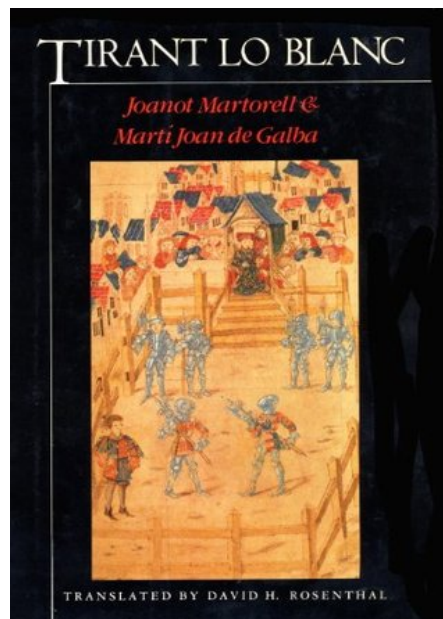




Tirant Lo Blanc

Joanot Martorell , David Rosenthal (Translator)

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First published in the Catalan language in Valencia in 1490, Tirant lo Blanc ("The White Tyrant") is a sweeping epic of chivalry and high adventure. With great precision and verve, Martorell narrates land and sea battles, duels, hunts, banquets, political maneuverings, and romantic conquests. Reviewing the first modern Spanish translation in 1969 (Franco had ruthlessly suppressed the Catalan language and literature), Mario Vargas Llosa hailed the epic's author as "the first of that lineage of God-supplanters--Fielding, Balzac, Dickens, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Joyce, Faulkner--who try to create in their novels an all-encompassing reality."

Tirant Lo Blanc Details

Date : Published September 4th 2013 by Schocken (first published November 20th 1490)

ISBN :

Author : Joanot Martorell , David Rosenthal (Translator)

Format : Kindle Edition 642 pages

Genre : Classics, Fiction

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From Reader Review Tirant Lo Blanc for online ebook

Markus says

Publié pour la première fois en 1490 ce livre est un mélange de réalités et de fiction, aussi bien en personnages que en événements. Il faut mieux faire abstraction de la géographie, qui est le plus souvent bien fictive.

L'auteur Joanot Martorell était lui même chevalier et avait une très bonne connaissance des rituels et pratiques des tournois. La première partie du livre qui se passe a la cour en Angleterre est intéressante et agréable a lire. Il est certain que cet ouvrage a pu inspirer Cervantes pour l'écriture de son "Don Quichotte". Le style d'écriture est assez simple et directe.

La suite des aventures du brave "Tirant le Blanc" en Sicile, puis dans l'Empire Grec, puis en Berberie, puis enfin a nouveau dans l'Empire Grec est écrit dans le même style, et facile a lire tant qu'il s'agit de récits de voyages et de batailles et de conquêtes.

Mais ces récits sont entrecoupées de réflexions philosophiques, morales et religieux qui sont d'un tout autre style, qui semble même d'un autre auteur. Cela ressemble a des longs sermons étalées sur des centaines de pages. Même si l'auteur connaît bien son sujet ayant lu tous ses classiques et faisant a appel a d'innombrables citations.

Personnellement j'ai trouvé ça pénible.

Olga Miret says

I read Tirant many years back, in Catalan. I think it was the 500 anniversary edition probably. If you're looking for something written in a simple and modern style, it is not. I haven't read any of the English adaptations so can't comment on their quality. The story has everything you would expect from cavalry novels, battles, adventures, politics, flirting, and yes, eroticism. Of course religion is also part of the book. Many of the battles would have to do with crusades, trying to recover religious sites...

I don't know if many people would agree with Cervantes that it is the best book in the world (well, not Cervantes, one of his characters), but at the time it might have been one of the best and with its insights into a knight's life (as Joanot Martorell was a knight and some of the experiences of the book seem adapted from the author's personal ones), inspiration from real historical figures (Roger de Flor), variety and adventures, it is well worth a high ranking amongst the genre.

