

and wreaked thy vengeance on a thousand varlets  
for dastardly assaults and villainies.

And if thy lady-love, fair Dulcinea,  
treateth thee with harsh and rigorous scorn,  
and looketh not with pity on thy grief,

in such affliction let thy comfort be  
that Sancho Panza wast no go-between,  
a fool he, she of stone, and thou no lover.

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN BABIECA AND ROCINANTE

##### A Sonnet

- B. Why is it, Rocinante, that you're so thin?  
R. Too little food, and far too much hard labor.  
B. But what about your feed, your oats and hay?  
R. My master doesn't leave a bite for me.  
B. Well, Señor, your lack of breeding shows  
    because your ass's tongue insults your master.  
R. He's the ass, from the cradle to the grave.  
    Do you want proof? See what he does for love.  
B. Is it foolish to love?                                   R. It's not too smart.  
B. You're a philosopher.                                 R. I just don't eat.  
B. And do you complain of the squire?           R. Not enough.  
    How can I complain despite my aches and pains  
if master and squire, or is it majordomo,  
are nothing but skin and bone, like Rocinante?

#### 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.<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> 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 Sigüenza<sup>3</sup>—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 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 Díaz<sup>4</sup> 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 Carpio<sup>5</sup> because at Roncesvalles<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> 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.<sup>8</sup>

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 Trebizon 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*,<sup>9</sup> 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*,<sup>10</sup> 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*,<sup>11</sup> 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*,<sup>12</sup> 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,<sup>13</sup> 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*,<sup>14</sup> 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,<sup>1</sup> 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,"<sup>2</sup>

The host believed he had called him castellan because he thought him an upright Castilian, though he was an Andalusian from the Sanlúcar coast,<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>4</sup>

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*<sup>5</sup> 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.



### CHAPTER III

*Which recounts the amusing manner in which Don Quixote was dubbed a knight*

And so, troubled by this thought, he hurried through the scant meal served at the inn, and when it was finished, he called to the innkeeper and, after going into the stable with him, he kneeled before him and said:

“Never shall I rise up from this place, valiant knight, until thy courtesy grants me a boon I wish to ask of thee, one that will redound to thy glory and to the benefit of all humankind.”

The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing these words, looked at him and was perplexed, not knowing what to do or say; he insisted that he get up, but Don Quixote refused until the innkeeper declared that he would grant the boon asked of him.

"I expected no less of thy great magnificence, my lord," replied Don Quixote. "And so I shall tell thee the boon that I would ask of thee and thy generosity has granted me, and it is that on the morrow thou wilt dub me a knight, and that this night in the chapel of thy castle I shall keep vigil over my armor, and on the morrow, as I have said, what I fervently desire will be accomplished so that I can, as I needs must do, travel the four corners of the earth in search of adventures on behalf of those in need, this being the office of chivalry and of knights errant, for I am one of them and my desire is disposed to such deeds."

The innkeeper, as we have said, was rather sly and already had some inkling of his guest's madness, which was confirmed when he heard him say these words, and in order to have something to laugh about that night, he proposed to humor him, and so he told him that his desire and request were exemplary and his purpose right and proper in knights who were as illustrious as he appeared to be and as his gallant presence demonstrated; and that he himself, in the years of his youth, had dedicated himself to that honorable profession, traveling through many parts of the world in search of adventures, to wit the Percheles in Málaga, the Islas of Riarán, the Compás in Sevilla, the Azoguejo of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla in Granada, the coast of Sanlúcar, the Potro in Córdoba, the Ventillas in Toledo,<sup>1</sup> and many other places where he had exercised the light-footedness of his feet and the light-fingeredness of his hands, committing countless wrongs, bedding many widows, undoing a few maidens, deceiving several orphans, and, finally, becoming known in every court and tribunal in almost all of Spain; in recent years, he had retired to this castle, where he lived on his property and that of others, welcoming all knights errant of whatever category and condition simply because of the great fondness he felt for them, so that they might share with him their goods as recompense for his virtuous desires.

He also said that in this castle there was no chapel where Don Quixote could stand vigil over his arms, for it had been demolished in order to rebuild it, but, in urgent cases, he knew that vigils could be kept

1. These were all famous underworld haunts.

anywhere, and on this night he could stand vigil in a courtyard of the castle; in the morning, God willing, the necessary ceremonies would be performed, and he would be dubbed a knight, and so much of a knight there could be no greater in all the world.

He asked if he had any money; Don Quixote replied that he did not have a copper *blanca*,<sup>2</sup> because he never had read in the histories of knights errant that any of them ever carried money. To this the innkeeper replied that he was deceived, for if this was not written in the histories, it was because it had not seemed necessary to the authors to write down something as obvious and necessary as carrying money and clean shirts, and if they had not, this was no reason to think the knights did not carry them; it therefore should be taken as true and beyond dispute that all the knights errant who fill so many books to overflowing carried well-provisioned purses for whatever might befall them; by the same token, they carried shirts and a small chest stocked with unguents to cure the wounds they received, for in the fields and clearings where they engaged in combat and were wounded there was not always someone who could heal them, unless they had for a friend some wise enchanter who instantly came to their aid, bringing through the air, on a cloud, a damsel or a dwarf bearing a flask of water of such great power that, by swallowing a single drop, the knights were so completely healed of their injuries and wounds that it was as if no harm had befallen them. But in the event such was not the case, the knights of yore deemed it proper for their squires to be provisioned with money and other necessities, such as linen bandages and unguents to heal their wounds; and if it happened that these knights had no squire—which was a rare and uncommon thing—they themselves carried everything in saddlebags so finely made they could barely be seen on the haunches of their horse, as if they were something of greater significance, because, except in cases like these, carrying saddlebags was not well-favored by knights errant; for this reason he advised, for he could still give Don Quixote orders as if he were his godson, since that is what he soon would be, that from now on he not ride forth without money and the provisions he had described, and then he would see how useful and necessary they would be when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to do as he advised with great alacrity, and so it was arranged that he would stand vigil over his arms in a large corral to

2. An ancient copper coin whose value varied over the years; it eventually was worth half a *maravedí*.

one side of the inn; and Don Quixote gathered all his armor together and placed it on a trough that was next to a well, and, grasping his shield, he took up his lance and with noble countenance began to pace back and forth in front of the trough, and as he began his pacing, night began to fall.

