

to compete with them, especially those squirish gentlefolk who polish their shoes with lampblack and mend their black stockings with green thread."

"That," said Don Quixote, "has nothing to do with me, because I am always well-dressed, and never in patches; my clothes may be frayed, but more by my armor than by time."

"As for your grace's valor, courtesy, deeds, and undertakings," Sancho continued, "there are different opinions. Some say, 'Crazy, but amusing'; others, 'Brave, but unfortunate'; and others, 'Courteous, but insolent'; and they go on and on so much in this vein that they don't leave an untouched bone in your grace's body or mine."

"Look, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "wherever extraordinary virtue resides, there it is persecuted. Very few, if any, of the famous men of the past escaped the slanders of the wicked. Julius Caesar, that most spirited, prudent, and valiant captain, was called ambitious and not particularly clean in his clothing or habits. Alèxander, whose feats earned him the title of Great, was said to have been something of a drunkard. Hercules, with all his labors, was called lascivious and soft. Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís of Gaul, was whispered to be more than a little quarrelsome, and his brother was called tearful. And so, dear Sancho, with so many calumnies directed against good men, let them say what they wish about me, as long as there is no more than what you have told me."

"That's the problem, I swear by my father!" replied Sancho.

"Then, there is more?" asked Don Quixote.

"And something much worse," said Sancho. "So far it's been nothing but child's play, but if your grace wants to know all the slander they're saying about you, I'll bring somebody here who will tell you everything and not leave out a crumb; last night Bartolomé Carrasco's son, who's been studying at Salamanca, came home with his bachelor's degree, and I went to welcome him home and he told me that the history of your grace is already in books, and it's called *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*; and he says that in it they mention me, Sancho Panza, by name, and my lady Dulcinea of Toboso, and other things that happened when we were alone, so that I crossed myself in fear at how the historian who wrote them could have known about them."

"I assure you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of our history must be some wise enchanter, for nothing is hidden from them if they wish to write about it."

"Well," said Sancho, "if he was wise and an enchanter, then how is it

possible (according to what Bachelor Sansón Carrasco says, for that's the name of the person I was telling you about) that the author of the history is named Cide Hamete Berenjena?"

"That is a Moorish name," responded Don Quixote.

"It must be," responded Sancho, "because I've heard that most Moors are very fond of eggplant."<sup>2</sup>

"You must be mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in the last name of this Cide, which in Arabic means *señor*."

"That may be," replied Sancho, "but if your grace would like me to bring Sansón Carrasco here, I'll go find him right away."

"I would like that very much, my friend," said Don Quixote. "What you have told me has left me in suspense, and nothing I eat will taste good until I learn everything."

"Then I'll go for him now," responded Sancho.

And leaving his master, he went to find the bachelor, with whom he returned in a very short while, and the three of them had a most amusing conversation.



### CHAPTER III

*Regarding the comical discussion held by Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Bachelor Sansón Carrasco*

Don Quixote was extremely thoughtful as he awaited Bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear the news about himself that had been put into a book, as Sancho had said, though he could not persuade himself that such a history existed, for the blood of the enemies he had slain was not yet dry on the blade of his sword and his chivalric exploits were already in print. Even so, he imagined that some wise man, either a friend or an enemy, by the arts of enchantment had printed them: if a friend, in order to elevate them and raise them above the most famous deeds of any knight errant; if an enemy, to annihilate them and place them lower than the basest acts ever attributed to the basest squire, al-

2. See note 6, chapter IX, part I, for a discussion of the Moorish "author's" name.

though—he said to himself—the acts of squires were never written down; if such a history did exist, because it was about a knight errant it would necessarily be grandiloquent, noble, distinguished, magnificent, and true.

This gave him some consolation, but it made him disconsolate to think that its author was a Moor, as suggested by the name Cide, and one could not expect truth from the Moors, because all of them are tricksters, liars, and swindlers. He feared his love had been treated with an indecency that would redound to the harm and detriment of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea of Toboso; he earnestly hoped there had been a declaration of the fidelity and decorum with which he had always behaved toward her, disdaining queens, empresses, and maidens of all ranks and keeping at bay the force of his natural passions; and so, rapt and entranced in these and many other thoughts, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom Don Quixote received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sansón,<sup>1</sup> was not particularly large, but he was immensely sly; his color was pale, but his intelligence was very bright; he was about twenty-four years old, with a round face, a snub nose, and a large mouth, all signs of a mischievous nature and a fondness for tricks and jokes, which he displayed when, upon seeing Don Quixote, he kneeled before him and said:

"Your magnificence, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, give me your hands, for by the habit of St. Peter that I wear,<sup>2</sup> though I have taken only the first four orders, your grace is one of the most famous knights errant there ever was, or will be, anywhere on this round earth. Blessings on Cide Hamete Benengeli, who wrote the history of your great deeds, and double blessings on the inquisitive man who had it translated from Arabic into our vernacular Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all people."

Don Quixote had him stand, and he said:

"So then, is it true that my history exists, and that it was composed by a wise Moor?"

"It is so true, Señor," said Sansón, "that I believe there are more than twelve thousand copies of this history in print today; if you do not think so, let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia tell you so, for they were printed there; there is even a rumor that it is being printed in Antwerp,

1. Sansón is the Spanish equivalent of Samson.

2. The ordinary clothing of the clergy and of scholars; the term is used here mockingly, as if it were the habit of one of the great military orders, such as the order of Santiago (St. James).

and it is evident to me that every nation or language will have its translation of the book."<sup>3</sup>

"One of the things," said Don Quixote, "that must give the greatest contentment to a virtuous and eminent man is to see, while he is still alive, his good name printed and published in the languages of different peoples. I said good name, for if it were the opposite, no death could be its equal."

"In the matter of a good reputation and a good name," said the bachelor, "your grace alone triumphs over all other knights errant, for the Moor in his language and the Christian in his were careful to depict very vividly the gallantry of your grace, your great courage in confronting danger, your patience in adversity, your forbearance in the face of misfortunes and wounds, the virtue and modesty of the Platonic love of your grace and my lady Doña Dulcinea of Toboso."

"Never," said Sancho Panza, "have I heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña, just Señora Dulcinea of Toboso, and that's where the history's wrong."

"That is not an important objection," responded Carrasco.

"No, of course not," responded Don Quixote, "but tell me, Señor Bachelor: which deeds of mine are praised the most in this history?"

"In that regard," responded the bachelor, "there are different opinions, just as there are different tastes: some prefer the adventure of the windmills, which your grace thought were Briareuses and giants; others, that of the waterwheel; one man favors the description of the two armies that turned out to be two flocks of sheep; the other praises the adventure of the body that was being carried to Segovia for burial; one says that the adventure of the galley slaves is superior to all the rest; another, that none equals that of the two gigantic Benedictines and the dispute with the valiant Basque."

"Tell me, Señor Bachelor," said Sancho, "is the adventure of the Yanguesans mentioned, when our good Rocinante took a notion to ask for the moon?"

"The wise man," responded Sansón, "left nothing in the inkwell; he

3. Part I had been printed three times in Madrid (twice in 1605, once in 1608), twice in Lisbon (1605), twice in Valencia (1605), twice in Brussels (1607, 1611), and once in Milan (1610) when Cervantes probably wrote these lines. It did not appear in Barcelona until 1617 (when the first and second parts were printed together for the first time) or in Antwerp until 1673 (it is assumed that Cervantes wrote Antwerp instead of Brussels). All of these editions are in Spanish; the first translation of the book (into English, by Thomas Shelton) appeared in London in 1612.

says everything and takes note of everything, even the capering that our good Sancho did in the blanket."

"In the blanket I wasn't capering," responded Sancho, "but I was in the air, and more than I would have liked."

"It seems to me," said Don Quixote, "there is no human history in the world that does not have its ups and downs, especially those that deal with chivalry; they cannot be filled with nothing but successful exploits."

"Even so," responded the bachelor, "some people who have read the history say they would have been pleased if its authors had forgotten about some of the infinite beatings given to Señor Don Quixote in various encounters."

"That's where the truth of the history comes in," said Sancho.

"They also could have kept quiet about them for the sake of fairness," said Don Quixote, "because the actions that do not change or alter the truth of the history do not need to be written if they belittle the hero. By my faith, Aeneas was not as pious as Virgil depicts him, or Ulysses as prudent as Homer describes him."

