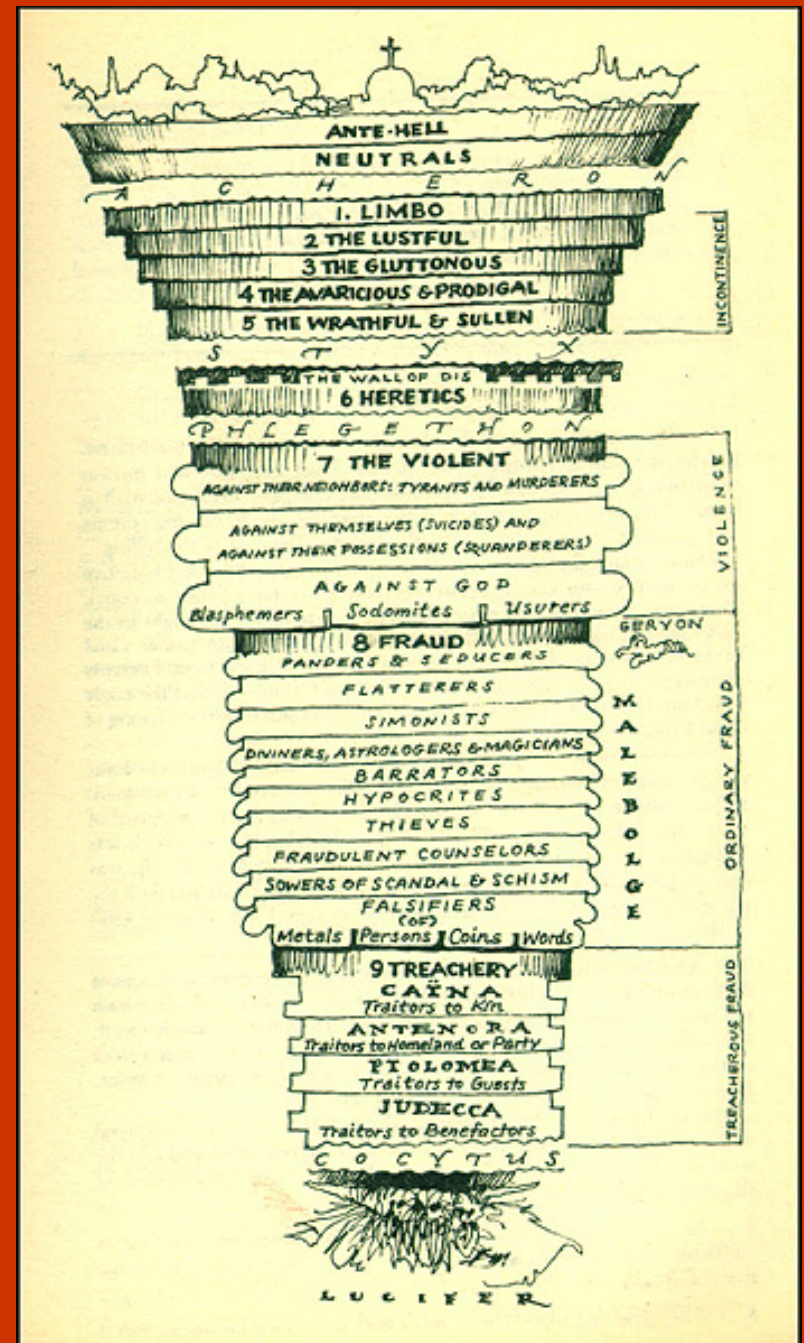


Visions of Hell



Dante's *Inferno*

Map of Hell



The Mount Delectable

I cannot well repeat how there I entered,
So full was I of slumber at the moment
In which I had abandoned the true way.

But after I had reached a mountain's foot,
At that point where the valley terminated,
Which had with consternation pierced my heart,

