Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Don Quixote

FOURTH-CENTENARY TRANSLATION

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you know the common proverb: "under my cloak I kill the king."* All this exempts and frees you from any obligation, and you can say whatever you want about the story, without fearing reprisal for anything bad you might say about the work, nor expecting a reward for anything good you might say.

I only wanted to offer it to you plain and simple, without the embellishment of a prologue or the countless sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies that are customarily added to the beginning of books. I can tell you that, although it required enormous effort to write the book, the hardest part was writing this prologue you're reading. Time after time I took up the pen to write, and then I put it down, not knowing what I'd say. But at one of those times when I was uninspired—paper in front of me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow on the desk, and my cheek on my hand, thinking about what to say—a witty and wise friend of mine came in unexpectedly, and when he saw me so pensive, he asked me why. I told him that I was thinking about the prologue I had to write for the history of don Quixote, and not only had it gotten me in such a state that I didn't want to do it, but I was also on the verge of abandoning all the deeds of the noble knight himself.

"How can you expect me not to be fearful of the opinion of that ancient judge they call the public, when they see that after so many years of sleeping in the silence of oblivion, I'm coming out now—at this late age—with a tale as dry as mat-weed, devoid of artifice, diminished in style, poor in conceits, lacking in all erudition and doctrine, and without marginal citations and annotations at the end that I see in other books, even in the novelistic and secular ones, filled with maxims of Aristotle, Plato, and the whole multitude of philosophers, that amaze the readers and make their authors appear well-read, erudite, and eloquent? And when they cite the Holy Scripture, they're thought to be St. Thomases† and other Doctors of the Church, and they maintain such a resourceful decorum that in one line they describe an absentminded lover, and in the next, they give a

* In other words, all people are free to think whatever they want.
† St. Thomas Aquinas (1225–74), Italian priest who founded the accepted philosophy of Catholicism.

Christian homily that's a pleasure to hear or read. My book will be lacking in all of this because I have no citations for the margins, nor any notes to put at the end, and I know even less which authors to put at the beginning in alphabetical order, like everyone else does,* starting with Aristotle and ending with Xenophon† and Zoilus‡ or Zeuxis,§ although the second one was a slanderer and the last one was a painter. My book will also lack sonnets at the beginning, at least by authors who are dukes, marquises, counts, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets; although if I'd asked two or three friends who are poets, I know they would have written sonnets for me, and such that the most renowned poets in this Spain of ours couldn't equal.

"In short, *señor* and friend," I continued, "I think that *señor* don Quixote will remain buried in his archives in La Mancha until heaven furnishes someone who can adorn him with all those things that are lacking, because I'm not capable of providing them owing to my deficiencies and lack of learning, and because I'm too lazy by nature to seek authorities to say what I can say without them. So, that's where the predicament in which you found me comes from, my friend—a sufficient cause for the quandary I told you about."

When my friend heard this, he slapped his forehead, gave a hearty laugh, and said: "By God, brother, I now realize how mistaken I've been about you all the time we've known each other, because I've always considered you to be enlightened and judicious in everything you did; but now I see that you're as far from being so as heaven is from earth. How is it possible that things of so little consequence, and so easy to remedy, can baffle and absorb such a mature mind as yours, which is able to break through and

* Cervantes was probably thinking of Lope de Vega's *Isidro* (1599), which had an alphabetical list of 267 names at the beginning—including the ones cited here—and lots of marginal citations and notes.

† Xenophon was born in 431 B.C. He was a friend of Socrates, a soldier of fortune, and a historical writer.

‡ Greek Sophist (fourth century B.C.) who wrote nine books severely criticizing the contradictions in Homer.

§ Classical Greek painter, fifth century B.C. No work of his survives, but many were described.

overcome other more difficult things? I swear it's not that you're incapable, but rather that you're excessively lazy and poverty-stricken in your thought. Would you like to see if what I'm saying is true? Well, listen to me and you'll see in the twinkling of an eye how I can overcome all your problems, and how I can fix all the defects that you say confound and intimidate you so much that you don't feel like publishing the history of your celebrated don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Tell me," I replied, when I heard what he was saying to me, "how do you envision filling the vacuum of my fear, and converting the chaos of my confusion into light?"

To which he said: "First, with respect to the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies written by important persons of rank missing from the front of the book, you can fix that if you write them yourself, and afterward you can baptize them with whatever name you want, attributing them to Prester John of the Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond,* who I've heard were famous poets; and even if they weren't, and if pedants and university graduates come forth to challenge and complain about it behind your back, you shouldn't care two *maravedís*† about it, because even if they discover your deception, no one is going to cut off your hand because of it.

"With regard to citing books and authorities in the margins from where you got the maxims and sayings you put in your history, all you have to do is find some aphorisms and Latin phrases that fit, and that you already know by heart, or that at least won't be hard to find. For example, when you're dealing with freedom and captivity, use: *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*;‡ and then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you're talking about the power of death, use: *Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*§ If it's friendship and the love that God commands you to have for your enemy,

* Both of these are fictional, legendary characters.
† These coins were worth very little.
‡ "Freedom is not wisely sold for all the gold in the world," from Walter Anglius' *Æsop's Fables* (12th century).
§ "Pale death goes equally to the hut of the poor and to the towers of kings," from Horace.

just go into Holy Scripture, which you can do with minimal research, and say the words used by God himself: *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.** If you're dealing with evil thoughts, go to the New Testament: *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.*† If it's the inconstancy of friends, there's Cato, who can give you this couplet: *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos, tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*‡ And with these Latin phrases, and others like them, you'll at least be taken for a professor of grammar, which nowadays is of no little honor and worth.

