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ANDERING AS POTENCY
IN DON QUIXOTE

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ABSTRACT

From Don Quixote's refusal to seek courts or cities, made explicit in a dialogue with Sancho Panza in the twentieth-first chapter of the first part of Cervantes's book, this article reflects on his wandering, as a perambulation in the fields, but also as a non-function-oriented behavior and as an identity in constant invention. This reflection, with the various philosophical and literary references that it raises, finds not a peculiarity of the knight from la Mancha, but a permanent tension in our culture, proposing Don Quixote as a reversion of the way we are used to read it.

KEYWORDS

Don Quixote. Wandering. Deconstruction.



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A ERRÂNCIA COMO POTÊNCIA EM DOM QUIXOTE

RESUMO

A partir da recusa de Dom Quixote em buscar cortes ou cidades, explicitada em um diálogo com Sancho Pança no 21º capítulo da primeira parte do livro de Cervantes, este artigo reflete sobre sua errância, como perambulação pelo descampado, mas também como comportamento não orientado por funções e como identidade em constante invenção. Esta reflexão, com as várias referências filosóficas e literárias que levanta, encontra não uma peculiaridade do cavaleiro manchego, mas uma tensão permanente em nossa cultura, propondo o Quixote como uma reversão do modo a que estamos habituados a lê-la.

PALAVRAS-CHAVE

Dom Quixote. Errância. Desconstrução.

In the midst of his wanderings, “by ways without way” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 768), says Sancho Panza to his master:

I have considered how little is gained and earned from walking in search of these adventures that your mercy seeks for these deserts and crossroads of paths, where, even if they win and end the most dangerous, there is no one to see or know and, thus, they will be in perpetual silence and to the detriment of the intention of your mercy and what they deserve (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 768, our translation)¹.

It seems to him best to seek the court of emperors or princes who are at war, where the Quixote could show his worth, and then be recognized and rewarded by his masters, and have his exploits recorded for the perpetuation of his memory.

“– Don’t say anything wrong, Sancho”, says Don Quixote (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 193, our translation). The knight acknowledges that his squire is right, demonstrates that he is perfectly aware that, under the circumstances, his proposal is best suited to the stated end of his adventures, and yet, despite the good outcome he predicts for them, he prefers not to follow them².

¹In the original: “He considerado cuán poco se gana y granjea de andar buscando estas aventuras que vuestra merced busca por estos desiertos y encrucijadas de caminos, donde, ya que se venzan y acaben las más peligrosas, no hay quien las vea ni sepa, y, así, se han de quedar en perpetuo silencio y en perjuicio de la intención de vuestra merced y de lo que ellas merecen”.

²“It seemed to me that as I spoke to him, he carefully analyzed every sentence I said; completely understood its meaning; could not contradict his irresistible conclusion; but at the same time, some first consideration prevailed for him to respond as he did” (MELVILLE, 1990, p. 11, our translation), a behavior that deeply disturbs Bartleby’s boss, “a man who, from his youth onwards, had the deep conviction that the easiest way of life is the best” (MELVILLE, 1990, p. 3, our translation).

*

On the eve of death, the end of an uninteresting life that allows the prolix narrator to count it in two paragraphs, Alonso Quijano decided to abandon the codes that overdetermined him, decided to bring joy – and some surprise – to the little future he had left (finally decided to become the inventor of a strange scripture instead of just repeat what was supposedly up to him, giving matter, in a few months of wandering, more than a thousand pages to Cide Hamete Benengeli).

The village nobleman left the life, whose only emotion was some chicken that he ate on Sundays (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 27) to surrender to fantasy. He abandoned the existence that bored him immensely, with his definite fate, given as a set of facts already known, just to wait, that he was already moving away to devote himself to reading the books of chivalry that took him from the dispiritedness in which his empty daily life put him in the lethargy of being bound by an already determined condition.

