

The Other Voice: Amor nello specchio

There are two principal reasons for including *Amor nello specchio* (Love in the Mirror, 1622), by Giovan Battista Andreini (1576–1654), in the Other Voice series.

The first has to do with the highly unusual theme of this Baroque work, set in Florence early in the seventeenth century. For *Love in the Mirror* represents the triumph of women over the early modern patriarchal system that defined and regulated sexuality and gender roles. The play features a passionate, consensual love affair between its two female protagonists, Florinda and Lidia. Andreini knew the Italian theatrical tradition as few others could have, but in *Love in the Mirror* chose to break openly with the great sex comedies of the sixteenth century. In these works women may fall in love with women, but because of disguise and deceit the erotic bond between these earlier female characters is always seen as a comic error to be corrected by the end of the play. Instead, in Andreini's experimental comedy, Florinda and Lidia choose to love one another freely and openly, "breast to breast and mouth to mouth," with full awareness of their actions. Neither has a father or other male relative to command her; they fear no one and nothing; both are financially and intellectually independent; unwanted suitors are spurned, scorned, jailed, and even beaten by them; and the most powerful male figure in the play (the Wizard) cannot help to bring them back into line, even though he commands the art of natural magic. The conventions of the comic genre, whose roots may ultimately derive from the fertility rituals of ancient Greece, require that the two women be married off at the end of the play, for order must be restored to society, usually through marriage, so as to guarantee its rebirth in a new generation. Andreini, however, supplies an ingenious—if wholly Baroque—means of preserving Florinda's love for Lidia, even within the confines of her marriage to Lidia's brother. The love story between Florinda and Lidia is, in short, a milestone for the European stage, although destined to languish in oblivion for centuries after its initial publication.

The second reason for inclusion of *Love in the Mirror* in this series is biographical. Andreini was the eldest child of Isabella Canali

Andreini (1562–1604), the greatest actress of her age, and one of the leading European women of letters of the late sixteenth century. She married the actor Francesco Andreini (1548–1624) of the *Compagnia dei Gelosi*, one of the premier *commedia dell'arte* troupes, in 1575: Isabella was only fourteen years old when Giovan Battista was born, and her career as an actress and writer lay almost entirely in front of her. Although her son was eventually sent to study in Bologna, a profound and lasting bond formed between a young mother and son extremely close in age. By the 1580s, Isabella was a diva whose legendary performances as a chaste young lover (*innamorata*) made her a celebrity throughout Italy and France, in an age in which relatively few women appeared on stage in Europe.¹ Her range was remarkable, and she could cross over gender boundaries with ease: she was not only a supreme improviser as a lovestruck maiden but was also known to play male roles. Isabella could appear on stage, in other words, not only as the transvestite of Italian learned comedy (*commedia erudita*) or *commedia dell'arte*, in which a female character dressed like a young man before returning to her subordinate place in the patriarchal order, but also in the role of the main male character.² She seems to have transmitted some of her interest in publicly crossing gender boundaries to her son, who was later to write the transgressive *Love in the Mirror*, with its story of same-sex love and desire, in order to showcase two actresses. Compared with his theatrical contemporaries, Andreini was remarkably attuned to the range of women's experience and was himself deeply devoted to the cult of the Magdalen, to whom he dedicated several sacred works.

Both parents hoped, after investing in his education, that their son would practice a more socially respectable profession such as law. Giovan Battista chose the theater instead and was acting with

1. Women performed more freely in Italy than anywhere else in Europe, but they did perform in Spain, despite periodic but only temporary injunctions against actresses there, and sometimes in France as well. For Italy, see M. A. Katritzky, "Reading the Actress in *Commedia Imagery*," *Women Players in England, 1500–1660: Beyond the All-Male Stage*, ed. Pamela A. Brown and Peter Parolin (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2005), 109–43. See, for Spain, Part 2 ("Actrices") of *Genealogía, origen y noticias de los comediantes de España*, ed. N. D. Shergold and J. E. Varey (London: Tamesis Books, 1985), 365–570.

