

Justin Dower
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Rap-ítulo Primero: Que trata de Maese Pedro.

Let's begin in the inn, we're in chapter veinticinco
That's right our story's staged in a venta, now think of
The times we've seen inns, they're always a castle
For Quijote de la Mancha, the hero, the hassle
To every innkeeper en toda España
But it's really just part of his shtick, una maña.

“¿Hay posada en la venta?” A stranger has entreated
The keeper speaks to he who seeks a room that he be seated
‘Cause for him the inn is empty and can any room he pick out.
Just to house Master Peter, al Duque de Alba he would kick out.

“Who's that?” Quijote asks, of the man with the patch,
The man with the monkey and the puppets to match
“Why that's Maese Pedro,” responds the ventero
“And his monkey sees it all from the past and present, pero
the future isn't clear to him, and neither is the rest.
He rarely errs but sometimes shares and doesn't know it best.

“Two coins for the truth; solo dos and nothing more,
so get your questions ready, many wonders are in store
as we wait for the Master and the history he'll unshelve.
You know, he talks more than 6 men, he drinks more than twelve.”

One look at the monkey and Quijote says, “Vamos,
este Sancho y yo, ¿qué pisce pillamo?”
That is, Don Quijote would like their future read
But the monkey sees no future as the keeper just said!
So Sancho takes his turn, and he asks, con nobleza,
“¿Sr. Monísimo, qué de Teresa?”
And so the monkey listens and then hops to Pedro's shoulder;
Pedro's next words unexpected, his action even bolder:
“Quijote, you're the greatest knight that anybody sees!”
On his knees, he decrees those legs the Pillars of Hercules.
Astounded by the recognition
Shocked into a new condition
How does he know of their mission?
Where's the monkey get his vision?

DQ to Sancho, "With the devil he's made a pact, yo."
 "Well," Sancho says, "must be a very dirty patio."
 "No, silly Sancho, un pacto, un pacto!
 But let's keep it to ourselves and exercise some tacto."
 "All the same let's play the game and ask him 'bout the cueva,
 maybe he can give some información nueva."

And so at Sancho's behest, DQ puts forth the query.
 The monkey yields an answer, but then grows very weary.
 Maese Pedro says that some was false and some was true,
 But that's all we'll get 'til Friday, the monkey is through.

And so it's time to watch the show, no more of these delays.
 On account of Don Quijote, there's no charge to he who stays
 In the inn this evening, to take in the many wonders,
 And unbeknownst to Pedro, aun the many blunders.
 But no more of this build up, let suspense cease;
 Operibus verite et non verbis.

Now at this time, we reach the capítulo's end
 And whose voice do we hear, but our Benengeli friend!
 But is it really him? More or less, I'd suggest
 He's been translated, it's stated, so we'll do our best
 To interpret and sort through all these narrative frames
 And stay above (not without love) these Cervantine games.

And who am I that's speaking?
 At whose thoughts are you peeking?
 A relater, a translator, do I have your faith? I'm tweaking
 All the facts, but you know this, and you listen just the same
 It's intriguing but for all the fibs Miguel is not to blame
 So I'll keep on my narration and I'll tell what happens next
 And you'll wonder what's not "true," what I've added to the text.

Crowd of Trojans at the ready
 Boy's voice rising steady
 Some drums they are hit
 And the cannon doesn't quit
 Verdadera historia is what we'll see today
 Melisendra's been captured, Gaiferos on the way
 But only with a push from el suegro, Carlo Magno
 Turns his back on the knight when he tells the young man to go

But he doesn't, you see, 'cuz el muchacho doesn't say it
 Instead a moro kisses Melisendra, she does spray it
 And Quijote calls him out on this pointed desvío

“Niño, niño,” he says, “your story’s curving like a río.”
 And so it is, putting events on delay
 And in that Moorish castle, Melisendra will stay.

But now the boy brings Gaiferos riding toward his wife
 And now she falls, her skirt gets caught, she doesn’t lose her life
 A second interruption, “Too flowery,” says the master
 A third comes when Quijote calls the bells a false disaster
 But that isn’t last, we’re in the present not the past
 El ingenioso caballero stands up really fast...

Contra tanta morisma, he’ll unleash his ire
 But first he must boldly declare his desire:
 “¡Deteneos,” he yells, “mal nacida canalla!
 Si le sigáis, conmigo sois en la batalla!”
 Y diciendo y haciendo (that’s saying and doing—
 they’re one and the same here), and logic eschewing,
 Quijote does thrust and slice and slay
 And finishes all in dos credos, let’s say.

Protests from Pedro do nothing to stop him
 And if the master doesn’t duck, Quijote might lop him
 Como cada títere that the don does destroy
 And finished he declares “un knight andante soy!
 If it weren’t for me, all the troubles you did see
 Would’ve kept on without stopping.” Pedro doesn’t agree.
 Una voz enfermiza,
 Muy lenta, sin prisa
 In the puppeteer you won’t find here a single trace of risa.
 “Fui señor de España, tenía gente que me servía
 Hoy no tengo una almena que pueda decir que es mía.”
 And Pedro laments but the question remains:
 Are we to send some pity to the master for his pains?

Quijote blames enchanters for his thinking fake was real
 Let the haggling commence, let the master strike a deal
 For his puppets now defaced, his livelihood in ruins
 Now Sancho and the innkeeper will set the price for new ones
 Just four and a half reales for the King
 Five and a quarter, Charlemagne’s a worthy thing
 And he could’ve paid less, but Quijote deals with honor
 Though, “Finish up.” he says, “Now I’m hungry, let’s get on, sir.”

A couple coins for Melisendra, DQ says, “Now hey there,
 She’s holgándose en Francia con su esposo now. Play fair!”

“Okay, okay! It must be her doncella.
 Sesenta maravedís and that’s all, now pay up!”
 And so on for the rest, dos reales for the monkey
 And everybody went away, but something still was funky

Of course, I refer to the issue of the master.
 Is he who he says he is? If not it’s straight disaster
 For our preconceived opinions of the caballero’s deed—
 Did he really wrong the patched one and hurt someone in need?

Well Cide Hamete starts a new conversation
 In the capítulo entrante that rocks the foundation
 Of our established understanding of the whole situation
 With a cross-referenced narrator that goes inter-nation.
 “Juro como católico cristiano,” says Cide
 “As truly as a Catholic,” el traductor dice.
 And what can we do but take him at his word,
 Though this Moorish yield to Catholics is truly absurd.

And the truth is that Pedro is Ginés, galeote
 the worst of the gang liberated by Quijote.
 And this says the narrator and changes all things,
 exposing Master Peter for the bad news that he brings.
 Ginés de Pasamonte, who stole poor Panza’s ride,
 Who ran and stoned Quijote and robbed him of his pride.
 Ginés de Pasamonte, that charlatan and writer
 Did hatch a new scheme and thereby make his fortune brighter.

And from the mouth of Cide with translator mediating,
 Our narrator recorded by Cervantes never fading,
 The reader sees the truth. The reader being: us,
 Or maybe just you, because me you shouldn’t trust.
 I float just above or perhaps right in between
 And deliver all in rapper’s form, just as you here have seen.
 I leave Quijote here, and here I leave you, too
 Please advance with vigilance and never let lies through
 Without their due digestion, and as much they do deserve,
 For you, idle reader, are whom they’re meant to serve.