

I: Introduction and Review of Literature

Introduction

Gabriel García Márquez, a prolific writer on the socio-political malaise rampant in the Latin American countries, has based his fictional dictator on a variety of real-life autocrats, including Gustavo Rojas Pinilla of Columbia; Francisco Franco of Spain, and Juan Vicente Gomez of Venezuela. The dictator, as portrayed in the novel *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, suffers from severe psycho-somatic disorders consequent to his investing upon himself all the state power. He keeps himself in power with the help of atrocities and ruthless behavior. Consequently, the product is a universal story of the disastrous effects created by the concentration of power into a single person.

A "poem on the solitude of power" according to the author, the novel is a flowing tract on the life of an eternal dictator. The book is divided into six sections, each retelling the same story of the infinite power held by the archetypical Caribbean tyrant. The supernatural and miraculous elements of novel apart, it is a socio-political comment on the failed politics and politicians of the economically poor South American nations. The book is written in long paragraphs with extended sentences. The general's thoughts are relayed to the reader through winding sentences which convey his desperation and loneliness alongside the atrocities and ruthless behaviour which keeps him in power.

One of the book's most striking aspects is its focus on the god-like status held by the protagonist and the unfathomable awe and respect with which his people regard him. Dictators such as Franco and Trujillo managed to hold sway over the populations of their respective nations despite internal political divisions because of the mythical aura which surrounded their persons. García Márquez symbolizes this with the discovery of the

dictator's corpse in the battered presidential palace; the newly liberated subjects are unable to identify the body of a man whose image has marked their entire lives because they are unable to see him as a human being.

The Autumn of the Patriarch incorporates a variety of real-life incidents interwoven with the fiction created by García Márquez. The expulsion of the Roman Catholic Church from Mexico in the mid-19th century is played out here in exaggerated proportions, as are the constant political games played between military and political leaders under Latin American juntas. García Márquez mocks the practice of bestowing high military rank on the young heirs of autocrats and the overspending of their families and cronies. A frighteningly accurate portrait is drawn of the intelligence director who soon directs the general's every move and constructs an apparatus of terror and political repression.

This last portrait is one of the most compelling: "advisors" have often marked the corruption and descent into oppression of some of Latin America's most outstanding dictatorships. Trujillo's Dominican Republic carried out dozens of assassinations and terror campaigns against Dominican exiles under the direction of intelligence chief Johnny Abbes García, and Peru under Alberto Fujimori was corrupted down to the last congressman by SIN chief Vladimiro Montesinos. Among García Márquez's most haunting and realistic novels, *The Autumn of the Patriarch* gives an understanding of the phenomenon of caudillismo—tyranny— a rule of the dictator, also called the military junta, as it is the case in Myanmar, and a perspective into the mindset of a nation living under oppression.

Despite the great realism shown, especially when describing the atrocities of the

patriarch, the book is full of magic too. Unbelievable and fantastic things occur, such as the sale of the sea to the gringos, the American power-mongers, who transfer it to Arizona. The book is also written with a great sense of humor and sarcasm, which are typical in García Márquez, making the reader laugh, sometimes even at tragic events.

To grasp the fact that the novel is a politically charged account of the poor continent's failed statesmanship, some reference to its writing and the writer in the making is desirable. In 1968 when Gabriel García Márquez began to write this majestic novel, he told an interviewer that the only image he had of it for years was that of an incredibly old man walking through the huge, abandoned rooms of a palace full of animals. Some of his friends remember him saying as far back as 1958, when as a newsman he was witnessing the fall of Marcos Pérez Jiménez in Venezuela, that he would one day write a book about a dictator. He has since spoken of the influence of the life of the Venezuelan *caudillo*, military ruler, Juan Vicente Gómez, on this book. He himself lived for years under the Rojas Pinilla dictatorship in his native Colombia. So, the experience of military dictatorship was nothing new for him.

Márquez covered the trial of a Batista butcher in the early days of Castro's Cuban takeover. He lived in Spain during the interminable rattlings of Franco's elusive death, when that country was a hospitable journey's end for deposed Latin dictators. He has added to these times of his own life fragments from the long history of dictators. Márquez draws on the history of the deaths of Julius Caesar in ancient Rome, and of Benito Mussolini in mid twentieth century Italy. Also, the machinations of American and British secret service agents in supplying gunboats for supporting the military rule in his continent has turned out to be another subject of treatment in the novel.

He has absorbed and re-imagined all this, and more, and emerged with a stunning portrait of the archetype: the pathological fascist tyrant. And so his patriarch, the unnamed General — the General of the Universe — is an unnamed Caribbean nation, lives to be anywhere between 107 and 232 years old, sires 5,000 children, all runts, all born after seven-month gestations. His birth is miraculous, so much so that it is reported that like the birth of Jesus Christ who did not have an earthly father but was conceived by Virgin Mary overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, he also was born of a woman out of wed lock. He is a bird woman's bastard, born in a convent doorway, gifted at birth with huge, deformed feet and an enlarged testicle the size of a fig, which whistles a tune of pain to him every moment of his impossibly long life. The graffiti—the drawings and illustrations — on the walls of the servants' toilet give him oracular insight into traitorous cohorts. Later, when one of his ministers tried to raise an uprising against him, he chops off the same minister and serves roasted for dinner to a gathering of his generals. Such are the monstrosities committed by the tyrant against his opponents.

The patriarch, the supreme ruler of a Caribbean country has such power that when he orders the time of day changes three to eight in the morning to deliver himself from darkness, the roses open two hours before dew time. His influence is so indelible that eventually his cows are born with his hereditary presidential brand. His venality is such that he rigs the weekly lottery, using children under seven to draw the winning three numbers, and he always wins all three. To quiet the children about their enforced complicity, he imprisons them. When they number 2,000 and the Pope anguishes publicly over their disappearance and the League of Nations investigates it, he isolates the children in the wilderness after a Nazi-like deportation in boxcars, and finally drowns

them at sea, denying they ever existed.

But his most fantastic depredation is the sale of the Caribbean Sea to the Americans, the so-called patrons of democracy who bolster up any fascist and military regime, provided it is pro-American in policies, who have kept him in power. The United States ambassador orders in giant suction dredges and nautical engineers, who carry off the sea in numbered pieces to plant it far from the hurricanes in the blood-red dawns of Arizona and they leave behind a torn crater, a deserted plain of harsh lunar dust. To replace the breezes that were lost when the sea went away, another U.S. ambassador gives the General a wind machine. Such exaggerations arise suspicion as to the authenticity of the details, but the point is that America has played active role in raising and sustaining military dictators in its southern flank.

The novel makes leaps forward and backward in time. Sentences at times run on for three pages, with dialogue neither quoted nor paragraphed. García Márquez has compounded the problems by making the novel a puzzle of pronouns, consistently changing narrative points of view in mid-sentence. For instance: ". . .he saw more infamy and more ingratitude than had ever been seen and wept over by my eyes since the day I was born, mother. . ." The he, the my, and the I all refer to the General. The narration is largely within the General's mind, but García Márquez also enters other minds with brief intensity, often speaks in the collective voice of all people in the blasted nation; and so, through relentless immersion of the reader in these exquisitely detailed perspectives, he illuminates the monster internally and externally and delivers him whole. There is no conventional plot, only chronologically scrambled episodes that take the General from birth to death through an unspecified modern era in which the king and queen of

Babylonia co-exist with closed-circuit television. He is traced through assassination attempts, atrocities, comically senile sexual perversity, through marriage to a nun and a ridiculous war with the church to have his mother canonized, through meaningless, empty politics that have nothing to do with his untouchable power, through doomed palace revolts and the rise and fall of a mad secret police chief who keeps sending him sacks of heads of presumed enemies.

The General deteriorates from a deformed, charismatic stud into a mindless blood beast imprisoned on the "throne of illusions" that his power creates, unable to say what is true now, or what was true in the beginning. He comes to think of himself as God and names his son Emanuel. He is a spectacle, the embodiment of egocentric evil unleashed, maniacally violent, and cosmically worthless and despite pretensions to eternity, as devoid of meaning as anything else in an absurd world. His main contribution to life, finally, is fear.

The General presumes to have love of a kind for his goddess mother and his lusty wife. But he loves them the way he loves and softly caresses his wounded testicle: as an extension of himself. Given time, he will annihilate anything that is not of, by, from, or for himself. The incapacity to love seems to stand, rather, as another fact of the General's life, like the whistle of his hernia, or the seed of his unknown father, or his discovery that a lie is more comfortable than doubt. And these facts, under the hand of this master novelist, accumulate not to explain anything simply, but to embody a most complex and terrible vision of Latin America's ubiquitous, long-living demon.

Review of Literature

Gabriel Garcia Marquez's novel *The Autumn of the Patriarch* (1975) is a novel written on the theme of the solitude of power, a flowing tract on the life of an eternal dictator. The dictator is the archetypical Caribbean tyrant. The dictator of the novel is reminiscent of various real life military dictators in the region. Because of the resemblance and affinity with the reality, the novel becomes of interest to any one wishing to grasp the political reality of the South American countries, not least Columbia. Treating the theme of power concentrated in a single person, the novel warns of the folly of people who make personality cult of their leaders.