2. For instance, Isabella is believed to have played the title role in the pastoral *L'Aminta* by Torquato Tasso. Aminta is a male shepherd who falls in love with a nymph, Silvia, who cannot return his love because she has devoted herself to the goddess Diana. See Valeria Finucci, "Isabella Andreini," *Routledge Encyclopedia of Italian Literature*, 2 vols. (New York: Routledge, 2006), 1: 39.

his parents' troupe by the time he was eighteen. As the *innamorato* named Lelio he would, presumably, have appeared regularly on stage with his mother, since she played a similar role, while Francesco Andreini usually played the role of Capitano Spavento—a brilliant refashioning of the traditional braggart warrior role (*miles gloriosus*). We may suppose that Giovan Battista learned his actor's craft from his parents but especially from his mother, whose principal stage role was closest to his own: he would in fact continue to play Lelio for decades after her death. Isabella was a gifted poet as well as the first published professional woman playwright in Italy, and, here again, her son followed her lead, publishing volumes of verse, both sacred and profane, as well as plays ranging from comedies to tragicomedies to tragedies. In this choice of a writing as well as an acting career, he took after his mother more than his father, although the latter also published several works (but not full-length plays of his own). Outside of England, no contemporary actor-writer in Europe even came close to matching Giovan Battista's literary output in the first few decades of the seventeenth century. Unlike many children of famous artists, Andreini was, in developing his own voice and creative direction, seemingly uninhibited by his mother's renown in Italy and abroad. Instead, she was a primary source of inspiration throughout his long life on the stages of Europe. His writings for the theater are highly original and stand on their own merits, but they may legitimately be viewed as the commemoration and transmission of the legacy of Isabella Andreini. Small wonder that, as an old man approaching death, when Giovan Battista wrote a letter recounting his life and that of his family, he signed it simply "Lelio, figlio d'Isabella"—Isabella's son Lelio.³

Text and Context

The Baroque, born in Italy, was the first global aesthetic. Spreading quickly across a large swath of the planet, from Rome to Goa and Manila, from Madrid to Mexico City and Lima, it not only internationalized Italian culture as never before but introduced a fundamentally new way of seeing, representing, and narrating. How did the Baroque differ from what came before it? The answer is to be found chiefly in its deliberate break with the tenets of ancient and Renaissance

3. Maurizio Rebaudengo, *Giovan Battista Andreini tra poetica e drammaturgia* (Turin: Rosenberg & Sellier, 1994), 25.

A Reading of Love in the Mirror

Love in the Mirror is a play about magic of many different kinds. Some of these may sound familiar enough to modern readers: the magic of mirrors, of sexuality, of love, of illusion. Yet, in this play, these and other kinds of magic possess meanings specific to Andreini's Baroque vision of existence. The title itself tells of two of them. The magic of love in the play is not to be confused with what we today think of as "romantic" love: it is instead to be attributed to a powerful divinity, Eros or Cupid. His is a superhuman force, external to the human mind and heart, which no human can influence or, for that matter, explain. The love god is capricious and arbitrary, yet all are subject to his will, and he takes his revenge on those who defy his edicts, as Florinda learns. Because of the love god, things happen to the characters without warning and without any evident logic, like a *coup de foudre* or the sudden reappearance of a long-lost and never-mentioned twin. When we think today of the magic of the mirror, on the other hand, we are likely to consider it as an optical device, chiefly for viewing what cannot otherwise be seen by the unaided eye. Although it has this function in *Love in the Mirror*, the mirror is, more to the point for Andreini, a metaphor: or rather, it is a metaphor for metaphor, the uncontrollable proliferation of signs, images, and figures—leading to doubling upon doubling, ad infinitum—that defines the Baroque aesthetic as one of radical ungrounding. Furthermore, following the classic comic tradition, the play is concerned with the magic of sexuality (the remote origins of Western comedy may perhaps lie in ancient fertility rites), but once again this is not to be understood in a modern sense. Here, sexual magic is about the truly inexplicable—in 1622—reproductive mysteries of the organism, from pregnancy and childbirth to the failure of nature to differentiate adequately between its creations when twins are conceived, to the doubling of sexual organs in the body of the hermaphrodite. Finally, the magic of illusion is represented in the play, at the level of the plot, by the wizard Arfasat. He is a master of natural or sympathetic magic, capable of discovering buried treasure or controlling the weather; even more astonishingly, however, he can produce a seemingly identical double of the body of a sleeping person, summoning a spectacle out of thin air. Yet, for all this, in *Love in the Mirror* the magic of the *magus* stands above all as a metaphor for the very function of the theater itself in Baroque culture. Magic is, like the theater, the supreme instrument of illusion,

and Arfasat is but a figure for the playwright, who can conjure a spectacle—and the world that it evokes—out of thin air too, using a pen instead of a magic wand.³⁶

