

Miguel de Cervantes

Don
Quixote

A New Translation by Edith Grossman

INTRODUCTION
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Part One of the Ingenious Gentleman
Don Quixote of La Mancha



CHAPTER I

Which describes the condition and profession of the famous gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha

Somewhere in La Mancha, in a place whose name I do not care to remember, a gentleman lived not long ago, one of those who has a lance and ancient shield on a shelf and keeps a skinny nag and a greyhound for racing. An occasional stew, beef more often than lamb, hash most nights, eggs and abstinence on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, sometimes squab as a treat on Sundays—these consumed three-fourths of his income.¹ The rest went for a light woolen tunic and velvet breeches and hose of the same material for feast days, while weekdays were honored with dun-colored coarse cloth. He had a housekeeper past forty, a niece not yet twenty, and a man-of-all-work who did everything from saddling the horse to pruning the trees. Our gentleman was approximately fifty years old; his complexion was weathered, his flesh scrawny, his face gaunt, and he was a very early riser and a great lover of the hunt. Some claim that his family name was Quixada, or Quexada, for there is a certain amount of disagreement among the authors who write of this mat-

1. Cervantes describes typical aspects of the ordinary life of the rural gentry. The indications of reduced circumstances include the foods eaten by Don Quixote: beef, for example, was less expensive than lamb.

ter, although reliable conjecture seems to indicate that his name was Quexana. But this does not matter very much to our story; in its telling there is absolutely no deviation from the truth.

And so, let it be said that this aforementioned gentleman spent his times of leisure—which meant most of the year—reading books of chivalry with so much devotion and enthusiasm that he forgot almost completely about the hunt and even about the administration of his estate; and in his rash curiosity and folly he went so far as to sell acres of arable land in order to buy books of chivalry to read, and he brought as many of them as he could into his house; and he thought none was as fine as those composed by the worthy Feliciano de Silva,² because the clarity of his prose and complexity of his language seemed to him more valuable than pearls, in particular when he read the declarations and missives of love, where he would often find written: *The reason for the unreason to which my reason turns so weakens my reason that with reason I complain of thy beauty.* And also when he read: . . . *the heavens on high divinely heighten thy divinity with the stars and make thee deserving of the deserts thy greatness deserves.*

With these words and phrases the poor gentleman lost his mind, and he spent sleepless nights trying to understand them and extract their meaning, which Aristotle himself, if he came back to life for only that purpose, would not have been able to decipher or understand. Our gentleman was not very happy with the wounds that Don Belianís gave and received, because he imagined that no matter how great the physicians and surgeons who cured him, he would still have his face and entire body covered with scars and marks. But, even so, he praised the author for having concluded his book with the promise of unending adventure, and he often felt the desire to take up his pen and give it the conclusion promised there; and no doubt he would have done so, and even published it, if other greater and more persistent thoughts had not prevented him from doing so. He often had discussions with the village priest—who was a learned man, a graduate of Sigüenza³—regarding who had been the greater knight, Palmerín of England or Amadís of Gaul; but Master Nicolás, the village barber, said that none was the equal of the Knight of Phoebus, and if any could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís of Gaul, because he was moderate in

2. The author of several novels of chivalry; the phrases cited by Cervantes are typical of the language in these books that drove Don Quixote mad.

3. The allusion is ironic: Sigüenza was a minor university, and its graduates had the reputation of being not very well educated.

everything: a knight who was not affected, not as weepy as his brother, and incomparable in questions of courage.

In short, our gentleman became so caught up in reading that he spent his nights reading from dusk till dawn and his days reading from sunrise to sunset, and so with too little sleep and too much reading his brains dried up, causing him to lose his mind. His fantasy filled with everything he had read in his books, enchantments as well as combats, battles, challenges, wounds, courtings, loves, torments, and other impossible foolishness, and he became so convinced in his imagination of the truth of all the countless grandiloquent and false inventions he read that for him no history in the world was truer. He would say that El Cid Ruy Díaz⁴ had been a very good knight but could not compare to Amadís, the Knight of the Blazing Sword, who with a single backstroke cut two ferocious and colossal giants in half. He was fonder of Bernardo del Carpio⁵ because at Roncesvalles⁶ he had killed the enchanted Roland by availing himself of the tactic of Hercules when he crushed Antaeus, the son of Earth, in his arms. He spoke highly of the giant Morgante because, although he belonged to the race of giants, all of them haughty and lacking in courtesy, he alone was amiable and well-behaved. But, more than any of the others, he admired Reinaldos de Montalbán,⁷ above all when he saw him emerge from his castle and rob anyone he met, and when he crossed the sea and stole the idol of Mohammed made all of gold, as recounted in his history. He would have traded his housekeeper, and even his niece, for the chance to strike a blow at the traitor Guenelon.⁸

The truth is that when his mind was completely gone, he had the strangest thought any lunatic in the world ever had, which was that it seemed reasonable and necessary to him, both for the sake of his honor and as a service to the nation, to become a knight errant and travel the world with his armor and his horse to seek adventures and engage in everything he had read that knights errant engaged in, righting all manner of wrongs and, by seizing the opportunity and placing himself in danger and ending those wrongs, winning eternal renown and everlasting fame. The poor man imagined himself already wearing the crown, won by

4. A historical figure (eleventh century) who has passed into legend and literature.

5. A legendary hero, the subject of ballads as well as poems and plays.

6. The site in the Pyrenees, called Roncesvaux in French, where Charlemagne's army fought the Saracens in 778.

7. A hero of the French chansons de geste; in some Spanish versions, he takes part in the battle of Roncesvalles.

8. The traitor responsible for the defeat of Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles.

the valor of his arm, of the empire of Trebizond at the very least; and so it was that with these exceedingly agreeable thoughts, and carried away by the extraordinary pleasure he took in them, he hastened to put into effect what he so fervently desired. And the first thing he did was to attempt to clean some armor that had belonged to his great-grandfathers and, stained with rust and covered with mildew, had spent many long years stored and forgotten in a corner. He did the best he could to clean and repair it, but he saw that it had a great defect, which was that instead of a full sallet helmet with an attached neckguard, there was only a simple headpiece; but he compensated for this with his industry, and out of pasteboard he fashioned a kind of half-helmet that, when attached to the headpiece, took on the appearance of a full sallet. It is true that in order to test if it was strong and could withstand a blow, he took out his sword and struck it twice, and with the first blow he undid in a moment what it had taken him a week to create; he could not help being disappointed at the ease with which he had hacked it to pieces, and to protect against that danger, he made another one, placing strips of iron on the inside so that he was satisfied with its strength; and not wanting to put it to the test again, he designated and accepted it as an extremely fine sallet.

Then he went to look at his nag, and though its hooves had more cracks than his master's pate and it showed more flaws than Gonnella's horse, that *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,⁹ it seemed to him that Alexander's Bucephalus and El Cid's Babieca were not its equal. He spent four days thinking about the name he would give it; for—as he told himself—it was not seemly that the horse of so famous a knight, and a steed so intrinsically excellent, should not have a worthy name; he was looking for the precise name that would declare what the horse had been before its master became a knight errant and what it was now; for he was determined that if the master was changing his condition, the horse too would change its name to one that would win the fame and recognition its new position and profession deserved; and so, after many names that he shaped and discarded, subtracted from and added to, unmade and remade in his memory and imagination, he finally decided to call the horse *Rocinante*,¹⁰ a name, in his opinion, that was noble, sonorous, and reflective of what it had been when it was a nag, before it was what it was now, which was the foremost nag in all the world.

9. Pietro Gonnella, the jester at the court of Ferrara, had a horse famous for being skinny. The Latin translates as "was nothing but skin and bones."

10. *Rocín* means "nag"; *ante* means "before," both temporally and spatially.

