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February 28, 2020



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Since it was Monday again, just like it had been the week before the current one (as a matter of fact, and perhaps rather unexpectedly, Mondays had come after Sundays for at least the past fifty six weeks), Bombònica woke up much earlier than she'd done the previous day. (I have to rectify that, though, by disclosing that as is the case with most—if not all—innocent souls, she didn't realize it was about the Hour of *Prime*, which was exactly the time she had gotten up the day before).

According to tradition, *Prime* is not now and has never been one of the musically significant Canonical Hours, so Bombònica thought she would remedy that by singing a little song she had composed about herself some time ago, one day when she had tons of free time on her hands and didn't know what to do with it, and no one came to suggest she should read philosophy or contemplate her own spiritual navel (a technique that, Bombònica knew from reading Aldous Huxley, was also known in more scientific terms as *omphaloskepsis*). The little song went like this:

Bombònica Kopàrtian
Liked dancing—Andalusian,
Chant music—all Gregorian,
Bonbons of size Gargantuan,
Philosophy—Ockhamian,
All things Aristotelian,
Her thinking was Sorbonnian,
And sometimes quite Oxonian.
The beer she drank was Mexican,
The food was Californian,
The shoes she wore—Italian,
The dress by Khachaturian,
Her hair was all Romanian.
A lady cosmopolitan,
She had an Angel Guardian . . .

“... and was nobody's fool!” Bombònica told the bathroom mirror—an object of great usefulness, for it allowed her to practice a certain skill she possessed, which consisted in



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contemplating not her inner self, but the outer one, which was a part of herself she thought barely needed any improvement at all.

In performing the song Bombònica was careful to employ impeccable diction and stay true to the correct pronunciation not only of her first, but also of her last name, which should be done the way one does, say, *Gre-gò-ri-an*; she also divided *An-da-lù-si-an* into five, not four, syllables: it was only that way the first two lines could be metrically matched.



Much satisfied by this, she proceeded to brush her teeth vigorously, counting to one hundred and twenty (she liked that number, for 1 was One; 2 was the first prime number, and next in the Fibonacci sequence; and, being of rounded shape, zero was perfect, too). Then she got in the shower.

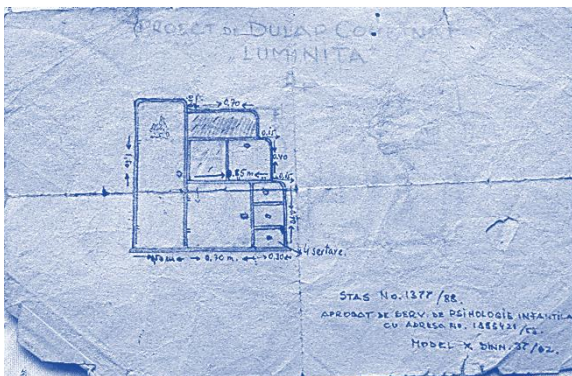
“Damn!,” she said aloud—for she was not infrequently in the habit of talking to herself *viva voce*, as there wasn’t almost ever anyone to talk to—“she’s done it again.” That meant two things: first, that Bombònica had a leaky shower on (or in) her hands; second, that the cleaning lady must have once again misplaced the little rubber ring in the shower handle which ensured that water ran in one continuous (or contiguous) stream: consequently, water was now splashing all over the glass walls of the shower cabin and beyond. “Damn,” she murmured once again, *sotto voce*, looking at the ceramic tiles decorated with medieval scenes of battle, fearless dukes and armored knights leading valiant armies to magnificent conquests, “that ring has a perfect shape—it embodies the roundness and oneness of the World; and now it’s gone missing. I’m gonna have to talk to that lady.”

Then she remembered they had no cleaning lady.

“Then I wonder who it is?” murmured Bombònica. “Surely Lalili wouldn’t do something like that—she’s too old and venerable for that kind of joke.” Lalili was Bombònica’s mother, and she was ninety-seven if a day.