The innkeeper told everyone in the inn about the lunacy of his guest, about his standing vigil over his armor and his expectation that he would be dubbed a knight. They marveled at so strange a form of madness and went to watch him from a distance, and saw that with a serene expression he sometimes paced back and forth; at other times, leaning on his lance, he turned his eyes to his armor and did not turn them away again for a very long time. Night had fallen, but the moon was so bright it could compete with the orb whose light it reflected, and therefore everything the new knight did was seen clearly by everyone. Just then it occurred to one of the muledrivers in the inn to water his pack of mules, and for this it was necessary to move Don Quixote's armor, which was on the trough; our knight, seeing him approach, said in a booming voice:

"O thou, whosoever thou art, rash knight, who cometh to touch the armor of the most valiant knight who e'er girded on a sword! Lookest thou to what thou dost and toucheth it not, if thou wanteth not to leave thy life in payment for thy audacity."

The muleteer cared nothing for these words—and it would have been better for him if he had, because it meant caring for his health and well-being; instead, he picked up the armor by the straps and threw it a good distance away. And seeing this, Don Quixote lifted his eyes to heaven and, turning his thoughts—or so it seemed to him—to his lady Dulcinea, he said:

"Help me, Señora, in this the first affront aimed at this thy servant's bosom; in this my first challenge letteth not thy grace and protection fail me."

And saying these and other similar phrases, and dropping his shield, he raised his lance in both hands and gave the muledriver so heavy a blow on the head that he knocked him to the ground, and the man was so badly battered that if the first blow had been followed by a second, he would have had no need for a physician to care for his wounds. Having done this, Don Quixote picked up his armor and began to pace again with the same tranquility as before. A short while later, unaware of what had happened—for the first muledriver was still in a daze—a second approached, also intending to water his mules, and when he began to re-

move the armor to allow access to the trough, without saying a word or asking for anyone's favor, Don Quixote again dropped his shield and again raised his lance, and did not shatter it but instead broke the head of the second muledriver into more than three pieces because he cracked his skull in at least four places. When they heard the noise, all the people in the inn hurried over, among them the innkeeper. When he saw this, Don Quixote took up his shield, placed his hand on his sword, and said:

"O beauteous lady, strength and vigor of my submissive heart! This is the moment when thou needs must turn the eyes of thy grandeur toward this thy captive knight, who awaiteth so great an adventure."

And with this he acquired, it seemed to him, so much courage that if all the muledrivers in the world had charged him, he would not have taken one step backward. The wounded men's companions, seeing their friends on the ground, began to hurl stones at Don Quixote from a distance, and he did what he could to deflect them with his shield, not daring to move away from the trough and leave his armor unprotected. The innkeeper shouted at them to stop because he had already told them he was crazy, and that being crazy he would be absolved even if he killed them all. Don Quixote shouted even louder, calling them perfidious traitors and saying that the lord of the castle was a varlet and a discourteous knight for allowing knights errant to be so badly treated, and that if he had already received the order of chivalry, he would enlighten him as to the full extent of his treachery.

"But you, filthy and lowborn rabble, I care nothing for you; throw, approach, come, offend me all you can, for you will soon see how perforce you must pay for your rash insolence."

He said this with so much boldness and so much courage that he instilled a terrible fear in his attackers, and because of this and the persuasive arguments of the innkeeper, they stopped throwing stones at him, and he allowed the wounded men to withdraw and resumed his vigil over his armor with the same serenity and tranquility as before.

The innkeeper did not think very highly of his guest's antics, and he decided to cut matters short and give him the accursed order of chivalry then and there, before another misfortune occurred. And so he approached and begged his pardon for the impudence these lowborn knaves had shown, saying he had known nothing about it but that they had been rightfully punished for their audacity. He said he had already told him there was no chapel in the castle, nor was one necessary for

what remained to be done, because according to his understanding of the ceremonies of the order, the entire essence of being dubbed a knight consisted in being struck on the neck and shoulders, and that could be accomplished in the middle of a field, and he had already fulfilled everything with regard to keeping a vigil over his armor, for just two hours of vigil satisfied the requirements, and he had spent more than four. Don Quixote believed everything and said he was prepared to obey him, and that he should conclude matters with as much haste as possible, because if he was attacked again and had already been dubbed a knight, he did not intend to leave a single person alive in the castle except for those the castellan ordered him to spare, which he would do out of respect for him.

Forewarned and fearful, the castellan immediately brought the book in which he kept a record of the feed and straw he supplied to the muledrivers, and with a candle end that a servant boy brought to him, and the two aforementioned damsels, he approached the spot where Don Quixote stood and ordered him to kneel, and reading from his book as if he were murmuring a devout prayer, he raised his hand and struck him on the back of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, he delivered a gallant blow to his shoulders, always murmuring between his teeth as if he were praying. Having done this, he ordered one of the ladies to gird Don Quixote with his sword, and she did so with a good deal of refinement and discretion, and a good deal was needed for them not to burst into laughter at each moment of the ceremony, but the great feats they had seen performed by the new knight kept their laughter in check. As she girded on his sword, the good lady said:

"May God make your grace a very fortunate knight and give you good fortune in your fights."

Don Quixote asked her name, so that he might know from that day forth to whom he was obliged for the benison he had received, for he desired to offer her some part of the honor he would gain by the valor of his arm. She answered very humbly that her name was Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler from Toledo who lived near the stalls of the Sancho Bienaya market, and no matter where she might be she would serve him and consider him her master. Don Quixote replied that for the sake of his love, would she have the kindness to henceforth ennable herself and call herself Doña Tolosa.<sup>3</sup> She promised she would, and the other girl accoutried him with his knightly spurs, and he had almost the same conversation with her as with the

<sup>3</sup>. The unwarranted use of the honorifics *don* and *doña* was often satirized in the literature of the Renaissance.

one who girded on his sword. He asked her name, and she said she was called Molinera, the miller's girl, and that she was the daughter of an honorable miller from Antequera, and Don Quixote also implored her to ennable herself and call herself Doña Molinera, offering her more services and good turns.