William Kennedy examines the way the novel objectifies the monster of tyranny, and the warning contained therein. In his article "A Stunning Portrait of a Monstrous Caribbean Tyrant" he writes thus:

The General deteriorates from a deformed, charismatic stud into a mindless blood beast imprisoned on the "throne of illusions" that his power creates, unable to say what is true now, or what was true in the beginning. He comes to think of himself as God and names his son Emanuel. The book is a supreme polemic, a spiritual exposé, an attack against any society that encourages or even permits the growth of such a monstrosity. García Márquez objectifies the monster and at novel's end attempts to explain it as the consequences of the General's incapacity to love. (Kennedy)

People invested with unlimited and absolute power are thus led into believing them to be some superhuman powers, even gods. The general in the novel, taking him for a god, names his son Emmanuel. It is difficult to find a greater blasphemy from a theological viewpoint, and it is a case of supreme megalomania from a psychological viewpoint.

The publishers have written this blurb for the novel: "... *The Autumn of the Patriarch* is a brilliant tale of a Caribbean tyrant and the corruption of power. From charity to deceit, benevolence to violence, fear of God to extreme cruelty, the dictator of *The Autumn of the Patriarch* embodies the best and the worst of human nature." To cite further:

Gabriel Garcí a Márquez, the renowned master of magical realism, vividly portrays the dying tyrant caught in the prison of his own dictatorship. Employing an innovative, dreamlike style, and overflowing with symbolic descriptions, the novel transports the reader to a world that is at once fanciful and real. (from the blurb)

The employment of magical realism to depict the dying dictator is apt for the purpose of the novel. Stephen Kinzer also comments about the fictional work reflecting the factual one as it is seen in Latin America:

The Autumn of the Patriarch, a lush and phantasmagorical portrait of a Latin American dictator and his impact on the people he tyrannizes. The fictional dictator, Garcia Marquez once said, was based on a composite of three Latin leaders known for their cruelty and corruption: Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican

Republic, Marcos Perez Jimenez of Venezuela and Anastasio Somoza Garcia, patriarch of the clan that ruled Nicaragua for nearly half a century. (Kinzer 4)

Perhaps, himself as a writer who had been fighting tyranny and fundamentalism of any sort, Salman Rushdie comes up all admiration for the novel. Commenting upon the link between the formal structure of the novel and its thematic content, Rushdie writes:

In *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, the interminable sentences are the formal expression of the interminable tyranny that is the book's subject; a dictatorship so oppressive that all change, all possibility of development, is stifled. The power of the patriarch stops time, and the text proceeds to swirl and eddy around the stories of his reign, its non-linear form providing an exact analogy for the feeling of endless stasis. (Rushdie 303)

The critics cited above unfailingly point to the link between the stylistics and its semantics. The political issue at hand, the threat of dictatorship in the Latin American countries, the harrowing life of people living there: they are treated with a rare sympathy and charm. This research intends to study the novel in the light of the biblical story according to which Satan, the creation of God, tried to think himself as equal to or even greater than God. The dictator in the novel too commits such an offence by naming his son as Emmanuel, the name given to Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

The primary tool for this thesis will be to study the novel in light of the details which refer to the political reality of the countries reflected in the novel. The biography of the novelist as a person, who exiled himself from his native land for fear of being falsely executed by the dictatorship, will be useful as well. The concept of archetype as

propounded by Carl Gustav Jung is a major tool for this thesis. Satan, as recorded in the Bible, aspired to take the position of God because he was gifted with music and beauty. The dictator in the novel assumes the position of God by naming his son as Emmanuel because he enjoys supreme power. This primitive motive of trying to compare oneself with God and even excel Him is present in the unconscious of human psychology, because it is an archetypal image imbedded in the collective unconscious of human beings.

Also, Salman Rushdie's comments on such issues as politics, literature, the threat of tyrannies in the modern times will be referred to while explicating the text. For this purpose, his essay collection *Imaginary Homelands* will be used.

II: Discussion of Tool

Archetype: Concept and Definition

In general parlance, an archetype means an example or model, a prototype, an epitome. By extension, the literary and widely used meaning of the term encompasses anything that represents the idea of something. To be still more explicit, by the use of archetype a certain sort of symbolic practice is delineated in literary practices. In the twentieth century, it was the philosopher and critic Carl Gustav Jung, first a disciple to Dr. Sigmund Freud and latter a disclaimer of his master's exclusively sexual and neurotic concern regarding literature, who began the movement now so well known as archetypal criticism in which literature is studied as the consequence of the creative impulse in human beings. This creative impulse, unlike the sensual impulse which is entirely personal as contended by Freud, is collective, sometimes known as collective unconscious. By collective unconscious, Jung meant a repository of "racial memories" and of primordial images and patterns of experience that are shared by all individuals in all cultures. If an idea becomes recurrent in the life of a community, through its use in literature or cultural practices, that idea becomes an archetype. Thus archetype can embody art, dream, and myth as they repeatedly talk of certain types of experience in human life from times immemorial. For instance, water is the archetypal image of life, since life dependent on it and it is supposed by science and myths too that it was in around sources of water that life first originated and that civilizations flourished.

For explaining his terminology of the archetype, Jung has contrasted his theory of the collective unconscious with the one of personal unconscious as argued by Freud to be

the driving force for the creation of literature. Collective unconscious is something like a container which receives the psychical residue or racial memories that recur in the life of people across the world regardless of their cultures or religion. To quote Jung on this topic so that it will be clear what he means by collective unconscious:

The collective unconscious is not to be thought of as a self-subsistent entity; it is no more than a potentiality handed down to us from primordial times in the specific form of mnemonic images or inherited in the anatomical structure of the brain. There are no inborn ideas, but there are inborn possibilities of ideas that set bounds to even the boldest fantasy and keep our fantasy activity within certain categories. . . (790)

Collective unconscious, thus defined by Jung, is possibilities for the production of ideas and the control of our activities accordingly. In this light, our inner urges and drives to be rulers, respected by all and to be immortal are ingrained in our unconscious whether we know it or not. This explanation accounts for the fact that there are people who want to rival God in His Godhood by becoming godlike themselves. This desire is not their personal product. It is the result, if we believe what the Holy Bible so adamantly claims, of the fact that we are all the descendants of the originally sinful parents, Adam and Eve, who thought of achieving godhood by eating the forbidden fruit of knowledge. The sin has been working under us as yet. It has taken the most fundamental form of the collective unconscious. In biblical terminology, it is generational unconscious, carrying down in effect the generational curse pronounced by God after the primeval fall of Adam and Eve. The generational curse entails death—both bodily and spiritual, lack of harmony

and restraint, excessive greed and vanity, and every other conceivable sinfulness we face today.

Another technical term Jung has employed in connection with his exposition of the concept of collective unconscious is archetype. An archetype is primordial image, a figure which constantly recurs in the course of human history and arts. Archetypes are myth-forming structural images. They are not fully spelled out forms of human behavior, rather they are the predispositions inherited by all humanity to respond to a situation in a certain way. Archetypes take the help of myth to make themselves palpable an effective in the life of people. Dreams too are expressions of archetypes, and for Jung, “personalized myths” and myths are “depersonalized dreams”. Jeremy Hawthorn maintains in his volume *A Glossary of Contemporary Literary Theory*, that archetypal criticism is noticed in the works of Sigmund Freud and Freudian uses of the Oedipus complex. (18). Similarly, M.H. Abrams also elaborates the meaning of archetype according to which the term archetype “denotes recurrent narrative designs, patterns of action, character types, or images which are said to be identifiable in a wide variety of works of literature, as well as in myths, dreams, and even ritualized modes of social behavior” (224)

As some myths have maintained, certain gods or goddesses have control over time and season. Such stories are not uncommon. But similar control over seemingly uncontrollable matters in modern times suggests a newer type of mythologizing. The same happens in the novel *Autumn of the Patriarch* as it recounts the story of a ruler who can command for the change in time and season. In the ancient Greek mythology, Zeus was acknowledged as the King of the gods. He was supposed to have unconditional and

uncontested power over every other gods and goddesses and human beings. There was no possibility of any one questioning or opposing his verdict in matters concerning the destiny and life of the people and gods. What characterized him as the King of gods was his absolute power which enabled him to have the final say in all matters. Similarly, the president in the present novel is beyond any doubt of being unrecognized and unacknowledged as the destiny maker and destroyer of his subjects. He is even supposed to, or at least has given that impression, that he can control even natural processes as the movement of the sun and the passage of time by his sheer commands which can change the time by hours. He is supposed to be believed and obeyed without any demerit. Otherwise poor will be the fate of the person defying his royal and supreme verdict as to what should be treated and swallowed as the truth and what should be avoided as the falsity.