Vaig llegir el Tirant fa molts anys en Català. Estilísticament no és pot esperar que sigui una novel·la moderna, encara que en molts aspectes ho és. No és una lectura corteta i sencilla, però es un llibre que amb perseverància i paciència te molt per aportar. Potser adaptacions modernes el facin més accessibles, perquè les aventures, històries i detalls sobre la vida d'un cavaller de l'època fan la lectura molt recomenable. I una mica desvergonyida també ho és (no potser si ho comparem amb les coses que es llegeixen avui en dia però a mi em va sorprendre per l'època).

Cristina says

Bien, queridos míos, hoy os traigo un pedazo de mierda infumable.

AVISO: Si a alguien le ofende el mal lenguaje o que critiquen a Tirant Lo Blanc que deje de leer desde aquí.

Se trata del libro cumbre de la literatura medieval Catalana/Valenciana, termino que por el contenido de este libro me parece ofensivo que este pedazo de mojón sea considerado lo mejor de una lengua.

Creo que como todos los que han leído este libro, he tenido que leerlo por obligación (porque este libro solo lo recomiendo si tienes problemas de insomnio o estas planteándote el suicidio).

La historia nos habla de Tirant lo Blanc, el caballero más macho pecho peludo de todo el barrio (aunque todos sabemos que en realidad estaba liado con el emperador de Grecia). Tirant es un subnormal que mata a mucha gente de la que no nos interesa lo más mínimo sus vidas.

En fin, Tirant es un caballero que va dando vueltas por el mundo en busca de aventuras. Todo lo bien que se le dan las armas y lo mal que se le dan las mujeres. Se le dan tan mal que el puto Tirant tiene que recurrir a la violación. ¿Qué clase de historia es en la que el héroe abusa de su "amada" sin castigo alguno?

Por otra parte esta lo subnormales que son todos los personajes, yo solo deseaba su muerte (como en Macbeth). De hecho, uno de los que gana el premio a "El humano es retrasado y no tiene cura", sería Carmesina.

Carmesina es la hija del emperador griego, la doncella perfecta de la literatura trovadoresca. Pero es más tonta la chica que un peine para calvos. Además de pasarse más de la mitad del libro medio liada con Plaerdemavida, cuando Tirant la viola para demostrar que es un macho pecho peludo (gilipollas en potencia), ella sigue más enamorada de él aun. FUCK LOGIC

También tengo que comentar sin el campo semántico de "Perro moro" y "Mamelles" no habría libro. Estoy casi segura de que sin esas palabras el libro no tenía más de 30 hojas.

Y por último, guardemos un minuto de silencio por el labrador Lauseta.

LAUSETA EL LABRADOR S.XII-XII R.I.P

El pobre hombre murió sin ni siquiera tener una frase en todo el libro. LAUSETA EN NUESTROS KOKOROS

Mi valoración es un 0, pero como el señor Goodreads no me deja poner 0 o una nota negativa se queda en un 1 con mucho odio.

Marie says

The book jacket makes much of Cervantes mentioning the book as "one of the best" - but it's not Cervantes saying that, it's the priest character who is evaluating which of Don Quixote's books to burn and which to

save. And I think I know why Cervantes had the priest save this one, because aside from a quick episode involving a female dragon, the book is mostly without magic and deals with wars and tournaments, not wandering knight errantry.

Written in the late 15th Century in Catalan, *Tirant Lo Blanc* chronicles the journey of your typical super-knight. He wins every fight he is in, and is an expert on virtue and courtliness. He also has a superpower seen in many knightly tales but rarely so extravagantly in contradiction to the laws of physics: he refuses all rewards ever offered to him and gives every messenger, stranger, friend, beggar, attendant, and squire buckets of wealth.

K. I'll forgive that.

Even by "medieval novel read in translation" standards, *Tirant Lo Blanc* drags. Every decision is predicated by four or five chapters of not very interesting speeches, some of which I think the author would have blessed the invention of copy-paste for because it must have been at least as tedious to write them as to read them.

