

Orlando Innamorato (“Orlando in Love”) is an unfinished epic poem by the Italian Matteo Maria Boiardo published in 1495. *Orlando Furioso* (“The Madness of Orlando”) by an epic poem by Ludovico Ariosto, published in its entirety in 1532, continues Boiardo’s story. They are a fusion of the French stories of Charlemagne and his paladins, and the legends of King Arthur and his knights. Edmund Spenser hoped to rival (and surpass) these poems with his *The Faerie Queene*, which draws from the Orlando poems and other Italian epics from the period.

For a prose translation of *Orlando Innamorato* by Matteo Maria Boiardo:

http://www.archive.org/stream/orlandoinnamorato00boia/orlandoinnamorato00boia_djvu.txt

For a poetry translation of *Orlando Furioso* by Ludovico Ariosto:

<http://omacl.org/Orlando/>

Characters in *The Prophecy Keepers* and *The Charm of Urizen*

Anglænte comes from Anglante, one of Charlemagne’s Paladins, also known as Roland or Orlando.

Baiardo Also spelled Bayardo. Baiardo is a bay horse remarkable for his spirit and ability to fit his size to his rider.

Brigliadoro Orlando’s horse. His name means “golden bridle.” He is also Sir Guyon’s horse in the *Faerie Queene*. He has a distinguishing black spot in his mouth shaped like a horseshoe.

Florismært Florismart was one of Charlemagne’s paladins.

Montæbon Montabon was a paladin of Charlemagne.

Ogiær Ogier was a paladin of Charlemagne.

Otuær Otuer was a paladin of Charlemagne.

Paladins The twelve most illustrious knights of Charlemagne; also known as peers; some of whom include Roland (or Orlando), Rinaldo, Namo, Salomon, Turpin, Astolpho, Ogier, Malagigi, Florismart, and Ganelon.

Rabicano Astolfo’s horse, which belonged first to Argalia, Angelica’s brother. Rabican’s mother and father were fire and wind, and he is supernatural.

The following are excerpts from the storyline that involves Malagise, aka Malagigi, mentioned in *The Prophecy Keepers*, Chapter Six:

ORLANDO INNAMORATO. BOOK I.

While this is passing, Malagigi, brother to Rinaldo, a puissant magician, closely observes the strangers, and reads in them some mysterious purpose, different from what they pretended to be the object of their expedition. Charlemagne had now recovered from his embarrassment sufficiently to speak, and plied Angelica with different subjects of discourse, for the purpose of detaining her; but at length, not being able to prolong the interview with decency, gave her a dismissal by according the request.

The damsel has scarce left the city, when Malagigi, still fearing for the king, and full of care, flies to his book, retiring from the revel, to know the secret purpose of the pair, and at what aim the knight and damsel level. He reads, and, as he reads, in upper air is heard a voice, and next appears a devil, who bids, in haughty tone, the wise magician proclaim his will, and give him his dismissal.

Malagigi having proposed his questions, the fiend informs him that Angelica is an enemy come to put a notable scorn upon Charlemagne, and that her father, who is an ancient Indian king, called Galaphron, of Catay, has dispatched her for this object, accompanied by her brother, Argalia, and not Uberto, as she falsely designated him, that she is full of malice, and read in every sort of magic, whilst her brother is as valiant in arms, gifted with a courser of marvellous swiftness, and armed with an enchanted lance--the virtue of this is such, that no knight (no, not even Orlando or Rinaldo) could resist its push; nor are his other arms inferior to his spear. To this, he has received from his father a ring, which, when on the finger, makes enchantment of no effect, and when placed between the lips renders the wearer invisible.

Galaphron, it is added, reckons much upon these gifts, but yet more upon the beauty of his daughter. Hence he has dispatched Argalia with the damsel, in trust, that she shall entice the Paladins into duel with her brother, who, unhorsing them, will send them prisoners to Catay. Malagigi is much disturbed at the devil's news, and determines to seek the damsel in person, and frustrate her design.

Argalia was already reposing himself under a fair pavilion, pitched near the stair of Merlin, while Angelica beneath a pine was sleeping, her long light tresses scattered on the grass, beside a limpid font, whose waters, leaping, fell back into a pool as clear as glass. A giant had the damsel in his keeping, who might for a reposing angel pass. Her brother's ring the sleeping lady wore, whose hidden virtues were described before.

False Malagigi, borne on fiendish steed, meantime through fields of air in silence swept; And now, dismounting on the flow'ry mead, approached the weary damsel where she slept, by that grim giant watched, who, for her need, good guard upon the sleeping lady kept, while others of her following paced the sward, and (such their charge) kept wider watch and ward.

The necromancer smiles at seeing the whole party, as it were, delivered over into his hands, and opens his books for the purpose of beginning his operations. Whilst he reads, a heavy slumber falls upon the watchers, and, having drawn his sword, (for he was a belted knight,) he approaches the princess with the intention of putting her to death. He yields, however, to the enchantment of beauty, and determines to make a different use of the opportunity. Not aware that the enchanted ring was on her finger, which she had accidentally received from Argalia, he conceives he has rendered her sleep as fast as that of her followers, and clasps her in his arms; but the ring, which is proof against all spells, does its duty.