Like one of the many monstrous beings mentioned in it, *Love in the Mirror* is a hybrid text combining other forms of theater, a skillful assemblage of elements taken from the Western comic tradition. The stage set displays a piazza or street, with three houses fronting onto it: Lidia's, Florinda's, and Orimberto's. The sixteenth-century Italian *commedia erudita* or learned comedy (so called because it imitated the classic Roman stage) adopted this device from the ancient comedies of Plautus and Terence, and Andreini maintains it in his own "new comedy." The action takes place primarily in front of the three houses, but there are scenes (such as II.6 or IV.2) in which characters are seen at a window. Therefore, unlike the rudimentary stage of the *commedia dell'arte*, which could be quickly set up or struck by the itinerant troupe, Andreini's comedy seems to have required the construction of a fixed scene, as was the norm for learned comedy.

The 1999 film adaptation of the play beautifully displays several versions of this set.³⁷ There are a number of other, less immediately visible, differences between the play and its immediate predecessors in the early modern comic genre. The Arte players generally used scenarios instead of full-length scripts like *Love in the Mirror*, leaving room for them to improvise, whereas the play's five-act structure clearly refers to the scripted model of learned comedy originally derived from the Plautine tradition. No masked actors appear on stage, although several roles or "maschere"—Lelio, Lidia, Florinda—come directly from the Arte plays for which the Compagnia dei Fedeli was renowned. Nor is there the slightest hint of a transclass love affair in *Love in the*

36. The first known performance of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* was only a little over a decade before the publication of *Love in the Mirror*. Andreini is certainly not Shakespeare, and there is no evidence that he knew the latter's work. Both were, however, professional men of the theater, keenly attuned to the tastes of the public and well-versed in the new Baroque aesthetic. Given Shakespeare's familiarity with a variety of Italian literary sources, from Petrarch to the *commedia dell'arte*, it is not surprising that these two prolific dramatists shared some important themes. Corneille's *L'Illusion comique* (*The Comic Illusion*) was to return to this same notion just a few years later, in 1639.

37. This is clear from the performance instructions that Andreini included at the end of the play, where he notes: "If there should be more streets, as is the case in some theaters, there should be even more actors dressed as Death." Luca Ronconi instead used facing Renaissance palaces, and the street in between them, for his 2002 open-air production of *Love in the Mirror* in the historic center of Ferrara.

are transformed into moving images. At the end of the film, after a final performance of the play *Love in the Mirror* in the magnificent theater of Sabbioneta, the company's players yield their place on stage to Kircher and his magic lantern, which enralls the public with the projection of monstrous and bizarre beings onto a screen.⁶¹ By including the magic lantern and other early modern optical devices in the film, Maira makes the point (which he confirms in the final sequence) that Andreini's inexhaustible and restless experimentalism seems, both technically and intellectually, to anticipate the cinema.⁶² A film about *Love in the Mirror* has, in this sense, to be a metafilm, a Baroque folding of layer upon layer of representation and illusion. Before the final credits roll, a caption reminds viewers that Molière saw Andreini perform in Paris in the mid-1640s, thus confirming a fragile link between one of the greatest early modern European comic playwrights, whose canonical status is unquestioned today, and his almost forgotten Italian predecessor.