“Thousands upon thousands of people have had enough of their lives”, says Deleuze (2008, p. 340) about the Crusades, where he sees a schizophrenic escape only later appropriated and dominated by power, the Church, and the nobility. Inspired by the crusades, the walking cavalry becomes an idea of ??life for the Quixote, an alternative to the mediocrity that selflessly scoured him, his

desperate attempt to lend some grandeur to his day, not for the massive and rancid grandeur of castles and princesses, but for the immensity of the enterprise, and by the fact that it could only be done against the working of the heavy machines of this world that he wanted another, against the gigantic inertia of this “gigantocracy” and its intricate systems of scriptural annulment and imprisonment (CASTRO, 2002, v. 2, p. 385).

“*Don Quixote went in search of an elusive world to escape the stable left behind*” (CASTRO, 2002, v. 2, p. 317, our translation). And to the harsh moralist who criticized such writing as an escapist, travestying his comfortable resignation of confrontation, if he wanted to go beyond just turning his back, Quixote could say that “*no one has ever written or painted, sculpted, modeled, built, invented, except to really get out of hell*” (ARTAUD, 2008, p. 272).

To get out of hell, Quixote invents his “*new way of life*” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 503-504, our translation), inspired by the cavalry novels (greater merit such texts could have and main criticism than canon of Toledo makes to them). Fancy yourself, like the brothers that Sancho surprises in his night round in the Barataria Island, to go “*see the world*” and overcome the disconsolation of closure at home (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 925, our translation). But unlike them, under the fantasy of Quixote there is nothing to hide; There is no identity to preserve, just a character to build in the emptiness behind every fantasy, every mask, every word.

³In the original: “*De mí sé decir que después que soy caballero andante soy valiente, comedido, liberal, bien criado, generoso, cortés, atrevido, blando, paciente, sufridor de trabajos, de prisiones, de encantos*”.

⁴After losing the duel to the Knight of the White Moon, Don Quixote is greatly reduced because he is forced to suspend his cavalry scripture. Melancholy does not take him completely because he imagines a new possibility of life that cheers him up again: becoming a pastor (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 1.061). His desiring machines are then reactivated, his vital momentum flowing again, his thought again racing. I find this episode of extraordinary importance because it allows one to think that Quixote’s passion is the invention of his writing, not specifically or exclusively as a walking knight.

“*His story could be reduced to the transit between the unreality of his daily life and the reality of his fictions*” (PAZ, 1996, p. 208). Octavio Paz, however, does not talk about Quixote. His comment is about Fernando Pessoa heteronyms, about his passion-work, in his words, or his wandering writing, in the terms of this text, towards the unknown. Pessoa’s work reveals the imminence of the unknown, again using the words of Peace, which we discover to be when – a sign of creation – we meet.

In its creation, with its radical refusal to banality, to the “*the fat happiness of good conscience*” (NIETZSCHE, 2009b, p. 45), to the ready, in general, the repetition of the already done and the consummation of the already foreseen, the Quixote effectively becomes another. “*From me, I can say that since I am a walking knight, I am brave, moderate, liberal, polite, generous, courteous, cheeky, gentle, patient, suffering from works, imprisonment, charm*” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 511, our translation)³.

And it is by maintaining this experience of effectively inventing himself, of not only diluting the role received in the aisles of world theater, by the joy it gives him, by the greatly increasing of his power to act and his ability to think, following the beautiful Espinosa’s definition (2009, p. 107), why Quixote will fight. It is not just a matter of imposing a delusional fantasy on the world that he intended to deny, of being recognized as a knight or of achieving the ends that such a condition would suggest. Rather, it is a matter of retaining the possibility of still fantasizing⁴, of figuring out other forms of existence in which his mind, dulled by a mediocre routine, and his body, weakened by his many years and illnesses, becomes a greater perfection. It is not the supposed ends of his wanderings that move him, but the possibility of being in motion.

Quixote will leave for the third time, even if he knows he is a character in a famous book, he will leave the house of the dukes, where he is treated as a “true, not fantastic” knight (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 784, our translation), will avoid his impossible Dulcinea and deny the one Sancho presents to him, as well as any of the other ladies in whose company could precipitate a happy end.

After the end, whatever his adjective, he would still have to follow, and then, and always, and it would matter little to be emperor or governor, since in fact such supposed achievements would be impediments to the unfolding of his inventions, condemnation to repeat the daily life of his new states, emptying him.