Stepping out of the shower in a pool of water she grabbed a towel and dried her body carefully, all the way thinking it was equally important that she should find out **when** they do it, and hopefully catch them red-handed. “I’m gonna give them the opportunity of boasting to their progeny about being arrested in mid-flight by one of the few remaining *bonbon* heirs,” she thought. “It’ll serve them right.”

Next, Bombònica went to her wardrobe, the sketch of which had been drafted in pencil by a friend of her father’s when she was about two, and from the taller section of it she extricated a gorgeous red dress.



“What do you think?” she inquired of the wardrobe, which was unquestionably the best judge of things fashionable (Bombònica’s reasoning behind this was simple: in addition to displaying two bunnies on the outside, the wardrobe door had perfect measurements—



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which were one hundred and fifty centimeters by fifty centimeters—and on the strength of that had won more than one international wardrobe door fashion competition).

“I don’t know ... not quite suitable for the occasion,” the door said. “You know all my life I’ve been a meritorious door (if I may say so myself), and it would be inappropriate for me to say things I don’t believe in, so I’m giving it to you straight: take the blue dress.”

Bombònica, however, disagreed—although she was polite enough not to show it, for the door in particular and the wardrobe in general had been with her for quite some time now, and she usually trusted their judgement. She put the red dress on, and from the bottom drawer (thirty centimeters by seventeen centimeters—not an ideal proportion) she took the high-heeled red shoes she had been wearing the day the crazy woman in the Municipal Park had called her a whore. Expressing solidarity with the door’s judgement, the drawer screeched a little and squeaked a little as a sign of protest—but in the end Bombònica won the day and was able to put on the shoes. Her distinctly Romanian hair was already styled in the shape of a bun, so all she had to do was say bye to Lalili, and step out through the garden gate and into the street.



As she walked around the corner of Paris Street she was greeted by a bearded man on a bike. He was wearing a leather hat, a leather belt, oiled leather leggings, and a pair of leather shoes painted with flowers; on his hands he had tawed leather gloves, and a leather purse was attached to his belt. All of these (*chapelle, chapelet, or chapeau; ceinture or corroie; housiaus ot oins; souliers pains a flor; gans blans;*

and *bourse*) Bombònica identified with no hesitation as essential components of the repertoire of seductive attire mentioned in thirteenth-century French motets from the Montpellier Codex.

She hadn’t seen this man before, yet dismounting his bike he ceremoniously took off his leather hat and addressed her with a benevolent smile and a slight tremor in his beard:

“Good day, fair damsel. And may your day be a blessed one, filled with the fragrance of aromatic spices and the scent of freshly harvested herbs.”

“Good day to you, too, Sir. And I wish you the same. However, may I ask you who you are?”

“Miss, I am known as Johannes Marignolli, originally from Florence, and at one time papal legate of Benedict XII to the Tartars.”

“You don’t say,” Bombònica said.

“I do say,” the man said.

“Unbelievable. You’re the man who authored the *Relatio* or *Itinerarium fratris Johannis de Marignolli*?”

“One and the same. I am also known as Johannes de San Lorenzo.”

“Then you were sent by the Pope with a group of Minorites to convert the Tartars?”

“Precisely.”



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“In the year of our Lord 1338?”

“If my memory serves me well—yes, that’s when I left Avignon. But I don’t remember whether I returned in 1352 or 1353: it’s been too long; besides, some fourteenth-century manuscripts are not accurate transcriptions of the original I authored. People make mistakes, you know. May I add that some refer to me as Bishop of Bisinia—a dignity to which I was appointed in 1354.”

“Oh,” Bombònica sighed “had I known I’d have the honor, I’d have dressed for the occasion. The wardrobe door was right: I should have put on the blue dress with the silk hood—you know, the *guimpe de soie*. Please forgive my inadequacy if I failed in some things.”

“Well you couldn’t have known you’d run into me; besides, these wardrobe doors can’t always be fully trusted. Not nowadays. They sometimes turn out to be rather devious objects.”