Still, when I could chew my way slowly through that, and the often-contradictory, meandering plot, there were bits to amuse. Like the fascinatingly alien morality. Our most pious hero rapes his love, for one thing - and holds down another lady so his friend can rape her - only letting her up when his friend relents, knowing that he's going to MARRY THE WOMAN TOMORROW. In both instances the attacked women never complain and instantly forgive their attackers, even though the one lady was tricked into marrying the guy by *Tirant* carefully interceding every time her suitor made a social faux pas.

It's certainly the pre-16th-century novel that treats pre-marital sex the lightest. It's attitude towards women is, frankly, weird. There is a long section listing the virtuous warrior women of the past, and female characters like *Pleasure-of-my-life* and the Empress have real agency and tell the men what to do - though *Pleasure-of-my-Life* mostly extols the virtues of raping the princess immediately because chastity - eh, what's the point of that? Still, ladies are shown preparing towns for siege and outfitting armies. *Tirant's* princess *Carmesina* even dons armor and goes into battle, capturing a small boy so she can say she captured a saracen, too.

Oh, and here's another real weird thing in this book - after conquering all of Barbary and Greece and securing his betrothal to the beautiful princess he deflowered, he just up and dies. From a pain in his side that hits him while walking along a stream. BAM. On his deathbed he confesses - nothing, actually. They say he confesses, and have a few long paragraphs of him talking about how great Jesus is, and bam. His princess then hears about his death, dresses in her wedding gown, confesses publicly that she "allowed" *Tirant* to deflower her, and dies. Of love.

Then the book goes ON for several more chapters until all the remaining characters have been provided with their own end. Exhausting. The whole work is exhausting in detail.

Carlos Bazzano says

¿Alguna vez se han preguntado cuál sería la cantidad aproximada de libros que se han escrito en la antigüedad? ¿Qué leían en la lejana Edad Media los lectores empedernidos? Yo me he formulado tal interrogante en diversas ocasiones así como una pregunta relacionada ¿por qué ha sobrevivido una cantidad, si bien importante, inferior al número de obras escritas? La respuesta, si bien no es simple, puede indagarse

desde el aspecto lógico: la calidad de las mismas las llevó a perdurar. Este libro es uno de ellos. Dígase como punto de partida, que éste se inscribe entre los libros de caballería, tipo de literatura muy en boga por entonces.

Dicho lo cual se tiene que *Tirante el blanco* es un clásico bastante antiguo, para hacerse una idea de ello baste con mencionar que el mismo está citado en las páginas de *El ingenioso hidalgo don Quijote de la Mancha* siendo escrito en el año 1490 originalmente en catalán por Joanot Martorell, esta obra se ha ganado a pulso su lugar entre los grandes libros de la novela de caballería, libros de los que tanto gustaba Don Quijote. Aquí se nos narran las aventuras del valeroso caballero Tirante en época de las cruzadas, sus hechos de armas, la osadía de sus doncellas y el tumulto de sus batallas, sus magníficos torneos y el rumor incesante emanado de las lenguas locuaces. Mario Vargas Llosa, autor del prólogo de esta edición (magníficamente realizada por Alianza Editorial) confiesa que éste es uno “*de esos libros a los que cualquier escritor sueña secretamente con emular*”.

Nunca antes había leído un libro de caballería, así que no sabía muy bien qué podría esperar de su lectura. Si bien hace unos años había iniciado la lectura de otro grande entre los libros de caballería, el *Amadís de Gaula* no pude terminarlo. Esta fue la revancha de este tipo de libros entre mis lecturas.

Debo decir que el género resulta bastante distinto a otros que ya he leído, empero, ello no implica que me haya disgustado, sino todo lo contrario. Quizá este debió ser un libro serio, pero mucho me ha hecho reír tanto la historia en sí como la manera en que ésta se desarrolla. Y aquello que debió ser bastante serio en la época, hoy día parecería algún tipo de pantomima, de ahí que resulta algo inevitable que las risas hagan acto de presencia.

