

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?
FRANCIS CARR

To my wife, Antoinette Jane

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by FRANCIS CARR

What evidence is there that Miguel de Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*? There is no manuscript, no letter, no diary, no will, no document that proves that he wrote this masterpiece. There is no portrait, no marked grave, and no record of any payment for *Don Quixote*, although it became popular in Spain and abroad during his lifetime. What do we know about Thomas Shelton, whose translation has won the praise of literary historians ever since it appeared in this country in 1612? What do we know of Cid Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian historian, who, we are told by Cervantes, is the real author?

Until now no proper attempt has been made to place *Don Quixote* in the wider context of European literature, of the great works of writers and dramatists of this period. And no-one has studied the Shelton text, which is seldom read today.

After an examination of the actual publication of this work in Madrid and in London, revealing a surprising proximity in dates of registration, the story of Don Quixote's adventures in Spain is looked into, and some surprising details emerge, which show a remarkable understanding of English history and English folklore. The story takes us from La Mancha to Sussex, from Madrid to London, to the court of Queen Elizabeth and King James.

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The authorship of *Don Quixote* has been questioned in articles and letters in *Baconiana*, the yearly publication of the Francis Bacon Society, between 1916 and 1955, and in *The Shaksper Illusion* by Edward Johnson, (George Lapworth 1951). The subjects covered relate to the frequent mention of Cid Hamet Benengeli, the publication dates of the Spanish and the English texts, the absence of information about the translator, Thomas Shelton, and the Author's reference to himself in the Preface as "in shew a father, yet but a step-father"

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INTRODUCTION

“It is absurd”, as J.B. Priestley declared in *Literature and Western Man*, “to go poking around the late seventeenth or early eighteenth centuries for the origins of the novel, for the novel is there, complete and glorious, in *Don Quixote*”.

If we define the novel as an extended work of fiction, dealing with character, action and thought, in the form of a story, then, without any doubt, *Don Quixote* is the first important novel in the history of literature. This story is a work of fiction, dominated by two men, Quixote and Sancho, whose characters are clearly defined. There is plenty of action and a mine of thought. J.M. Cohen, in his *History of Western Literature*, demands that “*Don Quixote* must not be thought of as a novel. It is a comic epic, the tale of a would-be hero on the level of ideas”. This is as unacceptable as a claim that the symphonies of C.P.E. Bach should not be called symphonies as they differ in form from the symphonies of Mozart and Brahms. Other novelists have written tales of ‘heroes on the level of ideas’, but they are undoubtedly novels.

Only a few decades separate the creation of the early symphonies of C.P.E. Bach and I and the great symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. But in literature the gap between the publication of *Don Quixote* in 1605 and that of Richardson’s *Pamela* and Fieldings’s *Tom Jones* is great. The former was published in 1740 and the latter in 1749, nearly a century and a half after the Spanish epic.

In the seventeenth century there is no work of fiction in any country that can be compared with *Don Quixote*, in its extraordinary diversity, in its humour, its wisdom and its tolerant understanding of ‘the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune’. The great works of literature in that period were plays- those of Shakespeare, Jonson, Webster, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Corneille and Racine. *Quixote* can be read and enjoyed with equal satisfaction on many different levels. In Priestley’s view. “It is at once romance and satire, realism and mythology, one of the most amusing, the most pathetic, the wisest, tales ever written.” It is, in fact, the first great novel of world literature.

It is easy to see the profound influence that *Don Quixote* has had in the subsequent literature of Europe and America. Setting out on the open road, to meet triumph and disaster, the idealistic knight and his prosaic squire have encouraged countless novelists to make the same journey. Tom Jones (Fielding), Wilhelm Meister (Goethe), Mr Pickwick (Dickens) and the characters of Ibsen’s, Proust’s, Mann’s and James Joyce’s novels have all served as mouthpieces for their author’s philosophy and experiences.

In *Don Quixote*, the Canon of Toledo tells the village curate that works of fiction can indeed be works of art, which can enliven and inspire mankind. They are not, he declares, to be condemned indiscriminately.

Notwithstanding all the evill he had spoken of such bookes, yet did he find one good in them, to wit, the subject they offered a good wit to worke upon, and shew itselife in them; for they displayed a large and open plaine, thorow which the Pen might runne without let or incumbrances; describing of shipwrecks, tempests, incounters, and battels: delineating a valourous Captaine, with all the properties required in him; as wisdom to frustrate the designes of his enemie; eloquence to

perswade or disswade his souldiers; ripenesse in advice; promptnesse in execution.

Deciphering now a lamentable and tragicall successe, then a joyfull and unexpected event; there a most beautifull, honest, and discreet Ladie, heere a valiant, courteous, and Christian Knight, there an unmeasurable barbarous braggard; heere a gentle, valourous, and wise Prince: Representing the goodnesse and loyalty of subjects, the magnificance and bountie of Lords: Sometimes he may shew himselfe an Astrologian, sometimes a Cosmographer, sometimes a Musitian, sometimes a Statist, and sometimes, if he please, he may have occasion to shew himself a Nigromancer. There he may demonstrate the subtilitie of Ulisses, the pietie of Aeneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the amitie of Eurialus, the liberality of Alexander, the resolution of Caesar, the clemency and truth of Trajanus, the fidelitie of Zopirus, the prudence of Cato; and finally, all those parts that make a worthy man perfect: one by placing them all in one subject; another by distributing them among many: and this being done, and set out in a pleasing stile, and a wittie fashion that approacheth as neere as is possible unto the truth, will questionlesse remaine a worke of many faire draughts, which being accomplished, will represent such beauty and perfection, as shall fully attaine to the best end aymed at in all writing, that is, as I have said, joyntly to instruct and delight.

Part One, ch.47

No-one has written a more explicit, more inspiring manifesto, or blue-print, for the novel. D.H. Lawrence and Jane Austen have both used this magnificent prospectus as a springboard, for their own novels and their own definitions of the art of the novel, for they must have read *Don Quixote* and they surely derived much encouragement from it.

“Being a novelist”, wrote D.H. Lawrence,

“I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog. The novel is the one bright book of life. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble, which is more than poetry, philosophy, science or any other book tremulation can do. (*Phoenix: Posthumous Papers*, Heinemann, 1961)

In *Northanger Abbey* Jane Austen tells us this of her chosen craft: “And what are you reading?” “Oh! it is only a novel,” replies the young lady: whereon she lays down her book with affected indifference, or momentary shame. “It is only *Cecilia*, or *Camilla*, or *Belinda*”, or in short, only some work in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, the loveliest effusions of its wit and humour are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.”

When *Don Quixote* was written, the Inquisition and the state dominated the peoples of Europe. The Inquisition was established as the Catholic Church’s legal arm, to discover and suppress all forms of heresy. It was set up

in 1232 and it lasted until 1820. Torture could be used, and people came under suspicion following anonymous denunciations. In the Spanish Index of prohibited books, in 1584, over 30,000 titles were proscribed; these included the works of Abelard, Rabelais, Machiavelli and Dante. Only 2 per cent of those arrested were acquitted, but they still suffered the social stigma of having been at one time suspected. In the 42-year reign of Philip II, 40,000 were interrogated.* No Spanish novelist dared expose this frightening institution openly. Imagine what a Spanish Dickens or Hugo would have written if they had been free to describe what life was like for the average man or woman! Cervantes never fell foul of the authorities on account of his writings, although there is enough in *Don Quixote* to have incurred the Inquisition's displeasure, with Quixote's unflinching determination to fight oppression, and in particular his conversation with the galley slaves and some of Sancho Panza's ramblings. When he was alive, Cervantes was left alone. Only when he died did the Church show its disapproval by failing to mark his grave. He had allowed his name to be used as the author of this popular novel.

Where the Church took no interest, the State assumed comparable powers. The ease with which Henry VIII in England broke his links with Rome and the success of Oliver Cromwell in his revolt against the King owe much to popular revulsion from ecclesiastical and governmental repression.

In the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries the flowering of music in Austria and Germany, and of ballet in Russia was a happy consequence of the imposition of censorship in those countries, when the state could pounce on any writer who dared to criticize his country. In a police state the pen can be even more lethal than the sword. The publication of *Don Quixote* in 1605 was a liberating clarion call, a calm, dispassionate argument for tolerance, and for charity for all kinds of men and women.

Footnotes

1 Geoffrey Woodward, *Philip II*, Longmans, 1992 pp 53,54

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER ONE

CERVANTES, ENGLAND AND DON QUIXOTE

England, in the opinion of the French literary historian, Roger de Manvel, “has held Cervantes to her heart as though he were her very son... *Don Quixote* is certainly an un-Spanish book in many ways.”¹

England was the first country to produce a complete version of the book in a foreign language; and it was the English in the seventeenth century, not the Spaniards, who most keenly read and used stories from the work in their own writings. For two and a half centuries Spain treated Cervantes and *Don Quixote* with disdain. It was not until 1738 that a critical study of the author appeared, and only two more studies were published in the eighteenth century, in 1780 and 1798. The first Spanish biography of Cervantes, by Gregorio Mayans, appeared in 1738, one hundred and twenty-two years after his death, a commission by Lord Carteret, the English Secretary of State. It was only in the second half of the nineteenth century that Spaniards began to appreciate this masterpiece. In a study of *Don Quixote*, edited by M.J. Bernadete and A. Flores, published in 1932, the editors began their work with the admission that it was only in “the last thirty years” that the Spaniards “have rediscovered Cervantes.”²

With justification Spaniards have seen *Don Quixote* as a caricature of many of their national traits. Understanding these feelings of hurt pride, de Manvel thought it strange that this book is the work of a Spaniard. “I do not doubt”, he declared, “that there are some who would receive with great satisfaction a proof that the author was an Irishman.”

When the publication dates of this work in Madrid and London are examined, a surprising picture emerges. The First Part, some five hundred pages, was first published in Madrid in January 1605. In the Dedication to Lord Walden, in the first edition in English, translated by Thomas Shelton and registered in January 1611, he tells us that he translated this book “some five or six years ago”, that is, in 1605 or 1606. Confirming this early dating, we read in a letter from Dudley Carleton to John Chamberlain, written on May 11, 1606:

I send you Don Quixote’s challenge, which is translated into all languages, and sent into the wide world.¹

The translator, Thomas Shelton, has surprise after surprise on page 1 of his dedicatory letter, displaying a unique mixture of nonchalance, modesty and unbelievable speed:

Mine Honorable Lord; having Translated some five or six years ago, The Historie of Don-Quixote, out of the Spanish Tongue, into the English, in the space of forty days: being therunto more than halfe enforced, through the importunity of a very dear friend, that was desirous to understand the subject: After I had given him once a view thereof, I cast it aside, where it lay long time neglected in a corner, and so little regarded by me as I never once set hand to review or correct the same.

Since when, at the entreatie of others of my friends, I was content to let it come to light, conditionally, that some one or other would peruse and amend the errors escaped; my many affairs hindering me from undergoing that labour. Now I understand by the Printer, that the Copy was presented to your Honour: which did at the first somewhat disgust me, because as it must pass, I fear much, it will prove far unworthy, either of your Noble view or protection.

Your Honours most affectionate
servitor,
Thomas Shelton.

Who was Thomas Shelton? No-one knows. Before and after the translation of the two parts of *Don Quixote*, he is an invisible man. A Thomas Shelton was employed by Thomas Howard, the Earl of Walden, to whom Shelton's dedication was addressed. Lord Walden was made the Earl of Suffolk in 1603; from this fact it follows that the dedication was written before that date, in 1602 perhaps, two years before the first mention of *Don Quixote* was made in Spain, and three years before it was published there.

The Dictionary of National Biography states, without any evidence, that Shelton dedicated his translation to Suffolk's son, Theophilus, who bore the title of Lord Walden from 1603 until his father's death in 1626. He was Councillor of the Colony of Virginia, Keeper of Greenwich Park and Governor of Jersey. The reason James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his introduction to *Don Quixote*, chooses the son rather than the father- the source of the DNB statement- stems from his preference for a later date for the translation. As we have only the mention of "The Lord of Walden" at the head of Shelton's letter to go on, we cannot be certain of his identity.

When we look at the publication dates of the Second Part of *Don Quixote* in Madrid and London, once again there is close proximity. November 5, 1615 is the date on which the book was licensed for publication in Madrid. Only a month later, on December 5, 1615, it was registered at the Stationer's Company in London. Actual publication came five years later. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, in his introduction to the Second Part, in the 1896 edition of the Shelton translation, suggests that the copy delivered to the Stationer's Company must have been a counterfeit *Don Quixote*, by Alonso de Avellaneda, which was published in 1614. There is, however, no record that it was this bogus work that was translated, and there is no evidence that another translation was made of the subsequent genuine text. The Avellaneda version in English did not appear until 1705.

Fitzmaurice-Kelly states, with justification, that it is a sheer impossibility that the genuine text "could have been sent from Madrid to London and translated between November 5 and December 5 of the same year. Even the brilliant Shelton needed 'the space of forty daies' for his rendering of the First Part; and the Second is of equal length".

At Appleby Castle, near Penrith, a copy of *Don Quixote* is clearly visible in a beautiful portrait of Lady Anne Clifford.⁴ Painted in 1646, it represents Lady Anne at 15, in 1605, the same year in which *Don Quixote* first appeared in Madrid. The artist, probably Jan van Belcamp, has drawn our attention to this particular book by the easily read title on a piece of paper attached to its pages, and placing it near a volume of Camden's *Britannia*, which was published in 1586. As this, the *Britannia* is clearly a large tome, it could be the greatly enlarged edition of 1607.

(See illustrations, pp. 9,10)

Twenty-five books are clearly titled in this portrait. Only one has no author's name- '*The feigned History of Don Quixote*'.

It is not only Thomas Shelton's dedicatory letter to Lord Walden that indicates a surprisingly early date for his English version of *Quixote*. It is Shelton's English text, rather than the Spanish version, that presumably provided the inspiration for Francis Beaumont's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. This play was performed in 1607. In the same year, in George Wilkins' play *The Miseries of Inforst Marriage*, the tipsy braggart William Scarborough says "Boy, bear the torch fair: now am I armed to fight with a windmill, and to take the wall of an emperor." And in 1608, in Thomas Middleton's play, *Your Fair Gallants*, Pyamont angrily declares "I could fight a windmill now." Two years later, in Ben Jonson's *Epicene*, Truewit tells Sir Dauphine Eugenie that "You must leave to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont."

In the winter of 1612 a play entitled *Cardenio* was performed at court in London. No manuscript has been discovered, and the author is unknown. The plot was taken from the story of the Curious Impertinent in . If the playwright was using the printed Shelton version, published in 1612, as his text, this would mean that the book was read and the play was written, rehearsed and performed in just a few months.

This activity contrasts strongly with the lack of response in Spain. Spanish writers thought that 'Don Quixote' was simply entertainment, with little literary or philosophical value. Lope de Vega denigrated it; Tirso de Molina granted that Cervantes was "our Spanish Boccaccio"; Espinel heaped scorn on it, but imitated it in his '*Life of Squire Marcos*'. Gonzales briefly acknowledged his debt to Cervantes in his autobiography.

J M Cohen, in his faithful translation of the original Cervantes text, considers that Shelton's text is "the best and raciest version and the nearest to Cervantes in spirit". In his next sentence Cohen tells us that "Many of Shelton's most picturesque touches bear little resemblance to Cervantes' phrases". What are we to make of this? Cervantes and Shelton are very close in *spirit*, but many of Shelton's 'picturesque touches', phrases, sentences and ideas, are not found in Cervantes work. In other words, Cervantes' text is not a literal, faithful version of the Shelton text. Taking into consideration the close proximity of licensing dates of both versions, in 1605 and 1615, one is tempted, entitled, to ask: Who translated whom?

If the other works by Cervantes were stamped with the same marks of greatness, wit and inspiration, then such a question could be easily dismissed as absurd. *Don Quixote*, if that were the case could be seen as yet another work of daring inventiveness and narrative brilliance, which came from the same author. But when a comparison is made between Cervantes' other writings and *Don Quixote*, one is confronted by a yawning chasm.

It is the biographer's task to produce, in addition to the story of a writer's life, a charitable, but honest opinion of his work. Recent biographers of Cervantes, William Byron, Richard Predmore and others, have found themselves unable to give their subject many words of praise in their opinions of the writings of Cervantes, apart from his one masterpiece, *Don Quixote*. They have found that his plays- three have come down to us- are flat-footed and frequently garrulous. He never mastered the techniques of writing for the stage. Narrative passages are clumsily handled; climaxes are misplaced; his characters are often ill-natured and peculiarly disagreeable, as in *The Dalliance*, in which the women are dull and vicious. All the infirmities of Cervantes' stage style are found in *The Life in Algiers*. William Byron advises us not to examine it too closely. As for *The Siege of Numantia*, "were it ever staged, it would be deadly to watch. It is unrelievably solemn".

The *Exemplary Stories* of Cervantes do not escape condemnation by his biographers. If their derogatory remarks are presented together, instead of being admitted in a piece-meal way, interspersed with details of the author's hard life, a sorry picture emerges. *The Glass Scholar* is a failure, as it lacks a framework of compelling action; the idea of it is not original. *The Tale of Foolish Curiosity* has been called a stilted and protracted

narrative. *The Feigned Aunt* has been rejected as a forgery. Other stories fail to achieve any reasonable level of sophistication. The Prologue lacks clarity- *The Gypsy Girl* is interlarded with verses which could never be considered true poetry. In these stories, Cervantes has been criticised for the way he tolerates vice with remarkable ease; slips from the path of morality he treats with remarkable indifference. It is not surprising, his biographers admit, that he was never valued as a poet.

Cervantes' last novel, *The Labour of Persiles*, won critical acclaim when it was published, soon after his death, but it failed to retrain its reputation. It has been blasted by some withering criticism. "The book is a bore," William Byron states candidly. "How could the man who wrote *Don Quixote* have produced this literary barrage balloon? It is a strangely placid book compared to *Don Quixote*. To read them in sequence is like visiting a cemetery after the war is over. With no real inner conflict to animate it, the *Persiles* is emotionally feeble. It is a static, sluggish book. The passionless mannerism makes it unsympathetic". It is "as overstuffed as a Victorian parlour. It is nearly unreadable".

In vain one looks for praise in the rest of Cervantes' lesser known works. The novel, *La Galatea*, Cervantes himself admitted was a failure. As Gerald Brenan has stated, we cannot read it today.⁵ Equally disappointing are the two one-act plays that have come down to us. *The Grand Sultana* was old-fashioned when it was written and is full of confusion. *The Lady Cornelia* lacks the slightest sign of subtlety." It is not surprising that most of Cervantes' work has remained untranslated.

The assumption is made by every critic that every line, every work by Cervantes was written by the genius that wrote *Don Quixote*, so every effort is made to regard his work, however mediocre, in a favourable light, as it all comes from the same great mind. When we examine Cervantes' other works, we should be able to find the same stamp, the same qualities of brilliance and depth that we find in *Don Quixote*.

All the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, Racine, Tolstoy, Hemingway, Dickens, Balzac, Proust and Jane Austen carry characteristic marks of greatness, originality and skill, even in those books which seldom now are read. In *Pericles*, in *Elective Affinities*, *La Vita Nuova*, *Berenice*, *Sevastopol Sketches*, *In Our Time*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *La Cousine Bette*, *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* and *Lady Susan*, each chapter reveals the inner quality of their authors. And in the lives of all these authors we do not find a disappointing combination of low standards and greatness.

With this low standard of Cervantes' work, it is not surprising that throughout most of his life, he was an obscure failure. It is indeed difficult to find any author of a masterpiece so persistently and barrenly unsuccessful as Cervantes, as Lowry Nelson admits at the start of his Collection of Critical Essays.⁶ It is difficult; it is impossible.

Lowry Nelson takes us, unwittingly no doubt, to the heart of the Cervantes mystery in his very next sentence. "Nothing, however, prepares us for the sudden revelation of *Don Quixote*." Nothing in Cervantes' own life, and nothing in the history of Spanish literature. This masterpiece "appeared and prose fiction was transformed".

Footnotes

- 1 *Cervantes and the Magicians*, Paris, 1934
- 2 *The Anatomy of Don Quixote*, New York, 1932
- 3 Cal. State Papers, Dom, 1606
- 4 Anne Clifford's tutor was Samuel Daniel, the poet and dramatist. Before that he was the tutor of William Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the First Folio of the Shakespeare plays was dedicated.
- 5 *The Literature of the Spanish People*, by Gerald Brennan, Cambridge, 1951
- 6 *A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Lowry Nelson, New Jersey, 1969

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE CHAPTER TWO

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

One looks in vain among the known facts of Cervantes' life for just one event which clearly identifies him as the author of *Don Quixote*. One document only links his name and "*Quixote*".

As with William Shakespeare, we do not know the date of Cervantes's birth. There is indeed no record of either having gone to school. Between birth and the age of twenty-two, we have no record of Cervantes at all.

At Alcalà de Henares, twenty miles from Madrid, Cervantes was baptised in the church of Santa Maria la Mayor on Sunday, October 9 1547.¹ It was not until 1752, 136 years after his death, that someone discovered this simple piece of information. His father, Rodrigo, was a barber-surgeon; his mother was Leonor de Cortinas. Nothing further has been discovered about Cervantes until, in 1569, a collection of verses on the death of Isabel de Valois, the wife of Philip II, was published. One of these poems was by Miguel de Cervantes. It was a poor effort; in the opinion of Fitzmaurice-Kelly, the stanzas are juvenile, crude and dirge-like. With no evidence, Kelly assumes that Cervantes, now 22 years old, "met with even more than the usual large indulgence which, on similar occasions, cynical contemporaries have agreed in according to courtly versifiers" - whatever that means. Cervantes was a student at Lopez de Hoyos' academy in Madrid. In the index to the poems in this collection, Cervantes' elegy was listed as containing "curious things treated in delicate conceits".

When this book was printed, in September 1569, Cervantes was already a fugitive from justice. A royal order was issued for his arrest, for having wounded Antonio de Sigura in a brawl. The culprit was to be brought to court; his right hand was to be cut off by the public hangman- one of the legacies left by the Moors after their expulsion; he was then to be exiled for ten years. When we next hear of Cervantes, he is in Rome, as a *camerero*, or servant, of the young Cardinal Acquaviva. We do not know how he escaped capture or how he found this job.

It was the *camerero*'s duty to "keep his lord's chamber neat and tidy, to air his clothes, and keep his bed well made and the linen clean". This post has been pretentiously described in some English biographies of Cervantes as 'chamberlain'. In the previous year, 1568, Acquaviva had come to Madrid to settle a dispute between the Vatican and Spain relating to Milan. Cervantes never referred to the brawl or to his escape; and he only made one casual reference to his service with the cardinal in the dedication of his novel, *La Galatea*, published sixteen years later: "The things which, as though in prophecy, I often heard said of your most Illustrious Grace (Ascanio Colonna) to Cardinal Acquaviva when I was his *camerero* in Rome" Cervantes had escaped from Madrid with his hand intact, but his exile had begun.

Cervantes spent the next eleven years first as a soldier then as a prisoner in Algiers, a long period of misery and captivity, an entire decade, his first decade as a man, a period of vital importance for a writer, for anyone with creative ambition. It was a grim fate for a writer at this stage in his life, as it is unlikely that he would have been given the opportunity, the time or the materials necessary for writing in the dark, crowded prisons of Moorish Algeria, where Spaniards, the people who had driven the Moors out of Spain, were treated with brutality and contempt.

After fifteen months Cervantes left the employment of Cardinal Acquaviva, and in the summer of 1570, at the age of 23, he joined the army as a soldier in a Spanish infantry regiment stationed in Naples, then part of the Spanish empire. He signed on as a gunner, firing the arquebus, the primitive forerunner of the rifle. It was nearly five feet long, difficult to load and dangerous only at close range. Cervantes remained in the Naples area for a year or more before seeing active service.

In 1570 the Turks, in their drive to eliminate Venice from the eastern Mediterranean, invaded Cyprus. This island, then held by Venice, lies 1,500 miles to the east of that city, and only seventy miles from the Turkish coast, so it was understandable that the Turks would sooner or later try to wrest it from Venetian control. To save the island, an alliance was formed by the Pope, Pius V, the Venetians and Spain.

In September 1571 a large fleet of two hundred ships under the command of Don John of Austria set sail, first to Corfu and then to the Gulf of Lepanto, near Corinth. Cervantes was one of the soldiers on board the *Marquesa*. Although he was unwell, with some form of fever, he refused to stay below deck and joined in the fighting when the Spanish-Italian fleet attacked the Ottoman vessels. After four hours of fighting, Don John was victorious, capturing over a hundred Turkish ships and thousands of men. During the action Cervantes was wounded twice in the chest and once in the left hand, which for the rest of his life was useless. He fought with courage but he wrote little about this important battle. It was of little practical value, as Venice surrendered not only Cyprus but also the Albanian port of Sopoto, and paid the sum of 300,000 ducats as reparations to the Turks. However it strengthened European morale, and formed the subject of paintings by Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese.

Cervantes made some reference to this battle in his poetry and prose, but there is only a brief mention of the event, in the Captive's Tale, in *Don Quixote*. It certainly lacks autobiographical detail:

I was present at that glorious battle that day, so fortunate for Christianity, because it showed the world how mistaken was the belief that the Turks were invincible on the sea.

This statement is followed by an account of the captive's imprisonment when he jumped into a Turkish galley—something which Cervantes himself did not do.

In the Author's Prologue to the Reader at the beginning of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, there is another brief reference to Lepanto. He resents some of the remarks made about him by the author of the bogus '*Don Quixote*', a work of no literary merit.

...there is somewhat which I cannot but resent, and that is, that he exprobrates unto me my age, and my mayme, as if it had been in my power, to hold Time backe, that so it should not passe upon mee, or if my mayme had befallne me in a Taverne, and not upon the most famous occasion which either the ages past or present have seen, nor may the times to come looke for the like.

There is nothing conclusive in this short passage. It could easily have been written by someone who knew that Cervantes had been wounded in this battle.

The next three years were passed without promotion, without much enjoyment and, as far as we know, without any literary activity. Guesses have been made that he fell in love with a Neapolitan girl called Silena, as he mentions a beauty by this name in *La Galatea* and *The Voyage to Parnasus*. The former work was published in

1585 fourteen years later, and the latter in 1614, forty-three years later. No-one knows who Silena was or if she existed at all. Cervantes took part in three unsuccessful actions, at Navarino, Goletta, near Tunis, and Tunis itself. Don John of Austria had been promised a kingdom by his half brother, the King of Spain, but all these attempts to seize land held by the Ottoman Empire were repulsed with heavy casualties. It is unlikely that Cervantes continued to serve as a gunner, with his crippled hand, so his role may have been non-combatant. A year was spent at Naples, and a year at Messina, on the island of Sicily, as a garrison soldier. There is no evidence that he made any contact with any writer, any library or anyone who could help him in any way; but this does not stop his biographers from suggesting that he may have had interesting friends, that he may have had a mistress, or that he may have won the attention of the Duke of Sessa, the Spanish Viceroy of Sicily.² Fiction easily fills the gaps when facts provide no romantic touches.

Now, at the age of twenty-eight, life for Cervantes, still without success of any kind, took a decided turn for the worse.

Provided with the customary letters of authority from Don John and the Viceroy in Sicily, Cervantes was released from army service in September of 1575. On board the galley *Sol* he sailed from Naples in the second half of the month. Off the French coast, near the mouth of the Rhone, three pirate galleys attacked the *Sol*, and boarded it. Cervantes was captured and taken back to Algiers.

What must have been the saddest, harshest five years of his life, as a slave, was about to begin.

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As he carried letters, his release papers, his captors reckoned that his ransom price could be increased. This delayed his release, but his masters treated him with some leniency, as it was in their interests to preserve his life. On two, possibly four occasions, he made a bold attempt at escape. Each time he was captured and punished. Other prisoners testified to his courage in making these bids for freedom.

At long last, in September 1580, three years after his brother, Rodrigo, also a captive, was released, Miguel's family, aided by the Trinitarian friars, raised the five hundred escudos demanded for his ransom. These friars, together with the Order of Mercy, made regular visits to the Muslim towns where Christians were imprisoned. These Orders added their own contributions and money from a royal liberation fund and from private bequests. Two thousand escudos was the price usually demanded for a nobleman; as much as fifty thousand for a peer. If his family had not made this payment, Cervantes might well have been taken to Constantinople, when Hassan Pasha, the King of Algiers, sailed to that city with many unsold captives. One reason why he was not taken perhaps was that a one-handed slave would not fetch a good price in the Ottoman capital.

The four remaining decades of Cervantes' life are marked by failure- in a career as a writer and a tax collector, interspersed with brief periods of imprisonment, in an unhappy, childless marriage, prior to which he had fathered an illegitimate daughter, whom he treated badly- a life which ended, unmourned, in an unmarked grave. Only one of his works was successful- but it brought him no money. His biographers have a hard time presenting this sad story as one of heroism, in which can be found the admirable virtues of the Knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote himself- nobility, kindness and humour. It is always assumed that Cervantes reacted to each failure, each disappointment, with Quixote's fortitude and restraint.

We have no letters from him which illustrate these qualities. William Byron, in the introduction of his biography, tells us that "on the way, with sweetness and wit and unflinching honesty, Cervantes will piece the shards and splinters of his absurd life into an epic of splendid humanity". Where do we find sweetness, wit and unflinching honesty? Only in *Don Quixote*.

So much of his life is unknown; even when his name does occur in the official records, precision eludes the biographer. After his release he is alleged to have found employment as a tax collector; on May 21, 1581, a government order was issued entitling him to collect one hundred escudos for his expenses for a journey to Oran, on the north African coast. We do not know exactly what the purpose of this visit was. He had to report to the governor of Oran, Don Martin de Cordoba.

It seems as if this brief posting was at least a promising step up the ladder, but his biographers have stated that some effort has been made to invest the mission with an importance it probably did not have. After a month Cervantes was back on the mainland.

In 1584, at the age of thirty-seven, he married Catalina de Salazar, aged nineteen. No mention is made of her father's occupation. In the first eighteen years of their marriage, only two of them were spent together. When they married, he already had an illegitimate daughter, who was born just before, or just after, the wedding. The baby's mother, Ana de Villafranca, the daughter of a street seller of sweets, was already married.

On December 12, 1584, Cervantes' wedding was celebrated in the church of Santa Maria in Esquivias, 20 miles west of Madrid. No member of his family was there. After the wedding he lived with his wife's family in Esquivias. It is not known whether Catalina at this time knew of her husband's bastard daughter in Madrid.

At last, in 1585, at the age of thirty-eight, Cervantes brought out his first book, *La Galatea*, a pastoral romance in prose and verse. Blas de Robles, the publisher, paid him 120 ducats, a good price.

Biographers and critics have found it hard to discover any redeeming features in this book. In their opinion, the work defies analysis; it is unlikely that the English reader will turn two pages of it; the complicated plot about shepherds and shepherdesses has little connection with real life; its shortcomings are gross and palpable; the style is stilted; "weak as it is", Fitzmaurice-Kelly admits, "it would be unfair to dismiss it as merely food for laughter". The book was not popular; perhaps only five hundred copies were printed. It was reprinted twice in the author's lifetime, in Lisbon and Paris, but not in Spain. However, some of the poets in Madrid at this time were impressed.

After four months of married life, Cervantes left his wife in Esquivias and, it seems, bolted - to Seville. Here he loitered for four months, before signing on as a government fodder collector. His job was to find wheat and fodder - supplies for Philip's grand Armada, three years before it sailed to defeat in the English Channel. The pay was inadequate; the work was unpleasant, and jail was the reward for inefficiency.