"As far as putting notes at the end of the book goes, surely you can do it this way—if you mention some giant in your book, make sure it's Goliath, and with this, which won't take any work at all, you can say: 'The giant Goliath, a Philistine whom the shepherd David slew with a large stone in the valley of Terebinth, as cited in the Book of Kings,' in the chapter where you'll identify it's written. After this, to show that you're a scholar in human letters and geography, arrange it so that you name the Tajo River in your history, and you'll have another great citation by writing: 'The River Tajo, which was so named by a King of Spain, starting in such-and-such a place and flowing into the Ocean Sea, kissing the walls of the celebrated City of Lisbon, and it is held that it has golden sands,' &c., &c. If you speak about thieves, I'll tell you the story of Cacus,§ which I know by heart; if prostitutes, there's the Bishop of Mondoñedo,¶ who'll lend you Lamia, Laida, and Flora, the note for which will increase your reputation; if cruel people, Ovid will hand over Medea;** and if it's about enchant-

* "But what I tell you is this: love your enemies," Matthew 5:44.
† "From out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," Matthew 15:19.
‡ "When you are prosperous, you'll have many friends, but when your situation looks black you'll be alone," adapted from Ovid, *Tristia*, I, 9.
§ Famous bandit of Roman mythology, son of Vulcan. He stole Hercules' oxen. His story is related in Virgil's *Æneid*, Book 7.
¶ Fray Antonio de Guevara (1480–1545) was the Bishop of Mondoñedo (province of Lugo), and writes of these three prostitutes in his *Epístolas familiares.*
** Medea murdered all but one of her children by Jason (whom she helped to find the Golden Fleece), and probably killed her father as well.

ers and witches, Homer has Calypso,* and Virgil Circe;† if brave captains, Julius Cæsar will lend himself to you in his *Commentaries*,‡ and Plutarch will give you a thousand Alexanders.§ If you speak of love, with the two ounces you know of Italian, you'll come upon León Hebreo,¶ who will satisfy you completely. And if you don't want to go into other countries, you have Fonseca right here, in his *Of the Love of God*,** where you'll find everything you and the most fastidious person could possibly desire on that subject. So, you only have to try to list these people or use these histories I've mentioned in your own story, and by Jove, you'll fill your margins and use up thirty-two pages at the end of the book.

"Now, let's come to the bibliography that other books have and yours doesn't. The cure is very simple—all you have to do is look for a book that lists references from A to Z, as you say. You can put this list in your book as is, and even though the deception can be clearly seen, since you really didn't need it in the first place, it doesn't make any difference. And maybe some simpleton will think that you actually *used* those sources in your simple book. And if it serves for nothing else, that catalogue of authorities will give instant credibility to the book. And what's more, no one will set out to prove whether you used them or not, since they'll have nothing to gain by doing so, and moreover, if I understand it correctly, this book of yours doesn't need any of the things you say are lacking, because it's all a censure of the books of chivalry, and Aristotle†† had noth-

* Calypso offered Odysseus eternal youth and immortality if he would stay with her (he left after seven years).

† Circe was the mother of three of Odysseus' children. She lived alone on the Island of Aeaea, where she turned all visitors into animals.

‡ The *Commentaries* by Cæsar (102–44 B.C.) deal with the Gallic Wars and the civil war.

§ This is Alexander the Great, who is described among the forty-six biographies in the *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch (A.D. 46?–120).

¶ León Hebreo (Juda Abravanel) wrote his *Dialoghi d'amore* in Italian (1535), but you didn't need to know Italian to read it since it was translated into Spanish three times before 1605.

** Fray Cristóbal de Fonseca wrote *Treatise on the Love of God* (1592).

†† Aristotle, the greatest Greek philosopher (384–322 B.C.), studied under Plato and tutored Alexander the Great.

ing to say about them, nor did St. Basil,* nor Cicero.† The exactness of truth is not connected to the fictional nonsense found in those books, nor are the observations of astrology, nor are geometric calculations important to them, nor the confutation used by rhetoricians, nor do they have a reason to preach to anyone, since they mix the human with the divine, which is something in which no Christian intellect should be clad.

"You only have to imitate the style of what you're writing—the more perfect the imitation is, the better your writing will be. And since the intention of your writing is to destroy the favor and influence the books of chivalry have in the world and hold over the common folk, you have no reason to go around begging for maxims by philosophers, counsel from the Holy Scripture, fables by poets, orations of rhetoricians, or miracles of saints; but rather you need to try to make sure that your writing is plain, clear, and witty, using pure and well put-together words charged with meaning. Declare your thoughts without complications and without muddling them. Try also to make the melancholy person who reads your history laugh; and the mirthful to laugh even more; and be sure you don't vex the simpleton. Move the wise person to marvel at your invention, the grave not to scorn it, and the prudent not to cease in their praise of it. So, fix your attention on bringing down the ill-founded framework of these chivalresque books, despised by many, and praised by many more; for if you achieve this, you won't have achieved little."

