

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ



ONE HUNDRED YEAR

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

YEAR 10 BDC!



the latest discovery of the Jews of Amsterdam.
a gypsy woman
and the telescope at the entrance to the tent.

the gypsy woman an arm's length away.

burning

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weapon of war.

her father
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He would spend hours

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overwhelmed by suffocating
darkness
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Trick of fate to search for
sacrifice and
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insurmountable
years

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] overwhelmed by suffocating

[REDACTED] with a

[REDACTED] fascination.

[REDACTED] solitude and oblivion,

[REDACTED] suffering, all with

[REDACTED] insurmountable

[REDACTED] years

Darkness



in the laboratory,
hallucinating
with a
pipe
startling
young men and women
with parrots
and a
tambourine

monkey
and snake
traveled
like bubbles.
crossing
the mountain range
they saw the immense aquatic expanse
toward the other side of the world.

lost wandering
a stony river like a
civil war,
madness
with no escape
prepared
to die of old age

inherited from her father. They did not lay out any definite itinerary. They simply tried to go in a direction opposite to the road to Riohacha so that they would not leave any trace or meet any people they knew. It was an absurd journey. After fourteen months, her stomach ~~certified~~ by monkey meat and snake stew, Ursula gave birth to a son who had all of his features human. She had traveled half of the trip in a hammock that two men carried on their shoulders, because swelling had disfigured her legs and her varicose veins had puffed up like bubbles. Although it was pitiful to see them with their sunken stomachs and languid eyes, the children survived the journey better than their parents, and most of the time it was fun for them. One morning, after almost two years of crossing, they became the first mortals to see the western slopes of the mountain range. From the cloudy summit they saw the immense aquatic expanse of the great swamp as it spread out toward the other side of the world. But they never found the sea. One night, after several months of lost wandering through the swamps, far away now from the last Indians they had met on their way, they camped on the banks of a stony river whose waters were like a torrent of frozen glass. Years later, during the second civil war, Colonel Aureliano Buendía tried to follow that same route in order to take Riohacha by surprise and after six days of traveling he understood that it was madness. Nevertheless, the night on which they camped beside the river, his father's host had the look of shipwrecked people with no escape but their number had grown during the crossing and they were all prepared (and they succeeded) to die of old age. José Arcadio Buendía dreamed that night that right there a noisy city with houses having mirror walls rose up. He asked what city it was and they answered him with a name that he had never heard, that had no meaning at all, but that had a supernatural echo in his dream: Macondo. On the following day he convinced his men that they would never find the sea. He ordered them to

a terrible state of exhaustion he let himself be led to a shapeless place where his clothes were taken off and he was heaved about like a sack of potatoes and thrown from one side to the other in a bottomless darkness in which his arms were useless, where it no longer smelled of woman but of ammonia, and where he tried to remember her face and found before him the face of Ursula, confusedly aware that he was doing something that for a very long time he had wanted to do but that he had imagined could really never be done, not knowing what he was doing because he did not know where his feet were or where his head was, or whose feet or whose head, and feeling that he could no longer resist the glacial rumbling of his kidneys and the zar of his intestines, and fear, and the bewildered anxiety to flee and at the same time stay forever in that exasperated silence and that fearful solitude.

no longer
did
he
flee
the situation

his affair in order
tired of waiting
he
kept
the labyrinth

Her name was Pilar Ternera. She had been part of the exodus that ended with the founding of Macondo, dragged along by her family in order to separate her from the man who had raped her at fourteen and had continued to love her until she was twenty-two, but who never made up his mind to make the situation public because he was a man apart. He promised to follow her to the ends of the earth, but only later on, when he put his affairs in order, and she had become tired of waiting for him, always identifying him with the tall and short, blond and brunet men that her cards promised from land and sea within three days, three months, or three years. With her waiting she had lost the strength of her thighs, the firmness of her breasts, her habit of tenderness, but she kept the madness of her heart intact. Maddened by that prodigious playing, José Arcadio followed her path every night through the labyrinth of the room. On a certain occasion he found the door barred, and he knocked several times, knowing that if he had the boldness to knock the first time he would have had to knock until the last, and after an interminable wait she opened the door for him. During the

carresses
inspire
girl
meaning
woman

close
companion
passion
crunch
skin broke
tears
bravery

heart burst forth
tender
red
l-o-v-i-n-g
he-art
gypsy
alarm

disappearance

place up. During a pause in the carresses, José Arcadio stretched out naked on the bed without knowing what to do, while the girl tried to inspire him. The gypsy woman with splendid flesh came in a short time after accompanied by a man who was not of the caravan but who was not from the village either, and they both began to undress in front of the bed. Without meaning to, the woman looked at José Arcadio and examined his magnificent animal in repose with a kind of pathetic fervor.

"My boy," she exclaimed, "may God preserve you just as you are."

José Arcadio's companion asked them to leave them alone, and the couple lay down on the ground, close to the bed. The passion of the others woke up José Arcadio's fervor. On the first contact the bones of the girl seemed to become disjointed with a disorderly crunch like the sound of a box of dominoes, and her skin broke out into a pale sweat and her eyes filled with tears as her whole body exhaled a lugubrious lament and a vague smell of mud. But she bore the impact with a firmness of character and a bravery that were admirable. José Arcadio felt himself lifted up into the air toward a state of seraphic inspiration, where his heart burst forth with an outpouring of tender obscenities that entered the girl through her ears and came out of her mouth translated into her language. It was Thursday. On Saturday night, José Arcadio wrapped a red cloth around his head and left with the gypsies.

