

Chapter 1 : The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet - The Free Library of Philadelphia - OverDrive

In his latest adventure, "The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet," Alatrisme discovers that his current paramour, an actress currently wowing Madrid, has also caught the eye of King Philip IV. According to the mores of Spanish society, Alatrisme must yield.

This was not his sin, But the times he lived in. The play was by Tirso de Molina, and any first performance of a play by Tirso was a great occasion in Madrid. The whole city, it seemed, was either crammed into the theater or else forming a queue outside in the street, and no one in that queue would have thought it unreasonable to knife his neighbor if it meant getting a seat or even standing room. There was, however, neither rhyme nor reason to what he was doing now, namely, getting involved in a minor skirmish following a chance collision on a street corner. And so there they were, overlooking the Manzanares River, on the top of a hill to which they had walked, side by side, like two comrades, without saying a word, and without unsheathing the swords or daggers that were now clashing loudlyâ€”cling, clangâ€”and glinting in the afternoon sun. After an initial cautious circling of blades, Alatrisme was startled into full attention by the first serious thrust, which he parried with some difficulty. He was more irritated with himself than with his opponent, irritated with his own irritation. This was not a good state of mind to be in; any sword fight, when life and health are at stake, requires both a cool head and a steady hand. If you lack either, there is a risk that your irritationâ€”or whatever other emotion you happen to be feelingâ€”might slip from your body, along with your soul, through some previously unnoticed buttonhole in your doublet. But what could he do? He had left the Inn of the Turk in that same black mood, following an argument with Caridad la Lebrijana. The argument had erupted as soon as she returned home from mass and had involved smashed crockery, slammed doors, and a consequent delay in setting off for the theater. The chance encounter on the corner of Calle del Arcabuz and Calle de Toledoâ€”which would ordinarily have been resolved with common sense and reasonable wordsâ€”had instead channeled all his ill humor into this duel. Anyway, it was too late to turn back now. The other man was in deadly earnest and, all honor to him, very good with a blade and agile as a deer. It was an old trick, but effective if the person performing it had a good eye and an even better hand. He also took the opportunity to study his opponent, who was a good-looking young man in his twenties. Despite his city clothesâ€”short suede boots, an over-doublet of fine cloth, and the brown cape which he had placed on the ground along with his hat so as to be able to move more freelyâ€”he had, at least to the eye of an expert, a soldierly air about him: He was perhaps from a good family. He silently cursed himself. He decided to finish the business, although not so hastily that it might work against him. Besides, there was no point in complicating his life further by killing a man in broad daylight, and on a Sunday. His opponent made a lunge, which Alatrisme parried, making as if to deliver a straightforward blow, but instead shifting to the right, lowering his sword to protect his own chest and, in passing, dealing the other man an ugly cut to the head with his dagger. A bystander might have described this as both unorthodox and somewhat underhand, but there were no by standers. This was no time for niceties. More important, the strategy had worked. The young man turned pale and fell to his knees, bright red blood gushing from his temple. He had dropped his dagger and was resting all his weight on his sword, which buckled slightly beneath him. Alatrisme sheathed his own sword, then went over and disarmed the wounded man by gently kicking the blade from under him. The young man looked at him, confused, but did not reply. The man nodded weakly. He made as if to get up, and Alatrisme helped him to his feet, letting him lean on his shoulder. The blood was still flowing beneath the improvised bandage, but the man was young and strong. The bleeding would soon stop. No constablesâ€”that was one good thingâ€”and no bluebottles either. One way to solve the problem, he thought impatiently, would be to slip a real to some errand boy or footboy, of the sort usually to be found loitering near the city gate, waiting for travelers. They could then take the stranger back to his innâ€”or indeed to hell or wherever else he might choose to go. He helped the wounded man sit down on a large boulder that had once formed part of the city wall. Then he restored to him hat, cape, sword, and dagger. He looked at Alatrisme for a long while, as if he found it hard to make out his features. Alatrisme was brushing dust from his boots with his hat. I was surprised they had let him in, given how packed