En lo que a los personajes refiere, he de decir que a raíz de la extensión de la obra (casi 900 páginas) resulta algo difícil abarcar a todos ellos, pues con tantas páginas resulta natural que muchos aparezcan y desaparezcan durante el transcurso de la narración. Puedo decir que me han caído muy bien Tirante y la princesa de quien éste está enamorado, siendo realmente buenas las interacciones entre ambos. Asimismo, los personajes secundarios contribuyen a mantener la historia en un nivel distendido y hasta divertido. En síntesis, el conjunto de la obra me ha agradado bastante.

Como dato anexo, valga decir que éste libro es uno de los que se salvan de ser quemados en el pasaje en que, en el *Quijote* proceden a quemar los libros de caballería que habían ocasionado la locura de Don Quijote. Por otra parte, si bien el género caballeresco fue satirizado por Cervantes, es de mencionar que éste ha seguido vivo en aquellas personas que gustan de su lectura. Ciertamente no iré a hacerme un fanático de esta clase de libros como Don Quijote, pero con toda seguridad he de repetir con el género.

Espérame *Amadís de Gaula*.

Raúl says

Encasillada como novela de caballerías, apenas salvada como "la mejor novela de caballerías escrita en España", gracias al juicio de Cervantes o como una de las primeras muestras de la literatura catalana, esta novela está ampliamente perdida, tanto para los estudiantes de ámbito no catalán, como para el lector, que es capaz de deleitarse con *La Morte de Artur*, de Mallory, e ignorar esta gran novela, que quizá supere a la obra inglesa. Vargas Llosa la señala como una de las primeras novelas modernas escritas en España, incluso como la primera de las novelas modernas jamás escritas. Yo os aseguro que, con un poquito de paciencia,

encontraréis muchos motivos para amar el Tirant lo Blanc: su realismo desaforado, su erotismo exquisito, la asombrosa manera en que Tirant dispone sus estrategias, las razones del gran personaje Placerdemivida, etc... Sólo tenéis que leer el Quijote para ver esas razones... Por cierto, si Cervantes no hubiera publicado la segunda parte del Quijote, creo que ésta ocuparía su lugar.

Ah, y es la mayor historia de moros y cristianos jamás escrita. No por nada, pero Joanot Martorell era valenciano.

Laura 🌻 says

La verdad es que me ha costado más de lo que pensaba pero aún así ha sido un libro que he disfrutado mucho y me ha sorprendido para bien.

Deanne says

The first chapter about the knight who goes on a crusade and then becomes a hermit when he returns is something I've heard of before. It was something I read in a book on local history, bugging me because I'll have to try and track it down.

Emilio says

PopSugar Reading Challenge #20. A book by a local author

Un libro de caballerías como mandan los cánones. Sorprendentemente entretenido.

Cuenta la historia de un caballero, una de las historias que leyó Alonso Quijano. Comienza cuando adquiere fama en torneos y termina cuando muere. Por en medio se enemista con un buen puñado de gente, se enamora, conquista varias ciudades, va de cruzadas, lo medio matan varias veces, todo muy épico y rimbombante.

Los personajes son caballeros, lores y damas. Sus características, personalidades, motivaciones, etc son las de caballeros, lores y damas. Hay diferencias en las personalidades, alguno más vehemente, otro más comedido, pero tampoco como para decir que hay matices, sutilezas, taninos, sabores profundos y aromas sutiles de roble en primavera. Son bastante planos incluso para el estándar de un lector de Warhammer (como yo).

El mundo es el que es: caballeros, lores y damas reunidos en salones o soltándose mandoblazos (las damas no hacen esto último). No hay mugre pero hay higadillos y casquería como para una película de Romero (el de los zombis, que hay que decirlo todo). No es un retrato de la época que describa la política internacional, nacional o regional, ni lo pretende. Sorprendentemente no es terroríficamente razista o xenófobo y los personajes, amigos o enemigos, tienden todos hacia la nobleza, eran otros tiempos. No hay grandes descripciones, ni pequeñas, de ciudades, castillos o entornos. La acción sucede, los personajes interactúan y el mundo es muy difuso. Épico y rimbombante, pero difuso. El mundo es lo que es, el escenario de Tirante.

