

What remains?

What remains of the "between" and of the space that divides, the seam that touches both borders? Between literature and philosophy? Between texts and readers? Between *Glas* and CA?¹

"What remains of the 'remain(s)' when it is pulled to pieces, torn into morsels? Where does the *rule* of its being torn into morsels come from? Must one still try to determine a regularity when tearing to pieces what remains of the remain(s)? A strictly angular question. The remain(s) here suspends itself.

Let us give ourselves the time of this suspense. For the moment time will be nothing but the suspense between the regularity and the irregularity of the morsels of what remains."(*Glas*, 226a)

There are too many questions remaining. But how, precisely, is that possible? How do they "remain?" What "past" do they mark as "remains?" How does one deal with remains? What is the work of mourning and interment, the *glas*-work, the work announced even as it is made impossible by *Glas*? Can this be the mark of a reading? A Writing? A "critical discourse?" What is *it*, finally, "to remain?" This is the fundamental (post)-ontological question that *Glas* ceaselessly recites even as it tears the fabric of such a question, the texts that appear to posit it (the texts of *Sa*, the *Phenomenology of Spirit*), and those that disseminate it through a celebration of the partial and the signature (the texts of the thief, the prisoner, the homosexual) into pieces. In approaching these questions of what can (possibly) remain, *Glas* continually reminds me that the number most often written into *Sa*, the Hegelian number *parexcellence*, is three. The stages of development: of the family to the State, of religion to the Absolute, of ethics to *Sittlichkeit*, of art to Spirit, and, of

course, of the dialectical procedure(s) to(wards) *Aufhebung*, all proceed according to this same numerical -- later it will be "biblical" -- law. And so *this* graft, this morsel of *glas*-writing, in working with the remains, begins with three citations. Already, these are three citations of citations, "translator's notes," from three different texts, all surrounding the problem of the remains:

From "Cartouches":

"1. 'Cartouches,' like *Glas*, plays persistently with the word and notion *reste(s)*: the rest, the remainder, remains; and the verb *rester*: to stay, remain. Expressions involving the sequence *du reste*, as here (literally 'of the rest/remainder'), also introduce the idiomatic expression *du reste*: 'besides' or 'moreover.' We have tended to use 'remainder' for the singular *reste* and 'remains' for the plural *restes*, and to translate *du reste* literally or idiomatically according to immediate context.-- TRANS." (*Truth in Painting*, 185)

From Mark Taylor's *Altarity*:

"1. The notion of *le reste* plays a very important role in Derrida's rereading of Hegel. It functions as either a noun or a verb, and the multiple nuances upon which Derrida plays cannot easily be captured in translation. *Reste* can designate rest, remainder, residue, trace, vestige, and leavings. *Rester* means to remain, stop, dwell, continue. In most cases, I will follow John Leavey's imaginative rendering of *reste* as 'remain(s).'

 (*Altarity*, 255)

From John Leavey's *Glossary*:

"Remain(s): *reste*: this term plays with its noun and verb forms. *Reste* is the noun (remainder, remnant), the third person singular (remains), and the imperative (remain). The translation, rather than deciding this play, as a rule uses *remain(s)* to render this word wherever it occurs. In addition, the adverbial phrase *du reste*, translated here as 'after all,' often complicates the translation, since *du reste* can also signify 'of the remain(s).'

 The translation attempts to respect this play." (*Glossary*, 135)

"After all," isn't this precisely the problem? What "remnants" can there be "after all?" How can "translation," "capture" the remain(s), "as a rule?" This is still the problem, the never-captured, the remain(s) of (a) critical reading/writing. What are the rules? What are the materials of the critical business (the list is easy to start: concept, metaphor, analysis, explication, order, category, genre, discipline, history, meaning, translation...once started, though, it can never quite be stopped) and can they "capture" the "nuances" of their critical object? That is, can they, in any way, in even a heterogeneous way, fulfill the singular desire of *Sa*? Without excess? Without overrunning the borders and boundaries of their own systems of translation? Without disrupting the field with a

generalized, non-singular fetish? Without leaving an incalculable remain(s)? If not, (and *Glas* demonstrates precisely this "not") then how does criticism write it-self aware of the remain(s)? How does it write itself in the "here" and "now" of reading-between? After all? "Remain(s) to (be) divide(d), detail(ed), retail(ed) one more time."(*Glas*, 102bi)

