

liblon

CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF MULTIPLE TEMPORALITY: DENYING
THE GRAVITY OF TIME THROUGH GABRIEL GARCIA
MARQUEZ'S *ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE* AND *THE
AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH*

*Dissertation submitted to the Jawaharlal Nehru University in partial
fulfillment of the requirement for the award of the degree of
Master of Philosophy*

SUVADIP SINHA



CENTRE OF LINGUISTICS AND ENGLISH,
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE, LITERATURE AND CULTURE STUDIES,
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY,
NEW DELHI- 110067.

2004

CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF MULTIPLE TEMPORALITY: DENYING
THE GRAVITY OF TIME THROUGH GABRIEL GARCIA
MARQUEZ'S *ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE* AND *THE*
AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY

*Dissertation submitted to the Jawaharlal Nehru University in partial
fulfillment of the requirement for the award of the degree of
Master of Philosophy*

SUVADIP SINHA



CENTRE OF LINGUISTICS AND ENGLISH,
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE, LITERATURE AND CULTURE STUDIES,
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY,
NEW DELHI- 110067.

2004



Centre of Linguistics & English
School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies
जवाहरलाल नेहरू विश्वविद्यालय
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi-110067, India

CERTIFICATE

July 21, 2004

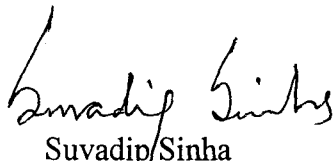
Certified that this dissertation titled **Caught in the Web of Multiple Temporality: Denying the Gravity of Time through Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch***, submitted by **Suvadip Sinha**, Centre of Linguistics and English, School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy is his original work and has not been submitted, in part or full, for any other degree or diploma of this or any other university/institution. This may, therefore, be placed before the Examiners for evaluation for the award of Master of Philosophy.

Dr. Franson Davis Manjali
Supervisor
Centre of Linguistics & English
School of Language,
Literature & Culture Studies,
Jawaharlal Nehru University
New Delhi-110067

Dr. G. V. Prasad
Acting Chairperson
Centre of Linguistics & CS

DECLARATION BY THE CANDIDATE

This dissertation entitled *Caught in the Web of Multiple Temporality: Denying the Gravity of Time through Gabriel Garcia Marquez's One Hundred Years of Solitude and The Autumn of the Patriarch*, submitted by me to the Centre of Linguistics and English, School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy is my original work and has not been submitted so far in part or full, for any other degree or diploma of any university/institution.



Suvadip Sinha

New Delhi: 21- 7- 04

Centre of Linguistics and English

School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies

Jawaharlal Nehru University

New Delhi 110067

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This is going to be a tough job. Some faces are still recognized, some are fading into oblivion. A mere page of writing cannot express the enormity of my indebtedness to all of them.

First, I would like to say that I feel myself fortunate for having enjoyed the guidance, tutelage, and company of Dr. Franson Davis Manjali. He initiated me into a new field of thinking, which subsequently taught me to look at things differently. His presence has been and would always be a constant source of inspiration for me.

Ma and Baba – I am because of them. Thanks for keeping faith in me. Struggle and hardships they faced to bring me up – I remember.

That small group of six-seven people without whom it would have been impossible for me to survive over the last four years. They have been bearing with me in spite of all my craziness and insanity. Somak, Shubhra, Avirup, Debasmita, Chaithra, Gaurav, Joy, Chiru, Nandi, Sandy – all those steps taken together, all those sleepless nights, walks along the deserted Ring Road. My erstwhile roommate, Sidhartha, should be thanked for keeping the room clean all these years, and for standing by me during the most terrible time I had.

Thanks to the nocturnal being who spent all those lonely hours which cannot be translated into any language.

She came as a patch of order in this enormous span of disorder, as she appeared on the other side of the seemingly endless loneliness. She is the one, who made this work possible. Togetherness is the language we learnt. Thanks Nida...

Preface

“It’s true, I am afraid.” – “You say this so calmly.” – “Saying this, however, does not alleviate the fear: on the contrary, it the word fear that henceforth makes me afraid...”

Maurice Blanchot, *The Step Not Beyond*

To start with this work was really scary. I am thoroughly overwhelmed with the volume of the work that has been produced on Time. I have to be selective, and the process of selection has not gone through a process of rejection. I will try to include a limited number of people within this work, and that is precisely because of the limitation, both spatial and temporal.

The main problematic that has intrigued me during the course of the work is the notion of aporia within time, and subsequently, the domains of reality, history, narrative. Main purpose is to deny the gravity of the western rational concept of reality, history vis-à-vis that of time. The historicist project has long been trying to bind the course of time and history within a linear chain of causality. Such a predetermined notion about the movement of time does try to make the entire project normative and deterministic. Instead of adhering to the popular postcolonial reading that Gabriel Garcia Marquez and lot of other magic realist narrators are trying to replace the idea of linear time, brought forth by modernity, by a pre-modern or primitive circular time, I will try to show that in Marquez’s narrative there is a co-existence of these two, and many more, temporalities which certainly give rise to a sense of undetermined multiplicity. To use a Deleuzean term, it is a “rhizomic” experience, which always lacks the presence of a beginning and an end. Along with the problematic of temporal experience in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, I will try to study how Marquez is trying to bring forth an eternally exposed community, commonality of individuals.

Content

Introduction: Exploring the Aporia of Time, Reality and Narrative	1
History/ Narrative/ Magic Realism	21
Community outside Time	46
The Absence of Audible/ Visible Time	67
Bibliography	78

Introduction: Exploring the Aporia of Time, Reality and Narrative

Some Initial Concepts

There are two readings of time – time as Chronos and time as Aion. And these two readings of time are opposed. In accordance with Chronos, only the present exists in time. Past, present and future are not three dimensions of time; only the present fills time, whereas past and future are two dimensions relative to the present in time. In other words, whatever is past and future in relation to a certain present belongs to a vast present which has a greater extension or duration. Inside Chronos, the present is in some manner corporeal. It is the time of mixtures or blendings, the very process: to temporalize is to mix. The present measures out the action of bodies and causes. The future and the past are rather what is left of passion in a body. The passion of the body always refers to the greater body, the corporeal body, the body of the present. Chronos is the regulated movement of vast and profound presents. Chronos is the corporeal mixture. On the other hand, in accordance with Aion, only the past and the future inhere or subsist in time. Instead of a present which absorbs the past and the future, a future and a past divide the present at every instant and subdivide it ad infinitum into past and future, in both directions at once.

Ricoeur quotes Augustine, who tries to approach the phenomenology of time by asking or answering an ontological question: “What, then, is time? I know well enough what it is, provided that nobody asks me; but if I am asked what it is and try to explain, I am baffled” (qtd. Ricoeur: 1985: 15).¹ Everyone talks of time, everyone hears time. We do it to assume that we understand it. But as Augustine says, the certitude faces an enormous impossibility whenever it is to be explained. And yet we do speak of time as having being. We say that things to come *will be*, that things past *were*, and that things present *are passing away*. It is remarkable to notice that the

language we speak in provides the strongest opposition to the concept of time not having being. Such language usage always reminds that the being of time is always a “being there” (in Heideggerian sense). Ricoeur says,

“In this way the ontological paradox opposes language not only to the skeptical argument but to itself. How can the *positive* quality of the verbs ‘to have taken place,’ ‘to occur,’ ‘to be,’ be reconciled with the *negativity* of the adverbs ‘no longer,’ ‘not yet,’ ‘not always,’?”

(Ricoeur, 1988: 5, italics mine)

Such a paradox is tantamount to the aporia that Ricoeur talks about – the aporia within the narration vis-à-vis time as being and non-being.

The classical concept of time tries to measure time according to the movements of some heavenly bodies – mainly the sun and the earth. Perceiving time in this manner obviously puts it on a predictable plane, as the movements of these heavenly bodies are perceivable, measured and fixed for the time being. Again the last four words of the last sentence – “for the time being” – puts this predictability about time in front of an “enigma.” Yes, “enigma,” is the word Augustine uses. It is not ignorance, rather enigma. Augustine does not hesitate, unlike Aristotle, to include the possibility of a sudden change in the movements of these heavenly bodies. Secondly, he asks why a certain number of heavenly bodies should be given the privilege to control the two hands of a clock. Why not the other things in motion? Such an argument presumes that the thesis of immutability of celestial movements has been undercut. Though he attributes the authenticity and power to change the speed of the stars to God, Augustine is the first one to dare to allow that one might speak of a span of time without a cosmological reference. Rather he sees time as an extension. He says: “I see time, therefore, as an extension of some sort. But do I really see this or only seem to see it? You will make it more clear to me, my Light and my Truth” (23: 30). Both Augustine and Aristotle see time also as movement. Rather than being determined by movement, time itself is movement. For Aristotle, time is the measurement of a particular movement. Initially Augustine also subscribes to the same view. But they approach this aspect of time from two different

positions. While for Aristotle, time measures the movement of celestial bodies, Augustine proposes that time measures the movement of human soul. For Aristotle, this motion is eternal and fixed, for Augustine it is not, because we can measure motion as well as rest.

I would like to take Augustine as the initial entry point because he, for the first time, introduces the lack of certitude within the concept of time. Such an indetermination, an enigma would be the revolving point of my thesis.

At the same time, Augustine emphasizes that the motion (or rest) should be measured while it lasts. According to him, the movement may stop, it may come to an end. So, the process of measurement should be at work when it is still continuing. And, something which may stop should have a graspable beginning and an end. Hence, time works during a measurable interval. From here, it can be concluded that for Augustine, the passage of time is perceivable. "Present" goes through the prism of perception. The metaphysical adjectives, past, present, and future, do exist for Augustine, though he is frustratingly incapable of seeing and showing how they do.

The human soul, whose movement Augustine wants to measure through time, performs three actions, those of expectation, attention, and remembrance. While expectation and remembrance are acts of passivity, it is attention or perception, of the present, which is an active phenomenon. Memory and expectation remain in the soul as impression-images and sign-images, while the attentive soul performs. So, the present lacks extension. It is the present soul which acts, remembers and expects. In a way, the soul is temporalized through a threefold presence. Through the attention, the presence of the future and that of the past become alive; Augustine says, "But my faculty of attention (*attention*) is present all the while, and through it passes (*traicitur*) what was the future in the process of becoming the past" (28: 38). The present movement of mind is nothing other than the result of the noncoincidence of the three modalities of action. The kind of time Augustine conceives of does expand along a linear axis which moves backward to the past and forward to the future, keeping the present as the reference.

Such a theory of time immediately reminds of the Chronos that has been discussed above. The past and the future get completely absorbed into the present. Ricoeur reads Augustine rather naively. He is no post-structuralist; so, he quite comfortably neglects the job of pointing out how Augustine, in spite of his reticence, ultimately affirms the metaphysical linearity of a tripartite time – nostalgia (or memory) for a past, understanding (or perception) of present, and expectation (or prediction) of a future. He does talk about a temporalized human soul, but only to ensure the gravity of an ontological Being, which is an active performer, whose actions can always be measured, grasped, recorded and understood. The aporia between being and nonbeing of time comes to the fore only to be subsided by the enormous gravity of the present.

Some Post Thoughts

Instead of perceiving time as a mere means of measuring some movement – of heavenly bodies or the human soul – we can see time as a relationship. The relationship is between the self and the other, the finite and the infinite. Time and all temporal phenomena are always analyzed by default. Is it not possible, in these phenomena, to think of their emptiness and their incompleteness as a step beyond contents, a mode of relationship with the noncontainable, with the infinite that one could not say is a term?

The relationship with the infinite is an untenable question; it is unrepresentable and without a punctuality that would let it be designated; it is outside of the compass of comprehension in which the successive is synchronized. Levinas sees Time as an awakening, awakening of the Self, awakening to its distance from the other. The temporal consciousness gives rise to a questioning, a questioning arising prior to every question about the given. It is a questioning in which the conscious subject is liberated from himself, in whom it is split apart; and in that violent process we find the disquietude of time as awakening. This disturbance by the other puts into question the identity in which the essence of being is defined. The fission of the Same by the Other at the heart which was at rest cannot be reduced to

identity, rather it is sheer lack of that. Time, rather than the current of consciousness, is the turning of the Same toward the Other. So, in a way Time exteriorizes the Same, exposing the lack inherent in it. This is turning toward the other who would jealously preserve temporal diachrony in this unassimilable turning to representation. This process of turning is a never-ending one. That is why we have the “always” of time. As the origin of Time cannot be traced, so is the end. Absolute infinite is the end, the telos of Time. Time is not a category without teleology, but the telos is conflated in its very presence. That is why the “always” will always be there. The impossibility of the identification of I and the Other, the impossible synthesis of I and the Other. This non-identification gives rise to the impossibility of settling on the same terrain, of com-posing in the world, the impossibility in the form of a slippage of the earth beneath my feet. This is an ungraspable impossibility; this is an irrecoverable lapse of time that emphasizes the powerlessness of memory over the diachrony of time. A powerlessness of memory over the lapse of time in the image of flux, a powerlessness that emphasizes the diachrony of time.

“Time has long functioned as an ontological – or rather an ontical – criterion for naively discriminating various realms of entities,” says Heidegger during his foray into the morass of theorizing the relationship between Being and Time (Heidegger, 1985: 39). He tries to establish a close relationship between Being and time. He starts with mentioning the tradition dichotomy between temporal assertions and timeless meaning of propositions, between temporal entities and supra-temporal eternal entities. Maintaining such a cleavage leads to an understanding that being temporal simply means being in-time.

For Heidegger temporality is something which gives authenticity to Dasein, and the essence of Dasein lies in its existence. We shall point to temporality as the meaning of the Being of that entity which we call Dasein. And the structures of Dasein must be interpreted over again as modes of temporality. According to Heidegger, Dasein has a pre-ontological Being as its ontically constitutive state. Dasein is in such a way as to be something which understands something as Being. Keeping this interconnection firmly in mind, we shall show that whenever Dasein tacitly understands and interprets something like Being, it does so with time as its

standpoint. Time must be brought to light – and genuinely conceived – as the horizon for all understanding of Being and for any way of interpreting it. Heidegger proposes that time should be explicated primordially as the horizon for the understanding of Being. He understands that this task demands that the conception of time needs to be redefined and be distinguished from the way in which time is ordinarily understood. Actually Heidegger is pointing at the aporia of time that was introduced by Augustine. Time marks the limit of knowledge, and that is why it exposes the self and the narrative to the other. Time can never bring the being-in-common by establishing a temporal homogeneity. Instead of making Being contemporary with the other, it brings forth contemporaneity. It makes the return of the Same impossible. In the next section, we will see how Time itself is an Idea placed inside a system of unpunctuated system of multiplicities, and if it is so, how one can think of a temporal flow which maintains a bidirectionality? Time does flow, but the flowing of Time is so obvious that it is beyond existential perception, beyond the understanding of sensory organs.

Multiplicity – Time, History, Reality

Discussing Multiplicity means to deny the overwhelming gravity of singularity. A multiple system is opposed to a punctual system, to go with the Deleuzian concept of multiplicity. To be multiple is to hate memories, to become unhistorical, to be free of all temporal punctuation, yet remaining temporalized. Deleuze introduces a concept of punctual system which is tentatively summarized through three principal characteristics:

- (1) Systems of this kind comprise two base lines, horizontal and vertical, serving the purpose of coordinates for assigning points.
- (2) The horizontal line can be moved vertically and the vertical line can be moved horizontally to produce a new mapping according to the changing horizontal frequency and vertical resonance.

(3) From one point to another lines can be drawn; and, those lines take up the form localizable connectors between points of different levels and moments.²

These punctual systems are mnemonic, molar, structural. These systems impose territorialization or reterritorialization. The connecting lines remain subordinated to the points because they only serve as coordinates for the points or localizable connectors for two points. Opposed to such systems are the systems where the points and the lines connecting them are broken free. It is a different kind of punctual system, because someone – a painter, a novelist, a musician, a philosopher – is always trying to send tremors through it. Nothing is territorialized.

According to Deleuze every idea is multiplicity. Multiplicity should not be conceived of as a combination of the many and the one, but rather an organization belonging to the many as such, which has no need whatsoever of unity in order to form a system. Everything is a multiplicity as long as it incarnates an idea. Even the many is a multiplicity; even the one is a multiplicity. The notion of multiplicity does not maintain any essential difference between the one and the many. Everywhere the differences between the multiplicity and the differences within multiplicities replace schematic and crude oppositions. Instead of the enormous opposition between the one and the many, there is only the variety of the multiplicity – in other words, difference. There is no essence within the multiplicities, there are only differences. The domain of multiplicities accommodates only irony: irony inherent in the process of grasping the Ideas and their incarnations in things. And Ideas can never be located in the punctual systems that Deleuze opposes to the system of multiplicities. Once the Ideas are located within such punctual systems, their incarnations are normalized, their interpretations defined and their possibilities standardized. This is so there are, according to Deleuze, three conditions which allow us to define the moment at which an Idea emerges: (1) the elements of multiplicity must have neither sensible nor conceptual signification, nor, therefore, any assignable function. They are not even actually existent. In that case they imply no prior identity; there is no sense of unity about their identity. On the contrary, their indetermination renders possible the manifestation of difference freed from all subordination. (2) These elements must, in effect, be determined, but reciprocally, by reciprocal relations which allow no

independence whatsoever to subsist. Such relations are precisely non-localisable ideal connections, whether they characterize the multiplicity globally or proceed by the juxtaposition of neighbouring regions. In all cases the multiplicity is intrinsically defined, without external reference or recourse to a uniform space in which it would be submerged. All spatio-temporal relations no doubt retain multiplicity, but lose interiority; but concepts of understanding retain interiority, lose multiplicity. The endeavor of understanding replaces multiplicity by the metaphysical identity of an “I think” or something thought. Internal multiplicity, on the other hand, is the inherent character of Idea alone, not of its understanding and interpretation.³ (3) A multiple ideal connection, a differential relation, must be actualized in diverse spatio-temporal relationships, at the same time as its elements are incarnated in a variety of terms and forms. The Idea is thus defined as a structure. A structure is a system of multiple, non-localisable connections between differential elements which is incarnated in real relations and actual terms.