Poets lead their heroes through thousands of difficulties and dangers to the desired end; but as soon as it is reached, they immediately let the curtain fall, because the only thing to be shown would be that the glorious end, in which the hero hoped to find happiness, was actually a joke, so after reaching it, he is not in a better state than before. (SCHOPENHAUER, 2005, p. 412).

⁵ In the original: “pelea en la guerra, vence al enemigo del rey, gana muchas ciudades, triunfa de muchas batallas, vuelve a la corte”.

In describing what would happen if they followed Sancho’s proposal, Don Quixote summarizes a traditional cavalry soap opera, in which the hero, immediately recognized and celebrated when crossing the gates of a city, is warmly welcomed by the king, in whose palace he stays, giving occasion for his daughter to fall in love with the knight. This feeling is reinforced by his exploits, which will culminate in the war he will win for his new lord, after which he will marry the princess, inheriting the throne after the king’s death, allowing him to do many blessings to as many as have helped him, notably his squire, and he will make this squire marry a high court maiden, and everyone will be happy forever. Everything narrated with the annoyance of this mechanical fatality.

Those books, which consumed him day after day, with their sleepless nights included, in pleasurable and even obsessive reading, entangling him in their sweeping volumes full of descriptive minutiae, verbal vaultings, and inextricable reasoning, seen by their end, they gave only the anodyne two and a half pages in which they are summarized. The armies – which before the herds of sheep, plunged into fantasy, deserve beautiful characterization, setting the stage for a no less exciting battle – in this dialogue, reduced to the mere instrument of reaching crowns and islands to rule, deserve no more than a vague allusion, in a stretch of little more than a line, in which the language of Quixote, at other times so raised and brilliant, is suddenly restricted to a bureaucratic note, whereby the knight, after leaving, “*fights in war, defeats the king’s enemy, conquers many cities, triumphs in many battles, returns to court*” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 195, our translation)⁵.

This is what is reduced to a scripture that completely identifies itself with any function that can be assumed, with a point that can end it. That is why, according to Quixote – there is a reason to tell Sancho not to rush the end of his wanderings – to be left in the fields. “*It is necessary to walk the world*” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 193, our translation), It is first necessary to earn fame, which is only to accumulate always new occasions for his writing to be created, with all its power and brightness, because it is only then that it can occur, and

this is what moves him, which cannot be reduced to a pittance such as “*the father dies, inherits the infant, becomes king the knight, in two words*” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 196, our translation)⁶. Scripture is what does not fit into two words.

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Open to the open of the scripture, to its future. The whole quixotic adventure is a mad undertaking against the social and literary systems that intend to hold him in a previous image, in a place already given in a fixed frame of definite values. His wandering is not a random consequence of a randomly assembled library, one option among others, but the necessary form for his scripture not to undermine into the sterile repetition of any certainty that precedes its occurrence.

“*It is because it is inaugural in the young sense of this term that scripture is dangerous and distressing. It does not know where it is going, no wisdom protects it from this precipitation that is essential to the meaning it constitutes and which is primarily its future*” (DERRIDA, 2002, p. 25). More than the future, his becoming, because his future could only be, among other equally finished texts, would be to mold on the pages of an anthology. The projected future – of fame, of the last judgment, of saving or of revolution – as the past resolved in crystallized interpretations or the truth of the presence of the present moment, are all images of fixation and closure, of a time that is only the effect of a succession of pictures. Time that wandering denies.

Unlike in other books of the period, such as the *Lazarillo de Thormes* or the *Guzmán de Alfarache* (AVALLE-ARCE; RILEY, 1973, p. 48), previous life does not condition the writing of Quixote; his life is not the mere unfolding of initial circumstances. His untimely decision to become a knight breaks with any line that might already be drawn. But everything that comes to this fiat breaks, on the other hand, with the very model that apparently inspires such writing, because, unlike the heroes of the traditional cavalry novels, such as Amadises or Palmerins, like Amadises or Palmerins, in facing a never-ending prohibited on a knight’s consecration⁷, the Quixote does not move to become, by virtue of his deeds, the nobleman he should always have been. Rather, he wanders aimlessly.

