Narrative Section of a Successful Application

The attached document contains the grant narrative and selected portions of a previously funded grant application. It is not intended to serve as a model, but to give you a sense of how a successful application may be crafted. Every successful application is different, and each applicant is urged to prepare a proposal that reflects its unique project and aspirations. Prospective applicants should consult the Research Programs application guidelines at https://www.neh.gov/grants/research/fellowships for instructions.

Note: The attachment only contains the grant narrative and selected portions, not the entire funded application. In addition, certain portions may have been redacted to protect the privacy interests of an individual and/or to protect confidential commercial and financial information and/or to protect copyrighted materials.

Project Title: 'The First Novel Specially Written for Women': Jacopo Caviceo's *Peregrino* (1508)

Institution: Penn State University

Project Director: Sherry Roush

Grant Program: Fellowships
Research and Contribution

The *Peregrino* was a European bestseller in its day, evidenced by twenty-one Italian editions, as well as nine French and three Spanish editions in the first half-century after its 1508 publication. Jacopo Caviceo’s plot features an array of complex female characters asserting agency in a sociological context in flux. In his preem, Caviceo expands Giovanni Boccaccio’s appeal to women readers of the *Decameron* (subtitled *Prince Galehaut*, 1353). Moreover, Caviceo dedicated his *Peregrino* to Lucrezia Borgia, the new Duchess of Ferrara, who was actively seeking to remake her own image, including as generous patron of the arts, after the deaths of her father, Pope Alexander VI (Rodrigo Borgia) in 1503, and her brother Cesare Borgia in 1507, who would be praised for his ruthlessness by Niccolò Machiavelli in 1513. My translation will be the first ever in English of this nuanced, metaliterary Renaissance prose romance. This project, for which I seek six months of support from the National Endowment for the Humanities, comprises the polishing of the English translation and the writing of a substantive critical introduction to the volume, which is currently under contract with The University of Toronto Press.

Caviceo’s *Peregrino* relates a proto-Romeo-and-Juliet story of Peregrino and Genevera, which unfolds in three books over 364 pages in the most recently published Italian edition (by Luigi Vignali, Rome: La Fenice, 1993). The first book chronicles Peregrino’s various unsuccessful attempts to court Genevera, the daughter of an enemy family in Ferrara. One of his many ploys, hiding inside a life-sized hollow statue, an icon of St. Catherine of Alexandria, allows him to breach Genevera’s domestic walls. The consequences of this action also prompt Peregrino’s only actual pilgrimage of the eponymous novel, when Genevera insists that he seek the saint’s forgiveness on Mt. Sinai. The second and third books recount his return odyssey, during which Peregrino endures many more tribulations out of love for Genevera, including abduction by pirates, captivity as a slave, and a trip to the afterlife, while she must resist the suitors her parents present to her and withstand a period of cloistering in a convent in an attempt to persuade her to take a husband. After plot twists that feature cameos of dozens of Renaissance celebrities and other historical personages, the bumbling protagonist and his beloved eventually unite in marriage. Not even then will the couple live happily ever after in this surprising tale, however, since Genevera perishes nine months later in childbirth, and Peregrino consequently dies of a broken heart. The reader realizes that Peregrino’s ghost has recounted the entire narrative from beyond the grave.

The characters of the *Peregrino* reveal a level of psychological development that transcends anything present in medieval romances. Aspects of Caviceo’s work recognizably echo Boccaccio’s love laments (most notably from the *Filocolo*, the *Filostrato*, and the *Elegy of Madonna Fiammetta*) and Dante Alighieri’s otherworldly dialogues in *The Divine Comedy*, while anticipating Ludovico Ariosto’s mock-heroic quests in the *Orlando Furioso* (1516 in its earliest version), and Benvenuto Cellini’s humorous mode of self-representation in his *Vita* (written between 1558 and 1562), since aspects of the *Peregrino* represent autobiographical episodes from Caviceo’s life. Moreover, the *Peregrino* shares with Francesco Colonna’s *Hypernerotomachia Polifili* (1499) and Jacopo Sannazzaro’s *Arcadia* (c. 1480, publ. 1504) the distinction of being among the most influential literary examples of non-Florentine vernacular literature at the turn of the sixteenth century. An English edition and translation of the *Peregrino* will throw open the doors of further critical and comparative studies on a broad range of literary and cultural interests currently on the rise in early modern studies, since this book serves as a kind of treasury (its tone ranging from homage to parody) of popular and learned literary modes, including reinterpretations of Greco-Roman mythology, epic and romance contaminations, early fictional epistolary writing, dream visions and Renaissance interpretations of Macobran dream theories, ghost stories, intersections of law and literature in the representation of courtroom dramas, philosophical love debates, pilgrimage accounts, fictional redeployments of autobiographical narratives, and the emergence of early modern feminism in
what has been termed the *querelle des femmes*. The result is also a profoundly enjoyable metatextual romance of wicked witiness.