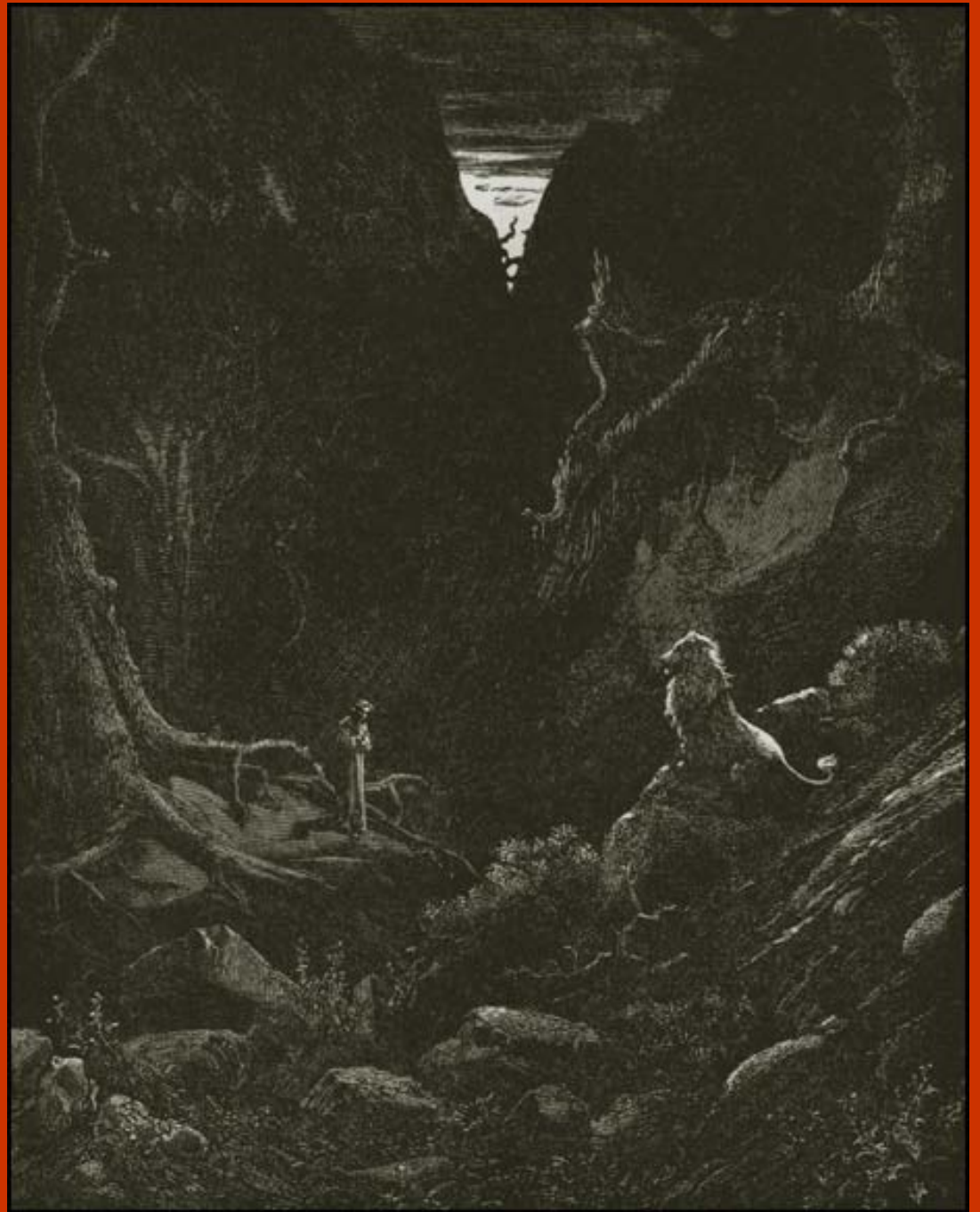
Upward I looked, and I beheld its shoulders,
Vested already with that planet's rays
Which leadeth others right by every road.

Canto I



Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And cover'd with a speckled skin, appear'd ;
Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd.
Canto I., lines 29—32.