Having given a name, and one so much to his liking, to his horse, he wanted to give one to himself, and he spent another eight days pondering this, and at last he called himself *Don Quixote*,¹¹ which is why, as has been noted, the authors of this absolutely true history determined that he undoubtedly must have been named Quixada and not Quexada, as others have claimed. In any event, recalling that the valiant Amadís had not been content with simply calling himself Amadís but had added the name of his kingdom and realm in order to bring it fame, and was known as Amadís of Gaul, he too, like a good knight, wanted to add the name of his birthplace to his own, and he called himself *Don Quixote of La Mancha*,¹² thereby, to his mind, clearly stating his lineage and country and honoring it by making it part of his title.

Having cleaned his armor and made a full helmet out of a simple headpiece, and having given a name to his horse and decided on one for himself, he realized that the only thing left for him to do was to find a lady to love; for the knight errant without a lady-love was a tree without leaves or fruit, a body without a soul. He said to himself:

"If I, because of my evil sins, or my good fortune, meet with a giant somewhere, as ordinarily befalls knights errant, and I unseat him with a single blow, or cut his body in half, or, in short, conquer and defeat him, would it not be good to have someone to whom I could send him so that he might enter and fall to his knees before my sweet lady, and say in the humble voice of surrender: 'I, lady, am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, defeated in single combat by the never sufficiently praised knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who commanded me to appear before your ladyship, so that your highness might dispose of me as you chose'?"

Oh, how pleased our good knight was when he had made this speech, and even more pleased when he discovered the one he could call his lady! It is believed that in a nearby village there was a very attractive peasant girl with whom he had once been in love, although she, apparently, never knew or noticed. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo,¹³ and he thought it a good idea to call her the lady of his thoughts, and, searching for a name that would not differ significantly from his and would suggest

11. *Quixote* means the section of armor that covers the thigh.

12. *La Mancha* was not one of the noble medieval kingdoms associated with knighthood.

13. Aldonza, considered to be a common, rustic name, had comic connotations.

and imply that of a princess and great lady, he decided to call her *Dulcinea of Toboso*,¹⁴ because she came from Toboso, a name, to his mind, that was musical and beautiful and filled with significance, as were all the others he had given to himself and everything pertaining to him.



CHAPTER II

Which tells of the first sally that the ingenious Don Quixote made from his native land

And so, having completed these preparations, he did not wish to wait any longer to put his thought into effect, impelled by the great need in the world that he believed was caused by his delay, for there were evils to undo, wrongs to right, injustices to correct, abuses to ameliorate, and offenses to rectify. And one morning before dawn on a hot day in July, without informing a single person of his intentions, and without anyone seeing him, he armed himself with all his armor and mounted Rocinante, wearing his poorly constructed helmet, and he grasped his shield and took up his lance and through the side door of a corral he rode out into the countryside with great joy and delight at seeing how easily he had given a beginning to his virtuous desire. But as soon as he found himself in the countryside he was assailed by a thought so terrible it almost made him abandon the enterprise he had barely begun; he recalled that he had not been dubbed a knight, and according to the law of chivalry, he could not and must not take up arms against any knight; since this was the case, he would have to bear blank arms, like a novice knight without a device on his shield, until he had earned one through his own efforts. These thoughts made him waver in his purpose; but, his madness being stronger than any other faculty, he resolved to have himself dubbed a knight by the first person he met, in imitation of many others who had done the same, as he had read in the books that had brought him to this state. As for his arms being blank and white,¹ he planned to

14. Her name is based on the word *dulce* ("sweet").

1. The wordplay is based on the word *blanco*, which can mean both "blank" and "white."

clean them so much that when the dubbing took place they would be whiter than ermine; he immediately grew serene and continued on his way, following only the path his horse wished to take, believing that the virtue of his adventures lay in doing this.

And as our new adventurer traveled along, he talked to himself, saying:

"Who can doubt that in times to come, when the true history of my famous deeds comes to light, the wise man who compiles them, when he begins to recount my first sally so early in the day, will write in this manner: 'No sooner had rubicund Apollo spread over the face of the wide and spacious earth the golden strands of his beauteous hair, no sooner had diminutive and bright-hued birds with dulcet tongues greeted in sweet, mellifluous harmony the advent of rosy dawn, who, forsaking the soft couch of her zealous consort, revealed herself to mortals through the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, than the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, abandoning the downy bed of idleness, mounted his famous steed, Rocinante, and commenced to ride through the ancient and illustrious countryside of Montiel.'"

And it was true that this was where he was riding. And he continued:

"Fortunate the time and blessed the age when my famous deeds will come to light, worthy of being carved in bronze, sculpted in marble, and painted on tablets as a remembrance in the future. O thou, wise enchanter, whoever thou mayest be, whose task it will be to chronicle this wondrous history! I implore thee not to overlook my good Rocinante, my eternal companion on all my travels and peregrinations."

Then he resumed speaking as if he truly were in love:

"O Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart! Thou hast done me grievous harm in bidding me farewell and reproving me with the harsh affliction of commanding that I not appear before thy sublime beauty. May it please thee, Señora, to recall this thy subject heart, which suffers countless trials for the sake of thy love."

He strung these together with other foolish remarks, all in the manner his books had taught him and imitating their language as much as he could. As a result, his pace was so slow, and the sun rose so quickly and ardently, that it would have melted his brains if he had had any.

He rode almost all that day and nothing worthy of note happened to him, which caused him to despair because he wanted an immediate encounter with someone on whom to test the valor of his mighty arm. Some authors say his first adventure was the one in Puerto Lápice; others claim it was the adventure of the windmills; but according to what I have been able to determine with regard to this matter, and what I have

discovered written in the annals of La Mancha, the fact is that he rode all that day, and at dusk he and his horse found themselves exhausted and half-dead with hunger; as he looked all around to see if he could find some castle or a sheepfold with shepherds where he might take shelter and alleviate his great hunger and need, he saw an inn not far from the path he was traveling, and it was as if he had seen a star guiding him not to the portals, but to the inner towers of his salvation. He quickened his pace and reached the inn just as night was falling.

At the door there happened to be two young women, the kind they call ladies of easy virtue, who were on their way to Sevilla with some muledrivers who had decided to stop at the inn that night, and since everything our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined seemed to happen according to what he had read, as soon as he saw the inn it appeared to him to be a castle complete with four towers and spires of gleaming silver, not to mention a drawbridge and deep moat and all the other details depicted on such castles. He rode toward the inn that he thought was a castle, and when he was a short distance away he reined in Rocinante and waited for a dwarf to appear on the parapets to signal with his trumpet that a knight was approaching the castle. But when he saw that there was some delay, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to get to the stable, he rode toward the door of the inn and saw the two profligate wenches standing there, and he thought they were two fair damsels or two gracious ladies taking their ease at the entrance to the castle. At that moment a swineherd who was driving his pigs—no excuses, that's what they're called—out of some mudholes blew his horn, a sound that pigs respond to, and it immediately seemed to Don Quixote to be just what he had desired, which was for a dwarf to signal his arrival; and so with extreme joy he rode up to the inn, and the ladies, seeing a man armed in that fashion, and carrying a lance and shield, became frightened and were about to retreat into the inn, but Don Quixote, inferring their fear from their flight, raised the pasteboard visor, revealing his dry, dusty face, and in a gallant manner and reassuring voice, he said to them:

"Flee not, dear ladies, fear no villainous act from me; for the order of chivalry which I profess does not countenance or permit such deeds to be committed against any person, least of all highborn maidens such as yourselves."

