

## The Disciplining of don Quixote and the Discipline of Literary Studies

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To the memory of Carroll Johnson

The temptation to throw oneself into Foucault's arms is strong when one speaks of *Don Quixote*, not just because of the luminous pages that Foucault himself devotes early in his career to the novel, but also because a peculiar late-Foucauldianism seems very much alive in the sharpest definitions of discipline and of disciplining we have from Cervantes's own period.<sup>1</sup> "Diciplina," says Sebastián de Covarrubias in his 1611 dictionary *Tesoro de la lengua castellana o española*, "vale buena institución; diciplinado el bien instituido... Diciplina, el manajo de cordeles con abrojuelos, con que los diciplinantes se açotan: y la execución desta penitencia y mortificación, se llama diciplina." [*Discipline means good instruction; disciplined, is the person who is well instructed. Discipline, the handful of ropes with thorns, with which penitents flog themselves; the execution of this penance and mortification is called discipline.*] It is of course in the *first* sense that Covarrubias gives, as the instruction and institution of a disciple, and as the body of protocols, conventions, epistemologies, habits, and professional resources that attend such instruction and institution, that today we understand the notion of a discipline. As to the etymological drift between the word's first sense and its second one, well, here we appear to tread on tricky ground. Glancingly in this first definition, quite hysterically as he defines the word "disciplinarse," to *discipline oneself*, Covarrubias's prose approaches a full-blown inquisitorial fury when the *academic* discipline comes into contact with its etymological and cultural parent, the discipline of religious penance. This is how the *Tesoro* defines *disciplinarse*:

DICIPLINARSE, particularmente se vsa entre los religiosos y personas, que mortifican la carne en remembrança de los açotes que Christo nuestro Señor padeció por nosotros: y si esto se haze con las devidas circunstancias junta Dios la sangre del tal penitente con la suya, y dale valor y mérito: pero los que se açotan por vanidad, son necios abominables Sacerdotes de Baal. Y deurían los Prelados como los Gouvernadores seculares, echar de las processiones de los diciplinantes, aquellos que van con profanidad, y castigarlos seueramente, que por ser tan notorios los excessos que se hazen no los declaro aquí, y porque se me haze vergüença referirlos. En Alemania huuo vna secta de hereges, que llamaron los Flagelantes, eran grandes vellacos y borrachos: y assí los condenaron por tales.

To discipline oneself, used especially among the religious orders and by people who mortify their flesh in remembrance of the scourges [*açotes*] that Christ our Lord suffered for us: and if this is done with due ceremony and circumstance,

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<sup>1</sup> This essay was first delivered as a talk at the Whitney Humanities Center, Yale University, at the international symposium "400 Years of *Don Quixote*," and then again as the keynote address for the Seventh Annual Cervantes Symposium, The Newberry Library (Chicago). It is my pleasure to acknowledge my debt to the generous audiences at both events. Translations throughout, except when marked, are my own.

God mixes the blood of the flagellant with His own to give it value and merit: but those who whip themselves out of vanity, are foolish abominable Priests of Baal. And both the prelates and secular governors should eject from all processions of disciplinants those who profanely participate in them, and severely punish them; because their excesses are so notorious I won't list them here, and also because I'm ashamed to relate them. In Germany there was a sect of heretics, who were called the Flagellants, who were great fools and drunkards, and were condemned as such.

Some cultural or biographical anxiety—or some anxiety that pertains precisely to the awkward relation between culture and biography—accounts for the immoderation of the lexicographer's language, for its drift into color, myth, almost, we might say, into *literature*. What might it be? Why does Sebastián de Covarrubias feel such *shame*, [*vergüenza*], at the sight of vain and profane flagellants, and at the thought of retelling their practices? And how might Cervantes's own novel about extravagant lapses into literature and in literature share in, or exacerbate, or differently respond to this anxiety, whatever its source? Finally, what light might this small, idiosyncratic sample drawn from early modern texts shed on the construction of *modern* disciplinarity, a set of notions we most commonly associate with the late years of the European Enlightenment?

For the moment, let's dwell on Covarrubias's wonderful worries, and pick at his shame a bit. Remark the two discriminating concepts at work in the over-the-top account that his *Tesoro de la lengua...* gives of self-disciplining: *vanidad* and *profanidad*. Now, one might be inclined to array *vanidad* and *profanidad* roughly together—the vain or vainglorious man is often profane in his habits, beliefs, and expressions; and profanity of one or another sort at least suggests some vanity. For the *Tesoro de la lengua*, though, the two terms represent two rather different aspects of the orthodox, counter-reformation response to religious as well as social heterodoxy, and two quite different constructions of what today we would be tempted to call, anachronistically, the *psychology* of heterodoxy. For Covarrubias, *vanidad* principally means, as he says, “desuanecimiento, presuncion, y especie de locura” [*aggrandizement, presumptuousness, a sort of madness that afflicts one or another person*]. *Vanidad* is the mode that we Freudians *malgré nous* associate with the introjection of a negligible external world by a sacred, narcissistically sufficient self, perhaps a subject; *vanidad* is a pathology that speaks of excessive, excessively guarded interiority. *Profanidad*, on the other hand, has very little to do with the proto-psychological, nearly physiological register in which *vanidad* operates—the register of madness, “desuanecimiento,” “sueño.” The word *Profanidad* derives, Covarrubias reminds his readers, from the Latin *procul â fano*, one who is located precisely *outside* of the temple: in the marketplace, outside the circle of the faithful but *in the midst* of the city's other transactions. “Profano llamamos el poco religioso, que trata de cosas del mundo viciosamente. Profanar, violar los templos, y las cosas sagradas” [*We call profane the man who isn't very religious, who acts viciously in worldly matters. To profane, means to violate temples and sacred things*].<sup>2</sup> The term then bears complexly upon a subject's behavior, upon “due ceremony and circumstance,” rather than upon an intention or a belief,

<sup>2</sup> Covarrubias, “profano.” As one might expect, matters are in fact even more complicated. Covarrubias also uses the word *vanidad* to refer to a more general sense of cultural, especially religious misunderstanding, as when he mentions, significantly under his definition of *sueño*, that “La vanidad antigua fingió auer vn Dios dicho sueño,” “Antique vanity invented a God called ‘sleep.’”

held or expressed within the temple of a notional interiority—for what the profane man “violates” is the *arcanum* of the temple, by opening it to the inspection of the public, to the gods of the marketplace. If *vanidad* secures the inner temple at which the subject worships the world that it captures, consumes, internalizes, and appropriates, *profanidad* speaks in the *Tesoro* of the desacralization of the introjected world, of its marketing, of the externalization and setting-into-commerce of what is most secret; it is the language of the money-lenders who people the Temple, and whom Jesus expels, in a set of passages from the gospel of Matthew that had a decisive influence in the histories of modernity, and of anti-semitism. Profanity, in short, is the guiding discursive mode for what Habermas famously called “representative publicness,” *representative Öffentlichkeit*, as it comes in the course of the late 16<sup>th</sup> century into conflict with an emergently autonomous sense of the “private” or interior sphere.

Discipline is the complex concept that Covarrubias employs to *suture* these two radically different, even antagonistic terms. To discipline oneself is to mingle one’s blood with the Redeemer’s, as the *Tesoro*’s definition puts it—but the cultural argument that Covarrubias’s *Tesoro* makes suggests that another, equally important mingling or condensation is at work as well: between one’s “trato” or behavior outside the temple, in public; and one’s internal disposition, intentions and profession. The suggestion that a public practice—for example, the practice of mortification, which spreads upon the surface of the body the visible signs of an inner faith—might be undertaken not out of faith but for obscure “internal” motives—out of vanity or for private pleasure, say—is a source of embarrassment, of shame, of anger. Those in whom a proto-psychological internal disposition does not match the cultural sense given the “ceremony and circumstance” in which they are engaged are drunkards, heretics, madmen. Those whose skin bears marks that mislead us concerning their disposition, their faith, their intentions, even their race, concerning the secrets or dreams of identity they treasure or merely remember, like a prayer or a story, or a *marrano* or a *morisco*’s languages or proper name, or the key to a house in Toledo—these are “foolish abominable Priests of Baal.” The suspicion that the identity of a secret disposition with a public conduct, of biography with culture, is never assured, that the visible marks of self-mortification or self-disciplining bear no necessary relation to the pleasures, secrets, desires, faith or pains that drive them, leads Covarrubias to excesses, here and throughout the *Tesoro*. We may surmise, wearing our biographical hat, that the matter presses upon him rather more personally than he cares to admit: he is, we believe, of *converso* blood, a circumstance that has practical consequences both for him and for his brother, Juan de Horozco, throughout much of their lives. Wearing a more broadly cultural hat, we observe that the confessionalization of Hapsburg court society under Philip II and Philip III; the emergence of the inquisitorial culture of which Covarrubias was a part; the incipient shaping of modern subjectivity by means of these techniques of discipline and subjection—these are at play in Covarrubias’s brief definition, as they are in the literary and linguistic culture he diagnoses, systematizes, and helps us to define.