Gustave Dore,
1832-1863





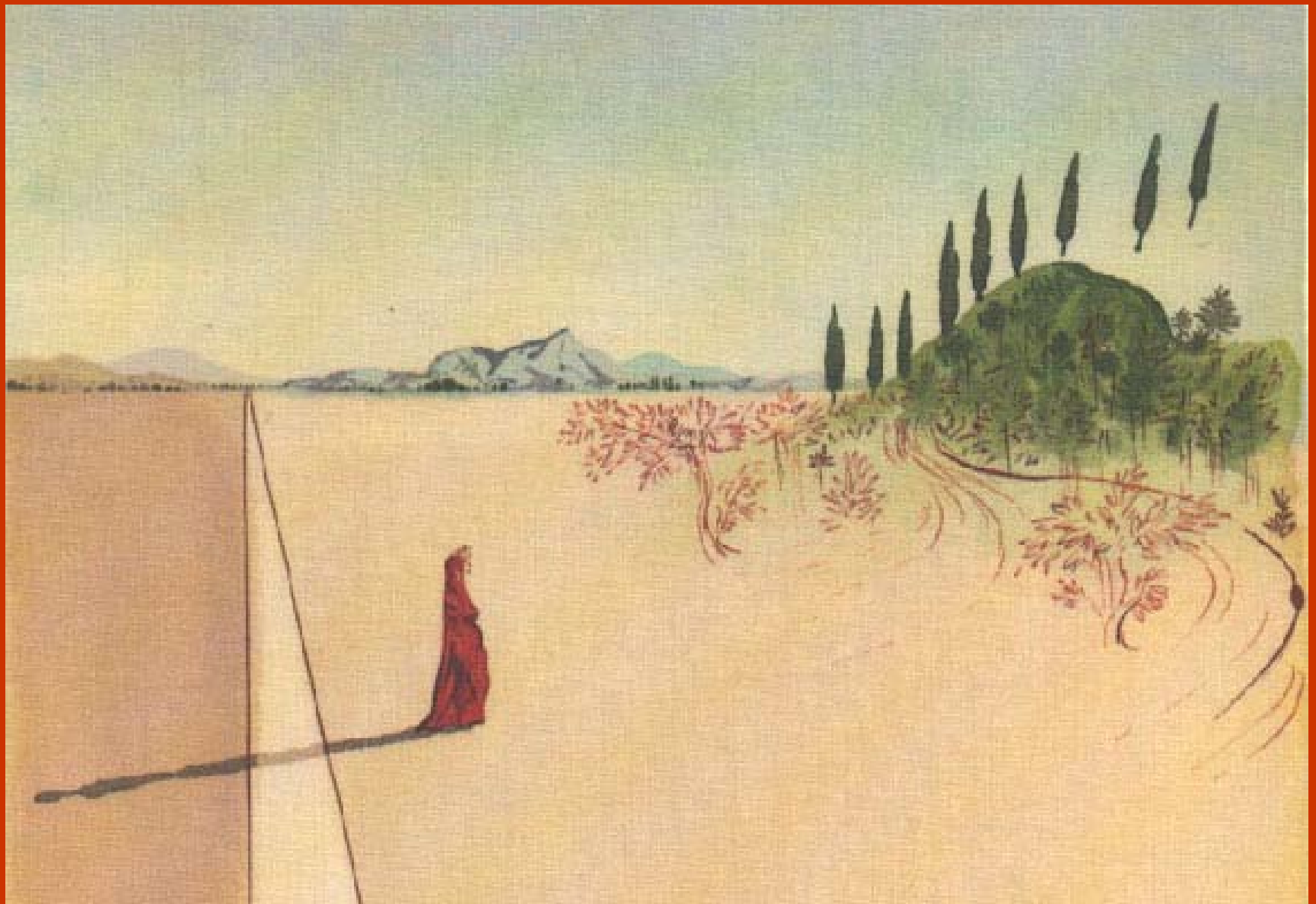
William Blake, 1757-1827



Siena (Nicola de Siena)



Pisan



Salvador Dali

The Gates of Hell

“Through me the way is to the city dolent;
Through me the way is to eternal dole;
Through me the way among the people lost.

Justice incited my sublime Creator;
Created me divine Omnipotence,
The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.

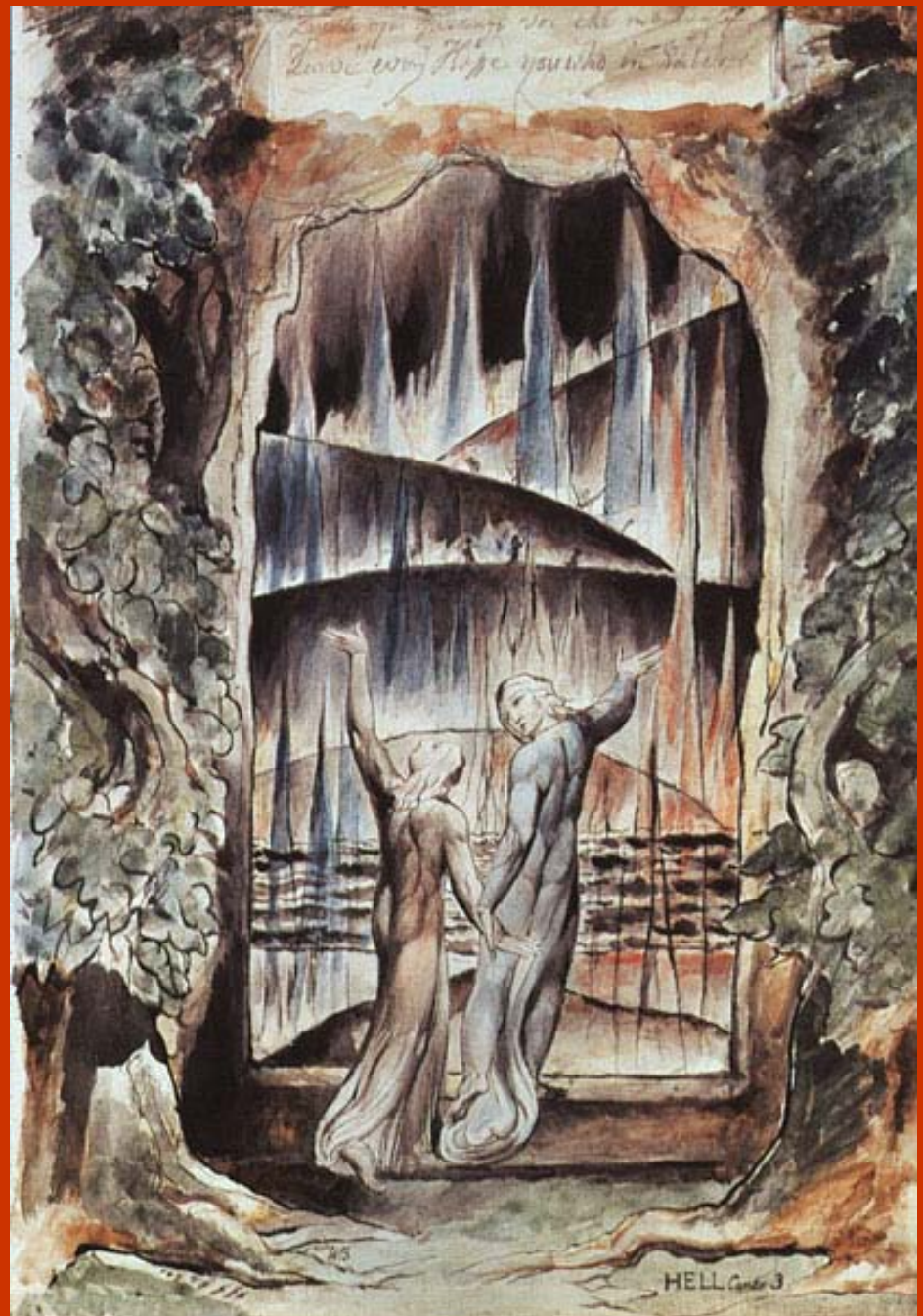
Before me there were no created things,
Only eterne, and I eternal last.
All hope abandon, ye who enter in!”