Ideas are by no means essences. They are complex of coexistence. In a certain sense all Ideas coexist. But they do so at points, at edges, and under glimmerings which never have the uniformity of a natural light. On each occasion, obscurities and zones of shadow correspond to their distinction. Ideas are distinguished from one another, but not at all in the same manner as forms and the terms in which these are incarnated. They are objectively made and unmade according to the conditions which determine their fluent synthesis. This is because they combine the greatest power for being differentiated. Ideas are varieties which include in themselves sub-varieties. Consequently, the domain of Ideas is inessential. There is no solid figure in that domain, there is no fixed knowledge. In this domain we are always for the knowledge of the unknown. The Ideas that Deleuze talks about are not defined graspable authentic entities, rather their indeterminations give them the enormous scope of multiple possibilities.

For the purpose of my argument, I would like to include Time within the domain of Ideas. From what Levinas has to say regarding Time as an entity, we can conclude that it can never be considered something which has a metaphysical presence. Like Ideas it also does not have interiority. There can be no fixed

knowledge about Time.⁴ Time require habit as its foundation, its soil. Habit and memory both attribute present to the entity of time, one the present of the present, the other the present of the past. Though Deleuze declares that all spatio-temporal relations are multiplicities, that all of them lack interiority, it is a worthwhile effort to show how and why it is so. With respect to the central problematic of my thesis I would like to stick to the temporal relation here.

If Time exposes the self and itself to the other, it is intrinsically understood that Time lacks the interiorizing gravity. It can expose itself only when it is beyond measurement, beyond understanding. Time can be conceived as an entity smaller than the smallest thinkable and sensible duration of time. The time we are talking about is not the time that, or the duration of that, is measured according to the movement of the two hands of a clock. It is the Epicurean theory of time. Epicurus conceives of four types of small duration of time, which can find their analogical counterparts in the movements of atoms, the occurrence of images, and the *clinamen*⁵: (1) a time smaller than the minimum of thinkable time; (2) a minimum of continuous thinkable time; (3) a time smaller than the minimum sensible time; (4) a minimum of continuous sensible time. If time can be thought of something which is beyond our thinking and senses, the finitude of time gets abolished. The points which are needed to be mapped within the punctual system with reference to two axes are no longer available. Aristotelian notion of time, that is, the movement of time is measured against the movements of some celestial bodies actually binds time within a punctual system, where those transcendental celestial bodies act as the axes. And along those axes time moves in a linearity consisting of succession. The time of succession is the self-succession of time. It is, to speak in Kantian terms, the succession of phenomena, and the phenomena of succession, but it is not the happening of phenomenalization as such. It is not birth or death of something. It is not taking place of something. Such a succession of time imposes a chain of causality among the phenomena.

If Time or temporality is considered to be an ontological coordinate for the Being of reality, the reality also becomes a system of multiplicity vis-à-vis time freed from the boundaries of all the axes and all the diagonals. The punctuated time acts as

the bridge between the Platonic world of reality and its metaphysical representation. There is a comprehensible temporal correspondence between these two worlds. While taking recourse in such a concept of representable reality, we are perceiving reality with a concrete form, which has fixed and predetermined dimensions – all the four.

Multiplicity and History

Deleuze takes up the writing or creating of history to elaborate on these systems. History is created by those who deny the gravity of history, without being a part of it or without trying to reshape it. They always try to free the coordinates, points and diagonals of the punctual system they get at hand. They refuse to be territorialized within an available system. Queneau's *The Blue Flower* opens with the heartfelt exclamation uttered by a character who is a prisoner of history: “‘All this fustory,’ said the Duke of Auge, ‘all this fustory for a few puns and anachronisms: hardly worth at all. Can we never find a way out?’”

History might try to break its ties to memory; it may try to make the scemas of memory more elaborate, superpose and shift coordinates, emphasize connections, or deepens breaks. But according to Deleuze, the dividing line is not there. The dividing line is passing through between the punctual history-memory systems and the multilinear assemblages. These multilinear assemblages are not eternal just they are opposed to the history, rather they are system of becoming, they are transhistorical. Nietzsche opposes history not to the eternal, but to subhistorical or superhistorical. This is an untimely system, a locus of becoming, a location for delocalization. The untimely supports forgetting to memory, mapping to tracing, the rhizome to arborescence. There is no temporal axial moment within this system against which all the points (or events) are supposed to be traced.

According to Heidegger, the most obvious ambiguity of the term “history” is one that has often been noticed, and there is nothing “fussy” about it. It evinces itself in that this term may mean the “historical actuality” as well as the possible science of it. We shall provisionally eliminate the signification of “history” in the sense of

“science of history.” The expression history has various significations with which one has in view neither the science of history nor even history as an object, this very entity itself, not necessarily. History, when confined within the punctual system, becomes “finite history” (Nancy’s term). In today’s context, we have become conscious that historical reality cannot be separated from the “literary artifact” (Hayden White’s term) in or through which it is read. But it is as if we were acknowledging that history is our modern form of myth, and that, at the same time, a certain “historical reality” remained, behind textuality and subjectivity, as the real, infinite or indefinite development of time. It is as if we were suspended between both: either something happens that we cannot grasp in our representation, or nothing happens but the production of historico-fictitious narratives.

There is nothing like the true idea for infinite history. The end of history means that history no longer represents or reveals the Idea of self or the Idea itself. The only idea it can convey, not represent, is Idea as multiplicity. But because metaphysical history, by developing the visibility of the Idea and the ideality of the visible world not only develops content, but also develops itself as the form or formation of all its contents, we shall conclude that history now no longer presents or represents any history, any idea of history. According to Nancy, “...it [philosophy] should think of history as that which would be *per essentium* without an Idea (which means, finally, *per essentium sine essential*), unable to made visible, unable to be idealized or theorized, even in historical terms” (1993: 148). The accomplishment of any presented essence necessarily puts an end to history as the movement, the becoming, and the production of the Idea. This is why Derrida wrote: “History has always been conceived as the movement of a resumption of history, as a detour between two presences” (1993: 291). Or: “The very concept of history has lived only upon the possibility of meaning, upon the past, present, or promised presence of meaning and truth” (1972: 184) – where presence here corresponds to summation, or resorption into a single figure. Resorbed history is presented history; the presence of subjectivity to itself, the presence of time as the essence of time, which is the present itself, time as the subject.⁶ The spacing of time is nothing else than otherness, heterogeneity emerging in time. If time is understood as permanent succession and

flow, history does not belong to time. History requires a different thinking of time – a thinking of its spacing. For the same reason, history does not belong to causality. It is not an expectation for the future, nor does it belong to memory. Memory represents past, history does not. History begins where memory ends. Memory bears the immediacy which has a craving for representation, whereas history is nonrepresentable. The task of the historian is not to convey that sense of immediacy, the sense of authenticity to the past. If the domain of history tries to represent the past as it was, it loses its eternal relevance. It becomes finished with the termination of writing, it becomes a finished text. Rather history catches the past events as they are coming to the present, as they were happening. This happening does not come from the homogeneity of a temporal process or from the homogeneous production of this process out of a common origin. History in this sense means the heterogeneity of the origin, of Being, of ourselves.⁷ Such heterogeneity is the heterogeneity within time, for succession can never be succession if it was not a heterogeneity between the first and the second time – between the different presents of time.

Hence it can be concluded that, if Time is considered as an entity placed within a system of multiplicity, instead of a punctual system, history, which is in time, becomes essentially a heterogeneous site, breaking the assumption of the successive flow of time. It is the site where the individual of “I” and the collective of “we” reside with each other, each exposing the liminality of the other.

Narration and Time

Can a narrative be called an entity? Does it have its Being? If it does, how is it appropriated by Time? This is not an endeavour to prove narrative as a temporalized *being*. It is so undoubtedly. But the project of tracing the trajectory of the relationship between these two gives rise to a certain critical uncertainty. Does narrative have its “being-towards”? If writing is relieved of the burden or unachievable task of representation, it can be said that the time of any narrative is always quasi-time, because Time itself is always a quasi-entity. The traditional notion of literature being the representation of reality always tries to establish a

temporal one-to-one correspondence between reality and its representation that is literature. The narrative always approaches climax, and all the events within the narrative corroborate the obvious journey towards that. Such an assumption of the temporal linearity or order within the plot fails to imagine the space of literature as the small imaginary space impregnated with an experience of temporal multiplicity. The mimetic project of the representative realist literature assumes no difference between the ideational world of Plato and the world drawn in the narrative. Mimesis does not try to overlook the inherent relationship between narrative and temporality, but at the same time it fails to cognize the domain of time as an essentially multiple system which denounces all sorts of mapping and measurement. To be reminded of the punctual system Deleuze talks about is determined, in the case of a narrative, by the emplotment and its inevitable resulting in the climax. All the other events happening within the narrative are mere points which gain their distinctive location only with respect to the narrative order and its culmination into a predestined climax.

Let me explain the threefold mimetic structure that Ricoeur talks about while dealing with the interrelationship between narrative and temporality. He says,

“Whatever the innovative force of poetic composition within the field of our temporal experience may be, the composition of the plot is grounded in a preunderstanding of the world of action, its meaningful structures, its symbolic resources, and its temporal character”

(Ricoeur, 1988: 115).

Ricoeur's mimesis₁ tries to describe these actions by utilizing a conceptual network which assumes to have a preunderstanding of the world of action which can be anticipated, predicted or foreseen. The description of the third level, that is, of the temporal character, is dependent on the narrator's within-time-ness. This being-within-time-ness cannot be reduced to the representation of linear time. Yet it always craves for the establishment of the present – a threefold present – a present of future things, a present of past things, and a present of present things. Within-time-ness is defined by a basic characteristic of what Heidegger calls Care, being thrown among things; it is to reckon with time, to calculate, to measure. This state of being thrown

among things is oriented toward the datable and public character of the time of preoccupation. This preoccupation always tries to get hold of an abstract now, which ultimately becomes synonymous with reading hour on clock. So this preoccupied intention of representing actually tries to be concordant with the world which the narrator is thrown into, to preunderstand its temporality.

Talking about mimesis₂, Ricoeur discusses plot, or the organization of events within a narrative, as mediating what precedes fiction and what follows it. He prefers the term “emplotment” to plot. This emplotment and its dynamism within the field of the text, performs a mediating function between the preunderstanding and the postunderstanding of the order of action and its temporal features. Emplotment, through such mediation, establishes a synthesis of heterogeneous events taking place during the narrative; it brings about a temporal whole out of these manifold events, grasping them together, putting them in order, in succession. This configurational arrangement makes the story followable, translatable into one “thought,” which is nothing other than the “theme” or narrative “zero” within the story.

Ricoeur tries to explore the mediating function of mimesis₂ by locating it between what precedes fiction and what follows it. This mediating function derives from the dynamic character of the configuring operation which is taking place within the dynamism of emplotment. The dynamism lies in the fact that plot already exercises, within its textual field, an integrating and a mediating function, which allow it to bring about a mediation of larger amplitude between the preunderstanding and the postunderstanding of the order of action and its temporal features. To use the vocabulary of Bakhtin, the mediating function of emplotment and mimesis₂ puts the reader in a position from where he can claim a better grasp over the chronotopic understanding of the narrative. Ricoeur mentions three precise ways in which this mediating process takes place:

(a) It is a mediation between the individual events and the story as a whole. In this respect, we can say that it picks a meaningful story from a diversity of events and incidents or it transforms various individual incidents into a meaningful story by putting them in a coherent meaningful plot. Consequently an event has to be more

than a singular event. It gets its definition from its contribution to the development of the plot. A story, too, must be something more than an enumeration of events and incidents; it must try to organize them into an intelligible whole, that the reader of the narrative can understand and interpret the mutual function of signification that takes place between the whole story and the events and the incidents that are woven inside the story.

(b) Emplotment brings together factors as heterogeneous as agents, goals, interactions, circumstances, surprises. Ricoeur borrows this section of mediation from what Aristotle has to say regarding the triadic form of a tragedy. According to Aristotle, tragedy has three parts – plot, characters and thought. In a way the emplotment through its configuring act makes all the discordant elements concordant.

(c) Plot is mediating because of its temporal characteristics. These allow us to call plot, by means of generalization, a synthesis of the heterogeneous. The temporal characteristics of the mediation established a temporal synchronicity among the concordantly discordant events mentioned in the earlier point. It reflects the paradox inasmuch as the act of emplotment combines in variable proportions two temporal dimensions, one chronological and the other not. The former constitutes the episodic dimension of the narrative. It characterizes the story in so far as it is made up of events. The second is the configurational dimension through which the plot transforms the events into story. The configurational act consists of grasping together the detailed actions or what I have called the story's incidents. It draws from the manifold of events the unity of one temporal whole. Ricoeur says that the poetic act of grasping together puts all the events and the story under the dictatorship of the concept of the story. Instead of emphasizing on the succession of the events, it brings about a sort of configuration among those events. It tries to make one particular structure emerge out of that configuration. It brings the paradox of temporality to a conclusion, a kind of solution. It is precisely this temporal solution which brings the narrative and the reader on the same temporal plane. It makes the story more followable. It gives the reader a certain clue about why a particular organization of events led to a particular conclusion. This aspect of the mediating process attributes

an episodic character to a set of events, which might or might not be correlated. It gives the story an end point which should have its revolution around a certain zero point in terms of its temporal location. The fact that the story can be followed converts the paradox of temporality into a living dialectic. On the one hand, the episodic dimension of a narrative draws narrative time in the linear representation of time. It does it through various means. First, the “then, and then,” by which we answer the question “what happens next.” Second, the episodes constitute an open series of events, which allows us to add on to that series. Finally, the episodes follow upon one another in accord with the irreversible order of time common to physical and human events.

This temporal configuration transforms the succession of events into one meaningful whole which is the correlate of the act of assembling the events together and which makes the story followable. Thanks to this reflective act, the entire story can be translated into one thought, which is nothing other than the *mytheme* or the central point of the story. And that central point, which is not an atemporal one, is the narrative time which mediates between the episodic aspect and the configurational aspect. Moreover, this successive flow of narrative puts a sense of ending within the heterogeneous events of the story. They are channelized in such a way that they cannot obviate an obvious climax. According to Ricoeur, this is more obvious in the case of traditional narratives – narratives widely circulated and popularized within a group of people, a community, a nation, such as the founding events within and of a given community. Such narratives hardly leave any space for speculation or surprises or discoveries, because the end of that story is already well-known, or assumed to be so. This process of situating a narrative between a fixed beginning and a fixed end, both of which can be predicted or deduced from each other, tries to find a singular linearity, from the past to the future and vice versa, within the flow of the narrative, as far as its temporality is concerned. Thus *mimesis*₂ tries to attribute a certain origin and a presumable *telos* to the narrative.

It is quite evident this threefold process of *mimesis* tries to confine *emplotment* within a particular order, strip it off all kinds of chaotic disorder. It not only tries to do away with the sense of awe, surprise and enigma that fiction might

give rise to, it also aims at establishing a concordance among the narrative, the narrator and the reader, thereby encouraging a satisfying feeling of understanding, authenticity and assimilation. I have already talked about the first one. Let's come to the following two terms. The temporal simultaneity plays a dual role as far as authenticity is concerned. By situating the text and the reader within the homogeneous matrix of temporality, it tries to authenticate both of them in relation to each other. We have heard and read a lot about the authentication of a text, revolving around the never ending debate on the issue of real and imaginary. But I would like to point out that the one-to-one temporal correspondence aimed at by the enterprise of mimesis₃ tries to establish between the text and the reader, has an underlying agenda of authenticating the reader vis-à-vis the text that they are reading. By reading that text, by understanding the emplotment of that text, by following the temporal configuration within that emplotment, the reader attains the status of real reader, who can become a part of the real time, the real history, the real text. The authenticity of the reader subsequently engenders the assimilation of the reader with the temporal flow with the text.

Generalizing the above discussion, we can conclude that mimesis₃ marks the intersection between the world of the text and the world of the reader. The intersection of the world configured by the text and the world wherein real action takes place, unfolds its specific temporality. And that specific temporality of the narrative determines the chronotope of that narrative.

Bakhtin gives his neologism to formulate his own idea regarding the determination of a literary genre as far as its spatial and temporal configuration is concerned – chronotope. In the beginning lines of his essay "Forms of Time and the Chronotope in the Novel," he says that the process of assimilating real historical time and space in literature has a complicated and erratic history, as does the articulation of actual historical persons in such time and space. Bakhtin's concept of time and space – or of the role played by these categories within a certain narrative – is visibly defined in terms of temporal periods. For him *chronotope* is the intrinsic relation that temporality and spatiality share with the narrative. Though a mathematical concept,

this dual, yet mutually intersecting categories, play a significant role in determining how a genre of narrative represents, appropriates, or responds to a reality. He says,

“The chronotope in literature has an intrinsic *generic* significance. It can even be said that it is precisely the chronotope that defines genre and generic distinctions, for in literature the primary category in chronotope is time. The chronotope as a formally constitutive category determines to a significant degree the image of man in literature as well. The image of man is always intrinsically chronotopic” (1981: 85).