This two-hatted excursion into Covarrubias then allows me to suggest two hypotheses. The excess of affect that accompanies the definitions of *disciplina* and *disciplinarse* in the *Tesoro*, the nearly mythic violence they display, the *literary* supplement to the lexicographer’s systematic task, these are Cervantes’s subject-matter as well. *Don Quixote*, like Covarrubias’s *Tesoro*, its lexicological equivalent for innovation and sheer oddity, is in

great measure an extended meditation on the sorts of social, linguistic and cultural work required to mingle, bloodily when necessary, biographical interiority (that is, everything we might classify under the emergent notion of *subjectivity*) with the domain of visible cultural practices. Both *Don Quixote* and Covarrubias's *Tesoro de la lengua* seek to understand the devices and institutions required to build and maintain that precarious identification between emergent subjectivity and cultural practice—the institution of a “national” language on one hand, on the other the institution of literary models (that is, both literary works and protocols for reading those works) that bridge the idioms of realistic and allegorical representation, the idioms of La Mancha's “historians” and of the moralized Virgilian epic that, as Alonso López Pinciano famously puts it, hides within the soul of its plot “another soul, which is its allegory.”<sup>3</sup> And in *both* works the reflection upon these devices and institutions that bridge interior subjectivity and cultural practices takes shape—not uniquely, but crucially and determiningly—in the lexicon furnished by the complex, emergent institutions of print culture.

What I have just narrated here is a customary and well-scripted story—the simultaneous emergence of a bourgeois public-private distinction on one hand, and of print culture on the other—and on their back, so to speak, the slow organization and institutionalization of forms of knowledge into modern shape. This Williams-esque, almost Kantian account of the emergence and consolidation of modern disciplinarity is told from the perspective of its outcome, according to the conventions set in place by that “modern shape” that disciplines attain in their mature form: all disciplines consolidate themselves in some measure around the ratified story of their coming-into-being, of the difference between a barbaric, disorganized infancy and an enlightened maturity or adulthood. For Covarrubias and for Cervantes matters are not settled. The story of lexicography's consolidation and coming-to-maturity has not been told in 1605, or in 1611, much less ratified; “literature” and “the novel” are hardly defined terms when Juan de la Cuesta publishes Cervantes's work, or Luis Sánchez Covarrubias's, and the terms are certainly in no sense part of an agreed narrative about the rise of an epistemological institution. Indeed part of what Cervantes and Covarrubias appear to me to share is a deep ambivalence concerning the consolidation of one or another normative, familiar and familial disciplinary story—a story which would on one hand legitimate aspects of their project, but would on the other make inaccessible or unthinkable other, “infantile” or barbaric ones. It is one of cultural history's most curious ironies that works so extravagant, so unsettled as to the possibility of disciplinary legitimation as are *Don Quijote de la Mancha* and the *Tesoro de la lengua castellana* have themselves become the keystones of largely unquestioned, nationally-inflected disciplinary stories.

Very friable, wobbly and untrustworthy keystones, however.

For *Don Quixote* and Covarrubias's *Tesoro* are themselves not only meditations upon, but also *examples* of the compromise-formations required to bridge emergent subjectivity and cultural practice. Indeed, the dominant characterological readings of *Don Quixote* may be understood to follow the Knight's movement from *disciplina* to *disciplinarse*, or vice-versa, from the mad autonomy of the *hidalgo* to his melancholy recognition, at the close of the 1615 *Quixote*, that he is sane, and subject to social and generic rules other than those he

<sup>3</sup> López Pinciano 467: “Fadrique: ‘[L]o que yo entiendo desta cosa es, que la epica tiene una otra anima del anima: de manera, que la que era antes anima, que era el argumento, queda hecho cuerpo y material debaxo de quien se encierra y esconde la otra anima mas perfecta y essencial, dicha alegoria.’”

imposes upon himself—an internalization proceeding either in the key of tragedy, according to the Romantic reading of *Don Quixote*; or in the key of comedy. But it will hardly surprise contemporary readers to find that Cervantes's great work is a *very bad example* indeed of the compromise formations on which the discipline of literary studies stands—that is, that the literary practice that *Don Quixote* helps set in place succeeds very poorly, and accidentally in any case, in mingling cultural sense and the representation of internal disposition in the fantastical way called for by the post-Tridentine cultural institutions in Spain. It is the novel's failures on this gravest matter, not its successes, that require of its closest readers compensatory sanities, rules, protocols—a discipline of literary studies whose object is the disciplining of the novel *Don Quixote*, as that novel's is the disciplining of the Knight, don Quixote. Modern literary studies are the lash with which we mortify ourselves, with which we control and regulate the wilding effects of Cervantes's novel, with which we deny ourselves many of its fantastical pleasures, the lash with which we seek to mingle our blood with Cervantes's—but literary studies are also the source of secret and controversial pleasures, of ungovernable, because radically private, heresies.

I want to find my way into this cluster of assertions by looking closely at one of the first, and surely among the mildest, of don Quixote's encounters with the forces that seek to cure him of his extravagances. I'll offer you one or two plausible contexts for reading the episode, then some observations that will suggest, I hope, why one might extrapolate from such a small sample so broad, indeed so Baroquely grandiose a matter as the limits and the secret as well as public pleasures of literary disciplinarity. The episode I have in mind crops up between the very first and the second sallies of the Knight. In Chapter 7 of the first Part the novel pauses, takes a kind of brief breath, *recule pour mieux sauter*. The lines I want to read with you—this pause, this breath—are perched between the extraordinary and much discussed *escrutinio* of Alonso Quijano's library, and the even more famous adventure of the windmills, which shows up just about everywhere inside as well as outside of the literary domain. The pause marks the interval between the extended novel, and the opening, small subsection of the *Quixote* which Menéndez Pidal controversially considered something like the *Ur-Quixote*: a seeming version of the anonymous, probably earlier "Entremés de los Romances," which tells much the same story as chapters 1-7 of *Don Quixote* (Menéndez Pidal 9-60. For the controversy, Murillo. A more recent review, in Eisenberg and Stagg). Too much taken with the two wonderful, shining chapters that frame and confine this briefest of exchanges, or maybe impatient to slide out of the *entremés*-like discipline and compactness of that first sortie and on into the wider world of the novel as such, or perhaps eager to meet Sancho, to whom we're introduced a page or two on, I had not, until I reread the novel this year, remarked on it or found it of much interest—and yet this time, who knows why, it moved me deeply. You'll recall that the wounded Knight has been brought back home, raving old romances and much the worse for wear after his meeting with the merchants and mule-drivers in chapter 4, and then put to bed. His solicitous friends, eager to find a cure and reasoning that by eliminating the cause of his madness they'll perhaps cure its effects, go through his library, choosing to keep certain of his books, and destining the rest to the flames. The Knight wakes shouting from a dream and interrupts their culling—with the result that the housekeeper burns all the rest of the books, regardless of their merit. And while the Knight rests again, Cervantes tells us,

Vno de los remedios que el cura y el barbero dieron por entonces, para el mal de su amigo, fue que le murassen y tapiassen el aposento de los libros, porque quando se leuantesse no los hallasse --quiza quitando la causa, cessaria el efeto--, y que dixessen que vn encantador se los auia lleuado, y el aposento y todo; y assi fue hecho con mucha presteza.