And so, these never-before-seen ceremonies having been performed at a gallop, in less than an hour Don Quixote found himself a knight, ready to sally forth in search of adventures, and he saddled Rocinante and mounted him, and, embracing his host, he said such strange things to him as he thanked him for the boon of having dubbed him a knight that it is not possible to adequately recount them. The innkeeper, in order to get him out of the inn, replied with words no less rhetorical but much more brief, and without asking him to pay for the cost of his lodging, he allowed him to leave at an early hour.



## CHAPTER IV

*Concerning what happened to our knight when he left the inn*

It must have been dawn when Don Quixote left the inn so contented, so high-spirited, so jubilant at having been dubbed a knight that his joy almost burst the cinches of his horse. But calling to mind the advice of his host regarding the necessary provisions that he had to carry with him, especially money and shirts, he resolved to return to his house and outfit himself with everything, including a squire, thinking he would take on a neighbor of his, a peasant who was poor and had children but was very well suited to the chivalric occupation of squire. With this thought he guided Rocinante toward his village, and the horse, as if he could see his stall, began to trot with so much eagerness that his feet did not seem to touch the ground.

Don Quixote had not gone very far when it seemed to him that from a dense wood on his right there emerged the sound of feeble cries, like those of a person in pain, and as soon as he heard them he said:

"I give thanks to heaven for the great mercy it has shown in so quickly placing before me opportunities to fulfill what I owe to my profession, allowing me to gather the fruit of my virtuous desires. These

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."<sup>23</sup>

"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,"<sup>24</sup> 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 Austríada*, by Juan Rufo, a magistrate of Córdoba, and *El Monserrate*, by Cristóbal de Virués, a Valencian poet."<sup>25</sup>

"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*.<sup>26</sup>

"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,<sup>1</sup> 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,"<sup>2</sup> 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*,<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup> 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, sir, 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.



## CHAPTER VIII

*Regarding the good fortune of the valorous Don Quixote in the fearful and never imagined adventure of the windmills, along with other events worthy of joyful remembrance*

As they were talking, they saw thirty or forty of the windmills found in that countryside, and as soon as Don Quixote caught sight of them, he said to his squire:

"Good fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have desired, for there you see, friend Sancho Panza, thirty or more enormous giants with whom I intend to do battle and whose lives I intend to take, and with the spoils we shall begin to grow rich, for this is righteous warfare, and it is a great service to God to remove so evil a breed from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those you see over there," replied his master, "with the long arms; sometimes they are almost two leagues long."

"Look, your grace," Sancho responded, "those things that appear over there aren't giants but windmills, and what looks like their arms are the sails that are turned by the wind and make the grindstone move."

"It seems clear to me," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not well-versed in the matter of adventures: these are giants; and if thou art afraid, move aside and start to pray whilst I enter with them in fierce and unequal combat."

And having said this, he spurred his horse, Rocinante, paying no attention to the shouts of his squire, Sancho, who warned him that, beyond any doubt, those things he was about to attack were windmills and not giants. But he was so convinced they were giants that he did not

hear the shouts of his squire, Sancho, and could not see, though he was very close, what they really were; instead, he charged and called out: "Flee not, cowards and base creatures, for it is a single knight who attacks you."

Just then a gust of wind began to blow, and the great sails began to move, and, seeing this, Don Quixote said:

"Even if you move more arms than the giant Briareus,<sup>1</sup> you will answer to me."

And saying this, and commanding himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, asking that she come to his aid at this critical moment, and well-protected by his shield, with his lance in its socket, he charged at Rocinante's full gallop and attacked the first mill he came to; and as he thrust his lance into the sail, the wind moved it with so much force that it broke the lance into pieces and picked up the horse and the knight, who then dropped to the ground and were very badly battered. Sancho Panza hurried to help as fast as his donkey could carry him, and when he reached them he discovered that Don Quixote could not move because he had taken so hard a fall with Rocinante.

"God save me!" said Sancho. "Didn't I tell your grace to watch what you were doing, that these were nothing but windmills, and only somebody whose head was full of them wouldn't know that?"

"Be quiet, Sancho my friend," replied Don Quixote. "Matters of war, more than any others, are subject to continual change; moreover, I think, and therefore it is true, that the same Frestón the Wise who stole my room and my books has turned these giants into windmills in order to deprive me of the glory of defeating them: such is the enmity he feels for me; but in the end, his evil arts will not prevail against the power of my virtuous sword."

"God's will be done," replied Sancho Panza.

He helped him to stand, and Don Quixote remounted Rocinante, whose back was almost broken. And, talking about their recent adventure, they continued on the road to Puerto Lápice,<sup>2</sup> because there, said Don Quixote, he could not fail to find many diverse adventures since it was a very heavily trafficked place; but he rode heavyhearted because he did not have his lance; and expressing this to his squire, he said:

"I remember reading that a Spanish knight named Diego Pérez de Var-

1. A monstrous giant in Greek mythology who had fifty heads and a hundred arms.

2. An entrance to the mountains of the Sierra Morena, between La Mancha and Andalucía.

The Basque, who saw him coming at him in this manner, wanted to get off the mule, which, being one of the inferior ones for hire, could not be trusted, but all he could do was draw his sword; it was his good fortune, however, to be next to the carriage, and he seized one of the pillows and used it as a shield, and the two of them went at each other as if they were mortal enemies. The rest of the people tried to make peace between them but could not, because the Basque said in his tangled words that if they did not allow him to finish his fight, he himself would kill his mistress and everyone else who got in his way. The lady in the carriage, stunned and fearful at what she saw, had the coachman drive some distance away, and from there she watched the fierce contest, in the course of which the Basque went over Don Quixote's shield and struck a great blow with his sword to his shoulder, and if it had not been protected by armor, he would have opened it to the waist. Don Quixote, who felt the pain of that enormous blow, gave a great shout, saying:

"O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this thy knight, who, for the sake of thy great virtue, finds himself in grave peril!"