Los comienzos del libro, con Tirante batiéndose hasta con su sombra, nos muestran los inicios de su fama, su

personalidad caballeresca y se centra sobre todo en sus características físicas en el combate singular. Es una parte muy entretenida y muy apta para los lectores de Warhammer o Battletech. Es la parte que más me entretuvo.

El libro continua por las cruzadas y por algo de amorío (en singular). El personaje evoluciona hacia el estratega, estadista o embajador. También algo de amante/querendón, me imagino que por darle vidilla. Nos vamos encontrando a un Tirante más adulto e inteligente y la novela deja de tener tanta casquería. Aunque Joanot, sorprendiéndome, mezcla genialmente batallas con conversaciones palaciegas dando un ritmo genial a la obra. Cuando ya piensas que Tirante se ha hecho viejo lo arroja a una batalla y mata a unos cuantos miles mientras a él lo dejan para el arrastre. Incluso se sirve de la convalecencia de Tirante para generar tensión, todo un aquel. Aunque hubo momentos en los que me daban ganas de pasar las páginas de 20 en 20.

En resumen es un libro muy bueno, muy entretenido, pero que se puede hacer muy pesado y predecible si se toma con la actitud equivocada. Es un libro viejuno, en el caso del que leí yo, traducido al castellano actual, y no es una obra moderna al estilo Dragonlance o similares. Aquí lo que importa es contar una historia épica y no hay prosa cuidada ni intento de hacer los diálogos realistas. Es la historia de un caballero andante que hace caballerías y que habla el idioma de los caballeros andantes.

Lo recomendaría para ser leído como folletín o para lectura de verano. No es un libro para el público de hoy y para disfrutarlo hay que estar en el estado anímico adecuado. A mí me ha gustado más que Don Quijote de la Mancha, principalmente por la casquería y porque lo he leído traducido. Son un buen montón de páginas y es muy fácil atragantarse con los diálogos. Así que el que le tenga ganas que se lea las primeras 50 y decida. Las siguientes 800 páginas son más serias, pero tampoco mucho.

Nathan "N.R." Gaddis says

Should you have ever heard of a book called *Tirant lo Blanc*, likely you have from reading Cervantes modern masterpiece, *Don Quixote*. Clearing up the Don's library, sending those diseased and disease causing books to the flames, his priest suddenly exclaims,

God help me! Here's *Tirant lo Blanc*! Give it here, friend, for I promise you I've found a wealth of pleasure and a gold mine of enjoyment in it.... I swear to you, my friend, that it's the best book of its kind in the world. The knights in it eat, sleep, die in their beds, dictate wills before they go and many other things you cannot find in other works of this sort. For all that and because he avoided deliberate nonsense, the author deserved to have it kept in print all his life. Take it home and read it, and you'll see everything I've said is true. (Part I, chapter 6, trans by Rosenthal)

Let us indeed "take it home and read it." *

Tirant lo Blanc was finally published in 1490, but in rather rough shape. Martorell had died a few years back, having left his manuscript unfinished and unrevised. Eventually someone by the name of Martí Joan de Galba picked it up and finished it, presumably on the basis of Martorell's notes. De Galba likely revised a few passages here and there, but the novel did not receive a full revision, leaving the field wide open for readers and scholars to pick up little inconsistencies here and there, wondering how it may have looked had Martorell the chance to tidy it all up, asking which of the two was responsible for which phrases and passages. In other words, it belongs with those other never-completed masterpieces such as *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Chaucer's tales, *The Heptameron*, and *The Pale King*. Unlike those several books, *Tirant* was

written in a BURIED Spanish dialect and thus for centuries dead to the non-hispanic world until an English translation appeared (submitted as a dissertation) in 1974 by Ray La Fontaine (finally published in 1994), followed in 1984 by Rosenthal's translation, slightly abridged but easily accessible. Certainly *Tirant* should count as one of the world's great literary works of the fifteenth century. Don't miss it; and thank the literary deities that today we can read it.