The women looked at him, directing their eyes to his face, hidden by the imitation visor, but when they heard themselves called maidens, something so alien to their profession, they could not control their laughter, which offended Don Quixote and moved him to say:

"Moderation is becoming in beauteous ladies, and laughter for no reason is foolishness; but I do not say this to cause in you a woeful or dolorous disposition, for mine is none other than to serve you."

The language, which the ladies did not understand, and the bizarre appearance of our knight intensified their laughter, and his annoyance increased and he would have gone even further if at that moment the innkeeper had not come out, a man who was very fat and therefore very peaceable, and when he saw that grotesque figure armed with arms as incongruous as his bridle, lance, shield, and corselet, he was ready to join the maidens in their displays of hilarity. But fearing the countless difficulties that might ensue, he decided to speak to him politely, and so he said:

"If, Señor, your grace seeks lodging, except for a bed (because there is none in this inn), a great abundance of everything else will be found here."

Don Quixote, seeing the humility of the steward of the castle-fortress, which is what he thought the innkeeper and the inn were, replied:

"For me, good castellan, anything will do, for

my trappings are my weapons,
and combat is my rest,"²

The host believed he had called him castellan because he thought him an upright Castilian, though he was an Andalusian from the Sanlúcar coast,³ no less a thief than Cacus and as malicious as an apprentice page, and so he responded:

"In that case, your grace's beds must be bare rocks, and your sleep a constant vigil; and this being true, you can surely dismount, certain of finding in this poor hovel more than enough reason and reasons not to sleep in an entire year, let alone a single night."

And having said this, he went to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who dismounted with extreme difficulty and travail, like a man who had not broken his fast all day long.

Then he told his host to take great care with his horse, because it was the best mount that walked this earth. The innkeeper looked at the horse and did not think it as good as Don Quixote said, or even half as good; after leading it to the stable, he came back to see what his guest might de-

2. These lines are from a well-known ballad; the first part of the innkeeper's response quotes the next two lines.

3. In Cervantes's time, this was known as a gathering place for criminals.

sire, and the maidens, who by this time had made peace with him, were divesting him of his armor; although they removed his breastplate and back-piece, they never knew how or were able to disconnect the gorget or remove the counterfeit helmet, which was tied on with green cords that would have to be cut because the ladies could not undo the knots; but he absolutely refused to consent to this, and so he spent all night wearing the helmet and was the most comical and curious figure anyone could imagine; as they were disarming him, and since he imagined that those well-worn and much-used women were illustrious ladies and damsels from the castle, he said to them with a good deal of grace and verve:

“Never was a knight
so well-served by ladies
as was Don Quixote
when he first sallied forth:
fair damsels tended to him;
princesses cared for his horse,⁴

or Rocinante, for this is the name, noble ladies, of my steed, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is mine; and although I did not wish to disclose my name until the great feats performed in your service and for your benefit would reveal it, perforce the adaptation of this ancient ballad of Lancelot to our present purpose has been the cause of your learning my name before the time was ripe; but the day will come when your highnesses will command, and I shall obey, and the valor of this my arm will betoken the desire I have to serve you.”

The women, unaccustomed to hearing such high-flown rhetoric, did not say a word in response; they only asked if he wanted something to eat.

“I would consume any fare,” replied Don Quixote, “because, as I understand it, that would be most beneficial now.”

It happened to be a Friday, and in all the inn there was nothing but a few pieces of a fish that in Castilla is called cod, and in Andalucía cod-fish, and in other places salt cod, and elsewhere smoked cod. They asked if his grace would like a little smoked cod, for there was no other fish to serve him.

“Since many little cod,” replied Don Quixote, “all together make one large one, it does not matter to me if you give me eight *reales*⁵ in coins or

4. Don Quixote paraphrases a ballad about Lancelot.

5. *Real* was the name given to a series of silver coins, no longer in use, which were roughly equivalent to thirty-four *maravedís*, or one-quarter of a *peseta*.

in a single piece of eight. Moreover, it well might be that these little cod are like veal, which is better than beef, and kid, which is better than goat. But, in any case, bring it soon, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be borne if one does not control the stomach.”

They set the table at the door of the inn to take advantage of the cooler air, and the host brought Don Quixote a portion of cod that was badly prepared and cooked even worse, and bread as black and grimy as his armor; but it was a cause for great laughter to see him eat, because, since he was wearing his helmet and holding up the visor with both hands, he could not put anything in his mouth unless someone placed it there for him, and so one of the ladies performed that task. But when it was time to give him something to drink, it was impossible, and would have remained impossible, if the innkeeper had not hollowed out a reed, placing one end in the gentleman's mouth and pouring some wine in the other; and all of this Don Quixote accepted with patience in order not to have the cords of his helmet cut. At this moment a gelder of hogs happened to arrive at the inn, and as he arrived he blew on his reed pipe four or five times, which confirmed for Don Quixote that he was in a famous castle where they were entertaining him with music, and that the cod was trout, the bread soft and white, the prostitutes ladies, the innkeeper the castellan of the castle, and that his decision to sally forth had been a good one. But what troubled him most was not being dubbed a knight, for it seemed to him he could not legitimately engage in any adventure if he did not receive the order of knighthood.

Saying this, he arrived at a road that divided in four, and immediately there came to his imagination the crossroads where knights errant would begin to ponder which of those roads they would follow, and in order to imitate them, he remained motionless for a time, and after having thought very carefully, he loosened the reins and subjected his will to Rocinante's, and the horse pursued his initial intent, which was to head back to his own stall.

And having gone about two miles, Don Quixote saw a great throng of people who, as he subsequently discovered, were merchants from Toledo on their way to Murcia to buy silk. There were six of them, holding sunshades, and four servants on horseback, and three boys on foot leading the mules. No sooner had Don Quixote seen them than he imagined this to be a new adventure; and in order to imitate in every way possible the deeds he had read in his books, this seemed the perfect opportunity for him to perform one that he had in mind. And so, with gallant bearing and great boldness, he set his feet firmly in the stirrups, grasped his lance, brought the shield up to his chest, and, stopping in the middle of the road, he waited until those knights errant, for that is what he deemed and considered them to be, had reached him; and when they had come close enough to see and hear him, Don Quixote raised his voice and, in an imperious manner, he said:

"Halt, all of you, unless all of you confess that in the entire world there is no damsel more beautiful than the empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea of Toboso."

The merchants stopped when they heard these words and saw the strange appearance of the one who said them, and because of his appearance and words, they soon saw the madness of the man, but they wished to see at their leisure the purpose of the confession he was demanding, and one of them, who was something of a jokester and clever in the extreme, said:

"Señor Knight, we do not know this good lady you have mentioned; show her to us, for if she is as beautiful as you say, we will gladly and freely confess the truth you ask of us."

"If I were to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would the virtue be in your confessing so obvious a truth? The significance lies in not seeing her and believing, confessing, affirming, swearing, and defending that truth; if you do not, you must do battle with me, audacious and arrogant people. And whether you come one by one, as the order of chivalry demands, or all at once, in the vicious manner of those of your

ilk, here I am, ready and waiting for you, certain of the rightness of my claim."

"Señor Knight," replied the merchant, "in the name of all these princes, of whom I am one, and in order not to burden our consciences with the confession of something we have never seen or heard, and which, moreover, is so prejudicial to the empresses and queens of Alcarria and Extremadura, I implore your grace to have the goodness to show us a portrait of this lady, even if it is no larger than a grain of wheat; for with a single thread one has the entire skein, and we will be satisfied and certain, and your grace will be recompensed and requited, and although I believe we are so partial to your position that even if her portrait shows us that she is blind in one eye and that blood and brimstone flow from the other, despite all that, to please your grace, we will praise her in everything you might wish."