Saying this, and grasping his sword, and protecting himself with his shield, and attacking the Basque were all one, for he was determined to venture everything on the fortune of a single blow.

The Basque, seeing him attack in this fashion, clearly understood the courage in this rash act and resolved to do the same as Don Quixote. And so he waited for him, shielded by his pillow, and unable to turn the mule one way or the other, for the mule, utterly exhausted and not made for such foolishness, could not take another step.

As has been said, Don Quixote was charging the wary Basque with his sword on high, determined to cut him in half, and the Basque, well-protected by his pillow, was waiting for him, his sword also raised, and all the onlookers were filled with fear and suspense regarding the outcome of the great blows they threatened to give to each other, and the lady in the carriage and all her maids were making a thousand vows and offerings to all the images and houses of devotion in Spain so that God would deliver the squire and themselves from the great danger in which they found themselves.

But the difficulty in all this is that at this very point and juncture, the author of the history leaves the battle pending, apologizing because he found nothing else written about the feats of Don Quixote other than what he has already recounted. It is certainly true that the second au-

thor<sup>5</sup> of this work did not want to believe that so curious a history would be subjected to the laws of oblivion, or that the great minds of La Mancha possessed so little interest that they did not have in their archives or writing tables a few pages that dealt with this famous knight; and so, with this thought in mind, he did not despair of finding the conclusion to this gentle history, which, with heaven's help, he discovered in the manner that will be revealed in part two.<sup>6</sup>

## Part Two of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha



### CHAPTER IX

*In which the stupendous battle between the gallant Basque and the valiant Manchegan is concluded and comes to an end*

In part one of this history, we left the brave Basque and the famous Don Quixote with their swords raised and unsheathed, about to deliver two downstrokes so furious that if they had entirely hit the mark, the combatants would have been cut and split in half from top to bottom and opened like pomegranates; and at that extremely uncertain point, the delectable history stopped and was interrupted, without the author giving us any information as to where the missing parts could be found.

This caused me a good deal of grief, because the pleasure of having read so small an amount was turning into displeasure at the thought of the difficult road that lay ahead in finding the large amount that, in my opinion, was missing from so charming a tale. It seemed impossible and

5. The "second author" is Cervantes (that is, the narrator), who claims, in the following chapter, to have arranged for the translation of another (fictional) author's book. This device was common in novels of chivalry.

6. Cervantes originally divided the 1605 novel (commonly called the "first part" of *Don Quixote*) into four parts. The break in the narrative action between parts was typical of novels of chivalry.

completely contrary to all good precedent that so good a knight should have lacked a wise man who would assume the responsibility of recording his never-before-seen deeds, something that never happened to other knights errant,

the ones, that people say  
go searching for adventures,<sup>1</sup>

because each of them had one or two wise men whose purpose was not only to record their deeds, but to depict their slightest thoughts and fancies, no matter how secret they might be; and so good a knight could not be so unfortunate as to lack what Platir and others like him had in abundance.<sup>2</sup> And therefore I was not inclined to believe that so gallant a history had been left maimed and crippled, and I blamed the malignity of Time, the devourer and consumer of all things, who had either hidden it away or consumed it.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that since works as modern as *Deceptions of Jealousy and Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*<sup>3</sup> had been found among Don Quixote's books, his history also had to be modern, and though it might not be written down, it had to live on in the memories of people from his village and from other villages nearby. This thought left me disconcerted and longing to know, really and truly and in its entirety, the life and miracles of our famous Spaniard Don Quixote of La Mancha, the model and paragon of Manchegan chivalry, and the first in our age and in these calamitous times to take up the exercise and profession of chivalric arms, righting wrongs, defending widows, and protecting those maidens who rode, with whips and palfreys, and bearing all their virginity on their backs, from mountain to mountain and valley to valley; and unless some villain, or some farmer with hatchet and pitchfork, or some enormous giant forced her, a maiden could, in days of yore, after eighty years of never once sleeping under a roof, go to her grave as pure as the day her mother bore her. I say, then, that for these and many other reasons, our gallant Don Quixote is deserving of continual and memorable praise, as am I, on account of the toil and effort I have put into finding the conclusion of this amiable history, though I know very well that if heaven, cir-

1. These lines, probably taken from a ballad, appeared in Alvar Gómez's Spanish translation of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, although nothing comparable is in the Italian original.

2. A commonplace in chivalric fiction was that the knight's adventures (Platir's, for example) had been recorded by a wise man and then translated, the translation being the novel.

3. Published in 1586 and 1587, respectively.

cumstances, and fortune do not assist me, the world will be deprived of the almost two hours of entertainment and pleasure the attentive reader may derive from it. This is how I happened to find it:

One day when I was in the Alcaná market in Toledo, a boy came by to sell some notebooks and old papers to a silk merchant; as I am very fond of reading, even torn papers in the streets, I was moved by my natural inclinations to pick up one of the volumes the boy was selling, and I saw that it was written in characters I knew to be Arabic. And since I recognized but could not read it, I looked around to see if some Morisco<sup>4</sup> who knew Castilian, and could read it for me, was in the vicinity, and it was not very difficult to find this kind of interpreter, for even if I had sought a speaker of a better and older language,<sup>5</sup> I would have found him. In short, fortune provided me with one, and when I told him what I wanted and placed the book in his hands, he opened it in the middle, read for a short while, and began to laugh.