"That is true," replied Sansón, "but it is one thing to write as a poet and another to write as a historian: the poet can recount or sing about things not as they were, but as they should have been, and the historian must write about them not as they should have been, but as they were, without adding or subtracting anything from the truth."

"Well, if this Moorish gentleman is interested in telling the truth," said Sancho, "then among all the beatings my master received, you're bound to find mine, because they never took the measure of his grace's shoulders without taking it for my whole body; but there's no reason for me to be surprised, because as my master himself says, all the members must share in the head's pain."

"You are very crafty, Sancho," responded Don Quixote. "By my faith, you have no lack of memory when you want to remember."

"When I would like to forget the beatings I've gotten," said Sancho, "the welts won't let me, because they're still fresh on my ribs."

"Be quiet, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt the bachelor, whom I implore to continue telling me what is said about me in this history."

"And about me," said Sancho. "They also say I'm one of the principal personages in it."

"Personages, not presonages, Sancho my friend," said Sansón.

"Another one who corrects my vocabulary?" said Sancho. "Well, both of you keep it up and we'll never finish."

"As God is my witness, Sancho," responded the bachelor, "you are the second person in the history, and there are some who would rather hear you talk than the cleverest person in it, though there are also some who say you were much too credulous when you believed that the governorship of the ínsula offered to you by Señor Don Quixote, here present, could be true."

"The sun has not yet gone down," said Don Quixote, "and as Sancho grows older, with the experience granted by his years he will be more skilled and more capable of being a governor than he is now."

"By God, Señor," said Sancho, "the island that I can't govern at the age I am now I won't be able to govern if I get to be as old as Methuselah. The trouble is that this ínsula is hidden someplace, I don't know where, it's not that I don't have the good sense to govern it."

"Trust in God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that everything will turn out well and perhaps even better than you expect; not a leaf quivers on a tree unless God wills it."

"That's true," said Sansón. "If it is God's will, Sancho will have a thousand islands to govern, not just one."

"I have seen some governors," said Sancho, "who, in my opinion, don't come up to the sole of my shoe, and even so they're called lordship and are served their food on silver."

"They aren't governors of ínsulas," replied Sansón, "but of other, more tractable realms; those who govern ínsulas have to know grammar at the very least."

"I can accept the gram all right," said Sancho, "but the *mar* I won't go near because I don't understand it. But leaving the question of my being a governor in the hands of God, and may He place me wherever He chooses, I say, Señor Bachelor Sansón Carrasco, that it makes me very happy that the author of the history has spoken about me in such a way that the things said about me do not give offense; for by my faith as a good squire, if things had been said about me that did not suit an Old Christian, which is what I am, even the deaf would have heard us."

"That would be performing miracles," responded Sansón.

"Miracles or no miracles," said Sancho, "each man should be careful how he talks or writes about people and not put down willy-nilly the first thing that comes into his head."

"One of the objections people make to the history," said the bache-

lor, "is that its author put into it a novel called *The Man Who Was Recklessly Curious*, not because it is a bad novel or badly told, but because it is out of place and has nothing to do with the history of his grace Señor Don Quixote."

"I'll bet," replied Sancho, "that the dogson mixed up apples and oranges."

"Now I say," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history was no wise man but an ignorant gossip-monger who, without rhyme or reason, began to write, not caring how it turned out, just like Orbaneja, the painter of Úbeda, who, when asked what he was painting, replied: 'Whatever comes out.' Perhaps he painted a rooster in such a fashion and so unrealistically that he had to write beside it, in capital letters: 'This is a rooster.' And that must be how my history is: a commentary will be necessary in order to understand it."

"Not at all," responded Sansón, "because it is so clear that there is nothing in it to cause difficulty: children look at it, youths read it, men understand it, the old celebrate it, and, in short, it is so popular and so widely read and so well-known by every kind of person that as soon as people see a skinny old nag they say: 'There goes Rocinante.' And those who have been fondest of reading it are the pages. There is no lord's antechamber where one does not find a copy of *Don Quixote*: as soon as it is put down it is picked up again; some rush at it, and others ask for it. In short, this history is the most enjoyable and least harmful entertainment ever seen, because nowhere in it can one find even the semblance of an untruthful word or a less than Catholic thought."

"Writing in any other fashion," said Don Quixote, "would mean not writing truths, but lies, and historians who make use of lies ought to be burned, like those who make counterfeit money; I do not know what moved the author to resort to other people's novels and stories when there was so much to write about mine: no doubt he must have been guided by the proverb that says: 'Straw or hay, it's the same either way.' For the truth is that if he had concerned himself only with my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my virtuous desires, and my brave deeds, he could have had a volume larger than, or just as large as, the collected works of El Tostado.<sup>4</sup> In fact, as far as I can tell, Señor Bachelor, in order to write histories and books of any kind, one must have great judgment and mature understanding. To say witty things and to write cleverly requires

4. Alonso de Madrigal, bishop of Avila, an immensely prolific writer of the fifteenth century.

great intelligence: the most perceptive character in a play is the fool, because the man who wishes to seem simple cannot possibly be a simpleton. History is like a sacred thing; it must be truthful, and wherever truth is, there God is; but despite this, there are some who write and toss off books as if they were fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "that it does not have something good in it."

"There is no doubt about that," replied Don Quixote, "but it often happens that those who had deservedly won and achieved great fame because of their writings lost their fame, or saw it diminished, when they had their works printed."

"The reason for that," said Sansón, "is that since printed works are looked at slowly, their faults are easily seen, and the greater the fame of their authors, the more closely they are scrutinized. Men who are famous for their talent, great poets, eminent historians, are always, or almost always, envied by those whose particular pleasure and entertainment is judging other people's writings without ever having brought anything of their own into the light of day."

"That is not surprising," said Don Quixote, "for there are many theologians who are not good in the pulpit but are excellent at recognizing the lacks or excesses of those who preach."

"All this is true, Señor Don Quixote," said Carrasco, "but I should like those censurers to be more merciful and less severe and not pay so much attention to the motes in the bright sun of the work they criticize, for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*,<sup>5</sup> they should consider how often he was awake to give a brilliant light to his work with the least amount of shadow possible; and it well may be that what seem defects to them are birthmarks that often increase the beauty of the face where they appear; and so I say that whoever prints a book exposes himself to great danger, since it is utterly impossible to write in a way that will satisfy and please everyone who reads it."

"The one that tells about me," said Don Quixote, "must have pleased very few."

"Just the opposite is true; since *stultorum infinitus est numerus*,<sup>6</sup> an infinite number of people have enjoyed the history, though some have found fault and failure in the author's memory, because he forgets to tell

5. A line from Horace's *Ars poetica*: "From time to time even Homer nods."

6. "The number of fools is infinite."

who the thief was who stole Sancho's donkey, for it is never stated and can only be inferred from the writing that it was stolen, and soon after that we see Sancho riding on that same donkey and don't know how it reappears. They also say that he forgot to put in what Sancho did with the hundred *escudos* he found in the traveling case in the Sierra Morena, for it is never mentioned again, and there are many who wish to know what he did with them, or how he spent them, for that is one of the substantive points of error in the work."

Sancho responded:

"I, Señor Sansón, am in no condition now to give accounts or countings; my stomach has begun to flag, and if I don't restore it with a couple of swallows of mellow wine, I'll be nothing but skin and bone. I keep some at home; my missus is waiting for me; when I finish eating I'll come back and satisfy your grace and anybody else who wants to ask questions about the loss of my donkey or the hundred *escudos*."

And without waiting for a reply or saying another word, he left for his house.

Don Quixote asked and invited the bachelor to stay and eat with him. The bachelor accepted: he stayed, a couple of squab were added to the ordinary meal, chivalry was discussed at the table, Carrasco humored the knight, the banquet ended, they took a siesta, Sancho returned, and their earlier conversation was resumed.



## CHAPTER IV

*In which Sancho Panza satisfies Bachelor Sansón Carrasco with regard to his doubts and questions, with other events worthy of being known and recounted*

Sancho came back to Don Quixote's house, and returning to their earlier discussion, he said:

"As for what Señor Sansón said about people wanting to know who stole my donkey, and how, and when, I can answer by saying that on the same night we were running from the Holy Brotherhood, and entered the Sierra Morena after the misadventurous adventure of the galley slaves, and of the dead man being carried to Segovia, my master and I

rode into a stand of trees where my master rested on his lance, and I on my donkey, and battered and tired from our recent skirmishes, we began to sleep as if we were lying on four featherbeds; I was so sound asleep that whoever the thief was could come up to me, and put me on four stakes that he propped under the four sides of my packsaddle, and leave me mounted on them, and take my donkey out from under me without my even knowing it."