On two occasions, in the Seville and Cordoba regions, Cervantes commandeered wheat from land owned by the Church. For this he was excommunicated by the vicars-general of these cathedrals. In 1592, at Castro del Rio, he was imprisoned for a week or two, and in 1597, in Seville, he was again in jail, for seven months, for discrepancies in his accounts.

He worked as a wheat and tax collector for a decade, with intervals, from 1587 to 1597. In 1590 he petitioned for a government post in the West Indies, but he had no training and no qualifications for a legal or administrative position. Not surprisingly, his application was rejected. Two years later he signed a contract with Rodrigo Osorio, in which he promised to write six comedies. Each play would bring in fifty ducats. There is no evidence that any money was paid, and we do not know if these plays were even begun. A small success, however, was achieved in 1595, when he won the first prize- of three silver spoons- in a poetry contest arranged by the Dominican friars of Saragossa, to celebrate the canonization of San Jacinto. The poem is without distinction, in the opinion of one biographer, a depressing, plodding conceit.

It has been suggested that Cervantes began to write *Don Quixote* in the miserable cells and dormitories of Seville prison, but there is no evidence of this whatsoever. As *Don Quixote* was to appear during the next few years, his biographers have naturally hunted for evidence of the author beginning to write anything at this time. But after his release from prison in 1598, Cervantes drops out of sight for the next six years

Between 1598 and 1604 we have only ten documents which mention his name. Not one relates to him as an author. Three of these papers refer to treasury enquiries into his tax collections, one of which is a summons, undelivered because his address was unknown; one is a receipt for a loan; two concern his illegitimate daughter, Isabel; and four mention his name as a witness- to a private petition and a sewing bill, as an executor of a will and as a godfather.

In 1604, in his play *The Slaves of Algiers*, Lope de Vega names one of his characters Saavedra, Cervantes' second surname. He is portrayed as a cowardly confidence trickster, who is accused of making shady deals with his masters.

In January 1605, Blas de Robles published the first edition of *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha*. "It seems," says William Byron, "almost to have sprung full-grown, so little do we know about the circumstances of its creation- after nearly twenty years of all but total literary silence". As mentioned in the first chapter, nothing prepares us for this sudden revelation. We do not know how much Cervantes was paid, or how much he received during the remaining nine years of his life. No contract has been found, and there is no manuscript of this masterpiece.

Only one contemporary document has been found which links Cervantes with *Don Quixote*. In Valladolid, in April 1605, power of attorney was given by Cervantes to Francisco de Robles and two residents of Lisbon, enabling them to take action "against any persons in Lisbon who may have printed, or desire to print, Quixote".³ This work was Cervantes' first and last success. It was dedicated to the Duke of Bejar, but there is no record of any money being given by the Duke to Cervantes. This is the first sentence of the dedication:

Trusting in the favourable reception and honour your Excellency accords to all kinds of books, as a Prince so well disposed to welcome the liberal arts, more especially those which, out of nobility, are not abased to the service and profit of the vulgar, I have decided to publish the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote

Only five months after the publication of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes found himself once more in prison, accused of complicity in the death of a young nobleman outside Miguel's house in Valladolid, a hundred miles to the north of Madrid. No-one knew who the murderer was. It is possible that Cervantes was running a brothel. Possibly for this reason, all the inhabitants of the house, including Isabel, Cervantes' daughter, now living with her father, were arrested and jailed, to be released after a couple of days. Isabel's mother had died in 1599, when she was fourteen. After living with her grandmother for a time, she had come to live with Cervantes and his wife and the other relatives sharing the same small house, in what must have been slum conditions. Cervantes' treatment of Isabel was shameful. Admiring biographers have found it impossible to gloss over his conduct, and lame excuses have been made to exonerate him.

The publication of the first part of *Don Quixote* brought no reward. Cervantes remained poor. Two years later his publisher lent him 450 reales. By now, his "self-respect, was almost wholly derived from the work for which, increasingly, he would have hoarded his waning emotional and physical energy", we learn from William Byron. "His reluctance to involve himself in the problems of those nearest him would have been deeper than ever. Scandal" - Isabel, now 23, was pregnant - "was a distraction and distractions were unwelcome. Now, damn it, something would have to be done about that girl. On August 28 1608, rather like a bundle of clothes

being stuffed into a box for shipment to some far-away charity, Isabel was auctioned to a smalltime trader named Luis de Molina. The marriage contract signed that day is an exercise in black humour". The details of this contract were indeed black, but they certainly are without humour.

No wonder Isabel despised her father! Only two years later Cervantes took part in a shady deal with the father of Isabel's illegitimate daughter, whereby she was done out of her legal ownership of the house she and her husband lived in. Cervantes was made the legal owner; in return he relinquished non-existent claims on Urbina, Isabel's former lover, who was refusing to pay the promised dowry in full. This agreement was made on condition that the non-existent income from the house would be paid to a non-existent charity. It certainly was a nasty business, as Cervantes's admirers have admitted.

Facts about the last seven years of his life are as sparse as they were in earlier years. On April 17, 1609 he joined a Trinitarian lay brotherhood, the Congregation of Unworthy Slaves of the Most Holy Sacrament. In June of the same year his wife, Catalina, and his sister, Andrea, took the habit of the strict Tertiary Order of St Francis. Membership of the Congregation imposed on Cervantes strict simplicity of dress, abstinence from sexual contact and alcohol, daily attendance at mass and regular religious exercises, the reciting of prayers. He had to wear a scapular, a piece of woollen cloth worn over the shoulders, hanging down in front and behind to the ankles. This important decision can be seen as a final act of divorce and renunciation. His marriage was a failure- he had only come back to his wife after years of separate existence. He had failed as a tax collector- he lost a large sum of Government money. He had failed to make any money as a writer, and only one work was popular. He had failed as a father.

One more attempt at employment was made in 1610 when he asked the Count of Lemos if he would take him on his staff when he was made viceroy of Naples. This application was rejected.

In 1613 Cervantes' *Exemplary Stories* was published. This is considered to be the work which most nearly approaches *Don Quixote* in quality. But a wide gap is certainly there: Only six of the thirteen stories in the original text are included in the recently published Penguin edition. However, in his prologue, Cervantes is honest: "My intention has been to set up in the square a billiard table where each one can come to amuse himself without fear or injury." Once again, it seems, he made no money from this book, apart from the advance.

In the following year, 1614, his long poem, *Voyage to Parnassus*, was published. This is a tedious review of contemporary poets. Even Fitzmaurice-Kelly admits that it is "for the most part dreary reading. The impartial critic must frankly confess that Cervantes was right in declaring that heaven had denied him the gift of song. His attacks are lifeless. His satiric verse has no truth, no reality, no movement, no savour. Cervantes as a poet is Samson with his hair cut. There are some happy passages in the work, but these cases are rare and far apart".

In 1615 were published Cervantes' *Eight Plays and Eight Interludes*- and the Second Part of *Don Quixote*. The former were ignored by his contemporaries. "They have been deservedly condemned", in the opinion of Fitzmaurice-Kelly, "as failures the most disastrous".

There is no evidence of payment for either of these works. *Don Quixote* sold well, but we do not know that this made him any richer. His last novel, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, was published the year after his death; this, as mentioned in Chapter One, has little to recommend it. Critics have found it boring, feeble and sluggish.

When we come to the death of Cervantes, in 1616, we are able to see the man, his family and his contemporaries, more closely, but inconsistencies abound. We know the date of his death, Saturday, April 23. This is not the same day of Shakespeare's death, as the English calendar differed by ten days. This would have dated Cervantes's death as April 13. We also know who buried him and in what cemetery he was laid. In April

of that year he had become a novice of Franciscan Tertiaries. No account has come down to us of his funeral, but as a member of this order, it is assumed, he would have been carried, in his coarse brown habit, on the shoulders of his fellow monks to his grave. We know who gave him the last sacraments, the licentiate, Francisco Martinez, whose father, Gabriel, owned the house in Madrid in which Cervantes and his wife lived in two rooms on the ground floor. We know that the author was buried in the cemetery of the convent of the Trinitarian nuns in the Calle del Humilladero. In 1633 his body may have been moved when the Order moved to the Calle de Cantaranas. But we do not know where, in either cemetery, his body lay. No friar or nun, no member of his family, no friend took the trouble to mark his grave. There is no stone, no record of Cervantes's burial place. There is no record that his wife or his daughter or any relative came to the funeral. He left no will and we have no manuscript of *Don Quixote*. We have no manuscripts of any of his works.

The complete absence of literary manuscripts is, as Fitzmaurice-Kelly admits, astonishing.⁴

Not one of the poets who were also members of the Trinitarian order wrote an epitaph for him, as was customary then. But two obituary poems were written by two men who had known him earlier.

Cervantes never lived in the house now shown to tourists as his in Esquivias, and Catalina, his wife, never owned any property in the street named after her, the Calle de Donna Catalina. The house where Cervantes was born, in Alcala de Henares, was pulled down in 1955.

Many biographies quote Cervantes' dedication of his last novel, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, finished a week or so before he died, to illustrate the author's Quixote-like nobility and gallantry. His biographers find this dedication full of 'tender pathos' which is 'touching and serene'. An author's own words can indeed give us an insight into his mind and we can learn something of the quality of that mind.

Here is Miguel de Cervantes writing to the Count of Lemos in this dedication:

I would have preferred that those old couplets, famous in their day, which began 'with my foot already in the stirrup', were not so apt in this my letter, for I can begin with almost the same lines, saying;

With my foot already in the stirrup
And the anguish of death upon me
Great lord, I write thee this.

Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and today I am writing this. Time is short, anguish grows, hope dwindles, yet I live on the desire I have to live and I would not wish to bring it to a close until I kiss Your Excellency's feet; for perhaps the pleasure of seeing Your Excellency well in Spain would be so great that it might restore me to life. But if it is decreed that I must lose it, let heaven's will be done; at least I would have Your Excellency know my desire and that you had in me a servant so faithful that he wished to show his devotion even beyond death. Nevertheless, as though in prophecy, I am happy at Your Excellency's arrival, and I am doubly glad that my hopes, spread by the fame of Your Excellency's kindness, have been realised.

Your Excellency's servant

Miguel de Cervantes

When Lope de Vega died nineteen years later, he was given a magnificent funeral which lasted three days, at which three bishops officiated. In Cervantes' *Journey to Parnassus* he listed his works in order to justify his claim to a seat among the great men of literature on that mountain.

He mentioned *Galatea* and *La Confusa*, a play which is now lost, his *Comedies*, published but seldom performed, his *Exemplary Stories* and *Don Quixote*:

I've given in *Don Quixote*, to assuage
The melancholy and his moping breast
Pastime for every mood, in every age.

This can be cited as proof of his authorship of that masterpiece. But it should be noted that in this section of the poem he also claims to be the author of "countless Romances", and he admits that "I never sat content beneath the spell of prim mock-modesty". He also mentions a story 'of Jealousy'. This could be *The Jealous Extremaduran* in the *Exemplary Novels*, about which there is some controversy. When this story was first published in a collection of tales by different authors in the first decade of the seventeenth century, along with *Rinconete and Cortadillo*, another story in the *Exemplary Novels*, there is no mention of Cervantes in the manuscript.

Footnotes

- 1 The "Casa de Cervantes" was built in 1953, on the site of the house where his parents probably lived. The church, in ruins, was destroyed in 1936.
- 2 From 1605 till his death in 1635, Lope de Vega was employed by the Duke of Sessa as his confidential secretary. He has left us no record of any friendship or contact between the duke and Cervantes. On one occasion he mentions Cervantes in a letter to the Duke, saying that at a literary meeting, he "read some verses with Cervantes' glasses, which looked like a couple of badly fried eggs."
- 3 Albert F Calvert, *The Life of Cervantes*, Bodley Head 1905.
- 4 J.Fitzmaurice-Kelly, *Cervantes*, 1913, p.205.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER THREE

THOMAS SHELTON AND HAMET BENENGELI

If ‘*Don Quixote*’ was not written by Miguel de Cervantes, who was the real author?

There is no evidence that it came from the pen of any of Cervantes’ contemporaries in Spain. None of his private letters has come down to us; there is no evidence that another Spanish author is involved, and no-one has suggested that the author of the bogus Second Part of *Don Quixote* wrote either part of the real work. The difference in quality and style rules out such a possibility.

It is in *Don Quixote*, in the work itself, that we find an answer to the question of authorship. If someone wrote this novel using the name of Cervantes, it is possible that some clues have been deliberately placed in the text.

The author, whoever he was, speaks to us, his readers, in his Preface. In the very first page he takes the trouble to point out that there is some problem of authorship, or fatherhood. Of course, this may be merely a device, a pose— but it may not be.

Though in shew a Father, yet in truth but a stepfather to Don Quixote.

If this were the only reference to another man as the author, the real father, this mention of step-fatherhood could be ignored. But another name is mentioned over and over again. In Chapter 1 of Book 2 of the First Part in Shelton’s translation (Chapter 9 of the modern Penguin translation by J M Cohen, p77) we read:

The historie of Don-Quixote of the Mancha, written by Cyd Hamet Benengeli, an Arabical Historiographer.

Whenever this name is mentioned in *Don Quixote*, we are told that this man is the real author. No-one has discovered any Arab by this name, so it has been assumed that this is another device, another odd joke, by Cervantes, to distance himself, for some unstated reason, from the story of Quixote. Again this may be a device, but once again perhaps we are offered another clue. If the same name, the same clue, is repeated forty-three times, we are perhaps being invited to examine it more closely.

Before following up this possibility, we should see if there is anything more to be learnt about Thomas Shelton.

As already stated, Thomas Shelton was employed by Lord Howard de Walden, later the Earl of Walden, later the Earl of Suffolk, to whom the translation of *Don Quixote* was dedicated. His wife, Catherine, Lady Suffolk, received a payment of £1,000 a year from the King of Spain for her work on his behalf in this country.¹ What this consisted of has remained a secret. Shelton may have worked for her and have undertaken missions in Spain, and on these visits to Madrid, Shelton may have met and conferred with Cervantes. From 1603 to 1614, Suffolk, the builder of Audley End, near Saffron Walden in Essex, was Lord Chamberlain to the royal household. However, it must be stressed that there is no evidence that the Thomas Shelton who worked for

Lady Suffolk was the Thomas Shelton who translated *Don Quixote*. We have no further information about either man, if indeed two men by this name are involved.

We have information about three other Sheltons, but there is no evidence that any of them were related to Thomas Shelton. Mary Shelton, one of Queen Elizabeth's ladies of the Privy Chamber, married a Mr. Scudamore;² Audrey Shelton married Sir Thomas Walsingham; and Humphrey Shelton, a Catholic expatriate, lived for thirty years in Rouen. In return for information sent to the King of Spain, he was paid 30 escudos a year.³

There is no contemporary reference to Thomas Shelton, apart from his name, in the printed editions of the First Part of *Don Quixote*. Although it has always been assumed that Shelton also translated the Second Part, published eight years later in 1620, no translator's name appears in it. One would have expected such a brilliant reader of Spanish would have left some record of his education and his life, but he has left not a trace, and there is no record of anyone having met him.

If Thomas Shelton, or a man using this name, was the author, another question still remains unsolved. Who translated his work into Spanish? There is no evidence that Cervantes was capable of such a task, or that he was interested in any way in England or in the English language. However, if Cervantes merely lent his name to *Don Quixote*, having done no work on the translation, then that would account for the absence of any payment after its publication. We have no record of Shelton's acquaintance with the Spanish language; we have no record of Cervantes' acquaintance with the English language.

As the work was going to appear for the first time in Madrid under a Spaniard's name, it is more likely that, if the original text was written in English, the translation was carried out in Spain. In Chapter 9, Part 1 of *Don Quixote*, we find just such an operation mentioned in some detail.

If Heaven, Chance and Fortune had not assisted me, the world had bin deprived of the delight and pastime, that he may take for almost two houres together, who shall with attention read it. The manner of finding it (a written account of *Don Quixote*) was this:

Being one day walking on the Exchange of Toledo, a certain boy by chance would have sold divers old quires and scroules of bookes to a Squire that walked up and down in that place, and I, being addicted to reade such scroules, though I found them torne in the streets, borne away by this my natural inclination, tooke one of the quiers in my hand and perceived it to be written in Arabicall characters... I looked about to view whether I could perceive any Moore that could read them... In fine my good fortune presented one to me...

I departed with the Moore, to the Cloyster of the great church, and I requested him to turn all the sheetes that treated of Don-Quixote into Spanish. I would pay him what he listed (wanted) for his paines. He demanded fifty pounds of Reasons and three bushels of Wheate, and promised to translate them speedily, well, and faithfully. But I, to hasten the matter more, lest I should lose such an unexpected and welcome treasure, brought him to my house, where he translated all the worke in lesse than a month and a halfe.

When it is impossible to link the name of a writer or a translator with any real person, one has to accept the possibility that a pseudonym is being used. To help us in finding the man behind the pen-name, we can at least

narrow the field. Only those who can write well need be considered, for no translator has ever received more praise, than Thomas Shelton.

In the opinion of Fitzmaurice-Kelly, Shelton was

“a man of letters. He brought to the execution of his enterprise an endowment and a temperament such as no later rival could pretend to boast. He owned an alert intelligence, a perfect sympathy for his author’s theme, and a vocabulary of exceeding wealth and rarity. His language is ever fitted to the incident. He is always at his ease and, in the most trying case, he remains neutral, unspotted from affectation. Safe from the pitfalls of anachronism and the possibilities of Wardour-Street English, Shelton despatches his phrase with address and vigour. The atmosphere of the book is his own. Cervantes’ manner is more nearly attained by Shelton than by any successor. In narrative, as in description, the Englishman vies with the Spaniard in dignity, grace and fleetness. With inimitable felicity of phrase and setting, with sustained sonority and splendour, in passages of uncommon majesty, he continues his deliverance of a classic masterpiece. Cervantes would have been “the foremost to applaud the breadth and gusto of a performance still unrivalled for simplicity, force and beauty”.⁴

In his introduction to the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, Fitzmaurice-Kelly states that of all the translators, Cervantes owes “most to Shelton, lord of the golden Elizabethan speech - an exquisite in the noble style.”

Shelton is also praised by Roger de Manvel. The carelessness he found in Cervantes’ text is eliminated in the English version, which has “a direct ruggedness which some better equipped translators have failed to achieve”.

Cervantes was indeed fortunate in having such a brilliant translator. If his identity were known, he would have his rightful place as one more distinguished figure in that golden age of English literature. As it is, few people even know his name.

In the Dictionary of National Biography we learn that Thomas Shelton “may be the fourth son of William Sheldon of Broadway, Worcester”. This may be correct, but we have no information about this particular Sheldon. There is no doubt, however, in the DNB about the excellence of his translation. It “often seizes with curious effect the English word that is nearest the sound of the Spanish in defiance of its literal meaning”. Shelton “realises Cervantes’ manner more nearly than any successor”.

As the search for Thomas Shelton has proved so unsuccessful, we are obliged to look elsewhere. A pen-name may have been adopted. In *Don Quixote* there is no information about Shelton, apart from his dedicatory letter to Lord Walden, quoted in full in Chapter One. He is surprisingly candid about his shortcomings. He cast the work aside, “where it lay long time neglected in a corner, and so little regarded by me as I never once set hand to review or correct the same.” He was too busy with other matters to revise the translation, hoping that “some one or other would peruse and amend the errors escaped”. The air of casualness is maintained. His manuscript, his printer tells him, has in fact been printed and a copy has been delivered to Lord Walden. The work is, he admits, “farre unworthy” and “abortive”. ‘An ill favoured thing, but mine own’, as Touchstone described his wife, Audrey, in *As You Like It*.

The wording of Shelton’s concluding sentence is perhaps significant:

...till then I rest

Your Honours most affectionate
servitor
Thomas Shelton

The usual word in this context is 'servant'. Shelton has chosen instead another word which, apart from one letter, is the Spanish word for servant, 'servidor'. It is also unusual for the 'servant' to describe himself as affectionate, unless he is a member of the same class as the dedicatee.

There is little to learn, therefore, in our attempt to discover the identity of Thomas Shelton.

If that was his real name, we can be certain that, with the instant success of the book, he would have become, if not famous, at least well-known among academics, writers and the growing number of readers. As it was, he was as unknown in the seventeenth century as he is today.

Thus we are left with the other name that the author of *Don Quixote* gives us, as the man who really was the father, the creator, of this work- Cid Hamet Benengeli. No one by this name appears in any history of Arab literature. When the name is mentioned, all we are given is a brief statement that he is the supposed author of Cervante's *Don Quixote*. If there was no doubt that Miguel de Cervantes was the author, there would be no point in pursuing the matter any further; we could justifiably accept that Cid Hamet Benengeli is just another whimsical invention.

Even if this is an invented name, one can still wonder why the author tells us forty-three times that Hamet is the real creator, and why he has chosen this name, not another. To make quite certain that the reader reads this name correctly, we have Sancho Panza, Quixote's patient servant, pronouncing it wrongly: "Cid Hamet Beregena". His master tells him that the name is Benengeli. In the Shelton text this correction is repeated in a marginal note: "It should be Benengeli, but Sancho simply mistakes."

Carlos Fuentes, in *The Buried Mirror* (1992), admits that Cervantes "proposes uncertainty of authorship. 'Who is the author of Don Quixote?' we are constantly asked. Cervantes? An Arab author?" That is all he has to say on this subject.

In *Don Quixote* we are given a little information about this mysterious man:

Cid Hamet was a very exact historiographer.
Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabical and Manchegan author,
recounts in this most grave, lofty, divine, sweet,
conceited history
Well fare Cid Hamet Benengeli, that left the
stories of your greatness to posterity, and more
than well may that curious author fare that had the
care to cause them to be translated out of the Arabic
into our vulgar Castilian to the general entertainment
of all men.
The translator of this famous history out of its
original, written by Cid Hamet Benenageli.
Certainly, all they that delight in such Histories
as these must be thankful to Cid Hamet, the author of
the original.
Cid Hamet, flower of historians.

In Part 2 of *Don Quixote* the author himself invites us to look a little closer at this Arab name.
Cide in the Arabicke signifieth Lord. Part 2, ch.2

Ben means son in Hebrew. Engeli could be an old Arabic word for ‘stag’. It could also be ‘of England’, as the Arabic word for England is ‘anglia’ or ‘ingelterra’. The name, then, could be translated as Lord Hamet, son of England.

It is natural to doubt whether one is justified in looking for the real author in a foreign country, that is, not in Spain, the country of Cervantes. It is at this point that the title page of the first Spanish edition of *Don Quixote* can shed some light. An examination of this page confirms us that a foreign hand is indeed at work.

In the design that appeared on the title page of the first edition of “*Don Quixote*,” in 1605, the illustration is not just unusual. It is unique. It obviously contains a message, for the component parts of this picture lie there, waiting to be read.

We see a hooded falcon resting on the gloved hand of a man who is hidden from view. Swirling shapes, possibly mist, on one side only, stress the fact that the falconer is hidden, just out of sight. Around the arm and the bird is the inscription:

POST TENEBRAS SPERO LUCEM- after darkness I hope for light. Beneath the falcon a lion is keeping his eye on the bird. It could be said that both the lion and the falcon hope for light after the darkness, for the clear light of day after the dark night, or a time of impaired vision. The lion could symbolise England; the falcon could be Cervantes. Who is the falconer?

The inscription takes us to Chapter 68 of the Second Part of ‘*Don Quixote*’, in which the knight tells Sancho Panza that he too hopes for light:

O hard heart! oh ungodly Squire! oh ill given bread, and favours ill placed which I bestowed, and thought to have more and more conferred upon thee... for I *post tenebras spero lucem*. I understand not that, said Sancho, only I know that whilst I am sleeping, I neither feare nor hope, have neither paine nor pleasure.

In Cervantes’ text, Quixote follows the words in Latin with a translation into the vernacular: “after darkness I expect light”. Sancho, however, still says “I don’t understand that”.

Shelton’s version makes sense. It seems that Cervantes’ explanation has been added to help the reader, but it is a mistake, as it makes Sancho’s reply incomprehensible. Was Cervantes’ text, in fact, a translation of Shelton?

At this point Sancho surprises Quixote by launching, uncharacteristically, into a lyrical tribute to sleep.

Well fare him that invented sleepe, a cloke that covers all human thoughts; the foode that slakes hunger; the water that quencheth thirst; and the fire that warmeth cold; the cold that tempers heate; and finally a currant coine, with which all things are bought, a ballance and weight that equals the King to the Shepheard; the fool to the wiseman; onely one thing (as I have heard) sleepe hath ill, which is, that it is like death, in that betweene a man asleepe and a dead man, there is little difference.

This eloquent prose-poem on sleep certainly reminds one of that speech in a play written in England a few years before the publication of *Don Quixote*, in which Macbeth discourses on the same subject:

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Sonnet 87 of Shakespeare ends with this couplet:

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

And in *Macbeth*, Macduff exclaims

Malcolm awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit...

Had Shelton read *Macbeth* when he worked on *Don Quixote*?

The reference to Darkness and Light in the Latin motto on the title page takes us to one of the central themes of the Rosicrucian doctrines, which date from the early seventeenth century.

A further pointer is to be found in the title page of the first English edition of *Don Quixote*, published in 1612, the first appearance of this work in a foreign language. The name of the publisher, Ed Blounte, appears at the bottom of the page- but no author's name is given. Blounte and *William Jaggard* were the printers and publishers of the First Folio of the Shakespeare plays.

Footnotes

- 1 Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1989, *Robert Cecil*, by Algernon Cecil, 1921
- 2 Neville Williams, *All The Queen's Men*, Weidenfeld, 1972
- 3 Albert Loomie, *The Spanish Elizabethans*, Fordham University, USA, 1963
- 4 *The History of Don Quixote*, publ. David Nutt, London, 1896

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER FOUR

CERTAIN SONNETS

Every translation declares itself to be a translation, not only by its publication date but also by the comparisons that can be made between the wording of the two texts, the original and the translation. When the Spanish and the English texts of *Don Quixote* are compared, many sentences, phrases and words are found which indicate that the English text came first.

Discrepancies begin on the very first page. In Thomas Shelton's version, the work begins with 'The Authors Preface to the Reader'. He has omitted Miguel de Cervantes' 'Dedication to the Duke of Bejar', which in the Spanish text, comes before the Preface. If this was the only omission in the book, we could dismiss it as a matter of no importance. On the other hand, if the English text came first, there *would* be no dedication written by Cervantes. It would not have been written then.

In the Preface, in both texts, as mentioned in Chapter Three, the author describes himself cryptically in his first paragraph as

though in shew a Father yet in truth but a stepfather to
Don Quixote

This is the only book in any language which has been disowned in this way by the man who is supposed to be its author. If Cervantes has indeed deceived the world by putting his name falsely to this work, he could say in his defence that on the very first page he admits plainly that he is not "in truth" its creator. The translator of a book can fairly be described as its stepfather, as he puts himself forward as its presenter, who has remoulded it for its foreign readers.

In Part One of *Don Quixote*, Chapter 9, in Shelton's text, we read this description of the author himself "walking on the Exchange of Toledo" and finding a boy selling "old quires and scroules written in Arabicall characters"

I looked about to view whether I could perceive any Moore translated Spaniard that could read them; nor was it very difficult to finde there such an interpreter... I requested him to turne me all the Arabicall sheetes... that treated of Don-Quixote into Spanish. I would pay him what he listed for his paines... He translated all the worke in lesse than a moneth and a half.

This reminds one of the similar time given by Thomas Shelton for his translation - forty days. Neither figure is credible. There is one possible reason for making these unbelievable statements. The reader is encouraged to pursue the subject in more detail.

The authors of the two texts cannot have intended that the reader should accept such a short period of time for the original and the translation.

Close attention should be paid to the poems that come right at the start of *Don Quixote*. Without a word of explanation, J M Cohen, in the modern Penguin edition, has thrown all of them out of the window. In taking this drastic action he has exceeded his brief as the faithful translator. He has taken on the schoolmaster's role of censor. One is therefore entitled to look at each poem closely to see what persuaded him to take this high-handed action. The quality of these verses is irrelevant. However mediocre they might be in his opinion, he should still have translated them.

On the first page of these introductory poems we are presented with an obvious discrepancy between the Spanish and the English texts. Shelton gives the poems a lengthy, slightly humorous title; Cervantes dispenses with a title altogether. With appropriate grandiloquence Shelton entitles these tributes to Don Quixote, supposedly written by famous people:

CERTAINES SONNETS

written by Knights Errant, Ladies, Squires,
and Horses, in the praise of Don-Quixote,
his Dame, his Squire, and Steed.

Why did Cervantes write nothing above these poems? In the modern editions, the editors have merely written

(Versos preliminares)

This surely is a compromise between Cervantes' blank space and the florid headline in the English text. If *Don Quixote* was being translated in the normal way - into English or into Spanish - Shelton would not have inserted his own long title, or Cervantes would have translated this title into Spanish. The obvious difference here indicates that we are not looking at the normal literary operation, but at an agreed re-writing in a foreign language, in which the translator makes his own minor adjustments. A translator's job is to translate both the text and the titles. If additions or omissions occur, it is obvious that the normal author-translator relationship does not exist.

The titles of these poems are for the most part identical in the Spanish and the English texts, with one exception. The fourth sonnet in Cervantes' text is entitled

La Senora Oriana a Dulcinea del Toboso

Shelton places this poem as the sixth and gives it this title:

The Princess ORIANA of Great Brittain
To Lady Dulcinea de Toboso

In the Spanish or Portuguese romance, *Amadis of Gaul*, a fable by Garcia de Montalvo in the 15th century, taken from a 14th century source, Oriana is the daughter of Lisuarte, King of Britain. This story was translated into French in 1540 and into English in 1590 by Anthony Munday. If Shelton was translating this sonnet from the Spanish, he would surely have entitled it '*Lady Oriana to Dulcinea of Toboso*'. Here is Shelton's text:

Happie those which, for more commoditie
and ease Dulcinea faire! could bring to passe

That GreeneWitch, where Toboso is might bee
 And London chang'd, where thy Knights village was.
 Happie she that might body and soule adorne
 With thy rich livery, and thy hie desire:
 And see thy happie Knight by honour borne
 In cruell combat, broaching out his Ire.
 But happiest she, that might so cleanly scape
 From Amadis, as thou hast whilome done
 From thy well manerd Knight, Courteous Quixote:
 O! were I shee, I'de envy now once hap,
 And had been merry, when I most did moane,
 And tane my pleasure, without paying shot.

This poem is so oddly worded and spelt that it looks as if some cypher may have been employed.

Cervantes' version of this poem is a pale reflection of Shelton's lines.

Senora Oriana to Dulcinea del Tobosa

Oh! whoever would have, lovely Dulcinea
 More comfort and more rest
 Than Miraflores placed in Tobosa
 And would exchange London with your village!
 Oh! who of your desires would free your soul
 And adorn your body, and of the famous
 Knight whom you made fortunate
 And would face any unequal fight.
 Oh! who would so escape
 From Senor Amadis as you did
 From the courteous knight Don Quixote!
 So envied outside, and would not envy
 And that the time that was sad was joyful
 And would enjoy the pleasures without price.

Amadis loves Oriana, who has been promised as a bride to the emperor of Rome. A footnote is given below these lines in the 1989 edition of *Don Quixote*, Ediciones Catreda, stating that "the castle of Miraflores was two leagues from London." J.M. Cohen's refusal to translate such lamentable verse is understandable; but it is inexcusable.