"Nothing flows from her, vile rabble," replied Don Quixote, burning with rage. "Nothing flows from her, I say, but amber and delicate musk; and she is not blind or humpbacked but as upright as a peak of the Guadarramas. But you will pay for how you have blasphemed against beauty as extraordinary as that of my lady!"

And, having said this, he lowered his lance and charged the man who had spoken, with so much rage and fury that if, to the daring merchant's good fortune, Rocinante had not tripped and fallen on the way, things would have gone badly for him. Rocinante fell, and his master rolled some distance on the ground, and when he tried to get up, he could not: he was too burdened by lance, shield, spurs, helmet, and the weight of his ancient armor. And as he struggled to stand, and failed, he said:

"Flee not, cowards; wretches, attend; for it is no fault of mine but of my mount that I lie here."

One of the muledrivers, who could not have been very well intentioned, heard the poor man on the ground making these insolent statements, and he could not stand by without giving him his response in the ribs. And walking up to him, he took the lance, broke it into pieces, and with one of them he began to beat our knight so furiously that notwithstanding and in spite of his armor, he thrashed Don Quixote as if he were threshing wheat. His masters shouted for him to stop and let him be, but by now the muledriver's blood was up and he did not want to leave the game until he had brought into play the last of his rage, and having recourse to the other pieces of the lance, he shattered them all on the wretched man on the ground, who, despite that storm of blows raining down on him, did not once close his mouth but continued to rail against

heaven and earth and these wicked knaves, which is what they seemed to him.

The muledriver tired, and the merchants continued on their way, taking with them stories to tell about the beaten man for the rest of the journey. And he, when he found himself alone, tried again to see if he could stand, but if he could not when he was hale and healthy, how could he when he was beaten almost to a pulp? And still he considered himself fortunate, for it seemed to him that this was the kind of mishap that befell knights errant, and he attributed it all to his horse's misstep, but his body was so bruised and beaten it was not possible for him to stand.



CHAPTER V

In which the account of our knight's misfortune continues

Seeing, then, that in fact he could not move, he took refuge in his usual remedy, which was to think about some situation from his books, and his madness made him recall that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded in the highlands,¹ a history known to children, acknowledged by youths, celebrated, and even believed by the old, and, despite all this, no truer than the miracles of Mohammed. This is the tale that seemed to him perfectly suited for the situation in which he found himself, and so, with displays of great emotion, he began to roll about on the ground and to say with faint breath exactly what people say was said by the wounded Knight of the Wood:

"Where art thou, my lady,
that thou weepest not for my ills?
Dost not know of them, lady,
Or art thou truly false?"

And in this way he continued reciting the ballad until the lines that say:

1. These characters appear in the well-known ballad that Don Quixote recites.

"O noble Marquis of Mantua,
mine uncle and natural lord!"

And as luck would have it, when he reached this line, a farmer from his village happened to pass by, a neighbor of his on the way home after taking a load of wheat to the mill; the farmer, seeing a man lying there, approached and asked who he was and what the trouble was that made him complain so pitifully. Don Quixote no doubt thought the farmer was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so the only answer he gave was to go on with the ballad, recounting his misfortune and the love of the emperor's son for his wife, all of it just as it is told in the ballad.

The farmer was astounded when he heard these absurdities, and after removing the visor, which had been shattered in the beating, he wiped the fallen man's face, which was covered in dust, and as soon as he had wiped it he recognized him and said:

"Señor Quijana!"—for this must have been his name when he was in his right mind and had not yet changed from a quiet gentleman into a knight errant—"Who has done this to your grace?"

But Don Quixote went on reciting his ballad in response to every question. Seeing this, the good man, as carefully as he could, removed the breastplate and backpiece to see if he was wounded but did not see blood or cuts of any kind. He managed to lift him from the ground and with a good deal of effort put him on his own donkey, because he thought it a steadier mount. He gathered up his arms, even the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them on Rocinante, and leading the horse by the reins and the jackass by the halter, he began to walk toward his village, very dispirited at hearing the nonsense that Don Quixote was saying; Don Quixote was no less dispirited, for he was so beaten and broken that he could barely keep his seat on the burro, and from time to time he would raise his sighs to heaven, which obliged the farmer to ask him again to tell him what was wrong; one cannot help but think that the devil made Don Quixote recall stories suited to the events that had occurred, because at that point, forgetting about Valdovinos, he remembered the Moor Abindarráez, when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez, captured him and brought him back to his domain as his prisoner.² So when the farmer asked him again how he felt and what was wrong, he answered with the same words and phrases that the captive

2. The story is included in book IV of Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana* (1559?), the first of the Spanish pastoral novels; it is one of the volumes in Don Quixote's library.

scion of the Abencerraje family said to Rodrigo de Narváez, just as he had read them in the history of *Diana*, by Jorge de Montemayor, where they are written, and he did this so deliberately that as the farmer walked along he despaired at hearing such an enormous amount of foolishness; in this way he realized that his neighbor was mad, and he hurried to reach the village in order to rid himself of the impatience Don Quixote provoked in him with his long-winded harangue. When it was concluded, Don Quixote went on to say:

"Your grace should know, Don Rodrigo de Narváez, that this beautiful Jarifa I have mentioned to you is now the lovely Dulcinea of Toboso, for whose sake I have performed, perform now, and shall perform in the future the most famous feats of chivalry the world has seen, sees now, and will ever see."

To this the farmer replied:

"Look, your grace, poor sinner that I am, I'm not Don Rodrigo de Narváez or the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor, and your grace isn't Valdovinos or Abindarráez, but an honorable gentleman, Señor Quijana."

"I know who I am," replied Don Quixote, "and I know I can be not only those I have mentioned but the Twelve Peers of France³ as well, and even all the nine paragons of Fame,⁴ for my deeds will surpass all those they performed, together or singly."

Having these exchanges and others like them, they reached the village as night was falling, but the farmer waited until it grew a little darker, so that no one would see what a poor knight the beaten gentleman was. When he thought the right time had come, he entered the village and came to Don Quixote's house, which was in an uproar; the priest and barber, who were great friends of Don Quixote, were there, and in a loud voice his housekeeper was saying to them:

"What does your grace think, Señor Licentiate Pero Pérez?"—for this was the priest's name—"of my master's misfortune? Three days and no sign of him, or his horse, or his shield, or his lance, or his armor. Woe is me! Now I know, and it's as true as the death I owe God, that those accursed books of chivalry he's always reading have driven him crazy; and now I remember hearing him say time and time again, when he was talking to

3. Knights chosen by the king of France and called peers because they were equal in skill and courage. They appear in *The Song of Roland*.

4. The nine were Joshua, David, Judah Macabee, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon (commander of the First Crusade).

himself, that he wanted to become a knight errant and go out in the wide world in search of adventures. Those books should go straight to Satan and Barrabas, for they have ruined the finest mind in all of La Mancha."

His niece said the same and even added:

"You should know, Master Nicolás"—for this was the name of the barber—"that it often happened that my dear uncle would read these cruel books of adventures for two days and nights without stopping, and when he was finished he would toss away the book and pick up his sword and slash at the walls, and when he was very tired he would say that he had killed four giants as big as four towers, and the sweat dripping from him because of his exhaustion he would say was blood from the wounds he had received in battle, and then he would drink a whole pitcher of cold water and become cured and calm again, saying that the water was a precious drink brought to him by Esquife the Wise, a great wizard and a friend of his. But I am to blame for everything because I didn't let your graces know about the foolishness of my dear uncle so that you could help him before it went this far, and burn all these wicked books, and he has many that deserve to be burned, just as if they belonged to heretics."

"That is what I say, too," said the priest, "and by my faith, no later than tomorrow we will have a public proceeding, and they will be condemned to the flames so that they do not give occasion to whoever reads them to do what my good friend must have done."