"That is an easy thing to do, and nothing new; the same thing happened to Sacripante when he was at the siege of Albraca; with that same trick the famous thief named Brunelo took his horse from between his legs."<sup>1</sup>

"Dawn broke," Sancho continued, "and as soon as I moved, the stakes gave way and I fell to the ground; I looked for the donkey and didn't see him; tears filled my eyes, and I began to lament, and if the author of our history didn't put that in, you can be sure he left out something good. After I don't know how many days, when we were traveling with the Señora Princess Micomicona, I saw my donkey, and riding him, dressed like a Gypsy, was Ginés de Pasamonte, the lying crook that my master and I freed from the chain."

"The error doesn't lie there," replied Sansón, "but in the fact that before the donkey appeared, the author says that Sancho was riding on that same animal."

"I don't know how to answer that," said Sancho, "except to say that either the historian was wrong or the printer made a mistake."

"That must be the case, no doubt about it," said Sansón, "but what happened to the hundred *escudos*? Are they gone?"

"I spent them for myself, and my wife, and my children, and they are the reason my wife patiently puts up with my traveling highways and byways in the service of my master, Don Quixote; if after so much time I came back home without a *blanca* and without my donkey, a black future would be waiting for me; if there's any more to know about me, here I am, and I'll answer the king himself in person, and nobody has any reason to worry about whether I kept them or didn't keep them, spent them or didn't spend them; if the beatings I got on these journeys were paid for in money, even if they didn't cost more than four *maravedís* a piece, another hundred *escudos* wouldn't pay for half of them; so let each man put his hand over his own heart and not start

1. This incident appears in Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*.

been in town a few days, working for a rich farmer in his fields; the priest and the sacristan live in that house in front of us, and either one or both of them will be able to tell your grace about that lady the princess, because they have the list of everybody who lives in Toboso, though it seems to me that no princess lives anywhere around here; but there are lots of ladies, and they're so distinguished that each one could be a princess in her own house."

"Well, friend, the lady I am asking about," said Don Quixote, "must be one of them."

"That might be," responded the young man, "and now goodbye; dawn is breaking."

And prodding his mules, he waited for no more questions. Sancho, seeing his master somewhat baffled and in a bad humor, said:

"Señor, it's almost day and it wouldn't be a good idea to let the sun find us out on the street; it would be better for us to leave the city, and then your grace can wait in some nearby woods, and I'll come back in broad daylight and search every corner of this town for the house, castle, or palace of my lady, and I'll have to be pretty unlucky not to find it; and when I do, I'll talk to her grace and tell her where your grace is waiting for her to give you leave to see her and tell you how you can without doing damage to her honor and good name."

"You have, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "enclosed a thousand wise statements within the circle of a few brief words: the advice you have just given pleases me, and I accept it very willingly. Come, my friend, and let us look for the place where I shall wait while you, as you have said, will come back to find, see, and speak to my lady, from whose intelligence and courtesy I hope for more than wondrous favors."

Sancho was desperate to get his master outside the town so that he would not discover the lie of the response from Dulcinea that he had brought to him in the Sierra Morena, and so he hurried their departure, which took place without delay, and two miles from the town they found a stand of trees or a wood where Don Quixote waited while Sancho returned to the city to speak with Dulcinea; and on this mission things occurred that demand a renewal of both attention and belief.



## CHAPTER X

*Which recounts Sancho's ingenuity in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, and other events as ridiculous as they are true*

When the author of this great history came to recount what is recounted in this chapter, he says he would have preferred to pass over it in silence, fearful it would not be given credence, for the madness of Don Quixote here reached the limits and boundaries of the greatest madnesses that can be imagined, and even passed two crossbow shots beyond them. But finally, despite this fear and trepidation, he wrote down the mad acts just as Don Quixote performed them, not adding or subtracting an atom of truth from the history and not concerning himself about the accusations that he was a liar, which might be made against him; and he was right, because truth may be stretched thin and not break, and it always floats on the surface of the lie, like oil on water.

And so, continuing his history, he says that as soon as Don Quixote had entered the wood, oak grove, or forest near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to return to the city and not appear again in his presence without first having spoken on his behalf to his lady, asking her to be so kind as to allow herself to be seen by her captive knight and deign to give him her blessing so that he might hope for a most happy conclusion for all his undertakings and arduous enterprises. Sancho agreed to do everything exactly as ordered and to bring back a reply as good as the one he had brought the first time.

"Go, my friend," replied Don Quixote, "and do not become disconcerted when you find yourself looking at the light emanating from the sun of beauty which you will seek. Oh, you are more fortunate than all the squires in the world! Remember everything and do not miss a detail of how she receives you: if her color changes as you give her my message;

if she becomes agitated or troubled when she hears my name; if she moves about on her pillows, if you happen to find her in the richly furnished antechamber of her rank;<sup>1</sup> if she is standing, look at her to see if she shifts from one foot to another; if she repeats her answer two or three times; if she changes from gentle to severe, from harsh to loving; if she raises her hand to her hair to smooth it, although it is not disarranged; finally, my friend, observe all her actions and movements, because if you relate them to me just as they occurred, I shall interpret what she keeps hidden in the secret places of her heart in response to the fact of my love; for you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that with lovers, the external actions and movements, revealed when the topic of their love arises, are reliable messengers bringing the news of what transpires deep in their souls. Go, my friend, and may better fortune than mine guide you, and may you return with greater success than I dare hope for as I wait in this bitter solitude in which you leave me."

"I'll go and come back very quickly," said Sancho, "and swell that heart of yours, which can't be any bigger now than a hazelnut, and remember what they say: a good heart beats bad luck, and where there is no bacon, there are no stakes,<sup>2</sup> and they also say that a hare leaps out when you least expect it. I'm saying this because if we didn't find my lady's palaces or castles last night, now that it's day I think I'll find them when I least expect to, and once I've found them, just leave everything to me."

"Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you certainly bring in proverbs that suit our affairs perfectly, and I hope God gives me as much good fortune in my desires."

This having been said, Sancho turned away and urged on his donkey, and Don Quixote remained on horseback, resting in the stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of melancholy and confused imaginings, and there we will leave him and go with Sancho Panza, who rode away no less confused and thoughtful than his master; in fact, as soon as he had emerged from the wood he turned his head, and seeing that Don Quixote was nowhere in sight, he dismounted his donkey, sat at the foot of a tree, and began to talk to himself, saying:

"Now, Sancho my brother, let's find out where your grace is going. Are you going to look for some donkey that's been lost?" "No, of course

1. Highborn ladies would receive visitors in a special room of the house that had lounging pillows.

2. Sancho misquotes the proverb.

not." "Well, what are you going to look for?" "I'm going to look for a princess—like that was an easy thing to do—who is the sun of beauty and the rest of heaven, too." "And where do you think you'll find all that, Sancho?" "Where? In the great city of Toboso." "All right, for whose sake are you going to look for her?" "For the sake of the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who rights wrongs, and gives food to the thirsty, and drink to the hungry." "All that's very fine. Do you know where her house is, Sancho?" "My master says it has to be royal palaces or noble castles." "Have you, by chance, ever seen her?" "I've never seen her, and neither has my master." "And do you think it would be the right and proper thing to do, if the people of Toboso found out that you're here intending to coax away their princesses and disturb their ladies, for them to batter your ribs with sticks and break every bone in your body?" "The truth is they'd be right, unless they remembered that I'm following orders, and that

You are the messenger, my friend,  
and do not deserve the blame."<sup>3</sup>

"Don't rely on that, Sancho, because Manchegans are as quick-tempered as they are honorable, and they don't put up with anything from anybody. By God, if they suspect what you're up to, then I predict bad luck for you." "Get out, you dumb bastard! Let the lightning strike somebody else! Not me, I'm not going to look for trouble to please somebody else! Besides, looking for Dulcinea in Toboso will be like looking for a María in Ravenna or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil and nobody else has gotten me into this!"