“Not in this case, though.”

“No, not in this case.”

“Then you must be the person who arbitrated the quarrel between Archbishop Richard Fitzralph of Armagh and the four mendicant orders?”

“I’ve had that honor.”

“And, if I am not mistaken, in John of Tewkesbury’s *De situ universorum* your name has been conflated with yet another medieval character’s, Johannes Barbatus?”

“Indeed: meaning Bearded John. Truth be told, that’s why I’m growing this beard: to increase confusion among scholars. Some of them think this Johannes Barbatus may well be the famous John Mandeville—you know, the man who’s been credited with authoring the book known as *Mandeville’s Travels*, which I’m sorry to say is a pack of lies.”

“But then,” Bombònica continued “how come you’re wearing layman’s clothes? With all due respect, they look rather frivolous for a bishop, although I must say I like the flowery shoes. What I mean is, where are your bishop’s sandals, made with latticed leather sewn on top of wooden soles?”

“Oh, you mean ‘because the steps of the Preacher ought to be guarded from beneath, lest they be defiled with earthly things’ ...”

“Definitely. To complete your quotation, the sandals’ inside should be made of white leather ‘for it needeth to have a clean intention, and a conscience pure before God’.”

“And right you are. Nevertheless, wooden soles wouldn’t be one’s first choice when riding a bike: they’re not flexible, you know. Besides, I thought if I dressed like that I’d become too conspicuous—although (and may God forgive me for saying so) perhaps not so much, since it appears this part of town is rather rich in extravagant characters. Take, for instance, the Crazy Lady in the Park; or the man who sleeps on the bench by the Soldier’s Monument; or even yourself (no offense intended).”





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“None taken,” said Bombònica. “There’s also the sciopode or monopode who jumps with surprising speed on his one leg. Often on a hot summer day I’ve seen him resting on his back at the foot of Flower Hill by the Municipal Stadium, protecting himself from the sun with the shadow of his foot. He’s known around here as the Umbrella-Man.”

“Yes,” John said. “It’s all exactly as Pliny and St. Augustine disclose in their wonderful works (I am

not even mentioning Mandeville, who is a pretender). May I remind you that Saint Augustine briefly enumerates and describes monstrous races in *De civitate Dei* 16.8, commenting on the necessary coexistence of monstrosity (as dissimilarity or diversity) and normality (as similarity or conformity), for only taken together can these two account for the beauty of the world, which is God’s creation. If my memory serves me well, he averred that *Qualis autem ratio redditur de monstrosis apud nos hominum partibus, talis de monstrosis quibusdam gentibus redit potest. Deus enim creator est omnium*. Which means: The same reason given in cases of monstrosity of births among us humans can be given about monstrous races. God is the creator of all.”

“The world is a wondrous thing and this town a hotbed of wonders, and I’m so pleased you and I seem to be getting along so well. But, dear Bishop ...” said Bombònica.

“Call me John.”

“Dear John, then: it’s been a pleasure talking to you, but I’ve got to go now. Lalili was expecting me to return with the poultice (you know, she has a slight chest congestion) almost before I left the house, so regretfully I have to interrupt this most interesting conversation and bid you adieu.”

“Adieu,” said John. “My compliments to Lalili. And don’t forget I’ll be with you in spirit, if not in flesh.”

“Thank you,” said Bombònica and made a right turn onto Red Creek Street.

As she passed Mrs. Roberta Bacon’s yard, the chimaera (which the old lady kept unleashed—“thank God for the fence,” Bombònica thought) started furiously bleating. “You should have bleated when the thieves came to appropriate my shower handle O ring, you debauched creature. What’s the use of a three-folded body (lion in front, serpent behind, goat in the middle) if you can’t identify and annihilate disreputable characters sneaking into the neighborhood and breaking into people’s bathrooms?” Mrs. Bacon’s chimera was in fact a she-goat, as anyone with even a smattering of etymology knew, but she was a nasty goat, and rightly infamous up and down the street on account of the Dionysian orgies she threw whenever Mrs. Roberta Grosseteste’s billy-goat (a caprine animal with a sumptuous beard) was around.