Remarks on the Translation

Inevitably there are many difficult decisions to be made by any translator of Baroque literature, no matter what the target language may be. In the 1600s, witty conceits and far-fetched metaphors were in vogue in many parts of Europe. Theatergoers in the English-speaking world can readily comprehend the obstacles faced by translators trying to bring Shakespeare over into another tongue, whether it be Portuguese, Hindi, or Japanese. For if a good deal of Shakespearean dialogue is challenging for the modern ear, some of it is quite obscure—even for fluent speakers of English—without an annotated text at hand. In the rapid-fire exchanges of wit in *Twelfth Night*, for instance, the puns and jokes hover at times on the edge of incomprehensibility. Finding equivalent expressions for elaborate rhetorical figures in another language, without doing violence to the underlying

61. On the relationship between the magic lantern and magic itself, see Koen Vermeir, "The Magic of the Magic Lantern (1660–1700): On Analogical Demonstration and the Visualization of the Invisible," *British Journal of the History of Science* 38, no. 2 (2005): 129.

62. For a description of the projection devices available to Andreini during his own lifetime, see Laurent Mannoni, Donata Pesenti Campagnoni, and David Robinson, *Light and Movement: Incunabula of the Motion Picture 1420–1896/Luce e movimento: incunaboli dell'immagine animata 1420–1896/Lumière et mouvement: incunables de l'image animée 1420–1896* (Gemona, Italy: Le Giornate del Cinema Muto, 1995), 62–63.

ing meaning of the original version, is no simple matter, and this was certainly the case in translating *Love in the Mirror* into English. On the other hand, the translator of early modern drama has the luxury of being able to unravel its dense verbal and figural textures, back-filling and expanding through modulation and paraphrase what has become linguistically or semantically alien to us. Every translation is a priori an interpretation, of course, but in this case the loss of poetic force through the act of translation may prove at least to be a gain in coherence for today's reader.

I have sought to translate the play, as nearly as possible, into our contemporary idiom. It was my aim to produce a version that could be transformed, without insurmountable linguistic barriers, into a performance text, or, in other words, into a script for today's players. I avoided archaisms whenever I could, while leaving intact the tissue of often obscure classical references woven throughout Andreini's text. Although it might have seemed logical to a nineteenth-century translator to imitate the syntactical and lexical choices of Shakespeare, Jonson, and other Anglo-Saxon contemporaries of Andreini, I have tried to keep as far as possible from any echo of Elizabethan/Jacobean speech patterns,⁶³ while respecting forms of address then in use. Nor have I transposed the northern Italian dialect spoken on rare occasion in the play into an English-language equivalent such as Cockney or Brooklynese: for this would limit overmuch the possibilities of the performance text. However, mindful of the Italian proverb "traduttore traditore" ("the translator is a traitor"), I have tried to translate faithfully the original text, making no attempt to eliminate any of its elements for the sake of a smoother end result in contemporary English. The only exception is the list of demons in III.10, which I thought untranslatable, since they seem to be an invention of Andreini's bor-

63. The one exception is Granello's pun (I.6) on the genitive case in Latin, for which I owe a particular debt to Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV.1:

EVANS. What is your genitive case plural, William?

WILLIAM. Genitive case?

EVANS. Ay.

WILLIAM. Genitive: horum, harum, horum.

QUICKLY. Vengeance of Jenny's case; fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVANS. For shame, oman.

QUICKLY. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call "horum;" fie upon you!

dering on nonsense and serving chiefly for the purposes of rhyme and meter: the facing Italian text contains these names, for those who wish to know them. If this present version is to be employed for a modern staging, directors and dramaturgs will want to adapt it. In translating *Love in the Mirror*, in short, I have taken seriously the question of performance, but without trying to determine the direction in which future readings or stagings may go.

One difficulty that presents itself immediately to the translator, as well as to the reader, of *Love in the Mirror* is that of honorific titles and forms of address. The Baroque was a culture in which distinction mattered a great deal and could even—as in anything concerning honor—be an issue of life and death. Andreini employs a welter of titles and forms of address in ways that are difficult to convey to a modern reader, accustomed as she may be to a more casual system of social interaction. In the play some are interchangeable, while others may be used variously to signal deference, respect, or (at times) contempt. Andreini leaves the social rank of some of the play's most important characters deliberately unclear: Lelio, Guerindo, Florinda, and Lidia seem to belong to the uppermost stratum of the urban bourgeoisie, as would be appropriate for the *innamorati* roles of the *commedia dell'arte* whose names they share.⁶⁴ I have generally translated the title “Madonna” literally, i.e., “Madam” or “My lady,” and have kept the same translation for “Signora.” I have, however, also used “Mistress” frequently. Given that “Mister” did not come into usage in English until well after this period, in translating “Signore” I have opted for “Master” instead. This form of address was the forerunner of “Mister,” and was by the early 1600s used as a respectful form of address for men of this same social stratum among speakers of English. Occasionally I have used “Sir” in the body of the play, but only where it does not suggest that the addressee was a noble. The one exception is in V.4, in which Bernetta mocks Eugenio, whom she believes to be a woman trying to pass as a man.