He denies past and future markings to be left in the smooth and unfunctional time⁸ of becoming which, irreducible to regularity and chronological causality, flows, present as a rip in the present framework, through which the indivisible movement traverses, in the constant promise and constant uncertainty of new changes, disorders. The crossing of the crossing, his experience, which in his making opens the paths by which he can follow. “*There is no path. You make the path as you walk*” (MACHADO, 2005, p. 114, our translation)⁹.

With no end or beginning, only half, as Deleuze and Guattari wanted (2007, v. 4, p. 91), Quixote executes “*he invention of staying*” on the third bank. “*Perpetual putting*” (ROSA, 1985, p. 35), which never ends, which is never set and which opposes the margins, its observation posts, in which life is “*only delay*” (ROSA, 1985, p. 33). It is necessary to be confused with the flesh of time, to let the river

⁶ In the original: “*muérese el padre, hereda la infanta, queda rey el caballero, en dos palabras*”.

⁷ Numerous circumstances prevented the Quixote from becoming a knight, and although it might be thought that he might outgrow some of his efforts, such as old age and poor health, others were no longer within his reach to alter, such as poverty or the fact that he was not of noble lineage (factors commented on by him throughout the work).

⁸ I develop the notion of dysfunctional as a process that cannot be reduced to the split between functional and dysfunctional (Derrida’s notion of strong inspiration in deconstruction), in my master’s dissertation, Defunctional, guided by the Professor PhD Giorgio Giorgi Junior, and in my doctoral thesis (PEDROSA, 2010, 2015).

⁹ In the original: “*No hay camino, se hace camino al andar*”.

flow through the body, scratching the endless journey, oblivious to the bridges and ferries that are made to reach the other side and find more of it there.

Says Heraclitus, in the words of Nietzsche (2008, p. 56):

I see nothing but future. Do not be deceived! If you believe you see somewhere, solid ground in the sea of ??future and perishing, it is because of your limited vision, not the essence of things. Use names of things as if they had a rigid duration: but the current itself, into which you enter the second time, is no longer the same as the first time.

In these waters the permanent make of Quixote is made, a process that never ends, in its impossibility of stagnation, restitution of life to life and flow to the powers barred by functionalist reason. *"Expect poison from standing water"* (BLAKE, 2007, p. 26).

The scripture does not stop at any truth found in the way, nor stiffen at any identification made in it. *"Heraclitus will be eternally right in stating that being is an empty fiction. The 'apparent' world is unique: the 'true world' is just a liar addition"* (NIETZSCHE, 2009b, p. 35). Every thought (and every scripture, we add) is a becoming, argue Deleuze and Guattari (2007, v. 5, p. 50), a production, the trace of its course, not the expression of an earlier thought. Therefore, it must be allowed to be done, not to be done from outside, to prevent others' rules from closing it, to allow it to err. *"To think is essentially to err"* (PESSOA, 2001, p. 129).

In his vital aphorisms, which are also anecdotes of thought¹⁰, the Quixote gives flow to the powers of his writing because he does not fix it with an image of arrival, or a route to follow. *"If Don Quixote had traced an itinerary, his figure would have been undone"* (CASTRO, 2002, v. 1, p. 77, our translation). He articulates, in his adventures, the unplanned vagrancy of his wanderings to the wanderings of a human who, in his *"transcendental homelessness"* (LUKÁCS, 2003, p. 37), free from any obligation of unity or totality, but also unprotected from the systems of thought that would comfort him, finds himself struggling with the task of creating and creating the conditions in which he may exist (LUKÁCS, 2003, p. 84).

In the passage of the classical world to the modern, on whose crease slips Quixote, unity and homogeneity of the world and men crumbles and, therefore, one has to invent himself, despite the mass of which he differs, from the world that strangers him. The hero of the novel gropes, falters, misses. There is no longer any sign of the gods who could lead him, and the men he encounters along the way are not only lost but often overlooked. He is alone in a world that, for him, has lost its ability to make sense or, at least, to house those already made. Wherever you are, you are out of place. It is out of place. Only dead men, dead tongues, can take place; all that still lives must invent a place, not to dwell, but to abandon. Invent himself in the midst of the circumstances that surround him to deny them, change them, make them others.