The chimaera looked placidly at Bombònica and went on munching on the leaves she had torn from Mrs. Bacon’s laurel tree, which was the old lady’s *opus majus*: she grew it in a large wooden barrel, fed it a secret concoction whose recipe Mrs. Grosseteste numerous times (albeit unsuccessfully) had tried to find out, and took it inside in winter, for this was Northern Transylvania of a climate unpropitious to the outdoor growing of Mediterranean plants from November till April. Rumor had it that Mrs. Bacon used to read to her laurel tree to make it



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grow faster and to ensure the keeping of its mental sanity in this harsh climate of ours; some folks speculated that the preferred book was Pseudo-Aristotle's *Secreta secretorum*, but this was never proven.

"I hope your entrails burst," Bombònica augured (she was addressing the she-goat). "It's a known fact: laurel leaves are poisonous."

Having said that, she noticed the street sign affixed to Mrs. Bacon's fence had been changed to read *Rue des Corroiers* (possibly a new fancy name people of French descent in the Mayor's Office had come up with), which meant "street of leather belt makers" and reminded her of the Bishop of Bisinia and his leather accoutrements. A little song took shape in her mind, and she began:

Robin m'achata corroie . . .

"Oh no! Not this one: it's been done before, and it's not by me" she realized. "That annoying chimaera made me lose my train of thought."

She began again, and this time it was the right song:

Johannes Marignolli:

He was a man of letters,

When not en route to China

He wrote a lot of papers.

Of natural noblesse,

He showed it in his dress:

He bought his shoes in Paris

His hat was from Vox Maris

His housiaus et oins

He purchased in Lyons.

He rode a bicyclette,

He loved a midinette,

And since she was coquette

He gave her ceinturette.



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The story of his travels

Most famously unravels

In his Itinerary

And his obituary.



“I’ll think of the rest later. In fact, the Bishop is not dead—I just spoke to him this minute” Bombònica said to herself and resumed her walk. In due time she reached the apothecary’s shop, which was hosted in an old house recently restored and provided with a lovely front garden where lavender, sage, coriander, mint, anise, thyme, hyssop, savory, parsley, celery, dill, garlic, onions, chives, shallots, and mustard grew in neatly arranged beds. The sign on the front door read: *Chez les Poor Claires*—and rightly so, for the establishment was kept by the Minoresses, sweet sisters to the Friars Minor, recently arrived from Bruzzard in Suffolk. The sisters had brought with them a wonderful book, titled *Feat of Gardening*, authored by Master John Gardener in the fourteenth century; his advice to plant or sow all these herbs in April so they could be ready for a September harvest was closely followed, and the garden grew resplendent under the sisters’ care.

From one of the garden beds: “Respect the plants,” said a painted sign, employing a faint Spanish accent: it had been brought by Sister Imelda, who—unlike the other sisters—was from Seville, and, although not a loquacious sign by any standards, it had preserved some of the original local color in its speech.

“Of course,” Bombònica said, “don’t be ridiculous. I couldn’t do otherwise: I’m a natural that way.”

She stepped into the shop and the bell above the door went ding-a-ling; it reminded her of the Sunday Lady’s voice—without the lady, though, which was a good thing. Sister Chiara was busy behind the counter with a mortar and pestle. On the wall behind her there hang a copy of an illustration from *Hortus sanitatis* which the sisters had found about 1496 in a bookshop in Augsburg, showing an apothecary’s shop with an apprentice pounding medicines.

“Good, day, Sister,” Bombònica said. “How are you?”