Sancho held this soliloquy with himself, and the conclusion he drew was that he talked to himself again, saying:

"Well now: everything has a remedy except death, under whose yoke we all have to pass, even if we don't want to, when our life ends. I've seen a thousand signs in this master of mine that he's crazy enough to be tied up, and I'm not far behind, I'm as much a fool as he is because I follow and serve him, if that old saying is true: 'Tell me who your friends are and I'll tell you who you are,' and that other one that says, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Then, being crazy, which is what he is, with the kind of craziness that most of the time takes one thing for another, and

3. The lines are from a ballad about Bernardo del Carpio.

thinks white is black and black is white, like the time he said that the windmills were giants, and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep enemy armies, and many other things of that nature, it won't be very hard to make him believe that a peasant girl, the first one I run into here, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he doesn't believe it, I'll swear it's true; and if he swears it isn't, I'll swear again that it is; and if he insists, I'll insist more; and so I'll always have the last word, no matter what. Maybe I'll be so stubborn he won't send me out again carrying his messages, seeing the bad answers I bring back, or maybe he'll believe, which is what I think will happen, that one of those evil enchanters he says are his enemies changed her appearance to hurt him and do him harm."

When Sancho Panza had this idea his spirit grew calm, and he considered his business successfully concluded, and he stayed there until the afternoon so that Don Quixote would think that he'd had time to go to Toboso and come back; and everything went so well for him that when he stood up to mount the donkey, he saw that coming toward him from the direction of Toboso were three peasant girls on three jennies, since the author does not specify which they were, though it is more likely that they were she-donkeys, for they are the ordinary mounts of village girls, but since not much depends on this, there is no reason to spend more time verifying it. In short: as soon as Sancho saw the peasant girls, he rode back as fast as he could to look for his master, Don Quixote, and found him heaving sighs and saying a thousand amorous lamentations. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said:

"What news, Sancho my friend? Shall I mark this day with a white stone or a black?"

"It would be better," responded Sancho, "for your grace to mark it in red paint, like the names of the professors,<sup>4</sup> so that everybody who looks can see it clearly."

"That means," replied Don Quixote, "that you bring good news."

"So good," responded Sancho, "that all your grace has to do is spur Rocinante and ride into the open and you'll see the lady Dulcinea of Toboso, who is coming to see your grace with two of her damsels."

"Holy God! What are you saying, Sancho my friend?" said Don Quixote. "Do not deceive me, or try to lighten my true sorrows with false joys."

"What good would it do me to deceive your grace," responded

4. It was the custom in universities to write on the walls, in red paint, the names of those who had been awarded professorships.

Sancho, "especially since you're so close to discovering that what I say is true? Use your spurs, Señor, and come with me, and you'll see the princess riding toward us, our mistress, all dressed and adorned, like the person she is. She and her damsels are all shining gold, all strands of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all brocade cloth ten levels high,<sup>5</sup> their hair, hanging loose down their backs, is like rays of the sun dancing in the wind; best of all, they're riding three piebald palfreys, the prettiest sight you'll ever see."

"You must mean palfreys, Sancho."

"There's not much difference," responded Sancho, "between palfreys and palfreys, but no matter what they're riding, they're the best-looking ladies anybody could want to see, especially my lady the Princess Dulcinea, who dazzles the senses."

"Let us go, Sancho my friend," responded Don Quixote, "and to celebrate this news, as unexpected as it is good, I promise you the best spoils that I shall win in the first adventure I have, and if this does not satisfy you, I promise you the foals that my three mares drop this year, for as you know, they are in the village pasture,<sup>6</sup> ready to give birth."

"I'll take the foals," responded Sancho, "because it's not very certain that the spoils of your first adventure will be any good."

At this point they left the wood and saw the three village girls close by. Don Quixote looked carefully up and down the road to Toboso, and since he saw no one but the three peasants, he was bewildered and asked Sancho if he had left them outside the city.

"What do you mean, outside the city?" he responded. "By any chance are your grace's eyes in the back of your head? Is that why you don't see them riding toward us, shining like the sun at midday?"

"Sancho, I do not see anything," said Don Quixote, "except three peasant girls on three donkeys."

"God save me now from the devil!" responded Sancho. "Is it possible that three snow white palfreys, or whatever they're called, look like donkeys to your grace? God help us, may this beard of mine be plucked out if that's true!"

"Well, I can tell you, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that it is as true that they are jackasses, or jennies, as it is that I am Don Quixote and you Sancho Panza; at least, that is what they seem to be."

5. In the weaving and embroidering of the raised design on brocade, fabric with three levels of handiwork was considered very valuable. Carried away by his fantasy, Sancho exaggerates.

6. Municipalities had community grazing lands for the use of residents.

"Don't speak, Señor," said Sancho, "don't say those things, but clear the mist from your eyes and come and do reverence to the lady of your thoughts, who is almost here."

And having said this, he went forward to receive the three village girls, and after dismounting from his donkey, he grasped the halter of one of the three peasant girls' mounts, fell to his knees, and said:

"Queen and princess and duchess of beauty, may your high mightiness be pleased to receive into your good graces and disposition your captive knight, who is there, turned into marble, confused and struck dumb at finding himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the much traveled Don Quixote of La Mancha, also called *The Knight of the Sorrowful Face*."

By this time Don Quixote had kneeled down next to Sancho and looked, with startled eyes and confused vision, at the person Sancho was calling queen and lady, and since he could see nothing except a peasant girl, and one not especially attractive, since she was round-faced and snub-nosed, he was so astounded and amazed that he did not dare open his mouth. The peasant girls were equally astonished at seeing those two men, so different from each other, kneeling and not allowing their companion to continue on her way; but the one who had been stopped was annoyed and angry, and breaking the silence, she said:

"Out of the way, damn it, and let us pass; we're in a hurry!"

To which Sancho responded:

"O princess and universal lady of Toboso! How can your magnanimous heart not soften at seeing the pillar and support of knight errantry on his knees in your subliminal presence?"

Hearing which, another of the girls said:

"Hey, whoa, I'll tan your hide, you miserable donkey! Look at how the gentry are making fun of us country girls now, like we didn't know how to give as good as we get! You go on your way, and let us go on ours, if you want to stay healthy."

"Stand up, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I see that Fortune, not satisfied with my sorrows, has captured all the roads by which some joy might come to the wretched spirit that inhabits this flesh. And thou, O highest virtue that can be desired, summit of human courtesy, sole remedy for this afflicted heart that adoreth thee! The wicked enchanter who pursueth me hath placed clouds and cataracts over my eyes, so that for them alone but not for others he hath changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into the figure of a poor peasant, and if

he hath not also turned mine into that of a monster abominable in thy sight, ceaseth not to regard me kindly and lovingly and see in this subversion of mine as I kneel before thy deformed beauty, the humility with which my soul adoreth thee."

"You can tell that to my grandpa!" responded the village girl. "I just love listening to crackpated things! Step aside and let us pass, and we'll thank you for it."

Sancho stepped aside and let her pass, delighted to have gotten out of his difficulty so easily.

As soon as the peasant girl who had played the part of Dulcinea was released, she spurred her *pilfer* with a goad that she had on the end of a stick and began to gallop across the meadow. And since the goad irritated the jenny more than usual, she began to buck and threw the lady Dulcinea to the ground; when Don Quixote saw this, he hurried to help her up, and Sancho began to adjust and tighten her packsaddle, which had slipped under the donkey's belly. When the saddle had been put in place, and Don Quixote tried to lift his enchanted lady in his arms and put her back on the donkey, the lady got up from the ground and saved him the trouble, because she moved back, ran a short distance, and, placing both hands on the donkey's rump, jumped right into the saddle, as agile as a hawk and sitting astride as if she were a man; and then Sancho said:

"By St. Roque, our mistress is faster than a falcon, and she could teach the most skilled Cordoban or Mexican how to ride! She was over the hind bow of the saddle in one jump, and without any spurs she makes that palfrey run like a zebra. And her damsels are not far behind; they're all running like the wind."

And it was true, because when Dulcinea was mounted, they all spurred their mounts and fell in behind her and broke into a gallop and did not look back for more than half a league. Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when he could no longer see them, he turned to Sancho and said:

"Sancho, what do you think of how the enchanters despise me? Look at the extent of their malice and ill will, for they have chosen to deprive me of the happiness I might have had at seeing my lady in her rightful person. In truth, I was born to be a model of misfortune, the target and mark for the arrows of affliction. And you must also know, Sancho, that it was not enough for these traitors to have changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they had to transform and change her into a figure as low-

born and ugly as that peasant, and take away something that so rightfully belongs to noble ladies, which is a sweet smell, since they are always surrounded by perfumes and flowers. For I shall tell you, Sancho, that when I came to help Dulcinea onto her palfrey, as you call it, though it looked like a donkey to me, I smelled an odor of raw garlic that almost made me faint and poisoned my soul."