What moves Quixote is this openness he finds in himself, the incompleteness of his figure, his history. This is his work, the meaning of the scripture he proposes to deliver: to construct senses, to squander the ready of an old world

¹⁰Thus Deleuze (2006, p. 132) characterizes Nietzsche's philosophical project: *"a way of thinking, but also a lifestyle"*.

¹¹ In the original: “yo sé quién soy [...] y sé que puedo ser, no sólo los que he dicho, sino todos los doce pares de Francia, y aun todos los nueve de la fama”.

that wants to stop it, that wants to stop its flow or at least domesticate it. On his first departure, still a little doubtful that he is Don Quijote de la Mancha and somewhat stunned by the beating he took from the Toledan merchants, he claims to be Valdovinos, then Abindarráez, and in the face of the denials of his village neighbor who insists on calling him Quijana, says: “– I know who I am [...] and I know I can be, not just the ones I said, but all twelve pairs of France, and all nine of fame” (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 58, our translation)¹¹.

To know who one is, is not to have met, to have found something as a truth or essence, but to have built up the insufficiency of being tight, noble or knight, mad or sane (farmer, squire or governor, for Sancho, in whom this transformation is also seen). It is not to have found, as if digging a floor of words, a datum that one would be doomed to represent, but to have invented new ways of making one’s desire propel its writing in the “*pure multiplicity, [...] irreducible to unity*” (DELEUZE; GUATTARI, 2004, p. 45) of the desired production.

There is no one to find and know, for everything is yet to be done. There is a new, another self, as a power, the “*soul as the multiplicity of the individual*” (NIETZSCHE, 2009a, p. 35), for inventing, in the course of scripture, of writing, of time, which prevents any passive sedimentation or permanence. “*From one end to the other, the self is as if crossed by a crack: it is cracked by the pure and empty form of time*” (DELEUZE, 2009, p. 133).

The self has to be another, as Rimbaud wanted, another that says, in me, in the other’s tongue, with the thoughts of others, the impossibility of closing in on an image. It is only the other that can tell me, call me, cut in the continuum of the text this object: me. We were not populated by many: men, women, birds, whales, old men, children, cacti, *Adiantum capillus-veneris*, parrot’s beaks, clouds, dunes, musicians, longshoremen, bureaucrats, dancers, madmen, travelers, convicts, vagabonds, governors, walkers, knights, without being any, we could not say I. “*Under the self that acts there are little selves who contemplate and make action and the active individual possible. We do not say “I” except for these thousand witnesses who behold us; it is always a third that says I*” (DELEUZE, 2009, p. 118). The I is only the possibility of a point where some of these scriptures that cross, that cross me, and that do me, continue to produce; punctuation of the text that invents and carries me.

Therefore, we must follow, make ourselves, become the unstable and temporary one that is, in process. In his mad scripture, the Quixote goes out of his mind and, no matter how much he returns to the house and name Alonso Quijano, by virtue of his inventions, he can no longer return to the sameness of his self as a nobleman, his banal and introverted life. Others have been made, others have to be made, the ever other that is, the self-other, figure that crosses the flows, the texts, who cuts and reconfigures them, but also changes, affected by them, on this crossing.

It is necessary to misguide, get lost completely. To abandon any certainty, especially the certainty of self, of I, I think, I exist, so that thought and existence can be made. All roads lead somewhere as long as you walk long enough, says Cheshire’s cat to Alice (CARROLL, 1998, p. 56). All roads lead as long as you

walk. The question of writing is being able to walk, like the sting of the *Nhambiquaras* (indigenous people of Brazil) in the forest (DERRIDA, 2004, p. 133), or Breton's wandering¹², the process, as text or life, as poem or travel. "The real travelers are only those who leave to leave" (BAUDELAIRE, 1985, p. 442, our translation)¹³.