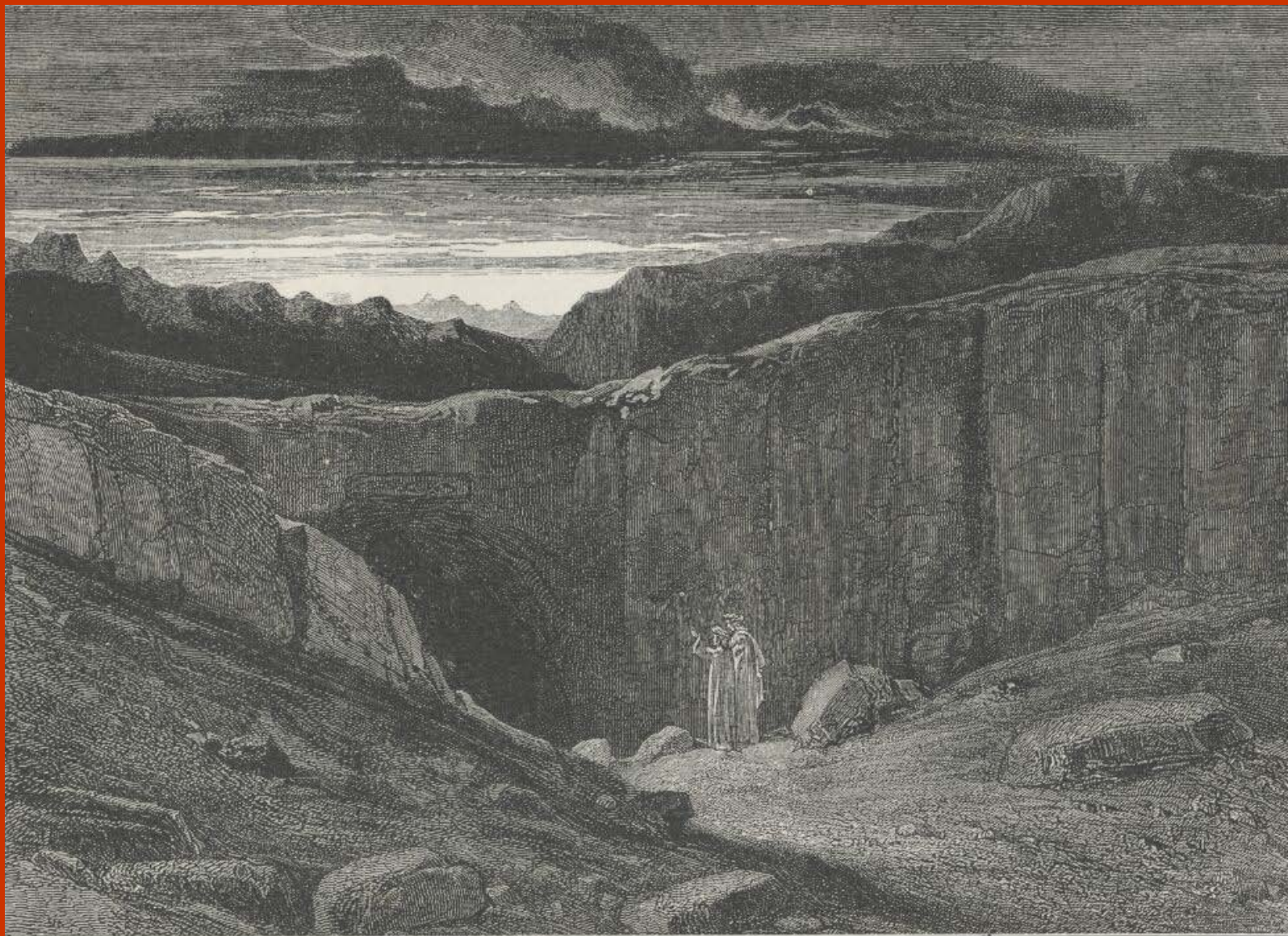
Canto III

Auguste Rodin,
1840-1917



William Blake,
1757-1827





All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
Canto III., line 9.

Gustave Dore, 1832-1863



Baccio Baldini

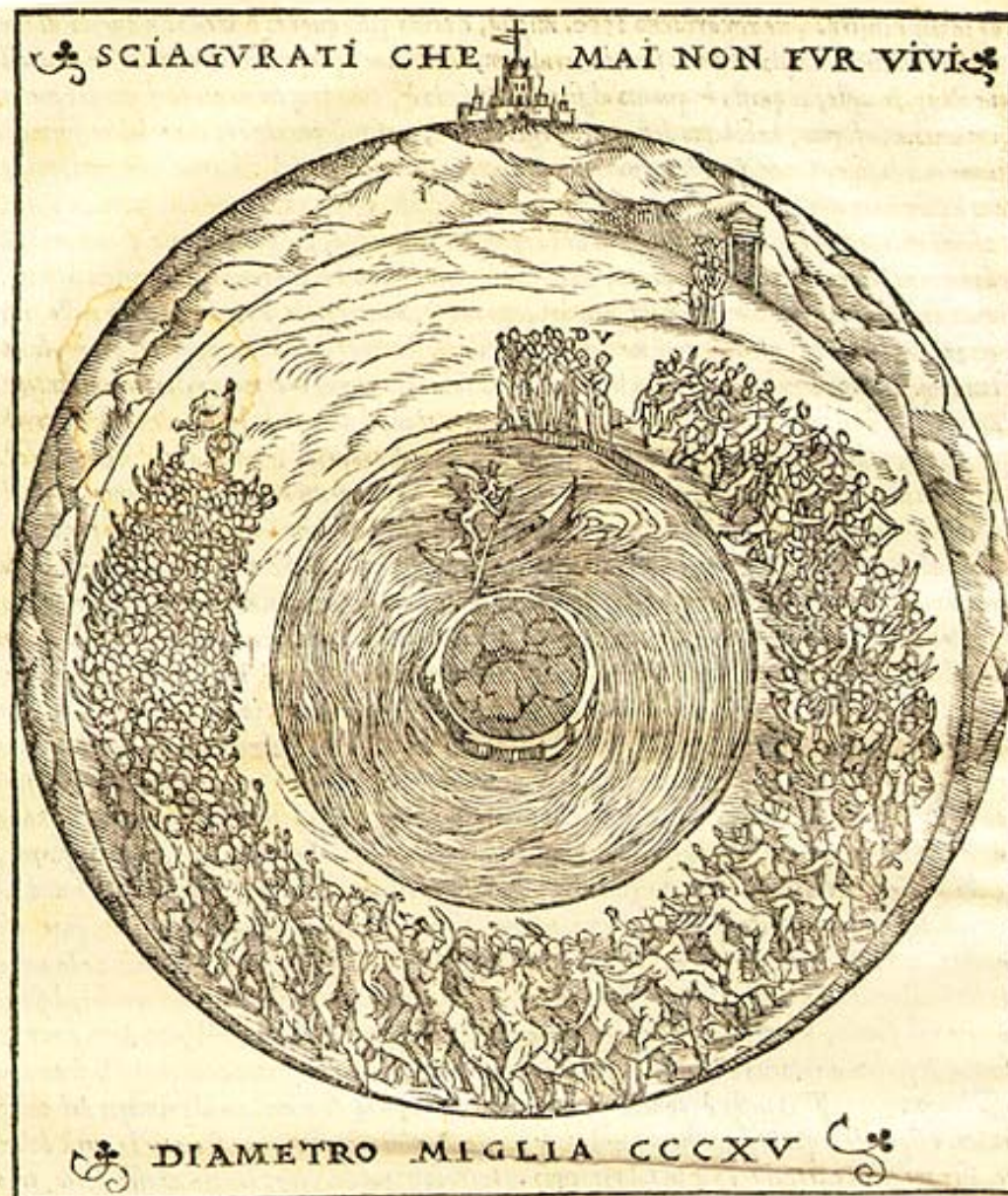
The Opportunists

And I, who looked again, beheld a banner,
Which, whirling round, ran on so rapidly,
That of all pause it seemed to me indignant;

And after it there came so long a train
Of people, that I ne'er would have believed
That ever Death so many had undone.