The noble to whom the play is dedicated, the Marquis de Bassompierre, is addressed by the playwright as “Eccellenza Vostra Signoria Illustrissima,” “Signore Illustrissimo,” and “Vostra Signoria Illustrissima,” all of which I have translated as “Your Most Illustrious Lordship.” A version of this same title is accorded to the Judge and

64. The actors in the Compagnia dei Fedeli generally played the same stock roles in different plays in the repertory and would have been known to the public as “Lelio” (G. B. Andreini), “Florinda” (Virginia Ramponi), “Lidia” (Virginia Rotari), and so on.

the Governor, the highest-ranking characters in the play, socially speaking, although both would have been far below Bassompierre's own exalted status. Andreini also addresses Bassompierre in the dedication as "Signore," however, which in this case means "(Your) Lordship." There is, however, an important caveat to be made here. The similar-sounding title "Vostra Signoria" is employed on many occasions by the characters in the play. A servant may use it to indicate respect (I.4, III.8, V.5, V.9), as may characters of equal social rank (I.5: the exchange between Lidia and Sufronio; III.1: between Lidia and Florinda, IV.6, V.6–V.7); or it may sometimes be employed in a facetious fashion (I.3, II.6, III.3). I have translated this term throughout as "Your Lordship/Ladyship" or "Your Excellency." None of the characters has anything like the rank of Andreini's Parisian patron, and so the use of these terms in their conversations needs to be seen in the context of the play, rather than in relation to Andreini's delicate negotiations with the uppermost crust of the French nobility. The ambiguities in his use of Italian would, in short, make a mockery of any machine translation.

Because there is meant to be much music in the play, I have freely translated the songs and incantations into rhymed verses, following Andreini's rhyme schemes as closely as possible. In each case I have provided a literal translation in a note, since there is considerable variance between the rhymed and unrhymed versions. The vocative case occurs frequently in Andreini's Italian, moreover, as it does in Shakespeare's English.⁶⁵ I have tried to distinguish carefully between 'O' (vocative) and 'Oh' (emotional interjection), although the seventeenth-century Italian text often does not provide any orthographic difference between them.

Finally, the title of the work, *Amor nello specchio* or *Love in the Mirror*, contains a crucial play on words. "Amor(e)" refers to two things at once: one of these is love, but the other is the mythological god known as Eros or Cupid. The mirror is the means through which love may be ignited in the play (for instance, between Florinda and Lidia), but it is also the chosen residence of the love god himself: we learn from Florinda (I.3) that this personification of love is, literally, *in the mirror*. In the play, the powers of the Greco-Roman deity of love are often discussed and his attributes described in detail (see, for instance,

65. See, again, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV.1: EVANS. "What is the focative case, William?" WILLIAM. "O-vocativo, O."

I.3 and III.1). Sometimes, however, the characters speak of love, which, even if the word is capitalized in the text, is not to be understood as a reference to the god himself. The dedication emphasizes the double meaning of “Amor(e),” shifting back and forth between the passion and its personification, which cannot be easily separated from one another, and this undecidability remains throughout the rest of the work. I have therefore based the translation of “Amor(e)” on the context in which the term appears each time. Although there are instances in which both meanings may be plausible, this is, of course, just what Andreini—with his ardent Baroque wit—intended.

This edition of *Love in the Mirror* is based on the 1622 first edition and the 1997 critical edition established by Salvatore Maira and Anna Michela Borracci. It is dedicated to my daughter, Isabella, whose love of the theater since early childhood has inspired me in my work.