The Quixote is a true traveler, not only because he has no defined destinations, but also – and perhaps mainly – because of the abandonment that his departure implies. "I left my land, pledged my possessions, left my delight, and gave myself into the arms of fortune, to take me where it suited me best" (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 662, our translation)¹⁴. In an excerpt comparing his walker with the knight of the past by his spirit of heroic detachment, Thoreau (2012, p. 49) writes: "If you are ready to leave father and mother, brother and sister, wife, children and friends, and never see them again – if you have paid your debts, made your will, left all your business in order and are a free man, then you'll be ready for a walk".

There is no home to return to, no new home to find, only the longing for utter wandering, a recognition, like Rimbaud's, of being condemned to err¹⁵, condemned to stranger at home, to disaccustom. "I am quite used to the free and wandering life; Finally, I have no place. I must therefore spend the rest of my days wandering between fatigue and deprivation, with the sole prospect of dying of fatigue." (RIMBAUD, 2001, p. 61, our translation)¹⁶. Not fitting at home, not recognizing oneself in one's life, not belonging to the village where one lives. The village of Quixote is never named in the work, because the knight is not from there, he is from Mancha, from all the region where he roams, its surroundings, its vastness.

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"Let me live where I want, on this side is the city, on the other, the vastness, and I am leaving the city more and more and retreating into the wilderness" (THOREAU, 2012, p. 64). In the city, "court monkey" (ELIAS, 2001, p. 62), the codes prevail. The deviations, vital, there they have no place. "The madmen then had an easily wandering existence. The cities ban us from their walls; we were allowed to run through the distant fields" (FOUCAULT, 2007, p. 9). Only outside the cities can the crazy adventure of the Quixote take place, only then is the uncertainty of his wandering possible. "For me, I am counting on leaving this city soon to go traffic in the unknown" (RIMBAUD, 2001, p. 18, our translation)¹⁷.

In Barcelona, where the radical inadequacy of his uncertain and vague life to the daily life of cities is evident in each event, Don Quixote visits a typography. In cities books are printed, and they tell finished stories. If Ginés de Pasamonte cannot close his autobiography because he still lives (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 206), Quixote may intuit that he must avoid cities so as not to anticipate the conclusion of his narrative.

In the urban environment, life organizes itself, creates systems, sets values, stabilizes itself. In it, the paths are already traced, in their sidewalks, in their streets with their numbered houses, in their signs indicating where is the commerce, where is each service, where is the meetings. To that place, Sancho

¹² "Upon returning from the trip, he wrote the introduction of *Poisson soluble* [...]. The journey, undertaken without scope and without goal, had become the experimentation of a form of automatic writing in real space, a literary-rural wandering imprinted directly on the map of a mental territory" (CARERI, 2013, p. 78).

¹³ In the original: "Les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-là seuls qui partent pour partir".

¹⁴ In the original: "Salí de mi patria, empené mi hacienda, dejé mi regalo y entregueme en los brazos de la fortuna, que me llevasen donde más fuese servida".

¹⁵ "But now I am doomed to err, involved in a distant enterprise, every day I lose my taste for the climate and ways of life and even the language of Europe" (RIMBAUD, 2001, p. 33, our translation).

¹⁶ In the original: "Je suis trop habitué à la vie errante et gratuite; enfin, je n'ai pas de position. Je dois donc passer le reste de mes jours errant dans les fatigues et les privations, avec l'unique perspective de mourir à la peine".

¹⁷ In the original: "Pour moi, je compte quitter prochainement cette ville-ci pour aller trafiquer dans l'inconn".

wants to go and in that place is the happy ending that Quixote foresees and prefers to avoid. In the city, such predictability is possible because its walls and guides constrain and shape the future, homogenize space, time and all the possibilities of what may occur in them. From the city's controlled space, its production and verification space, its reproduction space, it is known what to expect.

It is no surprising, therefore, that centuries later, at the tip of this spear, the city will be called intelligent when it proves to be efficient in nullifying any eventuality, any otherness, anything that goes beyond the programmed. The city will be intelligent if it can anticipate life to prevent its events, for its intelligence is the control over its inhabitants, its inventive power of its scriptures, its uncontrollable intelligences.