De alli a dos dias se leuántó don Quixote, y lo primero que hizo fue [yr] a ver sus libros, y como no hallaua el aposento donde le auia dexado, andaua de vna en otra parte buscandole. Llegaua adonde solia tener la puerta y tentauala con las manos, y boluia y reboluia los ojos por todo, sin dezir palabra; pero al cabo de vna buena pieça, preguntó a su ama que hazia qué parte estaua el aposento de sus libros. (Cervantes 1914-1928, I, 7, 108)

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber devised for their friend's illness was to wall up and seal off the room the held the books, so that when he got up he would not find them—perhaps by removing the cause, they would end the effect—and they would say that an enchanter had taken the books away, along with the room and everything in it; and this is what they did, with great haste. Two days later Don Quixote got out of bed, and the first thing he did was to go to see his books, and since he could not find the library where he had left it, he walked back and forth looking for it. He went up to the place where the door had been, and he felt it with his hands, and his eyes looked all around, and he did not say a word; but after some time had passed, he asked his housekeeper what had become of the library and his books. (Cervantes 2003, 54)

Diego Clemencín, Cervantes's great, impatient 19<sup>th</sup> century editor, always eager to castigate Cervantes for what he calls the *Quixote's* "incorrecciones y... distracciones," notes here acidly that the Knight "mal podría tentar la puerta si la habian quitado. Tentaría el sitio donde estaba anteriormente, y la buscaría con las manos" (1088) [*he could hardly have felt the door if it had been removed. He must rather have felt the place where it once was, and sought it out with his hands*] (Cervantes 1894, 177). And yet what a strange, searching scene this is! In my tradition—the Sephardic tradition—we refer to the utter disorientation one feels when one wakes up at night, in the dark, and cannot recall where one is, as the experience of being "emparedado," walled-in, immured, a term taken not as it might seem from gastronomy but from the Gothic lexicon of inquisitorial torments—but surely apt for describing the experience that Cervantes places before us here, where it is not clear whether the scene's affective charge flows from the Knight's being walled *in* (into the world of "un lugar de La Mancha") or walled *out* (out of his library, and out of the dangerous and appealing lexical worlds it contains, and which the Barber and the Priest have just catalogued for us). Wearing a biographical rather than an autobiographical hat, we might recall as well Cervantes's own experience with the blank face of a wall: his novel, he says, is much like one who "was conceived in prison, home of all discomfort and seat of all sad sound" ("se engendró en vna carcel, donde toda incomodidad tiene su assiento y donde todo triste ruydo haze su habitacion"). In this interval don Quixote stands before a blank surface as Cervantes once stood before a blank prison wall or an empty page: poised between the physical forces and material circumstances that conspire against his epic project by knocking him back into sanity, and the explicitly *ideological* or pedagogical ones that seek to "cure" him. How does

Cervantes move his Knight and his novel between these? And how does he *begin to write*?

For the moment passes. The Knight, awoken from one dream, finds himself momentarily immured or walled-out, not doubly but triply closed off from the “cause” of his madness, the door walled, then sealed off, the walled and sealed door blocking his way into a room now emptied of books. He pauses before the well-known wall, lets his fingers drift across its surface. His eyes search for the door; he looks this way and that, over and over. And then, when at last the Knight asks where his library has gone, the apparatus of explanation and enforced forgetting comes into motion, drawing on the resources of his mad idiom to explain and justify the disappearance of that idiom’s sources, dispatching the figure of the enchanter into the smoky ether to explain why the Knight will no longer be able to face the enchanter on the page, among his now-burned books. Here is how the brief episode concludes:

El ama, que ya estaua bien aduertida de lo que auia de responder, le dixo: “¿Qué aposento o qué nada busca vuestra merced? Ya no ay aposento ni libros en esta casa, porque todo se lo lleuó el mesmo diablo.”

“No era diablo”, replicó la sobrina, “sino vn encantador que vino sobre vna nuue vna noche, despues del dia que vuestra merced de aqui se partio, y, apeandose de vna sierpe en que venia cauallero, entró en el aposento, y no se lo que se hizo dentro, que a cabo de poca pieça salio bolando por el texado, y dexó la casa llena de humo, y quando acordamos a mirar lo que dexaua hecho, no vimos libro ni aposento alguno; solo se nos acuerda muy bien a mi y al ama que, al tiempo del partirse aquel mal viejo, dixo en altas vozes que, por enemistad secreta que tenia al dueño de aquellos libros y aposento, dexaua hecho el daño en aquella casa que despues se veria; dixo, tambien, que se llamaua el sabio Muñatón.”

“Frestón diría”, dixo don Quixote.

“No se”, respondió el ama, “si se llamaua Frestón o Fritón, solo se que acabó en *ton* su nombre.”

The housekeeper, who had been well-instructed in how she should respond, said:

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

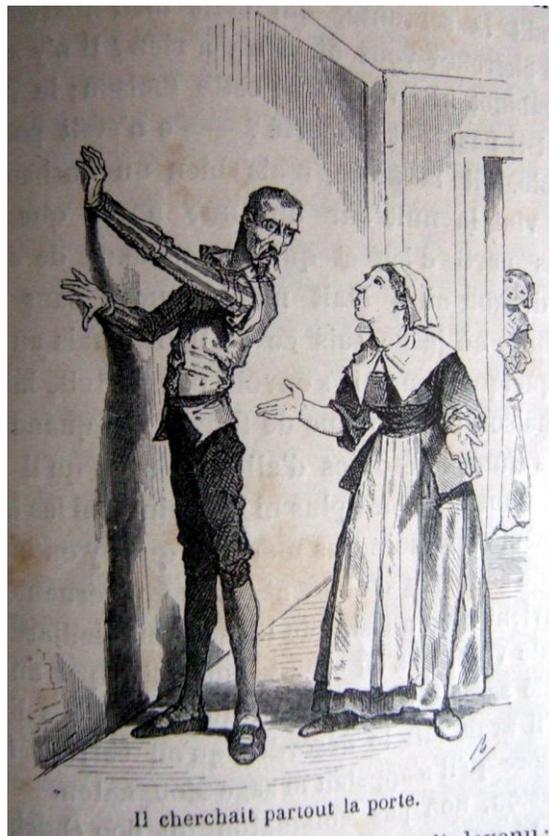
“It wasn’t the devil,” replied the niece, “but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, after the day your grace left here, and he dismounted from the serpent he was riding and entered the library, and I don’t know what he did inside, but after a little while he flew up through the roof and left the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

“He must have said Frestón,” said Don Quixote.

“I don’t know,” the housekeeper said, if he was called Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in *tón*.” (Cervantes 2003, 54-55)

It is, I think, not only because it is so brief that the scene figures almost not at all in the vast visual literature of adaptations and illustrations of *Don Quixote*. There isn't, really, anything to *see* here—more, it's a scene precisely *about* the lack of anything to see, about not-seeing (a door, a library, another interior world) rather than seeing it. Feeling for what is no longer there, searching for the trace of a door to a room stripped of its content and of its function, unlinking the evidence of what one sees from the certainties one remembers having seen: Clemencín, despite his grumpiness, is perhaps not entirely wrong about the passage's contradictoriness. For there is something both banal, threatening and peculiarly unrepresentable about this moment, something that resists visualization as much as it seems to resist correct grammatical expression—as if the experience of running one's shocked eyes over the blank surface of a wall, again and again, reading over a familiar surface with one's eyes and hands in search of something essential but now lacking, were communicated to a viewer and to the reader.

I'm going to hold in reserve for the end of this essay the most extensive visual treatment of this episode that I've found. For now, consider these two images.



Bertall. *Don Quichotte de la Manche* (ed. Hachette et Cie., Paris, 1859)  
 (reprinted in 1886 in London, in 1892 in Milan, and copied  
 as a line-drawing by Henry Morin in 1900 in Paris)

One of the very few 19<sup>th</sup> century representations of this perplexing scene that I've found is this plate by Albert d'Arnoux, known as Bertall, for the 1859 Paris edition of *Don Quichotte de la Manche* prepared by Hachette, which was reprinted in pirated form in 1886 in London, in 1892 in Milan, and copied as a line-drawing by Henry Morin in

1900 in Paris. There's an echo of Bertall's engraving also in this wonderful, tiny image by the Valencian painter José Segrelles Albert, who painted between 1920 and 1934 a series of illustrations of *Don Quixote* that would, in 1954, be marketed as *cromos*, little collectible cards bought with bars of chocolate so as eventually to be pasted into an album, by the old Catalan company Chocolates Amatller, of San Martín de Provensals.<sup>4</sup> The 1966 edition of *Don Quixote* that Espasa Calpe put out used these images; the 1999 Barnes and Noble edition of Cohen's translation uses a selection of them.