In the English version of *Don Quixote*, translated and edited by Samuel Putnam, the following flabby and misleading excuse is given, as in J M Cohen's translation, for totally omitting Cervantes' Preliminary Verses:

The Prologue is followed by a number of sets of burlesque verses, parodies on the poetical tributes to the author and his work, which commonly served to preface a book in Cervantes' time. With their involved humor and recondite allusions, these pieces are hardly to the taste of the modern reader.

While the verses in Shelton's text are easily understood and sometimes boldly worded, those in Cervantes' text are embarrassingly poor in quality and often incomprehensible. Some of them read like poor translations.

Shelton's sonnet, 'The Knight of the Sunne Alphebo, to Don-Quixote', has a good, almost Shakespearean ring:

My Sword could not at all compare with thine,
Spanish Alphebo! full of curtesie:
Nor thine armes valour can be matcht by mine,
Though I was fearde, where dayes both spring and die.
Empires I skorn'd and the vast Monarchie
Of th'orient ruddie (offred me in vaine)
I left, that I the soveraigne face might see
Of my Aurora, faire Claridiane,
Whom, as by miracle I surely lov'd:
So banisht by disgrace, even very hell
Quak't at mine arme, that did his furie tame:
But thou, illustrious Gothe, Quixote! hast prov'd
Thy valour of Dulcineas sake, so well,
As both on earth have gaind eternall fame.

In contrast, Cervantes' version of this poem lacks bone and sinew:

To your sword I do not equal mine,
Spanish Febo, curious courtier
Nor to the high valiant glory my hand,
Which sunbeam gives birth to and dies in a day.
Empires I scorned; the monarchy
That the Orient offered in vain
I left, to see the proud face
Of Claridiana, my beautiful dawn.
Loved by a rare and unique miracle
And, absent in disgrace, hell itself
Feared my arm, which tamed its rage.
But you, noble Quixote, illustrious and clear,
Through Dulcinea you are the eternal world,
And she, through you, famous, honest and wise.

Not surprisingly no Spanish literary critic has had a good word for these specimens of Cervantes' poetry. Some scholars have admitted that he may not have written the poems himself, but there is no consensus of opinion as to who the author may have been. The feeblest of the Preliminary Verses is one which does not appear in Shelton's text, 'To the Book of Don Quixote of La Mancha, from Urgando, the Unknown'. This is a long, rambling poem, which says very little and is full of platitudes:

These lines demonstrate the level of intelligence of the man who wrote them:

If you arrive at the good book,
Go with care.
The inexperienced will not tell you
That you do not know what you do...
And so experience shows
That he who arrives at a good tree,
Will find good shade...

Don't get into drawing
 Nor in knowing far-off lives -
 That which does not come nor go
 Passes by.
 You, who will burn the ashes
 Just to receive payment in good faith,
 Rather than he who is in need,
 Is given to perpetual censorship...
 Let the man of justice
 Go with lead feet
 So that he who brings into the light papers
 To entertain damsels
 Writes without order or concept.

These lines possibly suggest the existence of another man, who supplies the author with material which he can re-write in his own tongue.

If a comparison is made between the Cervantes and the Shelton versions of the last poem in this group, the picture becomes even clearer. One version is crisp and amusing; the other is limp and flat, bearing the hall-marks of a poor translation.

This is Cervantes' version:

Dialogue between Babieca and Rocinante

- B. Rocinante, why are you so thin?
 R. Because I never eat and I work.
 B. What of the barley and the hay?
 R. My master does not let me have even a mouthful.
 B. Come on, Senor, you are badly bred,
 and to the boss your asses tongue is an insult.
 R. Ass it is from the cradle to the shroud.
 Do you want to see it? Look with love.
 B. Is it necessary to love? R. It is not very wise
 B. You are a metaphysician. R. Its that I don't eat.
 B. Complain about the page. R. It is not enough.
 How can I complain about my pain
 If the master and the page or the butler
 Are as thin as Rocinante?

Shelton's text reads as follows:

A Dialogue between Babieca, Horse to the Cid
 A Famous Conqueror of Spaine: and Rozinante
 Don-Quixotes Courser

- BA.How haps it Rozinant, thou art so leane?
 RO.Because I travaile still, and never eate:
 BA.Thy want of Barley and Straw, what doe's it meane?

RO. That of my Lord, a bit I cannot get.
BA. Away, sir Jade! you are ill mannered,
 Whose Asses tongue, your Lord does thus abase
RO. If you would see how hees enamoured,
 You would conclude, that hees the greater Asse.
BA. Is love a folly? (Roz.) sure it is no wit
BA. Thou art a Metaphisitian, (Roz.) for want of meate.
BA. Complaine upon the Squire. (Roz.) what profits it?
 Or how shall I my wofull plaints repeate!
 Since though the world imputes slowness to me,
 Yet greater Jades my Lord and Sancho be.

One reason why J.M. Cohen has omitted these poems in his translation of Don Quixote could be that he did not want to reveal the poverty of Cervantes's text, appearing right next to the richness and exuberance of the novel itself.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER FIVE

WINDMILLS

It is in one of the early chapters (Part One, Ch.8) of *Don Quixote* that our hero charges into a windmill, the encounter which has become the most celebrated incident in the whole work. The actual attack is over and done with, surprisingly, .in only a few lines, and not much damage is done:

...he spurred on Rozinante, and encountered with the first Mill that was before him, and striking his Launce into the Sayle, the Winde swinged it about with such furie, that it broke his Launce into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbled him a good way off from it, on. the field in very evill plight.

After a brief conversation with Sancho Panza, both he and his old horse are able to resume their journey.

In this and the preceding chapter certain names are mentioned which arouse our curiosity. After just one day of adventure-seeking, which ends in disaster, the local priest, Quixote's barber, his cook and his niece throw out and burn all those books which they think must have addled his brain, having encouraged him to embark on his quest for adventure. They even block up and hide the door to his library. When he recovers, he cannot find this room. His old cook and his niece, who looks after him, spin an absurd yarn.

The cook starts by telling him that the Devil has taken his library away, but his niece tells a different story. Her peculiar fabrication and Quixote's unsurprised reaction are both strange and revealing.

It was not the Divell, said his Niese, but an Inchanter that came here one night upon a cloude... Alighting downe from a Serpent upon which he rode, he entred into the Studie, and he fledde out at the roofe of the house, and left all the house full of smoake: and when we accorded to see what he had done, we could neyther see booke or Studie And I do remember very well, that the naughty olde man at his departure, said with a loud voyce, that he, for hidden enmitie, that he bore to the Lord of those bookes, had done all the harme to the house: that they might perceive when he were departed, and added that he was named the wise Muniaton.

Freston, you would have said, quoth Don-Quixote. I know not, quoth the old woman, whether he hight Freston or Friton, but well I wot, that his name ended with Ton.

That is true, quoth Don-Quixote, but he is a very wise Inchanter, and my great adversary, and lookes on me with a sinister eye, for he knows by his arte and science, that I shal in time fight a single combat with a Knight his very great friend, and overcome him in battel without being able to be by him assisted, and

therefore he labours to doe me all the hurt he may; and I have sent him word that he strives in vaine to divert or shun that which is by heaven already decreed.

After resting for fifteen days, Don Quixote feels well enough to start out on another adventure. He and Sancho Panza “both departed one night out of the village unknowne to any person living”. In the morning they discover part of the country where the landscape is covered by “thirty or forty Windemills”. These, declares Quixote, are really giants. Paying no attention to Sancho’s attempts to make him see what they really are, the crazy knight aims his lance at one of the windmills and attacks it. After this ridiculous disaster, Quixote prostrate upon the ground, tells Sancho Panza that “the wise Freston who robbed my Studie and bookes, hath transformed these Giants into Mills, to deprive me of the glory of the victory”.

Here we have the quintessentially Quixotic episode, which has made both Quixote himself and tilting at windmills part of everyone’s vocabulary. If we look closer at the text, a clear landscape does indeed take shape. This stands out from other episodes in this long novel, as the author usually gives us few descriptive details and few personal names. But in this famous scene, the maddest, most absurd of all Quixote’s adventures, we have a collection of details to seize upon: a flying serpent, bearing the Inchanter, whose names are Muniaton and Freston, giants and many windmills. We are not allowed to overlook, or ignore, the name of Freston, as the old cook points out that, while she was not sure whether the Inchanter’s name was Freston or Friton, she was certain that the name he pronounced before flying away ended with Ton.

Spanish names do not end in -ton. No province, town or village in Spain has this ending. The author of *Don Quixote* has used a name which appears in a mythical romance, *Belianis de Grecia*, by Jeronimo Fernades (1547), a tale supposedly taken from a Greek text ‘by the learned Friston’. But in England this ending ‘-ton’ appears in many surnames and place names, as ‘ton’ is the Anglo-Saxon word for farm. Friston and Freston are two villages in Suffolk. In Sussex, near Eastbourne, is the village of Friston, originally spelt Freston; nearby villages are Alfriston (or Old Friston), Wilmington, Willington, Folkington, Jevington, Winton, Alciston, Littlington and Lullington and Charlston Manor. At Friston is Friston Place, a house built in the 15th century, in the early 17th century the home of Sir Thomas Selwyn. One of the rooms here is decorated with hunting scenes, painted around 1600. All four walls are beautifully painted, from floor to ceiling, with scenes of men, horses, animals and plants. The author of *Don Quixote* may well have stayed here.

Only two miles from this house, at the edge of the old forest, is the largest figure of man in Europe and Asia, the Long Man of Wilmington. This huge chalk outline of a man 227 feet high, holding two staves, could be over two thousand years old. He is, according to one legend, the Giant of Friston who was killed by the Giant of Firle, a village six miles away. He was struck by a large boulder and the outline marks the spot where he fell.

Even the tragic event before the encounter with the windmills, the burning of Quixote's library, has a link with an actual event in London - the burning of Dr. John Dee's library at Mortlake on the River Thames. In 1583 Dee communed with spirits and Queen Elizabeth made him her official astrologer. While this learned man was in Vienna, the locals decided that his library, containing the most complete collection of scientific and esoteric books in Britain, should be destroyed.

On the sky-line, within two hundred yards of the Long Man of Wilmington stood an old windmill, the Arlington or Windover Hill mill, which was destroyed by a fire in the 1880's. In the early 19th century there were more than 10,000 windmills working in Britain. In the first large scale map of Sussex, drawn in 1724, there were as many as sixty-six windmills in the county alone. It is possible that England was the first country to build windmills, as we understand that term. The earliest recorded mill was at Bury St. Edmunds, built in 1191. In the Domesday Book of 1086, as many as 155 windmills are recorded; some of them might have been water mills. Within sight of the windmill close to the Long Man were those at Friston, Firl and Jevington. The Sussex Downs were the ideal place for windmills, catching every breeze or gale there was. In the time of Cervantes there were few windmills in Spain.¹

The other name Don Quixote gives us for the Enchanter is Muniaton, a word which has baffled commentators in Spain and England. But if we divide the word into two, a possible meaning emerges. *Munire* in Latin is to fortify, to secure; *Aton* in ancient Egypt was the God of the Sun. The Egyptians believed that wisdom fortifies and illuminates the soul, which can itself become a true and living Sun-enlightened Aton. Muni-aton would thus signify the wisdom-enhanced spirit of the Sun. One of the traditional interpretations of the Long Man of Wilmington is that he is the Sun God.

So here in the county of Sussex, in the south-eastern corner of England, only sixty miles from London, we are in a land of windmills, of giants, of old legends and tales of single combat.

The final strange element in this chapter of *Don Quixote* is the flying serpent which descends near Quixote's house bearing the wise Enchanter. As before, we do not have to move away from Sussex to find just such a terrifying monster. Near the village of Lyminster, near Arundel, thirty-four miles to the west, is a small, deep pool of clear water, which is fed by a spring. This is the Knucker Hole. From the depths of this hole in ancient times a dragon of enormous size emerged. It had wings and it looked like a serpent. It would swoop down from the skies and seize the sheep, on whom the prosperity of this county depended. In Lyminster church to this day can be seen the gravestone of the man who finally slew this dragon. We even know his name, Jim Pulk. Around the pool, it was said, lay the bones of dead animals, devoured by the dragon, whose name was spelt Nucker, or Nickor, the Old English word for a water monster. In earlier times the country was preyed on by great sea-eagles, which have a wing span of ten feet. They could seize sheep and even babies, it was said, in their talons.²

Yet another clue is given when Quixote and Sancho Panza set out again, after resting for a fortnight. Before a local shepherd, who died of love, is buried in the fields by his friends, a long, tragic ode that he has written is read out to the assembled company:

Here is a brief excerpt:

Sometimes in hidden dales where nought appeares,
... among those vast and desart downes
The hollow echo indistinctly sounds

This is an excellent evocation of the still unspoilt, untroubled South Downs of Sussex.

It does not require much effort to put oneself in the shoes of our ancestors living four hundred years ago. Believing in the Devil, surrounded by spirits, demons and dragons, they could imagine that those huge machines called windmills were really watchful giants.³

Footnotes

1. Richard Ford, *Handbook for Spain*, 1842 Section 2
Vladimir Nabokov, *Lectures on Don Quixote*, Weidenfeld, 1983 p.xvi. Windmills “were an innovation in seventeenth century Spain.” Guy Davenport.
2. Simpson J, *British Dragons*, 1980
3. Tony Wales, *Sussex Customs*, Ensign 1990, 68, 69

As Don Quixote spurred on his horse in his charge against the mill, the sails began to turn. “Thou shalt stoope to me”, he shouted, “although thou movedst more armes than the giant Briareo”. Briareus, one of the titans of ancient Greece and Rome, had one hundred arms. In Bacon’s *Advancement of Learning*, he mentions “a Basilisk, a Centaur, a Briareus, an Hydra”, as creatures which cannot be taken as examples of nature. And in his essay, *Of Delays*, he advises us “to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argos, with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed.”

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER SIX

ENGLISH HISTORY

Don Quixote first saw the light of day in Madrid only seventeen years after the defeat of the First Spanish Armada, and only six years after the fourth and last Armada. Cervantes himself was one of the vast army of officials and labourers who supplied the large, well-armed fleet and army with food, live-stock and ammunition. God would surely make the country victorious and all the effort put into this holy war would be repaid. The English navy was small; the army was unprepared, poorly armed and scattered throughout the country. Most of the Spanish troops were already near at hand, on the Dutch coast, ready to invade across the narrow English channel. With understandable confidence, the Pope, Sixtus V, promised the King of Spain a million ducats once Queen Elizabeth and her subjects had been defeated.

In 1598 the famous dramatist, Lope de Vega, published *La Dragentea*, an epic in ten cantos, a violent attack on England and Francis Drake, *el Dragon*. The last man to write favourably about England at this time, one would have thought, would be a Spaniard who had lost the use of one hand in a battle against the Turkish infidels, and had worked for three years collecting fodder for the sailors and soldiers who were about to defeat the English heretics. Nevertheless, in spite of the general feeling in Spain of humiliation, anger and resentment after the Armada's debacle, there is no hostility towards England in any of the nine hundred pages of *Don Quixote*.

On the contrary, the author shows considerable interest in, and admiration of England. In one of the early chapters of the book, soon after his battle with the windmills, Don Quixote entertains a group of goat-herds with a lesson in English history.

These goat-herds are not only hospitable; some of them are highly articulate. One of them, Peter, tells Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, in great detail, the story of a local shepherdess, Marcela, who attracts but rejects all the shepherds in the region. This speech takes up five pages.

One of these disappointed shepherds has died of grief, and is about to be buried. On their way to the funeral the following day, Don Quixote, asked why he travels around the country wearing armour and carrying a lance, tells his new friends that he is a Knight Errant. They suspect that he is mad, so they ask him what he means. Don Quixote regales the party with a long speech, the subject of which is English history.

Have you not read then, quoth Don-Quixote, the Histories and Annals of England, wherein are treated the famous actes of King Arthur, whom we continually call in our Castilian Romance, King Artus? of whom it is an auncient and common tradition in the Kingdome of Great Brittain that hee never died, but that he was turned into a Crow, and that in processe of time hee shall returne againe to raigne, and recover his Scepter and kingdome. For which reason, it cannot bee proved that ever since that time untill this, any Englishman hath killed a Crow. In this good Kings time was first instituted the famous order of Knighthood of the Knights of the Round Table, and the love that is there recounted, did in every respect

passee as it is laid downe between Sir Launcelot du Lake, and Queene Genever, the honourable Ladie Quintaniona being a dealer, and privie therto.

Whence sprung that so famous a Dittie, and so celebrated here in Spaine, of, “Never was a Knight of Ladies so well served, as Launcelot, when that he in Britanie arrived,” etc. With that progresse so sweet and delightfull of his amorous and valiant actes: and from that time forward the order of Knight went from hand to hand, dilating and spreading itselfe through many and sundry parts of the world: and in it were famous and renouned for their feats of armes, the valiant Amadis of Gaule, with all his progenie untill the fift generation: and the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never-duely praysed Tirante the White, together with Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwick, Sir Eglemore, with divers others of that nation and age.

Part One, ch.13

In Cervantes’ version of this lecture, he makes no mention of Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwicke, Sir Eglemore and the other heroes ‘of that nation and age’.¹ If he was passing off this long novel as his own creation, he may well have thought that the inclusion of these men would suggest too clearly the nationality of the real author. When writing of another country, an author should not apply local colour in too much detail. In the Shakespeare play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the characters is Sir Eglamour, a noble old knight.

If this extraordinary excursion into English history was written by Cervantes, it is strange that in his other works he shows not the slightest interest in the English. Undeterred by this verbose description, one of his companions tells Quixote that “you have profest one of the most austere professions in the world: And I doe constantly hold, that even that of the Charterhouse monkes is not neere so straight.” Whereupon our hero launches forth into another homily, comparing Knight errantry and the monastic discipline.

Having openly admitted that Dulcinea, a butcher’s daughter, has no blue blood in her veins, Quixote then pays a delightful tribute to her peasant lineage. We could use this ourselves if, in a similar situation, we wanted to defend our own plebeian background. Dulcinea’s lineage, Quixote tells his companions, “though it be moderne, is such as may give a generous beginning to the most Noble families of ensuing ages.”

It is natural for anyone reading *Don Quixote* to accept, to assume Cervantes’ authorship, when Spanish place names and surnames are mentioned. But there is a weak point in such an assumption. Place-names and surnames are chosen by a writer as the easiest device for suggesting first-hand knowledge and experience. A place-name can provide just the right background music for the narrative. The author of *Don Quixote* admits this freely in his Preface to the Reader, in which a friend is telling the author how to write convincingly.

To show thou art learned and a Cosmographer, take occasion to mention the river Tagus, and thou shalt presently find thy selfe stored with an other notable notation, that is Lisborne the sands thereof are of gold.

In the scene of the funeral of the disappointed shepherd we find this suggestion carried out literally. Before the poor man is lowered into his grave, an ode that he had composed is read out to the assembled company of goat-herds and peasants. This noble oration is 133 lines long, covering three pages. Here is a brief quotation:

The dolefull Echoes of so great confusion
Shall not resound o’re father Tagus sands,
Of my dire pangs I’le onely make confession.

(part One, ch.14)

Cervantes is unable to match Shelton in a passage relating to Grisostome, the scholar turned shepherd who dies of unrequited love, having been spurned by the shepherdess, Marcela. In Shelton's text we see him using a mispronounced word to denote rustic ignorance:

It was reported of him, that he was skilfull in Astronomie, and all that which passed above in heaven, in the Sunne and the Moone; for he would tell us most punctually the clips of the Sunne and the Moone.

All Cervantes can do here is to write:

They said he knew the science of the stars and that which happens in the sky, the sun and moon, because punctually he told us the cris of the sun and moon.

As there is no such word as 'cris', it looks as if the man who translated *Don Quixote* into Spanish failed to find a Spanish equivalent at this point, a word which a peasant might use, thinking it meant eclipse. The orthodox scenario, of a Spanish work being translated into English, is surely impossible here.

This scenario is also difficult to envisage in Chapter 5, where Shelton tells us what Quixote's real name was. After another disastrous encounter, Quixote is discovered lying on the ground by a peasant, 'The labourer remained much astonished, hearing these follies; and taking off his vizard, which with the Lackeys blowes was broken all to pieces, he wiped his face that was full of poulder (powder); and scarce had he done it when he knew him, to whom he said; Master Quixada, (for so he was probably called when he had his wits, before he left the state of a staide Yeoman, to become a wandring Knight).

In the Spanish text this name is Senior Quijana.

If Shelton was the translator, he would surely have given this original version of the hero's name. However, in a translation from English into Spanish, such a spelling - Quijana - is understandable, as it avoids the use of 'x' in the name. In a modern Spanish dictionary there are no Spanish words beginning with this letter, apart from two words which are international and basically Greek, xenophobia and xylophone. Don Quixote is indeed an odd name to choose for a Spanish hero. To a Frenchman, the name, if pronounced *Don Quichotte*, sounds like *Don qui s'ote*, the knight who hides himself, or *d'on qui s'ote*, by one who hides himself.

Another surprising discrepancy can be found in the same chapter. In Shelton's text we read:

That night the old woman burned all the bookes that she found in the house and yard, and some there were burned that deserved for their worthnesse to be kept in everlasting Treasuries, if their fortunes and the laziness of the searchers had permitted it.

Cervantes does not use the Spanish word for 'searchers' here, *buscadores*. The word he chooses is '*escrutinador*', the inquisitor, a much more frightening noun. If Shelton was the translator, he would surely have used the same word in English, the inquisitors. As the whole episode of the destruction of Quixote's books is a thinly disguised attack on the Inquisition, it seems that Cervantes took this opportunity to give this episode a sharper edge by using the more ominous word for the men who were committing Quixote's books to the flames. The whole scene is described in such a light-hearted manner that some readers, Cervantes might have reckoned, would not see the real bitterness beneath the surface. Choosing this word was a courageous decision.

Of the pleasant and curious search and inquisition made by the Curate and Barber, of Don-Quixotes Librarie.

On one occasion Don Quixote clearly asked for punishment when he seized hold of Maritornes, an Asturian girl, who in darkness was making her way to the bed of her lover, a porter, lying in the same bedroom in an inn. This damsel was 'broad-faced, saddle-nosed, blinde in one eye' but 'the comelinesse of her bodie' compensated for her defects. Quixote imagined her hair "to be wires of the gold of Arabia", and that her breath, "which certainly smelled like to stale salt fish, seemed unto him a most redolent, aromatical and sweet smell".

Before she enters this bedroom, Quixote allows his imagination to colour his thoughts. This rough inn was surely a famous castle and the Asturian wench had no doubt been 'overcome by his comliness and valour'. She would come to solace him for the wounds sustained in the latest of his disastrous adventures. Imagining the pleasures that lay in store, he reluctantly remembered his vows to his imagined patronness, Dulcinea.

He began to be vexed in minde, and to think on the dangerous trance, wherein his honesty was like to fall, and did firmly purpose in heart not to commit any disloyaltie against his Lady Dulcinea of Tobosa, although very Queene Genever with her Lady Queintanonia should come to sollicite him.

(Part 1, ch.16)

The latter part of this sentence certainly presented Cervantes with some problems. His version clearly indicates which text was the original, and which was a tame rendering.

He began to be disturbed and to think of the critical danger to which his honour was exposed, deciding in his heart to commit no treason against the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Ginebra and her lady Quintanonia should appear before him.

The words that are different in these two versions reveal bowdlerisation. Understandably Cervantes has taken steps to eliminate or diminish the remarkably clear eroticism in Shelton's sentence. The modern spelling of the lady's name in Shelton's text would be Lady Cuntanonia - and English readers would probably not know that the suffix '-anonia' in Spanish means large. In England Shelton found it necessary to use an old spelling for cunt, one employed by Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales*. In *Twelfth Night*, written about the same time as *Don Quixote*, Shakespeare decided to spell this word, letter by letter, rather than mention it clearly. "By my life", says Malvolio, examining the fake letter, "this is my lady's hand. These be her C's, her U's and her T's". If Cervantes had used this word, he would have found himself in trouble. The whole book would have been destroyed, like the volumes in Quixote's library, such was the Christian Churches' hatred of sexual words, especially this one.

So Cervantes chose 'quinta', the word for a country house or villa, Lady Quintanonia. Where Shelton tells us that this lady would solicit him, that is to say, offer him sexual pleasures, Cervantes states only that she would appear. To eliminate her English nationality, Queen Genever, or Guinivere, is changed to Queen Ginebra, which is not the Spanish name for Guenevere. She now becomes Queen Geneva.

At the end of this chapter, after Quixote has been severely battered by the porter for having laid hands on his woman, we are given a final reference to that grand old English institution, the Knights of the Round Table, an incongruous note in the circumstances.

After he departed, the Inne-Keeper thought to have shut up the Inne doore againe, but the Gentlemen tossers would not permit, being such folke, that if Don-Quixote were verily one of the Knights of the round Table, yet would not they esteeme him two chips.

Footnotes

1- was a late thirteenth or early fourteenth century verse-romance, based on a twelfth century Anglo-Norman *chanson de geste*, *Beuves de Hanstone*.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER SEVEN

QUEEN MADASIMA AND MASTER ELISABAT

A constant feature in *Don Quixote* is our hero's forbearance, his compassion and concern for all those who are suffering in mind or body. He takes great pains to find Cardenio, a young man in distress who has become a bedraggled hermit. When at last he and Sancho Panza find him, in a wild, deserted, mountainous region, they see a poor creature, wearing a torn leather jerkin, who comes towards them "murmuring somewhat to himself". Quixote tells Cardenio that he will do anything he can to help him. Having given him something to eat, Quixote and Sancho are taken to a little meadow and there Cardenio, at great length, explains why he is now leading such a wretched life. It is a tale of thwarted love.

Cardenio explains that he is of noble birth, and that he was in love with a beautiful girl, Luscinda, "a damzel as noble and rich as I", who lived in the same city. They wished to marry, but her father, "for certaine good respects" denied Cardenio "the entrance of his house any longer." Surprises now begin. In doing this, we are told, the father was imitating "Tisbi, so much solemnized by the Poets." The only authors who had written about Thisbe, apart from Ovid, ¹ were Jorge de Montemayor in 1561 and Shakespeare. In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, first printed in 1600, the tragic story of Pyramus and his beloved is enacted by Bottom and his friends.

The next surprise occurs when Cardenio finds it difficult to resume his narrative after an interruption from Quixote, who is delighted to hear that Luscinda "took marvellous delight in a book of chivalry". At this point Cardenio stops talking and hangs "his head on his brest, giving manifest tokens that he was exceeding sad." After a long pause he makes this strange declaration:

"It cannot be taken out of my minde, nor is there any one in the world can deprive me of the conceit, or make mee beleeve the contrary: and he were a bottle-head, that would thinke or beleeve otherwise then that the great villaine, Master Elisabat the Barber kept Queene Madasima as his Lemman" - the medieval word for lover.

(Part 1, ch.24)

Don Quixote understands exactly what Cardenio is saying.

Uncharacteristically he loses his temper, curses him and vigorously contradicts him, saying "it is great malice, or rather villainy to say such a thing. For Queene Madasima was a very noble Lady, and it ought not to be presumed that so high a Princesse would fall in love with a Quack-salver. Whosoever thinkes the contrary, lies like an arrant villaine. I will make him understand, a horsebacke or a foote, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, or as he best liketh." Quixote, we are told, was "mightily disgusted to heare Queene Madasima detracted", for he "tooke her defence as earnestly as if she were verily his true and naturall Princesse".

In a fit of anger Cardenio hurls a stone at Quixote, who falls to the ground in agony. Sancho Panza strikes the young man with his fist, receives a blow in return and is stamped on when he too is lying prostrate. A goat-herd

who is with them is also struck to the ground, and Cardenio walks away in fury. When they all recover, Sancho asks his master why he had defended Queen Madasima. Quixote's reply tells us a little more about the queen and Elisabat.

If thou knewest as well as I did, how honourable and principall a Lady was Queene Madasima, thou wouldest rather say that I had great patience, seeing I did not strike theze on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is a very great dishonour to averre or thinke that any Queene would fall in love with a Barber. For the truth of the History is, that Master Elisabat was very prudent, and a man of sound judgement, and served the Queene as her Tutor and Phisician. But to thinke that she was his Lemman is a madnesse worthy the severest punishment.

Any Knight errant is bound to turne for the honour of women, of what quality soever, against mad or unmad men. How much more for a Queene of so high degree and worth, as was Queene Madasima, to whom I beare particular affections for her good parts? For besides her being marvellous beautifull, shee was moreover very prudent and patient in her calamities, which were very many, and the company and counsels of Master Elisabat proved very beneficiall, and necessary to induce her to beare her mishaps with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar tooke occasion to suspect and affirme, that she was his friend, but I say again they lie, and all those that doe thinke or say it, doe lie a thousand times."

Who is Queen Madasima? Who is her physician, Master Elisabat, whom Quixote defends so passionately? In Cervantes' text, these names appear as *la reina Madasima* and *maestro Elisabat*. The author of *Don Quixote* has taken the names of two unconnected characters from a mid-fourteenth century Castilian romance. In *Amadis of Gaule*, Madasime was not a queen but one of three attendants waiting on princess Grasinda; Helizabad was a surgeon. Could the author have had real people in mind?

Could Queen Madasima be Queen Elizabeth? Could Master Elisabat be the Portuguese physician, Roderigo Lopez, employed by Elizabeth? He had attended Sir Francis Walsingham, the queen's secretary, and then the Earl of Leicester. He was one of only a hundred Jews in London at this time, an accomplished linguist with friends in Spain. Although he became a Christian, he was described in 'Leycester's Commonwealth' of 1584, an anonymous libel on Leicester, as 'Lopez the Jew'.

Accusations were heaped upon Lopez's head, the most serious being the charge of plotting to poison the Queen. In 1594 he was tried at the Guildhall before a special commission, presided over by the Earl of Essex. In charge of the prosecution was Sir Edward Coke, the solicitor-general. He described Lopez as a 'perjured and murdering villain and Jewish doctor, worse than Judas himself.' In a letter of Sir Robert Cecil, we read that 'a most substantial jury found him guilty of all the treasons.' At Tyburn, Hyde Park Corner, he was hanged, drawn and quartered, that is strung up, castrated, disembowelled and dismembered. Public hangings at Tyburn continued until 1783. Two other Portuguese, Stephano Ferrera and Manuel Tinoco, who had incriminated Lopez, then shared the same fate. They all suffered as victims of the Earl of Essex, the leader of the anti-Spanish party in England, who was determined to find Lopez guilty. They also found themselves the target of Christian anti-semitic and English anti-Spanish hatred.

This trial made such a deep impression on the public that Lopez figured in several plays, the anonymous *England's Joy*, performed at the Swan Theatre on Bankside in 1602, in Middleton's *Game of Chess*, Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* and Marlowe's *Faustus*.

In these plays the Lopez figure is the villain, but in another play, the most famous play about a Jew, *The Merchant of Venice*, first printed in 1600, Shylock is presented with, for those days, some sympathy, and the Christians who villify him with some scorn.