Caviceo’s Italian romance is greatly indebted to Fernando de Rojas’s *Celestina* (1499), particularly in the way the two authors title their works. Like the masterpiece of the Spanish canon, the title of Caviceo’s *Peregrino* may ultimately best be left untranslated in English. Both works take the names of their protagonists as their titles. Moreover, both titles suggest in their original languages personal traits or potentially allegorical characterizations that readers are invited to see (or more readily not to see) in the characters themselves. “Celestina” might once have described a celestial or heavenly lady, but the more common definition in Spanish after the success of de Rojas’s work is “procuress” or “bawd,” thus suggesting a certain irony in the old matchmaker’s name. A similar potential for irony insinuates itself into the title of Caviceo’s *romanzo*, based on the male lover’s name — Pilgrim — and the scope of what turns out to be his not-so-morally-ediﬁying “pilgrimage.”

The *Peregrino* is not only Caviceo’s major work, but also the only one he composed in the vernacular. The rest of his works were all published in Latin: a confessional handbook, a dialogue on Mary’s virginity, a life of his earlier patron Pier Maria II de’ Rossi, Count of San Secondo, and his *De exilio Cupidinis*. My critical introduction to the English translation will account for the renewed interest in both Caviceo studies in Europe and critical reappraisals of the genre of romance. In Italy, Pietrino Pischedda has published Italian editions of two of Caviceo’s other works: the *De exilio cupidinis* (Aletti Editore, 2013) and the confessional handbook *Confessionale utilissimum* (La Caravella Editrice, 2014). The *Peregrino*’s 1527 Spanish translation by Hernando Díaz de Valdepeñas has also recently received republication in a Spanish critical edition by Francisco José Martínez Morán (Universidad Alcalá de Henares, 2014). Since theoretical re-examinations of the seriousness of the romance genre/mode appeared around the turn of this century, many important studies have followed, including, but not limited to: *The World Beyond Europe in the Romance Epics of Boiardo and Ariosto* by Jo Ann Cavallo (Toronto: The University of Toronto Press, 2013); *The Novel: An Alternative History. Beginnings to 1600* by Steven Moore (New York: Continuum, 2011); *Romance and History: Imagining Time from the Medieval to the Early Modern Period*, edited by Jon Whitman (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015); *Medieval Romance: The Aesthetics of Possibility* by James F. and Peggy A. Knapp (Toronto: The University of Toronto Press, 2017); and *The Prison of Love: Romance, Translation, and the Book in the Sixteenth Century* by Emily C. Francomano (Toronto: The University of Toronto Press, 2017). These examinations are at the pioneering boundaries of innovative critical approaches in early modern romance as the origin of the modern novel, and they herald a comparative literary focus on the legacy of Italian romance in the British literary tradition, which comes on the heels of the fruitful comparative studies of Italian epic poetry in the British tradition.

**Methods and Work Plan/Final Product, Dissemination, and Access**

Per my contract, I will submit a typescript of approximately 167,000 words (for circa 420 pages in print) to the Italian Studies Series editor of *The University of Toronto Press* by December 2020. The volume will consist of an introduction of approximately fifty pages providing historiographical, literary, linguistic, biographical, and critical/theoretical contextualization, and a note on the translation. Since Vignali’s Italian edition included a 68-page glossary to assist native Italian speakers with the work’s northern Latinate regionalisms and idiosyncratic word usage, this translation note will be crucial to the English edition, which, unlike my previous book-length translations, will not be published in a format with the original on the facing page. I will preface each chapter with a brief content summary, and although some further annotations in the form of endnotes will be necessary, I intend to keep them to a minimum. The volume will include a primary and secondary bibliography, and I will furnish an index at a subsequent proofs stage. Barring unforeseeable obstacles, the volume should be available in print and digital editions, according to UTP’s current accessibility programme, in late 2022 or 2023.

At this point I have completed contextual research in Italian archives, Harvard’s Houghton Library, and my own institutional libraries. I have drafted approximately half of the English translation (all of Book 1, much of Book 2, and sections of Book 3). I am requesting funding from the NEH to
support the six-month period of 1 July 2020 - 31 December 2020 leading up to submission of the volume. By 30 June 2020, I will have completed the English translation draft of all three books, all of the chapter summaries and annotations, and the bibliography. Six months of full-time dedication to this project will permit me to polish the translation and write the critical introduction and translation note. I will be applying for a one-year research sabbatical from Penn State University for the 2020-21 academic year. Since the proposed NEH phase of this project does not necessitate travel, I expect to do the work where I can make the most efficient progress: between my home office and the Penn State University libraries.