"Oh, you dogs!" shouted Sancho. "Oh, you miserable, evil enchanters, if only I could see you all strung by the gills like sardines on a fisherman's reed! You know so much, and can do so much, and do even more evil. It should have been enough, you villains, to turn the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-tree galls, and her hair of purest gold into the bristles of a red ox tail, and all her good features into bad, without doing anything to her smell, because from that we could have imagined what was hidden beneath her ugly shell; though to tell you the truth, I never saw her ugliness, only her beauty, which was made even greater by a mole she had on the right side of her lip, like a mustache, with six or seven blond hairs like threads of gold and longer than a span."

"That mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence that exists between those on the face and those on the body, must be matched by another that Dulcinea has on the broad part of her thigh, on the same side as the one on her face, but the hairs you have mentioned are very long for a mole."

"Well, I can tell your grace," responded Sancho, "that they looked like they'd been born there."

"I can believe it, my friend," replied Don Quixote, "because nature put nothing on Dulcinea that was not perfect and complete, and so, if she had a hundred moles like the one you describe, on her they would not be moles but shining moons and stars. But tell me, Sancho: the saddle that seemed like a packsaddle to me, the one that you adjusted, was it a simple saddle or a sidesaddle?"

"It was," responded Sancho, "just a high-bowed saddle, with a covering so rich it must have been worth half a kingdom."

"And to think I did not see all of that, Sancho!" said Don Quixote. "Now I say it again, and shall say it a thousand more times: I am the most unfortunate of men."

When he heard the foolish things said by his master, who had been so exquisitely deceived, it was all the scoundrel Sancho could do to hide his laughter. Finally, after much more conversation between them, they re-

mounted their animals and followed the road to Zaragoza, where they hoped to arrive in time to take part in the solemn festival held in that celebrated city every year. But before they arrived, certain things happened to them, so numerous, great, and unusual that they deserve to be described and read, as will soon be seen.



## CHAPTER XI

*Regarding the strange adventure that befell the valiant Don Quixote with the cart or wagon of The Assembly of Death*

Don Quixote was thoughtful as he went on his way, considering the awful trick the enchanters had played on him when they turned his lady Dulcinea into the ugly figure of the peasant girl, and he could not imagine what remedy he might have that would return her to her original state; these thoughts distracted him so much that, without realizing it, he dropped the reins, and Rocinante, sensing the freedom that had been given to him, stopped at every step to graze on the green grass that grew so abundantly in those fields. Sancho brought his master back from his preoccupations by saying:

"Señor, sorrows were made not for animals but for men; but if men feel them too much, they turn into animals; your grace should restrain yourself, and come back to yourself, and pick up Rocinante's reins, and liven up and rouse yourself, and show the bravery that knights errant ought to have. What the devil is this? What kind of mood is this? Are we here or in France?<sup>1</sup> Let Satan carry off all the Dulcineas in the world, for the well-being of a single knight errant is worth more than all the enchantments and transformations on earth."

"Be quiet, Sancho," responded Don Quixote in a voice that was not particularly faint. "Be quiet, I say, and do not speak blasphemies against that enchanted lady, for I alone am to blame for her affliction and misfortune: her tribulations were born of the envy those villains have for me."

1. This is a way to say, "Let's behave sensibly and realistically."

sweetest life and most pleasant sights that any human being has ever seen or experienced. In truth, now I realize that all the pleasures of this life pass like shadows and dreams, or wither like the flowers in the field. O unfortunate Montesinos! O gravely wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana, and you unhappy daughters of Ruidera, who show in your waters the number of tears shed by your beautiful eyes!"

The cousin and Sancho listened to the words of Don Quixote, who spoke them as if he were tearing them with great sorrow from the very depths of his being. They begged him to explain what he was saying and to tell them what he had seen in that hell.

"You call it hell?" said Don Quixote. "Do not call it that, for it does not deserve the name, as you shall soon see."

He asked them to give him something to eat, for he was very hungry. They spread the cousin's burlap on the green grass, had recourse to the provisions in the saddlebags, and the three of them sat in companionable friendship and ate both dinner and supper at the same time. When the burlap had been cleared, Don Quixote of La Mancha said:

"Let no one get up, my friends, and listen to me carefully."



## CHAPTER XXIII

*Regarding the remarkable things that the great Don Quixote said he saw in the depths of the Cave of Montesinos, so impossible and extraordinary that this adventure has been considered apocryphal*

It must have been four in the afternoon when the sun, hidden by clouds, its light faint and its rays temperate, gave Don Quixote an opportunity free of oppressive heat to recount what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos to his two illustrious listeners, and he began in the following manner:

"In this dungeon, at a depth of approximately twelve or fourteen esudos,<sup>1</sup> on the right-hand side there is a concavity, a space capable of

1. A unit of measurement, roughly seven feet, used to determine height or depth.

holding a large wagon with its mules. A small amount of light comes in through openings in the earth's surface. I saw this concavity and space when I was already weary and tired of hanging and being suspended from the rope as I moved through that dark nether region without a fixed and certain route, and so I decided to go into the space and rest a while. I shouted to you, asking that you not let out more rope until I told you to, but you probably did not hear me. I picked up the rope you sent down, made it into a coil or ring, and sat on it, becoming very thoughtful as I considered how I would reach the bottom without anything to support me; and when I was deep in this thought and confusion, suddenly, and without my wishing it, I was overcome by a profound sleep; and when I least expected it, not knowing how or why, I awoke and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, pleasant, and charming meadow that nature could create or the most discerning human mind imagine. I opened my eyes wide, rubbed them, and saw that I was not sleeping but really was awake; even so, I felt my head and chest to verify whether it was I myself or some false and counterfeit phantom sitting there, but my sense of touch, my feelings, the reasoned discourse I held with myself, verified for me that, there and then, I was the same person I am here and now. Then there appeared before my eyes a royal and sumptuous palace or castle whose walls and ramparts seemed to be made of clear and transparent crystal; two large doors opened, and I saw that through them there emerged and came toward me a venerable ancient dressed in a long hooded cloak of purple baize that trailed after him on the ground; around his shoulders and chest he wore a scholar's sash and hood of green satin,<sup>2</sup> his head was covered by a black Milanese cap,<sup>3</sup> and a snow white beard reached down below his waist; he carried no weapons of any kind, but held a rosary in his hand, the smaller beads larger than medium-sized walnuts, and the larger ones the size of medium-sized ostrich eggs; his bearing, pace, gravity, and proud demeanor, each one taken separately and all of them taken together, filled me with wonder and amazement. He came up to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me closely, and then he said:

'For many long years, O valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, we who dwell in this enchanted solitude have waited to see thee, so that thou couldst inform the world of what lies contained and hidden in the

2. This was worn by the holders of doctoral degrees.

3. Round caps that were stiffened by metal bands.

deep cave which thou hast entered, called the Cave of Montesinos; a feat reserved only for thy invincible heart and wondrous courage. Come thou with me, illustrious knight, for I wish to show thee the marvels hid den within this transparent castle, of which I am warden and perpetual chief guardian, for I am the same Montesinos after whom the cave is named.'

When he told me that he was Montesinos,<sup>4</sup> I asked him if the story told about him in the world up here was true: that with a small dagger he had cut out of his chest the heart of his great friend Durandarte<sup>5</sup> and carried it to the lady Belerma, as his friend had commanded when he was at the point of death. He responded that everything people said was true except for the dagger, because it was not a dagger and it was not small, but a blade striated on three sides and sharper than an awl."

"That blade," said Sancho, "must have been made by Ramón de Hoces, the Sevillian."

"I do not know," continued Don Quixote, "but it probably was not the work of that knifemaker, since Ramón de Hoces lived yesterday, and the battle at Roncesvalles, where this misfortune occurred, happened many years ago; this inquiry is of no importance, for it does not disturb or confound the truth and validity of the history."

"That is true," responded the cousin. "Your grace should continue, Señor Don Quixote, for I am listening to you with the greatest pleasure in the world."

"With no less pleasure do I recount it," responded Don Quixote. "And so I say that the venerable Montesinos led me into the crystalline palace, where, in a downstairs chamber that was exceptionally cool and made all of alabaster, there was a marble sepulcher crafted with great skill, and on it I saw a knight stretched out to his full length, and made not of bronze, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other sepulchers, but of pure flesh and pure bone. His right hand, which seemed somewhat hairy and sinewy to me, a sign that its owner was very strong, lay over his heart, and before I could ask anything of Montesinos, who saw me looking with wonder at the figure on the sepulcher, he said:

"This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and model of enamored and

4. Montesinos, an important character in the Spanish ballads that recount the legend of Charlemagne, does not appear in French literature; Don Quixote's adventure is based on the tradition that has Montesinos marrying Rosalfloria, mistress of the castle of Rocafrida that was identified in the popular imagination with certain ruins near the Cave of Montesinos.