Glas -- prior to its announcing as it reads Hegel that "what always remains irresoluble, impracticable, nonnormal, or nonnormalizable is what interests and constrains us here" -- offers two options "almost":

"Of the remain(s), after all, there are, always, overlapping each other, two functions.

The first assures, guards, assimilates, interiorizes, idealizes, relieves the fall into the monument. There the fall maintains, embalms, and mummifies itself, monumemorizes and names itself -- falls (to the tomb(stone)). Therefore, but as a fall, it erects itself there.

The other -- lets the remain(s) fall. Running the risk of coming down to the same. Falls (to the tomb(stone)) -- two times the columns, the waterspouts -- remain(s)."(*Glas*, 1-2b)

"Running the risk of coming down to the same" or what? What is the third possibility? It is not, I can see on the left, exactly speculative dialectics; for whom any third is always magical. It is -- I will set out to perform -- the graft. The cut. The morsel. The workings of *Glas*' organs and sewing machines. All the attempts called for in the pastiche-citation of *à propos* gather around a new task for the reader/writer -- one that respects and yet suffers under the unceasing teasing of what remains.²

Glas cites Genet citing Roger reminding me, "its reading that counts."(*Glas*, 3bi)

And so, learning from *Glas*, without actually re-reading it here and now, I set out to read, seeking "verily a critical displacement (supposing that is rigorously possible)"(*Glas*, 5a), and keeping in mind the tripartite Hegelian syllogism with which *Glas* (almost) begins:

"Its first term is the family.

The second, civil or bourgeois society.

The third, the State or the constitution of the State."(*Glas*, 4A)

And the question that continues to haunt it through to (almost) the end:

"Of a remain(s)?

Of a remain(s) that would no longer be -- neither relic nor remainder -- of any operation."(*Glas*, 257bi)

I would read the chronicle, the "legend" of a family, its development and its relationship to

the very business of translation in which I would always already be ((n)ever) engaged, and the inevitable, impossible ruins that remain.³ There will be, to start, three questions.

What remains of a text that begins with the question of what could possibly remain of philosophy after Hegel and ends with the question of how one maintains incalculable remains after Genet?

What remains of a novel that begins where everything remains, including the business of Genesis, the biblical business of naming (of writing the *Book*) and ends with the Book's own destruction, the death knell (*glas*) of the desire for translation?

What remains between these two texts that announce their own annihilation within prophetic Annunciations of singularly spiritual and "proper" types; and yet, after (such) Revelations, leave remains?

These questions, the residue that they leave, and the tracings that they call for are inevitably engaged within the act of reading *Glas* into and through CA; of attempting to recreate a reading, here and now, following in order, in order to reproduce the illusion of a singular act of translation.

"I have often posed the question: what does *here* [*ici*] mean (to say) for a text and in a language in general? What is the *here and now* of a *glas*?" (*Glas*, 257)

What remains still is to re-read and re-cite a certain bringing to consciousness, a never-quite-immaculate conception, of a subject (position) into the context of (a) reading/writing.⁴

"Let us give ourselves the time of this suspense."

CA begins in and with the future.

"Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía..."

CA also begins in and with the past.

"...was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice."(CA, 1)

CA also begins with the beginning of the past and the future.