After analyzing various major chronotopes used by various novelists in their classic pieces of literature Bakhtin reaches to a conclusion that the chronotopes are the organizing centers for the fundamental narrative events of the novel. The narrative knots are tied and untied at the sites of chronotopes. Bakhtin’s main argument is that time gives life to the narrative by giving specificity to the temporal location to the events happening within the narrative. It makes the narrative more representative of the reality. Because of the blood of chronotope running through its veins narrative acquires life, it becomes more graspable (much in line of what Ricoeur calls “followability” of the narrative), this is so thanks to the temporal markers used within the narrative – the time of human life, the historical time – that take place within well-delineated spatial areas. Thus the chronotope, functioning as the primary means for materializing time in space, emerges as the center for concretizing the representation, as a force giving body to the entire novel.

Bakhtin refuses to admit the essentiality of the chronotopic singularity of any given work. He admits that there can be a coexistence of multiple temporalities within a single narrative. But for him, in such a case there should be a major chronotope which can include various smaller minor chronotopes. All these minor chronotopes can coexist, interact, coagulate, interweave with each other to bring about the totality of that particular narrative. This certainly reminds of the process of configuration that Ricoeur talks about in the context of *mimesis*₂. The minor chronotopes are there to fulfill a certain narrative ambition of bringing out an

organized whole in terms of temporality, which would push the thread of narrative to a fixed telos. Bakhtin says that the interrelationships between these chronotopes – minor and major – are essentially dialogic. But this dialogue takes place at a third space, which does not essentially enter into the world of individual chronotopes or the world represented through them. This third space exclusively belongs to the author or the reader. He conceives of a distinct boundary line between the actual world as source of representation and the world represented in the work. And along this boundary line takes place a dialogue between the author and the reader, which gives birth to a proper understanding of the narrative. The real-life spatio-temporal location of these people might be separated by centuries and by huge spatial distance, inhabit a real, unitary and as yet incomplete historical world set off by a sharp and categorical boundary from the represented world in the text. This world creates the text, and that text goes through a process of indefinite understanding and interpretation in accord with the changing temporal location of the reader.

But from our Levinasian and Deleuzian reading to time we can say that the narrative can acquire an organized graspable followability through its untying at the site of temporality. It is possible only when the modalities of narrative are punctuated against the axis of time which is linear or whose all possible movements are foregrounded within a homogeneous (pre)understanding.

¹ All the quotations of Augustine are borrowed from Paul Ricoeur's *Time and Narrative*.

² For a more elaborate discussion on the comparison between the punctual systems and the systems of multiplicities, see *The Deleuze Reader*. Ed.

³ Here Deleuze's notion of Idea with internal multiplicity is at loggerhead with Heidegger's concept of the "understanding self." Heidegger says that as understanding, projects its Being upon possibilities. The faculty of *understanding* and *interpretation* transforms the Being of into being-

towards-possibilities; it increases its potential as Being. Heideggerian *understanding* interiorizes the possibility of Being, instead of introducing it within a system of multiplicity.

⁴ Habit is truly the foundation of time, if time is conceived as something continuous. It is the foundation which shows the soil on which something is established. But the soil is never stagnant or fixed. It is passing, the passing of present. The claim of the present is precisely that it passes. It is memory which grounds time. But memory, as a derived synthesis, depended upon habit. In this sense, habit is the originary synthesis of time, which constitutes the life of the passing present; Memory is the fundamental synthesis of time which constitutes the being of the past.

⁵ The *clinamen* is the reason behind the collision of atoms. It is the original determination of the direction of the movement of the atom. The collision takes place within the shortest time period, smaller than the minimum of continuous time. Deleuze, Gilles. *The Logic of Sense*. Tr. Mark Lester and Charles Stivale. Ed. Constantin V. Bundas. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1990).

⁶ Such an idea of resorbed or presented history leads to measured scansion of the flow of time. Time is immobilized that it can be properly represented through history. A certain entity called “our time” crops up. This notion is further elaborated on in the next chapter. Time, without stopping to be time, presents itself to us a creation spatial function. Spacing of time takes place, a temporal division called *epoch* emerges – and *epoch* means “suspension” in Greek.

⁷ This is the same as to say, with Heidegger, that being is not: this also means we do not succeed ourselves in the pure continuity of a substantial process, neither individually nor collectively, but that we appear as we, in the heterogeneity of community, because we do not share any commonness and thus we are not a common being. I borrowed this comparison from what Nancy says regarding his theory of history in an essay “Finite History.” Nancy, Jean-Luc. *Birth to Presence*. Tr. Brian Homes et al. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993.

History/ Narrative/ Magic Realism

I would like to situate Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* within the theoretical matrices that I tried to establish in the first chapter. In this chapter, I am interested in exploring the relationship between time and narrative vis-à-vis history. Lot has been written about Marquez's handling of history, chronicled history, especially that of Latin America, in this particular novel. My task is to think of the world – or rather the worlds – of fiction counterpoint to the historical world, insofar as this relates to the aporias of temporality brought to light by the opposition between and coexistence of reality and its alterity. Theory should not be constrained or intimidated by common sense. If the scientists of the early modern period had not challenged the common-sense basis of Aristotelian physics and astronomy, the scientific revolution would never have occurred. By now, perhaps because of this shining example, it is considered the mark of intellectual respectability in many disciplines, especially in humanities that common sense deserves *eo ipso* to be regarded with skepticism and subjected to challenge. Clearly, however, this otherwise laudable attitude can be carried to extremes where overturning common sense, and enjoying the shock that comes with it, can become an end in itself.

Consider the distinction between history and fiction. As literary genres, these are conventionally considered mutually exclusive: history relates events that actually happened in the past, a reality which *was*, whereas fiction portrays imaginary events, that is, things that never happened at all. But this distinction between history and fiction has long been under the process of de-essentialization. And the blurring of this distinction has been provoked by the emergence of the “shadow of reality,” the alterity of reality. In an essay on “Historical Discourse” Roland Barthes evokes the conventional contrast between fictional and historical narrative, and asks:

“Is there in fact any specific difference between factual and imaginary narrative, any linguistic feature by which we may distinguish on the one hand the mode

TH-11546



appropriate to the relation of historical events ... and on the other hand the mode appropriate to the epic, novel or drama” (1970: 148)?

He expresses his negative conclusion when he says that “by structures alone, without recourse to its content, historical discourse is essentially a product of ideology, or rather of imagination” (149).

Louis O. Mink, an American theorist of the same period whose work has influenced both Hayden White and Paul Ricoeur, came to similar conclusion. “Narrative form in history, as in fiction, is an artifice, the product of individual imagination” (1987: 199). As such it “cannot defend its claim to truth by any accepted procedure of argument or authentication.” Hayden White, asking after “The Value of Narrativity in the Representation of Reality” comes to the conclusion that its value “arises out of a desire to have real events display the coherence, integrity, fullness and closure of an image of life that can only be imaginary” (1987: 24). Conventional historiography tries to represent these real events, along with its coherence and integrity, within the linear path of causality – every recorded event leading to the next one. Such history takes it for granted that the real events are something which can be perceived, understood, analyzed and followed with a proper explanation. Such historical lineage considers history as something created by *them* (big people, grand events etc.), and considering that to be the universal history, annihilates the immense possibilities within history.

Before we can enter into the realm of the relationship between history and fiction, we must begin by considering the background of the discussions in the philosophy of history vis-à-vis time. Prior to the late enlightenment period history was generally conceived as a literary genre more valued for moral and practical lessons it could derive from past events than for its accuracy in portraying them. Only in the 19th century, first in Germany, did it acquire the dignity and trappings of an academic discipline, complete with critical methods for evaluating sources and justifying its assertions. The great Leopold von Ranke was explicitly repudiating the old topos of *historia magistra vitae* when he claimed that the task of history was simply to render past as it really was.¹

From the time it was firmly established in the academy, history has striven to maintain its respectability as a scientific discipline and played down the literary features of its discourse. With the rise of the so-called social sciences in the 20th century many historians coveted a place among them, borrowing the quantitative methods and applying them to past. Meanwhile, in philosophy, neopositivism in the form of the “unity of science” movement tried to incorporate history by showing that its mode of explanation is – or rather could and therefore should be – assimilated to that of natural sciences. Such an endeavour made history strictly analytic, deterministic, and thereby, totalizing and unilinear.

This unilinearity of historical determinism sees time as something flowing in one direction. And this unilinearity of time, and subsequently of history, causes the rise of historicism. The historicist determination indicates only that everything is historically determined, where “determination” is precisely understood as historical causality, and history is understood as a complex, interacting, even unstable network of causalities.

The secret of history is thus causality, and the secret of causality is history. History therefore becomes the causality of causalities, which means the unending production of effects – but never the effectivity of a beginning. Historicism in general is the way of thinking that presupposes that history has always already begun, and that therefore it always merely continues. And this is true of every kind of historicism, monological or polylogical, simple or complex, teleological or nonteleological. As Adorno writes: “When history is transposed into the *existential* of historicity, the salt of the historical will lose its savour” (129).

Historicism not only tries to conceive of time as some thing flowing in one direction, it always wants to include everyone within the trajectory of that flow, without leaving any room for diversions, bifurcation or interpolation. Walter Benjamin writes in “Theses on the Philosophy of History”: “Historicism rightly culminates in universal history ... Universal history has no theoretical armature. Its method is additive; it musters a mass of data to feel the homogeneous empty time” (1969: 254).² I would like to mull over two terms used by Benjamin – homogeneous and empty. The first term actually points at

the politics behind the secret agenda of historicism as far as temporality is concerned. The homogeneity that is attributed to time by historicism tries to locate every single individual and event within a same and singular temporal space, which does never give rise to its alterity. The project of historicist makes the causal chain of history boringly predictable and deterministic. Apropos the movement of time also becomes predictable and determined.³

Moreover, the historicist enterprise is firmly based on the principle of Truth and Reason, both again very much determined and singular. The homogeneous temporal space, informed by a presence of unitary Truth and Reason, establishes a false sense of proximity among the presupposed inhabitants of this space. This proximity is false because this does not open our face to the other, rather tries to include the other within its own space. This inclusion ensures an ontological and metaphysical security for the discipline of history. Regarding the Truth that is disseminated by historicism one can go listen to what Alain Badiou has to say when he discusses Deleuze's concept of truth. According to Badiou, for Deleuze the idea of truth can be ascribed to science alone, because it requires (a) a point of transcendence which contravenes univocity, (b) the referring of actual beings, not to the real virtuality that founds them, and (c) analogical circuits, that presupposes the use of categories entailing the division of Being. So for Deleuze truth is the category of the categories; it is normative, analogical, abstract and mediatory. Maybe that is why one can expect him to announce that he has never had any taste for the category of truth (2000: 55).

The history continues and will continue, and it does and it will do so without the constrictions of Contextualism. The informing presupposition of Contextualism is that events can be explained by being set within the "context" of their occurrence. Why they occurred as they did so is to be explained by the revelation of the specific relationships they bore to other events occurring in their circumambient historical space. Contextualists insist that "what happened" in the field can be accounted for by the specification of the functional interrelationships existing among the agents and agencies in the field at a given time. And the functional interrelationships are found by identifying the threads that link the

individual or institution under study to its specious sociocultural present. Thereby, it can be seen from the above discussion that the deterministic explanatory history always tries to put individuals and institutions within a homogeneous temporal space, giving rise to a sense of a possible simultaneity and a uniform historical consciousness. It claims to include everyone and everything, all standing under the same umbrella. There should be a reason, maybe discernible, behind the existence of every individual and occurrence of every event. That reason holds enormous gravity in the context of that historical space. This is the thread the Contextualist looks for, which moves both backward, to locate the origin of that event, and forward, to calculate its impact and influence on subsequent events.

This tracing ends at a point at which the threads either disappear into the context of some other great event, or converge to cause the occurrence of some new event. The impulse is not to integrate all the events and trends that might be identified in the whole historical field, but rather to link them together in a chain that might be identified in the whole historical field, a chain of provisional and restricted characterization of finite provinces of manifestly significant occurrences. By virtue of its organization of historical field according to the degree of significance of occurrences, Contextualism presents a very ambiguous solution to the problem of constructing a narrative model of the processes available in the historical field. The “flow” of historical time is envisaged by the Contextualist as a wavelike motion, along which certain events bear more significance than other minor ones. Because of this a Contextualist always attaches more importance to structuralist or synchronic mode of representation. And this particular mode of representation is always informed and appropriated by a very strict sense of reality and truth. Not only that, they refuse to see or acknowledge the possibility of an alterity to that reality and truth.

Time in Narrative, Time in History

From the previous discussion in this chapter we could see how the entire discipline and enterprise of writing – or recording – history tries to see time progressing unilaterally, along a chain of interconnected “abstract nows.” The reality that history wants to get hold of is, to a great extent, mutually exclusive with narrative. There has been a strong opposition to including history within the realm of sciences. Three interrelated features of historical discourse have been noted by those who disagree with the attempt to integrate history with the sciences: first, history is concerned with the individual events and courses of events for their own sake, not in order to derive general laws from them – it is “ideographic” rather than “nomothetic”; second, to account for historical events is often to understand the subjective thoughts, feelings and intentions of the persons involved rather than to relate external events to their external causes; and third, to relate sequences of events in this way, with reference to the intentions of the persons involved, is to place them in narrative form, i.e., to tell stories about them.

For the positivists it is precisely these features which history should suppress or overcome if it to become genuinely scientific and authentic. And to some degree the *Annales* historians and their followers tried to meet this demand by shifting their focus from persons and their actions to deep-structured economic forces and long time social changes they produce. Consequently the narrative history – history created by stories, anecdotes, memoirs etc. – has been absolutely suppressed. But narrative has never disappeared, and those who counter the positivist view claim that if social and economic history can dispense with the traditional story-telling they still need to be complemented by narrative accounts of conscious agents. Against the demand that history be assimilated to the social or even the natural sciences, many have argued that the narrative discourse of history is a cognitive form in its own right and a mode of explanation perfectly appropriate to our understanding of the human past.

The positivist ambition for making history authentic and scientific is bound to make an ugly distinction between true and false, correct and incorrect. When the itinerary of history is strictly determined, the causes and the consequent effects are bound to be determined and monological. Not only they are determined, they are always measurable and predictable. They are objects, and thereby the writer and the reader of such history have to be objective in their approach to that kind of history. As a result, there has to be an objective distance between the text and the human, there is no mutual participation. History claims to be *my* story, chronicle of *my* life, but *I* have nothing to do in the making of that story. History refuses to be called story. A historian is not a fiction writer, because, unlike a novelist, he has to answer a series of questions: “What happened next?” “How did that happen?” “What does it all add upto?” “What is the point of it all?” These questions have to do with the structure of the entire set of events considered as a complete story and call for a synoptic judgment of the relationship between a given story and other stories that might be found, identified, or uncovered in the chronicle. A novelist does not have to situate his tale in relation to other tales told by other novelists. And moreover, the agony of the historian is further aggravated by the constriction put around him by categories like Truth and Reason.

In this context I cannot resist myself from referring to one novel mentioned by Jean-Luc Nancy in “Finite History”: Elsa Morante’s *History: A Novel*. Nancy refers to this work of fiction to show how the history – especially “grand”⁴ history with its baggage consisting of goal, purpose or great consequences – is suspended in our time. Elsa Morante’s novel has a “double conclusion.” The first is a fictive conclusion: “With the Monday in June 1947, the poor history of Iduzza Ramundo was ended.” The second one, which comes after reminding the reader of the most “real” world events since 1947, is: “and history continues.” For Nancy, this could mean that historicity and narrativity have the same “history,” and they both reach their respective ends together. The continuing history continues beyond history and novel. That is why our time no longer believes in history; history itself has become a part of history; historical

determinism is an archaic term, because nothing is determined. What at most can emerge from history is an uneasy expectation, anticipation, apprehension. The process of making is eternally suspended. The chain of causality has been broken. Nancy says: “Our time is the time, or a time (this difference between articles by itself implies a radical difference in the thinking of history) of the *suspense* or *suspension* of history – in the sense both of a certain rhythm and of uneasy expectation.”⁵

In the previous section we could see that narrative, as the act of story-telling, is not appropriate to the rendering of real events. A story weaves together human acts and experiences into a coherent – or chaotic – whole. It is an act of imaginative creation, not the representation of something given. Thus narrative is properly at home in fiction, which does not make any pretense of portraying the real world. When narrative is employed in a discipline which purports to depict the real, it comes under suspicion. If, like history, it deals with a reality which is no longer available – the past – it is doubly suspect. It is suspected of representing things not as they really were but as they ought to have happened – according to what is thought to make a good story.

The distinction between history and narrative is mainly based on three broad assumptions, and they can be considered as assumptions about reality, about knowledge and about fiction.

The first assumption concerns the alleged contrast between narrative and reality it is supposed to depict. If there is one Reality, and the narrative has to show fidelity to that, then narrative should be stripped off of all its imaginative variations. Reality, unlike fiction, contains events apparently random, but ultimately determined by causal laws. Story-telling seems to impose on reality a totally alien form. Conceived in this way, purely in terms of its structure, narrative necessarily distorts reality.

The second tacit assumption is that history is ultimate repository of knowledge. Knowledge is passive mirroring of reality, while imagination is active and creative. And if imagination is involved in the process of knowing,

and actively creates something in the process, then the result can no longer qualify as knowledge.

The third assumption is that there is really no difference between fiction and falsehood or falsification. What history, and other humanities too, are being accused of doing is wittingly or unwittingly presenting a false rather than a true picture of the world. This is what is meant by calling them fictional or claiming that they contain fictional elements.