When Ursula discovered his absence she searched for him all through the village. In the remains of the gypsy camp there was nothing but a garbage pit among the still smoking ashes of the extinguished campfires. Someone who was there looking for heads among the trash told Ursula that the night before he had seen her son in the tumult of the caravan pushing the snake-man's cage on a cart. "He's become a gypsy!" she shouted to her husband, who had not shown the slightest sign of alarm over the disappearance.

docile and willing to help that Úrsula took them on to help her with her household chores. That was how Arcadio and Amaranta came to speak the Guajiro language before Spanish and they learned to drink lizard broth and eat spider eggs without Úrsula's knowing it, for she was too busy with a promising business in candy animals. Macondo had changed. The people who had come with Úrsula spread the news of the good quality of its soil and its privileged position with respect to the swamp, so that from the narrow village of past times it changed into an active town with stores and workshops and a permanent commercial route over which the first Arabs arrived with their baggy pants and rings in their ears, swapping glass beads for macaws. José Arcadio Buendía did not have a moment's rest. Fascinated by an immediate reality that came to be more fantastic than the vast universe of his imagination, he lost all interest in the alchemist's laboratory, put to rest the material that had become attenuated with months of manipulation and went back to being the enterprising man of earlier days when he had decided upon the layout of the streets and the location of the new houses so that no one would enjoy privileges that everyone did not have. He acquired such authority among the new arrivals that foundations were not laid or walls built without his being consulted, and it was decided that he should be the one in charge of the distribution of the land. When the acrobat gypsies returned, with their vagabond carnival transformed now into a gigantic organization of games of luck and chance, they were received with great joy, for it was thought that José Arcadio would be coming back with them. But José Arcadio did not return, nor did they come with the snake man, who, according to what Úrsula thought, was the only one who could tell them about their son, so the gypsies were not allowed to camp in town or set foot in it in the future, for they were considered the bearers of concupiscence and perversion. José Arcadio Buen-

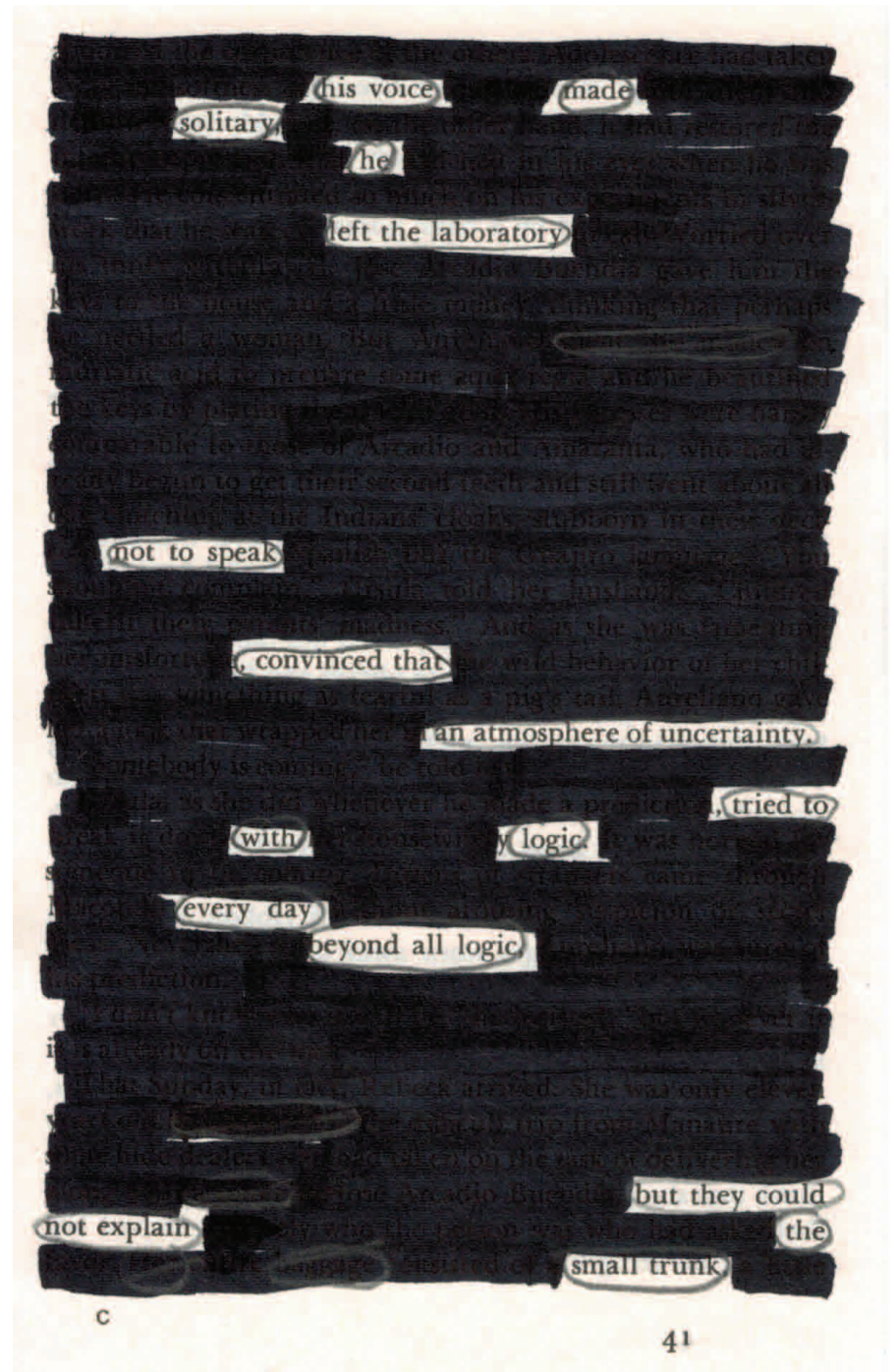
Spanish lizard
eggs too busy
lost in
manipulation
among
gypsies
of luck