In profound silence I listened to what my friend was telling me, and I was so impressed by his words that, without disputing them, I deemed them to be correct, and decided to use them for this prologue, in which you'll see, gentle reader, the wisdom of my friend, and my good fortune in finding such a good counselor in my time of need, and your own relief in finding the sincere and uncomplicated history

* St. Basil (329–379) defended the orthodox faith against the heretical Aryans. His writings include the *Address to Young Men*, in which he supports the study of pagan literature by Christians, such as that of classical Greece.

† Cicero (106–43 B.C.) was Rome's greatest orator, also a politician and philosopher.

of the famous don Quixote de La Mancha, whom all the dwellers around the plains of Montiel believe to be the purest lover and the most valiant knight seen around there for many a year. I don't want to overrate the service I'm doing you by introducing you to such a noble and honored knight, but I do want you to thank me for the acquaintance you'll make of the remarkable Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, I believe, I have exemplified all the squirely graces that are scattered throughout the books of chivalry. And with this, may God give you health—and may He not forget me.
Vale.*

To the book about don Quixote de La Mancha

URGANDA THE UNKNOWN†

If to be welcomed by the good,‡
Oh, book! you make your steady aim,
No empty chatterer will dare
To question or dispute your claim.
But if perchance you had a mind
To win of idiots approbation,
Lost labor will be your reward,
Though they'll pretend appreciation.
They say a goodly shade he finds
Who shelters 'neath a goodly tree;
And such a one your kindly star
In Béjar hath provided thee:

* Latin for "good-bye."
† Urganda was an enchantress in *Amadís de Gaula* who could change her appearance.
‡ In the original, these verses were written with a "broken end," as they say in Spanish, that is, with the last syllable being replaced by a dash, creating a linguistic puzzle for the readers. All of these poems are modified from Ormsby.

A royal tree whose spreading boughs
A show of princely fruit display;
A tree that bears a noble Duke,
The Alexander of his day.
Of a Manchegan gentleman
Thy purpose is to tell the story,
Relating how he lost his wits
O'er idle tales of love and glory,
Of ladies, arms, and cavaliers:
A new Orlando Furioso—
Innamorato,* rather—who
Won Dulcinea del Toboso.
Put no vain emblems on your shield;
All figures—that is bragging play.
A modest dedication make,
And give no scoffer room to say,
"What! Álvaro de Luna here?
Or is it Hannibal again?
Or does King Francis at Madrid
Once more of destiny complain?"
Since heaven it hath not pleased on thee
Deep erudition to bestow,
Or black Latino's gift of tongues,
No Latin let your pages show.
Ape not philosophy or wit,
Lest one who can comprehend,
Make a wry face at thee and ask,
"Why offer flowers to me, my friend?"
Be not a meddler; no affair
Of thine the life your neighbors lead:
Be prudent; oft the random jest
Recoils upon the jester's head.
Your constant labor let it be
To earn yourself an honest name,
For fooleries preserved in print
Are perpetuity of shame.
A further counsel bear in mind:
If that your roof be made of glass,
It shows small wit to pick up stones

* See chapter six, page 53.

To pelt the people as they pass.
Win the attention of the wise,
And give the thinker food for thought;
Whoso indites frivolities,
Will but by simpletons be sought.

Amadís de Gaula*

To don Quixote de La Mancha

Sonnet

You that did imitate that life of mine
When I in lonely sadness on the great
Rock Peña Pobre sat disconsolate,
In self-imposed penance there to pine;
Thou, whose sole beverage was the bitter brine
Of thine own tears, and who without a plate
Of silver, copper, tin, in lowly state
Off the bare earth and on earth's fruits did dine;
Live thou, of thine eternal glory sure.
So long as on the round of the fourth sphere
The bright Apollo shall his coursers steer,
In your renown you shalt remain secure,
Your country's name in story shall endure,
And your sage author stand without a peer.

Don Belianís de Grecia†

To don Quixote de La Mancha

Sonnet

In slashing, hewing, cleaving, word and deed,
I was the foremost knight of chivalry,
Stout, bold, expert, as e'er the world did see;
Thousands from the oppressor's wrong I freed;

* Amadís de Gaula is Spain's greatest fictional knight. The first complete existing edition of his exploits was published in Spanish in 1508.
† Don Belianís de Grecia [of Greece] was the hero of a romance of chivalry that bears his name (Seville, 1545).

Great were my feats, eternal fame their meed;
In love I proved my truth and loyalty;
The hugest giant was a dwarf to me;
Ever to knighthood's laws gave I good heed.
My mastery the Fickle Goddess owned,
And even Chance, submitting to control,
Grasped by the forelock, yielded to my will.
Yet—though above yon horned moon enthroned
My fortune seems to sit—great Quixote, still
Envy of your achievements fills my soul.

THE LADY ORIANA

To Dulcinea del Toboso*

SONNET

Oh, fairest Dulcinea, could it be!
It were a pleasant fancy to suppose so—
Could Miraflores change to El Toboso,
And London's town to that which shelters thee!
Oh, could mine but acquire that livery
Of countless charms your mind and body show so!
Or him, now famous grown—you made him grow so—
Your knight, in some dread combat could I see!
Oh, could I be released from Amadís
By exercise of such coy chastity
As led thee gentle Quixote to dismiss!
Then would my heavy sorrow turn to joy;
None would I envy, all would envy me,
And happiness be mine without alloy.