I would try to interpret these assumptions from a different point of view, only to conflate them. This mission can be accomplished by approaching in terms of temporality. We have seen that Reality vis-à-vis Truth has been defined and determined in terms of temporal homogeneity, where time can be measured and grasped according to the movements of some celestial bodies, a movement which could be properly translated into the controlled movement of the two hands of a clock. And this clock is not the one that we can see in Dali's *The Persistence of Memory* or *The Triangular Memory*. There is no fluidity about them; everything is solid, controlled, almost without any degree of freedom. The Realist has decided the periphery of its movement. Every real event has to be scheduled according to the movement of this clock; the time the Realist is concerned about is metaphysical time, which tries to ascertain presence – metaphysical presence. According to Deleuze, "If we take the history of thought, we see that time has always put the notion of truth in crisis" (1989: 130). But the time we are talking about here does never do so; rather it always tries to ensure the gravity and eternal presence of that truth, which is never under *erasure*. This truth does not expose the presence to the enormous possibility of impossibilities. Instead of temporalizing the notion of truth, the Realist endeavours to eternalize that notion through his "solid watch."⁶

The first of the three assumptions that I have talked about regarding the essential distinction between history and fiction is valid only if the reality that narrative is supposed to represent is singular and universal. How can narrative remain fidel to reality which is and can never be unitary, which is always already lacking the presence of essence. There is no *there is* about that reality. Alain

Badiou elaborates on Deleuze's statement "every truth is fidelity": "The process of a truth is fidelity (to the event), i.e., the evaluation, using a specific operator (that of fidelity), of the degree of connection between the terms of the situation and the supernumerary name of the event" (2000: 94). Badiou continues that it is fidelity which separates the event and its narration, which in a way invalidates our first assumption, according to which the narrative can be authentic and closest to reality only if it remains faithful to it. Rather fidelity increases the distance between them. Overlooking the merely fortuitous, fidelity tries to distinguish reality from legitimate becoming.

Now let's come to the second assumption. The capacity to imagine is opposed to knowledge as if they are mutually exclusive. Knowledge as representation is thought to be the passive reflection of the real, simply registering or reporting what is there. But this is naïve and simplistic conception of knowledge which ignores some of the best insights of modern philosophy. Since Kant we have recognized that knowledge is anything but passive, it is not merely a copy of external reality. Rather, it is an activity which calls into play many "faculties," including sense, judgment, reason, and, very importantly the capacity to conceive of things being other than they actually are. So, knowledge, just like imagination, aims at breaking the chain of causality that is supposed to connect all the real events. It may be thought that anything that is object of knowledge must be imaginary in the sense of non-existent. The domain of knowledge does never try to adhere to the normative set of reality in the strict sense of the term. Once it does, we reach the end of knowledge, an absolute closure, a claustrophobic sterility, a frustrating stagnation. Knowledge, using the apparatus of imagination, conceives of things that *were*, *will be*, or *exist elsewhere*, or things that don't exist at all. This distance between the actual and that knowledge wants to conceive of is in terms of time. They don't belong to the same temporal space, they are not supposed to. There is no metaphysical proximity between them. The difference between knowledge and fiction is not that one uses imagination and other doesn't. It is rather that in one case imagination, in combination with other capacities, is marshaled in the service of

producing assertions, theories, predictions, and in some cases narratives, about how the world really is, or will be, or was; and in the other it is used to produce stories about characters, events, actions and even world that never was. So, on closer examination, the second assumption also dissolves.

The third assumption regarding fiction being essentially falsehood can be validated only if we essentialize the distinction between true and false, if there is no intersection between the time of the world and the time of narrative, which is never the case. Reality must be a meaningless sequence of external events – which has already been dissolved through our previous discussion – and time must be a series of nows – again nullified – and anything else that we attribute to it is at best mere fantasy or wishful thinking. Imaginative fiction lacks the depth and gravity of realistic and historical fiction that is what the metaphysicist, the Realist and the Positivist would say. There has been a strong intention among lot of people for undermining the imaginative writing in comparison to the realistic novel. More often than not, as Henry James points out, the realistic novelist aspires to the authority of history:

“It is impossible to imagine what a novelist himself would be unless he regards himself as a historian and his narrative as a history ... As a narrator of fictitious events he is nowhere; to insert into his attempt a back-bone of logic, he must relate events that are assumed to be real” (Qtd. in Turner, 1979: 334).⁷

Let’s listen to what George Lukacs has to say regarding the assumed distinction between these two genres:

“If then what we look at the problem of genres seriously, our questions might be: which facts of life underlie the historical novel and how they differ from those which give rise to the genre of the novel in general? I believe that when the question is put in this way, there can only be one answer – none. An analysis of the work of the important realists will show that there is not a single, fundamental problem of structure, characterization, etc. in their historical novels which is lacking in their other novels, and vice versa ... The ultimate principles are in either case the same” (1962: 240-41).

Lukacs' understanding of these two genres – if we still plan to maintain the distinction – might be structural, but his ultimate project is to blur the line of distinction.

The real opposition between fiction and reality stems from the belief that the only true reality is the physical reality. This is, as I have explained, the basis of positivism and metaphysics, but it is also one of the deeply rooted prejudices of post-Enlightenment rationalist era. Somehow the world of physical objects in space and time, the world of what is externally observable, describable and explainable in terms of mechanical pushes and pulls, and predictable by means of general laws, counts as reality in the primary sense. Everything else – human experience, social relations, cultural and aesthetic entities – is secondary, epiphenomenal, and merely subjective; and the only true explanation of it is to trace it back to the physical world. The metaphysical reality is normative, bracketed, and inclusive, and perhaps, that is why Deleuze holds a detestation for truth.

Deleuze finds it more intriguing to indulge in exploring the power of the false. He would readily remark with disapprobation the foregrounding of the question of truth by a philosophy. He wrote in one letter to Badiou that had never felt either the need or the taste for such a notion. He states that truth, for him, was merely the relation of a transcendent with its attendant functions. For him truths are necessarily analogical and equivocal, whereas concepts are univocal. In *Logic of Sense*, Deleuze employs a very beautiful image that subverts the *Odyssey* – namely, that of the “triumph of the false pretender” (Deleuze, 1990: 262). But he immediately adds that “the false pretender cannot be false in relation to a presupposed model of truth” (Deleuze, 1990: 262-63). The triumph is that of ‘the effect of the functioning of the simulacrum as machinery – a Dionysian machine.’ This machinic effect ruins the hierarchical arrangement in the paradigm and its imitation can be accorded without any difficulty. We can very happily grant that “by rising to the surface, the simulacrum makes the Same and the Similar, the model and the copy, fall under the power of the false (phantasm).” From such an argument put forward by Deleuze, we can understand

how justified his “lack of taste” for the analogical conception of truth is; and, this might indicate his profound taste for another idea of truth. This truth is analogical, never predictable, but always narrated, which is ultimately grounded in falsification. The process of this truth is no longer judgment, but a sort of narration. We should be sensitive to the nuances of cruel certainty in the following passage from *Cinema 2*, in which the case of Borges serves as the starting point for thought’s experimentation, for it is here that we can discern the occurrence of an idea specific to Deleuze:

“... narration ceases to be truthful, that is, to claim to be true, and becomes fundamentally falsifying. This is not at all a case of ‘each has its own truth,’ a variability of content. It is a power of the false which replaces and supersedes the form of the true, because it poses the simultaneity of impossible presents, or the coexistence of not-necessarily true pasts. Crystalline description was already reaching the indiscernibility of the real and the imaginary, but the falsifying narration which corresponds to it goes a step further and poses inexplicable differences in the present and alternatives which are undecidable between true and false in past. The truthful man dies, every model of truth collapses, in favour of the new narration” (1989: 131).

I am intriguingly interested when Deleuze says that the power of false poses the simultaneity of impossible of presents, or the co-existence of not-necessarily true pasts. It can be remarked that Deleuze is so intrigued by the power of false because he can never see a trace of homogeneity within time which is established by analogical truth. He announces the death of the “truthful man” because the falsified man does never look for compossibility. His discourse is not coherent, rather *chao-errant*.⁸ His narration is beginning of a new narration.

From the previous discussion it can be concluded that history and narrative, actual and virtual, do not reside in two mutually exclusive temporal spaces. The dividing line between them is perforated and warped. When I am saying that the line is warped I am not preoccupied with the gravity of the paradigm of neither truth/actual nor false/virtual. Once we start encouraging such

dichotomy, we will end up acknowledging a hierarchy of temporality: historiography, in its battle against the history of events, and narratology, in its ambition to dechronologize the narrative, seem to leave only a single choice: either chronology or achronic systemic relations.

Ricoeur, in *Time and Narrative*, though he does not try to break down the distinction between history and fiction, speaks of their “intersection” in the sense that each “avails itself” of the other. Under the heading of the “fictionalization of history,” he argues that history draws on fiction to “refigure” or “restructure” time by introducing narrative contours into the non-narrative time of nature.⁹ It is the act of imagining which effects the “reinscription of lived time into purely successive time.”¹⁰

Macondo as a Historical Site

“They wanted nothing to do with that series of conflicts, revolts, alternations between dictatorship and anarchy. In past history they found nothing constructive, nothing they aspired to be. And yet, in spite of everything, the Latin American was making history, not the history he would have wished for, but his own history. A very special history, with no negations or dialectical assimilations. A history full of contradictions that never came to synthesis. But history for all that. The history we Latin Americans, halfway through the twentieth century, must negate dialectically, that is, assimilate.”

Leopold Zea, *The Latin American Mind*

In criticism of the Latin American novel, “magic realism” has typically been described as an impulse to create a fictive world that can compete with the “insatiable fount of creation” that is Latin America’s actual written history. The concept of magic realism received its most influential endorsement in the Nobel Prize acceptance speech of Gabriel Garcia Marquez. The Colombian novelist began his speech, suggestively enough, with an account of the “magical log” kept

by Magellan's navigator, Antonia Pigafetta. In the course of his fateful exploration of the "Southern American continent," the imaginative Florentine recorded such oddities such as "pigs with their umbilicus on their backs and birds without feet, the females of the species of which would brood their eggs on the backs of the males ... monstrosity of an animal with the head and ears of a mule, the body of a camel, the hooves of a deer and the neigh of a horse." In the course of his speech, Marquez recorded many less imaginative but equally improbable facts – "in the past eleven years twenty million Latin American children have died before their second birthday. Nearly one hundred and twenty thousand have disappeared as a consequence of repression ... A country created from all these Latin Americans in exile or enforced emigration would have a larger population than Norway" – on and on, as if he were trying to combat a plague of amnesia. In such a "disorderly realty," Marquez explained, the "poets and beggars, musicians and prophets, soldiers and scoundrels" of Colombia had been forced to respond to one of the saddest and most productive challenges in modern literature: "the want of conventional resources to make our life credible." Fortunately conventional resources are not everything. Magical realism was born to give hope that Marquez tried to provide when he said that the writer can somehow "bring light to this chamber with his words." Perhaps magic realism might allow the writer to create in his work a "minor utopia," like the one inhabited by Amaranta Ursula and the next to last Aureliano at the end of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, a fictive order that might give birth to a completely new alternative reality, a yet undiscovered history, which is not normative, exclusive or inclusive. It was a novelistic act analogous to pulling a rabbit, or a child with the tail of a pig, out of a hat. It was magic.

What Marquez tries to achieve by creating a world full of such magical elements and events is to create a heterogeneous fictive/historical space which refuses to get assimilated with the conventional elements and categories, which are used as conventional resources by the realist and the historicist and the contextualist. He creates a world where nothing is predictable, nothing is obvious; the only thing obvious and inevitable in that (para)historical field is

apocalypse, which had become “for the first time in the history of mankind ... a scientific possibility.”

A critique like Aijaz Ahmad says that the magic realists like Garcia Marquez try to float upward from history. The questions that immediately come to my mind, “Does he try to float?” “Is his journey upward?” How can we be sure of this? Rather what he tries to do is to bifurcate, to divert, to take a detour, to create a “minor utopia.” Instead of an upward journey, what is experienced is contemporaneous existence of different temporal threads which might or might not converge or overlap – definitely without a feeling of contestation for supremacy. No one tries to include anyone. It is a virtual temporal heteroglot, which accommodates the chronicled history of Latin America and the utopian history, reality and its hyphenated alterity. All truths are falsified, logic conflated, analyses nullified. Only apocalypse, the final catastrophe remains. Death comes, as it does through various events toward the end of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, with a strange air of eternal repetition. Throughout the novel, we find a harmonious or turbulent coexistence of real and fantastic, tradition and modernity (if we can make such distinction), reason and superstition – each mixing with the other to form a polylogic confluence.

Being one of the early proponents of magic realism, Marquez’s narrative is “new,” by newness I don’t mean juvenile. Critics say that his writing is “elusive and enigmatic.” In exploring the sense of enigma that his writing evokes I would like to rephrase Deleuze’s phrase – which I have elaborately discussed – “power of false” to call it the power of enigma. This enigma is not painful, is not disturbing, even if it is so it ultimately gives enormous pleasure. It exposes the finitude of the reader. Finitude does not mean that the reader is noninfinite – like small, insignificant beings in front of a grand, universal, and continuous text – but it means that he is *infinitely* finite, infinitely exposed to exposed to his existence as nonessence, infinitely exposed to the otherness of his own being. The temporal, and spatial, field that he enters into with Marquez is not his. It is “our time.”¹¹ He begins and ends without beginning and ending; without having a beginning and ending that is his. The beginning and the ending of being are those

of its other. The magicality of that world emerges out of an impossibility or incompossibility, and the reader is always in a dilemma while deciding the boundary between the two domains of possibility and impossibility. And why bother to decide that line of distinction? Not only the reader, even the characters within the narrative are equally awed and surprised. All of them, along with various events happening throughout the novel, are caught within a labyrinthine network of memories, expectations, anticipations, forgettings, apprehensions, and predictions. According to the traditionalists *One Hundred Years* is analogous to the *ficciones* of Borges; its fictional world is autarchic, creating through the act of narration special conditions of development and meaning which enable the fictive imagination to achieve a free-floating state of pure self-reference akin to the exhilarated innocence of children at play. But to subscribe to this point of view is to overlook the political and historical allusions in the novel.

Our interpretation of temporality operating within the narrative of *One Hundred Years* should begin with considering two levels of critical reading of the text. On the first level, the interest of critic is concentrated on the work's configuration, on the other it is interested in exploring the worldview and the temporal experience that this configuration projects outside itself. And I must say that these two levels cannot be considered individually. It is the configuration of the novel, quite a unique one that serves as the basis for the experience that its characters and its readers have of time. This unique configuration of the narrative helps the narrator – not the author but the narrative voice that makes the work speak and address itself to the reader – to offer the reader an armful of temporal experiences, which can be shared and might not be.

The fictive narrator does never try to limit the events of the story being told to a particular span, neither temporal nor spatial. Though we have a fictitious imaginary locale called Macondo, nobody knows where it is actually situated. It is not our space; it does not even belong to the inhabitants of that small village. The time frame has something to do with the pre-colonial and colonial Colombia or Latin America. Without actually mentioning any temporal pointer which might help the reader to connect the plot to some period of the chronicled history

of Latin America, the narrator prefers to leave that task to various allusions and metaphors that can be of great help to locate the text in relation to the grand history of that continent.

If we can refer back to the threefold mimetic process formulated by Ricoeur, we can see that this novel is nonmimetic in truest sense of the term. The narrator never tries to describe the actions within the narrative by using any conceptual network of preunderstanding. It is unavoidably true that premonitions come true in Macondo, predictions become real; but the process is not rule-bound. It is chance and sheer coincidence. No one ever tries to connect them to any common thread of causality. The narrative has no beginning, no ending. Right in the first page the reader is hurled into that sense of getting there, almost there, but not actually there and the world was so new that “many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point.” We come to know that the world was very recent, not far from its origin, yet we can never experience its origin. The characters are always haunted by nostalgia for a past, which might not have been there, and anticipation for a future, which might never come. The nostalgia and the tendency to hold on to the past, though in vain, are strongest in Ursula. She seeks to uphold an ancestral taboo against incest, she resists her husband from having sex with her; whereas, her husband, Jose Arcadio Buendia, having defied this taboo by killing Prudencio Aguilar and forcing intercourse with his wife, looks for establishing a new order. He is the person in search of scientific understanding, in search for reason, western model of development. He leaves Riohacha to make contact with the civilization beyond; he undertakes innumerable projects and experiments “with the self-denial of a scientist and even at the risk of his own life”; his imagination, we are told, ‘reached beyond the spirit of nature and even beyond miracle and magic.’ But the possibility that Jose Arcadio Buendia could visualize, is symptomatic of absolute senseless craziness for other inhabitants of Macondo.

On the first page of the novel such a strange event occurs, an event that will recur, over and over, like the ceaseless repetition – of names and incest, solitude and nostalgia, madness and failed revolutions – that haunts the house of

Buendias: the gypsies come to Macondo. For a long time they will come every year, always “with an uproar of pipes and kettledrums,” and always with new inventions, until the wars make such trips too dangerous, and the natives become too indifferent; but their first appearance is the most impressive, and the most ominous. They first appear in a distant past, when the “primitive world” was very close to its origin. Into this “primitive world” the gypsies bring an omen of the future, an invention of great wonder and potential: the magnet. Melquiades, “the heavy gypsy with the untamed beard,” calls this invention “the eighth wonder of the learned alchemists of Macedonia.” While Jose Arcadio Buendia feels that it is necessary to find its useful application, gypsies, led by Melquiades, want to mystify the villagers. While the tide of western civilization, brought in by the gypsies, brings disorder in the village, Jose Arcadio Buendia wants to establish order out of that. Either way the ordinary people of Macondo are thoroughly surprised by both of them. Through this we can see how the world of this novel is caught between two worlds, a never ending dilemma. On the one hand time moves in a circular path, while the other world promises to channelize it in a linear progressing manner. One group believes in circularity of events, characters and the other thinks that the world and its history can only move forward. One refuses to change, the other preaches development. One set of people thinks that they can live on and spend their entire life in their own “primitive” temporal space, the outsiders, supported by unbridled imaginative people of the community, try to make them understand that time should move on and along with should the mankind also, along a series of “abstract nows.”