José Segrelles Albert, *cromo* from Chocolates Amatller (1920-34; 1954)

Note that even here Segrelles has been unable to paint quite blankly enough, or indeed quite as blankly as Bertall has managed to do some seventy-five years earlier: as if painting on a second canvas within his canvas, he gives his viewers the ghostly outline of the library's door. The episode's odd unrepresentability surfaces in its diction as well—and not just in the awkwardness that Clemencín objects to. Remember how the narrator

<sup>4</sup> Albert José Segrelles, born in Albaida (Valencia) in 1885, studied painting under José Ramón Garnelo y Alda, and made his career as an illustrator. His best-known work includes illustrations for the *Tales of Hoffmann* (1922) and for Fernando de Rojas' *La Celestina*. In 1929, Segrelles published seven images from his series on *Don Quixote* in the Christmas issue of *The Illustrated London News*. This was not one of them. See Fernando González Moreno, "El Quijote a través de las colecciones de cromos: Segrelles y Chocolates Amatller": "'Hoy como ayer [...] chocolates Amatller.'" Con este slogan, repetido reiteradamente página tras página en el álbum, "Chocolates Amatller" presentaba en 1954 una colección de cromos que, mediante cromolitografía, reproducían a todo color ochenta ilustraciones de Segrelles. Este es, sin duda alguna, un buen ejemplo de como la industria chocolatera española había convertido en costumbre la inclusión de estampillas coleccionables en sus productos; así, se fomentaba la compra constante de la marca promocionadora. Pero este claro fin publicitario, respaldado incluso con la inserción de una breve historia de 'Chocolates Amatller S.A.', se combina con cierta intención pedagógica. En este sentido, las dimensiones de los cromos (75 mm. X 110 mm.) permiten incluir en la parte posterior de cada ilustración el correspondiente pasaje explicativo de *El Quijote*." At <http://biblioteca2.uclm.es/biblioteca/ceclm/libros/amatller/> (accessed April 16, 2012).

The bibliography concerning the illustrations of *Don Quixote* is vast and expanding. A recent, useful overview, in Eduardo Urbina and Jesús G. Maestro. See also Rachel Schmidt.

puts it: “Vno de los remedios que el cura y el barbero dieron por entonces,” Cervantes writes, “fue que le murassen y tapiassen el aposento de los libros”: the passage’s plain pleonasm, *murar* and *tapiar* meaning roughly the same, here speaks to Cervantes’s “distracción” or his “imprecisión,” as Clemencín might well point out, but also suggests a sort of compensatory anxiety: why would one need both “to wall up” and to “seal off the room that held the books,” as Edith Grossman’s translation puts it? (Cervantes 2003, 54) Wouldn’t one necessarily entail the other? And why, as any number of critics have remarked, bother walling or sealing off an empty room in the first place?

And yet so much depends on getting through this pause. Consider: this freighted, oddly unrepresentable scene provides a tenuous bridge, not just between the *Ur-Quixote* and its extended, novelistic counterpart, or between the Knight’s first and second sorties, but also between two forms of discipline that Don Quixote suffers, at times separately, at times braided. We move, in stepping from the first sortie to the second, from material forms of disciplining to what we might quickly call ideological ones, from the physical punishments given the Knight by the merchants and the literal burning of the books, to the narrative of Frestón—or Fritón, or Muñatón, all joined, the Housewife says, in ending in *ton*—enchanters who vanish with the library. And we move across a bridge built upon a number of devices. Notice for one the lexical echo, a kind of *ton* or common *tono* that joins the physical violence done to don Quixote and his mad world on one hand, with the ideological effort to make him forget the books that gave rise to his madness on the other hand. Whether burned by the Housekeeper or magically extracted by Freston, the books have disappeared and left only the trace of smoke, *humo*, behind them—and this trace of smoke wafts between the relentlessly real fire in the courtyard and the Housekeeper and the Niece’s fabulous account of Frestón and the library’s disappearance, “leaving the house full of smoke.” Indeed, there’s a daring topology to the books’ smoky disappearing-acts, both the “real” and the “fabulous”—the patently inquisitorial scene of the *escrutinio*, and the book burning *outside* of don Quixote’s chamber, work and are repeated also *within* the logic of the very books that the benevolent inquisitors have consigned to the flames, as if the legal, familial and medical efforts to eradicate the cause of don Quixote’s madness were themselves an episode consigned to the flames but remembered, repeated and worked-through at a different level, surviving their holocaust on the slip-tongues of the Niece and the Housekeeper. Vicente de los Ríos, Cervantes’s great 18<sup>th</sup> century editor and reader—I will have a bit more to say about him below—remarked that recurring to the device of the magician not only borrows the mad logic of the romances of chivalry, but also and as a result “inflamed the Knight’s extravagance, and stoked the fire of his madness.”<sup>5</sup> This sort of literary after-life that the mad Knight’s dead models enjoy in others’ mouths and practices unfolds throughout the novel—it is indeed the most characteristic feature of both parts of *Don Quixote*. Chivalric, pastoral or otherwise heroic motifs find their way into the practices of even the most obstinate skeptics.

Beyond the aural connection, beyond the connection of tone between these moments of disciplinary enforcement, the device that secures the continuity between external and internal discipline can be made out in the little, pseudo-legalistic cliché--“Quiça quitando la causa, cessaria el efeto” [*perhaps by removing the cause, they would end the effect*] --

<sup>5</sup> Vicente de los Ríos, “Análisis del *Quijote*” 17. For a substantive analysis of de los Ríos’s position, see Anthony Close.

mentioned as a sort of throw-away line by the narrator. This heavily over-determined, but almost accidental clause anchors the primary ideological message of the episode: the material disciplining of the Knight is related to the ideological discipline imparted to him as cause is to effect. Because it must bear so much weight—because the friends' behavior, which would seem calculated to *cause* madness rather than to cure it, by estranging so utterly what is most familiar and most desired by Alonso Quijano—because the walling of the library must seem motivated at every level, given how violent and how unnecessary, which is to say how fundamentally insane, even Quixotic it might otherwise appear—for this reason the narrator's little explanatory aside is at the same time both oppositional, a sort of accidental, a grace note; and also rigorously over-determined, the crucial gear in a number of determining idioms that unfold in the balance of the novel. "Quiça quitando la causa, cessaria el efeto" translates, approximately, the maxim of Roman law that says *sublata causa, tollitur effectus*—when the case has been dissipated, the effects must stop as well. Here the legal language mixes solidly both with a vulgar-Aristotelian philosophical register to which it is quite proximate, and with a medical idiom, "causa" here translating also the notion of the disease's somatic origin, the Knight's books. This brief accidental then works as an early bridge-term, a hint of the way in which Cervantes will madly marry contrasting, contradictory cultural idioms, borrowing the valence of one to qualify, ironize or dramatically shift the value of another, over-determining each with respect to its normal context, mixing "lo divino" with "lo humano"—as famously when in Chapter 21 the narrator describes Sancho's switching his donkey's harness and trappings for those of the barber's donkey as a *mutatio caparum*, the ornate and luxurious exchange of hoods between Cardinals on Easter Sunday. But in the context of the two episodes between which this brief, parenthetical comment is itself briefly, parenthetically walled—the *escrutinio* of the library and the second sortie—we should note the auto-biographical fantasy that the narrator's "quizás" encodes as well. We do not yet know whether the "effect" upon don Quixote of the loss of his books has been to end his madness, though we suspect not, as we have in our hands the much longer account of his "historia." In at least one case, however, the *escrutinio* itself becomes the means through which a future is promised for a work—further literary effects anticipated, even much sought. The book is of course Cervantes's own early pastoral romance *La Galatea*, unfinished when it comes into the Barber and the Curate's hands, and saved from the fire precisely *because* it is not yet finished, and can still mend and hope for mercy [*misericordia*] ("Es menester esperar la segunda parte que promete; quiça con la emienda alcançará del todo la misericordia que aora se le niega"). When Cervantes's narrator parenthetically surmises that "perhaps eliminating the cause will eliminate the effects" of the books, then, he is in this case at least—but more generally as well—also giving voice to the contrary wish or fantasy: that the effects of books, works like the *Amadís*, Montemayor and Gil Polo's *Dianas*, Ercilla's *Araucana*, or Barahona de Soto's *Las lagrimas de Angélica*, and particularly this work that we are reading four hundred years later, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, precisely do not cease when the body of the book itself, or the body of its author, disappear, are consigned to flames.