"The world was so recent that many things lacked names and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point."(CA, 1)

When the all of the past and so much of the future share the same space on the page, what, precisely, is the possibility of any "discovery?" What can that word come to mean (to say)? As in, "It was a matter of what lets itself be discovered."(*Glas*, 45b) or "I have discovered a lot of new words, and yet I always return to the same ones for want of others."?(*Glas*, 216b) What is the difference between discovering and, say, inventing? Can one only discover something that was in a certain sense, "already there" to begin with? On the other hand, can one only invent something that "never existed" prior to its invention? Already where? Never existed where? When? These questions, which begin to inscribe the possibility for debates about beginnings, about exploration and imagination, about the limits of available knowledge and the bestowing of proper names, are already sounding as a young boy, in memory, "discovers" ice. The question of the relationship between "discovery" and "invention" will prove to be an important remainder from early on in CA. But for now, the future calls me back.

In the future, facing a death whose deferral will be foretold, Colonel Aureliano

Buendía remembers. In the more distant future, when his death will not be deferred, it will come accompanied by a forgetting. The links forged between memory, prophecy, and death will also have their role to play in binding (erect) the texts to be read in CA, the writings to be translated, the cards to be interpreted, the (chance) chronicle of a family's death foretold. The texts of *glas* will, after all, be delivered by a gypsy. But already, I have gone too far, overstepped my borders; for the gypsies are only "now" arriving. "First they brought the magnet." (CA, 1) -- Melquíades' "magical irons" bring to the still Edenic Macondo a new type of spiritualism. "Things have a life of their own," he tells them. "It's simply a matter of waking up their souls." (CA, 2) But this announcement of a new stage of religious development, a move towards animism and the mediate phase of religion in the *Phenomenology of Spirit*, wherein "the quiet impotence of contemplative individuality passes into destructive being-for-self" (*Glas*, [citing Hegel], 2a), is (mis)read only for its more economic remainders by the patriarch. Still, even in his desire to "extract gold from the bowels of the earth," he proceeds according to a certain *Sa*-logic, working first to "demonstrate the truth of his idea." (CA, 2)

What this *Sa*-logic produces, of course, is remains. Specifically, the remains of an ancient warrior, still entombed, encrypted in his armor, marking and yet remaining silent about an as yet unspoken past, a different time which will come to mark, even as it inevitably already has marked, a different sort of "discovery;" the remains, for CA, of the "pre-historic." Already, the boundary of a history has been pierced by a remain(s), sounding a *glas* for a history before Genesis; a tolling that can only be, even at the beginning, without reference, but which is already marked by death and has already "fallen (to the tomb(stone))."

"Science," -- the business, *Glas* reminds us, that Hegel is continually trying to "lay down" as he constructs a new method to critique both empiricism and formalism -- even as it gestures towards knowledge and "discovery," distances the subject from the undecidable calculus of the family. As José Arcadio Buendía "discovers" the discoveries brought by

the gypsies, but made elsewhere, by Others, by Jews -- those who cannot function with true knowledge of "Family" -- he removes himself from the family and, specifically, from the stage of familial development that is crucial if the family is to "exist" or engage itself dialectically with the State: the education of the child.⁵ He retires to develop, to "calculate," a "novel weapon" -- one that will, no doubt, reduce its target to remains.

He sends this novel(ity) along the route of the post. It is the first postal dispatch, the first *envois* that will not arrive at its destination along the lines of postal communication. The sender, according to a logic of deferred postal responses that will serve to destabilize claims to knowledge outside the boundaries of the town, will continually fail to be an addressee. This deferral, though it first seems terminable when the *envois* finds the postal route "by chance" after getting lost, will prove to be a condition of writing and sending dispatches to and from Macondo. "For several years, he waited for an answer." (CA, 4)

The waiting here, however, is not the passive waiting for a response to questions asked that is in the family's future. Rather, during this time of hermetic hermeneutic boundaries, invention and discovery begin to come together as José Arcadio learns to use the astrolabe, the compass, and the sextant. As the spacing between the scientific as an enterprise and the familial obligation (the becoming conscious of the child within the "death" of the parents as subjects) increases, and the drive towards knowledge as location and identity intensifies, the momentum of "history," here already forgotten, takes over. What José Arcadio discovers, of course, is precisely that which was "discovered" by the one who would have claimed to "discover" the world already inhabited by the past of the Buendías. "The earth is round, like an orange." (CA, 5) In the face of such an absolute loss of "reason," the family must defend itself.