Archetypal criticism argues that archetypes determine the form and function and the image of literary works. Archetypal criticism also states that the meaning of a text is shown by cultural and psychological myths and stereotypes. Archetypes, which are recurring images, symbols, patterns, and characters such as a good and a bad character, may include motifs such as the quest as that of the quest for the holy grail, recognizable character types such as good character or bad character or the clumsy side kick, symbols like the apple or snake, numbers like three or seven, or images used. These images already have meaning when they are placed into the story.

This type of criticism comes from the psychologist Carl Jung. He stated that human kind has a collective unconscious. This is manifested in dreams, myths and harbors themes and images that we all inherit. Literature, therefore, imitates not the world

but rather the total dream of humankind. This is saying that literature reflects all of human kind.

Archetypal critics think of different types of criticism such as New Criticism as too involved simply with the text. These critics feel as though New Criticism is too purely literary and should not only look at the text. By only using the words and not your own mind to interpret the play or writing you will not get everything that is hidden in the text. Using archetypal criticism we can stereotype the text. We read and watch things from movies and books such as black hats, springtime settings, evil stepmothers, etc. When reading texts that are new to you then you can associate different sections and images in that reading with other things that you have read beforehand. This shows that a reader cannot solely rely on the text and the words on the paper but rather the reader must consider the deeper meaning and the stereotypes and archetypes in the reading not just in the text.

By using archetypes the writer can let the reader connect with the archetypes of their time such as in movies and as well as in reading such as using basic beliefs, fears, and anxieties of their age. By connecting the reader to the archetypal symbols and images the reader can more fully connect with the reading and the images in the reading and also on the movies. By using a different criticism such as New Criticism you may not be able to fully connect with the readers' emotions and thoughts. If the reader is only thinking about translating the words on the paper in criticism such as New Criticism then they will not connect with the text and the author. With archetypal Criticism the reader can do this. By using images seen in other texts and movies and ones that are related to the readers, time can draw the reader into the writing.

An instance of a literary work which lends easily to an archetypal criticism is the play *Macbeth*. In my mind I see that Macbeth is the evildoer throughout the entire play. He is not always this way, which is the idea that puts a twist to the play. Macbeth is a good guy until the ladies turn him evil in the black pointy hats and he is then the villain who kills Duncan the king. We do not see the true hero of the play until the end of the play when Mac Duff comes into action. He is the person that kills Macbeth and restores order to the kingdom. He is the true hero who prevails and brings life back to the goodness while the evil villain is put to death and taken out of the picture. Mac Duff shows that he is going to be the hero by saying he has no word, and his voice is in his sword. Macbeth is destined to meet his doom, his archetypal destiny, and dies at the hand of Mac Duff. Thus the reenactment of death is performed.

Archetypal criticism argues that archetypes determine the form and function and the image of literary works and it states that the meaning of a text is shown by cultural and psychological myths and stereotypes. These archetypes are seen in many types of movies, books, and show and can be related to other images seen in previous movies and texts. Archetypal criticism more fully brings the reader into the text and the movie and the show by actually using motifs and images that the reader and viewer can relate to and that he or she has seen many times before.

Archetypal criticism maintains that all literature contains "archetypes," original patterns or prototypes from which copies are made. Critics of this school search for character, situations, images, symbols, or themes found not only in literature but also in dreams, folk-tales, mythology, ritual, and everyday life. They use the resources of anthropology and Jungian psychology. Its main premise is that an understanding of these

recurrent archetypal patterns will help illuminate the individual text by connecting it to more universal patterns that often transcend literature itself.

Thus, archetypal criticism is a form of criticism which is based on the psychology of Carl Jung, who argues that there are two levels of the unconscious: the personal, which comprises repressed memories that are part of an individual's psyche, and the archetypal, which comprises the racial memory of a collective unconscious, a storehouse of images and patterns, vestigial traces of which inhere in all human beings and which find symbolic expression in all human art.

In the study of languages it is very common to find two words in different languages having great similarity in form and meaning. Linguists then look for a parent word which is the root of both words. But the parent word and its language may be lost, so their existence becomes purely hypothetical. An archetype is like the hypothetical parent word from which the different existing words stem. An archetype is thus a prototype or mold capable of modification depending on the circumstances. It is general and universal, primordial and recurrent. In fairy tales, legends, mythology and literature, an archetype may appear as a character - e.g. the loathly lady, the temptress, the witch, the braggart, the buffoon, the scapegoat, the earth mother, the questing hero, and so on. Or it may appear as a situation - e.g. the quest, various rites of passage, the journey, the fall, death and rebirth, and so on. Or it may appear as a symbol or association - e.g. light-darkness, water-desert, heaven-hell, and so on. As we will discover, there are also archetypes peculiar to literary expression itself: namely, the archetypal patterns of romance, irony, tragedy, and comedy.

Despite this recent research, the collective unconscious is still not directly knowable; it is impossible to define with precision, for we don't know its boundaries or its true nature. But we can observe its manifestations, for the collective unconscious expresses itself through archetypes, which Jung described as "the unconscious images of the instincts themselves... they are patterns of instinctual behavior." He also wrote that "The primordial image or archetype is a figure, whether it be a demon, man, or process, that repeats itself in the course of history whenever creative fantasy is freely manifested. Essentially, therefore, it is a mythological figure. If we subject these images to a closer examination, we discover them to be the formulated resultants of countless typical experiences of our ancestors. They are, as it were, the psychic residue of numberless experiences of the same type." So archetypes are primordial and universal, the essential content of the collective unconscious and the psychological counterpart to physiological instincts.

Jung's reference to archetype as a "mythological figure" suggests an intimate connection between archetype and myth. In fact Jung unraveled many of the symbols of his patients' dreams by a careful comparative study of various religions and mythologies. Jung believed that myths were not invented by primitive minds in an attempt to explain something they didn't understand, but that to the primitive mind they were a symbolic reality, full of vital meaning. According to Jung, "myths are original revelations of the preconscious psyche, involuntary statements about unconscious psychic happenings, and anything but allegories of physical processes." Jung furthermore believed that man needs to create and experience myths in order to have a healthy psyche. Much of the trauma of 20th century life, from Jung's perspective, is the result of our attempting to turn away

from mythology and thus deny a religious attitude that will give meaning and value to our lives.

It was not until the work of the Canadian literary critic Northrop Frye that archetypal criticism was theorized in purely literary terms. The major work of Frye's to deal with archetypes is *Anatomy of Criticism* but his essay "The Archetypes of Literature" is a precursor to the book. Frye's thesis in "The Archetypes of Literature" remains largely unchanged in *Anatomy of Criticism*. Frye's work helped displace New Criticism as the major mode of analyzing literary texts, before giving way to structuralism and semiotics. Frye's work breaks from both Frazer and Jung in such a way that it is distinct from its anthropological and psychoanalytical precursors. For Frye, the death-rebirth myth that Frazer sees manifest in agriculture and the harvest is not ritualistic since it is involuntary, and therefore, must be done. As for Jung, Frye was uninterested about the collective unconscious on the grounds of feeling it was unnecessary: since the unconscious is unknowable it cannot be studied. How archetypes came to be was also of no concern to Frye; rather, the function and effect of archetypes is his interest. For Frye, literary archetypes "play an essential role in refashioning the material universe into an alternative verbal universe that is humanly intelligible and viable, because it is adapted to essential human needs and concerns" (Abrams 224-225).

There are two basic categories in Frye's framework, comedic and tragic. Each category is further subdivided into two categories: comedy and romance for the comedic; tragedy and satire (or ironic) for the tragic. Though he is dismissive of Frazer, Frye uses the seasons in his archetypal schema. Each season is aligned with a literary genre: comedy with spring, romance with summer, tragedy with autumn, and satire with winter.

Comedy is aligned with spring because the genre of comedy is characterized by the birth of the hero, revival and resurrection. Also, spring symbolizes the defeat of winter and darkness. Romance and summer are paired together because summer is the culmination of life in the seasonal calendar, and the romance genre culminates with some sort of triumph, usually a marriage. Autumn is the dying stage of the seasonal calendar, which parallels the tragedy genre because it is, above all, known for the “fall” or demise of the protagonist. Satire is metonymized with winter on the grounds that satire is a “dark” genre; satire is a disillusioned and mocking form of the three other genres. It is noted for its darkness, dissolution, the return of chaos, and the defeat of the heroic figure.

The context of a genre determines how a symbol or image is to be interpreted. Frye outlines five different spheres in his schema: human, animal, vegetation, mineral, and water. The comedic human world is representative of wish-fulfillment and being community centered. In contrast, the tragic human world is of isolation, tyranny, and the fallen hero. Animals in the comedic genres are docile and pastoral (e.g. sheep), while animals are predatory and hunters in the tragic (e.g. wolves). For the realm of vegetation, the comedic is, again, pastoral but also represented by gardens, parks, roses and lotuses. As for the tragic, vegetation is of a wild forest, or as being barren. Cities, a temple, or precious stones represent the comedic mineral realm. The tragic mineral realm is noted for being a desert, ruins, or “of sinister geometrical images” (Frye 1456). Lastly, the water realm is represented by rivers in the comedic.