The official report on Dr Lopez was written by Francis Bacon. It was entitled 'A True Report on the Detestable Treason, intended by Doctor Roderigo Lopez, a physician attending upon the person of the Queen's Majesty, whom he, for a sum of money, promised to be paid by the King of Spain, did undertake to have destroyed by poison.' Lopez was incriminated by the evidence, how true we do not know, of other Spaniards and Portuguese, who were arrested on charges of espionage. Bacon, in this report, shows he is definite in his belief that Lopez was guilty. Later he wrote with admiration of the Jews in *The New Atlantis*, his vision of Utopia. In this work, his attitude is clearly philosemitic. And in his essay on Usury, a Jewish practice, he declared that "Since there must be borrowing and lending; and men are so hard of heart as they will not lend freely, usury must be permitted." This was a bold statement. At that time usury was the accepted word for money lending, a service which the Jews provided. Christian doctrine preached that lending money with interest was a sin. Bacon may have felt, full of remorse, that Lopez was in fact innocent, as Elizabeth herself thought, until Essex and her ministers persuaded her to allow the sentence to be carried out.

Could Francis Bacon be the author of *Don Quixote*? In the same chapter in which we read Quixote's spirited defence of Queen Madasima and Master Elizabat, he talks of "a well disposed Common wealth". This term, this concept, was born and developed in England, having been used for the first time in 1470 in Harding's Chronicle. In Cervantes' text, the word used is simply "republica". If Shelton was the translator, we would have expected him to use the word 'republic'. The two words are not synonymous.

Shelton. *Don Quixote* Book 3 Chapter 11

When a painter would become rare and excellent in his arte, he procures to imitate the patternes of the most singular Master of his science. This rule runnes currant throughout all other trades and exercises of account, which serve to adorne a well disposed Common wealth.

(Part One, ch.25)

Bacon. *New Atlantis*

I have read in a book of one of your men of a feigned (imagined) commonwealth.

In the Shakespeare plays the word 'commonwealth' is mentioned 27 times, and 'common-weal' ten times. Many people have reason to consider that the author of these plays was Francis Bacon.- When he wrote *New Atlantis* in 1624, his chaplain and secretary, Rev William Rawley, in a brief introduction to this work, summed it up in these words: "His lordship thought best in this fable to have composed a frame of laws, of the best state of a commonwealth." In Part 6 of *Novum Organum* Bacon wrote: "Believing' that I was born for the service of mankind; and regarding the care of the commonwealth as a kind of common property, which like the air and the water belongs to everybody, I set myself to consider in what way mankind might best be served, and what service I was myself by nature best fitted to perform."

A further clue which leads us to Francis Bacon is Cardenio. The author of *Don Quixote* chose for this wild young man an Italian, not a Spanish name. Both in the drama of the period in England and in real life, this name, or a variation, plays a significant role. *Cardenio*, a play which is now lost, was acted at court in 1612. It has been assumed that the plot involves Cardenio and Lucinda, as told in *Don Quixote*. In 1550 Geroni, a friend of Leonardo da Vinci and Cardinal Richelieu, came to England from Italy. In London he stayed with Sir John Cheke, Provost of Cambridge, and here he met the Duke of Northumberland and John Dee, the Queen's

astrologer. An authority on mathematics, astronomy, physics and medicine, and the author of a system for teaching the blind to read and write, he also invented the grille system for writing secret messages, a method which has been named after him - the Cardano grille. He died in 1576. Bacon developed Cardano's system by using numbers as well as letters on a grid pattern.

If Francis Bacon was the author of *Don Quixote*, it is hard to believe that he wrote over nine hundred pages without giving us a single clue relating to his identity, his name. If one's name is Lamb, Peach, Partridge - or Bacon - and one wants to put this name in the text, there is no difficulty. On the next page after Quixote's passionate defence of Queen Madasima and Master Elisabat, Sancho Panza blurts out a string of meaningless pseudo-proverbs. They are meaningless in English and in Spanish.

I come from the Vineyard, I know nothing. I am not a friend to know other men's lives. For he that byes and lies, shal feele it in his purse. How much more seeing I was borne naked, and am now naked, I can neither win nor lose? And if they were levyed, what is that to me? And many thinke there is Bacon, and *there is but stakes?* But how can they set gates to the field, specially seeing they spake ill of God himselfe?

Good God, quoth Don-Quixote, how many follies hast thou inserted here?

The same meaningless and pointless proverb occurs in four other places in *Don Quixote*. In each case Cervantes uses the same word, 'tocinos', bacon, but Shelton gives another word which is completely different. Cohen, in the Penguin translation, prefers to omit the word, 'bacon' in three of these quotations.

- CERVANTES: And many think that there is bacon and there are no stakes.
Book 1, ch25
- COHEN (1950) Plenty of people expect to find bacon where there's not so much as a hook to hang it on.
Penguin, p.201
- SHELTON: Many think there is Bacon and there is but stakes?
vol.1 p.232
- CERVANTES: Where there is no bacon, there are no stakes.
Book 2, ch.10.
- COHEN: where there are no flitches, there are no hooks. Penguin,p525
- SHELTON: Sweet meat must have sowre sauce. Vol.3 p.75
- CERVANTES: where one thinks there is bacon, there are no stakes
Book 2, ch.55
- COHEN: where you think there are flitches,there aren't even hooks.
Penguin, 827
- SHELTON: where we think to fare well,there is oft ill usage.
vol.4, p.139
- CERVANTES: there is not always bacon where there are stakes.

COHEN:	there aren't always fitches where there are hooks.	Book 2, ch.65. Penguin, p.893
SHELTON:	you know that sweet meat must have sowre sauce.	vol.4, p.214
CERVANTES:	many see where there are stakes there is no bacon.	Book 2, ch.73
COHEN:	often where there are hooks, there's no bacon.	Penguin, p.932)
SHELTON:	oftentimes when there be Bootes, there be no Spurres.	vol.4, p.264

If Bacon wrote *Don Quixote* and deliberately placed his name, with a capital B, in the first appearance of this odd sentence, why did he not use this word in the other four sentences? Why did Cervantes repeat this mock proverb five times? These questions are not easy to answer. It could be argued that, using the word 'Bacon' only once, Francis Bacon is drawing our attention to that one occasion out of the five when this proverb occurs in the Spanish version. When a meaningless proverb is repeated five times in one book, the author is surely drawing our attention to it. If the 'Bacon' in the first sentence does not refer to the author, then all five sentences are completely meaningless. No Spanish commentator has come up with any understandable explanation of this proverb. In these five appearances of this one statement, in its various forms in English, only one has a common noun starting with a capital letter. If this was the only possible clue that this word is in fact the author's name, of course it could be disregarded. In view of the mass of evidence in favour of Bacon's authorship, it cannot be ignored.

On this page 'Bacon' is the only common noun which is printed with a capital letter, apart from 'Master', 'Knight', 'Knighthood', 'Chivalry' and 'Die'. ('The Die might runne in such sorte'). Here, and elsewhere in the book, nouns for ordinary objects, such as food, furniture, houses, are always written without a capital letter. The sentence in which 'Bacon' is mentioned does not ask a question, yet it ends with a question mark. In addition, it is deliberately meaningless. In the Tudor Translation series, published in 1896, the Shelton translation has been altered by one word. The publisher has tried to give this sentence at least a superficial meaning by taking out the 'and' and the comma, and substituting 'where'. "And many thinke there is Bacon where there is but stakes?" To confirm the meaninglessness of this sentence, Shelton has written the final word as 'stakes' not 'steaks'. Cervantes confirms that this is the correct spelling, as his word here is '*estacas*' not '*fileta*'. As a final pointer, we have Quixote exclaiming 'Good God! How many follies hast thou inserted here'. This verb is telling us quite plainly that something, a sentence or a word, has been deliberately placed there.

It is significant that Cervantes does not use the word 'inserted'. Instead he writes: "What foolish things (*necedades*) you have strung together!", translated by Cohen as "what a string of nonsense!"

With all these pointers it is hardly necessary to underline 'Bacon' or print all five letters in capitals.

There is still more to discover in this single sentence. Cervantes worded it as follows:

Y muchos piensan que hay tocinos y no hay estacas.

And many think that there is bacon and there are no stakes.

J.M. Cohen, in the Penguin translation, has chosen to make some alterations:

Plenty of people expect to find bacon where there is not so much as a hook to hang it on.

On page 232, line 4, of the 1612 edition of *Don Quixote*, we read “And many thinke there is Bacon, and there is but stakes?”

The Spanish word for ‘hook’ is *gancho*; so we have here a deliberate mistranslation. When a translator makes such an obvious departure from the author’s text, it is clear that he is adding some additional meaning. It is not hard to see that he is trying to discourage any idea that a reader might have, that Francis Bacon may be the real author. On four other occasions this meaningless proverb appears in *Don Quixote*. Each time Cohen mistranslates ‘*estacas*’ as ‘hooks’. Instead of translating *tocinos* as ‘bacon’, he uses the word ‘fitches’ the second, third and fourth time this sentence appears. Where it comes up for the last time, Cohen writes ‘Often where there are hooks, there’s no bacon’, as a final innuendo.

Spanish commentators give no explanation. In the *Classicos Castalia* edition (1978) a footnote merely offers the following interpretation: Many think that there is bacon and even if there are no stakes from which it hangs.’

Even if the meaning here is that the bacon is left to cure, hanging from a row of stakes, the sentence is still pointless. In this footnote reference is made to a book of Spanish proverbial phrases (Gonzalo Correas, *Vocabulario de refranes y frases proverbiales*, 1627) which gives a similar sentence: ‘where they think there is bacon, there are no stakes’. (*donde piensan ke ai tozinos, no ai estakas*’).

We have yet another significant name in *Don Quixote*. One of the knight’s friends, who makes a brief appearance in The Second Part, chapter 14, is Thomas Cecial, “my neighbour and my Gossip” (a word which could mean godfather or close friend). All the Spanish commentators can offer is that this strange surname “alludes to the name given to hake or salted and dried fish.” (*Classicos Castalia*, 1978)

Sir Thomas Cecil was a neighbour of Francis Bacon’s, living only five miles from Twickenham at Wimbledon Park. He was also one of Bacon’s cousins and a good friend. Sir Thomas was the eldest son of Lord Burghley, the Secretary of State, whose second wife, Mildred Cooke, was the sister of Sir Nicholas Bacon’s wife, Ann. Sir Thomas’ son, Richard, often came to Twickenham Park, Bacon’s villa, with its 67 acres of parkland on the Thames, opposite Richmond Palace, given to him, with the Queen’s permission, by the Earl of Essex.

“The following pages contain quotations by Cervantes/Shelton, Bacon and Shakespeare. The appearance of identical or similar phrases in each column points unequivocally to one single author.

SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
One swallow makes not a summer. Pt 1, ch.13	One swallo maketh no summer. Promus 85	The swallow follows not summer. Timon, 3 vi
All is not gold that glistreth. Pt 2, ch.33, 48	All is not gold that glisters. Promus 92	All that glisters is not gold. Merchant, 2, vii

<p>He that gives quickly, gives twice. Pt 1, ch.34</p> <p>God and St. George! Pt 2, ch.64</p> <p>Might overcomes right. Pt 2, ch.43</p> <p>He who does not rise with the sun does not enjoy the day. Pt 2, ch.23</p> <p>Ingratitude is the daughter of pride,and one of the greatest sins. Pt 2, ch.51</p> <p>fuller of anger than revenge Pt 2, ch.58</p> <p>SHELTON/CERVANTES</p>	<p>He who gives quickly, gives twice. Promus 104</p> <p>Might overcomes right. Promus 103</p> <p>To rise early is very healthy. Diliculo surgere saluberrimum est. Promus 112</p> <p>BACON</p>	<p>God and St. George! 1 Henry VI, Richard III 3 Henry VI 4, ii</p> <p>O God, that might should overcome this right. Henry IV, pt 2,4, i</p> <p>Diliculo surgere, thou knowest. Twelfth Night 2,ii</p> <p>Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend! Lear 1, iv</p> <p>more in sorrow than in anger. Hamlet 1, ii</p> <p>SHAKESPEARE</p>
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<p>At night all cats are grey. Pt 2, ch.33</p> <p>Gods helpe is better than early rising. Pt 2, ch.34</p> <p>He that is warned is half armed. Pt 2, ch.17</p> <p>A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Pt 2, ch.7,12</p> <p>Know thyself, Pt 2, ch.52</p> <p>Look not a given horse in the mouth. Pt 2, ch.4</p> <p>All you have said and done is levelled out by the line of Reason ...If the Statutes and Ordinances of Knight Errantry were lost,they might be found again in your brest, as in their own Storehouse and Register. Pt2, ch 17</p>	<p>All colours will agree in the dark. Essays, 'Of Unity in Religion'</p> <p>It is better to have God's help than to keep getting up early. (in Spanish) Promus 83</p> <p>Warned and half armed.Promus 103 same, in Spanish 95</p> <p>Make much of yourself: Promus 85</p> <p>To look a given horse in the mouth. Promus 100</p> <p>Knowledge is a rich Storehouse(promus)for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. Advancement of Learning. Bk.1, ch.5</p>	<p>The cat is gray. Lear 3, vi</p> <p>Look to it well,and say you are well warned. 1Henry VI, 2,iv</p> <p>The bird that has been limed in a bush misdoubteth every bush. 3 Henry VI, 5, vi</p> <p>Know thyself. As You Like It, 3, v</p>
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SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
The weakest go to the walls. Pt. 2,ch.37		The weakest goes to the wall. Romeo and Juliet, 1,i

<p>through narrow chinkes and Cranyes. Pt-2 Prologue</p> <p>It is such,as is able to make make marble relent. Pt 2, ch.38</p> <p>All comparisons are odious. Pt 2, ch.23</p> <p>the Rampire or fortresse of Widdowes. Pt 2, ch.72</p> <p>The honest woman gets not a good name only with being good,but in appearing so. Pt 2, ch.22</p> <p>the naked truth Pt 2, ch.2</p> <p>Honours change manners. Pt 2, ch.4</p> <p>the labyrinth of confusions. Pt 2, ch.60</p> <p>SHELTON/CERVANTES</p>	<p>revealing day through every cranny peepes Northumberland MS</p> <p>Machiavel directs men to have little regard for virtue itself,but only for the show and public reputation of it. De Augmentis, VII 2</p> <p>BACON</p>	<p>revealing day through every cranny spies. Rape of Lucrece,1086</p> <p>for stone at rain relenteth. Venus and Adonis, 200</p> <p>Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges. Much Ado, 3,v.(Palabras, Spanish, words.)</p> <p>our rampired gates. Timon, 5, iv</p> <p>Assume a virtue, if you have it not. Hamlet 3,iv</p> <p>the naked truth LLL 4, ii</p> <p>What is breeding that changeth thus his manners? Winter's Tale 1,ii</p> <p>lost in the labyrinth of thy fury. Troilus 2, iii</p> <p>SHAKESPEARE</p>
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<p>I know where my shoe wrings me, Pt2, 33</p>	<p>Myself can tell best where my shoe wrings me. Promus 96</p>	<p>Here's the pang that pinches. Henry VIII 2,iii</p>
<p>I confesse truely to you, there is no kinde of life more unquiet, nor more full of feares than ours. I have fallen into it by I know not what desires of revenge, that have power to trouble the most quiet hearts. Pt 2 ch.60</p>	<p>Revenge is a kind of wild justice. In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy. A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green. Essays, Of Revenge.</p>	<p>Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, blood and revenge are hammering in my head. Titus Andronicus, 2,iii</p>
<p>Dulcinea of Tobosa, the subject on which the extremitie of all commendations may rightly be conferred, how hyper-bolicall soever it may be. Pt 2, ch.73</p>	<p>The speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Essays, Of Love.</p>	
<p>If the blinde guide the blinde, both will be in danger to fall into the pit. Pt.2,ch.13</p>	<p>This makes poor lovers as blind horses,ever going round about in a wheel;when blind love leads blind fortune, how can they keep out of the ditch? Speeches for a Masque, 1575</p>	<p>Fortune is painted blind. Henry V 3,vi</p>

SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
<p>Fortune is a drunken, longing woman, and withall blinde, so shee sees not what she doth; neither knowes whom she casts down,or whom she raiseth up. Pt.2, ch.66</p> <p>Every man is the Artificer of his own fortune. Pt.2,ch.66 Everyone is the sonne of his own workes. Pt.1,ch.47</p> <p>An untruth is so much the more pleasing, by how much nearer it resembles the truth. Pt1, ch.47</p> <p>Between a woman's aye and no, I would he loth to put a pin's point. Pt.2, ch.19</p> <p>The manner wherewithall you have recounted this marvailous successe, hath been such, as it may be parrangond to the novelty and the strangenesse of the event itself. Part 1,ch.42.</p>	<p>If a man look sharply and attentively,he shall see Fortune: for though she be blind, yet she is not in - visible. Essays, Of Fortune</p> <p>But chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands. Essays, Of Fortune.</p> <p>A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure, Essays, Of Truth. According to the proverb of Spain, <u>Di mentira, y sacaras verdad</u>, 'Tell a lie and find the truth.' Advancement of Learning, 1605</p>	<p>But love is blind, and lovers cannot see. Merchant, 2,vi</p> <p>For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,whether love lead fortune,or else fortune love. Hamlet,2,ii</p> <p>when we are sick in fortune - often the surfeit of our own behaviour Lear,1,ii</p> <p>Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point. Much Ado, 2,iii</p> <p>He hath achieved a maid that paragons description and wild fame. Othello, 2,i.</p>
SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
<p>She pulled out a great Pin, or rather, a little Bodkin P t.2,ch.48</p> <p>And it more tormenteth me That I feele,yet must conceale. Pt.2,ch.38</p> <p>Come death, hidden, without paine/ let me not thy comming know. Pt.2,ch.38</p> <p>I desired my Brother that he would cloath me in mans apparell, in one of his suits. Part 2,ch.49</p>		<p>when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin? Hamlet, 3,i</p> <p>But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue. Hamlet. 1 , ii</p> <p>Come away, come away, death...Twelfth Night, 2,iv.</p> <p>Were it not better that I did suit me</p>

<p>When the sun shines, he shines upon all. Pt.2,ch.49</p> <p>The Divell lurkes behind the Crosse. Pt.1,ch.6.Pt.2,ch.33,47</p> <p>The night came on, it being about Mid-summer. Pt.2, ch.34</p>	<p>The nearer the church, the further from God. Promus 92</p>	<p>all points like a man, a boar-spear in my hand.As You Like It . 1, iii.</p> <p>This must my comfort be, The sun that warms you here shall shine on me. Richard II,1,iii</p> <p>The devil can quote Scripture for his purpose. Merchant of Venice, 1 , iii</p> <p>And thus I clothe my naked villany, and seem a saint when most I play the devil. Richard III,1, iii</p> <p>Four nights will quickly dream away the time. A Midsummer Night's Dream. 1, i</p>
<p>SHELTON/CERVANTES</p>	<p>BACON</p>	<p>SHAKESPEARE</p>
<p>The Boat-Swaine gave warning with his whistle to the Slaves, to dis-robe themselves: which was done in an instant. Pt.2,ch.63</p> <p>Statutes not kept are the same as if they were not made. Pt.2,ch.51</p> <p>I live dying, I burne in the frost, I shake in the fire, I hope hopelesse, I go, and yet I stay. Pt .2,ch.38</p> <p>I was born free. Pt .1, ch . 14</p>	<p>The cessation and abstinence to execute these unnecessary laws do mortify the execution of such as are wholesome. Note to Queen Elizabeth</p> <p>I do, yet dare/ not say I ever meant, I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate; I am and not, I freeze and yet am burned, Since from myself, Another self I turned. Queen Elizabeth (attributed), On the departure of The Duke of Anjou.</p>	<p>Boat-Swaine: Heigh, my hearts! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Tempest, 1,i</p> <p>In time the rod becomes more mocked than feared. Measure for Measure, 1.iii</p> <p>I was born free.</p>

<p>And the Devill, raising brabbles in the air, Pt .2.ch. 25</p> <p>She hath a good broken- mouth'd pot at her left side, that holds a pretty scantling of wine. Pt.2, ch.25 SHELTON/CERVANTES</p>	<p>BACON</p>	<p>Julius Caesar, 1 , ii</p> <p>In private brabble did we apprehend him. Tw. Night, 5, i This pretty brabble will undo us all. Titus Andronicus, 2, I</p> <p>The success, although particular, shall give a scantling of good or bad unto the general. Tr. and Cressida, 1, iii SHAKESPEARE</p>
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<p>The beginning of health consists in knowing the infirmity and that the sick man be willing to take the medicines that the Phys-ician ordaines. Pt.2, ch .60</p>	<p>A Mans owne Observation, what he finds Good of, and what he finds Hurt of, is the best Physicke to preserve Health. Essays, Of Regiment of Health.</p>	
<p>All these exploits are, have bin, and shall be the workes of fame, which mortals desire as a reward, and part of the immor-talitie, which their famous actes deserve. Pt.2,ch.8</p>	<p>Fame is of that force, as there is scarcely any great action wherein it hath not a great part. Essays, Of Fame</p>	
<p>Truth is stretcht, but never breakes, and tramples on the lie, as oyle doth upon water. Part 2,ch.10</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>I want that glib and oily art - to speak and purpose not. King Lear,1,i</p>
<p>Walls have ears. Pt.2.ch.48</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>No remedy when walls hear without warning. MSN Dream, 5, i</p>
<p>Time out of mind Pt.1, ch.1</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>Time out of mind. Romeo and Juliet,1,i</p>
<p>I was so free with him as not to mince the matter. Prologue</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter. Othello, 2,iii</p>
<p>Without a wink of sleep Pt.2,ch.4</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>I have not slept one wink. Cymbeline,3,iv</p>
<p>What put you in this pickle? Pt.1,ch.5</p>	<p>It is not the lie, that passeth through the Minde, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt. Essays, Of Truth</p>	<p>How cam'st thou in this pickle? Tempest,5,i</p>

SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
<p>He's a muddled fool, full of lucid intervals. Pt.2, ch.18</p> <p>Mum's the word. Pt.2.ch.44</p> <p>They can expect nothing but their labour for their pains. Pt.1,ch.2</p> <p>Ill luck seldom comes alone. Pt.2,ch.6</p> <p>A good name is better than riches. Pt.2,ch.33</p> <p>Murder will out, Pt.1,ch.40</p> <p>As one egg is like another, Pt.2,ch.14</p> <p>Sweet meat must have sowre sauce. Pt.2,ch.10 and 65</p>	<p>Lucid intervals and happy pauses. Henry VII</p>	<p>Cry 'mum'. Merry Wives, 5, ii</p> <p>I had my labour for my travail. Troilus,1,i</p> <p>When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions. Hamlet 4,v</p> <p>He that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed. Othello, 3,iii</p> <p>Murder will speak Hamlet, 2,ii</p> <p>We are almost as like as eggs. Winter's Tale,1,ii</p> <p>Being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse/To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding. Sonnet 118</p>

SHELTON/CERVANTES	BACON	SHAKESPEARE
<p>It will not be amisse to lay somewhat againe my mine eare; for it grieves me very much. One of the goat-herds beholding the hurt, bad him be of good cheere,for he would apply a remedie that should cure it. Part 2,ch.3</p> <p>He would tell us most punctually the clips of the Sunne and the Moone. “Eclipse it is called, not clips.” said Don Quixote. Pt.1,ch.12</p> <p>Here my exploits suffer’d a total Eclipse. Here fell my Happiness. Pt.2, ch.33</p> <p>sorbonicoficabilitudinistally Pt,1,ch.38. 1687 Edition</p> <p>Strike while the iron is hot. Pt.2,ch.71</p> <p>SHELTON/CERVANTES</p>	<p>And taking some Rosemary leaves, he hewd them, and after mixed a little salt among them, and applied this medicine to the eare; he bound it up well with a cloth, assuring him that he needed to use no other medicine, as it proved after in effect. Sylva Sylvarum</p> <p>The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a. downfall, or at least, an eclipse,which is a melancholy thing. Essays, ‘Of Great Place’</p> <p>She hath indured a strange eclipse. History of Henry VII</p> <p>honorificabilitudine Northumberland MS</p> <p>BACON</p>	<p>The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indured,and the sad Augurs mock their owne presage Sonnet 107</p> <p>honorificabilitudinitatibus LLL 5,1</p> <p>Heat me these irons hot. King John,4,i</p> <p>SHAKESPEARE</p>

<p>You must know that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this iron age of ours to revive the age of gold, or, as it is generally called, the golden age. Pt.1, ch.20</p>	<p>Which felicity of times doth best appear in age which passed from the death of Domitianus until the reign of Commodus ...a neck and a head of gold, which came accordingly to pass in those golden times which succeeded. <u>Ad.of Learning</u></p>	<p>I would, with such perfection, govern, sir, to excel the golden age-Tempest, 2, i</p>
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WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE WHOLE A.B.C. AND SAAVEDRA

A real problem for translators occurs. When, in the original text, the author sets out a list of nouns or adjectives in alphabetical order. What is to be done when there is no literal translation or synonym, which has the required first letter? In the tale of the Curious Impertinent in *Don Quixote* ;(Pt.1, ch.34) Camila's maid, Leonela, tells her not to worry about her affair with Lothario, saying that he has many good qualities, "the whole A.B.C." He is, she tells her, "amiable, bountifull, courteous, dutifull, enamoured, firme, gallant, honorable, illustrious, loyal, milde, noble, honest, prudent, quiet, rich, true, valorous, young and zealous of thine honour." "The four S.S. which they say every good Lover ought to have" had already been mentioned. This could refer to a Spanish proverb which said that he should be sage, single, solicitous and secretive. And X has been omitted from the list, as, in Leonela 's opinion,- it "does not quader well with him, because it sounds harshly." *Cuadrar* is the Spanish word for "square", so it must be admitted that, if there was no doubt about Cervantes's authorship of *Don Quixote*, this would indicate that the English translator had simply not taken the trouble to find a suitable English word at this point. But this is the only time when a Spanish word has been used in the English text. All Shelton's adjectives in this long list of desirable qualities are well chosen.

The Spanish text of Cervantes shows clear signs of an imperfect translation. Most of the adjectives chosen are suitable - *Agradecido*, *Bueno*, *Dadivoso* (grateful, good, generous) and so on. But some of the words in this list are out of line. The third quality required is *Caballero*, a gentleman, a noun, not an adjective. Cohen, in his modern translation, unhappy about this break in the sequence of adjectives, substitutes Shelton's 'Courteous'. Where Cervantes had to choose a word beginning with a P, he has written *Principal*, meaning principal, or main. Where Shelton has written 'true', 'Cervantes has chosen *Tacito*, tacit, or implied. The Spanish word for 'taciturn' is *taciturno*, hardly a quality desirable in a lover. There are very few words beginning with Y in Spanish; where Shelton wrote 'young', Cervantes failed the jump altogether, writing *ya esta dicha*, 'it is already said'. Finally, where in the English text we read 'zealous', Cervantes has come up with *zelador*, a watchman, or attendant, a word which is usually spelt with a 'c', not a 'z'. As in the words which start with 'y', there are not many words in Spanish which begin with 'z'. In fact there are no adjectives in this category which Cervantes could have chosen.

The whole story of the Curious Impertinent stretches over fifty-two pages. It is set in Italy, not Spain, and it strains the reader's concentration. It is a detailed philosophical analysis of a suspicious husband, a cautious lover and a beloved wife who finally weakens. Whoever wrote *Don Quixote* was a philosopher, fascinated by the minutiae of mental indecision and by the component elements of friendship and love.

In Cervantes' other works, detailed philosophical considerations are not in evidence. In contrast, the characters in *Don Quixote* are frequently troubled by complex moral dilemmas, and the author shows himself to be essentially a philosopher. The statue of Francis Bacon in the church of St Michael in St. Albans shows this great philosopher engaged in thought, sitting with his cheek resting on his left hand, with his elbow supported on the

arm of his chair. In the story of the Curious Impertinent, we find a rare description of one of the main characters, Lothario, sitting in just this position, having been left alone with his friend Anselmo's wife, the beautiful Camila, as a test of her fidelity. Not wishing to destroy the harmony which exists between the three friends, Lothario asks her if he could have a little sleep while Anselmo is out of the house.

That which he did at the first onset was to lay his elbow on the arme of his chaire, and his hand on his cheeke, and desiring Camila to beare with his respectlesnesse therein, he said he would repose a little, whilst he attended Anselmo's comming.

(Part 1,ch.33)

We find an almost identical description of the author of *Don Quixote* in his *Preface to The Reader*, on the second page.

I tooke often times my pen in my hand, as not knowing what I should write, and being once in a muse with my paper before me, my pen in my eare, mine elbow on the table, and my hand on my cheeke, imagining what I might write.

After the long tale of the Curious Impertinent and the happy reunion of Cardenio and his beloved Luscinda, Quixote and his friends gather for a drink and a meal.

They sate down all together at a long table and they gave the first and principall end (although hee refused it as much as he could) to Don-Quixote... Thus they made their drinking with great recreation, which was the more augmented to see Don - Quixote, leaving of his meate, and made by the like spirit of that which made him once before talk so much to the Goate heards, beginne to offer them an occasion of speech in this manner:

(Part One,ch.37)

Without interruption for seven pages, he holds forth on the subject of the life of the scholar and the soldier with a brilliant analysis of the hardships and the rewards in both professions. It is, the author tells us, a 'prolix speech'. One passage is of particular interest.

Let us now examine which of the two spirits, that of the Scholler or Souldier, doe take most paine?...

The end and conclusion of Learning is, I speake not now of Divinitie whose scope is to leade and addresse souls to heaven, for to an end so much without end as this, no other may be compared, I meane of humane sciences and arts, to maintaine distributive justice in his perfection, and give to every one that which is his owne: to indeavour and cause good Lawes to bee religiously observed.

In 1605, the same year in which *Don Quixote* was first published in Madrid, Francis Bacon published his *Advancement of Learning*. The words I have underlined in Shelton's text are dwelt on at greater length in this philosophical enquiry:

If any man had rather call for scholars that were great generals than generals that were great scholars, let him take Epaminondas the Theban, or Xenophon the Athenian; whereof the one was the first that abated the power of Sparta, and the other was the first that made way to the overthrow of the monarchy of Persia.

Both in Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, the same times that are most renowned for arms are likewise most admired for learning; so that the greatest authors and philosophers and the greatest captains and governors have lived in the same ages.

Learning doth make the minds of men gentle, generous and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwart and mutinous.

My labour is but to collect into an Art or Science that which hath been pre-termitted by others as matter of common sense and experience.

Solon (the Judge) when he was asked whether he had given his citizens the best Laws, answered wisely. 'Yea, of such as they would receive'.

The main division of moral knowledge seemeth to be into the Exemplar or Platform of Good, and the Regiment or Culture of the Mind; the one. Describing the nature of good, the other prescribing rules how to subdue, apply and accommodate the will of man thereunto.

It is the perfect law of inquiry of truth, that nothing be in the globe of matter, which should not be likewise in the globe of crystal, or form.

Soldiers and scholars are linked together also in *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier?
Merchant of Venice 1. ii.

And now, good friends, scholars and soldiers, Give me one poor request.
Hamlet 1.v

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.
Hamlet 3.i

He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.
Othello, 2,i

Before Don Quixote begins his long speech about soldiers and scholars, his friends at the inn are joined by two travellers, "a Christian newly returned from among the Moores" and Zoraida, "a woman clad like a Moore... so beautiful of visage, as Dorotea esteemed her to be fairer than Luscinda, and Luscinda prized her to excell Dorotea ." After a good dinner, they "intreated the new arrivals to recount unto them the history of his life." As he and his beautiful companion have escaped from Algiers, readers are naturally prepared to regard his story, The Captive's Tale - a long passage of forty-four pages - as clear proof that it comes straight from the pen of Miguel Cervantes, himself a prisoner of the Moors in Algiers for five painful years. In such a detailed story, one expects the author to shed some light on his life, his experiences and the hardships which he and his fellow Spaniards had had to undergo.

