# The Reader's Cervantes in *Don Quixote*

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Before considering the role of the author in the reader's experience, it is well to be clear as to the sort of inquiry in which we shall be engaged. I hold that there is no external basis for establishing a position against which conflicting interpretations may be tested. The only possibility for agreement between different interpretations in a universe made up of individuals lies in the adequacy of the procedures which have been used by the critic. This paper which will consider the role of the author and his image in the reader's experience is arranged into four parts determined by my concern for alternating general commentary with specific textual illustration. I shall begin with the general question of the implied author, followed by the consideration of Cervantes as implied author.[1] In the third part I shall return to theoretical considerations of the author within the reader's experience and I shall conclude with textual illustrations for authorial presence in the background as well as in the foreground of the reading.

Whether we are reading a classic work of literature or the writing of a contemporary and relatively unknown author, the work realizes its potentiality quite independently of the real author. But there is an awareness of the implicit author which emerges during the reading encounter.[2] Writers vary greatly on the degree of openness with which they reflect upon themselves but they all cast a shadow which is discernible.

It is generally held that there are two distinct ways in which the implicit author enters the reader's literary experience. First there is the external evidence of biographical information; this may take the elaborate form of an established reputation which is derived from critical commentaries on the man and his work, or it may be reduced to a simple biographical note on the dust jacket of the book. Without a doubt this is the most common way in which the implicit author appears. Another important, although less frequent way, is through internal evidence provided in the text itself. These indicators may be explicit autobiographical references to the author behind the narrator but they may also be more oblique references to his milieu. Whatever the case, the internal indicators all point to the author who has been engaged in the creative task of writing.

What, we may ask, is the role of the implicit author in the literary experience? That there is a role is undeniable, because the existence of the implicit author by external or internal means makes this concept a part of the experience. Let us take the case of external evidence first, since this is the most common. Whatever we know or think we know about the purported author of the text we are reading, has already partially determined our attitudes toward the text. Thus if we read where and when the writer was born, what his intellectual credentials are, what others have written about his work, and even what his general views on life are, we become predisposed in a direct way to the text. Our expectations are built up, our curiosity is aroused, and we begin to project into the text even before reading it. The anticipation of the text can be based on a multiplicity of external indicators of which the purported author is one, albeit a most important one.

In the case of internal evidence about the implicit author our reaction is quite different. For this view of the implied author comes when we are already immersed in the experience of the text and the references to the shadowy author force us out of the literary world into the author's historicity. The internal indicators project us out of the work but never allow us to rest in history, for the author's milieu is completely subordinated to the fictional milieu, as we find for example in Gide's *Les faux-monnayeurs*. Thus, these indicators touch upon the distant *lebenswelt* of the experiences which have been lived by the author, but this fleeting glimpse vanishes because the indicators obtain their internal meaning from the fictional context and not from the historical position of the author.

We have indicated that the implicit author functions in two ways, two contrary ways I may add. The external evidence of implied author projects into an anticipation of the text while the internal evidence makes us glance backwards toward the remote historicity of the implied author. Both projections, forward and backward, indicate the central background of the text as an experience. The implied author can therefore be identified functionally as part of the text's background of non-actualized potentialities for the reading experience. The richness of this background is not diminished by what is actualized because, as an implicit horizon, it is always only partially revealed.

When the background of implicit consciousness takes shape in the reading experience, there is the distinct possibility that it can become the context of the work itself. For example, when we consider a novel narrated in the first person and with explicit autobiographical indicators written by a known author, we are confronted with a dialectic situation between the narrator and the implicit author. It is a dialectic of revelation and secrecy, of the open and the hidden. The narrator owes his visibility and his very identity to the occultation of the implied author. To what extent is this dialectic present in all narratives? The answer to this question must be incomplete owing to the incomplete nature of this study, but we can at least outline the fuller answer.

We have begun with the general observation that there are two ways by which the artist enters into the reading experience of his public: the external information about him and the internal revelation by him. In the case of Cervantes and *Don Quixote* we are dealing with a world classic of more than 350 years standing. Consequently, it is not surprising to find that the external information about this author is massive. More has been written about Cervantes than about any other Spaniard. Scholars, journalists, and others have all had their hand at the fascinating figure of Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra. We have at our disposal hundreds of studies on every imaginable facet of his biography, ranging from his difficult relations with women to his intellectual interests and possible influences. May I interject that I am here not so concerned with the massive accumulation of writing about Cervantes as with the cumulative effect this interest has on the reader. The relationship which has developed between the biographies of Cervantes and his masterpiece is one of the most extraordinary of literary history. It is clearly demonstrable that the biographies and the written commentaries directly bearing on the novel have affected each other and have been set on a pattern of convergence from the late 18th century to the present. This situation has come about in spite of numerous dissimilarities between the known facts about the author and his novel, in spite of elementary logic which dismisses as fundamentally erroneous that a biographical reconstruction can explain a literary text. It is just as absurd to say that day causes night because it is always followed