his voice made
solitary
her
left the laboratory

not to speak
convinced that
an atmosphere of uncertainty
tried to
with logic

every day
beyond all logic

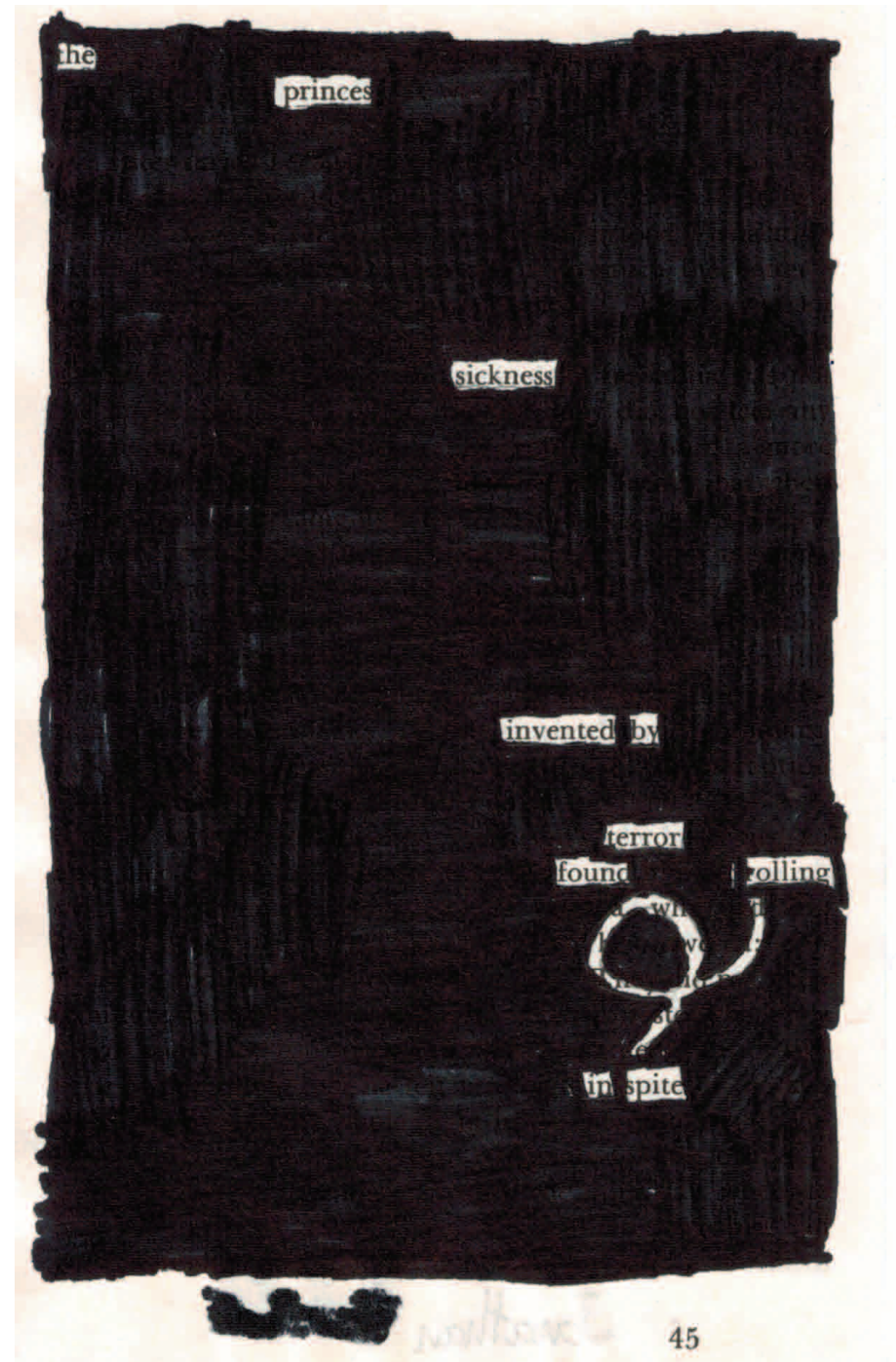
but they could
not explain the
small trunk