Canto III

Artist Unknown



Ma immaginiamoci che sia così: 3. C.

Charon the Boatman

Then with mine eyes ashamed and downward cast,
Fearing my words might irksome be to him,
From speech refrained I till we reached the river.

And lo! towards us coming in a boat
An old man, hoary with the hair of eld,
Crying: “Woe unto you, ye souls depraved!

Hope nevermore to look upon the heavens;
I come to lead you to the other shore,
To the eternal shades in heat and frost.

Canto III

Gustave Dore,
1832-1863



And, lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits!"

Canto III., lines 76—78.



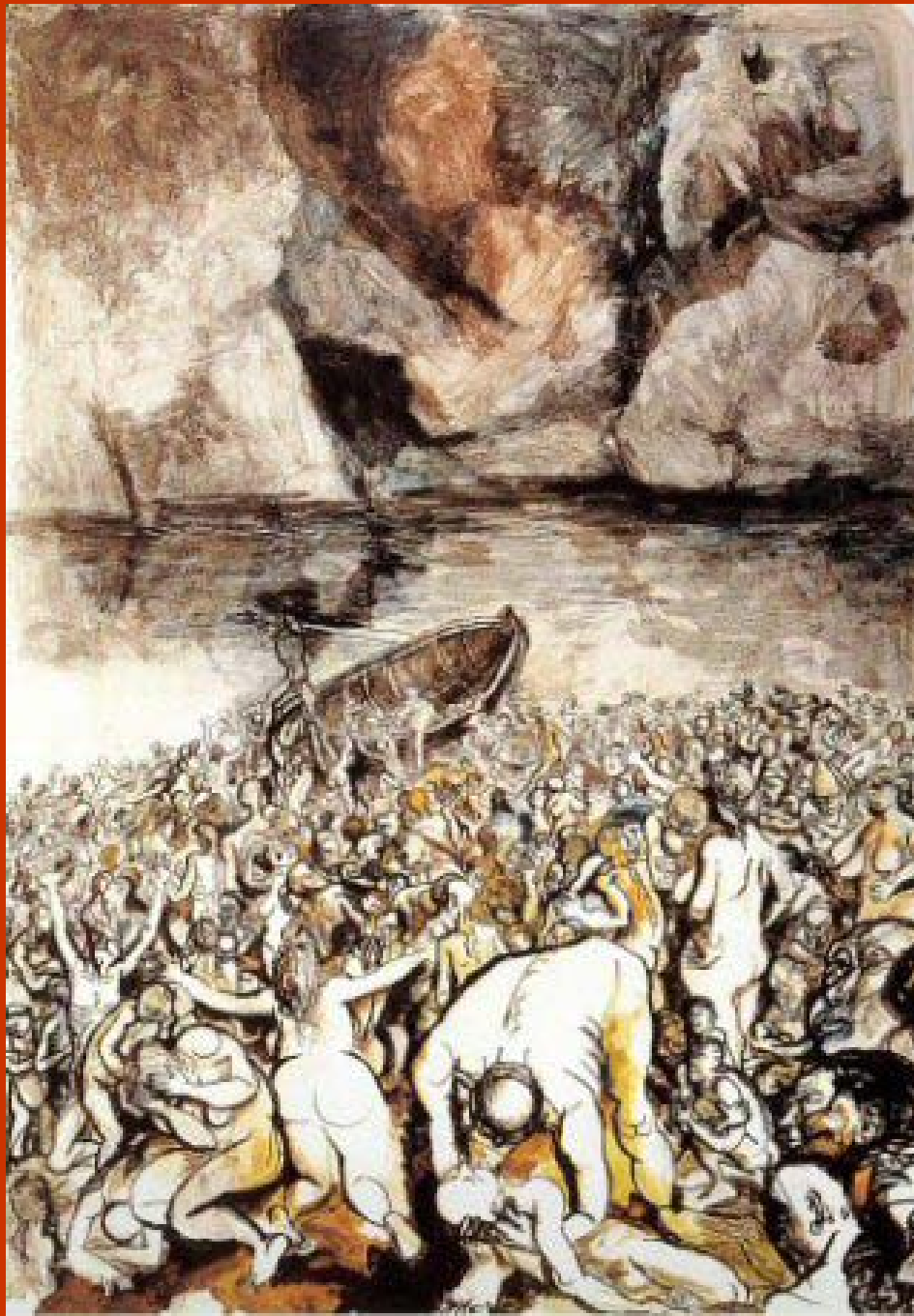
Gustave Dore, 1832-1863



Eugène Delacroix, 1798–1863



Michelangelo



Renato Guttuso

Ulysses and Diomed

Who is within that fire, which comes so cleft
At top, it seems uprising from the pyre
Where was Eteocles with his brother placed."