by night, as to say that a biographical fact leads to a critical truth about the text. Thus, in spite of the twin obstacles of history and logic, we have a clear record of a growing and today almost complete identification of author and narrator and to some extent, of author and protagonist. Let it suffice here to cite a passage from a general book on Spanish literature:

> *Don Quijote* was conceived in prison at a low-water mark in Cervantes' life and he tells us that in writing it "he gave play to his melancholy and disgrunted feelings." Something more than a skit on the novels of chivalry must have been intended. I think, therefore, that we ought to take note of the fact that the famous knight had many features in common with his creator. We learn, for example, that Don Quijote was of the same age as Cervantes when he set out on his adventures and that he had the same physical appearance; we read of his wits being dry and sterile and his head turned by too much reading, just as we are told in the preface that his author's were. Moreover, he was the incorrigible optimist and idealist who set out to reform the world by force of arms and instead was beaten by it.[3]

What proof is there of this purported remarkable parallel? There is no proof. There is only the irrepressible cumulative force of the imagination of thousands who have identified the author and the protagonist and have thus altered their view of both.

And if we now turn from this general commentary to the work of scholars, we find the same forces at work, albeit in a far more subtle manner. The distinguished Hispanist Marcel Bataillon would certainly not claim any parallels between Cervantes and his principal character, but he does find a historical presence of the author in the narrator. Bataillon, with scholarly discretion, steps into the debate whether Cervantes representedRenaissance thinking, specifically that of Erasmus or whether the Spanish Counter-reformation of Loyola claimed his allegiance. The most remarkable aspect of this debate is that the battleground is by and large the text of *Don Quixote* and in order to assert one position or the other, the scholar must assume that the narrator has been endowed with authorial support and authority. But the textual evidence, as we shall see, is quite negative in regard to the identification of author and narrator.

Bataillon—with prose worthy of a canonical lawyer—concludes that since the Spain of Charles V was strongly under the influence of Erasmus and since it is known that Cervantes's tutor, Lopez de Hoyos, was a discrete Erasmian scholar in the time of Philip II, it is not improbable that Cervantes, in the time of Philip III, could have had some Erasmian influence, and further that there is nothing in *Don Quixote* which could not have been written by a Renaissance Spaniard. But Bataillon admits there is something entirely new in *Don Quixote* and unaccounted for either by Renaissance or Counterreformation models.[4] There seems to be a most powerful attraction for those who study this book to seek out an image of the author. But ironically, if ever there was a text which impeded the synthesis of author and narrator, it is this one.

The strategy or device which presents the story of Don Quixote as the work of an Arab historian, Cide Hamete Benengeli, does not originate with Cervantes. In fact, at the outset we can clearly identify it as another instrument of parody of the novels of chivalry. However, in this novel this stock introduction of prose fiction takes on unprecedented depth. Benengeli is, of course, related to the numerous pseudo-authors of romances. He is also

related in the novel itself to the many intermediaries, the narrators in the interpolated tales as well as the narrator proper and his Mozarabic translator. Every reader who has taken up this book has readily accepted the pretence that the responsibility for the story must ultimately rest with Benengeli. Consequently, the reader accepts his part in the play of fiction, for this is the highest example of art, consciously presented as art and not life. Cervantes is an extremely careful writer and goes to great lengths to show the fiction as fiction and to involve the reader in this playing out of art.

There are two very important results to Cervantes's use of intermediaries. First, it creates a situation of authorial distance with all of the ambivalence which surrounds this narration since the story is not supported by the traditional unquestionable authority of the omnipotent narrator. Secondly, this device grants an unprecedented freedom to the fictional characters. The report of their adventures is an amalgam of conflicting interpretations of what is real and what merely appears to be real. When Don Quixote sees giants instead of windmills we are told by the nonauthorative narrator that he is out of his mind. At this stage we are induced to follow the narrator's interpretation because of Sancho's testimony and the obvious improbability of our knight meeting giants in the fields of La Mancha. However, it soon becomes apparent that each person in this novel sees the world in terms of his needs. Thus when Don Quixote sends Sancho off to deliver a letter to Dulcinea and Sancho discovers who Dulcinea is, this dialogue follows:

> "Well, well," exclaimed Sancho. "So Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter is the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"
>
> "She is," said Don Quixote, "and she it is who deserves to be mistress of the world."
>
> "I know her well," said Sancho, "and I can tell you that she pitches a bar as well as the strongest lad in the whole village. Praise be to God! She's a brawny girl, well built and tall and sturdy, and she will know how to keep her chin out of the mud with any knight errant who ever has her for his mistress. O the wench, what muscles she's got and what a pair of lungs!"