They kept her, because [redacted] they could
[redacted] which according to
[redacted] her mother
[redacted] of all the saints did not
get a reaction [redacted] Since
[redacted] no one had died/
[redacted] for a long time
[redacted] broody hen. A long time passed before Rebeca be-
came incorporated into the life of the family. She would sit in
her small rocker sucking her finger in the most remote corner
of the house. Nothing attracted her attention except the
music of the clocks, which she would look for every half hour
with her frightened eyes as if she hoped to find it someplace
in the air. They could not get her to eat for several days. No
one understood why she had not died of hunger until the
Indians, who were aware of everything, for they went cease-
lessly about the house on their stealthy feet, discovered that
Rebeca only liked to eat the damp earth of the courtyard and
the cake of whitewash that she picked off the walls with her
nails. It was obvious that her parents, or whoever had raised
her, had scolded her for that habit because she did it secre-
tively and with a feeling of guilt, trying to put away supplies
so that she could eat when no one was looking. From then on
they put her under an implacable watch. They threw cow
gall onto the courtyard and rubbed her chili on the walls,
thinking they could defeat her pernicious vice with those
methods, but she showed such signs of astuteness and in-
genuity to find some earth that Ursula found herself forced to
use more drastic methods. She put some orange juice and
rhubarb into a pan that she left in the dew all night and she
gave her the dose the following day on an empty stomach.
Although no one had told her that it was the specific remedy
for the vice of eating earth, she thought that any bitter sub-
stance in an empty stomach would have to make the liver

They kept her, because they could
which according to
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of all the saints did not
get a reaction since
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the
princes
sickness
invented by
terror
found rolling
in spite



for... something... decrepit... walls... afraid... light... 50

decrepit
walls,
afraid
of
light

Arcadio Buendía had never heard of that... when he saw himself and his whole... sheet of iridescent metal for an... with stupefaction. That was the... type in which José... and graying... a copper... an expression... solemnity, who... dying with... a fright-... Arcadio Buendía... was... the... the... that... ancient... in the... a... she... she... their best... their faces, and gave a spoonful of marrow... each one so that they would all remain absolutely motionless during the nearly two minutes in front of Melquíades' fantastic camera. In the family daguerreotype, the only one that ever existed, Aureliano appeared dressed in black velvet between Amaranta and Rebeca. He had the same languor and the same clairvoyant look that he would have years later as he faced the firing squad. But he still had not sensed the premonition of his fate. He was an expert silversmith, praised all over the swampland for the delicacy of his work. In the workshop, which he shared with Melquíades and laboratory, he could barely be heard breathing. He seemed to be taking refuge in some other time, while his... and the gypsy with shouts interpreted the predictions of Nostradamus amidst a noise of flasks and trays and the disaster of spilled acids and silver bromide that was lost in the

dying with fright-

would all remain
between
the firing squad

alone. "I'll throw in another twenty cents," he said with a desolate voice. The girl thanked him in silence. Her back was raw. Her skin was stuck to her ribs and her breathing was forced because of an immeasurable exhaustion. Two years before, far away from there, she had fallen asleep without putting out the candle and had awakened surrounded by flames. The house where she lived with the grandmother who had raised her was reduced to ashes. Since then her grandmother carried her from town to town, putting her to bed for twenty cents in order to make up the value of the burned house. According to the girl's calculations, she still had ten years of seventy men per night, because she also had to pay the expenses of the trip and food for both of them as well as the pay of the Indians who carried the rocking chair. When the matron knocked on the door the second time, Aureliano left the room without having done anything, troubled by a desire to weep. That night he could not sleep, thinking about the girl, with a mixture of desire and pity. He felt an irresistible need to love her and protect her. At dawn, worn out by insomnia and fever, he made the calm decision to marry her in order to free her from the despotism of her grandmother and to enjoy all the nights of satisfaction that she would give the seventy men. But at ten o'clock in the morning, when he reached Catarino's store, the girl had left town.

Time mitigated his mad proposal, but it aggravated his feelings of frustration. He took refuge in work. He resigned himself to being a womanless man for all his life in order to hide the shame of his uselessness. In the meantime, Melquíades had printed on his plates everything that was printable in Macondo, and he left the daguerreotype laboratory to the fantasies of José Arcadio Buendía, who had resolved to use it to obtain scientific proof of the existence of God. Through a complicated process of superimposed exposures taken in different parts of the house, he was sure that sooner or later he would get a daguerreotype of God, if He

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Time migigated
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of existence
through exposures
sooner or later

Divine in the midst of
understanding
He set up a table and a chair
on the wall
blue in celebration

judging

trying to surprise Divine Providence in the midst of the cataclysm, was the one who least understood it. The new house was almost finished when Úrsula drew him out of his chimerical world in order to inform him that she had an order to paint the front blue and not white as they had wanted. She showed him the official document, José Arcadio Buendía, without understanding what his wife was talking about, deciphered the signature.

"Who is this fellow?" he asked.

"The magistrate," Úrsula answered disconsolately. "They say he's an authority sent by the government."