Sister Chiara answered with a generous smile, showing her twin dimples, one on each cheek. She was a beauty and she knew it—so she could afford smiling at everyone because she knew she had no competition as far as good looks go: in other words, Sister Chiara didn’t suffer from an inferiority complex which would have resulted in a morose disposition and indecorous behavior, and Bombònica appreciated that. Present-day Sister Chiara was also a descendant of Sister Chiara of Montefalco, abbess of an Umbrian monastery, who died in August 1308, and



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whose heart, following dissection, was found to have hosted “a cross, or the image of the crucified Christ,” and, upon further investigation, “the crown of thorns, the whip and column, the rod and sponge, and tiny nails”—something that made her a serious candidate for canonization.

“Good day to you, too, my dear,” said Sister Chiara, resting from her labors for a minute. “I am pounding parsley seeds. As you may know, Pliny recommends that parsley sowing begin at the vernal equinox, and we are getting close to it.”



“Where does Pliny say this?”

“In his *Natural History* 5:522. He goes on to say: ‘The seed being first gently pounded in a mortar: it is thought that the parsley is made crisper by this process, or if the seed is rolled or trodden into the earth after being sown.’”

“Oh, I didn’t know that. Anyway, Sister, I am here to ask whether you could prepare a poultice for Lalili: her arthritis is giving her trouble, and she has a nasty cough.”

“Let me see,” Sister Chiara said, and, setting the pestle on the counter next to the mortar she reached to a bookshelf on the wall. Fumbling a little with some leather-bound incunabula and some older manuscripts: “Ah! Here it is!” she spoke softly. “Just what we needed: Rufinus’s *Herbarium*.” With her plump little fingers she turned a few leaves of the manuscript and started reading:

“‘Sprinkle some pulverized *sal gemma*, common salt, and *species aromatice* on any dish—the mixture is beneficial in the treatment of arthritic patients, that is, those suffering from joint pain.’ In other words, you can use ground cinnamon or pepper or galangal, or some such stuff and—in combination with the two types of salt—they will achieve the desired effect. Wait a second, there is something else I found in *Le livre des simples medicines*: you may also administer boiled cabbage seasoned with coriander, pepper, cumin, and garlic. There you go.”

“Thank you, Sister. What about the poultice for her chest?”

“I’ll give you a syrup instead,” and she got up and went to a cupboard from which she took an amber glass bottle labeled *Plantaginis lanceolatae folii extractum fluidum*. “It’s soothing for the throat; I made it from ribwort plantain leaves (also known as lamb’s tongue); I think Lalili’ll like it, for I added a touch of honey: give her a spoonful three times a day from the syrup and she’ll be fine in no time. As for improving her general condition, give her some ... wait,” and she grabbed another manuscript from the shelf:

“This is what Master Taillevant recommends for the sick: ‘Chicken soup. Cook the chicken in water until well boiled; then grind the meat in a mortar together with all the bones ... and if you want, add powdered sugar on top.’”



“Oh, she’ll love that. She’s crazy about sweets. But before I leave today, do you mind if I ask you a question?”

“Not at all. Please go ahead.”

“Well Sister, I was just wondering whether laurel leaves are really poisonous, like people say, or is it just a legend?”



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Sister Chiara turned to the *Herbal* and started reading again:

“I, Rufinus, have crushed seven laurel leaves with mastix and wine; and I squeezed the juice through a cloth and drank it.’ It looks inconclusive. Rufinus doesn’t say what happened, but obviously he didn’t die as a result of ingesting such a concoction, since subsequently he was able to recount the experiment.”

“Thank you so much, and may your day be enlivened by the manifold scents of multiple aromatic herbs and spices,” said Bombònica, employing the most suave tone of voice she could master.

And, seeing Sister Chiara’s incredulous smile: “I just learned the expression from the Bishop of Bisinia—well, not quite, I improved on it a little myself. Good bye, Sister.”

“Hmmm ...” she said to herself as she came out of the herb garden, “it looks like Mrs. Rogeria Bacon’s chimaera’s not gonna give up the ghost. That’s too bad.”