The farmer and Don Quixote heard all of this, which allowed the farmer to understand finally what his neighbor's sickness was, and so he called out:

"Your graces, open to Señor Valdovinos and to Señor Marquis of Mantua, who is badly wounded, and to Señor the Moor Abindarráz, captive of the valiant Rodrigo de Narváez, governor of Antequera."

At the sound of his voice they all came out, and since some recognized their friend, and others their master and uncle, who had not yet dismounted from the donkey because he could not, they ran to embrace him, and he said:

"Stop, all of you, for I have been sorely wounded on account of my horse. Take me to my bed and call, if such is possible, Uganda the Wise, that she may heal and tend to my wounds."

"Look, all of you," said the housekeeper, "in what an evil hour my heart knew exactly what was wrong with my master. Your grace can go up and rest easy, because without that gander woman coming here, we'll know how to cure you. And I say that these books of chivalry should be cursed another hundred times for bringing your grace to such a pass!"

They led him to his bed and looked for his wounds but could find none, and he said it was simple bruising because he had taken a great fall with Rocinante, his horse, as they were doing battle with ten of the most enormous and daring giants one could find anywhere in the world.

"Tut, tut!" said the priest. "So there are giants at the ball? By the Cross, I shall burn them before nightfall tomorrow."

They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, but the only answer he gave was that they should give him something to eat and let him sleep, which was what he cared about most. They did so, and the priest questioned the farmer at length regarding how he had found Don Quixote. He told the priest everything, including the nonsense Don Quixote had said when he found him and brought him home, giving the licentiate an even greater desire to do what he did the next day, which was to call on his friend, the barber Master Nicolás, and go with him to the house of Don Quixote,



CHAPTER VI

Regarding the beguiling and careful examination carried out by the priest and the barber of the library of our ingenious gentleman

who was still asleep. The priest asked the niece for the keys to the room that contained the books responsible for the harm that had been done, and she gladly gave them to him. All of them went in, including the housekeeper, and they found more than a hundred large volumes, very nicely bound, and many other smaller ones; and as soon as the housekeeper saw them, she hurried out of the room and quickly returned with a basin of holy water and a hyssop and said to the priest:

"Take this, Señor Licentiate, and sprinkle this room, so that no enchanter, of the many in these books, can put a spell on us as punishment for wanting to drive them off the face of the earth."

The licentiate had to laugh at the housekeeper's simplemindedness, and he told the barber to hand him the books one by one so that he could see what they contained, for he might find a few that did not deserve to be punished in the flames.

"No," said the niece, "there's no reason to pardon any of them, because they all have been harmful; we ought to toss them out the windows into the courtyard, and make a pile of them and set them on fire; or better yet, take them to the corral and light the fire there, where the smoke won't bother anybody."

The housekeeper agreed, so great was the desire of the two women to see the death of those innocents; but the priest was not in favor of doing that without even reading the titles first. And the first one that Master Nicolás handed him was *The Four Books of Amadís of Gaul*,¹ and the priest said:

"This one seems to be a mystery, because I have heard that this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain,² and all the rest found their origin and inspiration here, and so it seems to me that as the proponent of the doctrine of so harmful a sect, we should, without any excuses, condemn it to the flames."

"No, Señor," said the barber, "for I've also heard that it is the best of all the books of this kind ever written, and as a unique example of the art, it should be pardoned."

"That's true," said the priest, "and so we'll spare its life for now. Let's see the one next to it."

"It is," said the barber, "the *Exploits of Esplandián*,³ who was the legitimate son of Amadís of Gaul."

"In truth," said the priest, "the mercy shown the father will not help the son. Take it, Señora Housekeeper, open that window, throw it into the corral, and let it be the beginning of the pile that will fuel the fire we shall set."

The housekeeper was very happy to do as he asked, and the good Esplandián went flying into the corral, waiting with all the patience in the world for the fire that threatened him.

"Next," said the priest.

"This one," said the barber, "is *Amadís of Greece*,⁴ and I believe that all these over here come from the line of Amadís."

"Well, let them all go into the corral," said the priest. "For the sake of burning Queen Pintiquinestra, and the shepherd Darinel and all his

1. Published in their complete version in 1508, these are the first in the long series of novels of chivalry devoted to the exploits of Amadís, a prototypical knight, and his descendants.

2. The Catalan novel *Tirant lo Blanc* was published in 1490; Cervantes probably knew only the translation into Castilian, which was not published until 1511.

3. This is the fifth book of the Amadís series and was published in 1521.

4. Published by Feliciano de Silva in 1535, it is the ninth book of the Amadís series.

eclogues, and the perverse and complicated language of their author, I would burn along with them the father who sired me if he were to appear in the form of a knight errant."

"I'm of the same opinion," said the barber.

"And so am I," added the niece.

"Well, then," said the housekeeper, "hand them over and into the corral with them."

They handed them to her, and there were a good many of them, and she saved herself a trip down the stairs and tossed them all out the window.

"Who's that big fellow?" asked the priest.

"This," replied the barber, "is *Don Olivante of Laura*."⁵

"The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same one who composed *Garden of Flowers*, and the truth is I can't decide which of the two is more true or, I should say, less false; all I can say is that this one goes to the corral, because it is silly and arrogant."

"This next one is *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*,"⁶ said the barber.

"Is Sir Felixmarte there?" the priest responded. "Well, by my faith, into the corral with him quickly, despite his strange birth and resounding adventures, for the harshness and dryness of his style allow no other course of action. Into the corral with him and this other one, Señora Housekeeper."

"With pleasure, Señor," she replied, and with great joy she carried out her orders.

"This one is *The Knight Platir*,"⁷ said the barber.

"That's an old book," said the priest, "and I don't find anything in it that would warrant forgiveness. Let it join the others, with no defense."

And that is what happened. Another book was opened and they saw that its title was *The Knight of the Cross*.⁸

"Because of the holy name this book bears one might pardon its stupidity, but as the saying goes, 'The devil can hide behind the cross.' Into the fire."

Picking up another book, the barber said:

5. Published by Antonio de Torquemada in 1564. In 1600, his *Jardín de flores* (*Garden of Flowers*) was translated into English as *The Spanish Mandeville*.

6. Published by Lenchor Ortega de Ubeda in 1556.

7. Published anonymously in 1533, this is the fourth book of the series about Palmerín, another fictional knight.

8. Published anonymously, it has two parts, which appeared in 1521 and 1526, respectively.

"This is *The Mirror of Chivalry*."⁹

"I already know his grace," said the priest. "There you'll find Reinaldos de Montalbán and his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers along with that true historian Turpín,¹⁰ and the truth is I'm inclined to condemn them to no more than perpetual exile, if only because they contain part of the invention of the famous Matteo Boiardo, from which the cloth was woven by the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto,¹¹ who, if I find him here, speaking in some language not his own, I will have no respect for him at all; but if he speaks in his own language, I bow down to him."

"Well, I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I don't understand it."

"There's no reason you should," replied the priest, "and here we would pardon the captain if he had not brought it to Spain and translated it into Castilian, for he took away a good deal of its original value, which is what all who attempt to translate books of poetry into another language will do as well: no matter the care they use and the skill they show, they will never achieve the quality the verses had in their first birth. In fact, I say that this book, and all those you find that deal with the matter of France, should be thrown into a dry well and kept there until we can agree on what should be done with them, except for a *Bernardo del Carpio* that's out there, and another called *Roncesvalles*,¹² for these, on reaching my hands, will pass into the housekeeper's and then into the fire, with no chance of a pardon."