Don Apolinar Moscote, the magistrate, had arrived in Macondo very quietly. He put up at the Hotel Jacob—built by one of the first Arabs who came to swap knickknacks for macaws—and on the following day he rented a small room with a door on the street two blocks away from the Buendía house. He set up a table and a chair that he had bought from Jacob, nailed up on the wall the shield of the republic that he had brought with him, and on the door he painted the sign *Magistrate*. His first order was for all the houses to be painted blue in celebration of the anniversary of national independence. José Arcadio Buendía, with the copy of the order in his hand, found him taking his nap in a hammock he had set up in the narrow office. "Did you write this paper?" he asked him. Don Apolinar Moscote, a mature man, timid, with a ruddy complexion, said yes. "By what right?" José Arcadio Buendía asked again. Don Apolinar Moscote picked up a paper from the drawer of the table and showed it to him. "I have been named magistrate of this town." José Arcadio Buendía did not even react at the appointment.

"In this town we do not give orders with pieces of paper," he said without losing his calm. "And so that you know it once and for all, we don't need any judges here because there's nothing that needs judging."

Facing Don Apolinar Moscote, still without raising his

~~excuse in which his wife and seven daughters were traveling. Two other carts arrived later with the furniture, the baggage, and the household utensils. He settled his family in the Hotel Jacob, while he looked for a house, and he went back to open his office under the protection of the soldiers. The founders of Macondo, resolving to expel the invaders, went with their older sons to put themselves at the disposal of José Arcadio Buendía. But he was against it, as he explained, because it was not manly to make trouble for someone in front of his family, and Don Apolinar had returned with his wife and daughters. So he decided to resolve the situation in a pleasant way.~~

~~Aureliano went with him. About that time he had begun to cultivate the black mustache with waxed tips and the somewhat stentorian voice that would characterize him in the war. Unarmed, without paying any attention to the guards, they went into the magistrate's office. Don Apolinar Mascote did not lose his calm. He introduced them to two of his daughters who happened to be there: Amparo, sixteen, dark like her mother, and Remedios, only nine, a pretty little girl with lily-colored skin and green eyes. They were gracious and well-mannered. As soon as the men came in, before being introduced, they gave them chairs to sit on. But they both remained standing.~~

~~"Very well, my friend," José Arcadio Buendía said, "you may stay here, not because you have those bandits with shot-guns at the door, but out of consideration for your wife and daughters."~~

~~Don Apolinar Mascote was upset, but José Arcadio Buendía did not give him time to reply. "We only make two conditions," he went on. "The first: that everyone can paint his house the color he feels like. The second: that the soldiers leave at once. We will guarantee order for you." The magistrate raised his right hand with all the fingers extended.~~

~~"Your word of honor?"~~

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hammering
neatness of the music
beauty of the melody
camera with the hope

angelic man
showed them
special pants

she did not leave
and the Italian left

indies Company, the tablecloths from Holland, and a rich variety of lamps and candlesticks, hangings and drapes. The import house sent along at its own expense an Italian expert, Pietro Crespi, to assemble and tune the pianola, to instruct the purchasers in its functioning, and to teach them how to dance to the latest music printed on its six paper rolls.

Pietro Crespi was young and blond, the most handsome and well-mannered man who had ever been seen in Macondo, so scrupulous in his dress that in spite of the suffocating heat he would work in his brocade vest and heavy coat of dark cloth. Soaked in sweat, keeping a reverent distance from the owners of the house, he spent several weeks shut up in the parlor with a dedication much like that of Aureliano in his silverwork. One morning, without opening the door, without calling anyone to witness the miracle, he placed the first roll in the pianola and the tormenting hammering and the constant noise of wooden lathings ceased in a silence that was startled at the order and neatness of the music. They all ran to the parlor. José Arcadio Buendía was as if struck by lightning, not because of the beauty of the melody, but because of the automatic working of the keys of the pianola, and he set up Melquiades' camera with the hope of getting a daguerreotype of the invisible player. That day the Italian had lunch with them. Rebeca and Amaranta, serving the table, were intimidated by the way in which the angelic man with pale and ringless hands manipulated the utensils. In the living room, next to the parlor, Pietro Crespi taught them how to dance. He showed them the steps without touching them, keeping time with a metronome, under the friendly eye of Ursula, who did not leave the room for a moment while her daughters had their lesson. Pietro Crespi wore special pants on those days, very elastic and tight, and dancing slippers. "You don't have to worry so much," José Arcadio Buendía told her. "The man's a fairy." But she did not leave off her vigilance until the apprenticeship was over and the Italian left

mourning
modified
hopes

marriage
trouble
only

“Love is a disease,”

married to our enemy

affection
modesty good manners

disappointment
approval

sons and decreed a kind of mourning with no one dead which was to be prolonged until the daughters got over their hopes. Useless was the intervention of José Arcadio Buendía, who had modified his first impression of Pietro Crespi and admired his ability in the manipulation of musical machines. So that when Pilar Ternera told Aureliano that Remedios had decided on marriage, he could see that the news would only give his parents more trouble. Invited to the parlor for a formal interview, José Arcadio Buendía and Ursula listened stonily to their son's declaration. When he learned the name of the fiancée, however, José Arcadio Buendía grew red with indignation. “Love is a disease,” he thundered. “With so many pretty and decent girls around, the only thing that occurs to you is to get married to the daughter of our enemy.” But Ursula agreed with the choice. She confessed her affection for the seven Moscote sisters, for their beauty, their ability for work, their modesty, and their good manners, and she celebrated her son's prudence. Conquered by his wife's enthusiasm, José Arcadio Buendía then laid down one condition: Rebeca, who was the one he wanted, would marry Pietro Crespi. Ursula would take Amaranta on a trip to the capital of the province when she had time, so that contact with different people would alleviate her disappointment. Rebeca got her health back just as soon as she heard of the agreement, and she wrote her fiancé a jubilant letter that she submitted to her parents' approval and put into the mail without the use of any intermediaries. Amaranta pretended to accept the decision and little by little she recovered from her fevers, but she promised herself that Rebeca would marry only over her dead body.