Myth criticism explores the nature, function, and significance of these primordial images or archetypal patterns. Whereas Jung focuses on the genesis of these archetypes, myth critics such as Northrop Frye focus on their analysis. For Frye, an archetype is "a

symbol, usually an image, which recurs often enough in literature to be recognizable as an element of one's literary experience." Frye devises an elaborate taxonomy of modes, symbols, myths, and genres, establishing a complex and comprehensive correspondence between the basic genres -- comedy, romance, tragedy, and irony -- and the myths and archetypal patterns associated with the seasonal cycle of spring, summer, fall, and winter etc.

Political Significance of the Novel

The Autumn of the Patriarch is written in 16 gigantic sentences. It tells the grotesquely phantasmagorical story of a prototypical Latin American dictator who refuses to leave power even after everything around him has rotted and died. Like most other important Latin American writers, García Márquez has been politically committed to the poor and the weak and has opposed in words and deeds the domestic oppression and foreign economic exploitation of the Colombian people.

The narration is largely within the General's mind, but García Márquez also enters other minds with brief intensity, often speaks in the collective voice of all people in the blasted nation; and so, through relentless immersion of the reader in these exquisitely detailed perspectives, he illuminates the monster internally and externally and delivers him whole.

The recurrent theme in the novel is the death and rising again from the dead, the rise of the supposedly decayed ruler over enjoys seeing peoples suffer from dilemma so that what they may be doing, they may not forget that he is a true saviour who cleans the begging lepers or other such physically, plus mentally unfit persons.

The tyrant has been noticed to be dead, as it has already been prophesized by the soothsayers. But, despite their being witness to his death, the people are not ready to believe and accept it so easily. The reason is that once already he had been portrayed and displayed as dead. And many believed, celebrated his death, one even went so far as to kick at the corpse. And some came sincerely to mourn for the death of their familiar ruler, some to show they had not forgotten his kindness on them. That death, as it transpired later, was a simulated one; the general president had not died. It was his cunning way of evaluating who is who, and who is against whom. Terror, the result of such tricks and deceptions, reins in the present too. In our own time, we have witnessed the case of the death of the North Korean leader Kim Ill Sung whose death was kept secret of for some days, and whose ill health was concealed for years. Presently, the Cuban president Fidel Castro is undergoing a severe and fatal health crisis which he is not likely to overcome. His appearance in the office and in public programmes has been a myth for over a year. Yet, the government controlled media has left no stone unturned in giving the illusion to the Cubans and the world that the charismatic leader is ever green. We don't quite see why tyrants try to keep the fact of their ill health and death a mystery to the world though they know it can not be concealed for long.

Pathology of the Tyrant

It takes a diseased mentality, a disturbed psyche to be a monstrous person in life. The psychological reasons behind the imbalanced activities and eccentricities of a person can effectively be accounted for by the family background and childhood experience of a person. If one had suffered severe familial set backs early on in life, one is likely to bear the burnt of that for the life. The formative years of childhood are largely responsible for

determining what sort of outlook one will espouse in life. The same case is applicable in the idiosyncratic life of the tyrant, the unnamed Prince of the universe, a Latin American dictator.

The biographical information as recorded in the novel tells us that the tyrant was a fatherless child whom his mother reared in relatively poor circumstances, nonetheless with sufficient parental love and care that was possible from an uneducated mother. The lack of the father later sets heavily in the mentality of the ruler and he goes on to defy all sorts of rumor about his illegitimate or uncared for birth in the absence of a father, by declaring that he was conceived miraculously, without his mother having to take recourse to sexual intercourse. This myth serves two purposes at once: first, the ruler is not a common person; he is born of divine intervention; second, therefore, he should never be opposed, as it was the plan of the destiny for him to be the ruler possibly for eternity.

That he is not mentally; and psychologically fit to be a ruler of a country is testified to by the fact that he even rehearses a death scene of his so as to cleanse the possibly murderous and threatening elements for his life and regime. He undergoes a massive humiliation trial in the guise of being dead to catch the culprits who dare to speak against and who enjoy his death with candles and bells. The simulated diseases that are displayed in the death scene are actually the real ones too: he has herniated testicle, inner physical weakness and deformed psyche that feed only on suspicion and power mania. The physical disease feigned in the earlier stages is later going to be the actual disease. The irony is that though he is assumed to be the life giving, leprosy-healing deity whose touch would absolutely absolve one of all fatal diseases, he himself is a psychologically tortured fellow. He can neither trust nor command the respect or love of

his closest ally and officers. Tyrants are no civilized being, at least not in the modern sense of the term by which we mean sensible and educated to the minimum degree. Our tyrant, as the novelist so piquantly depicts is a totally illogical and illiterate man. We are told:

[. . .] previously, during the occupation by the marines, he would shut himself up in his office to decide the destiny of the nation with the commandant of the forces of the landing and sign all matters of laws and decrees with his thumbprint, for in those days he did not know how to read or write, but when they left him alone with his nation and his power again he did not poison his blood again with the sluggishness of written law, but governed orally and physically, present at every moment and everywhere with a flinty parsimony but also with a diligence inconceivable at his age, besieged by mobs of lepers, blind people and cripples who begged for the salt of health from his hands, and lettered politician and dauntless adulators who proclaimed him the corrector of earthquakes, eclipses, leap years and other errors of God, . . . they put it back, the clock in the tower should not strike twelve at twelve o'clock but two times so that life would seem longer, the order was carried out, without an instant of hesitation, without a pause. . . (7).

So even time is in the control of this fascist tyrant. No, time is not in his hands, which can not happen; it is possible only with God to make time constant, earlier, or slower, as it is recorded in Bible. But the tyrant wanted to create the illusion as if he is not going to die soon, and the people too should not feel they have been under the rule of this person for

so long. He is here depicted, with a tinge of satire, to possess the power of God; he can heal the lepers, blinded ones and paralyzed ones, as Jesus Christ did as recorded in the New Testament. But this too is just an illusion, giving the effect of his being supreme ruler and healer. He himself suffers from the tenderly terribly enlarged testicle which he has to sooth by keeping it warm between two palms while going to sleep. He is totally unworthy to take charge of the presidency of the nation if we check his efficiency. An illiterate person cannot be a successful ruler in these times. Second, he has no respect for law and order. Now that he has become the uncontested, unrivalled leader, he rules the country the way he likes to. He does not need any written, public norms, principle, laws to live by; he can decree any law instantly whenever he feels like doing that. This all points to one single direction: accumulation of power in one person maddens the person and makes the life of the people under his domination a living hell. This is what John Locke was saying when he said "power tends to corrupt an absolute power tends to corrupt absolutely". The desire to be the absolute ruler is itself a lethal tendency leading inevitably to genocide and tyranny an effort to keep up appearances under the garb of general consent and respect of the people.

The tyrant has a terrible sense of self-importance, which can possibly be not captured by the word megalomania. He is sure his mother did not give birth to bother about what the prophecies said but to command. This negligence to prophets' warnings and visions of saints was made by ruler and leaders in the Biblical times as well. Similar is the sense of the tyrant. He even goes to the extent of committing the unforgivable sin of blasphemy when he compares himself with the person of God.

“Bendicion Alvarado didn’t bring me into the world to pay any heed to basins but to command, and after all I am what I am, and not you” (20).

The use of the biblical wording "I am that I am" is a sort of pun here: the president is not any body else, which is applicable in the case if any Tom Dick and Harry. In the Book of Exodus, chapter three verse fourteen, God revealed himself to Moses and commanded him to lead the Israelites out of their slavery there for over four hundred years. Moses gets suspicious that his people will not believe him and would ask him who told him to take up such a job. Then, the history goes, God named himself “I AM THAT I AM” (Exodus 3:14). The real point is: as god created the world and everything, so he does not have to depend upon anything to fulfill his plans. Likewise, the ruler, being in the charge of absolute power, and not take care of what suggestions others might like to provide to him. He is there to command, not to listen to others. This is a supreme instance of conceited power, might, and immortality. But he is doomed to die, sooner or later, that is the only case. There is nothing to celebrate in the General's long and tortured life. He is given endless opportunity to persuade us that his anguish and grief and bafflement are real. But we are never persuaded. He is not even pitiable. He is a spectacle, the embodiment of egocentric evil unleashed, maniacally violent, and cosmically worthless and despite pretensions to eternity, as devoid of meaning as anything else in an absurd world. His main contribution to life, finally, is fear; but fear such as thunder, cancer or madness may provoke, fear based on irrational possibility, on the oblique ravages of a diabolical deity.

Though the tyrant loves to think of himself as a deity, he has satanic character to the core. Whereas “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16), the tyrant loves only himself. He is unable to love any body else. Self-centrism of the worst order is his fatal weakness and deadliest sin, bequeathed, speaking along the biblical lines, from the Satan, the arch rebel against God and His love and creation. The tyrant has tried to compensate for that infamous fate [of being unable to love] with the burning cultivation of the solitary vice of power. He has made himself victim of his own sect to be immolated on the flames of that infinite holocaust, he has fed on fallacy and crime, he has flourished in impiety and dishonor and he has put himself above his feverish avarice and his congenital fear only to keep until the end of time the little glass ball [his personal symbol of the nation] in his hand without knowing that it was an endless vice the satiety of which generated its own appetite until the end of all times.