In brief, then. This condensed and contradictory little *aparte* between the Knight's first and second sorties rests upon but also blocks the movement between the idioms of established disciplines (between the languages of medicine, the law, and philosophy, most obviously). In addition, it would seem, the episode tells another story in brief: the

story of how reading *Don Quijote* (and don Quixote) comes to be regulated, disciplined in the first place—the story of the novel’s and the Knight’s birth as literary objects, and of their author’s birth or induction into the Pantheon of literary culture, its temple, *secretum* or *arcanum*. This excess of literary after-effects is from the first part of the mode of production of the novel, that new beast that comes onto the scene between the Knight’s first and second sortie—it is indeed what allows the novel to break out of its “breve cárcel,” what sets it under way. It both permits the bridge between material discipline and ideological discipline to be built, and shoots that bridge aslant, makes it unsafe, blocks it off, as one might a door.

Cervantes is not, however, singing the praises, *avant la letter*, of the relative autonomy of the aesthetic, of its irreducibility to instrumental uses by any single idiom, of its cornucopian excess—like a sort of Kant or Burke or Bataille before himself. For this excess of the literary with respect to the disciplinary and disciplining force of these languages is for Cervantes a source also of profound anxiety. Take for example the episode’s most explicitly *dramatic* elements. Once the decision to wall off don Quixote’s library has been agreed, we understand that the housekeeper and the niece’s account of its disappearance is scripted and performed for don Quixote, and we take it that the two have learnt their roles well, or well enough. The Niece’s slight slip of the tongue, confusing Muñatón with Frestón, may only suggest that she and the Housekeeper haven’t in fact learned their roles perfectly—though the production of many meaningless names for fictitious enchanters would seem on its face an excellent example of the very literary excessiveness so hard to discipline discursively. If it is, indeed, a slip of the tongue. For even the Niece’s confusion—an accident, after all, a case of “incorrección... y... distracción” on a character’s part—turns out, under the pressure of a perplexed, arrested reading, to suggest compelling motives, to imply an intention coherent with the work’s sense, and to chime with elements formal as well as tropological that are fundamental to the episode. Her errors are, in a way, more correct than the “proper” name for the magician—without, for all that, being anything *but* errors. *Muñatón* and *Fritón* and *ton* mean nothing particular, though we have poached on the aural sense of *ton*, *tono*, in order to point out the way in which lexical echoes hang together with certain semantic elements in the episode. In the case of *Fritón* we hear even today, the effect lasting long after the cause, the sizzle of the *frito*, of the verb *freir*, which reminds us that this is after all a domestic scene we’re witnessing. But the effect of these three names (and of the particle *-ton*) is not entirely domestic—or if it is, then the notion of “the domestic” suffers important changes. In the case of the Niece’s first “incorrección,” the name *Muñatón*, we are at a bit of a loss. One hears “munición,” ammunition, a nice martial after-effect of the name in keeping with the covert battle the Niece is recalling; one hears “muñeca,” both the doll and the puppet; one recalls, vaguely, the word *muro*, the wall that’s been erected to keep the Knight from his books, as if the name of the wall and the name of the magician echoed each other, both working to keep Don Quixote from his books, the literary device and its disciplinary and disciplining function nicely condensed into one term. Grafted onto the anatomical sense of “muñeca,” not just a puppet or a doll but also the *wrist*, the word “muñón,” stump, as in the stump of an amputee, rings out with distressing and distracting clarity, bringing before us the ghostly image of Cervantes’s own lost or “spoiled” hand. This is far already, or so one hopes, from the kitchen atmosphere evoked by the name *Fritón*. But matters get grimmer still. For a reader of

Cervantes's time would undoubtedly also have heard in the word *Muñatón* the verb *Muñir*, and would have seen in the smoky enchanter the unwelcome figure of the *Muñidor*, who is, Covarrubias tells us, “[E]l ministro de la cofradía, que va auisando a los cofrades, [que] acudan a los entierros, del nombre Lat. *monitor*, y de allí *Muñir*” [*the official of the congregation whose function it is to summon the congregants to a burial, from the Latin noun monitor, and hence [the verb] Muñir*]. What, precisely, leads from the Niece's accidental, domestic slip of the tongue to this grave summons? How has it come to pass that the blank wall to the library, at first a figure for the unwritten word, for the pure potentiality of writing engendered in the jail, has now become like the sealed door to a tomb? A double, uncanny logic lies at the heart of Cervantes's exploration of the excessiveness of literary effects, and it doubles up in every aspect of the scene, troubling the distinction between the accident, the slip of the tongue, and the intentional act; between the birth of the novel and its death; between the author's appearance and his disappearance.

Imagine what might crop up if Cervantes had chosen to extend this excessive summoning-effect, this decomposition of the distinction between intentional acts and accidents even further—as far, indeed, as it could go. Something like this would happen. Take the phrase at the core of this episode, the pleonastic doubling of walling and sealing in “murar and tapiar.” One of the editorial problems marked in the *fe de erratas*, the list of printer's error in the first edition, that appears in the second de la Cueva edition concerns precisely this phrase, which I have been giving you throughout in its *corrected* form. But the first de la Cueva edition—notoriously sloppy in its type-setting, hurried and incomplete in parts, as many critics have noted—as well as the rare Mey edition of 1605, from Valencia, read instead this: “Vno de los remedios que el cura y el barbero dieron por entonces, para el mal de su amigo, fue que le *mudassen* y tapiassen el aposento de los libros, porque quando se leuantesse no los hallasse --quiza quitando la causa, cessaria el efeto” [*One of the remedies that the priest and the barber devised for their friend's illness was to displace, change or move [mudar] and seal off the room that held the books, so that when he got up he would not find them—perhaps by removing the cause, they would end the effect.*]<sup>6</sup> The shift from the rather unusual *murar* to *mudar* is of course typical of one of the *cajista*'s, the type-setter's or the editor's most egregious errors, traditionally called *lectio facilior*—the setter reaches for a letter, gets the wrong one, but the result in proofs doesn't substantially alter the sense of the phrase, makes indeed for easier reading (*lectio facilior*), and it's only on a careful, more difficult rereading that his “incorreccion... y... distraccion” becomes manifest, and can be corrected, as it is in the *Fe de erratas* to the second edition. This class of more-or-less semantically inconsequential, hence almost invisible “incorrecciones” or *lectiones* is not only accidental, but affects what are known as the work's “accidental” errors, or accidentals; the most notorious of these is the variable spelling of Dulcinea, with a “z” or with a “c.”<sup>7</sup> But in this case matters are quite a bit more complicated. Although *mudar* is

<sup>6</sup> The Valencia edition of *Don Quixote* reads like this: “Vno de los remedios que el Cura y el Barbero dieron por entonces para el mal de su amigo, fue que le mudassen, y tapiassen el aposento de los libros, porque quando se leuantesse no los hallasse, quiza quitando la causa, cessaria el efeto,” Miguel de Cervantes 1605, 59.