She crossed the street to the side on which, in their wisdom, the ancient city administrators had decided to place the main entrance gate to the Municipal Park. The members of the more recent administration didn’t find anything wrong with the position, so they left the gate where it was, thinking it wouldn’t cause any harm to anyone. And they were right. They only changed the name of the park, and that, to some extent (unforeseen by the City Fathers) mislead the people who were looking for this specific park under the old name. But that was their problem.

Anyway, Bombònica stepped onto the main alley and walked straight to the Great Poet Lendvay’s copper bust to see whether the Crazy Lady in the Park was around and dancing in front of the statue. But before she could get to the spot, she was stopped by Mrs. Thomasina Bonaventure, who was walking her griffin.

Mrs. Bonaventure was a person of physical and mental bulk (the physical was plainly visible; the mental—inferable), and she bore herself with dignity and poise. The day being the one after Sunday, she was still wearing her sumptuous dress made from “figured silk” (or patterned silk) produced in Andalusia and named after the city of Almería, where it was woven. Around the waist she wore a *ceinturette* made of silk embroidered with gold thread, and from this belt there hang a silk alms purse matching the color of the dress. It was rumored in town that the silk had been smuggled in from Spain by the same people who smuggled in cigarettes from the Ukraine—but Bombònica couldn’t be sure of that.

The griffin enhanced Mrs. Bonaventure’s resplendent looks, and there were many people in the neighborhood who said—albeit *sotto voce* and only to their most intimate friends—that the reason the lady took a griffin in her house was simply to show off, and not because she had a genuine interest in or love for animals. In addition to the griffin, Mrs. Bonaventure displayed yet another outstanding feature, and that was a gorgeous, thick moustache on her upper lip. Local gossip had it that she had tried to get rid of the moustache by shaving with Ockham’s razor, which she had purchased from the above-named individual’s barber shop in Old Town Square.

“Obviously with little success,” thought Bombònica.



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Mrs. Bonaventure was now rumored to be a regular at the Minoresses' shop, and Sister Chiara was believed to provide the lady with an anti-moustache tincture she herself (Sister Chiara) made, based on a recipe of which she would not divulge the secret.

"I don't know what's happening," the lady was now complaining to Bombònica. "Since last night my griffin seems to be suffering from some respiratory trouble. Shortness of breath. It looks like something's got stuck in its throat."

"Maybe I can help you with that," said Bombònica. "I have no great experience with griffins, but I'll try to do my best."

Like any regular griffin, Mrs. Bonaventure's had half of a vulture for its upper body and half of a lion for its lower body.

"But," Bombònica recalled Sir John Mandeville's description 'a single griffin has a body larger and stronger than any lion, that is, it equals eight lions, and it has more power and force than a hundred vultures'. Well yeah, but the Bishop of Bisinia made it clear this morning: that guy, Mandeville, was a cheater and a liar. I'm gonna give it a try."

And with a dexterous movement of the hands she cracked open the griffin's mouth, holding down its jaw with her left hand. Then from the right pocket of her dress she took out the *plantago lanceolata* syrup bottle and poured some of the liquid down the creature's throat. The griffin gulped it down, became agitated, roared, breathed a little fire through its nostrils, and batted its aquiline wings with impressive vigor; subsequently it coughed three short coughs and spat out a small piece of dark rubber.

It was Bombònica's shower handle O ring.

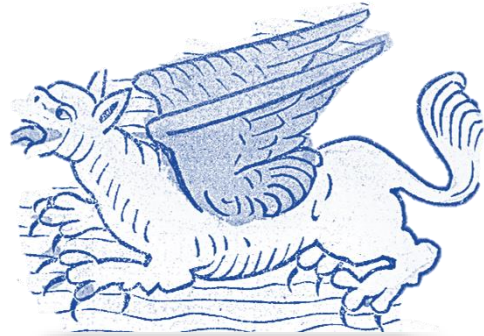


For *omphaloskepsis*, see Aldous Huxley, *Those Barren Leaves*, any edition.