The ingenious knight's firm determination not to do what is expected of him thus implies turning his back on this space of scriptural over-determination and moving toward the unknown, the absence of references of the fields, the strange and unsuspected successes that can make a place in the immensity. There, the opening of space is, more than the absence of physical barriers, the variety and unpredictability of what may happen. *"It may be necessary to say that all progress is made by and in striated space, but it is in smooth space that all future is produced"* (DELEUZE; GUATTARI, 2007, v. 5, p. 195). The fields where Quixote goes wrong are flat space, space that is occupied without measurement (as opposed to the inventory of the accounting occupation of the striated space). Unmeasured space, without center, without internal hierarchy, space of experience that happens in the course of experience and where *"life reconstitutes its challenges, faces new obstacles, invents new movements"* (DELEUZE; GUATTARI, 2007, v. 5, p. 214).

Conversely, *"the city is the striated space par excellence"* (DELEUZE; GUATTARI, 2007, v. 5, p. 188), where it is always in relation to a given center, a ground zero, marking and value systems. In striated space there is no wandering, for it reduces ambulation to a sum of steps, stages, trapped in an anterior grid and oblivious to its course. The smooth space slips under the feet, under the hooves, and rearranges itself in infinite motion according to the movements to which it gives rise; space that errs under the wanderer that fills it with every step, every hesitation or stumbling.

Saturated with meanings, the city impedes the invention of meanings, the continuity of quixotic creation. In it, each and every element of any scripture must be fixed in advance, according to its norms, its traditions and the social position of each enunciator.

With etiquette, the court society proceeds with its self-presentation, each individual being distinguished from each other, and all of them distinguishing themselves jointly from strangers to the group, so that each one in particular and all together preserve their existence as a self-sufficient value. (ELIAS, 2001, p. 120).

Norbet Elias (2001) describes the conduct governed by etiquette codes, but it sounds like Saussure describing his linguistic chess and the ambition to fix values ??implied therein.

The code must be maintained, as it ensures not only the communication of each individual's position, but the possibilities, duties, and prohibitions of its writing. The code ensures the smooth functioning of society and thus ensures the maintenance of order, with the meanings of social stratification maintained, which allow the code to function and perpetuate itself. Every code, as Nietzsche notes about Manu's (2011, p. 110), creates nothing, ends.

Marking of fixed places in the structure, correct distribution of values from the correct representation of the given role, scenario for a play already written, the ordering mode of composition of cities and sections opposes the conflicting of the quixotic invention. They will charge Quijano for being Quijano, village nobleman, old man, and remedied, not tolerating his extravagant and unreasonable character.

For this reason, as noted by Américo Castro (2002, p. 364, our translation), Cervantes

¹⁸In the original: "*Volveos a vuestra casa y criad vuestros hijos, si los tenéis, y curad de vuestra hacienda, y dejad de andar vagando por el mundo*".

concentrated his preferences on the outcasts of city life, either voluntarily or forcibly, [...] and made them wander in the open air of the fields, or linger in inns, as a momentary rest for their restless or incited lives. The domestic and sedentary environment, the quiet and immobile realities, either elude each other, or appear as a light background [...] against which to project the continuous movement of living.

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However, even in fields, wandering, its foreign way of being in the world, is a construct. The fields of Montiel are not the natural place for quixotic adventures, for such a scripture has no natural place, it is not foreseen, and has no place at all. It has to force it into the world that strangers it. And then it should be noted that even an urban environment could give way to a wandering life (marginal, of course).

And if the city can still shelter smooth spaces and become paths made equivocal by a nomadic way of inhabiting it, as Deleuze and Guattari (2007, v. 5, p. 185) recall, the house, with its tomb walls and mortuary portraits pending there holds no possibility of scripture. In the house, the closure is complete and there is no possibility of anyone inventing another than the one it imprisons – to be taken back to the house, as in preparation, the Quixote has to be caged (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 498). There is no shortage of "*dwindled spirits*" in the book, as Unamuno called them (2005, p. 174, our translation), urging Quixote to abandon himself, to resign himself to resuming his old role, to stay at home: "*Return to your house and raise your children, if you have them, and take care of your possessions, and stop wandering the world*" (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 792, our translation)¹⁸.