* Oriana was Amadís de Gaula's lady, as Dulcinea was don Quixote's.

Gandalín, Squire of Amadís de Gaula

To Sancho Panza, squire of don Quixote

Sonnet

All hail, illustrious man! Fortune, when she
Bound thee apprentice to the esquire trade,
Her care and tenderness of thee displayed,
Shaping your course from misadventure free.
No longer now doth proud knight-errantry
Regard with scorn the sickle and the spade;
Of towering arrogance less count is made
Than of plain squirelike simplicity.
I envy thee your Dapple, and your name,
And those saddlebags you were wont to stuff
With comforts that your providence proclaim.
Excellent Sancho! Hail to thee again!
To thee alone the Ovid of our Spain
Does homage with the rustic kiss and cuff.

From El Donoso, the Motley Poet

To Sancho Panza and Rocinante*

I am the esquire Sancho Pan—†
Who served don Quixote de La Man—;
But from his service I retreat—,
Resolved to pass my life discreet—;
For Villadiego, called the Si—,
Maintained that only in reti—
Was found the secret of well-be—,
According to the *Celesti*—:
A book divine, except for sin—
By speech too plain, in my opin—

* Rocinante was don Quixote's horse. Donoso is a made-up name meaning "witty."

† Ormsby, whose version I keep, has elected here to keep the "broken end" format. If you don't know titles of Spanish classics, you won't know *Celestina*, a tragedy written as a novel in dialogue.

To Rocinante

I am that Rocinante fa—,
Great-grandson of great Babie—,*
Who, all for being lean and bon—,
Had one don Quixote for an own—;
But if I matched him well in weak—,
I never took short feedings meek—,
But kept myself in corn by steal—,
A trick I learned from Lazari—,
When with a piece of straw so neat—
The blind man of his wine he cheat—.

ORLANDO FURIOSO†

To don Quixote de La Mancha

SONNET

If you are not a Peer, peer you have none;
Among a thousand Peers you are a peer;
Nor is there room for one when you are near,
Unvanquished victor, great unconquered one!
Orlando, by Angelica undone,
Am I; o'er distant seas condemned to steer,
And to Fame's altars as an offering bear
Valor respected by Oblivion.
I cannot be your rival, for your fame
And prowess rise above all rivalry,
Albeit both bereft of wits we go.
But, though the Scythian or the Moor to tame
Was not your lot, still you do rival me:
Love binds us in a fellowship of woe.

* Babieca was the Cid's horse, and Lazarillo, six lines down, is an urchin antihero of the book that gave rise to the picaresque novel *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

† *Orlando Furioso* is an Italian epic poem (published in 1540) based loosely on the French Roland legend. Orlando Furioso means "Roland Insane" in Italian.

The Knight of Phoebus*

To don Quixote de La Mancha

Sonnet

My sword was not to be compared with thine
Phoebus of Spain, marvel of courtesy,
Nor with your famous arm this hand of mine
That smote from east to west as lightning flies.
I scorned all empire, and that monarchy
The rosy east held out did I resign
For one glance of Claridiana's eye,
The bright Aurora for whose love I pine.
A miracle of constancy my love;
And banished by her ruthless cruelty,
This arm had might the rage of hell to tame.
But, Gothic Quixote, happier you do prove,
For you do live in Dulcinea's name,
And famous, honored, wise, she lives in thee.

By Solisdán†

To don Quixote de La Mancha

Sonnet

Your fantasies, Sir Quixote, it is true,
That crazy brain of yours have quite upset,
But aught of base or mean hath never yet
Been charged by any in reproach to you.
Your deeds are open proof in all men's view;
For you went forth injustice to abate,
And for your pains sore drubbings did you get
From many a rascally and ruffian crew.

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* The "Knight of Phoebus" was the hero of a romance of chivalry published in 1555.

† No one knows who this Solisdán is. It looks like an imitation of a character from—or author of—a romance of chivalry, since the language of the sonnet—at least in Spanish—uses archaic words and pronunciation.

If the fair Dulcinea, your heart's queen,
Be unrelenting in her cruelty,
If still your woe be powerless to move her,
In such hard case your comfort let it be
That Sancho was a sorry go-between:
A booby he, hard-hearted she, and you no lover.

Dialogue
Between Babieca and Rocinante

Sonnet

B. "How comes it, Rocinante, you're so lean?"
R. "I'm underfed, with overwork I'm worn."
B. "But what becomes of all the hay and corn?"
R. "My master gives me none; he's much too mean."
B. "Come, come, you show ill breeding, sir, I believe;
'Tis like an ass your master thus to scorn."
R. He is an ass, will die an ass, an ass was born;
Why, he's in love; what's plainer to be seen?"
B. "Is it foolish to love?" — R. "It doesn't make much sense."
B. "You're metaphysical." — R. "From want of food."
B. "Rail at the squire, then." — R. "Why, what's the good?
I might indeed complain of him, I grant you,
But, squire or master, where's the difference?
They're both as sorry hacks as Rocinante."