All this the barber seconded, and thought it right and proper, for he understood that the priest was so good a Christian and so loved the truth that he would not speak a falsehood for anything in the world. And opening another book, he saw that it was *Palmerín of the Olive*,¹³ and with it was another called *Palmerín of England*, and seeing this, the priest said:

9. An unfaithful prose translation of Boiardo's *Orlando innamorato* (*Roland in Love*), it was published in three parts in 1533, 1536, and 1550, respectively. The first two are attributed to López de Santa Catalina and the third to Pedro de Reynosa.

10. The archbishop of Reims, whose *Fables* (1527) are a fictional Carolingian chronicle. He is constantly cited for his veracity in *The Mirror of Chivalry*.

11. Matteo Boiardo was the author of *Orlando innamorato*; Ludovico Ariosto, who wrote *Orlando furioso*, referred only to the Christian God in his work. Cervantes disliked the Spanish translations of Ariosto, including the one by Captain Jerónimo de Urrea (1549), which he refers to in the next paragraph.

12. The references are to two poems, the first by Agustín Alonso (1585) and the second by Francisco Garrido Vicena (1555).

13. The first of the *Palmerín* novels, published in 1511, is of uncertain authorship. The *Palmerín of England* was the third novel in the series; it was written in Portuguese by Francisco Moraes Cabral and translated into Castilian by Luis Hurtado (1547).

"The olive branch should be cut up immediately and burned until there's nothing left but ashes, but the palm branch of England should be kept and preserved as something unique; a chest should be made for it like the one Alexander found among the spoils of Darius and which he designated for preserving the works of the poet Homer. This book, my friend, has authority for two reasons: one, because it is very good in and of itself, and two, because it is well-known that it was composed by a wise and prudent king of Portugal. All the adventures in the castle of Miraguarda are excellent and very artful; the language is courtly and clear, for it takes into account and respects the decorum of the person speaking with a good deal of exactness and understanding. I say, therefore, that unless you are of another mind, Master Nicolás, this one and *Amadís of Gaul* should escape the fire, and all the rest, without further investigation or inquiry, should perish."

"No, my friend," the barber responded, "for the one I have here is the renowned *Don Belianís*."¹⁴

"Well, that one," replied the priest, "and its second, third, and fourth parts need a little dose of rhubarb to purge their excess of choler, and it would be necessary to remove everything about the castle of Fame and other, more serious impertinences, and therefore they are given a delayed sentence, and the degree to which they are emended will determine if mercy or justice are shown to them; in the meantime, my friend, keep them in your house, but permit no one to read them."

"It will be my pleasure," replied the barber.

And not wishing to tire himself further with the perusal of books of chivalry, he ordered the housekeeper to take all the large ones to the corral. This was not said to a foolish woman or a deaf one, but to a person who would rather burn the books than weave a piece of cloth, no matter how large or fine it might be, and she seized almost eight at a time and threw them out the window. Because she took so many together, one of them fell at the feet of the barber, who wanted to see which one it was and saw that it said: *History of the Famous Knight Tirant lo Blanc*.¹⁵

"God help me!" said the priest with a great shout. "Here is Tirant lo Blanc. Let me have it, friend, for I state here and now that in it I have found a wealth of pleasure and a gold mine of amusement. Here is Don

14. Written by Jerónimo Fernández and published in 1547.

15. As indicated earlier, this was first published in 1490; composed in Catalan by Johanot Martorell and continued by Martí Johan de Galba, the anonymous Castilian translation was published in 1511.

Quirieleisón of Montalbán, that valiant knight, and his brother Tomás of Montalbán, and the knight Fonseca, not to mention the battle that the brave Tirant waged against the Alani, and the witticisms of the damsel Placerdemivida, and the loves and lies of the widow Reposada, and the lady Emperatriz, beloved of Hipólito, her squire. I tell you the truth, my friend, when I say that because of its style, this is the best book in the world: in it knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make a will before they die, and do everything else that all the other books of this sort leave out. For these reasons, since the author who composed this book did not deliberately write foolish things but intended to entertain and satirize, it deserves to be reprinted in an edition that would stay in print for a long time.¹⁶ Take it home and read it, and you'll say that everything I've said about it is true."

"I'll do that," answered the barber. "But what shall we do with these small books that remain?"

"These," said the priest, "are probably not about chivalry; they must be poetry."

And opening one, he saw that it was *Diana*, by Jorge de Montemayor,¹⁷ and he said, believing that all the others were of the same genre:

"These do not deserve to be burned like the rest, because they do not and will not cause the harm that books of chivalry have, for they are books of the understanding and do no injury to anyone."

"Oh, Señor!" said the niece. "Your grace should send them to be burned, just like all the rest, because it's very likely that my dear uncle, having been cured of the chivalric disease, will read these and want to become a shepherd and wander through the woods and meadows singing and playing, and, what would be even worse, become a poet, and that, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease."

"What the girl says is true," said the priest, "and it would be a good idea to remove from the path of our friend this obstacle and danger. And, to begin with Montemayor's *Diana*, I am of the opinion that it should not be burned, but that everything having to do with the wise Felicia and the enchanted water, and almost all the long verses, should be excised, and let it happily keep all the prose and the honor of being the first of such books."

16. In the translation of this sentence, which has been called the most obscure in the entire novel, I have followed the interpretation offered by Martín de Riquer. One of the problematic issues in Spanish is the word *galeras*, or "galleys," which can mean either ships or publisher's proofs.

17. As indicated earlier, this was the first pastoral novel in Spanish.

"This next one," said the barber, "is called *Diana the Second*, by the *Salamanca*, and here's another one with the same name, whose author is Gil Polo."¹⁸

"The one by the *Salamanca*," replied the priest, "should join and add to the number of those condemned in the corral, and the one by Gil Polo should be preserved as if it were by Apollo himself; and move on, my friend, and let's hurry; it's growing late."

"This book," said the barber, opening another one, "is *The Ten Books of Fortune in Love*, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."¹⁹

"By the orders I received," said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, and the muses muses, and poets poets, no book as amusing or nonsensical has ever been written, and since, in its way, it is the best and most unusual book of its kind that has seen the light of day, anyone who has not read it can assume that he has never read anything entertaining. Give it to me, friend, for I value finding it more than if I were given a cassock of rich Florentine cloth."

He set it aside with great delight, and the barber continued, saying: "These next ones are *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *Nymphs of Henares*, and *Deceptions of Jealousy*."²⁰

"Well, there's nothing else to do," said the priest, "but turn them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and don't ask me why, for I'd never finish."

"This one is *The Shepherd of Filida*."²¹

"He isn't a shepherd," said the priest, "but a very prudent courtier; keep that as if it were a precious jewel."

"This large one here," said the barber, "is called *Treasury of Various Poems*."²²

"If there weren't so many," said the priest, "they would be more highly esteemed; this book needs a weeding and clearing out of certain base things contained among all its grandeurs. Keep it, because its author

18. A very poor continuation by Alonso Pérez, a Salamanca physician, printed in 1564; also published in 1564 is the highly esteemed *Diana enamorada* (*Diana in Love*) by Gil Polo.

19. Published in 1573; according to Martín de Riquer, Cervantes's praise is ironic, since he mocked the book in his *Viaje del Parnaso* (*Voyage from Parnassus*).

20. The first, by Bernardo de la Vega, was published in 1591; the second, by Bernardo González de Bobadilla, was published in 1587; the third, by Bartolomé López de Encino, was published in 1586.

21. Published in 1582 by Luis Gálvez de Montalvo.

22. Published in 1580 by Pedro de Padilla.

is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other, more heroic and elevated works that he has written."

"This," said the barber, "is *The Songbook* by López Maldonado."²³

"The author of that book," replied the priest, "is also a great friend of mine, and when he recites his verses they amaze anyone who hears them, and the delicacy of his voice when he sings them is enchanting. He's somewhat long-winded in the eclogues, but you can't have too much of a good thing; keep it with the chosen ones. But what's that book next to it?"