For Johannes Marignolli, see Frater Johannes de Marignolli, "Relatio Fr. Iohannis de Marignolli," in *Itinera et relationes Fratrum Minorum saeculi XIII et IV*, ed. Anastasius van der Wyngaert, *Sinica franciscana* 1 (1929): 524-60.

For John of Tewkesbury, see MS Manchester, Chetham's Library 6681, *De situ universorum*.

For John Mandeville, see *Mandeville's Travels*, ed. M. C. Seymour (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967); *Mandeville's Travels*, text and translations by Malcolm Letts, 2 vols. (London: The Hakluyt Society, 1953); see also Josephine Waters Bennet, *The Rediscovery of Sir John Mandeville*, The Modern Language Association Monograph Series 19 (New York: The Modern Language Association of America,





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1954); and Arpad Steiner, “The Date of Composition of *Mandeville’s Travels*,” *Speculum* 9/2 (1943): 144-7.

For bishop’s sandals, see “De caligis et sandalis,” in Guilelmus Durandus, Bishop of Mende, *Rationale divinatorum officiorum, editio princeps* ([Mainz]: Johann Fust and Peter Schoeffer, 6 October 1459), Book III, ff. [22]va-[23]ra. A modern edition is in Guillaume Durand, *Guillelmi Duranti Rationale divinatorum officiorum*, 3 vols., Corpus Christianorum. Continuatio Mediaevalis 140-140B (Turnholt: Brepols, 1995-2000). A late 19th-century English translation of Book III is available as *The Sacred Vestments: An English Rendering of the Third Book of the Rationale divinatorum officiorum of Durandus, Bishop of Mende*, trans. Thomas Henry Passmore (London: Low, Marston and Co., 1899). A 21st-century translation is in *William Durand on the Clergy and Their Vestments: A New Translation of Books II and III of the Rationale divinatorum officiorum*, trans. with an introduction by Timothy M. Thibodeau (Scranton, PA: University of Scranton Press, 2010).

For sciopodes (sciopedes) and monopodes (monopedes), see Pliny, *Naturalis historia* vii.2.23 (the edition used here is Pliny, *Natural History. With an English Translation in Ten Volumes*, trans. H. Rackham, The Loeb Classical Library [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1961]); St. Augustine, *De civitate Dei* 16.8, PL 41, col. 486; and *Mandeville’s Travels*, ed. Letts, 2: 318.

For John Gardener’s *Feat of Gardening*, see John H. Harvey, “Vegetables in the Middle Ages,” *Garden History* 12 (Autumn 1984): 89-99.

For Sister Chiara of Montefalco, see Katharine Park, “The Criminal and the Sainly Body: Autopsy and Dissection in Renaissance Italy,” *Renaissance Quarterly* 47 (1994): 1-33, especially 1-8.

For Rufinus, see *The Herbal of Rufinus*, ed. Lynn Thorndike and Francis S. Benjamin (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1945).

Le livre des simple medicines is the French version of Matthaueus Platearius’s *Circa instans*. See *Le livre des simples medecines: Codex Bruxellensis IV.1024, A Fifteenth-century French Herbal*, with Introduction by Camélia Opsomer, trans. Enid Roberts and William T. Stearn, 2 vols. (Antwerp: De Schutter, 1984).

For Taillevant, see *Le Viandier de Guillaume Tirel dit Taillevant*, ed. Jérôme Pinchon and Georges Vicaire [1892], rev. ed. Sylvie Martinet (Geneva: Slatkine Reprints, 1967).

Shoe on p. 13 and header initial from Paul Lacroix, Alphonse Duchesne, and Ferdinand Seré, *Le Livre d’or des métiers: Histoire des cordonniers et des artisans dont la profession se rattache à la cordonnerie, précédé par l’histoire de la chaussure depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu’à nos jours* (Paris: Seré, 1852).

The Chimaera of Arezzo on p. 14: Copperplate engraving by Theodor Verkruijs. In Thomas Dempster, *De Etruria regali libri septem*, 1723-1724, Tabula XXII.