Interlocutori

Florinda
Bernetta serva

Guerindo
Coradella servo

Sufronio
Silvio figlio
Testuggine servo

Orimberto uomo di Palazzo

Lidia sola

Lelio
Granello servo

Mago
Griffo
Orco
7 spiriti in forma di marinari

Spirito mostruoso
Menippo
Cruone
7 spiriti da facchini
4 vesti<ti> da Morte

Latanzio governatore
Notaro
4 labardieri

Eugenio fratello simile di Lidia

Melina serva
Peruccio servo
Giudice

Dramatis personae^x

Florinda

Bernetta (her servant)

Guerindo

Coradella (his servant)

Sufronio

Silvio (his son)

Testuggine (his servant)

Orimberto (courtier)

Lidia (alone)

Lelio

Granello (his servant)

Wizard [Arfasat]

Griffon

Ogre

7 spirits in the form of sailors

Monstrous spirit [Death]

Menippus

Cruon

7 spirits in the form of porters

4 [spirits] dressed as Death

Latanzio (the Governor)

Notary

4 halberdiers

Eugenio (Lidia's twin brother)

Melina (servant)

Peruccio (servant)

Judge

morte. Tu piangi, e io non piango? Tu sospiri, e in sospiri l'anima io non spiro? Giuro al cielo che d'ogn'uomo io voglio far crudelissimo scempio, per consolarti, o sconcolato volto, che 'n tal guisa trafitto se' che per Florinda non ti riconosco.

Scena Quinta

[Testuggine, Lidia, Florinda]

TESTUGGINE Signora Florinda, chi ha tempo non aspetti tempo; amate prima che 'l diavolo ci ponga la coda.

FLORINDA Che diavolo? Che coda? Che sieno maledetti gli uomini e le loro code.

TESTUGGINE Ohimè ferma! Ohimè, ferma ferma! Per mia fé son Testuggine, ma hammi giovato il correr da cervo. Uh, dalli alla nemica degli uomini, che bastona gli uomini!

FLORINDA Levati di qui che giuro al cielo t'uccido.

TESTUGGINE Volete che vi presti il pugnale, che ve lo porrete sotto il grombiale per assalir gli uomini con maggior superchiaria.

FLORINDA Levati dico; se non ch'io...

TESTUGGINE Che diamberne, è spiritata, io parto, io parto.

FLORINDA Or che dici, l'effetto fu conforme la promessa? O vago, delicato viso, pur alquanto se' lieto, pare in un che tu sorrida e che tu mi dica che benissimo feci, per trar te di doglia, a bastonar colui. Cre-di pur che di tutti gli uomini come nemica farò crudelissimo scempio. Ma chi è costui? Ripiglio il legno.

Scena Sesta

[Granello, Florinda, Lidia]

GRANELLO Signora.

does not breathe its last with sighs? I swear to heaven that to console you, o inconsolable face, I wish to make an utterly cruel example of each and every man; for you're now transfixed in such a manner that Florinda doesn't even recognize you.

Scene Five

[Testuggine, Lidia, Florinda]

TESTUGGINE Those who have time shouldn't wait for the right time to come, Mistress Florinda; love, then, before the devil sticks his tail into things.

FLORINDA What devil? What tail? Curses on men and their tails.
[*she beats him with a stick*]

TESTUGGINE Ow, stop! Stop, stop! I swear that I'm Testuggine, like a turtle, but just now it would've been better to run like a deer. Go on, give it to her, the enemy of men, the woman who thrashes men!

FLORINDA Now get out of here or I swear to heaven I'll kill you.

TESTUGGINE Do you want me to loan you my dagger, so you can hide it under your apron and assault men with even greater arrogance?

FLORINDA Get out of here, I say; otherwise I'll...

TESTUGGINE What the devil!... She's possessed... I'm going, I'm going.

FLORINDA What do you say now? Does it look like I kept my promise to you? O lovely, delicate face, however happy you may be, you seem at one and the same time to smile and to tell me I've done the right thing to ease your pain by thrashing that fellow. Believe me: as their enemy, I'll make an utterly cruel example of all men. But who's this? I must take up my cudgel again.

Scene Six

[Granello, Florinda, Lidia]

GRANELLO My lady.

FLORINDA Signora.

GRANELLO Olà, ferma, ferma. Giuro al cielo, se non foste quella che siete...

FLORINDA Che? Che dici tu?