5. Durandarte, a name originally given to the sword of Roland, became a hero of the Spanish (though not the French) Carolingian ballad tradition. He was the cousin and close friend of Montesinos, whom he asked, before he was killed at Roncesvalles, to carry his heart to his lady.

valiant knights of his time; here he lies, enchanted, as I and many others are enchanted, by Merlin, the French enchanter who was, people say, the son of the devil; and what I believe is that he was not the son of the devil but knew, as they say, a point or two more than the devil. How and why he enchanted us no one knows, but that will be revealed with the passage of time, and is not too far off now, I imagine. What astonishes me is that I know, as well as I know that it is day, that Durandarte ended the days of his life in my arms, and that when he was dead I removed his heart with my own hands; and the truth is that it must have weighed two pounds, because according to naturalists, the man who has a larger heart has greater courage than the man whose heart is small. If this is the case, and if this knight really died, why does he now moan and sigh from time to time, as if he were alive?"

When this was said, the wretched Durandarte gave a great shout and said:

'O my cousin Montesinos!  
The last thing I asked of you  
was, when I had breathed my last  
and my soul had flown away,  
to cut my heart out of my breast  
with a dagger or a blade,  
and bear it as an offering  
to my lady, fair Belerma.'<sup>6</sup>

Hearing this, the venerable Montesinos fell to his knees before the doleful knight and, with tears in his eyes, said to him:

'Oh, Señor Durandarte, my beloved cousin, I did what you commanded on the ill-fated day of our defeat: I removed your heart the best I could, not leaving any fragments behind in your chest; I cleaned it with a lace handkerchief; I took it and hurried away to France, having first placed you in the bosom of the earth, shedding so many tears that they were enough to wash away the blood that covered my hands after I had put them inside your body; and furthermore, my dearest cousin, in the first village I came to after I left Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt on your heart so that it would not smell bad and would be, if not fresh, at least dried and salted, in the presence of the lady Belerma, who, along with you, and me, and Guadiana, your squire, and her lady-in-waiting,

6. The poem is composed of lines from several ballads that deal with the subject.

Ruidera, and her seven daughters and two nieces, and many more of your friends and acquaintances the wise Merlin has kept here, enchanted, for many years; and although more than five hundred have passed, none of us has died: the only ones missing are Ruidera and her daughters and nieces, who wept so much that Merlin must have taken pity on them, for he transformed them into lakes, and now, in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha, they are called the Lakes of Ruidera; seven of them belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces belong to the knights of a most holy order called St. John.<sup>7</sup> Guadiana, your squire, also lamented your misfortune and was transformed into a river that bears his name; when he reached the surface of the earth and saw the sun in another sky, the grief he felt at leaving you was so great that he descended again to the bowels of the earth; but since it is not possible to resist the natural course of his current, from time to time he emerges and shows himself where the sun and all people may see him. The lakes I have mentioned provide him with their waters, and with these and many others that flow into him, he enters Portugal with magnificence and grandeur. But despite this, wherever he goes he displays his sadness and melancholy, and does not boast of breeding valuable and highly esteemed fish in his waters, but only ones that are coarse and disagreeable, unlike those found in the golden Tajo; and what I am telling you now, my dear cousin, I have told you many times before; and since you do not respond, I imagine that you do not believe me, or do not hear me, and God knows the grief that causes me. Now I wish to give you some news, and if it does not assuage your sorrow, at least it will not increase it in any way. Know that here in your presence—if you open your eyes you will see him—you have that great knight about whom the wise Merlin has made so many prophecies: I mean Don Quixote of La Mancha, who once again, and to greater advantage than in past times, has revived in the present a long-forgotten knight errantry, and through his mediation and by his favor it may be that the spell over us will be broken, for great deeds are reserved for great men.'

'And if this is not the case,' responded the mournful Durandarte in a low, faint voice, 'if this is not the case, dear cousin, I say have patience and shuffle the deck.'

And turning on his side, he resumed his customary silence and did not utter another word. At this point a great weeping and wailing was heard, along with deep moans and anguished sobs; I turned my head and saw

7. The name of one of the lakes is *del Rey* ("of the King"). All the lakes were the property of the crown except for two, which probably belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

through the crystal walls a procession of two lines of beautiful maidens passing through another chamber, all of them dressed in mourning and wearing white turbans on their heads, in the Turkish fashion. At the very end and conclusion of the two lines came a matron, for her gravity made her seem one, also dressed in black, and wearing a white train so lengthy and long it brushed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others; she was beetle-browed and snub-nosed; her mouth was large, but her lips were red; her teeth, which she may have shown, were few in number and crooked, though as white as peeled almonds; in her hands she carried a delicate cloth, and in it, as far as I could tell, was a heart that had been mummified, it looked so dry and shriveled. Montesinos told me that all the people in the procession were servants of Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted along with their master and mistress, and that the last one, who carried the heart in the cloth, was Señora Belerma herself, who along with her maidens walked in that procession four days a week and sang, or rather wept, dirges over the body and wounded heart of his cousin; and if she had seemed rather ugly, and not as beautiful as her fame proclaimed, the cause was the bad nights and worse days she had spent in that enchantment, as one could see in the deep circles under her eyes and her sickly color.

'And her sallow complexion and deep circles arise not from the monthly distress common in women, because for many months, even years, she has not had it nor has it appeared at her portals, but from the sorrow her heart feels for the one she continually holds in her hands, which always renews and brings to mind the affliction of her unfortunate lover; if this were not the case, then the great Dulcinea of Toboso, so celebrated here and in the rest of the world, would barely be her equal in beauty, grace, and charm.'

'Stop right there, Señor Don Montesinos,' I said then. 'Your grace should recount this history in the proper manner, for you know that all comparisons are odious, and there is no reason to compare anyone to anyone else. The peerless Dulcinea of Toboso is who she is, and Señora Belerma is who she is, and who she was, and no more should be said about it.'

To which he responded:

'Señor Don Quixote, may your grace forgive me, for I confess that I erred and misspoke when I said that Señora Dulcinea would barely be the equal of Señora Belerma, for it was enough for me to have realized, by means of I am not certain what conjectures, that your grace is her knight, and I would rather bite my tongue than compare her to anything but heaven itself.'

With this satisfaction given to me by the great Montesinos, my heart

recovered from the shock I had received at hearing my lady compared to Belerma."

"What surprises me," said Sancho, "is that your grace didn't jump on the old man and break every bone in his body and pull out his beard until there wasn't a single hair left."

"No, Sancho my friend," responded Don Quixote, "it would not have been right for me to do that, because we are all obliged to have respect for the old, even if they are not knights, but especially if they are, and are enchanted as well; I know very well that nothing was wanting in the many other questions and answers that passed between us."

At this point the cousin said:

"I don't know, Señor Don Quixote, how your grace could have seen so many things and spoken so much and responded to so much in the short amount of time that you were down there."

"How long ago did I go down?" asked Don Quixote.

"A little more than an hour," responded Sancho.

"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "because night fell and day broke while I was there, and they fell and broke three times, and so by my count I have spent three days in those remote regions that are hidden from your eyes."

"My master must be telling the truth," said Sancho. "Since all the things that have happened to him have been by enchantment, maybe what seems like an hour to us seems like three days and nights down there."

"That must be so," responded Don Quixote.

"And, Señor, has your grace eaten in all this time?" asked the cousin.

"Not a mouthful has broken my fast," responded Don Quixote, "nor did the thought of hunger even enter my mind."

"Do the enchanted eat?" said the cousin.

"They do not eat," responded Don Quixote, "nor do they have excretory wastes, although some believe that their nails, beards, and hair all grow."

"And by any chance do the enchanted sleep, Señor?" asked Sancho.

"No, certainly not," responded Don Quixote. "At least, in the three days I have been with them not one of them closed an eye, and neither did I."

"Here," said Sancho, "the proverb fits: birds of a feather flock together; your grace flocks with enchanted people who fast and stay awake, so it's no surprise you don't sleep while you're with them. But, Señor, your grace will forgive me if I tell you that may God take me, and I was

going to say the devil, if I believe a single one of all the things you've said here."