He answered me: "Within there are tormented
Ulysses and Diomed, and thus together
They unto vengeance run as unto wrath.

And there within their flame do they lament
The ambush of the horse, which made the door
Whence issued forth the Romans' gentle seed;

Gustave Dore,
1832-1863

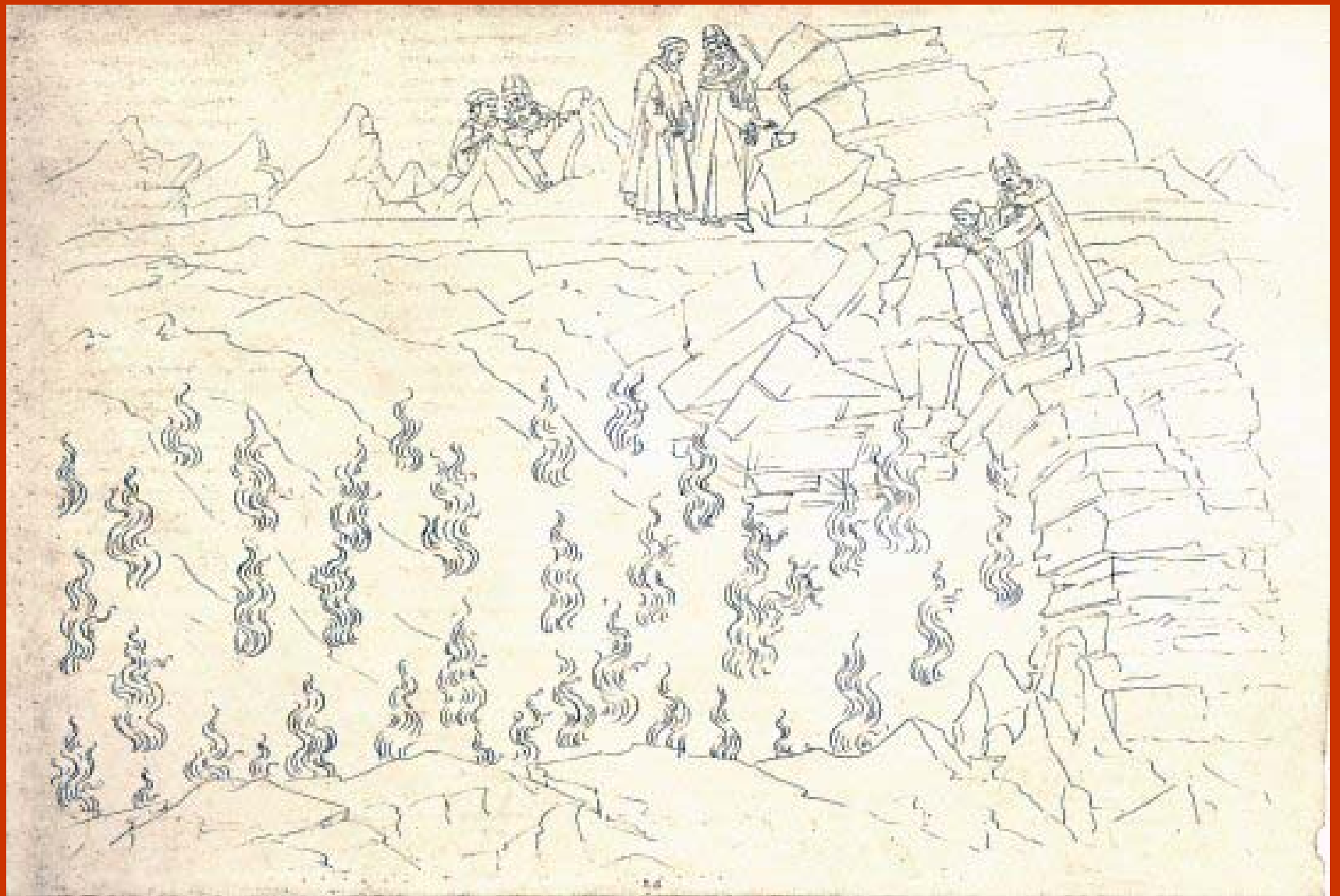


The guide, who mark'd
How I did gaze attentive, thus began:
"Within these ardours are the spirits, each
Swathed in confining fire."

Canto XXVI., lines 46-49.

William Blake





Sandro Botticelli



Unknown

The Emperor of Hell

The Emperor of the kingdom dolorous
From his mid-breast forth issued from the ice;
And better with a giant I compare

Than do the giants with those arms of his;
Consider now how great must be that whole,
Which unto such a part conforms itself.

Were he as fair once, as he now is foul,
And lifted up his brow against his Maker,
Well may proceed from him all tribulation.

Canto XXXIV



Sandro Botticelli,
1445-1510



"Lo!" he exclaimed, "lo! Dis; and lo! the place
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."
Canto XXXIV., lines 20, 21.