“The preoccupation with the circular time and the rejection of the linear time in Marquez’s narrative are often read as evidence of his fatalism and primitivism. However, the absence of a singular linear time should not be read as a lack of historical consciousness, but rather as the contextual operation of a different kind of historical consciousness,” says Kumkum Sangari (1999: 14). What one can notice in his narrative is peculiar co-existence of sequential and non-sequential time producing various kinds of alignments, tensions and discontinuities rupturing the rationalized cognitive force.

Marquez's critique (not rejection) of linear time of rationality and progress in *One Hundred Years* is leveled from inside the suspicion, well-founded in the Latin American context, that the development of science and technology within the structures of neocolonialism may guarantee continuous dependence. Probably Marquez refuses to kneel down in front of that perilous history of colonialism and equally ominous present of neocolonialism. That is why he is coining his own reality, and at the same time one can easily notice the density of his historical consciousness. One can easily find the allusions of the recorded history in *One Hundred Years*, but the narrative does not wait for the recognition of the Western Realism. There is a relevant passage, where this recognition from the western world is going to be the tool of colonial empiricism, which it trying to measure the the potential of Macondo as the future object of prey:

"When he finished the first bunch of banana he asked them to bring him another. Then he took the small case with optical instruments out of the toolbox that he always carried with him. With the suspicious attention of a diamond merchant he examined the banana meticulously, dissecting it with a scalpel, weighing the pieces on a pharmacist's scale, and calculating the breadth with a gunsmith's calipers. Then as he took a series of instruments out of the chest with which he measured the temperature, the level of humidity in the atmosphere, and the intensity of light ... but he did not say anything that allowed anyone to guess his intention" (Marquez, 1996a: 211).

This can be most perilous example of a measurer's secret agenda. Marquez refuses to become the object of measurement; and, most probably this is the reason why he ends up narrating such temporal experiences which lie beyond the understanding of rational intelligent reader. Even when he is alluding to some events of the recorded linear history of Latin America, he is interweaving it with elements of surprise, tension, and lack of knowledge only to prove the meticulously calculative opportunism behind the seeming magic promised by the western technology. In this regard, one cannot overlook a passage from Todorov's *Conquest of America* quoted by Sangari,

“With the solemnity worthy of the adventure in boy’s books, he takes advantage of his knowledge of the date of an imminent lunar eclipse. Stranded on the Jamaican coast for eight months, he can no longer persuade the Indians to bring him provisions without his having to pay for them; he then threatens to steal the moon from them, and on the evening of February 29, 1504, he begins to carry out his threat, before the terrified eyes of the caciques.... His success is instantaneous” (Sangari, 1999: 15).

This passage certainly reminds us of the reaction of the people of Macondo when they see the train that is “like a kitchen dragging a village behind it,” coming to their village. When they see the phonographs, the bulbs, the telephones and the flying carpet. Transportation, in Colombia, has inescapable links to the desire for progress. Aureliano Triste’s initial sketch of Macondo’s railroad “was a direct descendent of the plans with which Jose Arcadio Buendia had illustrated his project for solar warfare.” Aureliano Triste believed that the railroad was necessary “not only for the modernization of his business but to link the town with the rest of the world.” The train also allows Fernanda to travel back to the dismal, distant city of her birth. She has never stopped thinking of the villagers of Macondo as barbarians; and she is so intent on her desire to sequester her daughter in a convent, away from the “savagery” of the caribbean zone, that she does not even see “the shady, endless banana groves on both sides of the track,” or the oxcarts on the dusty roads loaded down with bunches of bananas,” or the “skeletons of the Spanish galleon” (273). At this point it is clear she has failed in her attempt to colonize Macondo with manners and rituals of the inland cities; but her “internal colonialism” has been superseded, without her noticing it, by the brutal imperialism of banana company. When she returns to Macondo, the train is guarded by policemen with guns. Macondo’s “fatal blow” is underway. Jose Arcadio Segundo has already organized the workers on strike against the banana company, and he has already been “pointed out as the agent of an international conspiracy against public order.” Fernanda’s two rides on the train are opposite in direction, but tell of a tragic effect: “civilization,” modernization,

and progress are finally assured, even in Macondo – if not with “proper” manners and gold chamberpots, then with guns.

The train is, if anything, even more symbolic of this “progress” in Colombia than it is in Macondo. Under the dictatorship of General Rafael Reyes (1904-1909), “British capital was, for the first time, invested in Colombian railways in substantial amounts” (Safford, 1976: 232). Not surprisingly, this period saw the completion of the railway between Bogota and the Magdalena River: “Macondo” was irreversibly linked to the “outside world.” But, of course, that was only the start: “As the transportation improvements of 1904 to 1940 began to knit together a national market, significant innovations occurred in other economic sectors,” and it was the nationalization of Colombia’s railways that made many such “innovations” possible. In the period of strikes against the United Fruit Company, in particular, reorganization of the railroads was a central issue of American diplomacy in Colombia. The National City Bank and the First National Bank of Boston refused to extend short-term credits until a railroad bill was passed. By 1931, they demanded, in their negotiations with the Colombian government, an even greater control: “that the railroad system be taken out of the hands of the government and placed under the direction of professional management” (Randall, 1976: 64). In his description of banana strike, Marquez makes the implications obvious: the same trains that send bananas and profits toward America transport the murdered bodies to the sea. There – both the government and the “professional management” hope – they will disappear, even from history.

So, one can see the references to the *actual written* history or historical events in *One Hundred Years*, but Marquez the story-teller does not let the readers be oblivious about those dead bodies in front of the enormous gravity of that history. Instead, a hilarious minorization of history is taking place in the narrative; the reader also starts seeing the train as a huge kitchen with a village attached to it, he starts laughing at the meticulous measurement of Mr. Herbert, Ursula refuses to be photographed because “she didn’t want to become a laughing-stock for her grandchildren.”

Donald Shaw, in an invaluable review of responses to *One Hundred Years*, indicates what for him is its basic critical problem: “the fact that the novel appears to function on three different levels of meaning: one related to the nature of reality, a second concerned with universal human destiny and a third connected with the problems of Latin America” (qtd. Martin, 1987: 99). And these three different dimensions of the novel are situating the narrative and its readers on three distinctly different temporal spaces. That is why every reference to grand historical and technological event is followed by certain sentences which bring out the minor nature of the myths behind them; the novel is not about history-and-myth, but about the myths of history and their demystification. It is intentionally done on the part of the novelist to ignore the context, historical and literary, in which the novel was written and published. The narrator is doing so to deny the gravity of the western mode of historical consciousness.

Lying on the borderline of consciousness and phantasm, the narrator uses temporality to put the reader in such a position that he will never even think of claiming a comprehensive understanding over the flow of time, or the measurement of it. If we try to think of the threefold mimetic process that has been discussed in great detail in the first chapter, we can immediately understand that this novel does not fit any one of those three processes. The narrator does not allow any preunderstanding of the world of action, neither the characters nor the reader. The events within the narrative do not revolve around any public time; there is no datable public history which can act as the axial moment for the narrative. Whenever it *is*, the presence of that present is violently erased. That being of presence comes forth through the nothingness of it, as it happens during the plague of amnesia.

The emplotment within the narrative does not aim at configuring the events picked up from heterogeneous temporal spaces. Though they are temporally heterogeneous, the singularity of their temporal character is not devoured by the normative order of the narrative; hence, the narrator does not try to establish any sort of linear progression through an organized temporal interiority. The narrative is always temporally exposed, always lying at its limit.

Neither the narrative nor the historical unity tries to put even the day-to-day incidents of the narrative in any kind of order. Stray events happening to individual life do not necessarily contribute to the ending or the climax of the narrative. It is a world of falsities where nothing is present – neither the past, nor the present, nor the future. Time and again the memory machine breaks down. The inhabitants of that imaginary space have to be reminded of their own presence; they listen to their own story with rapt attention. There is a vicious circle of eternal recurrence, and yet a prominent tendency to establish a discordant concordance among those apparently polylogical characters and events. And, there is a distinct attempt at establishing a historical progression within that erratic space. Once again I am bound to bring that neologism which should be absolutely apt to describe the ungraspable temporality within the narrative of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* – chaosmos.

Compossibility is there in the narrative – the compossibility of various temporal possibilities and impossibilities, temporality and atemporality, historicity and ahistoricity, circularity and linearity. This co-existence of various temporal possibilities increases the enigma that the narrative is supposed to bring about. Enigma of the narrator, enigma of the characters, enigma of the reader, enigma of the narrative. At the end of it one can truly visualize the “truthful man” standing in front of the firing squad. And a new narration emerges.

¹ On the growth of the “historical school” in Germany, see *Futures Past: on the Semantics of Historical Time*. Tr. K. Tribe. Cambridge: MIT Press, 1985.

² Benjamin, Walter. “Theses on the Philosophy of History,” tr. Harry Zohn. *Illuminations*. (New York: Pimlico, 1969). 245-55. Benjamin continues to say that historicism contents itself with establishing a causal connection between various moments in history. In a previous section, he says, “History is the subject of a structure whose site is not homogeneous, empty time, but time filled by the presence of the now [*Jetztzeit*].”

³ Nancy refers to what Hannah Arendt has to say regarding the project of historicism and the modern thinking. Arendt in her essay “‘The Concept of History,’ emphasizes only the modern thinking of history gives us the understanding of time as a temporal succession in the first place.... Causality does not allow for happening as such – it does not allow for happening as it happens, but only as one event succeeding another.” Nancy, Jean-Luc. *The Birth to Presence*. Tr. Brian Homes et al. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993). 161.

⁴ Nancy is actually referring to the concept of “grand narrative” of by Lyotard.

⁵ This entire discussion starting from the reference to Elsa Morante’s novel is overtly influenced by Jean-Luc Nancy’s “Finite History.” I will be borrowing from and referring to this essay in the course of my thesis. Nancy, Jean-Luc. *The Birth to Presence*. Tr. Brian Homes et al. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993).

⁶ When I use this term, I surely have the image of ‘soft watch’ which becomes a leitmotif in Dali’s paintings.

⁷ Henry James writes this in his tribute to Anthony Trollope, which was published in *Partial Portraits*. This essay was later reprinted in *The Art of Fiction and Other Essays* edited by Morris Roberts. I borrowed the quote from an article by Joseph Turner. Joseph Turner, “The Kinds of Historical Fiction: An Essay in Definition and Methodology,” *Genre* XII (Fall 1979): 335.

⁸ Deleuze opposes to the Greek figure of cosmos; he is against the supposed coherency that cosmos promises to establish. The *errance* of *chao-errance* has nothing to do error, this term is used to maintain the homophony it has with coherence.

⁹ Ricoeur, Paul. *Time and Narrative*. Vol. II. Tr. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer. (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1985). 46.

⁹ To elaborate on this concept of “our time” one has to go back to Nancy’s “Finite History.” In this essay, Nancy asks, “But what does ‘our time’ mean?” It is a suspension of time. A pure flow of time cannot be ours. Because this possessive case indicates a certain limitation, a certain sense of property.

Community outside Time

“At dawn on Thursday the smells stopped, the sense of distance was lost. The notion of time, upset since the day before, disappeared completely. Then there was no Thursday. What should have been Thursday was a physical, jellylike thing that could have been parted with the hands in order to look into Friday.”

Monologue of Isabel Watching It Rain in Macondo

Gabriel Garcia Marquez creates a world, a group of people, which inhabit a space filled with a jellylike time. It is not only the historical referentiality that is (or is not) there in the narrative in which originates a sense of enigma, it is not only the reader who goes through a bout of partial amnesia while roaming around Macondo, even the inhabitants of that small community co-exist in a space which is equally enigmatic to each one of them. The community ceases to be a real one in the taken for granted sense of the term. We have already seen that within well-delineated imaginary location lot of events are taking place which have close parallel to the actual history of Colombia or that of Latin America. So, there can be a debate over whether Macondo can be considered a real-space set within a real temporality.

Questioning Community

Community is always outside ourselves. The location of a community is always at the margin of our finitude. Community exposes us, brings the exteriority of our Being to the fore. It is not a collective co-existence of a handful of individuals. Heidegger's Dasein finds its authentic definition by directing itself towards death. It is important to emphasize that the human Dasein does not have freedom as one of its properties; rather its being is defined in the experience of its freedom. The human Dasein “delivers” itself in the sense that it draws out and communicates its being exposed. And its communication remains the communication of its exposure – exposure to death, to the other. Dasein's experience of itself is always informed by its

experience of its “birth,” which is ultimately indissociable from its knowledge of its mortality. Though Heidegger might never have intended, he is actually exteriorizing Dasein, that it can establish a proximity with its other to form a community which affirms the limit of its finitude. Such a community is never singular in nature; all simultaneity and homogeneity fall flat on its face.

I would like to come back to such a notion of community to re-read Anderson’s notion of nation as an “imagined community.” Anderson proposes that “nation” is an imagined community which as a sociological organism moves up (or down) through homogeneous empty time. He borrows this concept of “homogeneous empty time” from Walter Benjamin’s “These on the Philosophy of History,” but he does it partially, only to serve his purpose. Benjamin opens the fourteenth section of his essay by saying: “History is the subject of a structure whose site is not homogeneous, empty time, but time filled by the presence of the now (*Jetztzeit*).” Benjamin’s notion of history comes close to what Augustine has to say about time as the tool for measuring the movement (or rest) of human soul.

But Anderson locates his nation as an imagined community, unlike Benjamin’s history, within the boundaries of homogeneous empty time. He shows how the members of that community are situated within a homogeneous time-frame, which allows only a sense, apparent or otherwise, of simultaneity.

According to Anderson, such simultaneity gives rise to a feeling of proximity among the members of a given community. This proximity, which can be established even without an absolute communication between different individuals, is a basic pre-condition for the formation of Anderson’s community. Anderson warns that the word should not be taken as “false.” So, his imagination cannot be false, hence there must be something authentic, self-evident about the imagination, and the community.

For Anderson, the coming of a nation cannot be false, because he does not leave any room for falsification, maybe the modern version of nation actually does not let itself to be falsified. For him the temporal nature of the being of a nation is already fixed, it is not only homogeneous, it is normative too. Anderson’s nation is a metaphysical entity, whose presence is asserted and presumed. So is the position of

the members of that community. The proximity that Anderson talks about does not help the members of that community get rid of their metaphysical interiority. It is unitary, singular and centrifugal in nature. Anderson actually evokes a temporal simultaneity, which ensures a spatial co-existence.

Whereas Anderson tries to overlook the temporal multiplicity within the being of a community, the aim of this chapter would be to read Macondo, as a community, definitely an imagined one, and as a miniature nation-space, which accommodates various temporal spaces only to refute the progression of a community along a homogeneous calendrical time.

Homi Bhabha writes in the introduction to *Nation and Narration*, “The nation’s ‘coming into being’ as a system of cultural signification, as the representation of social life rather than the discipline of social polity, emphasizes the instability of knowledge” (Bhaba, 1990: 5). My project is to explore the instability of knowledge, the liminality of existence, by pointing out the heterogeneity within Macondo as community and its inhabitants.

In this context, it would be interesting to draw a parallel between the temporal simultaneity within Anderson’s community and the Heidegger’s concept of Dasein as the being-in-the-world. Being-in-the-world means being-with-the-other. Though the expression Dasein signifies an independent self, unrelated to others, it can be with others afterwards. Whenever we conceive of Dasein as being-in-the-world, we immediately introduce it into a relationship with the others, it is thrown into a worldhood. Though this being-with does not question the ontological sufficiency of the Being, it effectively becomes a social entity. The *they*, with or among which the Being of Dasein exist, does not subordinate the Being. It is an existentiale; and as a primordial phenomenon, it belongs to Dasein’s positive constitution. Heidegger admits the being-with is introduced into several processes once it becomes a social or communitarian entity, e.g. distanciality, averageness, leveling down, publicness, and accommodation. The *they* gives a stronger identity to Dasein, giving the answer to the “who” of Being. Publicness determines the way the world and Dasein get mutually interpreted. This being-with does not introduce the notion of plurality within the definition of Dasein, it is not exteriorized, rather it acquires a more concrete worldly

definition. The publicness or sociability that Heidegger talks about does reshape the mode of temporality which determines the folding or unfolding of the Being of Dasein. Maybe it establishes the world and Dasein within the same temporal experience, though such an interpenetrative temporality does not put either of them under any kind of slippages. Both of them emerge with stronger metaphysical presence because of that public calendar. The *they* is everywhere, it is alongside, it deprives Dasein of its answerability. I am particularly intrigued to bring forth a comparison, maybe a far fetched one, between Dasein as being-in-the-world and the citizen of Anderson's community. Neither of them loses their identity because of their belonging to a larger mass, of things, of people, of space, of time, yet they lose their answerability. They come to know that there is a larger body to give that answer on behalf of it.