I asked him why he was laughing, and he replied that it was because of something written in the margin of the book as an annotation. I told him to tell me what it was, and he, still laughing, said:

"As I have said, here in the margin is written: 'This Dulcinea of Toboso, referred to so often in this history, they say had the best hand for salting pork of any woman in all of La Mancha.' "

When I heard him say "Dulcinea of Toboso," I was astounded and filled with anticipation, for it occurred to me that those volumes contained the history of Don Quixote. With this thought in mind, I urged him to read the beginning, which he did, extemporizing a translation of the Arabic into Castilian and saying that it said: *History of Don Quixote of La Mancha. Written by Cide Hamete Benengeli*,<sup>6</sup> an Arab Historian. I needed a good deal of cleverness to hide the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears; moving more quickly than the silk merchant, I bought all the papers and notebooks from the boy for half a *real*, but if he had been astute and known how much I wanted them, he certainly could have demanded and received more than six *reales* for their purchase. I immediately went with the Morisco to the cloister of the main church and asked him to render the journals, all those that dealt with Don Quixote, into the Castilian language, without taking away or

4. A Moor who had been converted to Christianity.

5. An allusion to Hebrew, spoken by the Jews who were merchants in the Alcaná.

6. *Cide* is the equivalent of *señor*; *Hamete* is the Arabic name *Hamid*; *Benengeli* (*berenjena* in Spanish) means "eggplant," a favorite food of Spanish Moors and Jews. In chapter II of the second volume (1615), the "first author" is, in fact, referred to as *Cide Hamete Berenjena*.

adding anything to them, offering him whatever payment he might desire. He was satisfied with two *arrobas* of raisins and two *fanegas* of wheat,<sup>7</sup> and he promised to translate them well and faithfully and very quickly. But to facilitate the arrangement and not allow such a wonderful find out of my hands, I brought him to my house, where, in a little more than a month and a half, he translated the entire history, just as it is recounted here.

In the first notebook there was a very realistic depiction of the battle of Don Quixote with the Basque, both in the postures recounted in the history, their swords raised, one covered by his round shield, the other by his pillow, and the Basque's mule so lifelike that at the distance of a crossbow shot one could see that it was a mule for hire. At the mule's feet was a caption that read: *Don Sancho de Azpetia*, which, no doubt, was the Basque's name; and at the feet of Rocinante was another that said: *Don Quixote*. Rocinante was so wonderfully depicted, so long and lank, so skinny and lean, with so prominent a backbone, and an appearance so obviously consumptive, that it was clear with what foresight and accuracy he had been given the name Rocinante. Next to him was Sancho Panza, holding the halter of his donkey, and at its feet was another caption that said: *Sancho Zancas*,<sup>8</sup> and as the picture showed, he must have had a big belly, short stature, and long shanks, and for this reason he was given the name Panza as well as Zancas, for from time to time the history calls him by both these surnames. A few other details were worthy of notice, but they are of little importance and relevance to the true account of this history, for no history is bad if it is true.

If any objection can be raised regarding the truth of this one, it can only be that its author was Arabic, since the people of that nation are very prone to telling falsehoods, but because they are such great enemies of ours, it can be assumed that he has given us too little rather than too much. So it appears to me, for when he could and should have wielded his pen to praise the virtues of so good a knight, it seems he intentionally passes over them in silence; this is something badly done and poorly thought out, since historians must and ought to be exact, truthful, and absolutely free of passions, for neither interest, fear, rancor, nor affection should make them deviate from the path of the truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, repository of great deeds, witness to the past, example and adviser to the present, and forewarning to the future. In

7. Two *arrobas* is approximately fifty pounds; two *fanegas* is a little more than three bushels.

8. *Zancas* means "shanks"; *panza*, as indicated earlier, means "belly" or "paunch."

this account I know there will be found everything that could be rightly desired in the most pleasant history, and if something of value is missing from it, in my opinion the fault lies with the dog who was its author rather than with any defect in its subject. In short, its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:

With the sharp-edged swords of the two valiant and enraged combatants held and raised on high, they seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and the abyss: such was their boldness and bearing. The first to strike a blow was the choleric Basque, and he delivered it with so much force and fury that if his sword had not turned on its way down, that single blow would have been enough to end this fierce combat and all the adventures of our knight; but good fortune, which had greater things in store for Don Quixote, twisted the sword of his adversary, so that although it struck his left shoulder, it did no more than tear through the armor along that side, taking with it as it passed a good part of his helmet and half an ear, both of which, in fearful ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a very sad state.

Lord save me, who can accurately tell of the rage that now filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself so mistreated! Suffice it to say it was so great that he stood again in the stirrups, and grasping his sword in both hands, he struck his opponent with so much fury, hitting him square on his pillow and his head, that despite those good defenses, and as if a mountain had fallen on him, the Basque began to bleed from his nose, mouth, and ears and to show signs of falling off the mule, and he would have fallen, no doubt, if he had not thrown his arms around the animal's neck, but even so his feet slipped out of the stirrups and his arms loosened, and the mule, terrified by the awful blow, began to run across the field and, after bucking a few times, threw his rider to the ground.

Don Quixote watched very calmly, and when he saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, raced over to him, placed the tip of his sword between the Basque's eyes, and ordered him to surrender or else he would cut off his head. The Basque was so stunned he could not say a word, and he would have come to a bad end, given Don Quixote's blind rage, if the ladies in the carriage, who until that moment had watched the battle with great dismay, had not approached him and implored him most earnestly that he do them the favor and grant them the boon of sparing the life of their squire. To which Don Quixote responded with pride and gravity:

"Certainly, beauteous ladies, I am very happy to do as you ask; but it must be with a condition and a stipulation, and it is that this knight

must promise to go to Toboso and present himself on my behalf to the peerless Doña Dulcinea, so that she may do with him as she pleases."

The frightened and distressed ladies, without considering what Don Quixote was demanding, and without asking who Dulcinea was, promised that the squire would do everything he was ordered to do.

"With confidence in that promise, I shall do him no more harm, although he so richly deserves it."



## CHAPTER X

*Concerning what further befell Don Quixote with the Basque and the danger in which he found himself with a band of Galicians from Yanguas<sup>1</sup>*

By this time Sancho Panza, rather badly treated by the servants of the friars, had gotten to his feet and was paying close attention to the battle waged by his master and imploring God, in his heart, that it would be His will to grant Don Quixote a victory in which he would win an ínsula and make Sancho the governor, as he had promised. Seeing, then, that the combat had ended and his master was about to remount Rocinante, he came to hold the stirrups for him, and before Don Quixote mounted, Sancho fell to his knees before him, and grasping his hand, he kissed it and said:

"May it please your grace, Señor Don Quixote, to give me the governorship of the ínsula that you have won in this fierce combat; for no matter how big it may be, I feel I have the ability to govern it just as well as anyone else who has ever governed ínsulas in this world."