FIRST PART OF THE INGENIOUS *Hidalgo** don Quixote de La Mancha.†

First Chapter. Which deals with the lifestyle and pursuits of the famous hidalgo *don Quixote de La Mancha.*

In a village in La Mancha, which I won't name, there lived not long ago an *hidalgo* of the kind that have a lance in the lance rack, an old shield, a lean nag, and a fleet greyhound. A stew of a bit more beef than mutton, hash most nights, bacon and eggs on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and an occasional pigeon on Sundays consumed three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went for a broadcloth tunic with velvet undertunic‡ for holidays, with matching slippers; and on weekdays, he adorned himself with his finest homespun outfit.

In his house he had a housekeeper who was past forty, a niece who was not yet twenty, and a houseboy who saddled his horse and did the gardening. The age of our *hidalgo*

* An *hidalgo* is a member of the lesser nobility, exempt from taxes.
† La Mancha is a rather poor, sparsely populated area of south-central Spain. *De la* means "of the."
‡ Don Quixote's tunic flared out at hip length, and beneath it was the undertunic that would be about midthigh length. His legs would be covered by tights.

was close to fifty.* He was of sturdy constitution, but a bit thin, lean of face, a great early riser, and fond of hunting. They say that his last name was Quijada or Quesada—for there's some difference of opinion among the authorities who write on this subject—although by credible conjecture we are led to believe that he was named Quejana. But this is of little importance to our story—it's enough that in the telling of it we don't stray one iota from the truth.

It should be known that the above-mentioned *hidalgo*, during the periods when he was idle—which was most of the year—devoted himself to reading romances of chivalry† with such eagerness and pleasure that he almost completely neglected the hunt, and even the administration of his estate. His curiosity and folly got to such an extreme that he sold many acres of farmland in order to buy romances of chivalry to read, and he took home every one of them he could find. And of all of them, none of them seemed as good as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva,‡ because the clarity of his prose and those obscure words of his seemed to be pearls, and more so when he came to read those flirtatious remarks and letters of challenge, where many times he found items such as these: "The reason of the unreasonableness which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain of your beauty." And also when he read: "The high heavens, which with your divinity doth fortify you divinely with the stars, and make you deserveress of the deserts that your greatness deserves."§ Because of this kind of nonsense the poor man lost his wits, and he spent many a sleepless night trying to understand those words and to figure out their meaning, which Aristotle himself

* In seventeenth-century Spain, this was considered quite old.

† These books are early fiction about the exploits and loves of knights in armor.

‡ Feliciano de Silva (1492–1558) was a prolific and not very good author. His most famous novel of chivalry is *Amadís de Grecia* (Greece) (1535), capitalizing on the well-known *Amadís de Gaula* (1508). Gaula is the Spanish name of a fictional region situated in Brittany.

§ These are not real quotations of Feliciano de Silva, but the first one resembles a passage from his *Florisel de Niquea* (1532) and the second one from his *Segunda Celestina* (*Second Celestina*) (1534). I've used Shelton's 1612 translation of these quotes.

couldn't have succeeded in doing, even if he were brought back to life for that sole purpose.

He wasn't at all comfortable with the wounds that don Belianís inflicted and received, because he thought that no matter how great the doctors were who treated him, his face and body would have been covered with scars.* Nevertheless he praised the author for the way he ended his book with the promise of more adventures, and many times he was tempted to take up his own pen and finish those endless adventures himself, exactly as it's promised there, and without a doubt he would have done so, if other more pressing matters hadn't prevented him.

He had frequent debates with the priest of his village—a learnèd man, a graduate of the University of Sigüenza†—about who had been the greater knight: Palmerín de Ingalaterra‡ or Amadís de Gaula.§ But *maese*¶ Nicolás, a barber from the same town, said that no one could touch the Caballero del Febo,** and if anyone could be compared to him it would be don Galaor, brother of Amadís de Gaula, because he was ready for anything, and he wasn't a namby-pamby knight, nor a crybaby, like his brother; and where bravery was concerned, he was his brother's equal.

In short, he became so absorbed in his reading that he spent his nights poring over his books from dusk to dawn, and his days from sunrise to sunset. Thus, from his little sleep and considerable reading, his brain dried up and he lost his sanity. Fantasy filled his mind from everything that he read in the books—enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, flirtations, love affairs, misfortunes, and

* Don Belianís is the hero of the four books entitled *History of don Belianís de Grecia* (1547–1579). The annotator Clemencín (1765–1834) counted 101 serious wounds given to don Belianís in the first half of the saga alone.

† Sigüenza's minor university was held in little esteem.

‡ Palmerín de Ingalaterra (England) is the hero of a Portuguese romance of chivalry first published in 1547. *Ingalaterra* is an old variant of *Inglaterra*.

§ Amadís de Gaula is the first and greatest hero of the Spanish romances of chivalry.

¶ *Maese* means "master."

** The Knight of Phoebus was the hero of the four books of the *Mirror of Princes and Knights* (*Espejo de príncipes y cavalleros*) (1555).

impossible nonsense. As a result, he came to believe that all those fictitious adventures he was reading about were true, and for him there was no history more authentic in the world. He said that the Cid, Ruy Díaz,* had been a very good knight, but he couldn't be compared with the Knight of the Burning Sword,† who, with one backhand slash, had cut two fierce and huge giants in half. He preferred Bernardo del Carpio because at Roncesvalles he'd killed the enchanted Roland‡ with the same deception that Hercules used when he strangled Antæus, the son of the Earth, in his arms.§

He praised the giant Morgante because, although he was of that gigantic lineage, where they're all arrogant and rude, he alone was courteous and well mannered.¶ But above all, he admired Reinaldos de Montalbán,** especially when he saw him leave his castle and rob everybody he came across; and when he was overseas, he stole that idol of Muhammad, which was made entirely of gold, as his history states.†† If he'd had the opportunity to kick that traitor Gan-

* The Cid is Spain's national hero (eleventh century) and the subject of the *Poem of the Cid*.