To talk about calendar time, Ricoeur says, "The time of the calendar is the first bridge constructed by historical practice between lived time and universal time ... its institution constitutes the invention of a third form of time" (Ricoeur, 1988: 105). This third form of time is neither an institution, nor an invention, rather a mere shadow cast over historians' practice; and it is the shadow of an entity, which can be approximately called "mythic time." Mythic time is not split; it imposes a sense of totality on the world as well as human existence. This form of time, with its all-pervading totality, plays its role at the root of formation of all calendars. All calendars evoke an idea of great beginning, and the primary function of this great time is to order the time of societies, communities and human members in relation to cosmic time. This mythic time initiates a unique, uniform scansion of time, thereby invoking a presence of an unavoidable calendricity, with respect to some biological recurrences, great celestial cycles or some great historical events. In this way, mythic representation contributes to the constitution and institution of calendar time. Through the periodicity, calendar time reasserts the grandeur and greatness of a particular temporality whose rhythms are broader and more important than those of ordinary actions. Benveniste calls it "chronicle time," to say that, "In our view of the world, as in our personal existence, there is first one time, this one" (qtd. Ricoeur, 1988: 106). Not only that, it is a "uniform, infinite continuum, segmentable at will."

In addition to this Benveniste mentions three distinct characteristics features of calendar time:

- a) A founding event or a great beginning. So there must be a “zero” point as the axial moment, around which calendar time expands – linearly.
- b) With respect to that zero point, it is possible to traverse time in two directions. There should be a cause behind every movement along this axis. Hence, there is a certain bidirectionality inherent in calendar time; “today” is always preceded by “yesterday,” and followed by “tomorrow.” Calendar always traces the trajectory of time along a bidirectional linear axis, thereby supports the linear progression along a chain of movement and causality.
- c) We can always think of units which can be used to measure the quantity of time. The time is segmentable according to this scale. Astronomy helps us to determine, although not enumerate, these cosmic intervals. At times these intervals are determined by some grand historical event, e.g. the birth of Buddha or the Hegira. From these features it can be noted that a calendar can help a group of people be remembered within a historical straight line formed by joining some prominent points of cosmic or historic events.

Anderson brings in the notion of calendricity into his notion of nationalism, because modern nation, according to him, has a recorded history. Nation always lives with its memory. And its memory-machine helps its members to be included within that history of that particular nation. They become the citizen of a community, not only to live within it, but to love it, to belong to it. Every event within that community acquires a position in time, defined by its distance from that axial moment, the “zero” point – a distance measured in years, months, days – or by its distance from some other moment whose distance from that axial moment is known, e.g., fifty years after independence. In other words, the events in the daily life of those inhabitants receive a situation or temporal location in relation to some dated events. Benveniste says, “They tell us in proper sense of term where we are in the vast reaches of history, what our place is in the infinite succession of human beings who have lived and of things that have happened” (qtd. Ricoeur, 1988: 107). We can thus situate events of interpersonal life in relation to one another. In calendar time, physically simultaneous

events become contemporary with one another, merging point for all the events happening within that community. It is evident that this calendricity imposes a bidirectional temporal homogeneity, which ultimately establishes a synthetic simultaneity within a given community, where every single member is forced to give up his/her subjective temporal experience to be assimilate by the calendar followed by the community. Thereby, the multiplicity of temporal experience is completely overlooked to bring in a temporal singularity of that community.

Coexisting or Being in Common

Jean-Luc Nancy says in his *Being Singular Plural*, “*Being singular plural* means the essence of Being is only as co-essence. In turn, coessence, or *being with* (being-with-many), designates the essence of the *co-*, or even more so, the *co-* (the *cum*) itself in the position or guise of an essence. In fact, coessentiality cannot consist in an assemblage of essences, where the essence of the assemblage as such remains to be determined” (2000: 30).

Though Nancy borrows the concept of being-with from Heidegger, he is successful in making the notion of coessentiality free from the burden of metaphysics. For him, community is such an assemblage whose essence cannot be determined. Being-together can actually exist without a figure, without identification, and whole of its substance can consist only in its spacing. Community, as being, is singularly plural and plurally singular. All the members of the community are neither “by,” nor “for,” nor “in,” nor “despite,” but rather “with” (34). This “with” designates their contemporaneity. “With” is sharing of time-space; it is the at-the-same-time-in-the-same-place as itself, shattered. Within this matrix of with-ness, the Being of every single member is located on a liminal space, and community exposes the liminality of its members, because it is itself a liminal entity. It exposes the spacing of an indefinite plurality of singularities. Being is always with Being, but it is near to itself to reveal the distancing and strangeness within itself. Nancy declares, “We are each time an other, each time with others” (34). This “with” does not ever establish a temporal homogeneity within the community, rather brings forth a coessentiality of various

temporalities. And that coessentiality is shared and experienced by the being-with of that community. This coessentiality does not follow any calendar, it does not have any axial moment. There is not temporal linearity in Nancy's community. It betrays all sorts of definition and determination. Nietzsche confirms this presentation in a paradoxical way when Zarathustra says, "human society: that is an experiment ... a long search ... and not a 'contract'" (qtd. in Nancy, 2000: 33). Obliquely, such a notion of community or coessentiality gives rise to an enigma, lack of absolute knowledge. This community does not have anything to remember, no memory, because it does not have any essence which was, which is, or which will be. It is always coessence of undefined exteriorized assemblage.

Whereas Anderson's community approaches a temporal totalization, a certain closure, all Nancy's community has is *disclosure*. There is always a possibility of its alterity. And this alterity emerges from heterogeneity of time-space. To borrow from Levinas' vocabulary, human beings dwell in this heterogeneous habitation only to go forth outside from inwardness. Yet this inwardness opens up in a space which is situated in that outside. Such a community always resides in the interstices of inside and outside – temporal and spatial.

To bring back a phrase I tried to explore in the previous chapter – our time – is the primary condition of Anderson's community. And it is not only our time, time does not belong to us, we belong to that time. The time of community. The time of being-in-common. A time which cannot be *erased*. A fixed history, a fixed memory, a common future, a secured existence, a known location. The community belongs to a certain epoch, and we belong to that epoch by virtue of the fact that we belong to that community. If the history of that community follows a linear path, the community as a category resides in a shared temporal plane. Every single point on that plane is mapped with respect to an axis (or axes) of some great event/s which remind/s the community of its *own* existence.

The community has a public life of its own. To call it a pure simultaneity would be to overlook the unequal power relation involved in it. Simultaneity is not something purely instantaneous. It brings into relationship two enduring individuals. One temporal stream accompanies another. The experience of shared world depends

on a community of time as well as space. But within a *present* structured community what we can see is the presence of a hegemonic public time of that community, which is no longer intersubjective. This hegemonic public time builds an anonymous contemporaneity of everyday existence upon the simultaneity of two or more distinct streams of consciousness, a contemporaneity that extends well beyond the field of interpersonal, face-to-face relations.

Ceaselessly the subjective variation of the temporal experience is denied. Instead a Truth-oriented communal time is established. This Truth of the community is known, or supposed to be known. Not only that this type of public time believes in the succession of generations – predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. The Truth of the community is something which is to be passed on from one generation to the next successively. Our predecessors are some people none of whose experiences are contemporary with mine. In this sense, the world of predecessors is one that existed before my birth, and I cannot influence it by any form of interaction taking place in a common present. Nevertheless, there do exist a partial overlapping between memory and the historical past which contributes to constitution of that hegemonic Truth, that hegemonic time, which should be immortalized to ensure the immortality of the community. That Truth separates the community and its members from the other. Levinas says regarding the Truth and the quest for it,

“Without separation there would not have been truth; there would have been only being. Truth, a lesser contact than tangency, in the risk of ignorance, illusion, and error, does not undo ‘distance,’ does not result in the union of the knower and the known, does not issue in totality.

...Truth presupposes a being autonomous in separation; the quest for a truth is precisely a relation that does not rest on the privation of need” (1969: 60-61).

The distance that community wants to abolish between its members is actually strengthened because of its normative hegemonic nature. So can there be a community without its own time? A community of absolute outsiders? Outsiders don't signify that they are outside the community, rather they are both inside and

outside, without being assimilated. In the last chapter we have seen how the world of Marquez refuses to be included within a pre-determined corpus of reality and history. How he has tried to write the history of that lonely being, which is not absolutely lonely. Linearity and circularity go hand in hand. Forgetting and archive co-exist. In this chapter I would like to see Macondo as a community without a centrality of existence, and I would like to do it in terms of temporality.

That de-territorialization of time is not happening for Macondo as a place and for its history, it is happening inside it. Every moment every single inhabitant is thrown out of that shared temporal space. The erratic clock is turning everybody into an enigmatic creature for everybody else. Yet they live together, in their own Macondo, without having any comprehensive understanding of its past, present and future. They are also separated from each other, but this separation is not happening because of their quest for truth, rather it is the separation of enigma, of ignorance, of surprise. There is no authenticity of their experiences, because they don't have anyone to authenticate their personal experience.

Re-membering the Amnesiac Community

Marquez's protagonist Jose Arcadio Buendia conceives of Macondo – an imaginary space. It is the outcome of a process of two fold imagination. One enters this imagined space with a sense of surprise, awe and uncertainty. The emergence or establishment of Macondo conflates all the rational presumptions of Western Enlightenment. Its formation is deeply embedded within a shadowy web of superstitions and impossibilities – a ceaseless delirium.

Ursula resists her husband from making love to her because of a prediction that if they bred, they would give birth to iguanas. No direct dialogue, only hearsay, gossiping that led to a bloody battle between Jose Arcadio Buendia and Prudencio Aguilar. Ursula's apprehension is instigated by a grand event which had happened three hundred years back. She is the repository of history which gives rise to a series of events which come into being with relation to some important incidents on the sheets of a calendar. On the other hand, she and her husband get tormented by the

ghost of Aguilar, who ultimately becomes successful in making them flee that place. They start walking without any destination. After a long walk for more than two years they stop by a swamp, and Macondo, a name without any meaning, appears in Jose Arcadio Buendia's dream. At the very beginning Marquez leaves nothing to convey that Macondo arises out of irrationality; there is nothing real about it. It is a delirium, a hallucination, a reverie. Jose Arcadio dreams of a noisy city where "houses having mirror walls rose up," which creates a supernatural echo, which is never going to come into being. Macondo will never have such houses; Jose Arcadio Buendia plans to have houses built of ice under the scorching sun. At the same time Macondo is nothing more than a sudden settlement, a compromise- a compromise they have to make because they are too tired to walk further in search of water. It is an illusion rising out of frustrating disillusionment. The origin of Macondo is already under erasure. What torments them to undergo that trek is an eternal absence, a dead person, a ghost which is not there.

In this community all totalization is peripheral, marginal. It is not an accumulation of heterogeneous individuals necessary to give it a smooth collective boundary. Rather it is a being-with or being-together, but that being-together is never hegemonic in nature. It does not ask to assimilate into a normative essential linearity. It transcends the boundaries of temporal bidirectionality. The events are not dated in relation to some great event; the events of interpersonal life are not experienced in relation to each other; rather, they co-exist with their spaced contemporaneity. It evokes a plurality of invincible singularities. There is no past, no future, only the multiplicities of variegated "nows."

What is constitutive of this community is the desire of knowing other, of being exposed to the other. The schizophrenic member of this community as in Beckett's *The Unnamable* resolves, "I won't say *I* any more, I'll never utter the word again; it's just too damn stupid. Every time I hear it, I'll use the third person instead, if I happen to remember to." The community, without community, is here. And the temporal space it resides in, is never graspable, can never be measured; its trajectory is unpredictable, its future undebatable.

At a certain level the inhabitants of Macondo live together, and that togetherness comes across explicitly when the community faces some great calamity. But otherwise, they live in their individual world, going through different historical vis-à-vis temporal experiences. Certain days and months come back for certain individuals; and we find their imagination confined within their personal calendar.

Right in the first page of the novel we find Colonel Aureliano Buendia, facing the firing squad, reminiscing of a recurring event which was very important for Macondo during its infancy:

“Every year during the month of March a family of ragged gypsies would set up their tents near the village, and with a great uproar of drums and kettledrums they would display their new inventions”
(Marquez, 1996a: 1).

The month of March stands for the coming of gypsies, the heralds of progress, for some people, and purveyor of amusement, for some. Like the characters of Buendia family, gypsies form their own cycle of coming; they return with newer inventions only to surprise the villagers more. For Jose Arcadio Buendia they are the heralds of progress, the civilized clan, for Ursula they cause annoyance. It is noticeable that the concurrent or circular time of Macondo is not only invaded or interrupted by the gypsies who bring alchemy, but also exists in dialectical relation with the several entries of linear time. Thus, the banana company builds a separate enclave within Macondo, fences off circular time in order to exploit it. Linear time is as impure and as oppressive as circular time. The promise of linear progression is inevitably put under erasure by the unavoidable circularity of time. And the more interesting phenomenon happening within the community is that both these forms of temporal experience have their individual stratification.

That is why when Jose Arcadio Buendia dies a slow public death, chained under a chestnut tree, the only thing remains with him is the eternal stagnation of time, and the rhythm that he has been looking for is deferred forever. The mechanical toy which would dance in tune with the mechanism of a clock will never come to him. Time has stopped for him he is the first one in Macondo to realize the helplessness of human being in front of time without any progression. It is always a

Monday. The boundaries between the past, the present and the future seem to be obliterated for him: “On the next day, Wednesday, Jose Arcadio Buendia went back to the workshop. ‘This is disaster,’ he said. ‘Look at the air, listen to the buzzing to the sun, the same as yesterday and the day before. Today is Monday too’” (80). He is trying so desperately to record the passage of time, to grasp time, to individuate one passing moment from the next one – all in vain: “He spent six hours examining things, trying to find a difference from their appearance on the previous day in the hope of discovering in them some changes that would reveal the passage of time” (80). And his distress cannot be shared by the living, he seeks company of the dead, Prudencio Aguilera, Melquiades and the all the dead he knows. The dreamer who has always dreamt of progression is bound under a chestnut tree, within a small chalk-circle, within the limited temporal space of an eternal Monday. This temporal stagnation can be read in two ways. Either Jose Buendia has become convinced of the fact that time can never move forward or backward, all it can do is to circulate along the same trajectory. Or he has come to understand the insufficiency of the human understanding when it comes to the passage of time, the deferral is so obvious that the change of entities along that axis of time can never be grasped or noticed. The language that we speak in is helplessly inadequate to represent that passage of time, may be that is why he is left with no language, no speech. The synchronicity of spoken or written standardized language can never represent the achronic passage of time. Likewise all the binaries between the linearity and circularity of time overlap with each other in Macondo. Every member of the Buendia family forms his or her own territory in terms of both time and space.

The Narration of Forgetting

A community survives through remembered past, through its archive. But Macondo rises to a plague of insomnia and amnesia. The communitarian ethos comes to fore in their collective forgetting and wakefulness. A nation maintains its archive and museum to keep its members aware of its great past that they can put themselves

within the collective public calendar of that nation. But in Macondo we observe a situation just opposite to it. Maybe it is the first common calamity that the community faces, and for the first time one can see the communitarian communication in Macondo:

“They would gather together to converse endlessly, to tell over and over for hours on end the same jokes, to complicate to the limits of exasperation the story about the capon, which was an endless game in which the narrator asked if they wanted him to tell them the story about the capon, and they answered yes, the narrator would say that he had not asked them to say yes, but whether they wanted him to tell them the story about the capon, and when they answered no, the narrator told them that he had not asked them to say no, but whether they wanted him to tell them the story about the capon, and when they remained silent the narrator told them that he had not asked them to remain silent but whether they wanted him to tell them the story about capon, and no one could leave because the narrator would say that he had not asked them to leave but whether they wanted him to tell them the story about the capon, and so on and on in a vicious circle that lasted entire nights” (47).

This paragraph can be the most explicit example of how the people of Macondo are building that unnamable communitarian space because of the sudden bout of amnesia. Maybe the narrator referred to in this passage is Marquez himself. The listeners are the helpless reader of his narrative. The reader, quite like the people of that small imaginary village, are left with no choices, no decisions. The only thing they can do is to remain undecided. They cannot say “yes,” or “no,” nor they can remain silent, yet they cannot leave the narrative. It is not only the frustration of the Macondo community; it is the frustration of the entire readership.

Insomnia results in ceaseless attention and vigilance. It is a peculiar situation; there is no longer any outside or inside. It is anonymous; it lacks identity, completely devoid of proper names. And this lack makes the insomniac feel the necessity of

names. It is not that the insomniac is the subject who keeps vigil; he is the object of that vigilance. The world around is aware of his wakefulness. So as the insomniac becomes conscious of the world surrounding him, the world also remains awake to the existence of that insomniac.

“What does sleeping consist in? To sleep is to suspend physical and psychic activity.... The summoning of sleep occurs in the act of lying down. To lie down is precisely to limit existence to a place, to position.

A place is not an indifferent somewhere, but a base, a *condition*. Of course, we ordinarily understand our localization as that of a body situated just anywhere. That is because the positive relationship with a place which we maintain in sleep is masked by our relations with things.... Sleep reestablishes a relationship with a place *qua base*” (Levinas, 2001: 66-67).

When we retire to a place to lie down that corner becomes the refuge for us, we start feeling secured. It becomes our hometown, our homeland, the world. When we are unable to sleep we miss that homeland, real or virtual. That happens with the people of Macondo. They become aware of the proper names, because only through proper names they can remember people and things. They understand that they don't have anything to remember. They are helplessly caught in their present, without a past or a future. Once they become aware of that lack, they become desperate to go back to sleep. The immense span of consciousness makes them understand their unconscious. Those fifty hours of wakefulness introduces the people of Macondo to the awareness of that unconscious being who suffers from the lack of a homeland, a safe corner where he can position himself to sleep. Gradually this insomnia leads to an all pervading spell of forgetfulness, a communitarian amnesia. While Visitacion and Jose Arcadio Buendia are quite amused by the promise of progress brought by the plague because they “can get more out of life,” the Indian woman makes them aware of the possibility of impossibility hidden behind it, the impossibility to remember,

“...when the sick person became used to his state of vigil, the recollection of his childhood began to be erased from his memory,

then the name and notion of things, and finally the identity of people and even the awareness of his own being, until he sank into a kind of idiocy that had no past” (Marquez, 1996a: 45).

