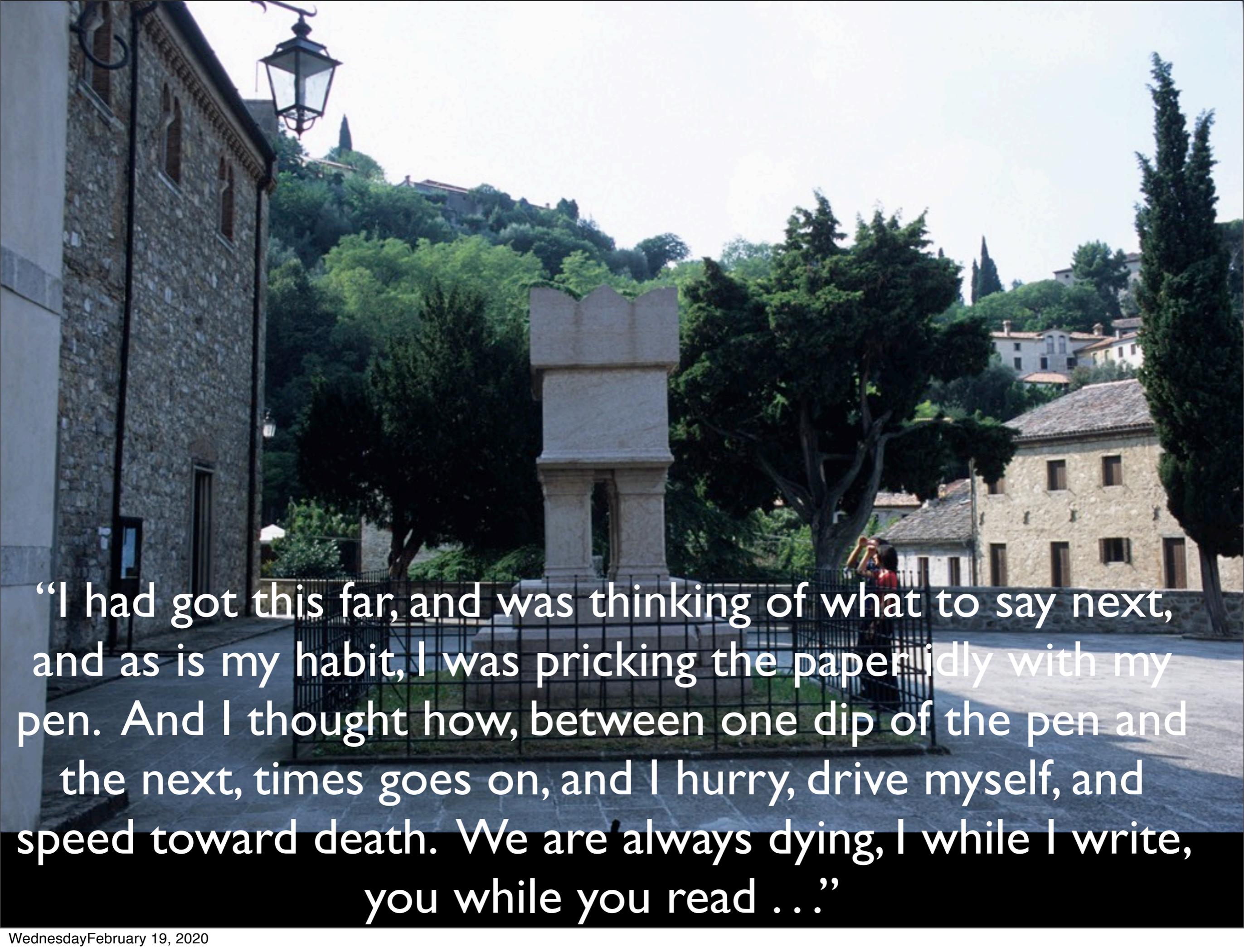




One bright summer morning on July 19, 1374
Petrarch's daughter Francesca went into this room
and found him slumped over his desk with pen in hand
as he wrote his *Life of Julius Caesar*.







“I had got this far, and was thinking of what to say next, and as is my habit, I was pricking the paper idly with my pen. And I thought how, between one dip of the pen and the next, times goes on, and I hurry, drive myself, and speed toward death. We are always dying, I while I write, you while you read ...”









Francesco Petrarca, 1304-1374



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