GRANELLO Niente, niente.

FLORINDA Levati di qui or ora, che giur'al cielo...

GRANELLO Io vado, io vado signora, ma arricordatevi che mi avete ben ben verberato, per non dir bastonato.

FLORINDA Porta queste legna al tuo padrone, di' con queste il fuoco d'Amore anderà crescendo; e caso che queste tue bastonate non sieno bastanti, n'ho ancor non so quante per sua signoria.

GRANELLO Or ora fo l'ambasciata.

FLORINDA O vermigliuzzo volto, o serenati lumi, o labbra rubiconde e sorridenti, or sì che tutto quel bello col quale s'abbellisce la Bellezza istessa, è ritornato a trionfar nel seggio del tuo volto.

Ohimè, questo capello d'oro offende troppo la rosata guancia. Ma che? Non è capello, è un angue d'oro, che nel giardino del tuo leggiadro viso, tra le rose d'Amore, vigila e riposa; questo fior non è vago, forzè ch'io te lo levi, e 'n vece di quello, questo più vago faccia ondeggiar su la tua chioma vaga; su, piglia questo ancora, e questo, e questo. Ohimè, dimmi cor mio, questo greve pendente non t'offende l'orecchio tenerello? Lascia, lascia ch'io 'l pesi. "No, no, no, non lo voglio." Orsù, poiché la mano all'orecchio tu porgi, a me segno facendo ch'hai gusto che ve 'l lasci, ecco ch'all'ubbidirti io mi dispongo. Ma qual volto qui dentro d'uomo rimiro? Giuro al cielo, se non mi fosti o specchio così caro, che gittandoti al suolo in mille parti io ti frangerei; adunque Florinda dello specchio fuori è nemica degli uomini, e colà dentro poi con gl'istessi uomini sta congiunta? Qual cappello di finissima paglia, con piume colorate, porta il tuo vago, il mio rivale? Fuggi da questo specchio, se a caso non fosti Amore, che per mirar più bella Psiche, qui dentro venuto fosti a trastullarti. Benignissimo nume, con le ginocchia a terra io t'adoro. Oh qual leggiadro viso, oh

FLORINDA My lady.

GRANELLO Hey, stop right there. I swear to heaven that if you weren't who you are...

FLORINDA What? What are you saying? [*she beats him with her cudgel*]

GRANELLO Nothing, nothing.

FLORINDA Get out of here right now, or I swear to heaven...

GRANELLO I'm going, I'm going, my lady, but remember that you've given me quite a hiding, not to say a thrashing.

FLORINDA Take the splinters out of your backside and give them to your master for me; tell him that the fire of Love will be fueled by them. If what you just received isn't enough for some reason, I've got lots more for his lordship.

GRANELLO I'll take him your message right away.

FLORINDA O ruddy cheeks, o eyes now clear again, o red and smiling lips: now all the beauty with which Beauty itself is adorned has returned to sit in triumph on the throne of your face.

Oh my, this single golden hair offends too greatly the pink cheek I see here. What am I saying? It isn't a hair, but a golden snake, that keeps watch and rests in the garden of your graceful face, amidst Love's roses. This flower isn't lovely enough, and so I'm going to take it away from you; instead I'll set this other, lovelier one afloat on the waves of your beautiful locks; go on, take this one too, and this one, and this one. Oh my, tell me, my love, does this heavy pendant offend your ever-so-tender ear? Let me, o let me weigh it in my hand. "No, no, no, I don't want you to." Well then, since you're putting your hand to your ear, thus indicating you want me to leave it alone, I'm disposed to obey you, as you can see. But what do I see here in the mirror? The face of a man? I swear to heaven that if you, o mirror, weren't so dear to me, I'd smash you into a thousand pieces on the ground. Should Florinda be the enemy of men outside of the mirror, but instead be together with those same men when inside of it? What's that hat of finest straw