I would like to remember what Maurice Blanchot has to say *on forgetting*. Blanchot actually conceives of forgetting as a productive process, for him it is “creative forgetting.” He mentions two points regarding the movement of forgetting, though he does so in relation to word and speech, and they are – (1) Forgetting makes us aware of the lack that can be creative because of its absence. We speak because we have the power to forget, and this capacity of forgetting actually helps us combat the monotony of utilitarian speech like encyclopedic knowledge. (2) We can remember because of our ability of forgetting. Forgetting is a capacity: and thanks to this capacity we are able to live, to act, to work, and to remember – to be present. Forgetting is such a possibility which is always slipping from the realm of possibility. Caught within the tussle between forgetting and remembering, the inhabitants of Macondo and their always remain on the threshold, going from one threshold to another.¹

During this plague of insomnia and amnesia the villagers find themselves on this interstitial plane between possibility and impossibility that is hidden in forgetting. While they can anticipate the immense possibility that can be brought forth by this bout of insomnia, they await the impossibility of remembering their individual histories, as they don’t have any shared memory to recollect. But this plague of amnesia makes them concerned about the importance of recollecting their past which they have never missed. Initially they start enjoying “sucking the green roosters of insomnia, the exquisite pink fish of insomnia, and the tender yellow ponies of insomnia,” they get busy working for their small town, until they become aware of their ceaseless wakefulness, they become aware of the waltz of the clock, counting the notes on the clock. The villagers are fatigued, yet they want to rid themselves of insomnia because of their nostalgia for dreams. They find themselves co-existing in that domain of wakefulness. The spell of insomnia and amnesia makes them try desperately to hold on to that present which can come into being only with respect of

past and future. That is why they listen to the untold story of the narrator, completely engrossed in enjoying their helplessness as listeners.

Not only that, lack of memory makes the community a finite being. That finitude is both temporal and spatial. To prevent the plague from spreading to other towns they put themselves under a self imposed quarantine; all the communication with the outside is barred. Every time a stranger passes through the streets of Macondo, he has to ring the bells at the entrance to the town to inform that he is able to sleep. Strangers are stopped from eating or drinking anything during their stay in town. For the first time the town folk become conscious of the drift between inside/ outside, familiar/ stranger, sleep/ insomnia, memory/ forgetfulness, that is so characteristically derivative of being able to be present.

This sudden loss of memory makes them understand the importance of written languages and proper names. Names give presence to entities; names situates them within a particular paradigm; names determine the relations they are supposed to share with others or the Other. Proper names attribute a particular authenticity to the entities; now we know what we don't know; we know what we lack; we know what it stands for; now, the contours of its identity is fixed. Not only that, proper names situate entities within a fixed history, a certain trajectory of evolution. Every object starts having an identity tag as a means of combating forgetfulness. The permanence of writing has made its inroad into Macondo. The written scripture now has the burden of representing the truth and its usefulness. This is method invented and suggested by Aureliano who is determined not to let the reality slip through his fingers.

“... ‘Stake.’ Aureliano wrote the name on a piece of paper that he pasted to the base of the small anvil: *stake*. In that way he was sure of not forgetting it in the future. It did not occur to him that this was the first manifestation of a loss of memory, because the object had a difficult name to remember” (48).

He is so engrossed in combating the plague of amnesia, in maintaining a hold onto the reality, that he actually can not perceive how the plague is swallowing the entire community including himself. He fails to understand that the reality he is so

desperate to clasp between his fingers is actually getting lost beneath the gravity of the names given to it. The regimen of writing the name of every object is getting stronger. Jose Arcadio Buendia puts it into practice that every object within the community should have its name inscribed on it without mistake. But soon he realizes that writing only the name is not sufficient, because names do not contain definition, they do not convey the paradigmatic presumption hidden behind them, so he insists the usage of every entity – living or non-living – be written on them. So we find a cow having a sign hung on its neck: “*This is the cow. She must be milked every morning so that she will produce milk, and the milk must be boiled in order to be mixed with coffee to make coffee and milk*” (48).

But soon the written words were also under erasure. Not only the reality, the written words which are supposed to represent that reality are irremediably forgotten. The time of presence is slipping away; every actual entity, with its name, definition and temporal existence is fading into oblivion. The archive that they want to build up has its slippages from the very beginning. They are inventing a reality which is not there, which has never been there. And the remaining figs of reality are incomplete, partial, and moth-eaten; and the moth here is the reality itself because the plague of insomnia and amnesia is a part of the reality of Macondo as the reality they are forgetting is. The past becomes as unpredictable as the future is. The community starts speculating about its past.

The storehouse of historical tradition that a community boasts of is completely lacking in the case of Macondo. It is trying to define its interiority when it is absolutely exteriorized. To fight against this forgetting Jose Arcadio Buendia invents a memory machine. Macondo desperately needs one to remember itself. But writing the history, inventing a memory machine for a community, which is not supposed to have its own history, has to be interrupted; and that interruption comes in the form of Melquiades. Immediately he cures the village of its amnesia. Ironically he does so to sell something? What he wants to sell is never mentioned; maybe it is something magical from the mystic west. The solitary community has to have a remembrance to be a market for the west. But that memory should not be its own, the past has to be revived with the help of the west. The totality of knowledge that Jose

Arcadio Buendia desires is always awaited. Macondo lives on with incomplete past; it learns to forget what it has forgotten. During this phase of forgetfulness the temporal continuity within the community has completely collapsed. Macondo rises to its consciousness as a community through an irrevocable loss of consciousness; the archive of the community is constructed through oblivious facts; the reality that remains with the community is reality forgotten, which is indefinable, which can give rise only to an enigma of unknowing, even to the inhabitants of the community.

To Die Outside Time

“Through his expansion of time beyond linearity ... Marquez attempts to introduce the notion of time as a structure of values, as in his treatment of death” (Sangari, 1999: 16).

Levinas asks,

“Can the relation with death, and the manner by which death strikes our life, its impact upon the duration of the time we live, its irruption within time – or its eruption outside time – which is sensed in fear or anguish, can this relation still be assimilated to a knowledge and thus to an experience, to revelation?

Does the impossibility of reducing death to an experience, this truism about the impossibility of an experience of death, and about a noncontact between life and death – do these not signify a being affected, an affection more passive than a trauma?” (2000: 10).

He continues to say that a death without experience is dreadful, it is a comprehension of nothingness. It is not an *a priori* category; it is not an *end*. As a phenomenon of thought death concerns our thought; it concerns our life, which is thought, that is life, our life as a manifestation of itself, a temporal manifestation.²

For Heidegger, death signifies *my* death in the sense of *my* annihilation. Death is the ultimate destination for the being-there, it gives totality to being, or to

man as being-there. Heidegger shows that dying is not what marks some final instant of Dasein but what characterizes the very way in which man is his being. Therein lies an existential relationship to the possibility of dying. This is an irreducible privileged relationship which deduces a possibility to seize. According to Levinas to think about time on the basis of death can actually recognize the gravity of presence, because death signifies a possible future which wants to strip the present of all its impossibilities. There should be no chance left, no accidents, only possibility, existential utility.

The first death that we come across in the narrative is the bloody murder of Prudencio Aguilera by Jose Arcadio Buendia, and the ghost of the dead never leaves the murderer. Aguilera's ghost keeps on coming back to disturb Jose Buendia's sleep. The dead is asking for company, and the living obliges him. The threshold between life and death is obviated; death is accommodated within the domain of life. Jose Buendia experiences that death though it is not his death, though it is his erstwhile enemy's death. This death acts as a mnemonic for the oldest couple of the family. The past revolves around the ghost of Prudencio. All the presumptions about the division between the living and the dead are erased:

“When he finally identified him, startled that the dead also aged, Jose Arcadio Buendia felt himself shaken by nostalgia. ‘Prudencio’ he exclaimed. ‘You’ve come from a long way off.’ After many years of death the yearning for the living was so intense, the need for company so pressing, so terrifying the nearness of that other death which exists within death, that Prudencio Aguilera had ended up loving his worst enemy” (Marquez, 1996a: 76).

When the death of Jose Arcadio Buendia is awaited, when the subject of the impending death suffers a ceaseless pall of solitude, cut-off from the rest of the world, the present of his suffering becomes the abyss of the present. In relation to his suffering time loses its hold on the present. There, the present is without end, separated from every other present by an inexhaustible and empty infinite, the very infinite of suffering, and thus dispossessed of any future. Talking of such ceaseless suffering, Blanchot says in his *The Infinite Conversation*, when suffering loses its

hold on time and has made us lose time, "...we are delivered over to another time – to time as other, as absence and neutrality; precisely to a time that can no longer redeem us, that constitute no recourse" (1993: 44). It is a time without event, without project, without possibility. It is an unstable perpetuity in which the dying man is arrested and is incapable of permanence, a time neither abiding nor granting the simplicity of dwelling place. He is the incarnation of Heidegger's being-towards-death, but death as the imminent future is not securing him as a present being, rather the coming of death for him is the end of his being, the termination of his self, the exposure to the other, meeting his worst enemy, Prudencio, and his beloved friend, Melquiades. Maybe that is why his grasp over language is lost, he is no longer a being within-time, he is thrown outside time.

Another kind of death takes place within the community – the death because of public massacre, the death that Aureliano is preparing to die in the first page. That death gives totality to the community. But the totality of the community is not an organic one. Organic totality is a totality in which the reciprocal articulation of the parts is thought under the general law of an instrumentation which cooperates to produce and maintain the whole as form and final reason of the ensemble. But the totality that Macondo acquires through these public deaths is the totality of a dialogue: it is a whole of articulated singularities. These are political deaths; and, "political" does not mean the organization of society but the disposition of the community.³ So, through this type of death also the community of Macondo undergoes an unworking.

To conclude it can be said that the community living in/outside Macondo always resides at the limit of the community, on the borderline between individuality and collectivity.

¹ In this context, I would like to quote few paragraphs from Blanchot, “*We are there as forgetfulness and memory; you remember, I forget: I remember, you forget.*” *He stopped for a moment: ‘It’s as if they were there at the threshold, going from threshold to threshold. One day they will enter, they will know that we know.’ The time comes when the time will.*” From this passage from Blanchot can actually make a lot of statements about the community, forgetting and remembering, of Macondo. Blanchot, Maurice. *The Step Not Beyond*. Tr. Lycette Nelson. (New York: State University of New York Press, 1992). 76-77.

² Here Levinas tries to deny subscribing to Heideggerian view that death is the death of the self. Heidegger gives importance to death, because his being is being-towards-death. Death is limit of possibility for Heidegger’s Dasein. It is always somewhere in future. Death is important for Heidegger because it gives importance to Being. Levinas, Emmanuel. *God, Death and Time*. Tr. Bettina Bergo. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000).

³ I am borrowing such a notion of “political” in the context of community from Nancy. Nancy says regarding the relation between community and political, “If the political is not dissolved in the sociotechnical element of forces and needs ... it must inscribe the sharing of community. The outline of singularity would be ‘political’ – as would be the outline of its communication and its ecstasy. ‘Political’ would mean a community ordering itself to the unworking of its communication.” Nancy, Jean-Luc. *The Inoperative Community*. Tr. Peter Connor. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1991). 40.

The Absence of Audible/ Visible Time

“Seeing is believing.” The positivist’s overused sermon. The visibility of anything ensures the existence of that entity. To be seen is to be present. To be heard is to be present. To write is to represent that present. To be present to the other is to reside on the same temporal world. I discussed how history as a domain of multiplicity remains outside the possibility of representation. The positivist approach to history tries to conceive it as a tool which can make the past visible for the present. And the historian should rely on the art of writing to authenticate the history he is writing. The written word gives him the power, the authority to claim to be true. He is expected to the reality he is supposed to record in his work. Moreover, his work has to be a part of an organized archive to attain the status of the truth. Historian’s narrative has to refer to a temporal experience which should have a universal relevance. In that domain of universal temporality there is no room for hearsay. His writing has to be complemented or substantiated with some references to actual facts whose validity can be cross-checked.

Being Visible, Being Audible

Heideggerian Dasein, because of its existential being-in-the-world character, must be visible and audible. Sound and sight – these are two senses which should be able to perceive the existence of the Being in Dasein. As we have already seen, Heidegger’s existential Being gains authenticity by making itself available to the world which it is thrown into. This trait of thrown-into-world actually puts Dasein in the temporal experience as that of the surrounding world. From just a mere being it becomes a being-with-the-other. Heidegger mentions both hearing and seeing as the two modes of identifying the Being within the world it resides in. Both these sensory activities summon Dasein’s self from its lostness in the “they.” They increase the self’s potentiality for being-in-the-world. Though Heidegger does not theorize these two activities as the mundane day-to-day bodily actions, yet they are something less

than absolutely abstract and obscure. By being visible and audible the Dasein becomes available to the others. Such availability eventually leads to its becoming existential entity with respect to the outside world. Because Heidegger's Dasein is always a being inside the world, its worldliness has to be ensured, and of all the possible ways of ascribing worldliness to it is to make it audible and visible.

Being capable of making "assertion" is one of the major characteristics of the existential Dasein. Assertion means being the subject of what someone is saying, being inside language, being in the temporal order of language. To assert is to communicate. The speaking Being resides in the same temporal plane as that of its fellow beings. Once it can claim its grasp over the temporal order of language, it can be a member of the understanding and understandable existentialism. It becomes a part of the worldly history, the common time, the public time, the shared history.

Not only that being able to speak means being able to communicate. Heidegger points out three significations of assertion. I would like quote from him to show exactly how he is assigning these significations to assertion. He says,

"The primary signification of 'assertion' is '*pointing out*' In this we adhere to the primordial meaning of ... letting an entity be seen from itself... even if this entity is not close enough to be grasped and 'seen,' the pointing-out has in view the entity itself and not, let us say, a mere 'representation' ... of it...

'Assertion' means no less than '*predication*.' We assert a predicate of a subject, and the subject is given a definite character by the predicate. That which is put forward in the assertion in the second signification of 'assertion' (that which is given a definite character, as such) has undergone a narrowing of content as compared with what is put forward in the assertion in the first signification of this term....

'Assertion' means '*communication*' [*Mitteilung*], speaking forth.... As communication, it is directly related to 'assertion' in the first and second significations. It is letting someone see with us what we have pointed out by way of giving it a definite character. Letting someone see with us shares with ... the Other that entity which has

been pointed out in its definite character. That which is ‘shared’ is our *Being towards* what has been pointed out – a Being in which we see it in common” (Heidegger, 1985: 197).

So it can be understood that the act of communication not only makes the subject of that assertion identifiable, it attributes a definite and deterministic character and identity to the speaker. Thereby, specifying the speaker’s position within the common shared history.

According to Heidegger, “sight” or “seeing” increases the accessibility to the Being. For him, seeing does not mean just perceiving with the bodily eyes, nor does it mean absolute non-sensory awareness of something present-at-hand. To keep the connection with the tradition of philosophy, Heidegger formalizes “sight” and “seeing” enough to obtain therewith a universal term for characterizing any access to entities or to Being. Grounding of the Being and the seeing of the Being are reciprocally deterministic. Being acquires a within-time-ness by being visible. It makes itself an authentic subject for understanding.

The Unseen, the Unheard

The Autumn of the Patriarch was published in 1975. So he wrote this novel eight years after *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. If he wanted to write a different history in the former one, in this one he questions the entire enterprise of writing history. The authoritative voice of the narrator and the historian is questioned, because they themselves have never seen what they are trying to describe. Broadly, this novel explores the futility of the narrator’s and the historian’s obsession with the written word. The enterprise is futile because at the end of it the historian is bound to realize that the truth he is planning to represent is without origin.

Right at the outset of the novel, we find the protagonist dead. The narration begins with its already-known end. The act of narration takes place through flashback. In a way, the tale of the dictator begins with the end of the tale. The omniscient narrator takes us to a journey through his autumn, when his heyday is

already gone. So the reader knows that whatever he is reading is already out of time. “The book, which copies, reproduces, imitates living discourse, is worth only as much as that discourse is worth. It can be worth less, to the extent that it is bereft of the *life* of *logos*; it can’t be worth more” (Derrida, 1991: 133). In this way, writing is interpreted as an imitation, a duplicate of the living voice or present *logos*.

In this novel the power of writing has been replaced by the power of speech, and it is referred to at the beginning of the novel: “We did not have to knock down the door, as we had thought, for the main door seemed to open by itself with just the push of a voice...” (Marquez, 1996b: 3). The patriarch’s authority resides in his voice: “he spat put a lethal blast of authority with his words.” But for most of the novel the patriarch exercises his power via reported speech. His voice is not heard directly, but his commands are relayed at second hand from an invisible centre of power. He is a dictator in a literal sense of the word, someone who dictates his words to others. In other words, the “autumn” of his reign is inaugurated by the transition from the direct to reported speech. Decadence sets in when he ceases to be a presence and becomes a legend, heard but not seen.