The following Saturday José Arcadio Buendía put on his dark suit, his celluloid collar, and the deerskin boots that he had worn for the first time the night of the party, and went to ask for the hand of Remedios Moscote. The magistrate and his wife received him, pleased and worried at the same time,

that soon he was treated as one of those useless great-grandfathers who wander about the bedrooms like shades, dragging their feet, remembering better times aloud, and whom no one bothers about or remembers really until the morning they find them dead in their bed. At first José Arradio Buendía helped him in his work, enthusiastic over the novelty of the daguerreotypes and the predictions of Nostradamus. But little by little he began abandoning him to his solitude, for communication was becoming increasingly difficult. He was losing his sight and his hearing, he seemed to confuse the people he was speaking to with others he had known in remote epochs of mankind, and he would answer questions with a complex hodgepodge of languages. He would walk along groping in the air, although he passed between objects with an inexplicable fluidity, as if he were endowed with some instinct of direction based on an immediate prescience. One day he forgot to put in his false teeth, which at night he left in a glass of water beside his bed, and he never put them in again. When Úrsula undertook the enlargement of the house, she had them build him a special room next to Aureliano's workshop, far from the noise and bustle of the house, with a window flooded with light and a bookcase where she herself put in order the books that were almost destroyed by dust and moths, the flaky stacks of papers covered with indecipherable signs, and the glass with his false teeth, ~~where~~ some aquatic plants with tiny ~~new~~ ~~flowers~~ had taken root. The new place seemed to please Melquiades, because he was never seen any more, not even in the dining room. He only went to Aureliano's workshop, where he would spend hours on end scribbling his enigmatic literature on the parchments that he had brought with him and that seemed to have been made out of some dry material that crumpled like puff paste. There he ate the meals that Visitación brought him twice a day, although in the last days he lost his appetite and fed only on vegetables. He soon acquired the forlorn look that one

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soldiers who had opened up with heavy firing from the corner. The old pistols that had been kept for many years in the bureau did not work. Protecting Arcadio with her body, Ursula tried to drag him toward the house.

"Come along in the name of God," she shouted at him. "There's been enough madness!"

The soldiers aimed at them.

"Let go of that man, ma'am," one of them shouted, "or we won't be responsible!"

Arcadio pushed Ursula toward the house and surrendered. A short time later the shooting stopped and the bells began to toll. The resistance had been wiped out in less than half an hour. Not a single one of Arcadio's men had survived the attack, but before dying they had killed three hundred soldiers. The last stronghold was the barracks. Before being attacked, the supposed Colonel Gregorio Stevenson had freed the prisoners and ordered his men to go out and fight in the street. The extraordinary mobility and accurate aim with which he placed his twenty cartridges gave the impression that the barracks was well defended, and the attackers blew it to pieces with cannon fire. The captain who directed the operation was startled to find the rubble deserted and a single dead man in his undershorts with an empty rifle still clutched in an arm that had been blown completely off. He had a woman's full head of hair held at the neck with a comb and on his neck a chain with a small gold fish. When he turned him over with the tip of his boot and put the light on his face, the captain was perplexed. "Jesus Christ," he exclaimed. Other officers came over.

"Look where this fellow turned up," the captain said. "It's Gregorio Stevenson."

At dawn, after a summary court martial, Arcadio was shot against the wall of the cemetery. In the last two hours of his life he did not manage to understand why the fear that had tormented him since childhood had disappeared. Impassive,

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surrendered

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The
small
hand diving blind
in an inviolable
twelve-o'clock waltz on the
mature maiden

Pietra had turned him over to her to finish his upbringing.
The first time that he saw her the only thing that drew his
attention was the deep depression between her breasts. He
was so innocent that he asked her what had happened to her
and Amaranta pretended to dig into her breasts with the tips
of her fingers and answered: "They gave me some terrible
cuts." Some time later, when she had recovered from Pietra
Crespi's suicide and would bathe with Aureliano José again,
he no longer paid attention to the depression but felt a
strange trembling at the sight of the splendid breasts with
their brown nipples. He kept on examining her, discovering
the miracle of her intimacy inch by inch, and he felt his skin
tingle as he contemplated the way her skin tingled when it
touched the water. Ever since he was a small child he had the
custom of leaving his hammock and waking up in Amaranta's
bed, because contact with her was a way of overcoming his
fear of the dark. But since that day when he became aware of
his own nakedness, it was not fear of the dark that drove him
to crawl in under her mosquito netting but an urge to feel
Amaranta's warm breathing at dawn. Early one morning during
the time when she refused Colonel Gerineldo Márquez,
Aureliano José awoke with the feeling that he could not
breathe. He felt Amaranta's fingers searching across his stom-
ach like warm and anxious little caterpillars. Pretending to
sleep, he changed his position to make it easier, and then he
felt the hand without the black baskage diving like a blind
shellfish into the algae of his anxiety. Although they seemed
to ignore what both of them knew and what each one knew
that the other knew, from that night on they were yoked
together in an inviolable complicity. Aureliano José could
not get to sleep until he heard the twelve-o'clock waltz on the
parlor clock, and the mature maiden whose skin was begin-
ning to grow old did not have a moment's rest until she felt
slip in under her mosquito netting that sleepwalker whom
she had raised, not thinking that he would be a palliative for