"*La Galatea*, by Miguel de Cervantes,"²⁴ said the barber.

"This Cervantes has been a good friend of mine for many years, and I know that he is better versed in misfortunes than in verses. His book has a certain creativity; it proposes something and concludes nothing. We have to wait for the second part he has promised; perhaps with that addition it will achieve the mercy denied to it now; in the meantime, keep it locked away in your house, my friend."

"Gladly," the barber responded. "And here are three all together: *La Araucana*, by Don Alonso de Ercilla, *La Austriada*, by Juan Rufo, a magistrate of Córdoba, and *El Monserate*, by Cristóbal de Virués, a Valencian poet."²⁵

"All three of them," said the priest, "are the best books written in heroic verse in the Castilian language, and they can compete with the most famous from Italy; keep them as the richest gems of poetry that Spain has."

The priest wearied of seeing more books, and so, without further reflection, he wanted all the rest to be burned; but the barber already had one open, and it was called *The Tears of Angelica*.²⁶

"I would shed them myself," said the priest when he heard the name, "if I had sent such a book to be burned, because its author was one of the famous poets not only of Spain but of the world, and he had great success translating some fables by Ovid."

23. Published in 1586 by Gabriel López Maldonado and his collaborator, Miguel de Cervantes.

24. This pastoral novel was the first work published by Cervantes, in 1585; the often promised second part was never published and has been lost.

25. Epic poems of the Spanish Renaissance, they were published in 1569, 1584, and 1588, respectively.

26. Published in 1586 by Luis Barahona de Soto.



CHAPTER VII

Regarding the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote of La Mancha

At this point, Don Quixote began to shout, saying:

"Here, here, valiant knights; here each must show the might of his valiant arm, for the courtiers are winning the tourney."

Because of their response to this noise and uproar, the examination of the remaining books went no further; and so, it is believed that into the flames, without being seen or heard, went *La Carolea* and *The Lion of Spain*, along with *The Deeds of the Emperor*, composed by Don Luis de Ávila,¹ which no doubt were among the remaining books; perhaps, if the priest had seen them, they would not have suffered so harsh a sentence.

When they reached Don Quixote, he was already out of bed, still shouting and engaging in senseless acts, slashing forehand and backhand with his sword and as awake as if he had never slept. They seized him and forced him back to bed, and after he had calmed down somewhat, he turned to speak to the priest and said:

"In truth, Señor Archbishop Turpín, it is a great discredit to those of us called the Twelve Peers to do nothing more and allow the courtier knights victory in this tourney, when we, the knights who seek adventures, have won glory on the three previous days."

"Be still, my friend," said the priest, "for it is God's will that fortune changes, and that what is lost today is won tomorrow; your grace should tend to your health now, for it seems to me your grace must be fatigued, if not badly wounded."

1. The first two are epic poems by Jerónimo Sempere (1560) and Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos (1586); the third work is not known, although Luis de Ávila did write a prose commentary on Spain's wars with the German Protestants. Martín de Riquer believes that Cervantes intended to cite the poem *Carlo famoso* (1566) by Luis Zapata.

"Not wounded," said Don Quixote, "but bruised and broken, there is no doubt about that, for the ignoble Don Roland beat me mercilessly with the branch of an oak tree, all on account of envy, because he sees that I alone am his rival in valorous deeds. But my name would not be Reinaldos de Montalbán if, upon rising from this bed, I did not repay him in spite of all his enchantments; for now, bring me something to eat, since I know that is what I need most at present, and leave my revenge to me."

They did as he asked: they gave him food, and he went back to sleep, and they marveled at his madness.

That night, the housekeeper burned and consigned to the flames all the books that were in the corral and in the house, and some must have been in the fire that should have been preserved in perpetual archives; but their destiny, and the sloth of the examiner, did not permit this, and so, as the proverb says, at times the just must pay for sinners.

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber devised for their friend's illness was to wall up and seal off the room that held the books, so that when he got up he would not find them—perhaps by removing the cause, they would end the effect—and they would say that an enchanter had taken the books away, along with the room and everything in it; and this is what they did, with great haste. Two days later Don Quixote got out of bed, and the first thing he did was to go to see his books, and since he could not find the library where he had left it, he walked back and forth looking for it. He went up to the place where the door had been, and he felt it with his hands, and his eyes looked all around, and he did not say a word; but after some time had passed, he asked his housekeeper what had become of the library and his books. The housekeeper, who had been well-instructed in how she should respond, said:

"What library and what anything is your grace looking for? There's no more library and no more books in this house, because the devil himself took them away."

"It wasn't a devil," replied the niece, "but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, after the day your grace left here, and he dismounted from the serpent he was riding and entered the library, and I don't know what he did inside, but after a little while he flew up through the roof and left the house full of smoke; and when we had the presence of mind to see what he had done, we could find no books and no library; the only thing the housekeeper and I remember very clearly is that as the evil old man was leaving, he shouted that because of the secret enmity he felt for the owner of the books and the room, he had done damage in the house, which we would see soon enough. He also said he was called Muñatón the Wise."

"He must have said Frestón,"² said Don Quixote.

"I don't know," the housekeeper replied, "if he was called Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in tón."

"That is true," said Don Quixote. "He is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine who bears me a grudge because he knows through his arts and learning that I shall, in time, come to do battle in single combat with a knight whom he favors and whom I am bound to vanquish, and he will not be able to stop it, and for this reason he attempts to cause me all the difficulties he can; but I foresee that he will not be able to contravene or avoid what heaven has ordained."

"Who can doubt it?" said the niece. "But, Señor Uncle, who has involved your grace in those disputes? Wouldn't it be better to stay peacefully in your house and not wander around the world searching for bread made from something better than wheat, never stopping to think that many people go looking for wool and come back shorn?"

"Oh, my dear niece," replied Don Quixote, "how little you understand! Before I am shorn I shall have plucked and removed the beard of any man who imagines he can touch even a single hair of mine."

The two women did not wish to respond any further because they saw that he was becoming enraged.

So it was that he spent two very quiet weeks at home, showing no signs of wanting to repeat his initial lunacies, and during this time he had lively conversations with his two friends the priest and the barber, in which he said that what the world needed most were knights errant and that in him errant chivalry would be reborn. The priest at times contradicted him, and at other times he agreed, because if he did not maintain this ruse, he would not have been able to talk to him.

During this time, Don Quixote approached a farmer who was a neighbor of his, a good man—if that title can be given to someone who is poor—but without much in the way of brains. In short, he told him so much, and persuaded and promised him so much, that the poor peasant resolved to go off with him and serve as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote said that he should prepare to go with him gladly, because it might happen that one day he would have an adventure that would gain him, in the blink of an eye, an *ínsula*,³ and he would make him its governor. With these promises and others like

2. The enchanter Frestón is the alleged author of *Don Belianís of Greece*, a chivalric novel.

3. A Latinate word for "island" that appeared frequently in novels of chivalry; Cervantes uses it throughout for comic effect.

them, Sancho Panza,⁴ for that was the farmer's name, left his wife and children and agreed to be his neighbor's squire.

Then Don Quixote determined to find some money, and by selling one thing, and pawning another, and undervaluing everything, he managed to put together a reasonable sum. He also acquired a round shield, which he borrowed from a friend, and doing the best he could to repair his broken helmet, he informed his squire of the day and time he planned to start out so that Sancho could supply himself with whatever he thought he would need. He ordered him in particular to bring along saddlebags, and Sancho said he certainly would bring them and also planned to take along a donkey he thought very highly of because he wasn't one for walking any great distance. As for the donkey, Don Quixote had to stop and think about that for a while, wondering if he recalled any knight errant who had with him a squire riding on a donkey, and none came to mind, yet in spite of this he resolved to take Sancho along, intending to obtain a more honorable mount for him at the earliest opportunity by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he happened to meet. He furnished himself with shirts and all the other things he could, following the advice the innkeeper had given him; and when this had been accomplished and completed, without Panza taking leave of his children and wife, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they rode out of the village one night, and no one saw them, and they traveled so far that by dawn they were certain they would not be found even if anyone came looking for them.