To which Don Quixote responded:

"Let me point out, brother Sancho, that this adventure and those like it are adventures not of ínsulas but of crossroads, in which nothing is won but a broken head or a missing ear. Have patience, for adventures will present themselves in which you can become not only a governor, but perhaps even more."

1. Cervantes apparently divided this portion of the text into chapters after he had written it, and he did so in haste: the adventure with the Basque is concluded, and the Galicians do not appear for another five chapters.

Sancho thanked him profusely, and after kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his cuirass, he helped him to mount Rocinante, and then he mounted his donkey and began to follow his master, who, at a rapid pace, without saying goodbye or speaking any further with the ladies in the carriage, rode into a nearby wood. Sancho followed as fast as his jackass would go, but Rocinante moved so quickly that the squire, seeing himself left behind, was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, pulling on Rocinante's reins until his weary squire caught up to him, and when he did, Sancho said:

"It seems to me, Señor, that it would be a good idea for us to take refuge in some church; for that man you fought was so badly injured that it won't be long before he tells the Holy Brotherhood<sup>2</sup> what happened, and they'll arrest us, and by my faith, if they do, before we get out of prison they'll put us through a terrible time."

"Be quiet," said Don Quixote. "Where have you ever seen or read that a knight errant has been brought before the law no matter how many homicides he may have committed?"

"I don't know anything about omecls,<sup>3</sup>" replied Sancho, "and I never did bear one in my life; all I know is that the Holy Brotherhood takes care of people who fight in the countryside, and I don't want anything to do with that."

"Well, do not trouble yourself, my friend," Don Quixote responded, "for I shall save you from the hands of the Chaldeans, not to mention those of the Brotherhood. But tell me as you value your life: have you ever seen a more valiant knight than I anywhere on the face of the earth? Have you read in histories of another who has, or ever had, more spirit in attacking, more courage in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, or more ingenuity in unhorsing?"

"The truth is," replied Sancho, "that I never read any history because I don't know how to read or write, but I'll wager that in all my days I've never served a bolder master than your grace, and may it please God that all this boldness isn't paid for in the place I said. What I beg of your grace is that we treat your wounds; a lot of blood is coming out of that ear; and I have some lint<sup>4</sup> and a little white salve here in the saddlebags."

"None of that would be needed," replied Don Quixote, "if I had re-

2. The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, was an armed force that policed the countryside and the roads.

3. Sancho confuses homicidios ("homicides") and omecllos ("grudges").

4. Lint was used in much the same way that absorbent cotton is used in modern medicine.

day forward, we must treat each other with more respect and refrain from mockery, because no matter why I lose my temper with you, it will be bad for the pitcher.<sup>6</sup> The rewards and benefits that I have promised you will come in time, and if they do not, your wages, at least, will not be lost, as I have already told you."

"Everything your grace says is fine," said Sancho. "But I'd like to know, if the time for rewards happens not to come and it's necessary to fall back on wages, how much the squire of a knight errant earned in those days, and if he was paid by the month or by the day, like a mason's helpers."

"I do not believe," Don Quixote responded, "that those squires ever received wages, but only favors. And if I have mentioned you in the last will and testament that I left in my house, it was because of what might happen, for I do not yet know the standing of chivalry in these our calamitous times, and I should not want my soul to suffer in the next world on account of trivial details. Because I want you to know, Sancho, that there is no profession more dangerous than that of adventuring knight."

"That's true," said Sancho, "for just the noise of the fulling hammers could upset and disturb the heart of an adventuring knight errant as valiant as your grace. But you can be sure that from now on my lips will not open to joke about your grace's affairs, but only to honor you as my master and natural lord."

"In that way," replied Don Quixote, "you will live long on the face of the earth, for after parents, masters must be respected as if they were progenitors."



## CHAPTER XXI

*Which relates the high adventure and rich prize of the helmet of Mambrino, as well as other things that befell our invincible knight*

At this point a light rain began to fall, and Sancho would have liked for them to take shelter in the fulling mill, but Don Quixote had acquired such an aversion to it because of the insufferable deception that under no circumstances did he wish to go inside, and so, turning to the right,

6. This is the second half of a proverb: "It doesn't matter if the pitcher hits the stone or the stone hits the pitcher: it will be bad for the pitcher."

they came upon another road similar to the one they had followed on the previous day.

A short while later, Don Quixote caught sight of a man riding toward them and wearing on his head something that glistened as if it were made of gold, and no sooner had he seen him than he turned to Sancho and said:

"It seems to me, Sancho, that there is no proverb that is not true, because all of them are judgments based on experience, the mother of all knowledge, in particular the one that says: 'One door closes and another opens.' I say this because if last night fortune closed the door on what we were seeking, deceiving us with fulling hammers, now she opens wide another that will lead to a better and truer adventure; if I do not succeed in going through this door, the fault will be mine, and I shall not be able to blame my ignorance of fulling hammers or the dark of night. I say this because, unless I am mistaken, coming toward us is a man who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino,<sup>1</sup> concerning which, as you well know, I have made a vow."

"Your grace, be careful what you say, and more careful what you do," said Sancho, "for you wouldn't want this to be more fulling hammers that end up hammering and battering our senses."

"The devil take the man!" replied Don Quixote. "What does a helmet have to do with fulling hammers?"

"I don't know anything about that," responded Sancho, "but by my faith, if I could talk as much as I used to, maybe I could say some things that would make your grace see that you were mistaken in what you said."

"How can I be mistaken in what I say, you doubting traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, do you not see that knight coming toward us, mounted on a dappled gray and wearing on his head a helmet of gold?"

"What I see and can make out," responded Sancho, "is just a man riding a donkey that's gray like mine, and wearing something shiny on his head."

"Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote. "Move aside and let me face him alone; you will see that without speaking a word so as not to waste time, I shall bring this adventure to a conclusion and acquire the helmet I have so long desired."