And so Sancho carries on about Aldonza. Don Quixote hears him out and then responds:

> But just to prove your foolishness and my wisdom, I want you to listen to a little story.
>
> Once upon a time there was a beautiful widow, young, gay, rich and not a bit prudish, who fell in love with a stout and lusty young lay-brother. His superior heard of it and addressed the pretty widow one day by way of brotherly reproof: "I am astonished, madam," he said, "and with good reason, that a woman of your quality, beautiful, and rich as you are should have fallen in love with such a coarse, low, ignorant fellow as this, seeing that we have so many university graduates, divinity students and theologians in this house, and you could pick and choose any of them like pears and say: I like this one and not that one." But she answered most gaily and impudently: "You are much mistaken, my dear sir, and very old-fashioned in your ideas, if you think that I have made a bad choice in that fellow, idiot though he may seem, seeing that for all I want of him he knows as much philosophy as Aristotle and more." So, Sancho, for what I want of Dulcinea del Toboso she is as good as the greatest princess in the land. (I, 25)

My point is that the reduction in the narrator's authority makes his interpretation of the events merely another opinion to be contested by the other participants. Cide Hamete Benengeli occupies a central position in the book's strategy. He stands between the narrator and the story and consequently between the story and the reader. If we line up all the intermediaries from the narrator to his Spanish-speaking translator to Benengeli, to Benengeli's sources and fellow storytellers, the list appears to recede into a murky shadow land. Yet the reality of Don Quixote cannot be doubted for in the second part of his story he is a reader of the first part. The most extraordinary side of Cide Hamete Benengeli is that Don Quixote needed a chronicler, invented one, and believed in one much in the same way as with Dulcinea, but in the case of Cide Hamete he comes to be, and proves his existence by the publication of part I. By implication the difference between what is desired and what is, dissolves. The major effect is that we have two characters who have their own author and who accept him as long as he represents them accurately. Benengeli and the two characters respect each other's independence and relative domain; this respect is based on the fact that they are both fictional. Of course, Cide Hamete Benengeli is a joke but the comical nature of this fictional author should not impede our recognition of his importance to the novel. There is no mistake here. Cervantes has manipulated every means he had to endow Don Quixote and Sancho with as much independence as possible, but he is equally careful to enable the reader to be a participant in this endowment.

There is still another major device used by Cervantes to create a fictional author. It appears that Cervantes was writing chapter 59 of Part II when the false second part, written by a man calling himself Avellaneda, was published. Quite unexpectedly there is material for still another dimension to this novel. The treatment given to Avellaneda by Don Quixote and Sancho is direct and to the point: they scrutinize this second chronicler on questions of accuracy and detail, but there is a deeper question which takes shape. If this book purports to present events which did not happen to the heroes, the implication is that there are impersonators of Don Quixote and Sancho. Don Quixote who has been playing his part with zest, finds his role threatened and eventually makes him into a full-fledged self-conscious fictional character.

Let us assess the situation: the scholar and the literary historian seek to find Cervantes through his narrator and protagonist; the literary critic points out that this is an impossible task. We have a novel in search of an author. I propose to you that this is the common situation of all fiction although only a select number of texts treat this relationship in the text itself.

I should like to pursue this problem in general terms before returning to Don Quixote. The principal focus of the novelistic reading experience is on the narrator and what he has to say. This is an emergent world conditioned by the effect of the narrator's viewpoint on the reader's imaginative capacities. Let us, for the sake of clarity, separate this imaginative field into foreground and background. The foreground consists of the narrator and the narrative world. The background is made up by the implicit author and his implicit world.[5] The relationship between the implicit author and his world has the same directional pattern as the relationship between the narrator and the narrative world. In both cases the center of attention is on the creative personality, whether voice or author, and the potential field of mental and physical movement is in the respective worlds of the novel and of history. The pressing question for us to consider is how the background operates in relation to the foreground.