"What do you mean?" said the cousin. "Would Señor Don Quixote lie? And even if he wanted to, he hasn't had time to invent and imagine so many millions of lies."

"I don't believe my master is lying," responded Sancho.

"If you do not, then what do you believe?" asked Don Quixote.

"I believe," responded Sancho, "that Merlin, or those enchanters who enchanted that whole crowd your grace says you saw and talked to down there, put into your mind or memory the whole story that you've told us, and the rest that you still have to tell."

"That could be true, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "but it is not, because what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes and touched with my own hands. But what will you say when I tell you now that among the infinite things and wonders that Montesinos showed to me, which I shall tell you in the course of our journey, slowly and at the proper time so that they are not all recounted here, Montesinos showed me three peasant girls who were leaping and jumping in those pleasant fields like nanny goats, and as soon as I saw them I recognized one of them as the peerless Dulcinea of Toboso, and the other two as those same peasant girls who came with her, the ones we spoke to as we were leaving Toboso. I asked Montesinos if he knew them; he responded that he did not, but he imagined that they must be distinguished ladies who had been enchanted, for they had appeared in those meadows only a few days before, and this should not surprise me because many other ladies from past and present times were there who had been transformed into many strange figures, among whom he recognized Queen Guinevere and her lady-in-waiting, Quintañona, pouring wine for Lancelot,

When he from Brittany came."<sup>8</sup>

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this, he thought he would lose his mind or die laughing; since he knew the truth about the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, for he had been the enchanter and had invented the story, he recognized beyond the shadow of a doubt that his master was out of his mind and completely mad, and so he said:

<sup>8</sup>. A line from the ballad about Lancelot that was cited in chapter XIII of the first part.

"It was an evil moment and a worse time and an ill-fated day when your grace went down to the next world, my dear master, and an unlucky meeting that you had with Señor Montesinos, for see how you've come back to us. Your grace was better off up here when you had all your wits, just as God had given them to you, always saying wise things and giving advice, not like now, when you're saying the most foolish things that anybody could imagine."

"Since I know you, Sancho," responded Don Quixote, "I shall ignore your words."

"And I won't pay attention to your grace's," replied Sancho, "not even if you wound me, not even if you kill me on account of the ones I've said to you, or the ones I plan to say if you don't change and correct yours. But tell me, your grace, now that we're at peace: how, and by what signs, did you recognize our lady mistress? If you spoke to her, what did you say, and what did she reply?"

"I knew her," responded Don Quixote, "because she was wearing the same clothing she wore when you showed her to me. I spoke to her, but she did not say a word to me; instead, she turned her back and ran away so quickly that a spear could not have overtaken her. I wanted to follow, and would have done so if Montesinos had not advised me not to bother for it would be in vain, especially since the hour was approaching when I ought to leave the abyss. He also told me that over the course of time he would inform me how the spell on him, and Belerma, and Durandarte, as well as all the others who were there, was to be broken; but of all the grievous things I saw and noted, the one that caused me most sorrow was that as Montesinos was saying these words to me, one of the companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea approached me from the side, without my seeing her, and with her eyes full of tears, and in a low, troubled voice, she said to me:

"My lady Dulcinea of Toboso kisses the hands of your grace, and implores your grace to let her know how you are; and, because she is in great need, she also entreats your grace most earnestly to be so kind as to lend her, accepting as security this new cotton underskirt that I have here, half a dozen *reales* or whatever amount your grace may have, and she gives her word to return them to you very soon."

I was astounded and amazed at this message, and turning to Señor Montesinos, I asked:

"Is it possible, Señor Montesinos, that distinguished persons who are enchanted suffer from need?" To which he responded:

"Your grace can believe me, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, that

what is called need is found everywhere, and extends to all places, and reaches everyone, and does not excuse even those who are enchanted; and since Señora Dulcinea of Toboso has sent someone to ask you for six *reales*, and the pledge is good, it seems, then you must give them to her, for she undoubtedly is in very great difficulty."

"Her security, I shall not take," I responded, "nor shall I give her what she asks, because I have no more than four *reales*."

I gave these to her (they were the ones that you, Sancho, gave me the other day so that I could give alms to the poor whom I met along the road), and I said:

"My friend, tell your mistress that her troubles grieve my heart, and that I should like to be a Fúcar<sup>9</sup> so that I could solve them, and that I want her to know that I cannot and should not enjoy good health as long as I lack the pleasing sight of her, and her discerning conversation, and I entreat her grace as earnestly as I can that she should be so kind as to allow herself to be seen and spoken to by this her captive servant and wandering knight. Tell her too that when she least expects it she will hear that I have made a vow and taken an oath, in the manner of the one taken by the Marquis of Mantua to avenge his nephew Baldovinos when he found him near death in the heart of the mountains,<sup>10</sup> which was not to eat bread at a cloth-covered table, along with the other trifles he mentioned there, until he had avenged him; and I shall do the same, and vow not to rest, and to wander the seven regions of the world more diligently than Don Pedro of Portugal,<sup>11</sup> until I break her enchantment."

"All this and more your grace owes to my lady," responded the maiden. And after taking the four *reales*, instead of curtseying she gave a leap and jumped two *varas*<sup>12</sup> into the air."

"Holy God!" shouted Sancho. "Is it possible that there are in the world enchanters and enchantments so strong that they have turned my master's good sense into foolishness and madness? Oh, Señor, Señor, for God's sake think about what you are doing, and take back your honor,

9. This is the Spanish version of the name Fugger, the well-known German family of bankers and merchants who were closely associated with Spain.

10. The episode was mentioned in chapter V of the first part.

11. An allusion to the many travels of Pedro of Portugal. There is a traditional tendency to say that he traveled to the seven parts (*partidas*) of the world, rather than the more usual "four corners," perhaps through confusion with the *Siete Partidas*, the treatise on laws compiled by Alfonso the Learned (1221–1284), king of Castilla and León.

12. A *vara* is a Spanish linear measurement (.84 meter).

and don't believe this nonsense that has reduced and lessened your good sense!"

"Since you love me, Sancho, you speak in this fashion," said Don Quixote, "and since you have little experience in the things of this world, all things that are in any way difficult seem impossible to you; but in the course of time, as I have already said, I shall recount to you some of what I have seen down there, which will make you believe what I have recounted here, whose truth admits neither argument nor dispute."



## CHAPTER XXIV

*In which a thousand trifles are recounted, as irrelevant as they are necessary to a true understanding of this great history*

The man who translated this great history from the original composed by its first author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, says that when he reached the chapter concerning the adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin, written in Hamete's own hand, these precise words:

'I cannot believe, nor can I persuade myself, that everything written in the preceding chapter actually happened in its entirety to the valiant Don Quixote: the reason is that all the adventures up to this point have been possible and plausible, but with regard to this one in the cave, I can find no way to consider it true since it goes so far beyond the limits of reason. But it is not possible for me to think that Don Quixote, the truest and most noble knight of his day, would lie, for he would not tell a lie even if he were shot with arrows. Moreover, he recounted and told it in all its circumstances and details, and in so short a time he could not fabricate so enormous a quantity of nonsense; if this adventure seems apocryphal, the fault is not mine, and so, without affirming either its falsity or its truth, I write it down. You, reader, since you are a discerning person, must judge it according to your own lights, for I must not and cannot do more; yet it is considered true that at the time of Don Quixote's passing and death, he is said to have retracted it, saying he had invented it because he thought it was consonant and compatible with the adventures he had read in his histories.'

And then he continues, saying:

The cousin was astounded both by Sancho Panza's boldness and his master's patience, and he assumed that his joy at seeing his lady Dulcinea of Toboso, even though she was enchanted, gave rise to the mildness of disposition he displayed then, for otherwise Sancho's words and phrases would have merited a beating; the cousin, who really thought Sancho had been insolent to his master, said:

"Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, I consider the journey I have made with your grace very worthwhile, because I have derived four things from it. The first, having met your grace, which I consider a great joy. The second, having learned what is inside the Cave of Montesinos, along with the mutations of Guadiana and the Lakes of Ruidera, which will be of great use to me in the Spanish Ovid that I have in hand. The third, having realized the antiquity of cards, which were in use during the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, as one can deduce from the words your grace says Durandarte said when, after that long period of time when Montesinos was talking to him, he awoke and said: 'Have patience and shuffle the deck.' And these words and manner of speaking he could not have learned while he was enchanted but when he was not, in France and at the time of the aforementioned Emperor Charlemagne. And this discovery is just right for another book that I am writing, which is *A Supplement to Virgilio Polidoro, on the Inventions of Antiquity*: I believe that in his book he did not remember to put in the invention of cards, which I shall now include, and it will be of great importance, particularly quoting an authority as serious and reliable as Señor Durandarte. The fourth is having learned the truth regarding the origins of the Guadiana River, unknown to anyone until now."