The novel under study in this paper is a character study in corruption and tyranny – García Márquez called it “a poem on the solitude of power.” Its focal character is an archetypical South American dictator, a nameless creature whose genius at politics and survival is set off against his profound loneliness and paranoia. In order to do research on his subject, García Márquez lived for awhile in Barcelona, which was still under the control of Franco, as well as troubled Caracas, and of course the Pinilla regime in his native country. Stalin was also an inspiration, and when García Márquez visited his tomb, he was struck by Stalin’s smooth hands, a trait that he passed on to his fictional autocrat. García Márquez has this to say: “His intention was always to make a synthesis of all the Latin American dictators, but especially those from the Caribbean. Nevertheless, the personality of Juan Vicente Gómez [of Venezuela] was strong ...” (Kamer 16)

Literature and reality are often inextricably intertwined. This fact is addressed by Salman Rushdie in his critical essays collection *Imaginary Homelands*. In his essay “Outside the Whale” which parodies George Orwell’s “Inside the Whale”, Rushdie maintains that writers have always been at a continual conflict with the politicians who are given to misleading the general public with a misleading and falsified version of history. Orwell had concluded that the writers are inside the whale, meaning they are and should be free from world affairs. True art, he argued, has nothing to do with politics and that “a writer does well to keep out of politics” (94). Contrarily, Rushdie advocates an engaged plight of the writers. As he makes a humorous and perceptive observation, there are no safe corners in the modern world:

We live in a world without hiding places; the missiles have made sure of that. However much we may wish to return to the womb, we cannot be unborn. So we are left with a fairly straightforward choice. Either we agree to delude ourselves, to lose ourselves in the fantasy of the great fish, from which a second metaphor is that of Pangloss’s garden; or we can do what all human beings do instinctively when they realize that the womb has been lost for ever—that is, we can make the very devil of a racket.

Where Orwell wished quietism, let there be rowdyism (90).

Therefore it is common to note the political motif drawn to the literary one in the novel under study. As Rushdie sees it, the writers and the politicians are at odds with each other. That is so because the politicians always try to mislead the people but the writers try to tell the truth and thereby defy the falsified political version of the history.

Márquez, in this sense, is opposed to the overruling patriarch who wants to create and dismantle truths, natural phenomena and even time, as per his will and convenience.

A creature beautifully pure in his cruelty and despair, García Márquez's tyrant is locked in this poetic novel like a monstrous butterfly in a collection of atrocities. And the device that García Márquez uses to pin him down for examination is a relentless and overwhelming prose, a winding sheet of endless words twisting through the tyrant's head. Composed of lengthy, unpunctuated sentences, the narrative is brutally swift in pace, its sharp points falling upon its subjects in a rain of daggers.

The dense but fluid prose makes *The Autumn of the Patriarch* García Márquez's most challenging novel; but it also makes it one of his most exciting. Reminiscent of the writing of Samuel Beckett and William Faulkner the narrative flow is breathtaking yet deliberately confusing, placing the reader in a nightmare labyrinth of time and space, and forcing one to construct the story from a collection of nonlinear fragments. Unlike Molly's soliloquy, however, the point of view does not always remain with the tyrant – like a sinuous whip, it writhes through the minds of the characters and furiously lashes the page, unleashing its torrent of horror and beauty. Even reality itself is subsumed by the telling of the tale, and objectivity flexes or breaks with the stresses of the tyrant's evil: this is a man who can sell the very ocean itself to the Americans, and from whose grasp love floats away under the dark of the sun. At times, one gets the feeling that the book is a form of exorcism, extracting the tyrant from the author's soul like poison drawn from of a wound. Trapped in his paper cage, the Patriarch is indeed plagued by a persistent “buzzing” in his ear: no doubt he senses the narrative itself, a tireless engine driving him, so to speak, through the acute sense of his to his inevitable destruction.

The Autumn of the Patriarch is a brilliant novel, but critically underrated and woefully under-read. While there is no doubt that both its stylistic difficulty and unpleasant subject have kept many readers away from its pages it is a novel of darkness. Marquez blends symbolism with smooth yet complex prose in depicting the rueful plight brought on to the commoner in the South American setting.

Some critics praise writers by saying that their book is like a slap in the face, slap to all the dictators who aspire to hold the absolute power in their hand even if it seems ridiculous as the dictator of the novel does by commanding that time be adjusted to his whim. Marquez often writes books that are more like a stomp on the head. The novel has some two hundred and fifty pages and thirty-two sentences. There are no paragraphs, just a sprinkling of commas and one exclamation point. This is a stylistic suggestion to the fact of long drawn out military regimes in the South American continent, toyed by the capitalist world powers.

III: A Textual Analysis

Megalomania of the Tyrant

The first sin committed by a creature against the will of God was the sense of self-importance or pride. It was his ambition that he would ascend above the abode and throne of God that Satan got punished and was ousted from the heaven for ever. The same Satan tempted Adam and Eve to taste from the forbidden tree of knowledge. The promise of Satan was one of godhood and knowledge, but it resulted in damnation and death for humanity. The same Adamic sin works today in human life, giving birth to various weaknesses, vanities and pride. The underlying motive of any human action till this date is an effort to restore the lost life, and in doing so pride becomes the tool. The undue sense of self-worth is the central leitmotif of any and all human endeavours whether consciously undertaken or not.

Against this backdrop, one can fruitfully examine psyche and conduct of the Caribbean dictator. To capture his immense pride and power, the novel uses stylistic devices. One of such devices is the terribly long-winded sentence structures. The run on lines of the novel effectively give the impression that the power of the fascist tyrant is as incomprehensible and comprehensive as can be accommodated in the structure of the sentences used for describing his regime. As the narration in the sentence seems never-ending, so is the rule and power of the dictator. For instance, the enigmatic ambience exerted by the death scene of the ruler is quite confounding any one who has already known that in the past too the ruler pretended to have died but only came back to normalcy with the discovery that it was the inner circle of his own officers and employees who acted murderous when the chances of him coming back to life were so

slender and dying. The ugly scene of his demise is thus captured in lavish words which are precise to the extent of giving us a vivid picture of how much tyrannized the people were in his regime:

[. . .] and his whole body was sprouting tiny lichens and parasitic animals from the depths of the sea, especially in the armpits and the groin, and he had the canvas truss on his herniated testicle, which was the only thing that had escaped the vultures in spite of its being the size of an ox kidney, but even then we did not dare to believe in his death because it was the second time he had been found in that office, alone and dressed and dead seemingly of natural causes during his sleep, as had been announced a long time ago in the prophetic waters of soothsayers' basins. (5)

That the tyrant rules the nation not by laws and established, sanctioned methods of rule democratic but by his wayward will and obdurate decisions made off-hand is evident in the many acts he carries out without so much consultation as to think twice whether his actions are beneficial to the public or not. One reference as to how he would decide upon a course of action is recorded early on in the novel in a retrospective vein:

Previously, during the occupation by the marines, he would shut himself up in his office to decide the destiny of the nation with the commandment of forces landing and sign all manners of decrees with his thumbprint, for in those days he did not know how to read or write, but when they left him alone with his nation and his power again, he did not poison his blood with the sluggishness of written law, but governed orally and physically, present at any moment and every where [. . .]. (7)

This tells much about the lack of rule of law in an autocracy, precisely the meaning of the terms exercised in such regime: the ruler rules himself, his physical presence being there, but the absence of intellect and wise decision is present too, as is the inevitability of foolish and murderous and homicidal decisions.

He is given much applause by the misguided commoners, whose hopes have been aborted by the ineffectual politicians and who now are compelled to trust such a man of action. There is no bound of epithets and paragon nomenclatures for the general he is exalted to the status of a supreme deity, a god, a doctor, deliverer of people from their poverty, diseases, and every conceivable trouble:

Mobs of lepers, blind people and cripples who begged for the salt of health from his hands, and lettered politicians and adulators who proclaimed him the corrector of earth quakes, eclipses, leap years and other errors of God, dragging his great feet of an elephant walking in the snow all through the house as he resolved problems of state and household matters with the same simplicity with which he gave the order take that door away from here and put it over there for me, they took it away, put it back again for me, they put it back, the clock in the tower should not strike twelve at twelve o'clock but two times so that life would seem longer, the order was carried out, without a instant of hesitation, without a pause, except for the mortal hour of siesta time when he would take refuge in the shade of the concubines (7)

Thus the capacity, or rather the rumoured capacity of the ruler to heal every sort of disease, and alleviate the troubles of his people exalts him to the very status of God. The

reference is once again to his being the son of God, Jesus Christ, who healed every kind of sicknesses, from leprosy to demon possession. As already noted, the readjustment of time as per his will and order once again reinforces the impression that he cannot be otherwise than God to have control even over time.