In order to better organize the problem I propose to use an analogy from the physical sciences. The world as the physicist knows it is not composed of the objects we experience, but rather is made up of molecular and atomic activities which cannot be appreciated in a sensory way at all. These "real" forces are conceived of only through the effects produced on the physicist's instruments. One such force is a form of energy called light which affects the eyes. It is largely the result of light upon the eyes that produces perception and the whole of human constructs we know as objects and which make up our reality. There is no perception without there being a specific point of view which segregates certain portions of the visual field, organizes it, and synthesizes it as an object. Not only does the visual point of view accomplish this construction every time there is perception, it also grants a lasting identity to the construct and situates it in relation to other construct-objects. Finally, we must also note that the perceiver confers a temporal continuity to the multiplicity of objects which fill his world. Now then, the foreground of the field of vision is the constructed object, and the background the array of parts which are not seen because they do not adhere to the object formation. Therefore we see only the foregound while the background remains invisible. Because the background is invisible it is all too easy to dismiss it, but by eliminating it we oversimplify physical reality and must also give up understanding it since the physical forces are operative whether we see them or not. This brief and superficial trip into physical relationships provides us with a valuable concept which is analogous to the relationship of foreground and background in the novel which I seek to isolate on these pages.

In the novel, as in life, to see an object is to have a point of view, to be oriented toward it; to perceive is to have a position that is an attitude. When the narrative voice speaks of an object it is exercising this directional attitude in fixing the object in the narration. But we must now add to the discussion the consideration of the real, albeit invisible background.

Behind the narrative voice stands an implicit author who has discarded everything else which could have possibly appeared in this context in favor of the precise object the narrator presents. Similarly, behind the object itself stand the numerous could-have-been objects. The solidity of the narrative world is made up of this continuous process of background becoming foreground and foreground receding into background. One is unattainable without the other.

The narrator is constantly presenting the narrative world, which is to say actualizing the passage from background to foreground and vice versa. But behind the narrator stands the implicit author. What is his ongoing relationship with his narrator? The implicit author can also emerge from the background and into the foreground as the puppeteer who is pulling the strings of choice of objects or he can submerge himself deeply into the background allowing his narrator the stage. This relationship is by no means fixed or constant for every word has the potentiality of opening the veil of the literary convention.

The narrative world does not just rise out of a linguistic pattern, nor does it just take shape as the author's world view.[6] If the narrative world were nothing more than a fragmentary conglomerate of things for a story to happen, the novel would indeed be nothing more than a minor form of entertainment. The narrative world does not take shape in a vacuum, for it is the realization of selected patterns in the mind of the reader. The objects

of the narrative world are condensations of reality. So it is also with the narrative voice. The narrative voice is not a personality pulled out of void; it is the actualization of an aspect of the implicit author's personality.

The textual words are no longer there in order to indicate a perceptual evidence; rather they are there to introduce us into the spectacle of the world which is created also through the reader. The role of the narrator illustrates this state of affairs well: on the one hand, the narrator is amid the events; on the other hand, he keeps a certain distance from what happens and is related to the author. The words of the things and the words of himself are superimposed in this language. And we, the readers, assist in the spontaneous encounter of these two sorts of words in the symbolic system which is the work. Thus, we see what happens both within the narrator-narrative relation and between the narrator-author relationship; but, do we find the author at the end of the line?

I would now like to return to *Don Quixote* and to examine the foreground of the narrator and consider this in relation to the background of Cervantes. Two conclusions of some importance to my theory of implied author underlie our examination of the novel *Don Quixote.* The first has to do with the reality of fiction and its limits. The initial opposition of fact and fiction is illustrated by the repeating juxtaposition of empirical observation on the part of Sancho supported by the commonsense plausibility of the narrator as against the willful wish fulfillment of Don Quixote. But all clear boundaries between the two are slowly and carefully erased. May I remind you of some key passages from the text.