Sancho Panza rode on his donkey like a patriarch, with his saddlebags, and his wineskin, and a great desire to see himself governor of the *ínsula* his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to follow the same direction and route he had followed on his first sally, which was through the countryside of Montiel, and he rode there with less difficulty than he had the last time, because at that hour of the morning the sun's rays fell obliquely and did not tire them. Then Sancho Panza said to his master:

"Señor Knight Errant, be sure not to forget what your grace promised me about the *ínsula*; I'll know how to govern it no matter how big it is."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a very common custom of the knights errant of old to make their squires governors of the *ínsulas* or kingdoms they won, and I have resolved that so amiable a usage will not go unfulfilled on my account; on the contrary, I plan to

4. Panza means "belly" or "paunch."

improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited until their squires were old, and after they had had their fill of serving, and enduring difficult days, and nights that were even worse, they would grant them the title of count, or perhaps even marquis, of some valley or province of greater or smaller size; but if you live and I live, it well might be that before six days have passed I shall win a kingdom that has others allied to it, and that would be perfect for my crowning you king of one of them. And do not think this is any great thing; for events and eventualities befall knights in ways never seen or imagined, and I might well be able to give you even more than I have promised."

"If that happens," replied Sancho Panza, "and I became king through one of those miracles your grace has mentioned, then Juana Gutiérrez,⁵ my missus, would be queen, and my children would be princes."

"Well, who can doubt it?" Don Quixote responded.

"I doubt it," Sancho Panza replied, "because in my opinion, even if God rained kingdoms down on earth, none of them would sit well on the head of Mari Gutiérrez. You should know, Señor, that she isn't worth two *maravedís* as a queen; she'd do better as a countess, and even then she'd need God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and He will give what suits her best; but do not lower your desire so much that you will be content with anything less than the title of captain general."

"I won't, Señor," Sancho replied, "especially when I have a master as distinguished as your grace, who will know how to give me everything that's right for me and that I can handle."

5. Presumably through an oversight on the part of Cervantes, Sancho's wife has several other names, including Mari Gutiérrez, Juana Panza, Teresa Cascajo, and Teresa Panza.

"Señor," responded Sancho, "is it a law of chivalry that we should wander through these mountains with no path or direction, looking for a madman who, when he's found, may feel like finishing what he began, and I don't mean his story but your grace's head and my ribs, and break them completely?"

"I tell you again, Sancho, to be quiet," said Don Quixote, "because you should know that it is not only my desire to find the madman that brings me to these parts, but also my desire to here perform a deed that will bring me perpetual fame and renown throughout the known world; and it will be so great a deed that with it I shall put the crowning touch on all that can make a knight errant perfect and worthy of fame."

"And is this deed very dangerous?" asked Sancho Panza.

"No," responded the Knight of the Sorrowful Face, "although depending on luck and the throw of the dice, our fortunes may be either favorable or adverse, but everything will depend on your diligence."

"On my diligence?" said Sancho.

"Yes," said Don Quixote, "because if you return quickly from the place where I intend to send you, then my suffering will end quickly and my glory will quickly commence. And since it is not right to keep you in suspense, waiting to hear where my words will lead, I want you, Sancho, to know that the famous Amadís of Gaul was one of the most perfect knights errant. I have misspoken: not *one of*, but the sole, the first, the

only, the lord of all those in the world during his lifetime. Bad luck and worse fortune for Don Belianís and for anyone else who may claim to be his equal in anything, because, by my troth, they are deceived. I say, too, that when a painter wishes to win fame in his art, he attempts to copy the original works of the most talented painters he knows; this same rule applies to all the important occupations and professions that serve to embellish nations, and it must be, and is, followed when the man who wishes to be known as prudent and long-suffering imitates Ulysses, in whose person and hardships Homer painted a living portrait of prudence and forbearance; Virgil, too, in the person of Aeneas, portrayed for us the valor of a devoted son and the sagacity of a valiant and experienced captain; they were depicted and described not as they were, but as they should have been, to serve as examples of virtue to men who came after them. In the same manner, Amadís was the polestar, the morning star, the sun to valiant, enamored knights, the one who should be imitated by all of us who serve under the banner of love and chivalry. This being true, and it is, then I deduce, friend Sancho, that the knight errant who most closely imitates Amadís will be closest to attaining chivalric perfection. And one of the things in which this knight most clearly showed his prudence, valor, courage, patience, constancy, and love was when, scorned by the Lady Oriana, he withdrew to do penance on the Peña Pobre,⁴ calling himself Beltenebros, a name truly significant and suited to the life he voluntarily had chosen. It is, therefore, easier for me to imitate him in this fashion than by cleaving giants in two, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, thwarting armadas, and undoing enchantments. And since this terrain is so appropriate for achieving that end, there is no reason not to seize Opportunity by the forelock⁵ when it is convenient to do so."

"In fact," said Sancho, "what is it that your grace wants to do in this lonely place?"

"Have I not told you already," responded Don Quixote, "that I wish to imitate Amadís, playing the part of one who is desperate, a fool, a madman, thereby imitating as well the valiant Don Roland when he discovered in a fountain the signs that Angelica the Fair had committed base acts with Medoro, and his grief drove him mad, and he uprooted

4. *Peña Pobre* can be translated as "Poor Rock" or "Bare Rock" or, to retain the alliteration, "Mount Mournful."

5. The figure of Opportunity was traditionally represented as bald except for one lock of hair, which, like the proverbial brass ring, one had to grasp and hold on to.

trees, befouled the waters of clear fountains, killed shepherds, destroyed livestock, burned huts, demolished houses, pulled down mares, and did a hundred thousand other unheard-of things worthy of eternal renown and record? And since I do not intend to imitate Roland, or Roldán, or Orlando, or Rotolando (for he had all those names) in every detail of all the mad things he did, said, and thought, I shall, to the best of my ability, sketch an outline of those that seem most essential to me. And it will may be that I shall be content with the imitation solely of Amadís, who, with no harmful mad acts but only outbursts of weeping and grief, achieved as much fame as anyone else."

"It seems to me," said Sancho, "that the knights who did these things were provoked and had a reason to do senseless things and penances; but what reason does your grace have for going crazy? What lady has scorned you, and what signs have you found to tell you that my lady Dulcinea of Toboso has done anything foolish with Moor or Christian?"

"Therein lies the virtue," responded Don Quixote, "and the excellence of my enterprise, for a knight errant deserves neither glory nor thanks if he goes mad for a reason. The great achievement is to lose one's reason for no reason, and to let my lady know that if I can do this without cause, what should I not do if there were cause? Moreover, I have more than enough reason because of my long absence from her who is forever my lady, Dulcinea of Toboso; as you heard the shepherd Ambrosio say, all ills are suffered and feared by one who is absent. And so, friend Sancho, do not waste time advising me to abandon so rare, so felicitous, so extraordinary an imitation. Mad I am and mad I shall remain until you return with the reply to a letter which I intend to send with you to my lady Dulcinea; if it is such as my fidelity warrants, my madness and my penance will come to an end; if it is not, I shall truly go mad and not feel anything. Therefore, no matter her reply, I shall emerge from the struggle and travail in which you leave me, taking pleasure as a sane man in the good news you bring, or, as a madman, not suffering on account of the bad news you bear.