The dying Patricio Aragones, who has lost his life on the game of dominoes with the general, and who has been acting as the president on several public occasions where the president himself was terrified to face the mass, now reveals the secrets about the atrocities of the ruler and how people would kill him if only they knew how powerless he is without their fear of him. A comment on the international politics is being made here, and this is going to be pungent for the backers of their chosen tyrants. Power houses like the USA and the UK have supported many regimes against the will of the people there because the tyrants proved good servants. This is what is being said about the president by his facsimile Aragones:

. . . every one says that you are the president of nobody and that you're not on the throne because of your big guns but because the English sat you there and the gringos kept you there with the pair of balls on their battleship, because I saw you scurrying like a cockroach this way and that, back and forth when the gringos shouted to you we're leaving you here with your nigger whorehouse [. . .]. (21-22)

This is the secret of the power the tyrant has: not by the popular support, nor even by his personal character or valor, but by dint of being a puppet in the hands of the big power-mongering countries like the United Kingdom and the United States of America. The president also knows that the moment the public sees him on the street and recognizes

him as a mortal human being as any one of them, they are going to fall upon him like a pack of dogs. There are many injustices he had committed upon the people, which account for the potentially toppling wrath of the people. Some instances of the atrocities are listed thus by Aragonés: “. . .in one case for the killing at Santa Maria del Altar, in another for the prisoners thrown into the moat of the harbour fort to be eaten by crocodiles, in another for the people you skin alive and send their hides to their families as a lesson” (22).

Since the atrocities committed by the general are so heinous and inhuman, there is a general hatred against him. Realizing this, and to obliterate any possible uprising against him, the general plots and enacts a grand death occasion of his own. This would give him opportunity to arrest and purge his rivals. The contrived death of the president is recorded at length in the novel to warn how calculating and how much given to espionage a tyranny is so as to locate the measure of their unpopularity plus the dangers they are it is likely to incur from the dissident sides. The president watches upon his own corpse and the reaction people freely express over his death or the appearance of that, at least, because he has not really died; he has just pretended that he has died. While he nearly forgets the murky reasons for the farce of his death, he is nearly flooded by emotions of softer kind as he witnesses people genuinely sorry for his loss and the lack of a leader they feel in his absence:

. . . he saw with a certain compassion how men were bereft of his authority, he saw with a hidden uneasiness those who had only come to decipher the enigma of whether it really was or was not he, he saw a very old man who gave the Masonic salute from the days of the federalist war,

he saw a man in mourning who kissed his ring, he saw a schoolgirl who laid a flower on him, he saw a fishwife who could not resist the truth of his death and strewed her basket of fresh fish all over the floor and embraced the perfumed corpse sobbing aloud that it was him, my God, what's going to become of us without him, she wept, so it was him . . .

(24)

Many, including the sacerdotal authority, are happy that a tyrant is now dead: “pontifical banquets singing with street –urchin shouts my papa is dead, hurray for freedom” (25). But it was all his espionage tactics aimed at finding the possible and real sources of threats to his person and regime.

How people, and papists of course, change the direction of their service as the changer in power is recorded most poignantly in the novel. Power has been a pivotal loyalty claimer for human kind; not the consideration of justice or truth will do, but benefit counts to human heart. The religious as well as common people start celebrating the miraculous resurrection of the president:

[. . .] the same Roman candles of excitement, the same bells of jubilation that had begun celebrating his death and went on celebrating his immortality, and there was a great permanent rally on the main square with shouts of eternal support and large signs saying God Save the Magnificent who arose from the dead on the third day, an endless celebration . . . affairs of the state took care of themselves without any help, the nation went along, he alone was the government [. . .]. (29)

This is the practice of hero worshipping, the fair-weather-friend character in human beings. His rising to life on the third day is a parody to the most amazing thing in the history of the world: the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Man, the only person begotten by Virgin Mary without sexual intercourse with any man but fathered by the power of the Holy Ghost. And no other has resurrected from the dead to prove his divinity except Jesus. Mow, the president also enacts the drama of resurrection. By the scheme of resurrection it is indicted that the president is somebody extraordinary. Similarly, his birth also is claimed to be like that of Christ: “the school texts attributed the miracle of having conceived him without recourse to any male” (40).

The president is ultimately deified, mythologized and immortalized in the school text books too. One can see this happened in Nepal as well when then King Gyanendra overthrew the constitutionally formed government and imposed his rule. He then reformed the school text books, with the photographs of the royal family on the cover pages so as to give the illusion to the public that monarchy was essential for the country. Similar is the case with the president in the novel.

But he learned to live with those and all the miseries of glory as he discovered in the course of his uncountable years that a lie is more comfortable than doubt, more useful than love, more lasting than truth, he had arrived without surprise at the ignominious fiction of commanding without power, of being exalted without glory and of being obeyed without authority ... (57)

The fear is reasonable: he knows he is obeyed and respected for the fear his authority has exerted over the people. If somehow they come to know of his testicles, his chicken-

hearted timidity, and his common, even bastardly origin, he is in the danger of being brutally executed. But by his many manipulations and threats, he has commanded the respect and awe from the people. Now the people have become so much accustomed to the presence and rule of the president that his presence has become a sort of identity for them:

For the only thing that gave us security on earth was the certainty that he was there, invulnerable to plague and hurricane, invulnerable to Manuela Sanchez's trick, invulnerable to time, dedicated to the messianic happiness of thinking for us, knowing that we knew that he would not take any decision for us that did not have our measure, for he had not survived everything because of his inconceivable courage or his infinite prudence but because he was the only one among us who knew the real size of our destiny. (87)

Thus, people believe that he has given them a sense of life and universe. For this reason he is respected among the common circles who know nothing of his reality. The stories of brutality are innumerable in the closed political system, which are the sinking bodies of the vulture. Over the weekend the vultures get into the presidential palace by pecking through the screens on the balcony windows and the flapping of their wings stirred up the stagnant time inside, and at dawn on Monday the city awakes out of its lethargy of centuries with the warm, soft breeze of a great man dead and rotting grandeur. The air there is thick, because of snowier. Only then they dare go in without attacking the crumbling walls of reinforced stone, and without using oxbows to knock the main door off its hinges, because all that was needed was for someone to give a push and the great

armored doors that had resisted the Lombard's of William Dampier during the building's heroic days gave way. The description here is given thus:

It was like entering the atmosphere of another age, because the air was thinner in the rubble pits of the vast lair of power, and the silence was more ancient, and things were hard to see in the decrepit light. All across the first courtyard, where the paving stones had given way to the underground thrust of weeds, we saw the disorder of the post of the guard who had fled, the weapons abandoned in their racks, the big, long rough-planked tables with plates containing the leftovers of the Sunday lunch that had been interrupted by panic. . . (98)

In the shadows are visible the annex where government house had been, colored fungi and pale irises among the unresolved briefs whose normal course had been slower than the pace of the driest of lives, in the center of the courtyard was the baptismal font where more than five generations had been christened with martial sacraments. In the rear is the ancient vice regal stable which had been transformed into a coach house, and among the camellias and butterflies we saw the Berlin from stirring days, the wagon from the time of the plague, the coach from the year of the comet, the hearse from progress in order, the sleep-walking limousine of the first century of peace, all in good shape under the dusty cobwebs and all painted with the colors of the flag. The archaic and dilapidated plight of the interior is suggestive of the internally corroded though outwardly shiny political appearance of a corrupt system. It is one-man despotism here which is at the verge of collapse.

The president general is too family-centered to ask any member of the cabinet in taking decisions and making declarations about the sanctity and the usefulness of the act. It is an act based entirely on the theory of nepotism and familial hype politics whereby the liked inmates are conferred the highest possible degrees, certificates, and honors as per the whim of the ruler:

It was his own and at his own risk without advising the armed forces or consulting his ministers and in the first article of which he proclaimed the civil sainthood of Benediction Alvarado by the supreme decision of the free and sovereign people, he named her patroness of the nation, curer of the ill and mistress of birds and a national holiday was declared on her birthday, and in the second article and beginning with the promulgation of the present decree a state of war was declared between this nation and the powers of the Holy See with all the consequences which international law and all extant international treaties have established for such cases. (133)

The conferring of degrees and declaration of national holidays on account of his mother's birthday are symptomatic of the self-centered and vainglorious character of the dictator. The underlying motive here also is the same: propagation of family and personal glory by means fair or foul.