What we are given is a double surprise, the mention of Cervantes's second surname and a long story of imprisonment in Algiers which tells us nothing about his experiences as a prisoner there.

Although *Don Quixote* is a work of fiction, in which the author demonstrates on every page the fictional, that is, the fabricated, non-historical, nature of the work, he suddenly presents us with his own name! Of course Spanish commentators accept this as obvious proof, should anyone doubt it, that Cervantes is the author of this masterpiece. They have never admitted that they are a little disappointed, as they must be, to find his name mentioned in terms, which are strangely un-heroic, giving details which lessen one's admiration of his courage and endurance. Details are given of the pain inflicted on the captives, but Cervantes, we are told specifically, never had to suffer!

The Spanish text: Every day my master hanged someone, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and this on the slightest excuse or none at all, so that even the Turks acknowledge that he did it only for the sake of doing it, and because it was in his nature to be the murderer of the entire human race. The only one who was quite free with him (*Solo libro bien con el*) was a Spanish soldier, called something de Saavedra; for his master never so much as struck him, nor bade anyone else strike him, nor even spoke a rough word to him, though he did things which those people will remember for many years, all in efforts to recover his liberty; and the rest of us were afraid that his smallest actions would be punished by impaling, as he himself feared they would be more than once. And if it were not for lack of time I would tell you something about that soldier's deeds, which you would find much more entertaining than this story of mine.

(Part One, ch.40)

In Shelton's version the sentence in which Saavedra's name is mentioned is worded differently and oddly with the repetition of three 'ones':

Onely one Spanish soldier called such a one of Saavedra was in his good grace, who although hee did sundrie things that will remaine in the memorie of that Nation for many yeares...

'Good grace' is interesting as it is stronger than the Spanish version's *libro*, free; and the phrase 'in the memorie of that Nation' suggests an author who is not Spanish, but a translator who would simply write, as in the Spanish text, 'which those people will remember for many years'.

This is the whole paragraph about Saavedra. The reader can judge for himself whether it was written by Cervantes or by someone else, bearing in mind that there is nothing in the long *Captive's Tale* about prison conditions or the activities of any of the prisoners, apart from the successful attempt of the *Captive* and his friends to escape - not a difficult task, as the beautiful Moor who escapes with them gives them enough money to pay for their ransom. Before the story gets under way there are seven pages of details relating to the naval and military actions of the Turks, the Italians and the Spaniards, which culminated in the Battle of Lepanto in 1571. All of this could have been written by someone who had taken the trouble to discover the facts about that war.

A significant feature of this paragraph is the emphasis given to the extreme cruelty inflicted on the prisoners, which highlights the surprising immunity given to Cervantes. This would only be granted in exchange for personal favours, the nature of which can be surmised. Cervantes' conduct as a husband, as a lover, indicate that he may have been bi- or homosexual. It is possible, of course, that an author might divulge this hardly complimentary revelation about the comparatively easy life that he led in prison. What is, however, unique in literature is the author's name in a work of fiction. No other novelist has chosen his own surname for one of his

characters. In this particular instance, the character plays no part in the story. The only detail of any interest is, in fact, his name.

If someone other than Cervantes is the author of *Don Quixote*, the insertion of this particular surname immediately arouses the reader's attention and suspicion.

The impact of this mention of Saavedra on English and Spanish commentators is revealing. Cohen, in the Penguin translation, prefers not to draw attention to this name at all. But then he offers not a single footnote from start to finish, however strange or interesting a name in the text might be.

Gordon Watts, in his 1895 translation, shows slight surprise, finding Saavedra in the text. This does need, he tacitly admits, some explanation, in his footnote (in Vol 2 page 236).

Saavedra. Cervantes himself. He does not seem to have formally assumed this additional name until after his return to Spain. The complacency with which Cervantes refers to his own immunity from punishment is to be noted. That his life and person should have been so often spared, in spite of his repeated attempts at escape, reckoned the worst crime of which a captive could be guilty, is not to be explained on any other theory than one which is highly flattering to Cervantes' personal demeanour, even a supposition that he had a powerful friend at court in one of the corsair captains.

The author of *Don Quixote* makes it quite clear in this paragraph that he is not talking about powerful friends at court or romantic corsair captains, but the conduct of one particularly cruel prison governor, friendship or cooperation with whom hardly increases, one's admiration of Cervantes.

When we turn to the impact of 'Saavedra' on Spanish commentators, we find an increase in convoluted explanations. In the Clasicos Castalia edition of *Don Quixote*, (1978), edited by Luis Andres Murillo, we find this footnote, (vol 1 page 476):

Saavedra. Cervantes himself. This is a portrait of Cervantes, as a prisoner. Note that, in this passage, with its personal portrait, there is a combination of historical narrative and imagined events, by which Cervantes has created the legendary figure of the daughter of Agi Morato. Cervantes describes Zoraida as if she were the young Moorish woman, Zahra, who escaped from Algiers in 1574. This idealized woman falls in love with the captive who is in Algiers in 1589, the year of his liberation. In this fictional situation, the story of real people and the chronology of historical events have been subordinated.

The second surprise, relating to the Captive's Tale itself, is one of disappointment. When an author of a novel devotes forty-four pages to one man's experiences as a prisoner of the Moors in Algiers, a subject about which he has personal knowledge, we naturally expect to find some details which give us an insight into this dark world. In the event, we - and Cervantes' biographers - are denied a single crumb. The whole story of the Captive concerns his happy, and not particularly hazardous, escape and reunion with his brother in Spain. If the personal and place names in this novella were changed, an identical tale could be written about an escape from a prison in any other part of the world.

Unlike most prisoners, the Captive is exceedingly fortunate. The woman offers not only the ransom money for him and his

enables him to escape

s friends, and money for the purchase of a large rowing boat, but, in addition, her own self as a wife. She is a Moor, so she knows how best to outwit the prison guards; she has secretly become a convert to Christianity, so will gladly fit in with her liberator's society; and she is beautiful.

Over and above all this, she is brilliant writer. She writes secret letters to the Captive, showing all the confidence of a barrister, pleased with himself and skilled in the arts of persuasion and precision. Here is her first letter to him. He has never cast eyes on her, as she has been hidden behind the shutters of her room, which overlooks the prison compound. She makes quite sure the Captive starts off with a favourable impression, as he finds forty ducats, in gold, wrapped up in the same linen cloth which has been lowered from her apartment.

What follows is breathtaking expertise in seductive charm:

When I was a child, my father had a certaine Christian woman captive, that taught mee in mine owne tonge all the Christian Religion, and told me many things of Lela Marien (the Virgin Marie). The Christian died, and I know shee went not to the fire, but to Ala, for she appeared to mee twice after her death, and bade me goe to the Christian country, to see Lela Marien, who loved me much. I know not how I may goe; I have seene many Christians through this window, and none of them hath seemed to mee a Gentleman but thy selfe. I am very beautifull and young, and I have a great deale of riches to carry away with me. See thou whether thou canst contrive the way how wee may depart, and thou shalt there be my husband, if thou pleasest. If thou wilt not, I doe not greatly care, for Lela Marien will provide me of a husband.

(Part One, ch.40)

How could anyone resist such an offer?

Don Quixote and his friends listen attentively to the Captive's detailed description of his successful escape. Before they can retire to their beds, "there arrived at the Inne a coatch with some men a horsebacke, and asked for lodgings". The occupant of this coach deserves some interest, bearing in mind the identity of the real author of Don Quixote:

By this time allighted out of the Coach, a man whose attyre did presently denote his dignity and office; for his long gowne, and his great and large sleeves did show that he was a Judge. He led a young Maiden by the hand, of about some sixteen years old... The Judge perceived very well that the guests of the Inne were all men of account. After some courtlike intercourses passed, and the commodities of the Inne examined, they all agreed that all the women should enter into Don-Quixote's room, and the men remained without in their garde.

(Part One, ch.42)

The young girl, Donna Clara, is the Judge's daughter. She tells us that she is in fact fifteen years old. In 1604 Francis Bacon, a barrister at Lincoln's Inn, became a King's Counsel, and three years later, was appointed Solicitor-General. In 1606 he married Alice Barnham, the daughter of a rich London alderman; she was fourteen years old. The Captive, it is discovered is the Judge's elder brother, whom he has not seen or heard of for several years, so everyone at the inn is greatly moved when they fall into each other's arms. Bacon enjoyed a close relationship with his elder brother, Anthony, which lasted all their lives. A further interesting detail about the Judge is the fact that his "younger brother is in Peru." The first sentence of Bacon's *New Atlantis*, an unfinished work, published in 1627, begins with these words: "We sailed from Peru."

APPENDIX A

SHELTON

Amiable	A
Bountifull	B
Courteous	C
Dutifull	D
Enamoured	E
Firme	F
Gallant	G
Honorable	H
Illustrious	I
Loyal	L
Milde	M
Noble	N
Onest	O
Prudent	P
Quiet	Q
Rich	R
True	T
Valorous	V
Young	Y
Zealous of thine honour	Z

CERVANTES

Agradecido	- grateful
Bueno	- good
Caballero	- gentleman
Dadivoso	- generous
Enamorado	- enamoured
Firme	- firm
Gallardo	- gallant
Honrado	- honest
Ilustre	- famous
Leal	- loyal
Mozo	- young
Noble	- noble
Onesto	- honest
Principal	- principal
Quantioso	- substantial
Rico	- rich
Tacito	- implied
Verdadero	- true
Y ya esta dicha	- it is already said
zelador	- watchman of your honour

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?
COMEDIES, PLAYERS AND POETS
CHAPTER NINE

One of the pleasures of reading the great masters of literature is the constant manifestation of their individual stamp, their own easily recognizable tone, their own fingerprints. We do not find a long, Proustian sentence or paragraph in a novel by Zola, or a passage of pure Jane Austenish wit and irony in one of Walter Scott's works. In *Don Quixote* we come across some dialogue between the Knight and four horsemen, who come to the inn where he and his friends are staying the night, which makes one think, not of any other contemporary Spanish dramatist, but the author of the Shakespeare plays.

Shelton: Knights or Squires, or whatsoever else ye bee, you are not to knocke any more at the gates of that Castle. What a Divell, what Castle of Fortress is this, quoth one of them, that it would bind us. If thou beest the Innkeeper, command that the dore be opened; for we are travailers, that will tarry no longer than to bait our horses, and away, for we ride in post haste. Doth it seeme to you, Gentlemen, quoth Don Quixote, that I looke like an Inne-Keeper?

I know not what thou lookest like, answered the other, but well I know that thou speakest madly, in calling this Inne a Castle.

It is a Castle, replied Don Quixote, yea, and that one of the best in this Province, and it hath people within it which have had a Scepter in the hand, and a crown on their head. It were better said quite contrarie, replied the traveller, the scepter on the head, and the Crowne in the hand. But perhaps (and so it may well be) there is some company of Players within, who do very usually hold the Scepters, and weare those crownes whereof thou talkest; for in such a paulty Inne as this is, where I heare so little noise, I cannot believe any one to be lodged, worthy to weare a crowne, or beare a scepter.

(Part One,ch.43)

In the First, Second and Third Part, of *King Henry VI*, first performed in 1592, 1594 and 1598, we find the author writing about this partnership of crowns and sceptres, head and hands.

Suffolk: I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head.

1 Henry VI. I.iii

York: Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.

2 Henry VI I.i

Henry: His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre.

3 Henry VI IV.vi

And in *Troilus and Cressida* (I.iii), in Ulysses' great speech about law and order, he lists those qualities and powers that deserve respect:

Prerogatives of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels

Another familiar note is struck a little further on in *Don Quixote* when our hero is tied up by his friends and thrust into "a Cage of timber, so bigge, as that Don Quixote might sit, or lye in it at his ease", and then "accommodated on a teame of Oxen." The aim of this humiliating treatment is to bring him back to his own village without any danger of further disasters caused by his misguided deeds of chivalry. Asked to explain this punishment, Quixote's village priest offers this absurd, pious, moralistic excuse to a Canon of Toledo who joins the party:

He is carried away in this Chariot enchanted, not through his owne default or sinnes, but through the malignant treacherie of those to whom vertue is loathsome, and valour odious. This is, good Sir, the Knight of the sad countenance (if you have at any time heard speake of him) whose valorous acts shall remaine insculp'd in stubborne Brasse, and time-surviving Marble.

(Part One , ch.47)

This choice of brass and marble, as symbols of remembrance and posterity, is found in three of the Shakespeare sonnets and in the introductory verse written in the First Folio of the Shakespeare plays:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

(sonnet 55)

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea
But sad mortality o'er sways their power

(sonnet 65)

And thou in this shall find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent

(sonnet 107)

O, could he but have drawn his Wit
As well in Brasse, as he has hit
His Face; the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in Brasse.

To the Reader, First Folio

This coupling of brass and marble as symbols of fame cannot be found in the other works which appeared under Cervantes' name. And it is interesting to note that Cervantes prefers to couple bronze (*bronces*) with marble, not brass (*laton*), thinking that this word sounds grander.

Sancho Panza does his best to plead for his master and to persuade his captors to release him from his cage, but the Curate will not soften. Indeed he persuades the Canon that Quixote has indeed been bewitched. This holy man discourses on the dangers of the written word, first mentioning books on chivalry, then fables, "wandring and idle

tales, whose only scope is delight, and not instruction”, and lying fables, which “should be banished out of all Christian commonwealthes”. “An untruth”, the Canon declares, “is so much the more pleasing, by how much the nearer it resembles a truth”. As Francis Bacon was writing at this time in his Essay on Truth, “a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure”. In his notebook, the Promus, he wrote “tell a lie to know the truth”.

The Curate is of course delighted to hear these strictures from the Canon, having destroyed many books seized from Quixote’s library, and he tells him about “the search and inquisition” that he has carried out. Fiction is not without some merit, the Canon reminds him. This form of composition does at least allow the exercise of the imagination. “Shipwrecks, tempests, incounters and battles” can be described. “Wisdom, eloquence, ripeness in advice, promptness in execution, valour.” - all these can be displayed.

Deciphering now a lamentable and tragicall successe, then a joyful and unexpected event; there a most beautiful, honest and discreet Ladie... The irregularity and liberality of those bookes gives to the Author the means to show himself an Epicke, Lyricke Tragedian and Comedian.

(Pt.1,ch.47)

This is just the beginning of a six-page essay, in the form of speeches by the Canon and the Curate, who are clearly experts on the Theatre. The Curate is both a liberal and a conservative, demanding good plays and some form of censorship. Without mentioning the authors’ names, the Canon gives us the titles of seven Spanish plays, one of which, *Numantia*, is by Cervantes. The others are by Lope de Vega, De Gaspar de Aguilar, Francisco Tarrega and Leonardo de Argensola. *Numantia* escapes criticism; there is, we learn, “no foolishness” (*disparate*) in it. But one playwright is hailed triumphantly and unashamedly by the Curate. No name is given, so Spanish commentators assume that Lope de Vega, the leading dramatist in Spain, is the hero.

To allow the reader to form his own conclusions, this passage is quoted here at some length. The writer of this text could have given us the name of the famous playwright but he prefers us to work this out for ourselves. If he had Lope de Vega - or any other well-known dramatist - in mind, why did he not say so openly?

Shelton: Comedie, as Tully affirmes, ought to be a mirrour of mans life, a patterne of manners, and an Image of truth. If wee would passe further to examine the divine Comedies that treat of God, or the lives of the Saints, what a multitude of false miracles doe the composers devise?

In humane Comedies they presume to doe miracles, to the end that the ignorant folke may admire them, and come more willingly to them: all of which doth prejudice truth, discredit histories, and turne to the disgrace of our Spanish wits: for strangers hold us to be rude and ignorant, when they see such follies and absurdities escape us: and it will be no sufficient excuse for this errour, to say, that the principall end of well-governed Commonwealths, in the permitting of Comedies, is only to entertain the Communalitie with some honest past-time, and thereby divert the exorbitant and vicious humours which idlenesse is wont to ingender; and seeing that this end is attained to by whatsoever Comedies good or bad, it were to no purpose to appoint any lawes, or limits unto them; or to tie the composers to frame, or Actors to play them, that this end would without all comparison be compassed better by good Comedies than by evill ones.

The auditour, having heard an artificiall and well ordered Comedy, would come away delighted with the jests, and instructed by the truths thereof; wondering at the successes, grow discreeter by the reasons, warned by the deceits, become wise by others example, incensed against vice, and enamoured of virtue; all which affects a good Comedie should stirre up in the hearers minde, were he never so grosse or clownish.

It is of all impossibilities the most impossible, that a Comedie consisting of all these parts, should not entertaine, delight, satisfie, and content the mind much more than another that should be defective in any of them, as most of our now-a-day Comedies bee.

Nor are the Poets that pen them chiefly to be blamed for this abuse: for some of them know very well where the errour lurkes, and know also as well how to redresse it. But because that Comedies are become a vendible merchandize, they affirme, and therein tell the plain truth, that the players would not buy them if they were of any other than the accustomed kind; and therefore the Poet indeavours to accommodate himselfe to the humour of the Player, who is to pay him for his labour.

That this is the truth may be gathered by an infinite number of Comedies which a most happy wit of this Kingdome hath composed with much delicacy, so many good jests, so elegant a verse, so excellent reasons, so grave sentences, and finally with so much eloquence, and such a loftiness of stile, as hee hath filled the world with his fame. And yet, by reason that hee was forced to accommodate himselfe to the Actors, all of them have not arrived to the height of perfection which Arte requires.

Others there are that write without any judgement, and with so little heed of what they do, as after their workes have once been acted, the Players are constrained to run away and hide themselves, fearing to be punished. All which inconveniences might be redressed, if there were some understanding and discreet person ordained at the Court, to examine all Comedies before they were acted.

It is not possible for the bow to continue still bent: nor can our humane and fraile nature sustaine it selfe long, without some helpe of lawfull recreation.

(Part One, ch.48)

Much is to be learnt from this passage, especially the broadminded attitude displayed and the significant refusal to tell us the great author's name. It is easy to work out who this is. The only two possible candidates are Lope de Vega and Shakespeare, as there was no dramatist of repute in any other country at this time. It could not, however, have been de Vega, since, when *Don Quixote* published, most of his plays had not been written. In 1605 he was not famous in other countries of Europe. Shakespeare, on the other hand, had by this time written *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Henry V*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *the Comedy of Errors*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Most of de Vega's many plays were published between 1617 and 1635: -' *Mad for Love* 1613, *The Jewess of Toledo* 1617, *Fuente Ovejuna* 1619, *Madness in Valencia* 1620, *Sin Secreto* 1626, *Lost in a Mirror* 1631. In the copious bibliography of Hugo Rennert's biography of Lope de Vega, only one play, *The Persecuted*, is named as being published before 1604, the year before the publication of *Don Quixote*, and only five plays are named and dated before 1605 in his list of extant autographs. However de Vega gives a list of as many as 219 plays which he claims were written by him, in his semi-autobiographical novel, *El Pelegrino en su Patria*, which was published in 1604. None of these plays exist in manuscript or in print, with the exception of two which are included in the list of autographs mentioned above. Rennert has only Cervantes' statement, printed in 1615, in the prologue of his *Comedies*, that "Lope de Vega filled the world with his comedies", to justify his comment that de Vega was the most popular playwright "soon after 1587."

The absence of the great dramatist's name in the Canon of Toledo's discourse on the theatre in *Don Quixote* is a vitally important clue. If Cervantes was the author of this work, there is no reason why he would not tell us who this genius was. He mentioned de Vega in his long poem, *La Galatea*. If Shakespeare was meant here, there is no reason why Cervantes, or Bacon or any other writer, should remain silent. But if Bacon, who wished to guard his

anonymity, was the author of *Quixote* - and of the Shakespeare plays - then, and only then, would he have a reason for this silence.

As for the uninhibited praise lavished on this anonymous playwright, a great writer is entitled to indulge in self-congratulation when describing his own worth, at least on one occasion. Cervantes' wording of the description of this great dramatist differs from that of Shelton in one significant detail.

Shelton tells us that he is "a most happy wit of this Kingdom". In the Spanish text we read that he is "a very happy wit of these kingdoms", (*un felicísimo ingenio destos reinos.*)

The last paragraph in this quotation presents Cervantes's commentators and Cohen, in his modern translation, with some difficulty. Spanish readers are given no explanation for Cervantes' statement that "it is not possible for the bow to continue armed". Equally puzzled, Cohen mistranslates this as "it is impossible for the brow to be always bent." There is no problem in the English text - "it is not possible for the bow to continue still bent" if we read it in conjunction with Bacon's perceptive musical analogy in his *De Augmentis*:

Many wise men and great philosophers have thought it (the theatre) to the mind as the bow to the fiddle.

A country must not be so tightly controlled that it resembles the bow of a violin, so taut that it causes the stick to bend. This imaginative dictum comes at the end of a definition of dramatic poetry, which bears the same stamp as the passage on the theatre in *Don Quixote* just quoted:

Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well-directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence both of discipline and of corruption. Now of corruption in this kind we have enough, but the discipline has in our time been plainly neglected. The action of the theatre, though modern states esteem it but ludicrous unless it be satirical and biting, was carefully watched by the Ancients that it might improve mankind in virtue; and indeed many wise men and great philosophers have thought it to the mind as the bow to the fiddle.

Book 2

For all his wordly wisdom, Sancho Panza is easily taken in by his master's promises that he will make him an Earl or, at least, the governor of an island. Looking forward to a life of carefree luxury, at this point in the story, he paints a vivid portrait of himself getting others to organise the farming, "whilst the Lord himselfe with outstretched legs doth live at his ease;"; He will live merrily on his rent he tells us, "like a young Duke, and so let the world wagge, and goe how it will." (Pt. 1, ch.50)

Here we have a clear Shakespearean clue. In the Spanish text we read "and over there they will have it" (*y alla se to hayan.*), meaning 'they can do what they want'. Cohen says simply "let the world go hang". In *As You Like It*, which was first performed in 1603, but not printed until 1623, the author wrote these words, describing Touchstone's first meeting with Orlando, in Act 2, sc.7:

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely; 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see', quoth he, 'how the world waggess'.

In the last line of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, that is, at the end of the book which appeared in 1605, Cervantes gives us yet one more pointer, one final hint that he is not the author of this work. Before the last word 'Finis', we read the line:

Forsi altro cantera con miglior plectio

This is a slightly altered version of a line from Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which was published in 1516:

Forsi altri cantera con miglior plectro

Perhaps another will sing with a better plectrum (or lyre)

But at the end of Shelton's first volume, before the word 'Finis', there is no reference to another writer. He did, however, translate this Italian quotation in the first chapter of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, which appeared in 1620. In it he made two significant alterations:

Perhaps some one will write with better quill

If Cervantes was the author of *Don Quixote*, this quotation from Ariosto at the end of the First Part would be pointless.

When Bacon published his Latin version of *The Advancement of Learning, De Augmentis Scientiarum*, in 1623, the comparison he made between the theatre and the bow of a violin was worded thus:

Viris prudentibus et magnis philosophis veluti animorum plectrum quoddam censebatur.

By wise men and great philosophers it is thought to be to the mind as the plectrum.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER TEN

CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA (1562-1635)

If we attempt to see Cervantes through the eyes of Lope de Vega, his most famous Spanish contemporary in the world of literature, the picture is not very clear, and the evidence is contradictory.

In the most detailed biography in English of de Vega by Hugo Rennert, published in 1904, Cervantes, the man, is rarely mentioned. The two authors themselves seldom mentioned each other in print. This paucity of information is disappointing, as the two men lived in the same town, Madrid, for much of Cervantes' life. As already stated, Cervantes mentioned de Vega in his *Galatea*, in 1585, calling him a distinguished wit; and de Vega mentioned Cervantes in his comedy, *La Arcadia*, which was published in 1620, calling him a well-known poet.

Also in another play, *La viuda valenciana*, (the Widow of Valencia), de Vega mentioned *Galatea* and its author, saying that "if it is a good book you want, you cannot ask for better. Its author was Miguel Cervantes, who long ago in the naval battle lost a hand."

In the - Prologue to Cervantes' *Comedies*, published in 1615, he sings de Vega's praises.

I have written between twenty and thirty comedies, all of which were staged, greeted with no cucumbers or other missiles; they ran their course without whistling, shouts, or uproar. Then I had other things to occupy me. I laid pen and plays aside. And then there entered that Prodigy of Nature, the great Lope de Vega, who took possession of the realm of the drama, subjecting and bringing under his sway all the players. He filled the world with his own comedies, happily and judiciously planned, and so many that they covered more than ten thousand sheets, those that he has written, and all of them - and this is one of the most remarkable things that can be said - I have seen represented, or I have heard, at least, that they have been represented.

This falling off in lucidity and grammar at the end of this passage is surprising. De Vega is not mentioned by name in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, but a poem of De Vega's *The Beauty of Angelica*, which he wrote in 1588, is alluded to by Cervantes, without the title being mentioned, in the first chapter:

A famous and unique Castilian poet has sung her beauty.

When we turn to the Author's Prologue to the Reader, in the Second Part of '*Don Quixote*', we find a different, sharper tone. The author first rounds on the writer of the bogus Second Part of *Don Quixote*, who wrote under the name of Alonso de Avellaneda. In his own defence, he mentions the wound - his damaged hand - that he suffered "upon the most famous occasion which either the ages past or present have seen" - The Battle of Lepanto - and this is regarded as another proof that the author is indeed Cervantes. This could easily, however, have been inserted into the text by an author who wants to give a brief touch of authenticity to his story. Having dealt with Avellaneda, the author of *Don Quixote* then switches his attention to a Priest:

Shelton: What Envy may be, I vow seriously, that of those two sorts that are, I skill not but of that Holy, Noble and ingenuous Envy, which being so, as it is, I have no meaning to abuse any Priest; especially if he hath annexed unto him the Title of FAMILIAR of the Inquisition; and if he said so, as it seemes by this second Author, that he did, he is utterly deceived: For I adore his wit, admire his workes, and his continuall vertuous employment; and yet in effect I cannot but thanke this sweet Senior Author for saying that my Novellas are more Satyricke than Exemplar; and that they are good. It seems thou tellest me that I write somewhat limited and obscurely, and containe myself within the bounds of my modestie, as knowing that a man ought not to add misery to him that is afflicted.

It is generally assumed, with ample justification, that Lope de Vega is the unnamed target of this criticism. In 1614 he was ordained as priest, an office which did little to restrict his freedom to live an unchaste life, and earlier, in 1608, he was given the rank of Familiar of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, an honorary post which he perhaps obtained on the recommendation of the Duke of Sessa, who acted as his patron. He had, it seems, been orally, or in writing, accusing Cervantes of envying his success. The words in *Don Quixote* quoted above, mentioning the priest's "continuall vertuous employment" (*ocupacion*) takes on a sarcastic tone, in view of de Vega's continued move from one mistress to another. This resentment of de Vega's comments in *Don Quixote* could easily have been written by someone who knew how Cervantes felt.

When we turn to de Vega's comments about Cervantes, we see more scorn than admiration. As mentioned earlier, in Chapter Two, de Vega used Cervantes' second surname, Saavedra, for one of his characters, a confidence trickster, in his play, *The Slaves of Algiers*. Saavedra engages in various shady deals with his employers. Later, in the same year, de Vega showed marked hostility towards Cervantes in a letter he wrote to a friend, a doctor, on August 14, 1604. Although *Don Quixote* was not published until the following year, de Vega had, it seems, heard about this work, and had, perhaps, read some of it in manuscript. "Nobody", he wrote in his letter, "is so bad as Cervantes, nor foolish enough to praise *Don Quixote*".

De Vega has given us just one brief glimpse of Cervantes in an uncritical context. The two writers were both members of a literary society, the *Academia Selvaje* (the Forest Academy), which met in Madrid. At one of these meetings, de Vega tells us in a letter to a friend, "the Academicians were furious; two members pulled each other by the bonnets. I read some verses with the spectacles of Cervantes, which seemed like badly poached eggs".

Finally, after the Second Part of *Don Quixote* had been published, de Vega made one further comment in 1621, about his now famous contemporary. In that year de Vega published a novel, *The Fortunes of Diana*. In the introduction he paid a mild compliment to Cervantes, and followed it with a comment about his own work which may have a bearing on *Don Quixote*.

I have read the novels of Miguel Cervantes, to which style and grace are not lacking. In order that I may not fail in my obligation, nor appear negligent, I shall serve you (the reader) with this novel, which I know, at least, is not translated from any other tongue.

We have here two contrasting types of comment- praise and denigration. From Cervantes we receive a consistent picture of praise and great admiration, in which de Vega is called that 'prodigy of nature' and in *Don Quixote* 'this sweet Senior Author'. On the other hand, de Vega's comments are both coolly laudatory - 'a distinguished wit', whose novels lack neither style nor grace - and plainly scornful. It looks as if he is describing two men the author of *Don Quixote* and the man who led such an ill-rewarded life as a tax-gatherer and writer of unsuccessful books.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH

The Second Part of *Don Quixote*, which was published in Madrid in 1615 and in London in 1620, begins with the Knight's journey to Toboso, in a vain attempt to find Dulcinea, his adored, but not yet seen, Princess. Sancho Panza saves himself the trouble of finding her in this town by exploiting Quixote's disastrous propensity to confuse what is real with what is simply imagined. As he has never seen this young woman, and is merely relying on his squire's untruthful statement that he has, on a previous occasion, found her, Sancho decides to "make him believe that some husband-mans daughter, the first we meet with, is the Lady Dulcinea". This will avoid any unpleasantness, any fights with the inhabitants, who might resent the Knight's endeavours to "entice their Princesses, and to trouble their wenches". Sancho debates the matter with himself and reckons that the townsfolk

are as cholericke as honest, and doe not love to be jested with. In very deede, if they smell you, you are sure to pay for it. Ware Hawke, ware Hawke. No no, let me for anothers pleasure seeke better bread.

(Part 2, ch.10)

This cry 'Ware Hawke' 'Ware Hawke' certainly takes the reader by surprise. It is certainly not a translation from the Spanish, nor is Cervantes' version a translation from the English.

Cervantes: Clear off, whore! Over there give it, (sun)beam! (*Oxte, puto! Alla daras, rayo!*)

Puzzled, Cohen, in his modern translation, chooses an odd mistranslation:

Chuck it up, you son of a bitch!, and let someone else catch it.

The clue to Shelton's exclamation is found in *Troilus and Cressida* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, not in any work by Cervantes.

Now, bull! now, dog! The bull has the game:
ware horns, ho!

Troilus and Cressida, 5,vii

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
ware pencils, ho!

Love's Labour's Lost, 5,ii

Needless to say, Quixote's meeting with an unattractive peasant girl., named by Sancho as Dulcinea, ends in failure when she spurns his verbose introduction. She leaps over "the crupper of her asse, and without spurres makes the Hackney run like a Muske-Cat". The Knight and his Squire turn their backs on Toboso and take the road to Saragossa. "What a shrewd tricke the Enchanters had played him, in changing his Mistris into the Rusticke shape of a Country Wench!" "Indeed", (sayd Quixote), "I was borne to be an example of unfortunate men, to be the Marke and Butt, at which Ill-Fortunes arrowes should be sent".