† This is the fictional Amadís de Grecia, known by this nickname because of a red sword-shaped birthmark on his chest. He never cut two giants in half, according to Clemencín.

‡ Bernardo is a legendary hero who appears only in Spanish versions of the story of Roland. Roland, Charlemagne's nephew, is the French hero sung about in the *Chanson de Roland*. Roncesvalles, the site of the massacre in which Roland was killed in 778, is in the western Spanish Pyrenees very near the French border.

§ Antæus, son of Terra or Gaia (the Latin and Greek names for "Earth"), was a mythological giant who compelled visitors to wrestle with him. When they were exhausted, he would kill them. Hercules, realizing that Antæus's strength came from his mother (the Earth), overcame him by first lifting him off the ground and then strangling him.

¶ Morgante is the giant whom Roland converts to Christianity in an Italian burlesque epic poem, *Morgante maggiore*, by Luigi Pulci, inspired by the French Roland legend. It was published in Spanish in 1535.

** The Frenchman Renaut de Montauban was one of Roland's companions, who all together were known as the Twelve Peers of France. He is well-known in the Spanish tradition.

†† This story is from *The Mirror of Chivalry* (1525), which seems to derive from an Italian version of the Roland legend.

elón* to shreds, he would have offered up his housekeeper and his niece to boot.

So, having lost his wits, he came up with the strangest idea ever concocted by a crazy man, and that was that he thought it right and necessary, both to increase his honor and to serve the republic, to roam the world on horseback, dressed in his armor, seeking adventures. He would put into practice everything he'd read that knights-errant did, redressing all kinds of wrongs, and by putting himself at risk and in harm's way, he would achieve eternal renown and fame. The poor fellow—because of the might of his arm—already saw himself crowned emperor of Trebizond† at the very least, and thus, with these very pleasing thoughts, carried away by the uncommon delight that they gave him, made haste to put his desire into effect.

The first thing he did was to clean some armor that had belonged to his ancestors, and which—now rusted and covered with mold—had lain for ages forgotten in a corner. He cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, but he saw that something was missing—the helmet had no closed front. It was just an artilleryman's open helmet. But his ingenuity solved the problem: He fashioned a kind of closed front out of cardboard, which, when it was attached to the open helmet, gave the appearance of a complete helmet. It's true that to test its durability and to see if it could withstand a slash, he took out his sword and gave it two whacks. With the first one he instantly undid what had taken him a week to make. And the ease with which he'd knocked it to pieces truly seemed inauspicious to him. To protect himself from further danger, he made it again, and this time he put some iron straps inside to satisfy himself of its battle-worthiness. And, not willing to put it to the test once again, he deemed it a very sturdy helmet.

He then went to see his nag, which *tantum pellis & ossa fuit*,‡ and although he had more cracks in his hooves than

* Ganelón, Charlemagne's brother-in-law, is the traitor who caused the death of Roland and the Twelve Peers at Roncesvalles.

† The Empire of Trebizond (1204–1461) covered a large part of the southern coast of the Black Sea region.

‡ "Was all skin and bones" in Latin.

there are *cuartos* in a *real** and more blemishes than Gonella's horse,† it seemed to him that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca‡ could compare with him. He spent four days thinking of a name to give him, because—as he said to himself—it wasn't right for a charger belonging to such a famous knight, and being such a good animal as well, not to have a celebrated name. So he tried to think of one that would reflect both what he'd been before he was the horse of a knight-errant and what he'd become. It was quite reasonable that, since his master was changing professions, the horse should change his name as well, to something noteworthy and showy, as was befitting the new military order and profession his master was already engaged in. Thus, after many names he created, struck out and removed, added, erased, and made again in his mind, he finally came to call him ROCINANTE, a name that, in his opinion, was majestic, sonorous, and symbolic of what he'd been—a *rocín*, a nag—before what he was now, which was foremost among all the nags in the world.§

Having given his horse a name so much to his pleasure, he wanted to give one to himself. These musings lasted another week, and finally he decided to call himself DON QUIXOTE,¶ which, as has been said, has led experts in matters of this true history to declare that his original name must have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others have claimed. But remembering that the brave Amadís was not satisfied just with Amadís, but added the name of his country to make it famous, calling himself Amadís de Gaula, he wanted, as a good knight, to add the name of his region to his own, and thus wound up calling himself DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. This reflected very vividly, in his opinion, his lineage and his region, and he honored the latter by taking its name.

* There were sixty-eight *cuartos* in a *real*. *Cuartos* is also an affliction that causes horses' hooves to split.

† Pietro Gonella was a buffoon in the court of the Duke of Ferrara (fifteenth century).

‡ Alexander is Alexander the Great. The Cid won Babieca in a battle with a Moorish king.

§ The play on words in Spanish is evident in that language: *rocín* means "nag" and *ante(s)* means "foremost" as well as "before."

¶ *Quixote* refers to a piece of thigh armor.