3.2 Threatened Life under Tyranny

Any fascist regime, by which we mean an undemocratic and tyrannical rule, is an executioner of lawlessness and willful destruction of the life and freedom of the common populace. The unnamed Colombian dictator is no less murderous in instinct than any dictator can become as shown by his acts of homicide. Though kept secret, the people

come to know how brutally human life is terminated in a fascist regime as it is described concerning a possible threat by a person named Poncio Daza. If any threat is sensed by the ruler, the possible source of threat is nipped in the bud, with total bodily destruction:

The man with the machete took Poncio Daza into the banana groves and cut him up into such thin slices that it was impossible to put his body back together again after it had been scattered by the hogs, poor man, but there was no other way out, he said, because he would have been a mortal enemy for the rest of his life. They were images of his power which came to him from far away and increased the bitterness over how much the brine of his power had been watered down since it hadn't even been of any use. (82)

There is no possibility of appeal in the court or of pleading in a just manner for the verification of the suspicion that somebody is trying to topple the government. The tyrant has made many thousands of children disappear from the country overnight. When foreign envoys and ambassadors pressurize him to make the condition of the imprisoned children known to them, the ruler is calculatively adamant in denying that he arrested any children. On the contrary, he is very comfortable, and acts as if nothing great has happened:

He confronted the storm unleashed by the official and solemn declaration that it was not true, not only were there no children in the power of the authorities but there was not a single prisoner of any type in the jails, the rumor of the mass kidnapping was an infamous lie on the part of traitors to get people slurred up, the doors of the nations were open so that the

truth could be established, let people come and look for it, they came, a commission from the League of Nations came and overturned the most hidden stones in the country and questioned all the people they wanted to and how they wanted to with such minute detail that Benediction Alvarado was to ask who were those intruders dressed like spiritualists. (93)

There are occasional attempt of toppling the regime of the general by his own men as there was once a plot of bloodless coup. But so intricately the espionage systems been developed by the president that it gets to him before the plot is fully hatched. He very coolly interns the plotter, the minister of defense, and slaughters him for the annual banquet ceremony. His body is rendered an exquisite cuisine and served among the fellow officers who have been understood to have conspired with the hapless minister. With what a poise and calm all this is done, with decoration, in exact hour of twelve o'clock, and the attendants are all sweating for anticipation of something ghastly and gruesome. Despite the decoration, it remains a fact that the serving consists of finely roasted body of the defense minister:

the curtains parted and the distinguished Major General Rodrigo de Aguilar entered on a silver tray stretched out full length on a garnish of cauliflower and laurel leaves, steeped with spices, oven brown, embellished with the uniform of five golden almonds for solemn occasions and the limitless loops for valor on the sleeve of his right arm, fourteen pounds of medals on his chest and a sprig of parsley in his mouth, ready to be served at a banquet of comrades by the official carvers to the petrified horror of the guests as without breathing we witness the exquisite

ceremony of carving and serving, and when every plate held an equal portion of minister of defense stuffed with pine nuts and aromatic herbs, he gave the order to begin, eat hearty gentlemen. (105)

The penalty of all possible rebellion is brutal death. This is the warning to all by the president. The crime of the minister was, as the “most unimpeachable evidence” collected by General Rodrigo de Aguilar showed, to spend nights conversing with vases and oil paintings of patriots and archbishops in the darkened building, to treat cows with fever and heal them, to build a tomb for an admiral of the ocean sea who did not exist except in his imagination. The suggestion is that the culprit had done nothing more than what a normal person would do. It seems, looking at his aesthetic and imaginative acts, a writer, like Marquez himself whose life was threatened under the military regime in Columbia and who had to leave his country for years. Anyway, one cannot have any sense of security in a country where there is no free press, judiciary and acceptance of fundamental human rights.

The idiosyncrasy in the general president is too complicated to comprehend. He takes offense at the smallest cause at all, if it is anything about his greatness or the purity of his deceased mother. Once he invites the nuncio to appreciate the painting of his mother. But the nuncio, fatally mistaken about the true motive of the president who was trying to find a reason for taking action against the Bishop in Rome, forgets that the president is not at all interested in conversion and belief. He comments upon the quality of the painting and also about the immoral character of the person painted, the mother of the president, as it was shown by the colour combination. The president vows action against the nuncio and after some time it is carried out with extreme torture and

humiliation upon him. A mob of hired fanatics storm the palace of the Apostolic Nunciature, sack its museums of historic relics and drag the nuncio naked into the street, so that it would be known to all that it was his authority inside his country:

He gave the order for the nuncio to be placed on a life raft with provisions for three days and they cast him adrift on the lane that cruise ships took to Europe so that the whole world will know what happens to foreigners who lift their hands against the majesty of the nation, and the Pope will learn now and forever that he may be Pope in Rome with his ring on his finger sitting on his golden throne, but here I am what I am. (121)

Nobody, not even the international body, whether religious or secular can interfere in the matters of the country led by the army general. His sense of utter sovereignty and independence is reflected in the phrase “I am what I am” which was the first self-naming done by God when he revealed himself to Moses in Egypt. The use of this phrase is indicative of the megalomaniac psyche of the tyrant who thinks he is a deity, the ruler of the universe whose orders are to be respected by each and all. The concentration power, military, legislative, judiciary and executive, causes such dangerous mindset. This is a warning to all humanity who ever think of making an iconic national hero of a person by investing all power in him.

Innumerable were the heart-rending methods of punishing his adversaries that the president used to exercise previously. It was upon him all to decide whether he was to execute a person peacefully or with mortally painful method:

He had abolished the barbarous method of execution of being quartered by horses and had tried to put in its place the electric chair which had been

given him by the lading forces so that we too could enjoy the more civilized method of killing, he had visited the horror laboratory at the harbor fort where they chose the most run-down of political prisoners in order to get training in the manipulation of the throne of death whose discharges absorbed the total electrical power of the city, we knew the exact moments of the fatal experiment because we would be left in darkness for an instant holding our breath in horror. (160)

Life under the regime of the frantic tyrant grows more and more intolerable as he intrudes in matters entirely personal; and emotional such as weeping for the dead, remembering them and playing music. He takes over all the exceptional power that the state of an emergency would offer him, citing the cause of the possible threat of mass and civil uprising:

He had declared a state of plague by decree, he planted the yellow flag on the pole of the lighthouse, he closed the port, Sundays were suppressed, it was forbidden to weep for the dead in the public and to play music that would make them be remembered and he made use of the armed force to police the enforcement of the decree and to dispose of those infested according to his will, so that troops with sanitary armbands held public executions of people of the most diverse station in life, they would mark a red circle on the doors of houses suspected of non conformity with the regime . . . (206)

When the personal life is controlled by the state, it becomes a living hell for the inhabitants there. No sense of security would be when there is state scrutiny in

everything. But the hunger of power is such that the dictator wants to decide whether people should mourn for the dead or not. As if everything was made by and for himself. This is an utter picture anywhere in the world that a tyranny could assume. The end of such fascist regime should be the goal of all the lovers of freedom and humanity. The message of the novel is clear at the end of the novel that when the news of the death of the tyrant was made public, all the people became excessively joyous, for a good piece of news was there from their country to the world at large.

By the time it is now proper for him to face the end of his eternal life, the patriarch realizes how vain all his life had been. But it is no use now repenting what he could have avoided doing long ago. He learns too late that that even the broadest and most useful of lives only reach the point of learning how to live, he had learned of his incapacity for love in the enigma of the palm of his mute hands, as the novel tells us, and he had tried to compensate for his notorious life:

He had tried to compensate for that infamous fate with the burning cultivation of the solitary vice of power, he had made himself victim of his own sect to be immolated on the flames of that infinite holocaust, he had fed on fallacy and crime, he had flourished in impiety and dishonor and he had put himself above his feverish avarice and his congenital fear only to keep until the end time the little glass ball in his hand (227)

But now all is finished; he is facing the throes of death which comes to him calling the name Niccanor, Niccanor and grasps him. The patriarch thus dies most unceremonious, hated and solitary death, unaccompanied by anybody since he never knew what love and

compassion means, and his death is a matter of celebration for the people who have long been in confines during his regime. It is as if the eternity of hell has come to an end. The joyous people sing hymns of joy at “the jubilant news of his death and alien forevermore to the music of liberation and the rockets of jubilation and the bells of glory that announced to the world the good news that the uncountable time of eternity had come to an end” (229). This message is what the novelist wants the world to have, that military and fascist rules sooner or later must come to an ignominious end. The rays of freedom in a democratic country are the ultimate goals of modern humanity, whatever may be the economic condition of the people. What we want first and foremost is freedom, freedom of love, music and living life the way we want to.

Archetypal Prophecy of His Death

There has been a practice among many nations to take help of divination for knowing the future course of events. Some divinations are made by observing the motion and place of the planets and other heavenly bodies. One interesting observation is found in the Bible too wherein it is recorded that some of the Magi, the wise men of the east, saw the morning star and knew the King of kings had been born. They followed the star and found the baby king and worshipped him there at a manger in Bethlehem.

Similarly, there was the myth that tyrant also was born with auspicious heavenly signs. This led to the speculation that when the sign in heaven went worse, he would die too. The people wish for the death of the tyrant, but they cannot express this wish. So whenever a natural phenomenon is likely to forebode something bad for the ruler, they are apt to interpret it as the possible indication of his trouble or death. Once, it is prophesized that the comet is a symbol of heavenly retribution upon the tyrant, and that

suggestion is something much more important for the native people. But the great expectation that the end time of the tyrant has approached is not entirely fulfilled:

It is 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, that had been conceived to see it once but that he was not to see it again in spite of the arrogant auguries of his adulators, so we waited . . . for the eleven metal rings of the eleven o'clock which would signal the end of his years. . . .
(68)

The earnest desire of the people is the fulfillment of the astrological bad omen against the regime of the ruler. He has been ruling over them interminably. Now his regime should come to an end. But even the much hoped astrological reading of the end of his regime fails to convey the much-awaited event, the death of the tyrant, supposed to be at hand.