Having given us a lengthy discourse on the theatre, on good and bad plays, in the form of a discussion between the Canon of Toledo and the village curate, the author of *Don Quixote* now treats us to a detailed encounter with the men and women of the theatre, the actors off duty, travelling from one town to another.

Don Quixote was interrupted by a waggon that came crosse the way, loaden with the most different and strange personages and shapes that might be imagined. He that guided the Mules, and served for Wagoner, was an ugly Devill. The first shape that presented it selfe was of Death her selfe, with a humane face, and next her an Angel with large painted wings. On one side stood an Emperour, with a crowne upon his head of gold. At Deaths feet was the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his Bow, his quiver, and arrowes. There was also a Knight compleatly Arm'd, only he had no Murrion or headpeece, but a hat full of divers colour'd plumes: with these there were other personages of different fashions and faces.

With a loud and threatenng voice, Don Quixote cried out: Carter, Coach-man, or Devill, or whatsoever thou art, be not slow to tell me, who thou art.

To which the Devill, staying the Cart, gently replide, Sir, we are Players of Thomas Angulo's Companie, we have playd a play called the Parliament of Death in a towne behind a ridge of yonder mountaine, and this afternoon we are to play it againe at the towne you see before us, which because it is so neere, to save a labour of new attiring us, we goe in the same cloathes in which we are to Act.

The yong man playes Death: that other an Angel: that woman our Authors wife, the Queene, a fourth there, a Souldier, a fift the Emperour, and I the Devill, which is one of the chieftest Actors in the play. If you desire to know anything else of us, aske me, and I shall answer you most punctually, for as I am a Devill, nothing is unknowne to me.

God be with you, honest people (said Don Quixote): Act your play, and see whether you will commande any thing wherein I may be serviceable to you, for I will be so, most cheerefully and willingly: for since I was a boy, I have loved Maske-shewes, and in my youth, I have been ravished with Stage-plays.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, it fell out, that one of the company came toward them, clad for the Foole in the Play, with Morrice-bels, and at the end of a sticke, he had three Cowes bladders full-blowne, who thus masked, running toward Don Quixote, began to fence with his cudgell, and to thwacke the bladders upon the ground, and to friske with his bels in the aire...

Sayd Sancho, take my counsell, that is, never to meddle with Players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have knowne one of um in prison for two murders, and yet scap'd Scot-free. Know this, Sir, that as they are merry Joviall Lads, all men love, esteeme, and helpe them, especially if they be the Kings Players, and all of them in their fashion and garbe are Gentlemen-like...

(Part 2,ch.11)

It is very necessary, sayd Don Quixote, that your Play-ornaments bee not fine, but counterfet and seeming, as the Play it selfe is. The Actors and the Authors are the Instruments of much good to a Commonwealth, being like Looking-glasses, where the actions of humane life are lively represented, and there is no comparison that doth more truely present to us what we are, or what we should be, than the Comedy and Comedians.

The Comedy ended, and the apparrell taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were. The same thing happens in the Comedy and Theater of this world where some play the Emperours, other the Bishops; and lastly, all the parts that may be in a Comedy; but in the end, that is, the end of our life, Death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their buriall they are equall.

(Part 2,ch.12)

There is nothing in this passage which proves, or even indicates, that it was written by Cervantes, apart from the subject itself, the theatre. If we examine it more closely, certain sentences reveal a Shakespearean connection.

The Devil tells Quixote that he and his friends are members of Thomas Angulo's Company. This name, in Cervante's version, is Angulo el Malo, the Bad, and this is the name of a theatrical manager who appears in Cervantes' story of the Dogs' Colloquy in his *Exemplary Stories*:

By degrees we got to the house of a theatrical manager, who, so far as I can recall, was called Angulo the Bad, to distinguish him from another Angulo, who was not a manager, but an actor, the most amusing you've ever come across in the theatre.

It is possible that Cervantes was using the name of a writer of comedies, Andres de Angulo, who was born in 1540. Anyone who saw a copy of the *Exemplary Stories*, which was published in 1613, could have taken this name and used it in another book with a Spanish setting. The author of *Don Quixote* may also have known that a lawyer in Toledo, who knew El Greco, was Dr. Gregorio Angulo. Cervantes had praised some of his verses. El Greco, like Lope de Vega, was another famous contemporary of Cervantes who disappoints us as a source of information about him. He does not feature at all in any biography of this artist.

The Devil then tells Don Quixote the name of the play the actors are presenting, *The Parliament of Death*. Spanish commentators suggest that “it is thought that this relates to a work of Lope de Vega”. It is interesting to note here the lack of precision. If Cervantes was the author of *Don Quixote*, such a guess might well have been correct, in view of de Vega’s vast output - he may have written over four hundred plays. But not one of these plays is called *The Parliament of Death*. This bold title, is, it seems, the author’s own dramatic name for this travelling company’s production. It easily fits in to the panoply of phrases about death which appear in the Shakespeare plays: “the royal fellowship of death” (in *Henry V*), “the secret house of death” (*Antony and Cleopatra*), “the entertainment of death” (*Measure for Measure*), “the sure physician, death” (*Cymbeline*). (

After this striking title, with its Fellini and Ingmar Bergman overtones, Don Quixote makes a brief but vivid statement about his boyhood, “Since I was a boy, I have loved Maske-shewes, and in my youth, I have been ravished with Stage-plays”. In contrast to his usual circumlocutions, this bears a clear autobiographical ring of truth. We know nothing of Cervantes’ boyhood or youth, or of his love of the theatre, apart from the fact that he wrote some unsuccessful plays in his thirties. While we know little about the early life of Francis Bacon, we have one letter from Lady Anne Bacon written to his brother, Anthony, in 1594(5 December), saying “I trust they, (he and Francis) will not mum nor mask -- nor sinfully revel.”¹

The use of ‘ravished’ here is interesting, as it appears, with great effect in *Henry VIII*: “almost with ravished listening” - *Much Ado About Nothing*: “now is his soul ravished” - *Henry VI, pt 2*; “Her sight did ravish” - and *Love’s Labours’ Lost*:

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain...
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony

The wise Sancho Panza now weighs in with some good advice: Never “meddle with Players, for they are a people mightily beloved: I have known of one in prison for two murders, and yet scape’d Scot-free”. Spanish commentators do not suggest that any particular Spanish actor is in Cervantes’ mind at this point. But we do know that Ben Jonson, who started his career as an actor, and who may have acted in Thomas Kyd’s *The Spanish Tragedy*, committed murder. In September 1598 he killed another actor, Gabriel Spencer, in Hogsdon fields, near Shoreditch, in east London. He narrowly escaped a hanging, being merely imprisoned and released within a year. It is not known for certain if he committed an earlier murder, but he was imprisoned for two months in Marshalsea Prison in the previous year. In July of 1597, a play found to be lewd and treasonable, *The Isle of Dogs*, by an anonymous author, was performed at the Swan Theatre, on Bankside, and one of actors arrested and imprisoned was Jonson. Also imprisoned with him was Gabriel Spencer. It is not known if their involvement in this play was the only reason for their arrest.

The very next sentence in *Don Quixote* tells us a lot. “Know this, Sir” - an attention-demanding start - “that as they are merry Jovial Lads, all men love, esteeme and helpe them, especially if they be Kings Players, and all of them in Their *fashion* and garbe are Gentlemen-like”. There was no company in Spain at this time with this, or a similar title, but in London the King’s Men, or Players, were the principal theatrical company, whose members included Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare. After only ten days as King, James I formed this company of actors and provided them with their own scarlet livery. On the termination of the war with Spain and the resumption of friendly relations, he gave twelve of them £20 “for waiting and attending on his Majesty’s service, by commandment, upon the Spanish Ambassador at Somerset House, for the space of eighteen days”.

Returning once more to the theme of actors as vital members of a well-ordered state, Don Quixote uses the word 'counterfait' to describe the nature of the props, the 'Play-ornaments', the painted wings, the crowns and sceptres used by the actors. The actors, the authors and the plays themselves are included in this description. In *Henry VI, pt 3*, the Earl of Warwick declares that he will not flee from the battle-field, near York; he will not bemoan his fate and simply watch the outcome of the struggle with King Henry

as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors.

Actors, declares Don Quixote, are "Instruments of much good to a Commonwealth, being like *Looking-glasses*". This is a word which only appears in contemporary literature in the Shakespeare plays. Cervantes uses the more usual word 'mirror' (*espejo*). We find this new word, 'looking-glass', in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Lear*, *Richard II* and *Richard III*. Looks, appearance, and expressions as mirrors of men's thoughts form a constant feature in the Shakespeare plays. All of the comments about players in *Don Quixote* remind one of *Hamlet*: "Will you see the players well bestowed" - and "the players are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time". - *Midsummer Night's Dream*: "The actors are at hand; you shall know all that you are like to know" - and *As You Like It*: "all the world's a stage".

The whole scene of the actors' caravan presents us with a theatrical performance of pure Shakespearean imagery.

Footnotes

1 Spedding, *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life*, vol.1, p.326

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER TWELVE

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

After Don Quixote's encounter with the actors, on their way to the next performance, their world in microcosm, our hero is at last victorious. He manages to unseat another knight in armour, the Knight of the Looking-glasses. Quixote gives him this name because "upon his armour he wore an upper garment or cassocke, of pure cloth of gold, with many Moones of shining Looking-glasses spred about it, which made him appeare very brave and gorgeous, a great plume of greene feathers waved about his helmet, with others white and yellow ." (Part 2, ch.14)

As stated in the previous chapter, this word 'looking-glasses' appears for the first time in English in the Shakespeare plays. And it is only in these plays at this time that it appears. Cervantes chooses the usual word here, *espejo*, which Cohen translates correctly as 'mirror'.

When Quixote stands over the fallen body of his assailant, he 'unlaces his helmet'. He discovers that his adversary is Samson Carrasco, a scholar. By challenging him to single combat, he had planned to defeat our hero and secure a promise to return to his village without further misadventures. Who is Carrasco?

If Cervantes was the author of *Don Quixote*, the only meaning contained in this name is to be found in *carrasca*, the Spanish word for the kermes oak, an evergreen oak inhabited by the kermes insect. This dull information is given by the Spanish commentators of *Don Quixote*. It is Francis Bacon who gives us the real meaning of *Carrasco*.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, (Book 1) he mentioned two names which, taken together, make up this word. Attacking the pendency and verbosity of the Schoolmen, the influential university professors, who blindly followed the doctrines of the Greek and Roman philosophers, he singled out some of the culprits.

Men began to hunt more after words than matter Then grew the flowing and watery vein of Osorius, the Portugal bishop... Then did Carr of Cambridge and Ascham, with their lectures and writings, almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious unto that delicate and polished kind of learning. Then grew the learning of the schoolmen to be utterly despised as barbarous.

From 1573 to 1575, Francis Bacon was at Trinity College, Cambridge. Five years earlier, two distinguished and influential classical scholars of Cambridge died, Nicholas Carr, regius professor of Greek, and one of the original fellows of Trinity, and Roger Ascham, college reader of Greek at St. John's College and author of *The Schoolmaster*, which was published in 1570. Carr lectured on Demosthenes, Plato and Sophocles; Ascham was the private tutor of Princess Elizabeth before she became Queen, and of Lady Jane Grey. In spite of his protestantism, Queen Mary made him her Latin Secretary. Bacon knew about the kermes and the powder created by the insect. In his *Sylva Sylvarum*, (para 738) he mentioned "the scarlet powder, which they call kermez".

The author of *Don Quixote* gives us a few details about Carrasco which confirm this identification. Several times he is called the Batchelor, having obtained a degree at a university, that of Salamanca. He is, we are told, a friend and countryman of Thomas Cecial, identified in Chapter Eight, (p. 72) as Sir Thomas Cecil, Lord Burleigh's eldest son. Carrasco, we are told, is "the perpetuall darling and delighter of the Salamancan schooles, a notable Crack-rope" (or crackpot). And his name has been chosen for the man whom Quixote has vanquished. Sancho Panza sums up the real meaning of this combat between our hero and his opponent in a few cutting words.

Sancho sayd to Don Quixote, I am of the opinion, Sir, that by all means you thrust your sword down this fellowes throte, that is so like Bachelour Samson Carrasco, and so perhaps in him you shall kill some of your enemies, the Enchanters.

In Quixote's next adventure, when he orders a lion-keeper to open his cage and release the lion inside it, we find the looking-glass again.

And heere is to be noted, that when the Author of the true History came to this passage, hee exclaims and cries, O strong (and beyond all comparison) couragious Don Quixote! thou Looking-glasse, in which all the valiant Knights of the World may behold themselves.

(Part 2,ch.17)

All ends well, as the lion, "of an extraordinary bignesse", shows no interest, no desire to escape. "The first thing he did was to tumble up and down the cage, stretch one pawe, and rowse himselfe, forthwith he yawned, and gently sneezed... The genrous Lion, more courteous than arrogant, after he had looked round about him, turned his backe, and shewed his tayle to Don Quixote, and very quietly lay down again in the Cage."

In the same chapter Quixote meets someone who genuinely admires him, in spite of his doubts about his sanity. Quixote and Sancho stay with this man, Don Diego de Miranda, for four days at his comfortable country house. At Quixote's request his son, Lorenzo, recites a sonnet which he has recently composed. It is, in fact, a summary of the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe of Babylon, which, as mentioned in Chapter Eight, p. 63, is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (Book 4). Although the author of *Don Quixote* has told us that this story has been "so much solemnized by the Poets", it had only appeared in a poem, possibly by Montemayor, in 1561, and in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.¹ In fact, if it were not for Ovid, this old story would not have been known to anyone. As Ovid states at the beginning of his account, "it is not commonly known, (*haec quoniam vulgaris fabula non est*). We know the year in which *Metamorphoses* was written, 7 A.D., but we do not know the date of the *Dream*. If we compare Don Lorenzo's sonnet in *Don Quixote* with the description of this tragedy in the Shakespeare play, we find some revealing similarities.

Footnote

Ovid Metamorphosis Book 4

The wall was broken by the Virgin faire,
That op't the gallant brest of Pyramus,
Love parts from Cyprus, that he may declare
(Once seene) the narrow breach prodigious.
There nought but Silence speaks, no voyce doth dare,
Thorow so strait a straight, be venturous;
Yet their mindes speake, Love workes this wonder rare,
Facilitating things most wonderous.

Desire in her grew violent, and haste
In the fond Mayd, in stead of hearts delight
Solicites death: See! Now the Storie's past,
Both of them, in a moment, (oh strange sight!)
One sword, one Sepulchre, one Memorie,
Doth kill, doth cover, makes them never die.

Don Quixote, (Part 2, ch.18)

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
A play there is, my lord, some ten words long
Which is as brief as I have known a play.
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome...

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight:
Now die, die, die, die. (Dies)

Silence! here comes Thisbe.

Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my brest imbrue!
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends. (Dies)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (5,i.)

While the story is treated seriously in *Don Quixote* and comically in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, both texts share several features, in particular the rapidity of the tragedy and the brevity of its treatment. The details in both accounts are similar, with the stressing of silence, and the combination of violence and laconic coolness. In neither account does the author spend any time in adding extra details. In short, both texts bear the same fingerprints.

There is no reference to Pyramus and Thisbe in the works of Miguel Cervantes, other than *Don Quixote*.

On three occasions in this part of *Don Quixote*, the author gives the reader a definite clue as to his identity. Don Lorenzo asks Quixote what Sciences he has studied. "That of Knight Errantry", he replies, "which is as good as your Poetry, and somewhat better". He then goes on to list those areas of knowledge that every Knight errant should master. He must be skilfull in law, to understand justice; he must be a Divine, to understand Christian doctrine; he must be a physician and a herbalist, to be able to cure wounds, even in a wilderness or a desert -

for your Knight Errant must not bee looking every pissing
while who shall heale him. (Part 2, ch.18)

This unusual expression is not a translation from the Spanish. Cervantes says simply *a case triquete*, at each step or moment. The author of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, (in act 4, sc.iv) uses the same expression, when Launce, the clownish servant of Proteus, bemoans the conduct of a dog:

He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there - bless the mark! - a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one.

Shortly after leaving Don Lorenzo and his father, Don Quixote embarks on another adventure, allowing himself to be lowered by rope into Montesino's Cave. When he is hawled back to the surface, he tells his friends a fantastic story of a wonderful castle, whose walls were made of chrystal. In it lives the beautiful Lady Belerma. Quixote is told that she is more fair than "the famous Dulcinea del Toboso". He immediately protests.

Not too fast, Signior Don Montesinos, on with your story as befits; for you know, all comparisons are odious, and so leave your comparing.

(Part 2,ch.23)

In *Much Ado About Nothing*, (Act 3, sc.5), Verges, and Dogberry, officers of the law, in Messina, report a misdemeanour. Verges states that he is as honest as any man living. Dogberry tells him:

Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Palabras is Spanish for 'words'.

A few pages further on, our hero meets a young man who is going to join the army, 'certaine companies of Foot, which are not above twelve leagues from hence'. So far he has not met any grandee, or man of quality, who could offer him a good pay.

I always had the ill lucke to serve your Shag-rag and Upstarts

(Part 2,ch.24)

This contemptuous word is found in two contemporary English works. On April 22nd 1600, William Kemp, the actor who played the part of Dogberry in *Much Ado*, produced a book about his hundred-mile jig from London to Norwich, a marathon morris dance. In it he denounced William Shakespeare, whom he did not think much of. "My notable Shakerags" is named as one of "those rascalities" who "fill the country with lies of his never done acts".

My notable Shakerags, the effect of my suit is discovered in the Title of my supplication. I know you to be a sort of witless beetle-heads that can understand nothing but what is knockt into your scalp.

It has been suggested that Kemp may have been calling his fellow actors Shakerags, but we have no evidence of this. A similar name appeared around 1592 in the anonymously written play, *Arden of Faversham*. Two members of the cast, described as murderers, are Black Will and Shakebag. In Holinshed's account of the actual murder of Arden, the subject of the play, Black Will's companion was named George Shakebag. But on the title page of the play, and in the play itself, the author changed the spelling of this name to Shakbag. On most of the few documents in which Shakespeare's name appears, and in his will, the name is spelt 'Shaksper', 'Shakspere', or 'Shaxberd'.

When Lorenzo's father, Don Diego de Miranda, first met Don Quixote, we are told exactly what his first impressions of our hero were.

His opinion of Don Quixote was that he had never seene such a kinde of man before; the lanknesse of this horse, the talnesse of his owne body, the sparenesse and palenesse of his face made him admire; his armes, his gesture and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not beene seene (many ages before) in that Countrey.

(Part 2, ch.16)

The author of *Don Quixote* here tells us that our hero is not a typical Spaniard and that he is in fact a foreigner. Quixote himself states this clearly when he sees that Don Diego is puzzled by his appearance. He goes on to make a bold forecast about his future glory in book form.

I shall tell you, as now I doe, that I am a Knight, one of those that seeke their fortunes. I went out of my Countrey, engaged mine estate, left my pleasure, committed myself to the Armes of Fortune... I have merited to be in the Presse, in all or most nations of the world: thirty thousand volumes of my History have been printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if Heaven permit. And though one should not praise him-selfe, yet I must needs doe it, that is, there being none present that may doe it for me.

This last comment clearly suggests anonymity. It so happens that the very next event in Don Quixote's search for adventure involves a real enactment, with alterations, of the Pyramus and Thisbe story. The author, in fact, is simply developing the old classical tale and bringing it up to date. Thisbe is a farmer's daughter, Quiteria; her Pyramus is Basilius, "a neighbouring swaine, whose house was next dore to her Fathers."

From start to finish, this twenty-page episode is related in terms little related to reality, to life as it was lived in rural Spain at this time. Apart from a few Spanish terms thrown in for local colour - Zocodover, the market place in Toledo, two *arrobas*, six-gallon measures of wine, and Zamora, a town in Castile - the detailed account of Quiteria's wedding party suggests rather a celebration at the court of Queen Elizabeth of England.

Quiteria, a strange christian name for a Spanish girl, is about to marry, not Basilius, but Comacho, a young man whose main recommendation is that he is rich. Basilius is poor, but he is an all-round sportsman

a famous Barre-pitcher, an excellent Wrastler, a great Tennis-player, he runnes like a Deere, out-leaps a shee-goat, and playes at tenne pinnes miraculously, sings like a Larke, playes upon a Gitterne as if he made it speake, and above all, fenceth as well as the best.

(Part 2, ch.19)

Our attention is caught by that mention of tennis. At this time the game would have been real - or royal - tennis. It was only played in a few palaces and castles in England and France, in a walled, roofed, asymmetrical court. King Henry VIII's court was built at Hampton Court in 1529. The game is known as court tennis in the United States and royal tennis in Australia. If the English version of *Don Quixote* was a translation from the Spanish, Cervantes' *jugador de pelota* would be, as Cohen and other modern translators rightly word it, ball-player (not pelota player, which in Spanish is *jugador de pelota vasca*) (Basque). The translator who wrote the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* has taken the trouble to eliminate the foreign game and place in its stead an unspecified, but local pastime.

Right from the start, this wedding of a rich man and his bride in a meadow in the arid province of La Mancha, is described with lavish detail. It is no ordinary country wedding.

It began to grow darke: but before Quixote and Sancho Panza drew neere, they

saw a kinde of heaven of innumerable starres before the Towne. They heard likewise, harmonious and confused sounds of divers Instruments, as Flutes, Tabers, Psalteries, Recorders, hand-Drummes and Bells: and when they drew neere, they saw that the trees of an Arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the towne, were all full of lights... The Musicians went two and two in companies, some dancing and singing... Others were busied in raising skaffolds, that they might the next day see the representations and dances commodiously.

Quixote and Sancho sleep that night out in the open. Waking at dawn, our hero finds his squire still deep in slumber, whereupon he launches into a beautiful soliloquy which reminds us of another speech which tells us of a king's thoughts the night before the Battle of Agincourt.

Oh happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth, that without envy, or being envied, sleepest with a quiet brest, neyther persecuted by Enchanters, nor frighted by Enchantments. Sleepe, I say, once againe, nay an hundred times, sleepe: let not thy Masters jealousie keepe thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchfull, or how another day thou and thy small, but streightened family may live, whom neither ambition troubles, nor the worlds vaine pompe doth weary, since the bounds of thy desires extend no further than to thinking of thine Asse; for thine owne person, that thou hast committed to my charge, a counterpose and burden that Nature and Custome hath layd upon the Master. The servant sleepest, and the Master wakes, thinking how he may maintain him and doe him kindnesses: the grieffe that is, to see heaven obdurate in releeving the earth with seasonable moysture, troubles not the servant, but it doth the Master, that must keepe in sterility and hunger, him that served him in abundance and plenty.

(Part 2,ch.20)

In the Shakespeare play *Henry V* (Act 4, sc.1) the same note is struck.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king'
We must bear all

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace.
Enjoys it: but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

The chapter in which Quixote gives us his poetic speech about sleep, begins with these words:

Scarse had the silver morne given bright Phoebus leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid pearles on his golden lockes, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsie members, rose up, and called Sancho his Squire, who still lay snorting.

When Quixote and Sancho arrive at the wedding party, they are delighted with the abundance of food, wine, music and dancing. No expense has been spared.

The first thing that Sancho saw was a whole Steere spitted upon a whole Elme, and for the fire where it was to bee rosted, there was a pretty mountain of wood.... there were six and a halfe Olive-butts, every one a shambles of meat... Pigeons, Hares, Hens were numberlesse, birds of divers sorts infinite... three score skinned of wine, whole heapes of purest bread, heaped up like corne in the threshing-floores, your cheeses like bricks piled one upon another, made a goodly wall. There were Cookes above fifty, men and women, all cleanly, carefull and cheerful. In the spacious belly of the Steere, there were twelve sucking Pigs. To conclude, this preparation for the marriage was rusticall; but so plentifull that it might furnish an Army.

In Shelton's text we read two descriptions of Morris dancing.

Whilst they were discoursing it fell out that one of the company came toward them, clad for the fool in the play, with morris-bells, and at the end of a stick he had three cows' bladders full-blown.

(Part 2 ch.11)

To say true, this Camacho is liberal, and he hath longed to make an arbour, and cover all the meadow on the top, so that the sun will be troubled to enter to visit the green herbs underneath. He has also certain warlike morrices, as well of swords as little jingling bells; for we have those in the town that will jingle them.

(Part 2 ch.19)

In Cervantes text there is no use of the name of 'morris'.

Literal Translation

During this conversation by chance approached one of the company who was clothed in *bogiganga**, with many bells, and on the point of a stick three bladders of an inflated cow.

*or, as was said formerly, a *moharracho*, a buffoon, a person promoting laughter. In the procession of *Corpus*, there were several moharrachos. (*Boga* – fashion, *ganga* – cheap) (Castilian)

In effect this Camacho is generous and has a mind to have all the field covered with branches from above, so that the sun has to work hard if it wants to visit the green grass which covers its soil. He has in the same way *maheridas** dances, with swords as little bells, for there are in his village those who can ring and shake.

*prepared, arranged. *Majareta* -, looney, crazy.

There is no record of Morris dancing in Spain at this time, so it seems that this word has been deliberately eliminated, as it would indicate an English setting in the original text. The details given in these two passages are correct, and are suitable for a secular but not a religious occasion. (*Charting Early Morris*, J.Forest and M.Heaney, *Folk Music Journal*, No.6 1991.)

Then the guests were entertained by a dozen men on horseback, who rode up and down the meadow, with “a great deale of mirth and jollity”. This was followed by “four and twenty handsome lusty Youths, all in white linen, with their hand-kerchiefs wrought in severall colours of fine silke”, who performed a sword-dance. Their place was then taken by a group of “faire young Mayds, their haire partly filleted and partly loose, all were yellow, carrying garlands of jasmine, roses, woodbine and honeysuckle. They “seemed to be the best Dancers in the world.”

Now we come to a dance which reminds us clearly of a similar performance at the court of Queen Elizabeth of England.

After this there came in another artificiall dance, it consisted of eight Nymphs, divided into two rankes, God Cupid guided one ranke, and Money the other, the one with his wings, his Bow, his Quiver and Arrowes, the other was clad in divers rich colours of gold and silke.

The Nymphs that followed Love, carried a white parchment scrowle at their backes, in which their names were written in great letters: the first was Poesie, the second Discretion, the third Nobility, the fourth Valour...

We then read what Cupid said to a Virgin - a poem of two stanzas, then two more verses spoken by Money, followed by poems of the same length delivered by Poesie and Liberality. All these poems are courtly in tone, not rustic. The last verse spoken by Liberality gives us this message:

Ile be profuse in praising thee,
Profusenesse that accounted beene
A vice, yet sure it commeth nie
Affection, which in gifts is seene.

We have a similar account of a court dance performed by Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, in a letter written by Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sidney. Whyte was Postmaster General in charge of the royal courier service.

They have a strange dance newly invented: their attire is this: each hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat wrought with silkes and gold and silver, a mantell of carnacion taffeta cast under the arme, and their haire loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced.. These eight dance to the musiq Appollo bringes, and there is a fine speech that makes mention of a ninth, much to her Honor and Praise.

After supper the maske came in; and delicate it was to see 8 ladies soe pretily and richly attired. Mrs. Fitton leade, and after they had donne all their own ceremonies, these 8 ladies choose 8 ladies more to dance the measures. Mrs. Fitton went to the Queen and wooed her to dance. Her Majestie asked what she was.

“Affection”, she said. “Affection!”, said the Queen,

“Affection is false”. Yet Her Majestie rose and danced.²

Affection at this time meant passionate love.

When we come to a description of the beautiful bride, Quiteria, the author makes it quite clear that this is no ordinary country wedding.

And as Sancho saw the Bride, he said, In good faith she is not drest like a country wench, but like one of your nice Court Dames: by th' Masse me thinkes her glasse necks-laces she should weare are rich Corral; and her course greene of Cuenca is a thirty piled velvet, (*marginal note*: In stead of three-piled); and her lacing that should be white linnen (I vow by me) is Satten: well looke on her hands that should have Jette rings, let me not thrive if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and set with pearles as white as a sillabub, each of them precious as an eye.

In the nick of time Basilius wins Quiteria as his bride by faking suicide and persuading his Thisbe to confess her love for him before he expires. *Quite*, in Spanish, means a trick. War breaks out between Comacho's and Basilius' friends. Crying 'Hold, hold, Sirs', Don Quixote pacifies the antagonists, with a learned judge's speech, in which he declares that Basilius and Quiteria should be allowed to marry, 'by the just and favourable inclination of heaven.' He then goes on to pronounce that "whom God hath joyned, let no man separate", almost word for word the declaration in the Service of Holy matrimony, which had only been written some fifty years earlier, in 1549. His next statement in front of the assembled company is interesting.

“Basilius hath but this one sheepe, let none offer to take it from him, be he never so powerfull: he that first attempts it, must first passe thorow the point of this Launce; at which hee shaked his Launce so strong and cunningly, that hee frighted all that knew him not.

In Cervantes's text this sentence, translated literally, reads

at which he shook it (his spear) so strongly

Lanza is the Spanish word for spear and lance.

Once again an episode in *Don Quixote* - this time a happy one - has shown us where the true centre of the story lies - not on the wind-swept, empty plain of La Mancha, but in the rich, bejewelled court of Queen Elizabeth or King James of England.

Footnotes

1. A Christian interpretation of this tale appeared in *Metamorphosis Ovidiana*, by Petrus Berchorius, in Paris in 1509.
2. Sydney Papers, ii 201, 203

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MARY FITTON

After Don Quixote's enjoyable stay at the home of Basilius and his newly married wife, Quiteria - a surprising invitation, considering his host's poverty - he is entertained in great comfort at the castle of an unnamed Duke and Duchess. For the next two hundred pages we are transported to the realm of wealth and elegance, the world of the aristocracy, with few details that are specifically Spanish. Not only are the Duke and Duchess nameless; the castle also is not named. Seven of the Shakespeare plays are set in a ducal court, that of Duke Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, Duke Frederick in *As You Like It*, the Duke of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors*, Theseus, Duke of Athens, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Orsino, Duke of Illyria, in *Twelfth Night*, the Duke of Milan in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and Prospero, Duke of Milan, in *The Tempest*.

Hearing that Quixote has for a long time been promising Sancho Panza the governorship of an island, the Duke happily bestows this honour upon him. The tiny island, with a thousand inhabitants, is called Barataria, but no indication is given as to where this place might be. Although the Duke owns this island, and allows Sancho to take up his office there as the official governor, the whole arrangement is a sham. Sancho's staff has been briefed to go along with the pretence.

On his first night as Governor he meets a beautiful girl dressed as a man; she has been arrested. As no crime has been committed, she is released, once she has explained her disguise. This trivial incident, which takes up five pages, is remarkable chiefly for the surprisingly detailed description of her dress. The author, it seems, is recounting an event which really occurred.

A while after there came two Yeomen with a man in hold, and said, Sir, heeres one that seemes to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and no ill-favoured, clad in a man's habit. Then they set two or three Lanthornes to his face, and perceived a womans face; her haire plaited up with a cawle of gold and green silke, as faire as a thousand Pearles: they beheld her all over, and saw that she had on a paire of Carnation silke stockins, and white Taffata garters fringed with gold, and embroidered with pearle; her long breeches were of cloth of gold, and the ground-work greene, with a loose Cassocke or Jerkin of the same, opened on both sides, under which she had also a Doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white: her shooes were white mens shooes, she had no sword, but a very fine hatched dagger, with many rings upon her fingers.