Having thus cleaned his armor, made the open helmet into a closed one, given a name to his horse and to himself, he convinced himself that the only thing left was to seek a lady to be in love with, because a knight-errant without a lady love was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. He said to himself: "If, through my misfortune or good luck, I come across a giant—as frequently happens to knights-errant—and defeat him with one blow, or split him down the middle of his body, or finally conquer and overcome him, wouldn't it be nice to have someone to send him to? He'll go in and get on his knees before my sweet lady, and will say with a meek and obsequious voice: 'I, my lady, am the giant Caraculiambro,* lord of the Island of Malindrania,† whom the never sufficiently praised knight don Quixote de La Mancha vanquished. He commanded me to appear before your greatness, to do with me whatever you will.'"

Oh, how it pleased our good knight when he'd made this speech, and particularly when he found the one to designate as his lady love! It happened—it is generally thought—that in a nearby village there was a good-looking peasant lass with whom he'd been in love for some time, although she never knew or even suspected it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and it seemed fitting to him that she should have the title of mistress of his thoughts. And looking for a name for her that didn't differ much from her own, and which elevated itself and suggested and implied the name of a princess and a great lady, he came to call her DULCINEA‡ DEL TOBOSO—since she was from the village of El Toboso§—a name that in his opinion was both musical and original, charged with meaning, as were all the other names he'd given to himself and his belongings.

* The giant's name is quite indecent—*cara*, "face," *cul(o)*, "anus." Even today the expressions *caraculo* or *cara de culo* are used in a most deprecatory way. *Cara de hambre* ("hunger") is an expression referring to an unfortunate person. *Caraculiambro* combines both expressions. I thank Román Álvarez for these observations.

† With a switch in vowels, based on *malandrín* ("rascal"), it means "Island of the Rascals."

‡ Aldonza was associated with the name Dulce, "sweet."

§ El Toboso is a town near Toldeo. Today it has 2,300 inhabitants, mostly engaged in farming and sheep raising.

Chapter II. Which deals with the first expedition that the ingenious don Quixote made.

HAVING MADE these preparations, he didn't want to waste any time putting his plan into effect. He was distressed at how the world was suffering because of his delay, such were the wrongs he planned to right, the injustices to rectify, the abuses to mend, and the debts to settle. Thus, without telling anyone at all of his intentions, and without anyone seeing him, one morning—one of the hottest ones of the month of July—he put on all his armor, mounted Rocinante, and with his poorly mended helmet in place, he clasped his shield, took his lance, and went out into the countryside through the back gate of the corral, enormously happy and exhilarated at seeing how easily he'd begun his worthy enterprise.

But no sooner was he in the open countryside than he was assailed by a terrible thought, such that he almost gave up his just-begun undertaking, and that was that he'd not yet been dubbed a knight, and, in accordance with the laws of chivalry, he couldn't, nor shouldn't, take up arms against any knight. And even if he'd been so dubbed, as a novice knight he would have to wear plain armor—with no device on his shield—until he'd earned that right through his travails. These thoughts made him waver in his purpose, but since his madness overcame his reason, he resolved to have himself so dubbed by the first knight he came across, in imitation of many others who did exactly that, according to the books that had led him to that state. As for the plain armor, he planned to scour it when he had the time, so as to make it whiter than ermine. And with this he calmed down and continued his journey, taking the road his horse chose, believing that was what the spirit of adventure called for.

As our brand-new adventurer went ambling along, he talked to himself, saying: "Who can doubt that in years to come, when the true history of my famous exploits comes to light, the enchanter* who will write about them, when he

* In Spanish books of chivalry, it was common for knights to have an enchanter as the historian who recorded their deeds. How else could

comes to relate this first expedition of mine, will begin this way: 'Scarcely had the ruddy Apollo* begun to spread the golden tresses of his beautiful hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarcely had the pretty painted birds with their harmonious tongues greeted in sweet, melodious strains the fair Aurora,† who, having left her jealous husband's‡ bed, appeared at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight don Quixote de La Mancha, forsaking the soft down, and mounting his famous steed Rocinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel.'" And it was true, because he was on those very plains!

And he went on, saying: "What a happy age and equally happy era when my famous deeds—worthy of being sculpted in bronze, carved in marble, and painted on panels—will come to light for future remembrance. Oh, wise enchanter—whoever you may be—you, who have been chosen to be the chronicler of this uncommon history, I beg you not to forget Rocinante, my constant companion along these highways and byways!"

Then he went on to say, as if he were really in love: "Oh, Dulcinea del Toboso, mistress of this captive heart! You've done me a grievous wrong in dismissing and banishing me with your harsh command, forbidding me to appear before your beauteous person. May it please you, lady, to remember this subjected heart, which suffers so many sorrows for your love." Along with this, he began stringing together more nonsense, all of it in the same style that the books of chivalry had taught him, imitating their language as much as he could. He moved so slowly, and the sun beat down upon him with such intensity, that it was enough to melt his brains, if he had any.

He traveled almost all of that day without anything happening that was worth relating, for which he despaired, because he wanted to come across someone right away to

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their thoughts and actions be recorded when they were alone in the wilderness?

* The Greek god Apollo pulled the sun through the sky behind his chariot.

† Aurora was the Roman goddess of the dawn.