...naked, exhausted, they not only slept together, naked, exhausted, they would also chase each other into the corners of the house and shut themselves up in the bedrooms at any hour of the day in a permanent state of unbridled excitement. They were almost discovered by Ursula one afternoon when she went into the pantry as they were starting to kiss. "Do you love your aunt a lot?" she asked Aureliano José in an innocent way. He answered that he did. "That's good of you," Ursula concluded and finished measuring the flour for the bread and returned to the kitchen. The next day she drew Amaranta out of her delirium. She realized that he had gone too far, that he was no longer playing kissing games with a child, but was floundering about in an unbridled passion, one that was dangerous and had no future, and she cut it off with one stroke. Aureliano José, who was then finishing his military training, finally woke up to reality and went to sleep in the barracks. On Saturdays he would go with the soldiers to Catarino's store. He was seeking consolation for his abrupt solitude, for his premature adolescence with women who smelled of dead flowers, whom he idealized in the darkness and changed into Amaranta by means of his labor efforts of his imagination.

A short time later contradictory news of the war began to come in. While the government itself admitted the progress of the rebellion, the officers in Macondo had confidential reports of the imminence of a negotiated peace. Toward the end of April a special embassy identified himself to Colonel Gerardo Márquez. He confirmed the fact to him that the officers of the party had indeed established contact with the rebel leaders in the interior and were on the verge of arranging an amnesty in exchange for three cabinet posts for the liberals, a minority representation in the congress, and a general amnesty for rebels who laid down their arms. The embassy brought a highly confidential order from Colonel Aureliano Buendía, who was not in agreement with the

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many
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sneaking through the
war

many reservations civilians, José Raquel Moncada had waged war in defense of his party and had earned the title of general on the field of battle, even though he was not a military man by profession. On the contrary, like so many of his fellow party men, he was an antimilitarist. He considered military men unprincipled loafers, ambitious plotters, experts in facing down civilians in order to prosper during times of disorder. Intelligent, pleasant, ruddy-faced, a man who liked to eat and watch cockfights, he had been at one time the most feared adversary of Colonel Aureliano Buendía. He succeeded in imposing his authority over the career officers in a wide sector along the coast. One time when he was forced by strategic circumstances to abandon a strong hold to the forces of Colonel Aureliano Buendía, he left two letters for him. In one of them, quite long, he invited him to join in a campaign to make the war more humane. The other letter was for his wife, who lived in Liberal territory, and he left it with a plea that she remain neutral. From then on, even in the bloodiest periods of the war, the two commanders would find occasions to exchange prisoners. They were pauses with a certain festive atmosphere, and General Moncada took advantage of to teach Colonel Aureliano Buendía how to play chess. They became great friends. They even came to think about the possibility of coordinating the popular elements of both parties, doing away with the influence of the military men and professional politicians, and setting up a humanitarian regime that would take the best from each doctrine. When the war was over, while Colonel Aureliano Buendía was sneaking away through the narrow trails of permanent subversion, General Moncada was named magistrate of Macondo. He wore civilian clothes, replaced the soldiers with unarmed policemen, enforced the amnesty laws, and helped a few families of Liberal who had been killed in the war. He succeeded in having Macondo raised to the status of a municipality and he was therefore its

cockfights
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Ricardo took
The Liberals
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killing a fly
Arcadio
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cockfights,
by Captain Aquiles
Ricardo, took
The Liberals
"Something will be going to happen" Ur-
at six o'clock" The entrance
José just like Arcadio in other times had ceased to belong to
the possibility of existing
awakened in his mind and his feelings of his uncle José
without leaving any scars. He would drift around playing
with occasional women, making
hiding places and had forgotten her name. He
"They're all like" José lamented, "the first they believe very well
they're obedient and honest and they do what's capable of
killing a fly. Their beards appear they go to
Arcadio, who had never known the indignities,
he found out that he was the son of Pilar Ternera and had
hung up a hammock that he could use in the house in her
house. More than father and son, they were accomplices in
solitude. Pilar Ternera had lost all of all hope. Her
laugh had taken the place of a cry. Her heart had
succumbed to the tedium of a life of waiting and
and José had been the victim of her inexorable fate as
a shared woman and her hair grew old without being
Fat, talkative, with the airs of a matron in disgrace, she
had the sterile illusions she had found peace and
consolation in other people's lives. In the house where Aure-
liana José took his siesta, the girls from the neighborhood
would receive their casual lovers. "I and me your room,
Pilar" they would simply say and they were already inside

their
final
ambition
On the following day
friendly
things of the past
which turned bedrooms inside out
wearing an ordinary denim
and high boots with spurs
caked with mud and dried blood
His
face had acquired a
metallic hardness
by a vitality that had something to do with the coldness of
his insides. He was taller than when he had left.