qual vago sembiente! Oh, se tali gli uomini fossero, non sarei già di loro così fiera persecutrice. Sento un benigno incendio, che di vena in vena giungendo al cuore tutto m'accende d'amoroso e inestinguibil fuoco. Ma sciocca ch'io vaneggio; quest'è d'un vago giovanetto sembianza vaga, il quale in alto sollevato, o da poggiolo o da finestra, trasfonde qui dentro la bella imagine sua, però lagrimosa. Or come è d'uomo il sembiente, più non mi curo di mirarlo, anzi perché con la bella imagine di Florinda non stia, chiudo lo specchio, e rimirando intorno, rimiro s'il veggio. [*Lidia qui si retira.*] Ma dove è questo vago e lagrimoso, ch'io no 'l rimiro? Torno di nuovo a riguardar nello specchio, poiché, se m'è tolto il vagheggiarlo qui d'intorno, mi sia concesso rimirarlo qui dentro. [*Lidia torna alla finestra.*] E pur di nuovo il veggio, e che si asciuga gli occhi. Ohimè, questo pianto mi cava a forza dagli occhi il pianto e dalla bocca i sospiri; rimirerò d'intorno. [*Lidia si retira.*] Né cosa alcuna io veggio? Dove non giunge l'occhio giungano le preghiere almeno, e quelle sieno che ti smovano a farmi degna di fermarti alquanto, o vago giovine, al luogo ove tu eri, poiché del tuo pianto sono fatta così compassionevole, ch'io giuro novella Egeria e Aretusa trasformarmi in pianto s'io non rasciugo il tuo pianto. O misera Florinda, ottener non puoi questa così lieve grazia. Scopritevi signore qual voi vi siate, poiché dalla vostra pietà son fatta così pietosa, che 'n non potervi consolare sono la più sconsolata donna che viva. O bel volto appassionato, lagrimoso scopriti, bel viso. Aprirò questo specchio. [*Lidia torna alla finestra.*] Ah crudo, qui dentro io ti veggio, né qui d'intorno godi di lasciarti rimirare? Dove se', o bel viso? [*Lidia si retira.*] Or sì che 'n preda al pianto tutta mi getto, povera Florinda che 'l mal altrui chiama suo proprio, né potendo consolarlo sconsolata vive, e piange. Oh povera Florinda! Oh povera Florinda!

and colorful feathers that your lover, and my rival, wears? Fly from this mirror, if perchance you're not Cupid, who, to gaze upon a lovelier Psyche, has come in here to amuse yourself.^{xlviii} Most benevolent deity, I adore you on my knees. Oh what a lovely countenance I see, oh what a beautiful face! If men were really like this, I wouldn't be such a fierce enemy of theirs. I feel a benign fire flowing through all my veins and running right to my heart, burning me with a loving and inextinguishable flame. But what a fool I am to rave like this. This handsome countenance belongs to an equally handsome young man: from on high, perhaps a window or a balcony, he infuses his beautiful yet tearful image into this mirror. Since this image is that of a man, I'll cease to gaze at it; in fact, I'll close up this mirror so that his image will not be seen next to Florinda's. If I look around, I might be able to spot him. [*Lidia withdraws.*] Where is this beautiful and tearful man, whom I cannot see? I'll look in the mirror again, since, if I can't see him anywhere nearby, I may at least be able to gaze upon him in here. [*Lidia returns to the window.*] Now I see him again; he's trying to dry his eyes. Oh my goodness, the force of his tears tears tears from my eyes and sighs from my mouth. I'll have a look around again. [*Lidia withdraws.*] Do I see nothing? Where my eyes cannot reach, may at least my prayers go: and I pray I may move you to consider me worthy, o handsome youth, to keep you for a while in that place where I first saw you. For I swear your tears have made me so compassionate that I, weeping, will be transformed into a new Egeria and Arethusa if I can't dry your tears for you.^{xlix} O unfortunate Florinda, you can't obtain such easy grace. Sir, show yourself for who you are, for your pity has made me so piteous that my inability to console you has made me the most inconsolable woman alive. O passionate, beautiful, and tearful face, show yourself to me! I'll open this mirror again. [*Lidia returns to the window.*] Ah, cruel one, I can see you in here, yet you enjoy not letting yourself be seen anywhere else. Where are you, handsome face? [*Lidia withdraws.*] Now I'll truly collapse in tears: poor Florinda, who must call her own the suffering of others, and who lives and weeps, inconsolable, for that she cannot console him. O poor Florinda! O poor Florinda!