Angelica wakes with a shriek, and Argalia rushes to her assistance. Being unprovided with other weapon, he avenges the insult offered to his sister with a cudgel; but as he is bruising the unfortunate Malagigi, Angelica cries to him to bind the ravisher fast, while she holds him; as he is a potent necromancer, who, but for the assistance of the ring, would laugh at chains. Argalia runs immediately to wake the giant, but finding, after some time, that this was a fruitless attempt, he himself binds Malagigi, hands and feet. The damsel this while possesses herself of the magician's book, and having evoked his fiends, bids them convey her prisoner instantly to King Galaphron, and inform him that her project goes well, since she has mastered the only enemy whom she had reason to fear. Malagigi is confined by Galaphron, in a dungeon under the sea. In the mean time, Angelica dissolves the enchanted sleep of her followers.

Angelica, who, being returned to India, determines on setting Malagigi at liberty, and making him her mediator with the disdainful knight [Rinaldo]. She accordingly frees him from his dungeon, unlocks his fetters with her own hand, and bids him return to unloosen her own. She then returns him his book, explains herself more precisely, and promises him final liberty, on condition of his bringing back Rinaldo.

Malagigi calls up a demon with the aid of his book, mounts him and departs. He is entertained, during his journey, with a relation of Gradasso's enterprise, by the devil, who told him, all that had chanced, and indeed more, which was so much the easier, in that he lied.

Malagigi arrived at his destination, finds Rinaldo rejoiced to see him, but immovable on the subject of Angelica; and hence, after many fruitless endeavours, vanishes with a threat. Having reached a spot convenient for his incantations, he opens his book, calls up a legion of demons, and from these, selects Draghinazzo and Falsetta. The latter is bid to take the appearance of one of king Marsilius's heralds, the coat of arms and battoon; and thus equipped, to inform Gradasso that Rinaldo expects to meet him at mid-day. Gradasso accepts the invitation, and gifts the false herald with a cup.

The same devil, again transformed, comes now to Rinaldo, as if from Gradasso, but with a very different appearance. He has a turban on his head, wears a flowing robe, and has rings in his ears, instead of on his fingers. His object is to remind Rinaldo, on the part of Gradasso, to meet him in the morning, which had been the time previously stipulated. Thus each, on the supposed invitation of the other, prepares for a different appointment. Rinaldo necessarily is first at the place, but sees nothing but a small pinnace anchor'd by the shore. He, however, immediately after, descries a figure on the beach, in the garb and guise of Gradasso, but which was, in reality, no other than one of the fiends, Draghinazzo, evoked by Malagigi, and thus transmogrified.

The combat immediately begins, and Rinaldo, after some blows given and taken, making a desperate two-handed stroke at the supposed Gradasso, buries his sword Fusberta in the sand. The devil avails himself of the opportunity to escape, flies to the boat, and is putting off. Rinaldo, however, follows him into his barque, and deals a blow at him, but the demon leaps from prow to poop. Rinaldo chas'd him back from poop to prow, the sword Fusberta flaming in his hand, but he from side to side, from stern to bow, flits, while the barque is drifting from the land.

Rinaldo marks it not, who thought but how to reach the foe with his avenging brand, nor from his long day-dream of vengeance woke, till the false fiend was melted into smoke. Yet the paladin will not give over his hopes of finding him, and renews a fruitless search above and below.

In the meantime, the barque is seven miles from shore, and Rinaldo observes, too late, that she is scudding, self-steered, before the wind. The vessel at length takes the ground near a beautiful garden, and Rinaldo lands in front of a palace, worthy of its grounds.

Angelica expects in trembling, the effect of Malagigi's attempt. He arrives, and states his failure, but would comfort the damsel with the thoughts of vengeance; relating to what a perilous pass he had brought the miserable Rinaldo; for it was by his stratagem that he was conveyed to Altaripa. She, however, is in despair at his danger, and overwhelms Malagigi with reproaches.

He tells her, it is not yet too late to save him, and furnishes her with the means. These are a rope, with a noose at the distance of every palm, a cake of wax, and a file. Furnished with these

implements, and instructed by Malagigi in the use of them, Angelica flies through the air to the succour of Rinaldo.

The miserable paladin had, in the mean time, sprang upon a beam, which projected from the wall, and thus remained hanging between heaven and earth, with little hope even of present safety; since the monster continually leapt at him, and, often, all but reached him with his claws. It was now evening, when Rinaldo was surprised by the shadow of a woman, and soon after by the sight of Angelica, kneeling before him, self-suspended in air. She reproaches herself for having brought him into this peril, and opening her arms, entreats him to take refuge in them, and escape.

Such, however, are the effects of the fountain of hate, that Rinaldo spurns at the proposal, and vows if she does not immediately depart, he will cast himself down from the beam. After long and fruitless efforts to move him, she at length descends, throws her cake of wax to the monster, and immediately flings her rope, knotted with nooses, before him. The beast, who takes the bait, finding his teeth glued together by the wax, vents his fury in bounds, and leaping into one of the snares is noosed by Angelica, who leaves him thus entangled, and departs.

Book II

Vivian and Malagigi, sons of duke Aymon, of Mount Albano, who are proceeding towards Paris, to demand succour of Charlemagne; and Malagigi, retiring with Vivian into a wood, performs a magic rite, by which he ascertains the design of the approaching warriors Rodomont and Ferrau. To frustrate this, he conjures up a bevy of fiends, armed and mounted as knights, divides them into two squadrons, takes the command of one himself, and gives that of the other to Vivian. Thus accompanied, the Christian knights charge their adversaries. But the Pagans are too strong for them, take Malagigi and Vivian prisoners, and send their demons howling back to hell.

The story of Malagigi and Vivian continues in *Orlando Furioso*. I haven't included it here, as there isn't a prose translation available for free on the internet. For the verse version, visit the website listed above. For a prose translation, try Guido Waldman's Oxford World's Classics edition.