the theater was, with people still standing out in the street, protesting because there was no more room; later, however, I learned that he had managed to slip in, not through the main door, but through the carriage gate, which was normally used by the ladies to reach the section reserved for them. Then again, this was a new play by Tirso. The Madrid garden near Prado Alto from which the play took its name was a splendid, peaceful place, much frequented by the court and known as a fashionable spot, perfect for a romantic rendezvous, and, as I had seen during the first act, it was being used to good effect. Their name derived from their habit of always standing together, wearing cape, sword, and dagger, like soldiers ready to be inspected or to go into action—well, that and their tendency to make rowdy comments and to boo. Those who have it in their power To make a play seem good or dire. For in that picturesque Spain of ours—so extreme in its good qualities, and in its bad—no doctor was ever punished for killing a patient through bloodletting and incompetence, no lawyer was ever banned from practicing because he was conniving, corrupt, or useless, no royal functionary was ever stripped of his privileges, having been caught with his hand in the money box; but there was no such forgiveness for a poet whose lines did not scan or who failed to hit the mark. The most hopeless of block-heads made themselves out to be experts, and duennas and clumsy serving wenches assumed the role of learned and discerning critics and rattled their keys to show their disapproval. They thus found an outlet for that most Spanish of pleasures, namely, venting all the spleen they felt for their rulers by kicking up a row in the safety of the crowd. For, as everyone knows, Cain was an hidalgo, a pure-blooded Christian, and a Spaniard. Anyway, as I was saying, Captain Alatrisme finally joined us, where we had been saving him a seat until another member of the audience demanded to take it. Wanting to avoid a quarrel—not out of cowardice but out of respect for the place and the circumstances—don Francisco de Quevedo had let the importunate fellow do as he wished, warning him, however, that the seat was already taken and that as soon as its rightful occupant arrived, he would have to relinquish it. Don Francisco shrugged and indicated to the captain his now occupied place on the bench, and my master fixed the intruder with his cold green eyes. The man was a wealthy artisan as I found out later, he held the lease on the ice wells in Calle de Fuencarral, and the sword hanging from his leather belt looked about as much in keeping with him as a harquebus would on a Christ. He smelled of sweat and metal, as in times of war. Don Francisco noticed the stain on the sleeve of his doublet.

Chapter 2 : The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet by Arturo Pérez-Reverte | LibraryThing

The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet has 2, ratings and reviews. Calzean said: My first book in this series. Maybe the others have a bit more zim as.

Chapter 3 : The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet - North Texas Libraries on the Go - OverDrive

Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet (Capitan Alatrisme Series #5) by Arturo Pérez-Reverte The fifth novel in the adventures of Captain Alatrisme, a seventeenth-century swashbuckler and "a twenty-first-century literary phenomenon"(Entertainment Weekly).

Chapter 4 : THE CAVALIER IN THE YELLOW DOUBLET by Arturo Pérez-Reverte , Margaret Jull Costa

I mention all this because THE CAVALIER IN THE YELLOW DOUBLET comes from the same literary tradition, and Cervantes himself appears (albeit offstage) as a minor character. It is the fifth book to feature Captain Alatrisme, a 17th-century Spanish rogue in an era when roguery was as common as japery is today.

Chapter 5 : The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet : Arturo Perez-Reverte :

Akin to the preceding novels, The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet is a superior adventure story wherein swordfights, gallantry, and intrigue are never lacking. But the deeper enjoyment in all five adventures of Captain Alatrisme is in Arturo Pérez-Reverte's prose.

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Chapter 6 : The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet by Arturo Párez-Reverte

About The Cavalier in the Yellow Doublet. The fifth novel in the adventures of Captain Alaric, a seventeenth-century swashbuckler and "a twenty-first-century literary phenomenon" (Entertainment Weekly).

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Párez-Reverte (The King's Gold, , etc.) returns to familiar territory in 17th-century Spain, dispatching Captain Diego Alaric for a fifth round of swordplay, gamesmanship and swashbuckling romance.

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