Competencies and Skills

This project is not my first book-length English translation with a critical introduction and annotations. In the critical introduction of my two-volume 2011 edition and translation of Tommaso Campanella’s Selected Philosophical Poems, published by The University of Chicago Press and Fabrizio Serra Editore, I contextualized the late-Renaissance accused heretic’s indebtedness to natural scientists, classical and medieval philosophers, theologians, poetic predecessors, utopists, historians, and political scientists. In that translation, I provided a closely literal rendering of the original text, favoring a respect for the philosophical substance over Campanella’s lyric virtuosity. It was a deliberate decision for that particular project, which received praise from external reviewers. In my current project I prefer a much freer, colloquial style and lexicon that accords with the Peregrino’s playful tone, erotic subject matter, and astoundingly rapid-fire pace of the narrative, capturing the worldly adventurous spirit of this unique Italian author, while conveying the narrative’s shocking provocation and alterity with respect to today’s social norms. This divergent translational approach was the focus of my 2017 advanced translation experience at the Middlebury Bread Loaf summer intensive workshop/conference. My most recent applications of this specialized training are in the form of two article-length translations in which I have practiced the rendering of Renaissance puns and plays on words (Piovano Artлотto’s Motti e facezie, published in the Journal of Italian Translation 12.2) and a parody of a metaleterary epistle (Nicolò Franco’s Letter to the Dead Petrarch, published in Italian Quarterly 52).

In addition to Latin, I read French and Spanish, so I have been able to study Caviceo’s minor texts and the previous translations of his primary literary contribution. My critical introduction to the Peregrino will expand on other theoretical aspects of romance and early modern feminism that I have examined in previous interpretations of Caviceo’s work, including a section of my 2015 monograph Speaking Spirits: Ventriloquizing the Dead in Renaissance Italy (primarily pages 118-31), and an article published in Italian Quarterly (“When a Pilgrim is Not a Pilgrim: Subversions of Allegory and Allegoresis in Jacopo Caviceo’s Peregrino [1508]”).

An unabridged and annotated English translation of Caviceo’s Peregrino will finally provide a much-needed piece of primary evidence for Anglophone scholars to argue for the emergence of the modern novel in the early modern period and for the extent of female agency in psychologically developed characters and of female patronage in the dissemination and publication of popular literary works at the turn of the sixteenth century.
Bibliography


**Selected Secondary Sources:**


Capitolo LII

Già incomminciava la dicacula e vana rondella, del nuovo giorno pronunciare l'avvento, quando radoppiati li bassioli così parlò la donna: "O Galeoto mio, unica speranza a l'afflitto cuore, hora di me contento te prego satisfaci a la promissa fede". Questa parola me trafìce il cuore; e per prendere tempo a la risposta, reimbrocato la vella, cum streti abraciamenti navicai il mare, e tra mi dicea: "Oymè, o che Genevera d’altro amore è presa, o che ho smarrito la camera. Se parlo, serò scoperto, e non scio dove gire; tacere non posso, essendo richiesto. Alma dea, che per Adon penasti, soccorri al misero caso". La damigella (il cui nome era Lionora) cum bassi tra le labie impressi così me dice: "Galeoto mio, come non parlì? perché tanto tardasti?". Allora cum voce rauca et interopla li volsi raccontare una storia; né prima la parola formai che tutta sbiguità emmisse uno grande cridore, dicendo: "Oymè, che son tradita". Et non altramente da mi fugì, che faccia una sagittata cerva dal venatore. L'ancilla, inteso ch'ebbe le parole lamentevole, ad alta voce crìdo: "O scelerato corruptore de li altri honorì. O nephario stupratore de la sancta virginità, che vai così impudicamente gli altri cubili sollicitando. Levativi, famigliari. A l'arme, a larme, che 'l ladro è in casa; al fuoco, al fuoco, ch'ogni cosa brusa. Ogni huomo corra e soccorra. Prendeti il traditore e fatine quel strato che metta la sua depravata vita". La famiglia semidormiente, qual l'arme, qual il lume in mano a mei danni prende. La casa, piena di horribili clamori e dolente voce, come se Vulcano da ogni lato superasse, verso di me se oppose. Facto de mei drapi uno fasciculo, // (64v) lachrymando invocai Amore, che in tanti pericoli me prestasse aiuto, e così de loco in loco fugendo diceva: "O singulare mio custode, o domestico speculatore del cuore mio, o inseparabile testimonio de la fede mia, o sancto opif[ti]latore a tuoi fidelis servi, fame del tuo favore degni. Muoro, come tu vedi, senza falimento. Signore, che dal mare Leandro tante volte liberasti, et a lason il felice ritorno concedesti, et al domitore de l'ente il descendere al regno di Dite non negasti, et il gran troiano de la barbarica insidia liberasti, aiutame". Me parse exhaurire una voce che dicesse: "Amor è fida guida". Confortato dal divino nume, prendo il tagliante brando; e così in camisa, hor qua hor là rotando, tanto di spatio mi feci, senza l'essere né lèso né cognito, me recondussi al luoco de la cloaeh, ne la quale fu il descendere cum tanta fretta, che ivì lasciai li cothurni. Il resto cum precipita festinatione rechali cum mi, e da gli occhi de gli persecutori, come sustantia separata, dispersa. Gli cothurni, per essere cosa greca (nuova portatura), facevano de l'essere mio qualche iudicio, per che revenendo havyeva recheato habiti a la nostra terra inconueti; apresso, v'era una serva de casa quale deprova haverme compreso essere quello. Ira, sdegno, l'officehonorare armorno Petruto, patre de Lionora; e di me al cielo dogliendose, al conspecto del summo monarcha criare me fece, e tale querimonia verso di me efferratamente expoue.