<sup>7</sup> On “accidentals,” this is Daniel Eisenberg, who has written most convincingly about the textual problems posed by Cervantes's texts: “So I believe that the theory that Cuesta wreaked havoc on a carefully-spelled MS of Cervantes will not stand. I do not doubt that some further progress in recovering Cervantes'

the easier, and seemingly the incorrect, reading, the error is not quite semantically insignificant—for one thing, saying *mudar y tapiar* rather than *murar y tapiar* solves the little stylistic problem of Cervantes's repetitiousness. For another, “mudar,” to shift, hide, move, obscure, is a word that glances verbally at a principle of movement, change and perspectival displacement which will be thematically central to the characterological analysis of the novel (recall how in the Maese Pedro episode don Quixote muses that enchanters “shift and exchange,” *mudan y truecan*, real figures for false ones. “Estos encantadores que me persiguen,” says don Quixote, “no hacen sino ponerme las figuras como ellas son delante de los ojos, y luego me las mudan y truecan en las que ellos quieren”). And *mudar* glances also at one of the *effects* of the walling-up of the study: to make *mute*, *mudo*, *mud-ar*, the “cuerpos de libros” it once held. Elsewhere, the distinction between the semantically inconsequential or accidental, and the semantically necessary or essential aspect of this or that word can be made with little interference from the text of *Don Quixote* itself; here, following hard on a scene in which reading borrows from the Inquisition the power of life and death, of censoring, condemning or saving based upon this or that letter, choosing *how* one reads and establishing *what one reads*, determining whether one or another letter is mute, or sits immovably before us, touch it or read it as we will; or whether it can move, change, and produce effects that exceed its cause—this discipline of reading and of writing is suddenly invested with the greatest gravity, just at the moment when it becomes impossible to tell whether the work is to be silenced, made mute, or displaced and hidden, or even whether a “disciplined” reading identifies existing errors in writing, or provokes them, which is to say, *writes* them into the novel.

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accidentals is possible, and we should welcome it. But I must also point out that it is extremely slow and time-consuming research, and even were we to concede the possibility of a complete recovery of Cervantes' orthography, it is not even in the foreseeable future. As an illustration, I believe a fair one, of the utility of compositorial analysis in questions of accidentals, I would point out that this method has given us several very important facts, but what it has told us about Cervantes' spelling is that he wrote some forms of the auxiliary verb *haber* without the initial “h,” and that he wrote “Dulzinea” with a “z” [...] These are details, just as whether he wrote “cautivo” or “captivo,” whether or not he capitalized “cura,” even—a much more important case—whether he wrote “vuesa merced” or “vuestra merced” are all details. I do not mean that they are unimportant details, or that we have any reason not to accept emendations with open arms. But they are details all the same, and we should keep them in perspective. They were not particularly important to the author, either, as Flores himself tells us, when he states that Cervantes would be “hard pressed to restore his accidentals to Cuesta's texts” (*Compositors* 89).” To this sort of detail—the variation of accidentals—we might contrast the much more “substantive” matter that Eisenberg also studies, 32: “My final example is a few lines further on, when the examiners discover the pastoral novels in Don Quixote's library, and the priest wants to save them from the bonfire because they are ‘libros de entendimiento, sin perjuicio de tercero.’ Here we have a possible emendation which all the scholarly editors mention in a note, but no one since Rodríguez Marín adopts: that the priest should say ‘libros de entretenimiento.’ What the compositors did or didn't do is irrelevant to this point, since this emendation was not even suggested until the eighteenth century. Yet, of course, it is not wrong just because it is not found in any of the early editions. Examination of Cervantes' use of the two words, and of his ideas about the function of literature, leads me to the conclusion that this emendation is correct, just as Allen, in my opinion, was correct when he made two other emendations found in none of the early editions, the reading “llovía” for “vía” in I, 4 (“toda aquella tempestad de palos que sobre él llovía”), and the relocation of the *ruzio* passage to a more appropriate home in I, 25. ‘Entendimiento’ was not a quality that books had. People can *entender*, inanimate objects can not, and therefore people, not books, can have *entendimiento*.” Daniel Eisenberg 1983, 3-34.

Allow me now to switch gears, decades, and languages in the interest of hastening to a conclusion. I've been making what might charitably be called a micrological argument about the summoning-effect, or the after-life of literary excess in this very slim episode. I've linked this literary summoning-effect to Cervantes's ambivalences—to his anxiety—concerning the disciplining of don Quixote, and the disciplining of reading and writing that seem to attend it. I want now to move to the broad text of literary history, to suggest ways in which readings of this episode have followed or avoided Cervantes's searching definition of literary effects. It is a peculiarity of literary history and literary historiography that this episode's meditation on disciplinarity has been read best by Cervantes's least influential readers, and least carefully by the most important. Here is an example of the first. It comes from Edmund Gayton's *Notes upon Don Quixote*, a fantastically trivial set of commentaries upon *Don Quixote* published in London in 1654. Gayton's is in fact among the first published commentaries upon the novel. It consists of brief citations from the *Quixote's* episodes, followed by occasional ramblings that “add[] to [them],” in the words of one of the rare critics even to have looked at this work, “local allusions, facetious commentary, and bawdy jokes.”<sup>8</sup> The result, another of these singularly patient critics has said, is “diffuse, obscure, insensitive, pornographic, sadistic” (Wilson 1950, 65. Also Wilson 1948). You can begin to imagine, then, how Cervantes's subtle, melancholic episode is treated—or perhaps not. Here is how Gayton comments upon the plot to remove the Knight's madness by eliminating its causes, his books—and then relates the encounter of Don Quixote with the newly walled door to his study. Note that Gayton is basing himself on a translation of the first de la Cueva edition, where the original *mudar* has not yet been changed to *murar*:

*The plot was to change his Chamber, and damm up his study.* This elusion of his Chamber, was good, *pro tempore*. I knew a humorous Cook in *Oxon*, so given to shift and alter doors in his house, that one morning early, he changed the door belonging to a pair of stairs, which went to one of his Lodgers chambers; who not knowing of this alteration, run down hastily (as at other times) and found his head stuck in a new mud wall, which did so confound him (going about some other necessary businesse) that by reason of the forcible detainer, it was a great question, whether he was in more mortar, above or below. Of the like losse of a study, it is certaine that a scholar called somewhat hastily from the place to a friend, who had brought some token to him, left his door wide open, and making merry somewhat late, returned at night, and resolved to have candle, (though his head was light enough[]), he passed by his study-door, and came to the window in the study, where finding himselfe, he cryed out (frighted at the apprehension of his losse) Theeves, Theeves, my Study is stolne, but indeed he had lost nothing but that afternoon and his wits, which his chamber fellows (awakened with the noyse he made) recovered him to, and having put the door into his hand with

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<sup>8</sup> Edwin B. Knowles, Jr. 108. By far the best article I know on Gayton is Nigel Smith. Smith wonderfully anatomizes the uses to which Spain is put in the British cultural imaginary: Gayton, he shows, is writing in a tradition that goes back to Mabbe's translation of *Celestina*: “When Gayton came to write his *Pleasant Notes* he wrote in this tradition. What was once Spanish translated into English in the service of Roman Catholic agendas becomes commentary as a means of keeping alive a defeated royalist cultural heritage. Dissidence by errantry was the name of the game” (115). My own thoughts on the uses to which England puts Spain in the Early Modern period may be found, among others, in Jacques Lezra 2009 and 2005.

much adoe, was persuaded to lock it up, and secure the Study better against morning. (Gayton 25)

The scabrous element in Gayton's story is very much the sort of thing one finds other places in *Don Quixote*, as when in I.48 Don Quixote confesses that "...no anda todo limpio" [*not everything is clean*]; or in I.20, the adventure of the fulling-mills or *batanes*, when Sancho, famously terrified of the tenebrous clocking noise made by the mill, relieves himself right next to don Quixote, to the Knight's considerable disgust. Not here, however—indeed it would be difficult to imagine a starker contrast than the one between the bemused, melancholic Knight, barely touching the walled door, running his eyes over the blank surface—and Gayton's hurried, unfortunate and highly undignified Lodger, much more like Sancho, it appears, than like his master. And yet the strange, Hogwartian image of the wandering staircases and the ensuing small-scale cloacal disaster is in one respect much closer to Cervantes than many other, less "diffuse, obscure, insensitive, pornographic" and "sadistic" critical approaches. For the strange migration of literary and literal effects beyond the walling-off, the erasure, or the forgetting of their cause that we witnessed in Cervantes's chapter—*mudar* hidden within *murar*, or, as Gayton has it, *Change* within *damming up*—has migrated to this strange little text as well, the Lodger's body, trapped in the new wall, becoming like a strange conduit for that wall, the mortar his head is dammed in above echoed in the fecal mortar he is producing below, his own physiological *damming up* having not resisted his being *dammed up* within the new wall. More importantly still, note the form in which Gayton's *Notes* proceed—as tangents upon the Cervantic authority, re-casting them for his moment, using them as *aide-memoires*, treating all of *Don Quixote* as a kind of surface, or as a kind of essential accident. For all his astonishing coarseness, his appalling insensitivity here and throughout the *Notes upon Don Quixote*, Gayton's text follows meticulously, almost rigorously, a crucial aspect of the logic of literary excess on which the first part of *Don Quixote* builds its critique of the transition to disciplinarity.