Pt .2,Ch. 49

This expensively dressed young woman, it transpires, is the daughter of a local wool merchant. When Sancho asks her what she is doing in the town dressed as a man, she replies "I cannot tell you in publicke, what concernes me so much to be kept secret". She later divulges that her father, a widower, has prevented her from leaving the house for ten years. Now she wanted to walk in the streets and visit the market-place and the playhouse. Aided by her brother, she has made her escape. No explanation is given for her beautiful garments.

One of Sancho's assistants in his tour of inspection is the island's doctor, whom Sancho addresses as 'Carver'. Such is the young woman's beauty that he at once falls in love with her.

The Carvers heart was strucked thorow; and hee purposed the next day to demand her of her Father to wife.

Like the Duke and Duchess and their castle, this maiden is unnamed. No attempt is made by any Spanish commentator to suggest that she represents a real woman or a friend of Cervantes.

In a letter written in 1601 by Rowland Whyte to Sir Robert Sidney, we are told of a similar escapade carried out by Mary Fitton, one of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, who was mentioned as one of the dancers in the previous chapter of this book (p 120). There are many pointers which suggest that Mary was the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. No historian has agreed with Dr. A.L. Rowse's contention that Emilia Lanier was the Dark Lady. This leaves Mary Fitton as the only serious claimant of this title. Here is Whyte's letter:

One Mrs. Martin, who dwelt at the Chopping Knife near Ludgate, told me that she had seen priests marry gentlewomen at the Court, in that time when that Mistress Fitton was in great favour, and one of her Majestys Maids of Honour. During the time that the Earl of Pembroke favoured her, she would put off her head tire and tuck up her clothes and take a large white cloak and march as though she had been a man to meet the said Earl out of the Court.¹

Such Rosalind- and Viola-like conduct could not have gone unnoticed at court. Another Shakespeare heroine, Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, which was probably written during, or soon after, the time when Mary Fitton was at Whitehall, also makes an escape from court, disguised in a pilgrim's cloak, to visit her beloved Bertram in Florence.

Arriving in that city, she asks an old woman where she might stay the night. "At the Saint Francis here beside the port" is the reply. Where Mary Fitton went to meet Pembroke secretly is not known, but Francis Bacon lived near Whitehall, at York House in the Strand, which is the German, Dutch and Danish word for sea shore. Commentators explain the use of the word 'port' in the old woman's reply by giving the alternative meaning of this word, a city gate; but this is not its usual meaning. When Helena is given this information, she asks "Is this the way?", to which the old woman replies "Ay, marry, is't". This word was pronounced 'Mary', as it is an abbreviation of 'by St.Mary!.

Mary's nickname at court was Mal. In *Twelfth Night*, (Act 1,sc.3) Sir Andrew Aguecheek boasts of his skill as a dancer, whereupon Sir Toby Belch asks

Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?

In 1601 Mal Fitton was dismissed from court, having given birth to a son by Pembroke.

Of all the names of the characters in the Shakespeare plays, that of Sir Toby Belch is perhaps the most revealing. As soon as he appears, in *Twelfth Night*, he is told by Maria, his niece's servant, that his "quaffing and drinking will undo" him. His character is amusingly summed up in the descriptive monosyllable of his name. Greeting his drinking companion, Belch cries out "Castiliano vulgo! Here comes Sir Andrew Agueface". All writers choose the names for their characters with care, so we can be certain that the author of this play was taken with the sound and meaning of the word 'belch'. In *Don Quixote*, the author gives us a

dissertation of this explosive noun. As Sancho Panza is about to take up his post as the Governor of Baratania, our hero instructs him on the conduct that is expected of a man in this position.

Be temperate in drinking, considering that too much wine neyther keepes secret, nor fulfils promise. Take heede, Sancho, of chewing on both sides, or to ruct before any body. I understand not your ructing, quoth Sancho: to ruct (quoth he) is as much as to belch, and this is one of the fowlest words our language hath, though it be very significant; for your more neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching ructing, and belchers, ructers.

Pt.2Ch. 43.

There is no passage like this in Cervantes' works, other than *Don Quixote*. In the Spanish text, there is not much difference in the sound of the two words given for belch, erutar and ragoldar; neither word carries the onomatopoeic force of the common English word. In consequence the whole passage just quoted lacks the comic ring that is found in the Shelton text.

The name of the Duke's island, Baratania, has an English as well as a Spanish ring. *Barato*, in Spanish, means 'cheap'. In England, Mary Fitton's elder brother, Edward, married Jane Barratt, whose family lived in Cheshire, near the Fitton's house at Gawsorth.

Mary and the other Maids of Honour at Queen Elizabeth's court were supervised by Sir William Knollys, the Comptroller of the Household, whose grandiose behaviour was probably the inspiration for Malvolio, the steward or comptroller of Olivia's household, in *Twelfth Night*.² At the castle of Don Quixote's host, the steward is "a good wise fellow, and very conceited". Such is the wealth of the Duke and Duchess that, on Sancho's island, he is entertained in "a sumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall was spread a Royall and plentiful table". He is greeted by "a certaine Personage, that after showed to be a Physician, with a Whale-bone rod in his hand". In a letter to Queen Elizabeth written by Francis Bacon in 1599, the year before Essex staged his futile attempt to raise the standard of revolt in London, we read these words:

Madam, if you had my Lord of Essex here with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, and continued him still about you... then he were he in his right element.³

One of the first legal cases that Sancho Panza has to preside over in his island involves the use of a staff. Two old men come forward to contest a matter of a loan of "tenne Crownes in good Gold", which, one of them claims, has not be repaid. With amazing sagacity, Sancho displays the wisdom of Solomon. He notices that, when the debtor says on oath that he has repaid the money, "he gives his staff to the other man to hold, as if it burdened him." Pronouncing his judgement, Sancho tells the creditor to accept the staff as payment, and then orders him to break it. Inside there are ten crowns. Shelton adds a marginal note here to persuade the reader to accept the handing over of the staff when the debtor was making his statement, saying "The custome of Spaine being, that hee who is to sweare, makes a cross over the rod of Justice;" At the end of *The Tempest*, Prospero solemnly declares

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth

This is, of course, a symbolic gesture of abdication, but one can wonder if there was any further meaning in this action. However in *Don Quixote* we see a practical result in the breaking of a staff.

Miss Fitton's nickname is, it seems, twice mentioned in *Don Quixote*. When an author uses an odd English surname twice in a novel about Spain, we can be certain that he has someone in mind. Before Sancho Panza is

made the governor of an island, he tells his wife that their daughter, Mary, will be “highly married”. The sensible Teresa Panza disagrees strongly.

Not so. The best way is to marry an equall, for in stead of her pattins, you give her high shooes, if in stead of a course petticoat, a farthingale and silke kirtle, and from little Mal, my Lady Whacham, the girle will not know her selfe, and shee will every foot fall into a thousand errors.

Pt .2, Ch . 5.

When finally Sancho is given an island to govern, his daughter is delighted and happily looks forward to riding in a private coach. The sooner we have one, she says to her mother, the better:

though those that see mee set with my Mother in the Coach should say, Looke ye on Mistresse Whacham, good-man Garlicke-eaters daughter, how she is set and stretcht at ease in the Coach, as if she were a Pope Joan.

Pt .2, Ch. 50.

Whacham is certainly an unusual name, one which is not found in Cervantes', text. All we read here, at this point, is '*senioria*'. In looking for the identity of a man bearing this name, the key can be found in the two possible pronounciations, 'Watch 'em' and 'Wake 'em'. In 1594 Henry Willoby in London published his long poem, *Willobie his Avis*, which tells the story of a beautiful, but chaste peasant girl, who, like Marcela in *Don Quixote*, (see p.54) refuses to marry any of her five suitors, one of whom is given the initials, W.S. Together with this poem, there is another, shorter ode, which contains these words

And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece' rape.

The authors of this ode were Edward Napper and Robert Wakeman, using as pen-names Dormitanus and Vigilantius. *Dormitanus* means a light sleeper, or napper; *vigilantius* is a watcher or waker. The Latin word here, when translated, combines the two possible pronounciations of Whacham. *The Rape of Lucrece* was published in May 1594, *Willoby his Avis* only four months later, in September of the same year. From this we can conclude that Robert Wakeman probably saw the manuscript of *Lucrece*, and knew its author.

Wakeman and Napper went to Balliol, at Oxford, in 1590, at the age of 14. Wakeman's father succeeded Roger Shakespeare as minister of Flyford Flavell, in Worcestershire, which is only fourteen miles from Stratford-on-Avon, but there is no evidence that this Shakespeare was related to William Shakespeare. Wakeman's mother was Margery Hathaway, of Gloucestershire. This clerical position was in the gift of the Sheldon family. Edward Napper married Joyce, the daughter of John Wakeman, the steward of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, a close friend of the Earl of Essex and Southampton. One of the members of the Sheldon family, Elizabeth married John Russell, the brother of Thomas Russell, the overseer of William Shakespeare's will. Her brother Edwards's son purchased one of the First Folios of the Shakespeare plays, which is now in the Folger Library.⁴

With this mention of Mal, Lady Whacham, the author of *Don Quixote* chose at this point the name of a young man whom he must have known, at the same time linking him with Mary Fitton, who, like Mary Panza, contemplated marriage with someone far higher than her in the social scale.

A final reference to Mary Fitton comes a few pages further on in the story, when Don Quixote is asked to decide 'the business of a wager'. A fat man has challenged a thin man to a sprint of a hundred paces, but he insists that his opponent carries extra burdens to equalize their weight. Before Quixote pronounces on this subject, Panza condemns the challenge, using a formidable legal vocabulary, with an impressive array of

synonymous verbs, whereupon all concerned adjourn to the nearest tavern for refreshment. Here the author takes the trouble to add a marginal - easily noticed - comment, that this proposal is

a good wish, as if hee would have said,
Let the burden light upon him

This comment, of course, does not appear in Cervantes' text, so it has never been examined.

On either side of the main door of Mary Fitton's family home, Gawsworth Hall, in Cheshire, are two large chimney stacks. In a prominent position on the north stack is the fine shield of arms of the Fitton family, carved in 1570. The motto surrounding it starts with three punning words, FIT ONUS LEVE, the translation of which is found in the first four words of the second line in the marginal note in *Don Quixote* quoted above, 'let the burden (be) light'... The full sentence of the motto includes the words *et iugum suave*, and the yoke easy, which has been taken from St Matthew's Gospel (ch. 11, v.30). This biblical marginal note is quite unnecessary, but the author throws in this Gawsworth reference, which makes us think of Mal Fitton.

Footnotes

1. State Papers, Dom. Add. vol XXIV
2. *Malvolio*, in Italian, could be understood as 'I desire Mal'.
3. *The Works of Francis Bacon*, Stuttgart, 1963, vol. VIII, 372
4. Leslie Hotson, *I, William Shakespeare*, Cape, 1937.62-65

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FRANCIS BACON

In the last two hundred pages of *Don Quixote* we are told quite clearly who the author really is. If a surname is mentioned just once or twice, as a common noun, any suggestion that a real surname is in the author's mind can be dismissed. But when this word appears seven times in eighty pages, on each occasion quite unnecessarily, one can only conclude that such repetition is deliberate. Taken together these references read as follows:

My stomacke is used onely to Goat, Beeffe and Bacon, Porke and Turneps, and Onions.
Pt.2, Chapter 49

See that this Gentleman bee welcome: set his Horse up, and get some Egges out of the Stable, and cut some Bacon: he shall fare like a Prince. Chapter 50

Marginal note. In Spain they use to fry their Collops and Egges all together: not as we do, first Bacon, and then Egges. Chapter 50

Now Sancho Panza lay like a Tortoise, shut in, and covered with his shell, or like a Flich of Bacon clapped betweene two boords. Chapter 53

They sate upon the ground; they set upon it, Bread, Salt, Knives, Walnuts, slices of Cheese, and cleane Gammon of Bacon-bones. Chapter 54

The matter is ended (quoth Sancho). I hold a wager all these wants are supplide with Egges and Bacon... Two Calves-feet, like Neats-feet, they are sod (sodden, stewed) with their Pease, Bacon and Onyons.

In these chapters

Bacon is mentioned on each occasion. If these mentions were the only possible indications of the author's real name, they could of course be ignored. Coming as they do, along with a host of other references and pointers, they cannot be dismissed. After these references to bacon, we are given, in the penultimate chapter, a final repetition, this time in a Y formation, together with a christian name. The names in italics in this paragraph are all in italics in the English text.

If my Mistresse, or, to say better, my Shepheardesse have b
to name *Anna*, I will celebrate her under the stile of *Anarda*; a
if she be called *Francis*, I will call her *Francina*; and if she c
hight *Lucie*, her name shall be *Lucinda*: **for all such names** n
square and encounter. As for *Sancho Pansa*, if he will be one of o
our fraternitie, he may celebrate his wife *Teresa Pansa* under
the name of *Teresaina*.

Clearly visible in heavy print are the words ‘if she be called Francis’, ‘all such names square and encounter’, and ‘b’ in the first line. The Spanish text in the third line proves that the English version is not a straightforward translation: ‘and if Francisca, I call her Francinia’. And the statement that ‘all such names square and encounter’ does not appear.

The letter Y, according to Pythagoras, represents the two possible ways a ruler may take, the broad way of the tyrant, or the narrow way of the *adepti* or the inspired. It also represents the vicious way which leads to ruin, and the way of virtue. There are references to Pythagorean doctrines in *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. Pythagoras is mentioned in all three plays. None of his writings have survived, but his teachings influenced Plato and the leading European philosophers.

The capital letter Y appeared in a satirical print of 1618, printed in Germany, which proves that Frederick, the Elector Palatine, was associated with the Rosicrucian movement. Frederick had married Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of King James of England, and the English Rosicrucian, John Dee, had spent three years in Europe spreading his philosophical doctrine. After Dee’s death in 1608, Bacon was the leading Rosicrucian. Underneath this picture of Frederick, standing on the Y, there is this verse:

The round wooden ball(beneath the Y) represents the world
 To which the Bohemians married the Palatine,
 They expected to teach the world,
 And to reform all schools, churches and law courts ...
 And this was called the golden time.
 To that end the high society of the Rosicrucians
 Wish to turn all the mountains into gold for their own good.¹

Further confirmation is presented in two references to bribes, an accusation which Bacon had to answer, an event in his life which is commonly known. Catherine Drinker Bowen has put the case for Bacon in her *Biography; The Craft and the Calling*,²

Take the question of Lord Bacon’s moral guilt in the impeachment of 1620. Everybody in Elizabeth’s and James’s government lived on bribes, though these enjoyed the name of perquisites, New Year’s gifts, gratuities, grants. Even the renowned statesman, Robert Cecil, enjoyed a pension from the Spanish enemy in return for certain favours.

When Don Quixote finally decides to leave the Duke and Duchess, at whose fine castle he and Sancho Panza have stayed in great comfort, Sancho tell us that he is glad that his wife has sent the Duchess a parcel of acorns.

My comfort is, that this kinde of Present could not be called a bribe; for I had my Government before she sent it, and tis very fit that they who receive a benefit, though it be but in trifles, show themselves thankful. I may say (which is no matter) with a safe Conscience, I neyther win nor lose.
 Ch. 57

When Quixote and his squire reach Barcelona, they stay with Don Antonio Moreno, “a rich Gentleman and a discreet, and one that loved to be honestly and affably merry.” Their host is successful in securing the safety of a Moor, who in his youth had been driven out the country, and has now returned to Spain.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other businesse, for which hee was to goe to the Court of necessitie, letting them know, that there by favour and bribes many difficulties are ended.

There is no trust in favours or bribes, said Ricote then present: for with the Grand Don Bernardino de Velasco, Counte Salazar, neyther entreaties, promises, bribes or compassion can prevaile. Ch. 65

Don Quixote is forced to stay in Barcelona for several days, in order to recover from yet another fall from his long-suffering horse, Rozinante. Samson Carrasco, disguising himself again as a Knight Errant, this time calling himself the Knight of the White Moon, challenged Quixote to a duel, and was successful in knocking him to the ground. He extracts a promise from our hero that he will return to his village and, for a year, abstain from any further adventures.

During his stay with Don Antonio in Barcelona, Quixote is shown an amazing object in his host's beautifully furnished house. What this turns out to be, in fact, is a telephone, a "talking Head". In Don Quixote we read the first description of a machine, a device, which was not actually invented until the end of the nineteenth century, some two hundred and seventy years in the future – an invention that was first described by Francis Bacon.

Shelton: Don Antonio taking Don Quixote by the hand, carried him into a private chamber, in which there was no other kind of furniture, but a Table that seemed to be of Jasper, borne up with feete of the same, upon which there was set a Head, as if it had beene of brasse, just as your Romane Emperors are used to be, from the brest upwards.

Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and downe the chamber, and having gone a good many turnes about the Table, at last he said, Signior Don Quixote, now that I am fully perswaded no-body heares us, and that the door is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest Adventures, or rather Novelties, that can be imagined; provided that what I tell you, shall be deposited in the uttermost privy Chambers of secresie.

That I vow, said Don Quixote: and for more safety, I will clap a Tombe- stone over it.

Ch. 62

This second part of *Don Quixote* was not published in England until 1620, four years *after* William Shakespeare was buried in Stratford-on-Avon. When this book was published in Madrid in 1615, the year *before* Shakespeare's death, the text at this point read as follows:

'I swear it', replied Don Quixote, 'and I will even throw a stone upon it', (*y aun le echare una losa encima*). Cohen, in the modern translation: I will even throw a flagstone over it).

Underlining the significance of this unusual promise, he says

you converse with one that, though he have eares to heare, yet he hath no tongue to tell; so that what is in your brest, you may freely translate it into mine, and rest assured that you have flung it into the Abissus of silence.

In confidence of this promise (answered Don Antonio) I will make you admire at what you shall heare and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my secrets with; with which every one is not to be trusted.

This describes perfectly the position Bacon found himself in.

Don Antonio then said, This head, Signior, was made by one of the greatest Enchanters or Magicians that hath beene in the world. It hath the property and quality to answer to any thing that it is asked in your eare.

The following day Antonio and his wife take Quixote, Sancho and some friends to this chamber and there they communicate with this strange statue.

The first that came to the Heads hearing, was Don Antonio himselfe, who spoke softly, but so that he might be heard by all: Tell me, Head, by the vertue that is contained in thee, What thinke I of now?

And the Head answered (not mooving the lips, with a loud and distinct voice) I judge not of thoughts...

Don Antonio said, Sage Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, Admired Head!

One of Don Antonio's wife's friends said, Tell me, Head, What shall I do to make myself faire?

The answer was, Be honest. Strait came her other companion, and said I would faine know, Head, whether my Husband love mee or no; and the answer was, Thou shalt know by his usage...

Then came one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, Who am I?... Thou art Don Pedro Noris...

Other questions are asked; all of them are intelligently answered. Spanish commentators are unable to shed any light on the author's astonishing imagination and foresight. All they can say is that 'the magic head has appeared in numerous folklore stories! And they offer no suggestions for the appearance here of the unusual surname of Noris.

Sir John Norris was the general in charge of the army in the southern counties of England in 1588, acting as second-in-command to the Earl of Leicester, when the country prepared for the invasion of Spanish and Italian forces, an army of 19,000 men.

The author of *Don Quixote* then tells us how this miraculous instrument worked.

The head was all hollow, and so was the Table too; the foot of the Table was likewise hollow, that answered to the brest, and neck of the head: and all this answered to another Chamber, that

was under the roome where the head was: and thorow all this hollownesse of the foote, the table, brest and neck, there went a Tinne pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceived. He that was to answeere, set his mouth to the Pipe in the Chamber underneath, answering to this upper roome; so that the voice ascended, and descended, as thorow a Trunk, cleerely and distinctly, and it was not possible to find the Juggling out.

The first description of a telephone and a radio appeared in Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, his vision of the ideal state.

The Jew came to me again, and said "Ye are happy men! for the father of Solomon's House commanded me to tell you, that he will admit all your company to his presence, and have private conference with one of you that ye shall choose..."

I was chosen by my fellows for the private access. The Father was a man of middle stature and age. He caused me to sit down beside him, and spoke to me thus in the Spanish tongue. We have sound houses, where we practice and demonstrate all sounds and their generation. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters.^f We have certain helps, which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly.

We have also divers strange and artificial echos reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it; and some that give gack the voice louder than it came, some shriller, and some deeper. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes in strange lines and distances.

We have also houses of deceit of the senses, where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions and illusions.

Both Bacon and the author of *Don Quixote* use the word 'juggling' to describe the way in which the human ear receives a sound as if it were the actual voice which makes it.

This wonderful device, this "Head, as if it had beene if brasse", appears also in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the play attributed to Robert Greene, and printed, after his death, in 1594. This work is "the best English comedy before Shakespeare", in the opinion of G.B. Harison, in his introduction to the 1927 edition (Robert Holden). In Scene 2, in his study at Brazenose College Oxford, Bacon receives a deputation of three learned doctors of the University who have come to inquire into Bacon's work.

Burden: I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen haed by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, 'ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Critics have detected the author's "handiwork in some of Shakespeare's plays." They have reckoned that he may have been a lawyer and that he wrote like an aristocrat.

Another subject which interested Bacon was the use of cipher, the use of words which can convey hidden messages, a vitally important practice for writers and politicians in a dangerous age. Shortly after leaving Don Antonio in Barcelona, Sancho Panza uses this word 'cipher' in a revealing context, when he finds himself astonished by Don Quixote's intelligence, his comprehensive learning.

Sancho admired afresh, as if he had never knowne his Master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no History in the world, or Accident, that he had not ciphred upon his nayle, and nailed in his memory. Ch. 58

Cervantes uses the same word here, *cifrado* written in cipher, but Cohen, in his modern translation, chooses to use instead the word ‘written’: ‘no history or event in the world that he had not got written on his nails and imprinted in his memory.’

The passage that follows this mention of cipher gives us some indication how its use in a passage can be indicated to the reader on the look-out for this device.

Thous sayest well, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote), but thou must know, the times are not always alike, nor run on in one fashion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls Bodings, which are not grounded upon any naturall reason, ought to be held, and reputed, and judged by a wise man for good lucke. One of your Wizards riseth in a morning, goes out of his house, meetes with a Frier of the blessed order of S. Francis and as if he had met with a Griffin, turnes his backe, and runs home againe. Ch. 58

All the sentences and phrases underlined here have an additional meaning, relating to the use of cipher, when certain letters can be taken out of the text and read in forward or reverse order. Spanish commentators only state here that ‘popular superstition supposes that a grifon, a fabulous animal, is a bad omen for the future with friars’. As this creature does not exist, it cannot have been seen very often by anyone.

In *The Advancement of Learning*, of 1605, Bacon defined the elements of a good cipher. It should be easy to read and write; it should be difficult to detect; and it should be void of suspicion, that is, it should not look like a secret message.

This clear indication of the author’s interest in, and knowledge of, cipher comes in a chapter which deals with a conversation Quixote has with a party of “some dozen men, clad like husband-men”, painters of “Images of Embossed worke in wood, which must serve in a shew we make in our village .” The subjects of these statues, and the way they are described, give us some indication of the nationality of the author.

The first Image inspected by Quixote is St. George, the patron Saint of England, with a winding Serpent at this feet. This, and all the other statues “seemed to be of pure gold”. The next is Saint Martin, “that divided his cloake with the poore man”. The third image is

the Patrone of Spain on Horse-backe, his sword bloudied, trampling on Moores, and treading on heads; and Don Quixote seeing it, said, I marry, Sir, heere’s a Knight indeed, one of Christ’s squadrons, this is called Don Saint Diego, Moore-killer.
Ch. 58

In none of the other works published under the name of Cervantes is there any comparable expression of revulsion against the patron saint of Spain. The whole sentence would probably have been omitted in Cervantes’ text, if the subsequent deferential phrase had not been added by the author after the damning epithet, ‘Moore Killer’: ‘one of the valiantest Saints and Knights in the world, then, or in heaven now’.

Soon after this encounter with the friendly image makers, Don Quixote is challenged to single combat by Samson Carrasco, disguising himself as the Knight of the White Moon. Queen Elizabeth of England was often called in poems the White Moon. St. George is again invoked, when Quixote accepts Carrasco’s challenge:

Begin your Carreere when you will, and I will do the like, and God and St. George.

Ch. 64

At this point Cervantes writes: “take, then, whichever side of the field you wish, and I will do the same; whom God favours, may St. Peter bless”. The exclamation, ‘God and St. George!’ occurs in three of the Shakespeare plays, *Henry VI*, pt 1, *Henry VI*, pt-3 and *Richard III*.

In the final pages of *Don Quixote*, the author makes a point of adding two biographical details which connect directly with the life of Shakespeare - the absence of information about his birth-place and the odd inscription on his tomb.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman de la Mancha, of whose birth-place Cid Hamete hath not beene pleased to declare manifestly the situation unto us... wee have not beene willing to make mention the sundry new and quaint Epithaphs which were graven over his tombe.

Ch. 74

As stated before, this was published in 1620, four years *after* Shakespeare’s death. In Cervantes’s text - published the year *before* Shakespeare died - the birthplace and the quaintness of the epitaphs on his grave are not mentioned:

.. whose place (*lugar*) Cid Hamete did not wish to indicate exactly the new epitaphs on his tomb are not given.

In one sentence Sancho Panza demolishes the accepted notion that, with Cervantes as the author, we are reading a novel about Spain by a Spaniard who is writing about an area with which he is familiar. Sancho does his best to revive his master, sunk in gloom after his final defeat.

Six days was Don Quixote in his bed, all muddy, sad and sorrowful, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts upon his ill fortune to be vanquished. Sancho comforted him and told him, Let’s home to our houses, and leave looking after these Adventures thorow Countreys and places wee know not.

Ch. 65

The way this sentence is handled by modern translators is significant. In Cervantes’ text this last sentence is the same as the Shelton version, but in Cohen’s translation, he has made one significant alteration. Instead of saying ‘adventures through countries and places we know not’, he writes ‘Let’s go back to our homes, and give up wandering in search of adventures in lands and places we don’t know’, thereby defusing the original sentence of its surprising admission of ignorance.

One single word, at the beginning of Chapter 73, in the English, but not the Spanish text attracts our attention, and serves as a pointer to the profession of the real author of *Don Quixote*.

Cid Hamete reporteth, that as they were come neere unto the entrance into their Village, Don Quixote perceived how in the Commons thereof there were two young Lads, who in great anger contested and disputed together.

All we read in Cervantes’ version is

At the entrance of which (the village), according to Cid Hamete, Don Quixote saw that two boys were arguing.

In no other contemporary work is a village common spelt in the plural. For thirty-four years, from 1584 to 1618, Francis Bacon was a member of the House of Commons.

A further Baconian identification is given us in the strange story of Sancho Panza's whipping. Quixote believed Sancho's story that the beautiful Dulcinea del Tobosa had been transformed by the Enchanter into a coarse-looking woman. While they were staying at the Duke's comfortable castle, they were tricked into believing that Merlin,, in the shape of female figure representing Death,, proclaimed that the only way in which Dulcinea could regain her former beautiful figure and face was to subject Sancho to a prolonged beating. The amount of lashes he would have to suffer was not a mere fifty or a hundred, but 3,300. Why this particular number?

I know of her Enchantment and hard hap,
Her transformation, from a goodly Dame
Into a Rusticke wench..
Oh Glory thou of all, that doe put on
Their coats of steele and hardest Diamond...
That to recover to her first estate,
The peereless Dulcinea del Tobos,
It is convenient that Sancho thy Squire,
Himselfe three thousand, and three hundred give
Lashes, upon his valiant buttocks both
Unto the aire discovered...

Ch. 35

Not surprisingly Sancho Panza refuses to undergo such humiliation, in spite of his master's repeated requests. At last he agrees when Quixote promises to pay him the sum of eight hundred and twenty five *reals*. This total is arrived at by Sancho, Quixote having agreed to pay him five 'blanks', or quarter reals, for each stroke. This would amount, Panza says, to "3300 pieces of three blankes". The number 33 is thus repeated again. Using the simplest possible code, in which each letter is given a number in the order it appears in the alphabet - A is 1, B is 2, C is 3 and so on - the figures representing BACON are 2, 1, 3, 14, 15. This makes a total of 33. This number appears in many of Bacon's works and is of great Masonic importance. The figure of 825 is also significant, as $8 + 25 = 33$.

Authorship, translation and publication are clearly in the mind of the author of *Don Quixote* when he describes Quixote's visit to the printing press in Barcelona. He even uses the word 'author' when the correct word should be 'translator'.

Don Quixote came to one of the Boxes, and asked what they had in there? The workmen answered, Sir, This Gentleman you see; (and he shewed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat ancient) hath translated an Italian Booke into Spanish; and I am composing of it heere to be printed. What is the name of it(quoth Don Quixote)? To which (said the Author) Sir, it is called *Le Bagatele*, to wit, in Spanish, *The Trifle*.

Ch. 62

The author of *Don Quixote* has chosen a title which does not appear in any Italian book, thereby concentrating the reader's attention on 'the Author'. The word 'trifle' appears often in Bacon's works.

Quixote then goes on to lecture the translator, or author, on the importance of the translator's role. Every sentence is packed with a deeper significance:

I dare sweare you are not knowne to the world, which is alwayes backward in rewarding flourishing wits, and laudable industry. Oh what a company of rare abilities are lost in the world! What wits cubbed up.. Mee thinkes this translating from one language into another is just like looking upon the wrong side of Arras-Hangings; that although the Pictures be seene, yet they are full of threed ends that darken them, and they are not seene with the plainnesse and smoothnesse, as on the other side... But tell me, Sir, Print you this Booke upon your owne charge? Upon mine owne, said the Author.

The reference to Arras-hangings leads us straight into *Hamlet*, where Polonius hides behind the arras, and is there stabbed to death. In Cervantes' text and in modern translations this word 'Arras' is not given. In its place we read 'Flemish tapestries'. This word 'arras' only appears in the Shakespeare plays, *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Much Ado*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry IV pt.1*, *Cymbeline* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In *Don Quixote* and in *Hamlet* the author draws our attention to the darker side, "the wrong side", of a curtain, where a mistaken, incorrect picture is presented. Behind the arras Polonius thinks that Queen Gertrude is about to be killed by Hamlet, and cries - 'help, help, help!' Hamlet thinks that the listener is Claudius, the usurper whom he should kill. Don Quixote tells us that a translation, however good, falls short of the original text, and gives us perhpas even a wrong idea about the authorship. If anyone thinks that this suggestion is not implied here, we read in the very next paragraph

I except amongst Translators our two famous ones, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa in his *Pastor fido*, and the other, Don John de Jauregui, in his *Amyntas*, where they haply leave it doubtfull, which is the Translation or which is the original.

Ch. 52

Yet another Baconian stamp is given at the end of this chapter, when Quixote finds in the printer's office a copy of the bogus Second Part of *Don Quixote* by Avellaneda mentioned in Chapter 1, p.3. He is not put out; he has just this to say about it

I have notice of this Book, and in my conscience, I thought before now, it had beene burnt and turned to ashes for an idle Pamphlet: but it will not, like Hogs, want its Saint Martin.

As if to underline the mention of Hogs - a boar is the central figure on Bacons' family crest - the author at this point adds a marginal note, saying

* Against that Saints day is Hogs searing.

Quixote then gives the Author a short lecture on the subject of ‘fained history’, or fiction - a subject Bacon wrote about in his *Advancement of Learning*.

Quixote: Your fained Histories are so much the more good and delightfull, by how much they come neere the truth, or the likenesse of it: and the true ones are so much the better, by how much the truer.