"He avoided deliberate nonsense," says Don Quixote's priest. This brings *Tirant* into the realm of early modern realist noveling, the encyclopedia of the detail. Gone are the magical, mystical elements of the older chivalric romance. Gone is the utterly weird christian mysticism which had me nearly shredding *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. An improvement there. But the lose of the fantastical, perhaps, is what makes *Tirant* a little less invigorating in comparison to Ariosto's great chivalric poem, *Orlando Furioso*; no trips to the moon, no episodes of madness, no ghost of Merlin. The rise of realism in our novels is an ambiguous gain at best. Magic Realism is older than the hills and has resurrected the novel in the twentieth century. Let's bring back "deliberate nonsense."

I am tempted to set *Don Quixote* upon the lists to have it out with *Tirant* about the future and possibility of the chivalric code. That project might be a bit unfair since we all know the outcome, causing Ford Maddox Ford's to vent great spleen against Cervantes; FMF who thought chivalry would save the world. Not so much killing off the chivalric code, Cervantes found a corpse at his feet, a dead chivalry, and brought it back to life with a sharp, dead-horse revivifying kick. But Cervantes' chivalry couldn't get it up anymore; it had only windmills at which to tilt. The final dying breath of chivalry is perhaps found in the book of *Tirant*, the last great champion of knighthood. Before chivalry would expire for good, we required a last grand portrait of chivalry, of what it might be had it the force to sustain itself; chivalry in its best and highest characterization. And this perfection of knighthood in the form of *Tirant* will test the patience of any reader who might insist upon the inevitability of human frailty; no one can be *that* virtuous. *Tirant*, have no qualms, is what chivalry would have been had it become itself, should have been; the perfection of every knightly virtue. And that was a good thing; a good thing we have lost.

It would seem to be incumbent upon any reader of great works of chivalry and medieval literature to mount some defense, even if that defense is against a strawman. I'd like to submit to that temptation just a little and tilt against a straw opponent. Why read a novel in which is depicted what we know so well as sexism, racism, bigotry, insane religious zealotry, misogyny, etc etc etc? Two possible reasons one might suspect :: a) to remind ourselves how much *better* we are than they were; I mean *morally* better OR b) to remind ourselves that we are *not better* than they. I mean that (a) is chauvinistic and (b) is properly perspectival. We might read something like *Tirant* and wipe our brow in relief that we don't have to suffer under such an unbearable structure of power which oppresses, represses, suppresses all and sundry who are x, y, z. OR, we might read something like *Tirant* and wipe our brow in relief that the power structures under which we live today have not always existed; that there was a time when things were arranged differently, a time when people held a, b, c as valuable, a time when we didn't have to pose in an ironical distance to everything which might matter to us. There was a time which was different, which means there will come a time when they are different again, and that which we are told is only "natural" about the world we live in, that what oppresses, represses, suppresses us, is in fact not natural, is entirely contingent and will one day cease, will die just as did feudalism which knighthood nurtured and defended. Those readers who nurture a constant and unrelieved Nietzschean suspicion against anything which does not immediately show us how superior we are to them, might be suffering under the same book sickness that Don Quixote suffered -- the belief in books as the real deal, the lack of understanding of what fiction is, the inability to differentiate reality from fiction and to see how the two interpenetrate one another. Rather than diagnose *Tirant*--psychoanalytically, politically orthodoxed, or what-have-you -- rather than *diagnose*, we might see in *Tirant* the possibility that our lives might be lived differently than they are now and that we are not the be all end all of human society. We read

books which are not us in order to see ourselves as other than ourselves; we are the kind of thing which is never itself.