We can get an even clearer sense of Gayton's precision in this regard by contrasting his ephemeral, terribly obscure work to the gloss given the same little text of Cervantes some two-hundred fifty years later by two of Cervantes's greatest and most influential readers, Ángel Ganivet and Miguel de Unamuno. Their exchange of letters, published in the journal *El Defensor de Granada* in the disastrous year of 1898, the year in which Spain lost its last colonial holdings in the Americas, was collected fourteen years later, in 1912, as *El Porvenir de España*. The years that separate these fascinating, difficult letters by Ganivet and Unamuno from Gayton's *Notes upon Don Quixote* have not passed in vain, and the circumstances that separate these two works are enormous. Here, in 1898 and then again in 1912, Cervantes's work is made to serve a specifically instrumental function that requires a disciplined, fixed text—*murado* rather than *mudado*. And the nature of this instrumental function is as shocking to-day as it was when it served the compensatory function of opening up a *porvenir* beyond the failed colonial enterprise. I haven't time to go into this rich exchange of letters in any detail. Some work on it has been done, with admirable clarity, by José Luis Villacañas, who draws out the important distinction between the positions of Unamuno and Ganivet—the first, by means of Christianization, advocating the destruction of the political sphere ("Una completa cristianización, incapaz de resistir al mal del mundo, paciente con él... Se trataba de algo más que la radical separación de la esfera de la religión respecto a la esfera de la política.

Unamuno defendía la anulación radical de la esfera de la política,” Villacañas 88); the second, an argument for the necessity of the sphere of the political, expressed concretely as the desire to “lograr un ideal histórico apropiado, sensato, una segunda navegación histórica” (*id.* 90). This is Ganivet, writing to Unamuno:

Usted, amigo Unamuno, que es cristiano sincero, resolverá la cuestión radicalmente, convirtiendo a España en una nación cristiana, no en la forma, sino en la esencia, como no lo ha sido ninguna nación en el mundo. Por eso acudía usted al admirable simbolismo del Quijote y expresaba la creencia de que el ingenioso hidalgo recobrará muy en breve la razón y se morirá, arrepentido de sus locuras. Esta es también mi idea, aunque yo no doy la curación por tan inmediata. España es una nación absurda y metafísicamente imposible, y el absurdo es su nervio y su principal sostén. Su cordura será la señal de su acabamiento. Pero donde usted ve a Don Quijote volver vencido por el caballero de la Blanca Luna, yo lo veo volver apaleado por los desalmados yangüeses, con quien topó por su mala ventura.

Quiero decir con esto que Don Quijote hizo tres salidas y que España no ha hecho más que una y aún le faltan dos para sanar y morir. El idealismo de Don Quijote era tan exaltado, que la primera vez que salió de aventuras se olvidó de llevar dinero y hasta ropa blanca para mudarse; los consejos del ventero influyeron en su ánimo, bien que vinieran de tan indocto personaje, y le hicieron volver pies atrás. Creyóse que el buen hidalgo, molido y escarmentado, no volvería a las andadas, y por sí o por no, su familia y amigos acudieron a diversos expedientes para apartarle de sus desvaríos, incluso el de murar y tapiar el aposento donde estaban los libros condenados; mas Don Quixote, muy solapadamente, tomaba mientras tanto a Sancho Panza de escudero, y vendiendo una cosa y empeñando otra y malbaratándolas todas, reunía una cantidad razonable para hacer su segunda salida, más sobre seguro que la primera.

Este es el cuento de España. Vuelve ahora de su primera escapatoria para preparar la segunda; y aunque muchos españoles creamos de buena fe que se lo hemos de quitar de la cabeza, no adelantaremos nada. Y acaso sería más prudente ayudar a los preparativos de viaje, ya que no hay medio de evitarlo. Yo decía también que convendría cerrar todas las puertas para que España no se escape, y sin embargo, contra mi deseo, dejó una entornada, la de África, pensando en el porvenir. Hemos de trabajar, sí, para tener un período histórico español puro; mas la fuerza ideal y material que durante él adquiramos, verá usted cómo se va por esa puerta del Sur, que aún seduce y atrae al espíritu nacional. No pienso, al hablar así, en Marruecos: pienso en toda África, y no en conquistas y protectorados, que esto es de sobra conocido y viejo, sino en algo original, que no está al alcance ciertamente de nuestros actuales políticos. Y en esta nueva serie de aventuras tendremos un escudero, y ese escudero será el árabe. (Unamuno and Ganivet 83-86)

You, friend Unamuno, who are a sincere Christian, will solve the problem radically, converting Spain into a Christian nation, not in its form, but in its essence, as no other nation in the world has been. That is why you had recourse to the admirable symbolism of the *Quixote* and expressed your belief that the

ingenious knight will very soon recover his sanity and will die, filled with remorse at his madness. That's my sense as well, though I don't believe the cure will come so soon. Spain is an absurd nation, a metaphysically impossible nation, and absurdity is its spine and principal foundation. Its sanity will be the sign of its ending. But where you see don Quixote return defeated by the Knight of the White Moon, I see him return beaten by the pitiless yanguesans whom he ran into by bad luck.

I mean to say by this that don Quixote made three sorties and Spain has only made one and is still missing two before it can be cured, and then die. The idealism of don Quixote was so exalted, that the first time he left on his adventures he forgot to take money and even a change of underclothing; the advice the inn-keeper gave him influenced him, even though they came from such an unschooled source, and they made him turn back. People thought that the good hidalgo, beaten and chastened, wouldn't go back to his old habits, and just in case, his family and friends tried diverse means to separate him from his ravings, including walling and closing off the room in which the condemned books were placed. But don Quixote, very slyly, in the mean time was recruiting Sancho Panza to be his squire, selling one thing and pawning another, and hawking them all, put together a reasonable sum to make his second sortie, on a firmer footing than the first time.

This is Spain's story. Spain returns now from her first escapade in order to prepare the second one; and even though many Spaniards believe in good faith that we should try to dissuade her, we will make no headway. And it might in fact be more prudent to help prepare the trip, as there's no way too avoid it. I also said that it would be best to close all the doors so that Spain could not escape, and yet, against my will, I leave one ajar: the door to Africa, thinking about the future. We should indeed work to achieve a purely Spanish historical period. But the material and ideal strength that we acquire during that period will leave by that Southern door, you'll see—a door that still seduces and attracts the national spirit. I'm not thinking, when I speak this way, of Morocco: I'm thinking of all of Africa; and not in terms of conquests and protectorates, which are tried, worn, and old; but rather about something original, which is certainly not within reach of our current politicians. And in this new series of adventures we will have a squire, and that squire will be the Arab.

Despite the important distinction in political orientation of these two interlocutors, Unamuno and Ganivet, I would like to draw a quick connection between the *closing of Spain* to which the walling of don Quixote's study is analogized, and the larger strategy that Ganivet and Unamuno shared (as did many of their generation, of the left as well as the right): the notion that one can turn to the *Quixote's symbolism* for use (say) in consolidating a national epoch, or in closing off Spain again, or in searching out Spain's soul. “[A]cudir... al admirable simbolismo del Quixote” means entrusting that symbolism, its unveiling, interpretation and administration, to an elite who find themselves figured and prefigured in the characters of the novel, a kind of priesthood able to diagnose the “essential” symbolic qualities in this or that episode, able to use Cervantes's text as the allegorical instrument for disciplining excesses—linguistic, religious, even in this case ethnic and racial. The Arab can become Sancho, can be

enlisted in the new Spanish colonial expansion in Africa, because for Ganivet, and for readers of *Don Quixote* of his generation, the letter of the novel hides a symbolic register from which the work's excesses can be understood to be either trivial and accidental, or formally and morally essential—but never both, at the same time.