Insecure and unsure of his power over the country and filled with the uncertainties of his dictatorial fate, the general during the early days of his empire, goes to a soothsayer. He wanted to know about, longevity of his regime and life. The incident is recounted in some detail by the novelist as it is of thematic importance in exposing the deep-rooted concern in every human heart regarding their life and the fear of imminent death:

. . . he went to sibyl for her to read to him in the water of her basins the keys to his fate which were not written in the palm of his hand, or in the cards, or in his coffee grounds, or in any other means of inquiry, only in

that mirror of premonitory waters where he saw himself dead of natural causes during his sleep in the office next to the reception room, and he saw himself lying face down on the floor as he slept every night of his life since birth, with the denim uniform without insignia, the boots, the gold spur, his right arm folded under his head to serve as a pillow, and at an indefinite age somewhere between 107 and 232 years. (71)

His effort to know the longevity of his life clearly points how timorous he is at heart though by appearance he is the patriarch of the nation, even the ruler of the universe who can command nature to change her course. The imbedded fear of death and the consultations with shamans and charlatans, soothsayers is a practice whose roots go back to prehistoric times. The practice of shamanism, tantrism, divination by several means as reading the liver of chickens, tarot, dregs and palms—these all are almost universal, except in the case of Islam and Christianity which forbid such practices as demonic. If God controls everything, then it is not given to men to know all, and even if they know, they cannot add an inch to their life span. This is the simple logic. No deity needs to know the future, and no man can alter it. But the tyrant wants to know his life span. So, it is sufficient here to only note that the patriarch is not a deity, not a god. Otherwise he would not have to visit the sibyl to know his future. The appearance of omnipotence and omniscience prove false here in the life of the president general of a tyrant.

The tyrant is all the while oppressed with the sense of being murdered or ousted from the power-mongering post of president of the country. The deep-rooted fear is the result of his realizations that the way he is ruling is utterly disliked by the people. This

sense of being dislikeded has assumed a macabre fear in the unconscious of the tyrant. That is why he is alarmed at the slightest disturbance:

Suddenly he awoke with a start, who's there, he shouted, it was his own heart oppressed by the strange silence of the cocks at dawn, he felt that the ship of the universe had reached some port while he was asleep, he was asleep, he was floating in soup of steam, the animals of earth and sky who had the faculty to glimpse death beyond the clumsy omens and best-founded sciences of men were mute with terror, there was no more air, time was changing direction, and as he got up he felt his heart swelling [. . .] (83)

The guilty conscience is always suspicious, as is reflected in the nocturnal fright of so powerful a tyrant as the general. He can never rest in peace, or confidence even while among his most trusted generals and staff.

IV: Conclusion

In this chapter, this thesis rounds up with the recapitulation of what the researcher found in the course of the writing about the meaning, importance and the direction of the Gabriel Garcia Marquez's novel *The Autumn of the Patriarch*.

The novel studied and analyzed in this thesis is a novel of literary and political significance. It is about the looming danger of political aberration, of military dictatorship in a modern world where definition of the democracy and good governance is often molded as per the interest of the dominant party. The world powers too are supportive of such blatantly undemocratic regimes as that of the unnamed general in the novel who establishes himself as the president for ever, so to speak. Only his death, after much waiting from the public, can dethrone him. And the so-called godfathers of democracy, the United Kingdom and the United States of America make a protégé of the dictator. They establish relations with him, make economic deals, even drain up the part of Atlantic and thus confirm their allegiance to the dictator. This indicates that Marquez writes with a sharp political bite in his major public-life treating novels.

The Autumn of the Patriarch is an elaborate recounting of the reality of tyrannical rule in the South American continent in the second half of the twentieth century. The continent has become notorious for producing tyrannical regimes, whether it is in the military dictator-ruled Chile or in the one party-ruled communist Cuba, or again the military rule in Marquez's country Colombia.

As portrayed in the novel the dictator, an unnamed tyrant, suffers from severe psycho-somatic disorders consequent to his investing upon himself all the state power.

He keeps himself in power with the help of atrocities, ruthlessness and thereby exerting terror upon all possible opposition. In his fantasy of supposing himself a god, the military ruler avoids having a proper name, fabricates the story of his birth from a virgin woman, and name his son as Emmanuel. Despite all this appearance of godhood, he is terribly insecure, awkwardly illiterate and sickly in his testicles. He suffers from severe psychological and physical ailments resulting from the position he tries to secure for himself forever.

The novel is a universal story of the disastrous effects created by the concentration of power into a single person. In such a nation where absolutism is promoted, the life of the commoners is rendered miserable. There would be no freedom and possibility of progress, whether intellectual or material. Thus the novel is a premonition against the life-constricting fascist regimes anywhere in the world at a time when there are military and one-party regimes which make a mockery of the age of democracy.

The Autumn of the Patriarch is a premonitory, if exaggerated, portrait of a Columbian dictator and his impact on the people he keeps under his control by hook and crook, by mostly foul strategy. Tyranny and literal obliteration is the weapon the dictator employs in sustaining his oppressive and much hated regime. There is, again, no effective pressure from the international bodies and powerful government of the world to warn the dictator of his atrocities. He hoodwinks them all, persuades them all into believing that whatever his government does is in consensus with the law and the aspiration of he people.

The dictator has a malaise deep down him. He hungers for absolutely uncontested power; he hungers for women; but most importantly, he hungers for a lasting regime of his. The General deteriorates from a deformed, charismatic stud into a mindless blood beast imprisoned on the "throne of illusions" that his power creates, unable to say what is true now, or what was true in the beginning. He comes to think of himself as God and names his son Emanuel. This is a fallacy many dictators commit about their status as demi-gods or superhuman beings, and delude themselves as well as the public. This was not unknown in the past: many rulers proclaimed themselves as the state itself, their will the law and their voice the voice of God.

The deep roots of feigning to be a deity are embedded in the unconscious of human psyche. Here the device of archetype should help us to see why the dictators have a conceited, opinionated view of themselves. It is all because of the love of the self, power and pride. It can be said in view of the socio-political relevance of the novel that it is a supreme polemic, a spiritual exposé, an attack against any society that encourages or even permits the growth of such a monstrosity. García Márquez objectifies the monster and at end of the novel attempts to explain it as the consequences of the General's incapacity to let go of his control over state power. The General presumes to have love of a kind for his goddess mother and his lusty wife; but he loves them only as an extension of himself. If required, he will annihilate anything that is not of, by, from, or for himself. The incapacity to love seems to stand, rather, as another fact of the General's life, like the whistle of his hernia, or the seed of his unknown father, or his discovery that a lie is more comfortable than doubt. And these facts, under the hand of this master novelist, accumulate not to explain anything simply, but to embody a most complex and terrible

vision of Latin America's ubiquitous, long-living demon. By way of concluding, it is appropriate here to remark that by making a complexly intertwined but expository study of archetypes of power-mania and psychology as to how dictatorship and fascism has flourished in South America. Marquez's novel is a political comment in this regard.

Works Cited

- Abrams, M. H. *A Glossary of Literary Terms*. Prism Books Private Limited, 1993
- Bell-Villada, Gene. *García Márquez: The Man and his Work*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1990
- Dolan, Sean. *Gabriel García Márquez*. New York: Chelsea House, 199
- Hawthorn, Jeremy. Ed. *A Glossary of Contemporary Literary Theory*. Fourth Edition. Arnold, London, 2000.
- Authorized Version of The Holy Bible*. The Gideons International. 1999
- Jung, Carl Gustave. "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetry." *Critical Theory since Plato*. Ed. Adams, Hazard. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. 1992.
- Kammer, Tobias. "An experience called *Autumn of the Patriarch*". The University of Washington Student Newspaper. Thursday, October 5, 1995.
- Kennedy, William. "A Stunning Portrait of a Monstrous Caribbean Tyrant".
 <<http://pseudorandomscribbling.blogspot.com/2004/09/>>
- Kinzer, Stephen. "He Was Born A Storyteller". *The Globe*. Friday, October 22, 1982.
- Marquez, Gabriel Garcia. *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. Transl. by G. Rabassa.
 New York: Harper & Row, 1976; Pan Books, 1978.
- ... *An Evil Hour*. Translator G. Rabassa. New York: Harper & Row, 1979
- New York Times Book Review. From the blurb on the jacket of the novel *The Autumn of the Patriarch*

Williams, Raymond L. *Gabriel García Márquez*. New York: Twayne, 1984.

Rushdie, Salman. "Gabriel Garcia Marquez: Chronicle of a Death Foretold".

Imaginary Home Lands. London: Granta Books, Penguin, 1991.