Buendía in which he reminded him of their common aim to humanize the war and he wished for a final victory over the corruption of the millitars and the ambitions of the politicians in both parties. On the following day Colonel Aureliano Buendía had lunch with him in the club house, where he was being held in a friendly society court martial decided his fate. It was a friendly gathering. But with the adversaries forgot the way to remember things of the past. Úrsula had the gloomy feeling that her son was an intruder who had not been there ever since she had him come in protest to the military tribunal which turned the bedrooms inside out until they were convinced there was no danger. Colonel Aureliano Buendía not only accepted it but he gave strict orders that no one should come closer than ten feet, not even Úrsula, while the members of his escort finished placing guards about the house. He was wearing an ordinary denim uniform with no insignia of any kind and high boots with spurs that were caked with mud and dried blood. On his waist he wore a holster with the grip exposed and his pistol, which was always on the hip of the pistol revealed by his watchful and serious expression. His face had acquired a metallic hardness in the thickening of his features to have a cold hatred in a slow grin. His face had acquired a metallic hardness. He was taller than when he had left, and by a vitality that had something to do with the coldness of his insides. He was taller than when he had left. water and bread and he showed the symptoms of a soldier to Úrsula. "Good God," she said to herself. "Now he looks like a soldier." "Yes," he said. "Me was." The afternoon saw that he should be buried. He remembered the spoke of a lunch, the funny things he told were simple leftovers from his humor. He believed that. As soon as the order to bury the dead in a coffin and he was carried out, he told Colonel Roque Carrandón the question of setting up courts martial and justice in a regular way. He was leaving task of lawyer

radical reforms which would leave a stain of the established order hanging in place. "We have to get ahead of the politicians in the party," he said to his aids. "When they open their eyes reality they'll find accomplished facts." It was then that he decided to review the titles to land that went back a hundred years and he discovered the legalized outrages of his brother José Arcadio. He annulled the registrations with a stroke of the pen. As a gesture of courtesy, he left his affairs for an hour and visited Rebeca to bring her up to date on what he was determined to do.

In the shadows of her house, the solitary widow who at one time had been the confidante of his repressed loves and whose persistence had saved his life was a specter out of the past. Focused in black down to her knuckles, with her heart turned to ash, she scarcely knew anything about the war. Colonel Aureliano Buendía had the impression that the phosphorescence of her bones was showing through her skin and that she moved in an atmosphere of Saint Elmo's fire, in a stagnant air where one could still note a hidden smell of gunpowder. He began by advising her to moderate the rigor of her mourning, to ventilate the house, to forgive the world for the death of José Arcadio. But Rebeca was already beyond any vanity. After searching fruitlessly in the taste of earth, in the perfumed letters from Pietro Crespi, in the tempestuous bed of her husband, she had found peace in that house where memories materialized through the strength of implacable evocation and walked like human beings through cloistered rooms. Leaning back in her wicker rocking chair, looking at Colonel Aureliano Buendía as if he were the one who looked like a ghost out of the past, Rebeca was not even upset by the news that the lands usurped by José Arcadio would be returned to their rightful owners.

"Whatever you decide will be done, Aureliano," he sighed. "I always thought and now I have the proof that I was right."

radical reforms
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brother
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his life
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Amaranta felt
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Amaranta discovered she had raised
Colonel Gerineldo Marquez

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the unbearable weight

Amaranta locked herself in her bedroom to
weep after giving her final answer
to her tenacious suitor:

“We’re too old for this sort of thing now.”

From that time on, even during the most critical days of the war, he visited her every afternoon. Many times, when Remedios the Beauty was not present, it was he who turned the wheel on the sewing machine. Amaranta felt respect for the man because of the loyalty, the submission of that man who was invested with so much authority and who nevertheless took off his sandals in the living room so that he could go into the sewing room without wraps. For four years he kept repeating his love and she would always find a way to reject him without hurting him, for even though she had not succeeded in loving him she could no longer live without him. Remedios the Beauty, who seemed indifferent to everything, who was thought to be mentally retarded, was sensitive to so much devotion and she intervened in Colonel Gerineldo Marquez's favor. Amaranta suddenly discovered that the child she had raised, who was just entering adulthood, was a beautiful creature that had even been seen in Maracaibo. She felt reborn in her heart the way that she had felt in other days for Rebecca, and begging God not to imper her into the extreme state of wishing her death, she banished her from the sewing room. At that time Colonel Gerineldo Márquez began to use the freedom of his suit. He summoned her with his persuasive, his broad and tender way to give her Amaranta a close embrace, his best, but she could not resist. One day, after a long and painful conversation, she felt the unbearable weight of her obstinacy, Amaranta locked herself in her bedroom to weep after giving her final answer to her tenacious suitor:

“We’re too old for this sort of thing now.”

Colonel Gerineldo Márquez telegraphed all from Maracaibo that he was going to bring Amaranta back.

At night

his right hand

He took pleasure in

"You can't come she told him.

his spirit

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