"I'll be sure to move aside," replied Sancho, "but may it please God," he continued, "that it turns out to be oregano and not fulling hammers."<sup>2</sup>

1. An enchanted helmet worn by Reinaldos de Montalbán.

2. Sancho is citing part of a proverb—"May it please God that this is oregano and not caraway"—which warns against fool's gold (oregano was considered more valuable than caraway).

"I have already told you, brother, not to mention or even think about mentioning those fulling hammers to me," said Don Quixote, "or I swear . . . I shall say no more, but I shall hammer and full your soul."

Sancho fell silent, fearful his master might carry out the vow, as roundly categorical as a ball, that he had hurled at him.

This is the truth concerning the helmet, the horse, and the knight that Don Quixote saw: in that area there were two villages, one of them so small it did not have an apothecary or a barber, but the other, which was nearby, did, and so the barber in the larger one served the smaller, where a man happened to be sick and needed to be bled, and another needed to have his beard trimmed, and consequently the barber was traveling there, carrying a brass basin; as luck would have it, as he was traveling it began to rain, and to keep his hat from being stained, for it must have been new, he put the basin on his head, and since it was clean, at a distance of half a league, it glistened. He was riding a gray donkey, as Sancho had said, which gave rise to Don Quixote's thinking that he saw a dappled gray, a knight, and a gold helmet, for everything he saw he very easily accommodated to his chivalric nonsense and errant thoughts. And when he saw the poor gentleman approaching, without saying a word to him, and with Rocinante at full gallop, he attacked with lowered pike, intending to run him through, but when he drew near, without stopping the fury of his charge, he cried:

"Defend yourself, base creature, or hand over to me of your own free will what is so rightly mine!"

The barber, who never imagined or feared such a thing when he saw that apparition bearing down on him, had no other choice, in order to protect himself from the lance, than to fall off his donkey; and as soon as he touched the ground, he leaped up as nimbly as a deer and began to run across the plain, so fast the wind could not catch him. He left the basin on the ground, which satisfied Don Quixote, who said that the heathen had behaved with discretion and imitated the beaver, which, finding itself pursued by hunters, bites and tears off the thing for which he knows, by natural instinct, he is being hunted down.<sup>3</sup> He told Sancho to pick up the helmet, and the squire, lifting the basin in his hands, said:

"By God, this is a good basin and must be worth eight *reales* if it's worth a *maravedí*."

And he gave it to his master, who then put it on his head, turning it

3. Castor, a strong-smelling secretion of the beaver's sexual glands, was used in making perfume.

around from one side to the other, looking for the visor; and since he did not find it, he said:

"No doubt the heathen for whom this famous sallet helmet was first forged must have had an extremely large head; worst of all, half of it is missing."

When Sancho heard the basin called a sallet, he could not contain his laughter, but then he recalled his master's wrath, and he broke off in the middle.

"Why are you laughing, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"It makes me laugh," he responded, "to think of the big head on that heathen owner of this old helmet, which looks exactly like a barber's basin."

"Do you know what I imagine, Sancho? This famous piece of the enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of one who could not recognize or estimate its value, and not knowing what he was doing, and seeing that it was made of purest gold, he must have melted down one half to take advantage of its high price, and from the other half he made this, which resembles a barber's basin, as you say. Be that as it may, I recognize it, and its transmutation does not matter to me, for I shall repair it in the first village that has a blacksmith, and in a manner that will leave far behind the one made and forged by the god of smithies for the god of war;<sup>4</sup> in the meantime, I shall do the best I can to wear it, for something is better than nothing, especially since it will serve quite well to protect me from any stones that people may throw at me."

"It will," said Sancho, "if they're not using a slingshot like they did in the battle of the two armies, when they made the sign of the cross over your grace's molars and broke the cruet that held the blessed potion that made me vomit up my innards."

"Losing it does not grieve me greatly, for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that I have the recipe committed to memory."

"So do I," responded Sancho, "but if I ever make it or taste it again in my life, let this be my final hour. Besides, I don't intend to put myself in the position of needing it, because I plan to use all my five senses to keep from being wounded or wounding anybody else. As for being tossed in a blanket again, I won't say another word, for such misfortunes are difficult to foresee, and if they come, all you can do is shrug your shoulders, hold

4. Vulcan made armor for Mars, but not a helmet.



## CHAPTER L

*Regarding the astute arguments that Don Quixote had with the canon, as well as other matters*

"That is really good!" responded Don Quixote. "Books that are printed with a royal license and with the approval of those officials to whom they are submitted, and read to widespread delight, and celebrated by great and small, poor and rich, educated and ignorant, lowborn and gentry, in short, by all kinds of persons of every rank and station: can they possibly be a lie, especially when they bear so close a resemblance to the truth and tell us about the father, the mother, the nation, the family, the age, the birthplace, and the great deeds, point by point and day by day, of the knight, or knights, in question? Be quiet, your grace, and do not say such blasphemies, and believe me when I tell you what you, as an intelligent man, must do in this matter, which is to read these books, and then you will see the pleasure you derive from them.

If you do not agree, then tell me: is there any greater joy than seeing, before our very eyes, you might say, a great lake of boiling pitch, and in it, swimming and writhing about, there are many snakes, serpents, lizards, and many other kinds of fierce and fearsome creatures, and from the middle of the lake there comes an extremely sad voice, saying: 'Thou, O knight, whosoever thou mayest be, who looketh upon this fearful lake, if thou wishest to grasp the treasure hidden beneath these ebon waters, display the valor of thy mighty heart and throw thyself into the midst of its black and burning liquid, for if thou wilt not, thou canst not be worthy of gazing upon the wondrous marvels contained and enclosed within the seven castles of the seven enchantresses which lieth beneath this blackness.' And no sooner has the knight heard the fearsome voice than without hesitating or stopping to consider the danger he faces, and without