What has happened to move us from Gayton to Ganivet? From a successful, if chaotic, undignified, superficial reading, to a mystical, instrumentalizing, exclusionary, unsuccessful one? Almost everything, of course—historically, chronologically, linguistically. But one important element in this shift, I want to argue, is the institutionalization of literary studies as an academic discipline which precisely sits upon a three-footed stool: the stabilization of authorial intention by means of biography; the stabilization of textual *lectiones* by means of increasingly sophisticated editing conventions and paradigms; and the solution of interpretive complexities and textual cruxes by recourse to both of these. The crucial documents in this brief genealogy are the couplet formed by the 1780 edition of *Don Quixote* prepared by the Real Academia Española (RAE), and John Bowle's 1781 edition of *Don Quixote*, two *ediciones de encargo*, subscription editions, costly and with very limited circulations, which nevertheless marked out the direction of Cervantic studies, and of the discipline of literary studies in Spain to this day. Bowle's edition, reedited in facsimile by Juan de la Cuesta, has been studied carefully by Eduardo Urbina and Daniel Eisenberg, and some time ago by Ralph Merritt Cox. Eisenberg is not entirely hyperbolic when he asserts that “con John Bowle nace el cervantismo como disciplina” (4) and points to the innovations in Bowle's edition: the description of the criteria used in establishing the text; an index; annotations; numbered lines; a map of Spain; and the interest in the work's paratexts and dedications.<sup>9</sup> Now, though Bowle opens on the premise, as he puts it, that “From the commencement of my intimacy with the text of Don Quixote, I was induced to consider the great author as a Classic, and to treat him as such” (Bowle 1), his edition has only a very brief biography, borrowed from Pellicer's 1778 *Noticias para la Vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, and no study of the novel at all. The RAE edition of 1780 supplied both. Printed by Joaquín Ibarra, who was at the time the printer for both the Royal Palace and the Real Academia Española, the edition was envisioned in part in response to a series of ghastly editions, Spanish and English in the main, which had preceded Bowle's. The Ibarra edition for the first time carried not only a text that sought to be definitive (and had the august imprimatur of the Academia upon it), but also prefaced *Don Quixote* with both a biography and an interpretive essay by Vicente de los Ríos, whom I mentioned a bit ago. De los Ríos's is not a name on anyone's tongue today, but as early as Menéndez Pelayo's magisterial *Historia de las ideas estéticas en España* he is recognized for having furnished a determining critical idiom concerning *Don Quixote*, an idiom that shows up later in the work of Leo Spitzer, most obviously, but also and importantly in Unamuno's, and in Ganivet's as well, and persists to this day: the notion that two distinct and impermeable perspectives lie at the heart of *Don Quixote*, each utterly able to describe the world of the novel, but irreconcilable, contradictory, and in some cases (as in the first instance: the episode of the walling off of the Knight's library) mutually enabling: the Knight's mad, chivalric perspective, impervious to the insults of the world about him—called by de los Ríos *la ilusión*; and the reader's, a more realistic,

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<sup>9</sup> Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra 1781; reissued 2005. For Bowle's role in the creation of hispanism, see Eisenberg; and Ralph Merritt Cox.

prosaic perspective: *la realidad*. The constant collision between these perspectives, de los Rios suggested, gives the novel its tensions. Even Clemencín, whose short temper I've already remarked, takes the RAE edition, and de los Rios's biography and analytic commentary, as his principal model and target—indeed, the animus that Clemencín shows toward Cervantes, as in the sniffy footnote I cited above, turns upon the mutually reinforcing logic of biographical criticism, textual editing, and interpretation set in place in the RAE de los Rios edition. More importantly, the ideological, regenerationist project that we saw in Ganivet and in Unamuno, the tendency to have recourse, as Ganivet says, “al admirable simbolismo del Quijote,” derives in structure from the couple, *ilusión* and *realidad* as well, a Christianized Spain being the “ilusión” toward which Unamuno seeks Quixotically to drive the “real” Spain of his time, as a new African politics is the “realidad” into which Ganivet seeks to awake the dreaming “ilusión” of his Quixotic Spain.

I have been making an argument about the ungovernable literary effects in *Don Quixote*, effects which produce and resist a certain sort of disciplinarity in literary studies. But the matter is broader than just this, as I've suggested—and one way to show just *how* broadly the strange indecisiveness of Cervantes's work operates is to return to a different sort of *lectio*, that of visual culture. I referred earlier to the odd unrepresentability of the episode of the walling-off of don Quijote's library.









José Jiménez Aranda. *El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha: Edición del centenario*, ed. R.L. Cabrera (Madrid, 1905-1908)

These wonderful images are among nearly seven hundred drawings and roughed-in paintings that the Sevillian painter José Jiménez Aranda prepared, at the very end of his life and in the shadow of the disaster of 1898, for the centennial edition of *El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha* edited by Cabrera between 1905-1908 (Aranda didn't live to see the edition printed). Here something remarkable happens, a sort of compensatory over-representation: the library door's absence is doubly or triply stressed—not only through the interruption of the molding framing the door, but also, already *before* Sancho and the Dueña wall over the Castilian door-way, by the shape of the *arco de herradura*, the traditional Moorish arch that surrounds that door—as if another door had internalized and encompassed the door to the library, or the library had emerged from within another, African door, either a vestigial door to the African, Muslim or *mudéjar* past, or the emergent door to Africa that Ganivet's melancholic thought envisions for Spain's future. Nothing about the image, and no disciplinary protocols, visual, literary or historical, grant us license to understand Aranda's door-within-a-door in one way *rather than* the other, to make our reading post- or pre-colonial, to decide whether the ornamental arch is fading or appearing; its symbolic function hovers just

where such decisions exhaust themselves, and where disciplinarity reaches the very impasses that Cervantes's own text elicits when the Knight first comes before his library's blank or mute wall.

You will recall that I opened this essay wondering at the novel *Don Quixote*'s seeming failure to discipline itself on the question of literary after-effects, and in particular on the question of how such literary effects might imperil the transition between emergent early modern senses of interiority, and the cultural rituals in which these domains of intent were supposed to find transparent expression. I suggested that this failure requires of the novel's closest readers, and as we have seen, of its illustrators as well, compensatory sanities, rules, protocols—in a word, a discipline of literary and visual studies whose object is the disciplining of *Don Quixote*, as the novel's is the disciplining of the Knight, don Quixote. That discipline, we now see, can be linked intimately with the logics of cultural purification, national closure, and colonial expansion; with different efforts to wall off, then seal away or subject to the clammy judgments of taste, readings we should call deliberately superficial, or accidental, or occasional, like Gayton's. But I also suggested that Covarrubias and Cervantes require of their readers a corresponding skepticism concerning these compensatory disciplinary formations—and also a skepticism concerning the old storyline on which they turn—the story of a transition *from* undisciplined, barbarous infancy, *to* an enlightened maturity: the story at the heart of disciplinarity itself, perhaps also, in light of Ganivet and Aranda's reimaginings of *Don Quixote*, the story at the heart of the metropolitan melancholia of decolonization. What I here briefly call “skepticism” Cervantes describes throughout *Don Quixote* on a different affective register entirely, as a pause, an interval, a sort of interruption. Don Quixote pauses before a spot he knows so well, now so strangely unfamiliar. His eyes drift here and there in search of the familiar trace, the well-known approach, of that door into a world with established rules and pleasures, exotic and private, Oriental as well as American, lost and emergent. He will at last turn to those who know, to the forces of discipline and disciplinarity, to ask just what he has lost, or found, as Cervantes begins to write, as we begin to read again—but for the moment, perched between sorties and *before* disciplines, before the blocked door of the discipline of literary studies, when he and we are neither *sacerdotes de Baal* nor *disciplinantes* alone, as Covarrubias says, but radically *both*, don Quixote and his readers “boluemos y reboluemos los ojos por todo.”

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