"Your grace is correct," said Don Quixote, "but I should like to know, if God grants that you receive a license to print your books, which I doubt, to whom you intend to dedicate them."

"There are nobles and grandees in Spain to whom they can be dedicated," said the cousin.

"Not many," responded Don Quixote, "and not because they are not worthy of dedications, but because they do not wish to accept them in order not to be obliged to provide the rewards that the work and courtesy of the authors seem to deserve. I know a prince<sup>1</sup> who can make up for all the others, and with so many advantages that if I dared mention

1. The count of Lemos, to whom the second part of the novel is dedicated.

each side, manned by a very valiant crew of oarsmen, and two days after that the galleys departed for the Levant, the admiral general first having asked the viceroy to please keep him informed regarding the rescue of Don Gaspar Gregorio, and the matter of Ana Félix, and the viceroy having agreed.

One morning, when Don Quixote went out to ride along the shore armed and in his armor because, as he often said, they were his adornment and combat was his ease, and he was never without them, he saw a knight approaching in full armor, and on his shield was depicted a resplendent moon; and coming close enough to be heard, and addressing his words to Don Quixote, he cried out in a loud voice, saying:

"Renowned knight and never sufficiently praised Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose extraordinary deeds perhaps have come to your attention; I am here to do battle with you and to test the strength of your mighty arms, obliging you to recognize and confess that my lady, whoever she may be, is incomparably more beautiful than your Dulcinea of Toboso; and if you confess this truth clearly and plainly, you will save yourself from death, and save me the trouble of killing you; and if you do battle and I conquer you, I want no other satisfaction than that you abandon your arms, abstain from seeking adventures, and withdraw and retire to your home for a period of one year, where you must live without laying a hand on your sword, in peaceful tranquility and profitable serenity, for such is required for the increase of your fortune and the salvation of your soul; and if you should conquer me, my life will be at your mercy, and my arms and horse will be yours, as spoils, and the fame of my deeds will be added to yours. Consider what you should do, and respond immediately, for I have only this day to settle this matter."

Don Quixote was amazed and astonished, not only by the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, but by the cause for which he was challenging him, and with great calm and a severe bearing, he responded:

"Knight of the White Moon, whose deeds have not yet come to my attention, I should dare to swear that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea, for if you had, I know you would not attempt to undertake this enterprise, because the sight of her would cause you to accept this truth: there never has been nor can there ever be a beauty that compares to hers; and so, not saying that you lie, but only that you are not correct in what you propound, I accept your challenge with the conditions you



## CHAPTER LXIV

*Which deals with the adventure that caused Don Quixote more sorrow than any others that had befallen him so far*

The history recounts that the wife of Don Antonio Moreno was very pleased to see Ana Félix in her house. She welcomed her with great amiability, as charmed by her beauty as by her intelligence, for the Morisca was exceptionally endowed with both, and all the people in the city, as if summoned by a pealing bell, came to see her.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the plan they had devised to free Don Gaspar Gregorio was not a good one because it was more dangerous than feasible, and it would be better to put him ashore in Barbary with his arms and his horse, and he would set the young man free despite the entire host of Moors, just as Don Gaiferos had done for his wife, Melisendra.

"Your grace should remember," said Sancho when he heard this, "that Señor Don Gaiferos rescued his wife on dry land and took her to France on dry land, but here, if we do release Don Gregorio, we have no way to bring him to Spain because there's an ocean in the middle."

"There is a remedy for everything except death," responded Don Quixote, "for if we have a ship along the coast, we can embark on that even if the whole world attempts to prevent it."

"Your grace paints a very nice picture and makes it seem very easy," said Sancho, "but there's many a slip 'tween cup and lip, and I'll depend on the renegade, who looks to me like an honest and good-hearted man."

Don Antonio said that if the renegade failed in the enterprise, he would arrange for the great Don Quixote to go to Barbary.

Two days later, the renegade sailed in a light vessel with six oars on

have mentioned, and I do so immediately, so that the one day you have set aside does not slip away; but I do not accept the condition that your deeds be added to my fame, because I do not know what they are or what kind they may be; I am content with mine, such as they are. Take, then, whichever part of the field you wish, and I shall do the same, and whomever God favors may St. Peter bless."

People in the city who had seen the Knight of the White Moon told the viceroy that he was speaking with Don Quixote of La Mancha. The viceroy, believing it was probably a new adventure devised by Don Antonio Moreno or by some other gentleman of the city, immediately rode out to the shore with Don Antonio, accompanied by many other gentlemen, and they arrived just as Don Quixote was turning the reins of Rocinante in order to take the distance needed for his charge.

Seeing that the two knights were showing signs of engaging in combat, the viceroy placed himself between them, asking what reason moved them to so unexpected a battle. The Knight of the White Moon responded that it was a question of precedence in beauty, and briefly repeated the same words he had said to Don Quixote, and stated that the conditions of the challenge had been accepted by both parties. The viceroy approached Don Antonio and asked him quietly if he knew the identity of the Knight of the White Moon or if this was a trick they wanted to play on Don Quixote. Don Antonio responded that he did not know who the knight was or if the challenge was in jest or in earnest. The viceroy was perplexed by this reply, for he did not know if he should allow them to continue with the battle; however, unable to persuade himself that it was anything but a joke, he moved aside, saying:

"Señores, if the only remedy is to confess or die, and Señor Don Quixote is adamant, and the Knight of the White Moon is obdurate, then the matter is in the hands of God. Set to!"

The Knight of the White Moon thanked the viceroy with appropriate and courteous words for the permission he had granted them, and Don Quixote did the same, and commanding himself with all his heart to heaven and to his Dulcinea—which was his custom at the beginning of the battles that presented themselves to him—he took a little more ground, because he saw that his adversary was doing the same, and without the playing of a trumpet or any other martial instrument that would signal to them to charge, they both turned their horses at the same time; since the mount of the Knight of the White Moon was faster, he reached Don Quixote when he had gone two-thirds of the way, meeting his adversary with such power and force that without touching him with his

lance—which he had raised, it seemed, intentionally—he toppled both Rocinante and Don Quixote in a dangerous fall. He rushed at him immediately, and putting his lance to Don Quixote's visor, he said:

"You are vanquished, knight, and dead if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, battered and stunned, not raising his visor, and as if speaking from the tomb, said in a weak and feeble voice:

"Dulcinea of Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not right that my weakness should give the lie to this truth. Wield your lance, knight, and take my life, for you have already taken my honor."

"That I certainly shall not do," said the Knight of the White Moon. "Let the fame of Señora Dulcinea of Toboso's beauty live in its entirety; let it live, I say, for the satisfaction I ask is that the great Don Quixote retire to his village for a year, or for as long as I shall determine, as we agreed before entering into this battle."

All this was heard by the viceroy and Don Antonio, as well as by many others who were present, and they also heard Don Quixote respond that as long as he asked nothing that was to the detriment of Dulcinea, he would comply with all the rest like a true and honorable knight.

When this confession was made, the Knight of the White Moon turned his horse, bowed his head respectfully to the viceroy, and entered the city at a canter.

The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to go after him and learn without fail who he was. They picked up Don Quixote, uncovered his face, and found him pale and perspiring. Rocinante had been so badly hurt that he could not move. Sancho, utterly sad and utterly grief-stricken, did not know what to say or do: it seemed to him that the entire episode was a dream and everything that had happened a matter of enchantment. He saw his master defeated and obliged to not take up arms for a year; he imagined the light of his glorious deeds dimmed and the hopes of his latest promises to Sancho dissipated, as the wind dissipates smoke. He feared that Rocinante would be left crippled and his master's bones dislocated, though it would be no misfortune if he had been made sane.<sup>1</sup> Finally, the viceroy sent for a sedan chair and Don Quixote was carried back to the city, and the viceroy returned as well, desiring to know the identity of the Knight of the White Moon who had left Don Quixote in so terrible a state.

1. Cervantes creates a wordplay that cannot be duplicated in English. It is based on *loco* ("crazy" or "mad") and the possibilities of "dislocated" (*deslocado*).