Gustave Dore, 1832-1863



William Blake



Pisan

Quāto noi fuimo latoue la costia
sinolge apūto i fulgrosso dell'ache
lobuca cōfatica et conāgo scia

Volsē laresta ouelli anca leqanclxe
et agriapposi alpelo comuom he fale
si clx ninfenno credia toīnar anclxe



Vecchieta

Departing Hell

Of a small rivulet, that there descendeth
Through chasm within the stone, which it has gnawed
With course that winds about and slightly falls.

The Guide and I into that hidden road
Now entered, to return to the bright world;
And without care of having any rest

We mounted up, he first and I the second,
Till I beheld through a round aperture
Some of the beauteous things that Heaven doth bear;

Thence we came forth to rebehold the stars.

Canto XXXIV

Gustave Dore,
1832-1863

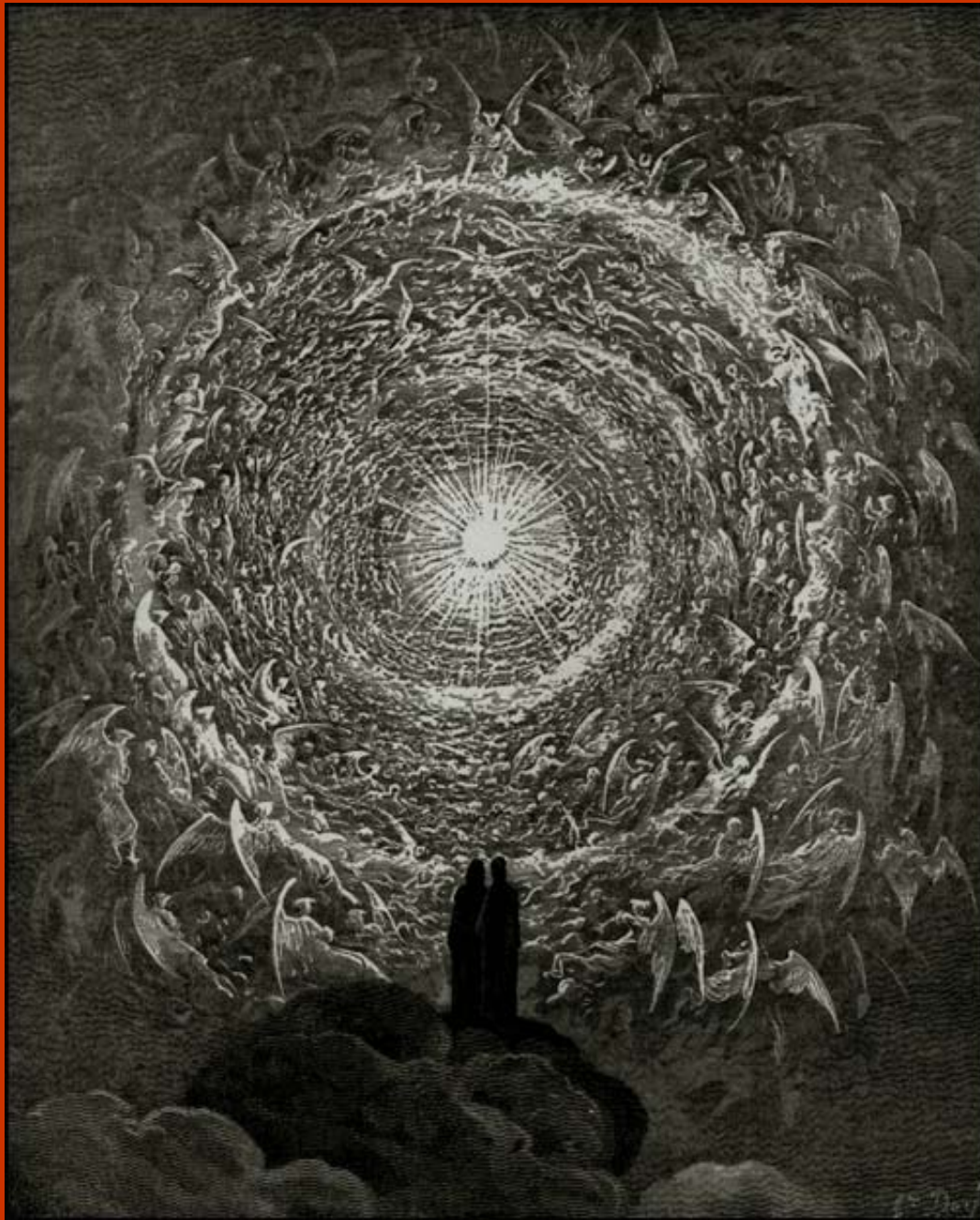


By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world.

Canto XXXIV., lines 127-129.



Pisan



The End