In chapter 23 of the second part, Don Quixote has been relating his adventures in the Cave of Montesinos when Sancho interrupts:

> ". . . God help me—I was going to say the devil—if I believe one word."
>
> "Why not," asked the scholar. "Would Don Quixote lie? Why, even if he had wanted to he had not time to compose and invent such a multitude of fictions."
>
> "I don't believe that my master's lying," answered Sancho. "Then, what do you believe?" asked Don Quixote.
>
> "I believe," answered Sancho, "that this Merlin or these enchanters, who bewitched that whole crowd you worship tells us you saw and talked with down below, crammed all that rigmarole you've told us into your head, and what remains to be told as well."
>
> "All that could be so," replied Don Quixote, "but it is not. For what I told you of I saw with my own eyes and touched with my own hands. But what will you say when I tell you now, that among the countless marvellous things that Montesinos showed me—which I shall proceed to tell you of at leisure and in due course during our journey, for they do not all belong here—were three peasant girls, leaping and frisking like she-goats in those pleasant fields and no sooner did I see them than I realized that one of them was the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same country girls who were with her when we met them on their way out of El Toboso? . . ."
>
> On hearing this, Sancho thought he would go out of his wits or die laughing. For knowing as he did the truth about Dulcinea's pretended enchantment, and that he had been her enchanter and the inventor of the story, he finally realized, beyond all doubt, that his master was out of his mind and mad on all counts.

Don Quixote is conscious of his responsibilities as storyteller and now he has brought in Sancho's past experience as author of fiction. Sancho does not make an impression on Don Quixote and so he keeps up the pressure trying to make his master regain his wits. A few days after the incident of Montesinos's cave, Don Quixote and Sancho meet up with Master Peter and his prophesying ape. Sancho loses no time in his search for the truth:

> . . "I wish, sir, that you'd ask Master Peter to ask his ape whether it's true what happened to you in Montesinos' cave. For it's my opinion, begging your worship's pardon, that it was all fraud and fictions, or at least that you dreamt it."
>
> "Everything is possible," answered Don Quixote, "I will do as you advise thought I have certain scruples about it. . . ."
>
> Don Quixote informed him [Master Peter] of what was on his mind and begged him to ask his ape to say whether certain happenings in Montesinos' cave were imaginary or real; for to him they seemed to partake of both. (II, 25)

The response from Master Peter did not satisfy either Don Quixote or Sancho. For he said that Don Quixote's experience was partly false and partly true. Don Quixote's dissatisfaction came from the fact that to him imaginary phenomena could be as true as empirical experience. Sancho is displeased because to him only the physical can be true.

The situation remains the same until chapter 41 where Don Quixote and Sancho have been the center of attention of the Duke and Duchess and they have just had the adventure of the wooden horse Clavileño. Don Quixote is unusually subdued and thoughtful while Sancho is exuberant as he tells all about the wonders he saw when flying through the sky:

> "And while the good Sancho was playing with the goats," asked the Duchess, "how was Don Quixote amusing himself?"
>
> To which Don Quixote replied: "As all these matters and all such happenings are out of the order of nature, it is no wonder Sancho says what he does. I can only answer for myself that I did not slip the bandage either up or down, nor did I see sky, earth, sea or sands. It is true that I felt myself passing through the regions of air and even touching the region of fire, but that we passed beyond it I am unable to believe. The region of fire being between the atmosphere of the moon and the farthest region of air, we could not have reached the sky, where the seven kids are that Sancho speaks of, without being scorched. So, seeing that we are not burnt, either Sancho is lying or Sancho is dreaming."
>
> "I'm neither lying nor dreaming," answered Sancho. "Just you ask me the marks on those same goats, and you will see by that whether I'm telling the truth or not."

As you may recall, Sancho's goats are green, scarlet, blue, and combinations of these colors. Whereupon on the first occasion which Don Quixote has he speaks thusly to Sancho: " 'Sancho, if you want me to believe what you saw in the sky, I wish you to accept my account of what I saw in the cave of Montesinos. I say no more' " (II, 41).

Sancho's clearly marked boundaries between the physically real and the real of the mind have been blurred but what is most significant is that the boundaries between life as a lived experience and literature as an imagined experience

have been shown to be indeterminable. The lived experience and the imagined experience are continually interfering with each other. Inherent in this phenomenon is the nature of literature itself which has its reality because of this interference and interaction. Thus, the question we now ask is what happens when fiction is presented as history, but history with a high degree of self-awareness of its indeterminate nature. My answer is that the implied author becomes an Aristotelean first principle and the fictional narrator becomes indistinguishable from the historical narrator.

My second conclusion has to do with the effect of fiction on the reader. In this novel the acts and words of the knight have affected and altered the behavior of many people, from Sancho to the Duke and Duchess. But perhaps the most notable effect of this story is to be found in the narrator himself who begins writing in parody of a popular ballad of the day: "In a certain village in La Mancha which I do not wish to name, there lived not long ago a gentleman," etc., and concludes with the remarkable statement: "For me alone Don Quixote was born and I for him. His was the power of action, mine of writing. Only we two are at one." The narrator has found his identity as the re-creative source of the fictional character. But there is yet one more re-creative source which has been openly acknowledged throughout the novel and that is the reader. Our question here is: where does the true Cervantes stand in the eyes of the reader? Is he to be identified with the character as the literary historian would have or is he to be identified with the narrator as the scholars suggest? My answer is that a biographical view of Cervantes has never been in the text. And that each reader's version of Cervantes is in fact a reflection of the reader looking into this looking-glass game. The ironic Cervantes of the prologues presents the reader with an open invitation to see the author in his own image.