Capitolo LIII
[In the previous chapter, Peregrino under darkness of night navigated the city's sewer system, which connects to each home's cellar, and he made his way undetected into the bed of a welcoming young woman. After several "assaults" on her "fortress," the young lovers fell asleep.] Here Peregrino realizes that he is not in bed with Genevera, as he believed, but rather with her neighbor, Lionora. He flees for his life, but is subsequently accused by Lionora's father, Petrutio, and must face trial before the Duke of Ferrara.

The vain, chittering morning swallow was already singing the advent of a new day when my lady covered me with more kisses, saying, "My dear Galeoto, you are the only hope for my suffering heart. Now please satisfy me fully by keeping your promise. I beseech you."

These words transfixed my heart. In order to buy time before answering, I re-armed my ship and with strong embraces sailed the wide sea. All the while I reasoned with myself: "Can it be that Genevera is in love with another man? Or have I mistaken the room? If I speak, I shall be discovered. I do not know where to turn. I cannot remain silent, since she has asked me to speak. Ah, divine goddess who pined for Adonis, help my poor cause!"

The damsel, whose name was actually Lionora, with kisses pressed between my lips, insisted, "Galeoto, why do you not speak? Why do you hesitate so long?" So then with a halting and cracking voice, I started to tell her some story. But even before I could form a proper word, she let out a loud cry of shock, saying: "Woe is me, I have been betrayed!" And she escaped from me just as an arrow-studded deer flees a hunter.

The servant girl, hearing Lionora's lament, shouted at the top of her lungs: "Wicked corruptor of another's honor! Nefarious rapist of holy virginity who goes stalking so vilely the bedrooms of ladies! Get up, brothers, to arms, to arms! There is a thief in the house. Fire, fire! All is burning! Every man: rush to her aid! Get the traitor and tear him to shreds as his depraved life deserves!"

The entire household, though half-asleep, jumped to grab their weapons and lamps, all intent on seeking my demise. The house, in a horrendous ruckus amidst doleful laments, seemed as if Vulcan were erupting in every direction and crashing upon me. Frantically scooping up my clothes, I fled from room to room, tearfully calling on Love, who in so many dangers had come to my assistance: "O excellent guide of mine, domestic spectator of my heart, inseparable witness to my faith, holy tutor of your faithful servants, make me worthy of your favor! As you can see, I am surely about to die. Lord who saved Leander so many times at sea and conceded Jason a happy return, who did not deny Orpheus, the tamer of peoples, his descent to the kingdom of Dis, and who freed the great Trojan Aeneas from the barbarian trap, help me!"

I seemed to hallucinate a voice that said, "Love is your faithful guide."

Comforted by the divine spirit, I took my sharp sword, and although I was dressed only in a shirt, I slashed here and there around me and created such a space without being wounded or recognized that I made my way back to the sewer. I dropped down into it in such a hurry that I left behind my buskins. The rest I took with me in a hasty rush, and putting a substantial distance between us, I disappeared out of sight of my persecutors.

The buskins, because they were in the Greek fashion (and the latest style), could very well be linked to me because I had worn them in our city, where they were uncommon. In fact, little time passed before a servant of the family attested that I was the one who had been in the house.

Petrutio, Lionora's father, seethed with wrath, disdain, and offended honor. He cried to heaven and lodged a complaint against me before the supreme Duke of Ferrara. Summoning me to trial, Petrutio expounded his iron-clad case against me in this way...