even stripping off the weight of his heavy armor, he commands himself to God and his lady and throws himself into the middle of the boiling lake, and when he cannot see or imagine where he will land, he finds himself among flowering meadows even more beautiful than the Elysian Fields. There it seems to him that the sky is more translucent and the sun shines with a new clarity; before him lies a peaceful grove of trees so green and leafy, their verdure brings joy to his eyes, while his ears are charmed by the sweet, untutored song of the infinite number of small, brightly colored birds that fly among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a brook whose cool waters, like liquid crystal, run over fine sand and white pebbles that seem like sifted gold and perfect pearls; there he sees a fountain artfully composed of varicolored jasper and smooth marble; over there he sees another fountain fashioned as a grotto where tiny clamshells and the coiled white-and-yellow houses of the snail are arranged with conscious disorder and mixed with bits of shining glass and counterfeit emeralds, forming so varied a pattern that art, imitating nature, here seems to surpass it. Suddenly, there appears before him a fortified castle or elegant fortress whose walls are made of solid gold, its parapets of diamonds, its doors of sapphires; in short, it is so wonderfully built that although its materials are nothing less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, its workmanship is even finer.

And after this, is there any more marvelous sight than seeing a good number of damsels come out through the gate of the castle, wearing dresses so splendid and sumptuous that if I began now to describe them, as the histories do, I should never finish; and then, the maiden who seems the leader among them takes by the hand the bold knight who threw himself into the boiling lake, and, without saying a word, guides him inside the rich fortress or castle and has him strip as naked as the day as he was born and bathes him in warm water and then smoothes his entire body with sweet-smelling ointments and dresses him in a shirt of finest silk, all fragrant and perfumed, and then another damsel comes and covers his shoulders with a cloak that, they say, is worth at least a city and even more? What better sight, after all this, than when we are told that he is taken to another chamber where he finds tables laid so lavishly, he is stunned and amazed? Observe him as he pours over his hands water that is distilled with ambergris and scented flowers, and see him sit on a chair of ivory, and watch him being served by all the damsels, who maintain a wondrous silence as they bring him so many different foods, so exquisitely prepared that appetite does not know

where to place its hands. How marvelous is it to hear the music that plays as he eats, though he does not know who is singing, or where. And when the meal is over and the tables cleared, and the knight is reclining in his chair, perhaps cleaning his teeth with a toothpick, as is the custom,<sup>1</sup> to have another damsels, much more beautiful than any of the others, come in through the chamber door and sit beside the knight and begin to explain to him what castle this is, and that she resides there and is enchanted and many other things that amaze the knight and astound the readers who are reading his history.

I do not wish to go any further with this, for one can gather from what I have said that anyone can read any part of any history of a knight errant and from it derive great pleasure and delight. And your grace should believe me when I tell you, as I already have, to read these books, and you will see how they drive away melancholy if you are so afflicted and improve your spirits if they happen to be low. For myself, I can say that since I became a knight errant I have been valiant, well-mannered, liberal, polite, generous, courteous, bold, gentle, patient, long-suffering in labors, imprisonments, and enchantments, and although only a short while ago I saw myself locked in a cage like a madman, I think that with the valor of my arm, and heaven favoring me, and fortune not opposing me, in a few days I shall find myself the king of some kingdom where I can display the gratitude and liberality of my heart. For by my faith, Señor, the poor man is incapable of displaying the virtue of liberality with anyone, even if he possesses it to the greatest degree, and gratitude that consists of nothing more than desire is a dead thing, as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should like Fortune to offer me without delay an opportunity to become an emperor, so that I can display my heartfelt desire to do good for my friends, especially this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world, and I should like to give him a countship, which I promised him many days ago, even though I fear he may not have the ability to govern his estate."

As soon as Sancho heard these last words of his master, he said:

"Your grace, Señor Don Quixote, should work to give me the countship that has been promised by your grace and hoped for by me, and I promise you I'll have no lack of ability to govern it, and if I do, I've heard it said that there are men in the world who farm the estates of gentle-

1. This detail seems comically incongruous, yet picking one's teeth after a meal was so common during the Renaissance that it was employed as a kind of trope for the necessary deceptions of genteel poverty, for example in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, when the hungry gentleman walks down the street wielding a toothpick to indicate that he has eaten.

lemen, who pay them so much each year to manage everything, and the gentleman sits with his feet up, enjoying the rent they pay him and not worrying about anything else, and that's what I'll do; I won't haggle over trifles, but I'll turn my back on everything, and enjoy my rent like a duke, and let the others do the work."

"Brother Sancho," said the canon, "that's fine as far as enjoying the rent is concerned, but the administration of justice has to be tended to by the owner of the estate, and this is where ability and good judgment come in, and in particular a real intention to do what is right, for if this is lacking at the beginning, the middle and the end will always be wrong; in this way, God tends to favor the virtuous desires of the simple man and confound the wicked intentions of the intelligent."

"I don't know about these philosophies," responded Sancho Panza, "all I know is that as soon as I have the countship I'll know how to govern it; I have as much soul as any other man, and as much body as the biggest of them, and I'll be as much a king of my estate as any other is of his; and this being true, I'll do what I want, and doing what I want, I'll do what I like, and doing what I like, I'll be happy, and when a man is happy he doesn't wish for anything else, and not wishing for anything else, that'll be the end of it, so bring on my estate, and God willing we'll see, as one blind man said to the other."

"Those aren't bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho, but even so, there is a good deal to say regarding this matter of countships."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"I do not know if there is more to say; I am guided only by the example of the great Amadís of Gaul, who made his squire count of Ínsula Firme; therefore I can, without scruple or question of conscience, make a count of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires a knight errant ever had."

The canon was astounded by the reasoned nonsense spoken by Don Quixote, by the manner in which he had described the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, by the impression that had been made on him by the intentional lies of the books he had read, and, finally, by the simple-mindedness of Sancho, who so fervently desired to obtain the countship his master had promised him.

By now the canon's servants had returned from the inn, where they had gone for the pack mule, and making a table of a rug and the meadow's green grass, they sat in the shade of some trees and ate their meal there so that the ox driver could take advantage of the grazing for his animals, as we have already said. While they were eating they suddenly heard a loud noise and the tinkling of a small bell from some nearby brambles and