‡ Tithonus was Aurora's lover, not her husband.

whom he could prove the valor of his mighty arm. There are authorities who say his first adventure was the one in Puerto Lápice.* Others say it was the one about the windmills, but what I've been able to verify, and what I've found written in the annals of La Mancha, is that he traveled that whole day, and at nightfall his nag and he were dead tired and ravenously hungry. He looked all around to see if he could find some castle or a shepherd's hut where he could be sheltered, to remedy his considerable hunger and other needs, when he saw—not far off the road on which he was traveling—an inn, which was as if he'd seen a star leading him, not to the gates, but rather to the palaces of his relief. He picked up speed and arrived there just as it was getting dark.

By chance there were at the entrance two young women, of those that they call tarts, who were going to Seville with some muleteers who happened to be spending the night there. And since everything he thought, saw, or imagined seemed to him to be in the style of what he'd read, as soon as he saw the inn, it appeared to him to be a castle with four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, not lacking a drawbridge and a deep moat, with all the accoutrements with which such castles are depicted.

As he approached the inn, which to him seemed to be a castle, a short distance away from it he reined in Rocinante, expecting that some dwarf would appear among the battlements to announce with a trumpet that a knight was drawing near to the castle. But since he realized it was getting late, and Rocinante was anxious to go to the stable, he proceeded to the gate of the inn and saw the two wanton young women there, who—it appeared to him—were two beautiful maidens or gracious ladies taking their ease at the gate of the castle. Just then a swineherd, who by chance was gathering his pigs (I beg no pardon, since that's what they're called)† from a harvested field, sounded his horn to round them up, and this appeared to don Quixote to be exactly what he wanted—a dwarf announcing his arrival.

Thus, with enormous satisfaction, don Quixote approached the inn and the ladies. When they saw a man in

* Puerto Lápice is a town about twenty-five miles west of El Toboso.
† It was customary to beg one's pardon when using a taboo word—one didn't mention pigs in public.

armor like that, with lance and shield, they were filled with fear, and went to rush into the inn. But don Quixote, deducing their fear from their flight, raised his pasteboard visor, and, revealing his dry and grimy face, with gentle mien and calm voice, said to them: "Do not flee, your graces, nor fear any wrongdoing, for the order of chivalry that I profess does not allow me to wrong anyone, least of all maidens of high rank such as you show yourselves to be."

The young women looked at him, trying to make out the features of his face, which the ill-made visor was covering, but when they heard themselves being called maidens, something so far from their profession, they couldn't restrain their laughter. Don Quixote got into quite a huff because of this and said to them: "Politeness is becoming in beautiful women, and laughter that comes from a trifling cause is great folly. I'm not telling you this so that you'll be distressed or to make you angry, for my will is none other than to serve you."

This kind of language, which the ladies didn't understand, coupled with the strange aspect of our knight, increased their laughter, and his anger, and it would have gotten worse if at that moment the innkeeper hadn't appeared. He, being quite fat, was very easygoing. And seeing that strange figure, with such an odd assortment of arms and other things, such as the long stirrups, lance, shield, and torso armor, he was almost at the point of joining the damsels in their show of mirth. But fearing the mass of weaponry, he resolved to speak with him courteously, and said: "If your grace, *señor* knight, is looking for lodging, except for a bed, since there's none left at this inn, you'll find everything else in great abundance."

Don Quixote, seeing the humility of the warden of the castle, since that's what he appeared to him to be, responded: "For me, *señor castellano*,* anything will do since 'my only adornments are my armor, my only rest is the battle.'"

The innkeeper, hearing himself being called *castellano*, guessed it must have been because the knight thought he

* *Castellano* means both "a person from Castile" (central and northern Spain) as well as "warden of a castle," which is don Quixote's intended meaning.

was one of the good people from Castile,* although he was Andalusian, one of those from the Playa de Sanlúcar, and no less a thief than Cacus, nor less a trickster than a mischievous page.

"In that case 'the bed' of your grace will be 'hard rocks' and 'your sleep, constant vigilance.'† And that being the case, you can dismount, since you're sure to find in this humble house sufficient opportunity not to sleep in a whole year, not to mention just a single night."

And saying this, he went to hold don Quixote's stirrup. He got down with considerable difficulty and strain, like a person who had not eaten a bite all day long. He then told the innkeeper to take great care of his horse because there was no better one in the world. The innkeeper looked at the horse and it didn't seem to him to be as good as don Quixote was saying, and not even half as good, but he took him to the stable and went back to see what his guest might want. The two damsels were removing his armor, because they had since made peace with him. Although they had removed the breastplate and backplate, they couldn't figure out how to remove the gorget,‡ nor take off the badly made helmet that he was wearing, tied together with some green ribbons. They wanted to cut them since they couldn't be untied, but he wouldn't allow it, so he spent the whole night with his helmet on, and he was the funniest and strangest figure imaginable. And while they were removing his armor, since he imagined that those prostitutes were important ladies in that castle, he said to them with considerable grace:

> There never was on earth a knight
> so waited on by ladies fair,
> as once was he, called don Quixote,

* In underworld jargon, "good people from Castile" meant "cunning thieves." The Playa de Sanlúcar (near Huelva), which follows, was a place where rogues and thieves congregated, waiting to embark for the Americas.

† The innkeeper is continuing the verses from the ballad that don Quixote began.

‡ The gorget is a piece of armor to protect one's neck and upper chest.