When the people who have been under the dictatorship for two hundred years try to enter into the palace of the dead dictator after his death, they cannot recognize him. They have never seen him. The stories of him were being passed on over generations; and, people of all these generations would hear them and believe them without checking the authenticity of those tales. They have seen his portraits which were copied and re-copied umpteen times. They have heard about his dictates, they have suffered under his regime. Yet, they have never seen him, not even once. “Only when we turned him over to look at his face did we realize that it was impossible to recognize him, even though his face had not been pecked away by vultures, because none of us had ever seen him...” (4). The patriarch’s reliance on the reported speech strengthens his power in the sense that his existence via second-hand verbal repetitions leads to the attribution to him of a superhuman ubiquity. What this really means is that he is nowhere, except in the form of words. In effect, the replacement of the patriarch’s presence by hearsay adulterates his authority as subject, inasmuch leads to a usurpation of his voice: “On many occasions it was held that he had lost

his voice from so much speaking and had ventriloquists posted behind the curtains pretending he was speaking” (45). The patriarch’s autumn begins with his recourse to a double, who replaces him on most of his public appearances. Marquez points out that the one area where the double could not provide with an exact replica of the original is that speech: “‘That’s me damn it,’ he said, because it was, indeed, as if it were he, except for the authority of his voice, which the double had never learnt to imitate properly” (11). It is through the spoken word that the patriarch remains a presence. The lack of authenticity is further complicated by the fact that the double has a proper name, Patricio Aragones, while the original does not. A proper is something which gives authenticity to the word spoken or written. The signature or the proper name gives the text the status of singularity. Derrida says, “A proper name does not name anything which is human, which belongs to the human body, a human spirit, an essence of man” (1991: 427). The novel can be considered a biography of the patriarch. But the biographer and the readers do not know who they are talking and reading about. He becomes captive of his own power. He cannot become a part of a written history, the question is – what should the historian call him. Though the speech is the origin of authentic, it is so without an identifiable origin. The patriarch, who *is* original only through his speech, gradually passes his voice to a substitute; and, language becomes independent of its source.

As he loses control over his speech and relies more and more on the reported speech, the spoken word takes over the place of the dictator. The more his presence becomes concealed, the more meticulously his commands are obeyed. Gradually the authority of the spoken word replaces the authority of the patriarch; his commands are being obeyed even before him voicing them: “all in accord with an order he had not given but which was an order of his beyond any doubt my general because it had the imperturbable firmness of his voice and the incontrovertible style of his authority” (Marquez, 1996b: 165). The mere thought that it would be preferable for his wife and son to be dead rather than live daily with the fear of death leads to their murder. His aides burst into his office with the ghastly news that Leticio Nazareno and the child have been torn to pieces and devoured by dogs, because of a thunderous command not yet articulated. Badiou says, “If it is true that the limits of

the world are exactly the limits of language, the result is that whatever decides the fate of thought, which exceeds the limits of the world, exceeds equally those of language” (Badiou, 2000: 19). Thus, the patriarch loses control over not only the language, but the real world he resides in. He becomes a captive monarch who is dragging his feet through “the dark mirrors.” And the reflection on the mirror is never as authentic as the real. The loss of direct speech is captivating the monarch within a labyrinthine world of images which multiply removed from the real world. In his world, there is no room for Heideggerian “assertion.” As he forgets to assert himself to the world, the world also ceases to assert itself. Towards the end of the autumn of his reign the only source of information about the outside world for him are a few loose fragments of his most important memories, written appropriately in the margins of the volumes of official records. The written word, in the absence of spoken assertion, does not connect him to the outside world, rather becomes a substitute for it: “He checked the truths stated in the written documents against the misleading truths of real life” (Marquez, 1996b: 165).

As he loses his voice, the real world also loses its voice for him. He is helplessly dependent on the reported speech, he does not see the subject he rules over, he does not know the time he dictates. There appears a deep cleavage between his world and the world outside, spatial and temporal, and that is why when the people enter into the royal palace after the death of the patriarch, they feel as if they entering into “the atmosphere of another age” and they could experience the ancient silence and the hardly visible world inside. The world that is created inside the royal palace becomes zone of absolute enigma for the outsider, though they cannot but be influenced and controlled by that enigmatic world.

The causality of history, or of historicist history, is maintained through the syntactic or synchronic order of language. It is the standardized ordered language which becomes the tool for the historicist or the positivist for representing the living visible reality through history. But, what Derrida has to say about *Romeo and Juliet* is quite applicable for this text also. The narration of this story takes place at night. Nothing is visible, a shadowy partial knowledge is the only source of information. The night does not refer to a particular half of the day, it refers to a zone of

invisibility. According to Derrida, the darkness of night hands over the narration to the counter-time, a bad time; makes it out-of-time. That is precisely what happens to the patriarch. That is why the patriarch has never been seen; even when he is seen, the glimpse is so short that the spectator can never be sure of what he has seen:

“he understood in a flash of mortal lucidity that he did not have the courage nor would he ever it to appear at full length before the chasm of a crowd, so on the main square we only caught sight of the usual ephemeral image, the glimpse of an ungraspable old man dressed in denim who imparted a silent blessing from the presidential balcony and immediately disappeared” (86).

Yet, the subjects of the fatherland continue to get confidence from that “fleeting vision,” which could give them the assurance that the half-seen figure is still there to keep an eye on all the happenings of that nation. In spite of his fading voice and his fleeting appearance, the patriarch continues to be father figure for the nation.

The only sound that comes from the royal palace is that of moaning and gasping when the unseen patriarch has some eerie lovemaking sessions with numerous women. The onomatopoeia takes place of comprehensible language. The more the patriarch gets away from the world of spoken language, the more his obsession with the written word increases. The patriarch looks to the written not only to immortalize himself but also to preserve his links with the outside world, because he has come to understand that his reign of absolute power has actually made him captivated within power. The agent of the power is no longer important, the regime of power no longer requires the name of the person who practices it.

First time he feels “impoverished and diminished ... dazzled by the revelation of the written beauty,” when he listens to the verses of the poet Ruben Dario. The recital makes such a strong impact because the written word is combined with the speaking voice of the author. Dario’s reading of his poem “*Marcha triunfal*” reveals to the patriarch a verbal power which transcends that of any mortal ruler and whose authority is absolute. The adulteration of authority that began with the transition from direct to reported speech is completed with the patriarch’s initiation, in the latter part of the novel, into writing. The delegation of his power to the written

word leads to his mythification, in the sense that the manifestation of his existence becomes increasingly remote from its source. The patriarch, for whom his death has become frustratingly obvious, finds resort to the promise of immortality rendered through the world of written words. He has started experiencing his mortality, in spite of his immense power. What attracts the patriarch in Dario's poetry is his attempt to create an eternal, universal poetic language that transcends the limitation of human existence. This happens most probably because the patriarch realizes that the synchronic order of comprehensible language that the lived successive temporality imposes on the mortal humanity has death as its obvious destination. The public language does not have the capacity of being repeated, while the writing is an attempt to perpetuate through repetition that which otherwise is condemned to oblivion. After the recital, he takes to "writing the verses on the lavatory walls, trying to recite the whole poem from memory." Obviously, his second-hand repetitions lack the power of the author's original rendition. This incident reveals the futility of an apparently omniscient, omnipotent patriarch's attempt make permanent in the history of humanity through written language. Written language cannot act as the memory-machine, there is nothing called absolute memory. The death is obvious; and, that is why the voiceless unseen patriarch starts foreseeing his death.

Through writing he tries to make his autumn his own time, he wants to make time belong to him, exactly the way Nancy talks about the concept of "our time." This is futile attempt to be in-time, to create a spacing of time, to label a particular span of time as his own epoch.

By the end of the novel the patriarch is relying for information entirely on his own censored newspapers. His written reminders to himself are rendered worthless, despite their permanence, by the fact that he forgets what they refer to. Even the tool of writing proves to be absolutely inefficient in keeping the subject immortal. The patriarch starts playing the God when he acquires the power of writing; he understands that only when the speaker is absent his words can be considered Scripture, or absolute rules. From now on, the patriarch stops appearing I public altogether. But very soon he comes to realize that the identity that he is trying to immortalize, his own identity, is nothing but a creation of the mythical power of

words: “One night he had written my name is Zacarias, had reread it by the fleeting glare of the lighthouse, had read it over and over again, and with so many repetitions the name ended up looking remote and alien” (Marquez, 1996b:125). The promise of the written to repeat and reproduce the reality through the representative quality of language turns out to be conflated. The linguistic repetition, as the repetition of the absent original, does serve as a form of memory, but the memory becomes detached from its source. The patriarch’s last years are spent recording his own power in graffiti in the palace lavatories and hiding away written reminders to himself which he cannot remember writing. The repetition cannot come back to the Same. The only thing that kind of return leads to is a return to a world, which is doubly removed from the Platonic world.

Gradually the subjects of the patriarch’s regime come to understand that their omnipotent ruler does not reside in the same temporality as they do. His life is controlled by the public time that runs the nation. Though he boasts of the supremacy of the fatherland, he, as a temporal being, does not belong to that fatherland: “It was one of our great moments of disappointment, because for some time a rumor had spread like so many others that the timetable of his life was not controlled by human time but by the cycles of the comet” (Marquez, 1996b: 68). Like this, there are many more rumors playing around the narrative. It is interesting to see how the narrator is using the narrative technique in the narrative to do away with the temporal linearity, or order, within the text. Marquez’s intentional use of prolonged sentences cannot elude the observation of the reader. The unbearable length of the sentences is at times beyond the followability or understanding of the reader. The comprehensible sentence is always supposed to follow a certain order, where the subject and a predicate are known, where a particular predicate can be ascribed to a particular subject. But in this narrative, because of the overpowering lengthy sentences, the reader actually forgets to follow the syntactic or synchronic order of the narrative. The only things remain with him are some images, some virtual illusions, some improbable scenes, which give rise to a sense of awe. With the people of that fatherland, the reader also desperately craves for a glimpse of the dictator, though he knows that the patriarch is already dead. He is never allowed directly inside the mind

of the patriarch. The only time he is let into the consciousness of the dictator, he is so through the voice of the apparently omniscient narrator. Like the people of the nation, he is also deprived of the chance to hear the voice of the patriarch. In away, the narrative also depends on the tool of hearsay which lacks the authority necessary for being the text. Marquez has, on several occasions, talked of his self-identification with the patriarch as a prisoner of power. By this, he is referring to the power that comes with fame but also to that of the creator. In one of interviews, he told, "On the one hand, as you say, the solitude of power ... on the other hand, there is no profession more solitary than that of the writer ... when you are faced with the blank page, you are on your own, totally on your own" (qtd. "Language and Power" 148). Maybe this novel is an attempt on Marquez's part to free himself from the grasp of his own power as a writer. That is why he is telling a story of a dead dictator who loses control over his own dictates.

The entire narrative is depending on hearsay, though it is punctuated with the ironic leitmotif of "we saw" and "he saw." All of them claim the power of vision, though none of them have that. They cannot become the beings-in-the-world, because the patriarch and his subjects are mutually unseen to each other. Throughout the narrative we find the reference to the clock time, which has an enormous power over the activities of the patriarch and his subjects. The narrator keeps on mentioning the actual hour on the clock, the day within a week, but he never mentions the year. So it is extremely difficult to historicise the novel, though there has been an effort to connect the novel with the reign of one of the Latin American dictators – Simone Boulevard. But, to my mind, the narrator is not interested in giving a description of a particular archived regime, rather what he wants to do is to show how the regime of dictatorship, ideology, scripture lack its source. In spite of their desperate efforts, they can never ensure an immortalized space for themselves in history. They can never belong to the history, and, that is because of their inaccessibility to the outside world. Because they want to obliterate the indetermination within the flow of time. They refuse to see, they refuse to be seen. They do not to hear, and eventually cannot be heard. In this novel, it is writing through which the purveyor of dictatorship wants to immortalize his time, his existential being, wants to punctuate time according to

his own axis. But all his efforts are in vain. Finally the fiction is revealed, the virtual within the supposed real: “he had arrived without surprise at the ignominious fiction of commanding without power, of being exalted without glory and of being obeyed without authority when he became convinced in the trail of yellow leaves of his autumn that he had never been master of all his power, that he was condemned not to know life except in reverse, condemned to decipher the seams and straighten the threads of the woof and the warp of the tapestry of illusions of reality without suspecting even too late that the only livable life was one of show...” (Marquez, 1996b: 228).

Bibliography

- Anderson, Benedict. *The Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism*. London: Verso, 1983.
- Auerbach, Erich. *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*. Tr. Williard R. Trask. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1953.
- Badiou, Alain. *Deleuze: The Clamor of Being*. Tr. Louise Burchill. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000.
- Bakhtin, M. M. *Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays*. Ed. Michael Holquist. Tr. Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981.
- Barthes, Roland. "Historical Discourse," *Introduction to Structuralism*. Ed. Michael Lane. New York: Basic Books, 1970.
- Benjamin, Walter. *Illuminations*. Tr. Harry Zohn. New York: Pimlico, 1969.
- Bhabha, Homi K. *The Location of Culture*. London: Routledge, 1994.
- , ed. *Nation and Narration*. London: Routledge, 1990.
- Blanchot, Maurice. *The Infinite Conversation*. Tr. Susan Hanson. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993.
- . *The Step Not Beyond*. Tr. Lycette Nelson. New York: State University of New York Press, 1992.
- Carr, E. H. *What Is History?* Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970.
- Collingwood, R. G. *The Idea of History*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976.
- Deleuze, Gilles. *Difference and Repetition*. Tr. Paul Patton. London: The Athlone Press, 1994.
- . *The Logic of Sense*. Tr. Mark Lester and Charles Stivale. Ed. Constantin V. Bundas. New York: Columbia University Press, 1990.
- . *The Deleuze Reader*. Ed. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000.
- . *Cinema 2: The Time-Image*. Tr. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1989.
- . *The Thousand Plateaus*. Tr. Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987.

- . *Nietzsche and Philosophy*. Tr. Hugh Tomlinson. London: The Athlone Press, 1983.
- Derrida, Jacques. *Writing and Difference*. Tr. Allan Bass. London: Routledge, 1993.
- . *Acts of Literature*. Ed. Derek Attridge. New York: Routledge, 1991.
- . *Dissemination*. Tr. Barbara Johnson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1972.
- Heidegger, Martin. *Being and Time*. Tr. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1985.
- Labanyi, Jo. "Language and Power in *The Autumn of the Patriarch*," *Gabriel Garcia Marquez: New Readings*. Eds. Bernard McGuirk and Richard Cardwell. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
- Levinas, Emmanuel. *On Escape*. Tr. Bettina Bergo. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2003.
- . *Existence and Existents*. Tr. Alphonso Lingis. Pittsburgh: Duquesne University Press, 2001.
- . *God, Death and Time*. Tr. Bettina Bergo. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000.
- . *On-Thinking-of-the-Other*. Tr. Michael B. Smith and Barbara Harshav. London: The Athlone Press, 2000.
- . *Otherwise Than Being or Beyond Essence*. Tr. Alphonso Lingis. Dordrecht: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 1994.
- . *The Levinas Reader*. Ed. Sean Hand. London: Blackwell, 1989.
- . *Totality and Infinity*. Tr. Alphonso Lingis. Pittsburgh: Duquesne University Press, 1969.
- Lukacs, Georg. *The Historical Novel*. Tr. Hannah Mitchell and Stanley Mitchell. London: Merlin Press, 1962.
- Marquez, Gabriel Garcia, "The Solitude of Latin America: Nobel Address 1982," *Gabriel Garcia Marquez: New Readings*. Eds. Bernard McGuirk and Richard Cardwell. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
- . *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Tr. Gregory Rabassa. New Delhi: Penguin, 1996a.
- . *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. Tr. Gregory Rabassa. New Delhi: Penguin, 1996b.
- . *Collected Stories*. Tr. Gregory Rabassa and J. S. Bernstein. New Delhi: Penguin, 1996.

- . *Living to Tell the Tale*. Tr. Edith Grossman. New York: Alfred Knopf, 2003.
- Martin, Gerard. "The Magical and Social Realism in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*," *Gabriel Garcia Marquez: New Readings*. Eds. Bernard McGuirk and Richard Cardwell. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987.
- Mink, Louis O. "Narrative Form as a Cognitive Instrument," *Historical Understanding*. Ed. B. Fay, E. Golob, and R. Vann. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1987.
- Nancy, Jean-Luc. *Finite Thinking*. Ed. Simon Sparks. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2003.
- . *Being Singular Plural*. Robert D. Richardson and Anne E. O'Byrne. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2000.
- . *The Birth to Presence*. Tr. Brian Homes et al. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1993.
- . *The Inoperative Community*. Tr. Peter Connor. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1991.
- Randall, Stephen J. *The Diplomacy of Modernization: Colombian-American Relations, 1920-1940*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1976.
- Ricoeur, Paul. *Time and Narrative*. Vol. I. Tr. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1984.
- . *Time and Narrative*. Vol. II. Tr. Kathleen McLaughlin and David Pellauer. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1985.
- . *Time and Narrative*. Vol. III. Tr. Kathleen Blamey and David Pellauer. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1988.
- Safford, Frank. *The Ideal of the Political: Colombia's Struggle to Form a Technical Elite*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1976.
- Sangari, Kumkum. "Politics of the Possible: or the Peril of Reclassification," *Politics of the Possible: Essays on Gender, History, Narratives, Colonial English*. Ed. Kumkum Sangari. New Delhi: Tulika, 1999.
- Seamon, Roger G. "Narrative Practice and the Theoretical Distinction between History and Fiction," *Genre XVI* (Fall 1983): 197-218.

Turner, Joseph W. "The Kinds of Historical Fiction: An Essay in Definition and Methodology," *Genre* XII (Fall 1979): 333-55.

White, Hayden. *Content of Form*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press, 1987.

---. *Metahistory*. Maryland: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1973.



S/N