Appendix

The Italian text is from Marzia Minutelli’s transcription of Dolo’s letters to Francesco beginning at line 14 of letter XXVII. The translation I have made is aimed to be literal rather than to possess any poetic merit.

Sì che, essendo usanza mia, senza menzogna, menando universalmente equale la mensa, in biasimare et mordere la vita et costumi da(m)nabil de tuti li Principi et Signori de ogni sorte, io non tasso né tocho in occulto o publico la Vostra Signoria, anci da me sempre è exceptuata da la regola malèdica: che a dir pur lo vero senza adulatione tanti sono smesurati li defecti innumerabili de li altri et tanto abominevoli che li vostri sono per nulla reputatu; si como disse la bona donna che, apresso al marito nel lecto dormendo, sognava che era giunta in uno publico et spacioso mercato, dove erano li bigogni de li cazi da vendere.

Et molte donne cum gran calcha, a regato, per comprare de la desiesta mercantia, una l’altra baldanzosamente si urtavano per paura non li mancasseno, le pazarelle comprare de la desiata mercantia et anditi, suso le schale, suso ogni bancha, suso la piedi et iacendo bramata sposa (o donna): che de dì, di nocte, in (o inamorato) che daprima gode il suo desio de la donna che era ricca di amanti e di oggetti di lusso. Ma quelli francesi, spinto dalla sete dietro alla stessa conquista, erano pronti ad immaginare di trovare quel che desideravano dove non si aspettavano.

Et septe, et perciò è tanto fortarda). As I am not accustomed to lying, and I employ the same criterion to condemn and to criticise the intolerable life and morals of princes and masters of every kind, I do not censor myself nor touch Your Grace in secret or in public. But, I make an exception on your account, avoiding slanderous practices. For, to be honest, others’ defects are so numerous and so abominable that your matters seem a trifle in comparison - just as it was told by that ‘good’ woman, who, while sleeping next to her husband in bed, dreamt that she had come to a public and spacious market where there were vessels of pricks for sale. And since many women crowded competing to buy the desired merchandise, they boldly shoved each other, fearing that they would lack that enormous fruit, never more to be seen or touched by them, although there was an abundance of that thing which could fully supply not only the whole village but many more.

But, fearing that they would be left wanting, those silly women shoved one another and made noise and created chaos, although it was unnecessary. It was like a new groom (or lover), who for the first time enjoys his passion with his lusting bride (or lover): so that by day and night, standing up and lying down, either in their rooms, or in the corridors, the service rooms, on the stairs, on every bench, on the bare ground, or the granary, or the tuate, the kitchen and wherever it is easy and comfortable, with kisses, caresses and deeds, in every way he enjoys his very ardent love, as if a spring was lacking water, not knowing that the desire of a woman is infinite and can never have a conclusion or end (thus naturalists say that man has only two testicles and the woman has seven, and therefore is incredibly greedy). It happened that this ‘good’ woman, dreaming, and happy above any other joy on seeing the multitude of welcome wares, and since she had money, spied in the vessel a beautiful large one, big, long and white, lo nostro Monsignor Bentivoglio.
Et, volendolo comparare, una altra donna, che al mercato era venuta per fornirsi de uno bestiolo, gettò l’occhio a questo medesimo cerse; et ad uno medesimo tempo furon preste de le mano, pigliando una per la bursa, l’altra per la testa, et tiravano, ciascuna a piena forza per sbranarlo di mano a la compagna: pur, niuna si allentava a relaxare la impresa.

Ma, dopo longa contentione lassato stare in poso quello animaleto, incomenciono a scapliarse et far a pugni, per modo che, menando davero le pugna, percoteva lo marito che apresso li dormiva.

Di che, forte maravigliato et adirato de la insolentia de la moglie, cum pugni e cridi la svegliò et cum molte rampogne la minazava.

Alhora la bona donna, ridendo et chiedendo perdono, cum riso et solazo racontò al marito il bello ordine del delectevole sogno; el quale audito et per tale ragionamento arritato, el marito li domandò:

Dime, per toa fede, moglie mia, quanto si vendevano li cazi de la sorte et grosseza che è li mio?

Et, postolo in mano a la moglie, che lo attastasse (el quale, Signor Marchese, era al mio iudicio grosso quanto il vostro o alquanto più), respose la donna cum uno legiadro ghigno:

Li cazi di questa sorte non si vendevano, anci stavano in terra fora de li bigongi, et erano cum piedi piedi scaltizati, cum ciò sia cosa che tanto erano li altri grossi, longhu, belli, duri et arditi che di queste cazesse non si faceva estima alcuna!

gleaming so much that it seemed like the one depicted in the bathroom commissioned by our Monsignor Bentivoglio.

Another woman, wanting to buy one, came to the market to furnish herself with a little beast and casted an eye to this same virile member. Simultaneously, they quickly grabbed the member, one clutching the scrotum, the other the head, and they pulled, each with all their might, to pull it away from the hand of their opponent. But neither one restrained and loosened their grip.

But after a long dispute, having left that little animal in peace, they began to grab hair and to hit each other, in such a way that, throwing punches around, the 'good' woman struck her husband who was sleeping next to her. Whereof, greatly stunned and angry at his wife’s insolence, he awoke her with punches and cries and threatened her with many rebukes.

Then the ‘good’ woman, giggling and asking for forgiveness, with a laugh and amusement, recounted to her husband the sequence of her delightful dream. The husband, listening and agitated by the story, asked her:

‘Tell me, in good faith, my wife, how much were the pricks sold for, which were the same type and size as mine?’

And, placing his prick in the hand of his wife, so that she might well certify it (which, Sir Marquis, was to my judgement as big as yours or perhaps bigger), the woman responded with a lovely grin: ‘The pricks of this sort were not on sale. Instead, they were on the ground beside the vessels, and were trampled beneath feet. For the others were all so big, long, beautiful, hard and vigorous, that these little pricks among those others had no value.’
When women say they don't care about size it's because they care more about the total package (no pun intended). Many other sexual factors, like chemistry, eagerness, skill, and dedication to please are what count the most in determining good sex for women. So why all the love over the elusive monster D? Simple. It's a short cut to pleasure because it just feels better, looks sexier, and is ultra masculine. No real skill is required. Combine that with skill. And well The women portrayed in the play had the misfortune of living when corruption in the Catholic Church and the misogynistic culture of the time resulted in their own ill-treatment and lack of options in life. The relationship between Benedetta and Bartolomea is intriguing and quite alluring! I recommend reading the play, Vile Affections, if this book of interest! Others insisted that the lack of a penis, the only essential part in copulation, made any instance of lesbian sex not sex at all. There were a plethora of theories about what sex was, what made sex real, and what role both women and men played in the act. The Civilization of Europe in the Renaissance. John Hale. 4.0 out of 5 stars. Re'em, Eleanor (2015) What Women Want - The Penis Market in Renaissance Italy. Masters thesis, University of London. Citation: Re'em, Eleanor (2015) What Women Want - The Penis Market in Renaissance Italy. Masters thesis, University of London. Harvard.