In the comparison between the two parts of Cervantes' work, one can see how, in the second, Quixote falters, doubts his fantasy and even ceases to be Quixote, sometimes, perhaps due to his greater permanence in houses: houses of nobles, where minor and controlled plays repeat familiar texts, trying to fill a meaningless time to try to make it pass – such as the house of the dukes and Antonio Moreno's in Barcelona; or the house of Don Diego de Miranda,

¹⁹“But false scenarios, costumes, gestures and screams will never replace the reality we expect. This is what is serious: the formation of a reality, the unprecedented eruption of a world. Theater must give us this ephemeral but true world, this world tangent to the real. It will be this world itself or we will dispense with the theater” (ARTAUD, 2008, p. 30).

exemplary knight, fixed in his exemplarity, dead in his perfection, which is evident in the sepulchral silence of his abode (CERVANTES, 2011, p. 684).

The action closes, loses the chaotic openness of the fields, with its numerous and heterogeneous episodes of the unforeseen and nonsensical adventures of the first book, we move on to the Quixote judgments or to an anemic theater, albeit ostentatious (or because ostentatious, Artaud would say)¹⁹. From the unexpected and fragmented set of events, the narrative becomes the causal and habitual chain of events of the domesticated life.

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Don Quixote rejects Sancho’s proposal because he sees in his functionalism an attempt to precipitate the end of his adventures. This dialogue takes place when the squire has not yet adhered to the master’s fantasy (which will happen later, becoming evident, for example, in his abandonment of the long-awaited government to return to wandering), a tension that runs throughout the book, in the dispute between opening and closing in the writing of the knight of La Mancha.

The vital impulse of desire formulates and maintains it, in spite of all its supposed constraints (the logarithm table that intends to calculate and decide the life of the underground man), so that its scripture must permanently assert itself as creation. The knight’s mad actions may be a way of asking: “Isn’t it better to kick all this wisdom just so that all these logarithms go to the devil, and that we can once again live according to our stupid will?” (DOSTOIÉVSKI, 2004, p. 38). Don Quixote always wants to open his sequence to the open of his undefined possibilities.

All of his interlocutors, however, whether by seeking in the past coordinates the determinations that would constrain their present, either by trying to shape it into an equally definite future, they strive all the time to deny this openness, enclosing their narrative in a linearity that not only mutilates but denies it, by identifying it with an image already made (and not with a move to do). In the archeology of the nobleman Quijano or in the teleology of the emperor Quixote, in his house or in the court he will save, the unsuspected of his wanderings has no place.

Avoiding cities and their homes, their walls, their codes, their boundaries – err, in a word – is therefore the only possible way for Quixote to follow. His place is the fields, without contours or precise values, where the most everyday mill can well make the giant figure, in the absence of demarcations of its smoothed bottom. His time is the continuous and uncertain movement of the future, and his only possible identity is the fleeting ever-oscillating image between the nobles he has abandoned and the knights he cannot be, interstice where his many other figures meet.

The wandering in the Quixote overcomes the negativity and secondness we have been accustomed to see in the term, and is shown in all its immense power as a mode of inventive writing. All the finalism, utilitarianism, functionalism, all the temporal linearization and the spatial demarcation that

supports it, the whole way, finally, that Western logocentric writing operates is shaken by this reversal.

Something has opened up in the vast fields of the Mancha, something that resonates here, which flows in the river of Heraclitus, Nietzsche and Deleuze, in the waters of Rosa and Blake, which speaks of the masks of Pessoa and the unmasked theater of Artaud, which roams Carroll's Alice, Antonio Machado's walker, Baudelaire, Bréton, Rimbaud, Thoreau. A doubt, perhaps (like those of the underground man or Bartleby), which contains no method principle or ground for his annulment. A doubt with no doubt that will come to an end. And it moves. There is no previous outline on which to project the tracks of the wandering performed (dimmed by the privilege we have learned to give to this imagined ghost), there is no need to perform it on any given scheme, nor to attach it to any point of departure or arrival. Part of Quixote's permanent vitality may be due to the permanent perplexity with which our culture reads his refusal of Sancho's proposal, the disconcerting challenge to our ways of thinking and acting.

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