But I promise that the reading of *Tirant lo Blanc* will cause you no temptation to revive a dead and gone code of behavior, nor to campaign for the restoration of a dead and gone form of social organization. I doubt very much, either, that it will save you from book-sickness; it may be too late for that, thankfully. What you'll get is a great story of love and war, a grand bit of escapism from our own dull world to a world of bloody battles and equally embattled love.

tolle, lege

* Fiction within fiction, so we should not be surprised. Listen, the priest also says, "Here's that brave cavalier Sir Kyrieleison of Muntalbà, his brother Thomas of Muntalbà, the knight Dryfount..." et cetera. **BUT**, on page 216 of *Tirant* we read, "First came the emperor's banner, borne by a warrior named Dryfount on a splendid white charger..." and turning to the notes in the back which gloss "Dryfount" we read further, "This is the knight Fonseca (Fontseca in Catalan), whom Cervantes mentions in his praise of *Tirant*, but who appears only once in the novel, leading one to suppose that Cervantes opened it at random in search of another name and happened upon this one." So perhaps *Tirant* had an "influence" on Cervantes' fictional priest; perhaps not so much "influence" on Cervantes.

Erin says

I hesitate in speaking so harshly, but *Tirant lo Blanc* may have been one of the worst books I've ever had the displeasure of reading. Perhaps this strong dislike is more of a personal preference than an objective analysis, but that simply does not change the fact that I struggled to finish it and upon reaching the last page, felt only an overpowering sense of relief. The writing style was tedious and dare I say boring, and the entire book unbelievably repetitive. If you don't believe me when I say you can find the word "honour" printed on every page, "call me a heretic and chop off my head!", or something along those lines.

Con tinta says

Asco de libro, me la suda que sea medieval, NO ACEPTO EXCUSAS.

Tirant viola a su "amada" y ésta aún se enamora más, personajes estúpidos, Tirant con más vidas que cuatro gatos juntos y como mínimo cinco desmayos por capítulo... ¡Ah! Y si borramos la palabra "mamelles" (ubres) al libro le quitamos veinte páginas por lo menos.

Kaitlyn Utkewicz says

What in the actual hell did I just read? Don't get me wrong, I loved it, was wildly entertained by it. But what

was that? Please, don't read ahead if you haven't read the book. I go into a lot of detail here so consider yourself warned.

This book was so... dirty. I can't think of any other word for it. And it was published in like the 1400s! Think about how horrifying this is. Carmesina was 14 years old when the main events of the plot were happening. Tirant was in his early 20s. As creepy as this is already, makes it worse that Carmesina had maids that were shamelessly trying to get a naked Tirant into her bed. I thought pre-marital sex was supposed to be a big deal in this time period, guess I was dead wrong. Perhaps the most disturbing part of the whole love affair was the scene where Carmesina (god forbid) told Tirant that she wanted to wait before losing her virginity to him. And Tirant thinks to himself - "wow she must really not love me." Their first time was essentially a rape too. I understand these were the times, but it is shocking to read about. With this said though, I still found myself enjoying the story. I'm a little disturbed that I enjoyed it, but I enjoyed it just the same. The action moved pretty fast for me (contrary to what others are saying on here) and I was always interested in what happened next. The war scenes were a bit boring but I thought this story was a FASCINATING glimpse into the war between the Christians and the Muslims. A little taste of history mixed with a bit of eroticism is definitely my cup of tea. And for some reason I kept chuckling to myself picturing Don Quixote studying this book like the Bible.

I would have given the book five stars if the ending wasn't so wildly disappointing. Why did they have to kill him?! That made no sense. He was finally happy and could have settled down as Emperor of Greece with Carmesina as Empress. All would have lived happily ever after. But instead the author made it a Greek tragedy and had everyone die at the end. Poor educated choices in my opinion.

Danilo Senese says

Long before there was 'Game of Thrones' there was 'Tirant lo Blanc', uncomparably better written and allowing the reader to understand certain conceptions of love and the world in medieval times.

Sther Weasley (La búsqueda de Papel) says

Me es muy difícil recordar con detalle todo lo que ocurre, pero es una novela muy completa: aventura, erotismo, amor...

Quizá prefiera una segunda lectura para reconocer mejor mi opinión.