We have seen how the narrator in *Don Quixote* becomes a self-conscious intermediary, and the protagonist becomes a knowing actor of his own adventures, so it is with the reader who has been subtly turned into an accomplice of the fiction-making. All the intermediaries, as well as the characters, turn from time to time and cast a glance in the direction of the reader. Although our participation in the fiction becomes matter-of-fact, when we read the last paragraphs of the book, we as readers are suddenly faced with the duplicity of the intermediary authors which we have helped to maintain. The reader searches in vain for the author in order to cement his relationship fully. I maintain that the urge to find the author is so great and the tendency to see him in one's own image is so strong because of the aesthetic principle of participation.[7]

On the last page of this one-thousand page trip through time and space, the narrator addresses the reader directly for the last time in order to say farewell. A strong sense of identification links the reader to the narrator. Since we prefer to have a name for this traveling companion we call him Cervantes but he is in fact more representative of our own mind than of a late sixteenth-century Spaniard.

We cannot leave the problem without offering some interpretation. As I have suggested this looking-glass narrator is a very deliberate technical achievement which conceals the identity of the author and reveals that of the reader. Before that final word of "farewell" by our narrator a thought can be interpolated which is in paraphrase of a twentieth-century Cervantes, Jorge Luis Borges, and it goes something like this: "So it is dear reader, I do not know which of us has written this line, Cervantes or I, Farewell."[8]

## NOTES

[1]The edition of *Don Quixote* I have used is the 1944 edition of Martin de Riquer and the English translation I cite is that of J. M. Cohen published in 1950. This interpretation is indebted to Cervantes scholarship in general and specifically to Angel Rosenblat, *La lengua del Quijote* (Madrid: Gredos, 1971), Helmut Hatzfeld, *El Quijote como obra de arte del lenguaje*, 2nd ed. (Madrid: Revista de Filología Española, 1966), and E. C. Riley, *Cervantes' Theory of the Novel* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1962), which I gratefully acknowledge. The theoretical foundations for my reader-oriented critical perspective are diverse and from varied traditions, but those of major importance are the writings of Roman Ingarden and Wolfgang Iser. I would also like to acknowledge my debt to the excellent study by Félix Martínez Bonati, *La estructura de la obra literaria* (Santiago de Chile: Ediciones de la Universidad de Chile, 1960), and in United States criticism Wayne Booth's *The Rhetoric of Fiction* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1963).

[2]Cf. D. E. Hirsch, *Validity in Interpretation* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1967); and M. J. Valdés, "Archetype and Recreation," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, 14 (1970), 58-72.

[3]Gerald Brenan, *The Literature of the Spanish People* (Cambridge: University Press, 1953), pp. 178-9.

[4]See Marcel Bataillon, *Erasmo y España* (Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1966), pp. 795-6, 799.

[5]The concept of background in my hypothesis is logically demanded by the central concept of intentionality. The textual reality which emerges as intentionality is fulfilled and the very idea of textual intention that is to be actualized presupposes a horizon upon which it is founded. The term background with its essential relationship to foreground serves our purposes of literary theory as the expression of the horizon from which intentionality rises and against which the literary reality comes to be. The philosophical basis for these ideas are to be found in Edmund Husserl's *Cartesianische Meditationen und Pariser Vortrage* (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1950), especially pp. 81-3.

[6]Cf. D. E. Hirsch, *Validity in Interpretation*, pp. 1, 236.

[7]The philosophical orientation of this paper has been derived primarily from the works of Maurice Merleau-Ponty. The radical rethinking which Merleau-Ponty thrust at complacent art critics in his 1961 essay "L'Oeil et l'esprit," *Art de France*, I, 1 (January 1961), can be considered a theoretical point of departure for this paper. More specifically the dialectic of foreground and background has been suggested to me by reading Merleau-Ponty's *The Visible and the Invisible: Philosophical Interrogation* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1968).

[8]Cf. Jorge Luis Borges, "Borges and Myself," in *The Aleph and Other Stories* (New York: Dutton, 1970).