Bacon: The use of this Fained History hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it - the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. True history representeth actions and events more ordinary, therefore poesy (or fiction) endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variationsTherefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. It hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded. Those divisions which are common unto it with history: fained chronicles, fained lives, fained epistles, fained orations.

Advancement of Learning, Book 2

After the death of Don Quixote, the real author of the book, whose name we have been told thirty-six times is Cid Hamet Benengeli, boldly identifies himself with his hero.

Don Quixote was born for me alone, and I had my birth onely for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to write and compile them well. To be short, He and I are but one selfe-same thing.

The last sentence of the whole book has one word in Shelton’s version which strikes the authentic note of nonchalant humour which runs through the whole work, a feature that is lacking in the Spanish text.

I never desired any other thing, that that men would utterly abhor the fabulous impertinent and extravagant bookes of Chivalries: And to say truth, by means of my true Don Quixote, they begin already to stagger; for, undoubtedly such fables and flim-flam tales will shortly faile, and I hope shall never rise again.

Cervantes’ last sentence shows a great falling-off.

I only wish to make men abhor the imagined and absurd stories of the knights; my true Don Quixote has already made them stumble, and all of them will fall, without any doubt.
(*y han de caer del todo, sin duda alguna*).

Footnotes

1 Frances Yates, *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*, Routledge 1972 56,57

2 Little and Brown, 1969

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WHY THE SECRECY?

Why would any writer take the trouble to eliminate his own name from a book he has written, then have it translated into Spanish and finally persuade a Spanish author to pass it off as his own work?

These questions cannot easily be answered. All we can do is place *Don Quixote* in its correct setting, among the other writings of the author of this enigmatic work. Nearly all the quotations in this book are from the writings of Bacon and from the Shakespeare plays, which, as this book has demonstrated, came from the same pen. What plainly emerges from this juxtaposition is the European - not just an English - dimension. England, for the writer, is too small a setting for his masterpieces.

The greatest, most famous play about Scotland is *Macbeth*. The greatest play about Denmark is *Hamlet*. The greatest plays about Italy are *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Othello, the Moor of Venice*. The greatest play about ancient Rome is *Julius Caesar*. The greatest play about ancient Egypt is *Antony and Cleopatra*. *Timon of Athens* is not the most often performed of the Shakespeare plays, but it stands as the most well-known play about ancient Greece. These nine plays are all by the same man, and all of them were written under a pen-name.

One leading European nation is conspicuous by its absence in this catalogue of masterpieces. There is no world-famous play about Spain, which is on the same level of genius as the plays just mentioned; but there is one great novel about Spain which is just as famous throughout the world - *Don Quixote*. Like all the Shakespeare plays, this too appeared under an alias. So it is not surprising that Bacon, casting his eye over the whole continent of Europe, found that this area lacked an appropriate masterpiece, an epic story to match those of Greece, Rome, Italy and Great Britain. In a letter to Lord Burleigh, written in 1592, Bacon declared "I have taken all knowledge to be my province". A play, he decided, would not be an ideal format for a Spanish epic. Needing a larger canvas, he chose to write a novel. The life of King Henry VII of England - the only mediaeval monarch not included in the Shakespeare cycle - was better served in Bacon's view by a biography. His *History of Henry VII* was published in 1622.

Very few men have achieved masterpieces that all the world have recognised. Of the hundreds of thousands of plays that have been written in the last two and a half thousand years, only a handful are in that category. Apart from the Shakespeare plays that are still performed with any frequency in any part of the world, they constitute less than a score. The list is a short one: It would include Racine's *Phedre*, Moliere's *Misanthrope*, Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* and *The Doll's House*, Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*, *Uncle Vanya*, *The Seagull* and *The Three Sisters*, Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and *Saint Joan*, and Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

One quality that all these authors share is the ability to write other works that are global in their appeal. None of them wrote just one work that is undeniably great.

The man who wrote *Hamlet* and *King Lear* was able to write other masterpieces. If he wrote a novel, we would expect it to be in the same category, as it came from the same great mind. In adding *Don Quixote* to the great output of the author of the Shakespeare plays, we are not asking too much of him, any more than the Archbishop of Salzburg when he commissioned Mozart to compose another Mass. *Don Quixote* is a long novel – over a thousand pages - but quantity, as well as quality, is a feature of the works of great minds which should be considered. Haydn wrote one hundred and four symphonies; Mozart forty-one and twenty seven Piano concertos

If the author of *Hamlet* wrote *Don Quixote*, then this novel is just one more masterpiece from his pen. If Bacon did not write the Shakespeare plays, but wrote *Don Quixote*, then he would be the odd man out in the tiny band of great geniuses, writing only one masterpiece.

Quixote often puzzles his fellow Spaniards by sometimes being more foolish than he really is - charging a windmill, for example - sometimes being wiser than they thought he was, when he talks at great length to shepherds, inn-keepers, galley- slaves, dukes and duchesses, and to his faithful squire, on all manner of subjects. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, (act 1, sc.2), Ferdinand the King of Navarre, describes Don Adriano de Armado as

A refined traveller of Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ...
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight

This certainly conjures up a man not unlike Don Quixote.

In 1624 Bacon wrote a long memorandum, entitled '*Considerations touching a War with Spain, inscribed to Prince Charles*'. The defeat of the Armada is described, and the causes of that catastrophe are outlined. One of these causes was the state of the land and the soil of Spain, which from time to time is mentioned in *Don Quixote*.

Spain is a nation thin sown of men, partly by reason of the sterility of their soil; and partly because their natives are so exhausted by so many employments in such vast territories as they possess.

In the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, chapter 24, there is a marginal note in the Shelton text, which describes the region of Montesino's Cave, in the middle of the plain of la Mancha. In this note our attention is drawn to "places in Spain, in barren unpeopled parts". In chapter 48 the house-keeper of the Duke who entertains Quixote and Sancho in their castle, tells Quixote that she was born in the Asturias. In a marginal note we are told that this is "a barren, mountainous countrey".

One important motive for Bacon's anonymity, presenting *Don Quixote* as a Spanish work, is the book's surprising lack of animosity towards England. If it had appeared in Madrid in 1605, only six years after the defeat of the fourth Armada, as an English novel, everyone would have been understandably prejudiced against it. This pro-English flavour has already been mentioned in chapter 1, but it must be considered here as an obvious element in Bacon's calculations. As mentioned also in the first chapter, *Don Quixote* took a long time to win the lasting admiration of the Spaniards. If it had carried an English name on its title page, it would have

immediately aroused hostility among critics and the general public. In allowing a Spanish author to present this novel as his own work, Bacon gave this subtly pro-English book the best possible chance of being read and accepted in Spain without prejudice. *Don Quixote*, in fact, should be regarded as an instrument of reconciliation between Spain and England, two great countries kept apart by war and the threat of war for five decades. Distrust and hatred of the foreigner had caused the deaths of innocent men in both countries. Now was the time for peace and good-will, a policy that James I keenly pursued. Indeed the complete absence of anything even remotely critical of the English in itself establishes *Don Quixote* as an important milestone in Anglo-Spanish relations.

At the same time in England *Don Quixote*, read and enjoyed by a large public in the 17th century, acted in the same way as a healer of the wide gulf between the two countries, as there is nothing in the book which is hostile towards Spain; and nothing is said about Spanish hatred of the English. The only criticism of Spain is muted, and kept largely to the marginal notes in the English text, for example, the note in Part 2, chapter 59, "Mine host, at an inn near Barcelona, is described as "a good Character, of a lying, beggarly vaine-glorious Spanish Oast in generall".

As already stated, we have no manuscripts of Cervantes. If a notebook, containing proverbs and mock-proverbs written in his hand were found, it is hard to calculate how much it would be worth. In the British Library Francis Bacon's notebook, *The Promus of Formularies*, containing 1,600 phrases and sentences, includes forty entries in Spanish. The first page is dated December 5, 1594, the last January 27 1595, ten years before *Don Quixote* was published. As the pages are numbered 85 to 114, it can be assumed that there were other pages which have since disappeared. Spanish is not the only language, apart from English, that Bacon used in this notebook; many words and phrases are in Latin and French, and a few are in Italian.

Bacon's Spanish entries in his notebook clearly demonstrate his interest in the language and the traditional love of proverbs in that country. These entries do not appear in just one part of the notebook, but are found in groups in several of the folios. Only two are used in *Don Quixote*, but some of the others serve as models for the author's own proverbs. Translated and placed together, they read as follows:

Bacon, in Spanish; It is better to have God's help than to keep getting up early. This proverb is found in Cervantes's text of *Don Quixote* (part 2, ch.34) and in the Shelton text: "God's helpe is better than early rising". Cervantes's working is almost identical to that in Bacon's notebook. He who sins unknowingly, unknowingly goes to hell. Of the faithful the hospitals are full. Tell lies and you will extract the truth. However early you rise, you will not hasten the dawn. Where will the ox go, that it won't plough? A good complaint is better than a bad wage.

Once the money has been paid, it does not matter what happens. Better good at a distance than an evil close by. The wolf and the young fox are cut from the same piece of cloth. Warned and half armed. (This is found in *Don Quixote*, (Pt. 2, ch.17): He that is warned is half armed.) He who transfers your disgrace to another, does no small thing. Good is sleepy, but evil flies. This idea is found in *Julius Caesar*: "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones". Tell a lie to know the truth. The meek sheep suckles from any ewe. The rope breaks where it is thinnest. If you are a knave in your home, you will be a knave in Seville. If you don't tie knots, you drop stitches. If you spit at heaven, it lands on your face. Two sparrows in your ear of wheat make a bad combination.

He who has the facts has the suspicions. The woman who can't see doesn't make a long cloth. Every mourning is good with bread. The young man who doesn't know, and the old man who can't, they both miss out. The ant grows wings when it has to disappear in a hurry. Two men who know each other will say hello at a distance. If you eat badly, at least you are fasting well. I

would leave my house to progress. The astute man is often fought. If the hill doesn't go to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill. Swim and swim and get drowned on the shore. To cry for other people's mournings. If you know a lot, I know my psalm. He who goes out late and comes back soon is like the winter sun. What I see with my eye, I guess with my finger. We haven't a son, but we give him a name. A good table, a bad will. It is better to lick than to bite. After I am dead, no more wine, no more garden. I lost my honour speaking badly and listening worse. It's better to ride on a donkey that carries me than on a horse that throws me. Here, in one sentence, is Sancho Panza's usual reaction, when he finds his misfortunes are at least less painful than his master's.

A writer would not jot down so many sayings in Spanish if he did not think that at some stage he might try his hand at a story set in Spain. These sentences certainly give one the essential quality of Spanish proverbs. Using them as a model, a writer can make up new proverbs which have a Spanish flavour.

The following Spanish words appear in the Shakespeare plays: *bastas*, *bilbo*, *charneco*, *gennet*, *labras* (*labio*), *mallecho*, *palabras*, *pauca* (*pocos*), *renegado*. Hardly anyone in the audience would have known the meaning of these words.

One orthodox Spanish literary critic has found an important connection between Cervantes and Shakespeare. In his brilliant study *On Hamlet*,¹ Salvador de Madariaga devotes one chapter to *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*, finding surprising links between these widely different characters. He makes this important point: "The two poets who created them were contemporaries and, unknown to each other, spoke the same idiom."

Madariaga sees Hamlet as an Englishman, "clad in the garb of a Prince of Denmark." And many critics find that Hamlet is a self-portrait of the author himself. So, in this character, we see the man who wrote the Shakespeare plays. Madariaga could have quoted from the last chapter of *Don Quixote*, where the author, as mentioned in the previous chapter, states in the clearest possible terms, that he himself is Quixote:

Don Quixote was born for me alone, and I had my birth onely for him. To be short, He and I are but one selfe-same thing.

In other words, both Cervantes and Shakespeare are therefore presenting themselves - and they are "using the same idiom". But we are not dealing with two different authors. Madariaga himself, while remaining totally orthodox in his approach to both Cervantes and Shakespeare, perceptively points out that Quixote and Hamlet, although they not linked by similarities, are both characters in extreme situations. Hamlet and Quixote are both "at the opposite sides of the ideal answer to the central problem of all human societies: that of balance between the individual and the community in which he lives." The play and the novel therefore are similar studies of a man in an extreme position. One, right in the centre of the state, wishes to escape; the other, in the backwoods, tries to escape from the periphery to the centre.

It is significant to notice how many times, in this chapter on *Don Quixote*, Madariaga links Cervantes to Shakespeare. "It is difficult to take leave of this pair of immortal Europeans (Quixote and Hamlet) without a haunting feeling that Hamlet's soliloquies are the parallel to Don Quixote's sallies. The pressure of his too, too socialised world drove the Princes's soul within, determining those spiral-like soliloquies, sallies or adventures of passion in the fields of the soul, which, ever narrower and narrower, ended in the pointed bodkin of self-slaughter; the void of his rarefied world drew the Knight out of himself to those spiral-like sallies, soliloquies of action ever wider and wider, which ended in disaster and frustration on the sterile dust of the desert. Hamlet and Don Quixote stand watch on the two roads by which society and man stray from the royal road of sense - one over which Hamlet broods, leads to tyranny through too much order; the other one, over

which Don Quixote dreams, leads to anarchy through no order at all. The royal road of sense lies between the two.” The motto of Francis Bacon was *Mediocria firma*, the firm middle way, and, as the previous chapters have demonstrated, Bacon is the link, the creator, of both the Danish Prince and the Spanish Knight. In Madariaga’s opinion, Hamlet is an Englishman, and Quixote, as pointed out in Chapter Thirteen, was not regarded as a Spaniard by Don Diego de Miranda –“his gesture and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not beene seene in that countrey.” Quixote himself says that he “went out of my Countrey, left my pleasure, committed myself to the Armes of Fortune.” He and the author in fact are “one selfe-same thing-.” He too is an Englishman.

Madariaga perceptively analyses the three types of madness shown by Hamlet. He is traditionally mad, bearing the name, in the original early 13th century story of Saxo Grammaticus, of Aml-odd, or Omela the Mad; he is maddened by his meeting with the ghost of his father; and he feigns madness, to confuse his mother, his stepfather and the court. This combination of three types of madness, Madariaga could have added, is also found in Don Quixote. He is mad enough to believe his old books about chivalry and knight errants; he is maddened by the conflicts between his idealism and reality; and he indulges in feigned madness when he discourses at great length to various groups of listeners, at an inn or out in the open plain, to entertain, amuse and baffle them. In feigning madness, Hamlet, Madariaga tells us, “gives marvellous freedom not only to himself but to his creator. This is one of the causes of that feeling of space which *Hamlet* leaves in both reader and spectator.

“Hamlet wanders about in its air, for at no point does he give that sense of ‘crawling’ which he denounces in one of his gloomy moods.” This spacious, all-embracing approach to life is found in every chapter of *Don Quixote*. Another writer who found clear similarities between Cervantes and Shakespeare was Richard Ford.

The province of La Mancha is the dullest of central Spain, a most wretched locality. Sancho Panza may be compared with the grave diggers in *Hamlet*. Like Falstaff, he is not only droll himself but the cause of wit in others. Cervantes, like Shakespeare, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries by an avoidance of the coarse, dirty and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in fashionable literature.
(*Handbook for Travellers in Spain*, 1845 461-477)

The steps taken by Bacon to deliver the manuscript of *Don Quixote* to Madrid remain, not surprisingly, a mystery. Two men emerge, however, as possible accomplices. As explained in Chapter Three we know that a Thomas Shelton was employed as an agent by Lady Walden, the wife of Thomas Howard, the Earl of Walden, to whom the English edition of *Don Quixote* was dedicated in 1605. Without any punishment, or even rebuke, Lady Walden added to her income as much as £1,000 for her services to the King of Spain. What exactly this involved we do not know. As her husband, who became the Earl of Suffolk, was Lord Chamberlain to the royal household, she was admirably positioned as a source of useful, as well as useless, information. How much information she passed on to Madrid we do not know, but it is in this context that we can deduce at least one area of Thomas Shelton’s activities. He may well have gone to Spain on more than one occasion on her behalf, carrying documents and perhaps a certain manuscript.

In fostering good relations with Spain in this manner, Lady Suffolk was in good company. Robert Cecil, Lord Burleigh, likewise divulged information to the King of Spain which merited regular payment. Such conduct in subsequent centuries would, of course, bring the severest penalties; but in earlier times, when attitudes towards the state and the freedom of the individual were not so clear cut, such examples of private enterprise were not always considered as criminal.

If Shelton was the carrier, who arranged matters in Spain? With the assistance of 1, the Spanish ambassador, Bacon would not have found this part of the operation too difficult. Bacon and Gondomar were good friends, as their correspondence confirms. Three of Bacon's letters to the ambassador, in Latin, have not been published in any of his recent biographies. The following extracts show how grateful Bacon felt towards this friend for the help given him over the years. The wording of these letters shows that this help consisted of money, recommendation and other assistance not specified. His reference to the theatre and to actors is particularly interesting.

To , Ambassador from the Count of Spain.

Of the love of your most illustrious lordship towards me, the fervour and sincerity of it, I value the constancy of it as much in prosperity as in adversity. In its name I give you thanks, merited and due. Both age and fortune call me, indeed, and also my guiding spirit, which, up to now, I have sadly satisfied, to the extent that now, coming out of the theatre of civil affairs, I give myself to letters and instruct the actors themselves (*et ipsos actores instruam*), and serve prosperity.

It will perhaps be an honour to me, and I shall live as it were in the halls of a better life.

May God keep your most illustrious lordship safe and fortunate.

Your servant,
Brother St. Alban.

June 6, 1621

To Count Gondomar (written before his return to Spain)

I have seen and I acknowledge divine providence, which, in such great solitude, as it were clouded, has produced for me such a friend who, tied up in such great affairs and in such great crises of time, yet has had care for me, and has procured for me that which my other friends have either not dared to attempt or been able to obtain.

Your such generous ways have given right and lasting fruit, tending towards all offices of humanity and honour.

It will perhaps not be the least among your good works, that you encourage me who has been someone among the living, not altogether perished among posterity. You lift me up by your wealth and your influence.

What can I do? I will at length be yours, if less by companionship, at any rate by affection and loyalty. Under the ashes of fortune will always live the fires of love. Therefore I most humbly salute you and bid farewell to you. I desire greatly all fortune, declare my gratitude and offer my respect.

To Count Gondomar, in Spain

Divine providence seems to signify that this task of raising me up from calamity is to be wholly yours from start to finish. After I was admitted to converse with my king, I had the impression of being in a state of favour. The king did not speak to me as to a guilty man, but as one struck

down by misfortune. He likewise acknowledged, with every sign of affection, my steadfastness in industriousness and integrity. Wherefore my hope grows that the efforts of your lordship on my behalf will not be in vain. Meanwhile I have not abandoned myself to idleness- My occupations and the matters of which I write are such as shall not be unsuitable to my former honours and shall perchance make posterity recall my name with gratitude.

March 28, 1623

Seven months later, on November 8, 1623, the First Folio of all the Shakespeare plays was published. These references to posterity constitute the only intimation of the imminent appearance of this great volume.

To Count Gondomar, in Spain

The journey of Mr. Tobie Matthew, who is like an *alter ego* to me, to Spain, recalls to my mind the great favour you showed me in visiting me several times a little before your departure, both in the country and in town, and promising me at length your good will in respect to my fortunes. Indeed you diligently pleaded my case before the King and the Duke of Buckingham, obtaining from them a promise regarding my requests.

As you have produced such miracles in public fortune, let your virtue shine also in the private fortune of your friend and servant. For miracles are the offspring of power and faith. Time will tell.

The launching of the two parts of *Don Quixote* in Madrid, in 1605 and in 1615, was a hazardous undertaking, one which could easily have gone awry; the identity of the real author could easily have been divulged. That the plan did not falter does not negate its reality. There is nothing in these letters which refers directly to any involvement by Gondomar in the publication of *Don Quixote*, but, if the plan was to succeed, any mention of it would be ruled out in advance.

In *Don Quixote* we can read two passages which, taken together, give us some insight into what could well have happened when the manuscript of *Don Quixote* was brought to Madrid.

I would faine know of you (sayd Don Quixote) now that it pleased God to give you abilities to print your bookes, To whom will you direct them? You have Lords and Grandees in Spaine (sayd the Scholler) to whom I may direct them.

One Prince I know.....

Part 2, ch.24

It certainly seems unnecessary to say 'in Spain', as Quixote and the scholar are already in that country.

I looked about to view whether I could perceive any Moore that could read them I requested him to turne all the sheetes that treated of Don Quixote into Spanish. I would pay him what he listed for his paines. He translated all the worke...

Part 1, ch. 9

In this quotation, it is the author himself who is speaking.

Footnotes

1 Salvador de Madariaga, *On Hamlet*, Hollis and Carter, 1948.

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

POSTSCRIPT

In his introduction to *Don Quixote*, James Fitzmaurice-Kelly has taken Shelton to task for certain inaccurate translations. This might convince the reader that, in any dispute about which text came first, Cervantes is clearly shown to be the original creator. But Fitzmaurice-Kelly was working on the assumption that we are dealing with the conventional author-translator relationship, where each text should be, wherever possible, identical in meaning. The possibility that Cervantes was given a text as raw material, which he could alter here and there, and present under his own name, was not considered. On closer examination it can be seen that Fitzmaurice-Kelly's fault-finding is not nearly so severe as he would like us to think.

In his opinion Shelton's "colloquial knowledge of Spanish urges him to a close adherence to the letter, and the first found word too often contents him, if in sound or semblance it approaches the Castilian." These are the words that Shelton, he maintains, has translated incorrectly:

1. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "For Shelton 'a trance' suits the needs of *trance* far better than the more obvious 'emergency' which the context demands." In fact one of the meanings of the Spanish word *trance* is *trance*. It can also mean a difficult moment. The Spanish word for emergency is *emergencia*, not *trance*. Fitzmaurice-Kelly criticises Shelton for talking of "the trances of warfare" and "this unexpected *trance*". Fitzmaurice-Kelly fails to take into account the changes in Spanish and English since the early seventeenth century, and the freedom that translators felt in those days to widen the meaning of a word. If the word 'shock' can be taken as a possible synonym of *trance*, then, in both these examples, Shelton can be seen as an accurate translator - or Cervantes for that matter, if that was his role.
2. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "As 'trance' stands for *trance*, so do 'successes' impersonate *sucesos*. Where Cervantes writes '*todos los sucesos que habia visto*', Shelton hits upon 'all the successes of the thing she had seen'." As the Spanish for success is *exito*, and the meaning of *suceso* is 'happening' or 'event', it does look as if Shelton has been at fault. Once again Fitzmaurice-Kelly forgets the passage of time and changes in language. In Jacobean times 'success' could mean an event or outcome. This meaning is given in glossaries of the Shakespeare plays.
3. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "The aspect of *talante* resembles 'talent' nearly enough to justify a blindness to the difference between a mood and a talent." (Talent in Spanish is *talento*; *talante* means 'mood'.) Hence a rigid adherence to the system (Shelton's translation) produces 'in a bad fashion and worse talent' for *mala traza y peor talante*". A modern, literal translation would read: 'a bad appearance and worse mood', but, in the seventeenth century, Shelton's text could have been understood in just this way as talent could mean inclination or disposition.
4. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: "A more diverting example of the results of this impetuous fidelity occurs in the scene with the galley-slaves. One of the guards says to Don Quixote, '*a este pecador le dieron tormento y*

confeso su delito, the unmistakable meaning of which simple passage is that ‘they tortured this sinner and he confessed his crime.’ The likeness between ‘delight’ and *delito* is of exquisite suggestion, and forthwith a frolic humour impels Shelton to record that ‘he confessed his delight’.” Here it does look as if Shelton has made an error - and, of course, that he, not Cervantes, was the translator. *Delito* is the Spanish word for crime, or offence: If Shelton was the translator, he certainly was at fault for writing ‘delight’ instead of ‘offence’. But two alternative scenarios exist. Shelton, as translator, could have deliberately mistranslated this word, as it certainly fits the mood of deliberate irony and obvious use of eulogy when scorn is expected, when the reader is not supposed to read the passage literally. Alternatively, Shelton, as author, could be deliberately choosing his words ironically, and Cervantes, the translator, could be rejecting the irony, and reverting to a more prosaic, ordinary vocabulary. Anyway, under torture, a determined man could proclaim his delight, his satisfaction, in the actions which led to his downfall.

5. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: “The same tendency to the servile-exact is displayed in his treatment of the everyday verb *desmayarse* (to faint or swoon). He detects Cardenio denouncing ‘*el mudable de las desmayada traidora,*’ and straightway transfixes Luscinda as ‘the mutable and dismaied traytresse.’ A fresh temptation recurs in the expressions ‘*voz desmayada*’ and ‘*persona enferma y desmayada*’; and here again Shelton unflinchingly maintains his repute with ‘a desmaied voice’ and a ‘sicke and dismayed person’.” Here again Fitzmaurice-Kelly damages his case by suggesting that a literal translation is obligatory. In the fourteenth century and after, dismay had a stronger meaning that it has today. It meant ‘to frighten’. So there would not have been such a difference then between ‘frightened’ and ‘faint’.
6. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: “Moved by the same honorable intent, Shelton does justice to ‘*prosiguio en sus maldiciones*’ (continued his curses) by a declaration that ‘he prosecuted his maledictions’.” A reference to a modern dictionary (for example, Collins) would have told him that one of the meanings of ‘prosecute’ is ‘continue’, coming from the Latin for ‘follow forward’.
7. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: “His persistent loyalty hinders him from perverting ‘*todos eran suspensos*’ (all were hung) into any form less literal than ‘all were suspended’.” Yet again Fitzmaurice-Kelly ignores the fact that in the early seventeenth century, the English language was in its infancy, still emerging from its Latin, German and Anglo-Saxon origins. There is nothing strange in the same basically Latin word for hanging being used and understood then both in Spanish and English.
8. Fitzmaurice-Kelly: “Doubtless, in some cases, an apparent blunder is but the slip of a man in a hurry. The ‘*pastor sardo*’ passes as a ‘Sardinicall Poet’.” This is not an error committed by Shelton. It is perhaps exactly what he wanted to write at this point. Cervantes chose to call this man a shepherd (pastor or poet) who was ‘sardo’; the word for ‘deaf’ is *sordo*, and the word for sardonic is ‘*sardonico*’; so the reader can choose which meaning Cervantes had in mind.

Fitzmaurice-Kelly further raps Shelton on the knuckles for stating that Espartafilardo had for his device a harrow, while Cervantes chooses to give him an asparagus plant; instead of saying that Ambrosio was ‘that shepherd of the other day’, Shelton prefers to call him Marias Ambrosio’s shepherd; Juan Palomeque, the innkeeper, was deaf (*sordo*), according to Shelton, while Cervantes says he was left handed, (*zurdo*); while Shelton tells us that ‘the mouth of the fish is over one’s head’, Cervantes states that ‘the mouth of the Horn, the Little Bear, is overhead’; instead of referring to a local, La Mancha stew as ‘broken bones-and-grief, eaten on Saturdays’, Shelton renders this as ‘griefes and complaints the Saturdays’ meaning, presumably, a week-end routine of mutual arguments; instead of translating ‘*noria*’ as waterwheel, Shelton makes this noun a town; and, finally, the Englishman prefers to call the tailor of Cantillo ‘the tailor that dwells in a corner’.

These differences can be called errors if we are looking for a literal translation. It is possible that some passages were written by Cervantes, and that these mistranslations were made by Shelton. What is certain is that there are only a handful of possible errors in this work of over one thousand pages.

On one occasion Shelton tells us, in a marginal note, that he has “left out a line or two of a dull conceit”. It is, he says, “no great matter; for in English it could not be expressed”.

Taken by itself, this admission by Shelton that he has not included two lines which appear in Cervantes’ text, suggests that the Spanish version is the original one. The only possible explanation for this discrepancy between the two versions is that Cervantes was given the freedom to add the occasional example of incomprehension - this is what Shelton has omitted - to illustrate Sancho’s lack of education.

The passage that Shelton has not included follows a remark by Quixote that “though thou beest a foole, yet I thinke thou art honest”. In Cervantes’ text we read, “though you are a fool, you are a truthful man, (*eres hombre veridico*). Sancho’s reply is: “I am not green (*verde*), but brown, but even if I were a mixture, I would keep my word”.

This is a poor, contrived, hardly natural example of incomprehension.

There is only one other example of a passage that does not appear in the Shelton text. It occurs in the long section devoted to Quixote’s stay with the Duke and Duchess. A “goodly youth, clad like a Romane” sings “these two Stanza’s following”. Here Shelton has a marginal note,: “which I likewise omit as being basely made on purpose, and so not worth the translation”. (Pt.2,ch.69) The two verses in Cervantes’s text are indeed paltry, as can be seen from the last quatrain,

And when my soul from prison is released
And led beside the Stygian lake,
It will celebrate you, and that sound
Will be stopped by the waters of oblivion.

Cervantes has borrowed the second stanza from Garcilaso’s third Eclogue. As in the first example of a discrepancy between Cervantes’ and Shelton’s text, Cervantes, it seems, was free to add his own verse at this point, and he extended this freedom to include the lifting of another writer’s lines.

There are, however, some surprising errors in *Don Quixote*, which would not have been made by a Catholic Spaniard. These were pointed out by Charles Jarvis in his translation of 1801, without any suggestion that the author was not Cervantes. In Part 2, chapter 11, reference is made to the octave of Corpus Christi, occurring when Quixote meets the band of strolling players. As our hero’s first adventure took place in July, this incident must have been in October, as Jarvis makes clear in his detailed Plan and Duration of the Whole Fable. A Spanish author would have known that the celebration of Corpus Christi takes place in May or June. In the previous chapter, Quixote and Sancho Panza, after leaving Tobosa, take the road to Saragossa, but the events which follow are located to the south of Tobosa, while Saragossa lies two hundred and fifty miles to the north-east. In chapter 29, our two heroes ride from the plain of La Mancha to the river Ebro in five days, a journey of over two hundred miles. Each day poor Rozinante and Sancho’s donkey would have to cover forty miles. And when Quixote spends three days with a band of robbers, before he enters Barcelona, we are told that this was on the eve of St. John. This event must have taken place at the end of November, but St. John’s day is June 24th.

As Vladimir Nobokov says in his *Lectures on Don Quixote*, “Cervantes is no land surveyor. The wobbly backdrop of *Don Quixote* is fiction. With its proposterous inns full of characters from Italian storybooks and its preposterous mountains teeming with lovelorn poetasters disguised as Arcadian shepherds, the picture Cervantes

pains of the country is about as true and typical of seventeenth-century Spain as Santa Claus is true and typical of the twentieth century North Pole. Indeed Cervantes seems to know Spain as little as Gogol did central Russia. If we examine Don Quixote's excursions topographically, we are confronted by a ghastly muddle. Throughout those adventures there is a mass of monstrous inaccuracies. The author avoids descriptions that would be particular and might be verified. Until we reach Barcelona one does not meet with a single known town or cross a single river."

1

Another indication of non-Spanish authorship occurs in Part 2, chapter 29, when Quixote and Sancho climb aboard a little boat, which they find tied to a tree, and float slowly down the river Ebro. Our hero says that "according to the Spaniards" they know when they have crossed the equinoctial line. This is not what one Spaniard would say to another, in real life or in a novel written by a Spanish author.

Footnotes

1. *Lectures on Don Quixote*, Weidenfeld 1983 4,5

WHO WROTE DON QUIXOTE?

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