"Úrsula lost her patience. "If you have to go crazy, please go crazy all by yourself!" she shouted. "But don't try to put your gypsy ideas into the heads of the children."

Columbus, who will later turn up, displaced from his "own" time, in the realm of a more Absolute Patriarch, has been forgotten in the land he would claim as the property of his

Holy Royal Family.⁶ A new claim to knowledge, when it occurs within a system with limits, is a "new claim," a founding of a genuine and original concept, regardless of any larger "genuineness" or "originality." Claims to knowledge, it seems, carry a certain truth value which is always strictly contextually determined. But what if those limits, those borders do not stand? "For seams," *Glas* reminds me, "this must be stressed, do not hold at any price. They must not be, here, for example, of a foolproof solidity."(*Glas*, 209b) They are sewn in, as I am sewing seams between texts, between "chapters," pretending to respect the order of order and partition; and, consequently, they too easily rip out.

Beyond the seam, beyond the border are the remains, are diseases, is death. For Melquíades to return he must have been away, outside; and into his body is sewn the decay of disease and the remains of his own *glas*. Still, he returns as the novelist of excess, "lighting up with his deep organ voice the darkest region of the imagination," writing to and for the child who will soon, for the first time, see ice; and he brings with him the equipment of "Science," including:

"a set of notes and sketches concerning the processes of the Great Teaching that would permit those who could interpret them to undertake the manufacture of the philosopher's stone."(CA, 7)

"Attaching importance, once more, to the stone."(*Glas*, 70)

Philosophy and/of Science -- the beginning of the Hegelian project and the machine that injects a desire for knowledge of the "outside," of that which exceeds boundaries -- constitutes the beginning not of a speculative dialectics, but of a *glas*-like process that, doomed to fail, can only start in theft (from the mother) and produce unidentifiable remains.

"Úrsula's precious inheritance was reduced to a large piece of burnt hog cracklings that was firmly stuck to the bottom of the pot."(CA, 8)

Still, recognizing that to stop reading is not an alternative to interpretive violence, José Arcadio continues pursuing "unbearable extremes." But first, the text moves back again into the past.

CA will continue to play a certain temporal game of *fort/da* with memory, reminiscence, and writing. The critics have written at length about the form and structure, the grammar of this "cyclical time."⁷ But are circles really at stake here? The movement into and out of the past seems more an oscillation, a withdrawing and return, than any mythological and/or Nietzschean set of cycles. This is important because oscillation implies the destabilization of distinctions and constructs, including temporal ones, in a way that circular movement not only does not undertake, but actually resists. Cycles, in Nietzsche and in many critical texts "on" CA, contain points of contact between them and a certain identity of motion, or at least of pattern, that allow for moments of temporal familiarity and reassurance. CA, on the other hand, seems to resist precisely this allowance for comfort by always inscribing a difference that is not that which defines (as in Nietzsche) or that which identifies (as in "circular time") but as that which defers for the sake of constant shuttling or oscillation, the "never-rest" that leaves remains. The narrative plays with a spool and string, throwing it and retrieving it in such a way as to not allow a resting place, a fully-present. And, "after all," as Genet and then *Glas* tell me over and over, "it is the oscillation that excites me." (*The Thief's Journal*, 1) Here, now, the spool is thrown out, away into a past-past, an "at first."

At first, José Arcadio worked for the "welfare of the community," carrying the family into the second term of the earlier syllogism. And, as if fulfilling the Hegelian plan, Úrsula maintained the business of *oikos*, the home, apart from the civil or the State. These are seams she will later come to tear; but not here, not now. The borders are still intact. No one has died yet in Macondo. There has been no *glas*. However, the scientific discourse (can we actually say "knowledge," here?) of the gypsies transforms this "family" man. He begins to fall into disrepair.

"But even those most convinced of his madness left work *and family* to follow him when he brought out his tools to clear the land and asked the assembled group to open a way that would put Macondo in contact with the great inventions." (CA, 10. my emph.)

The desire to use the knowledge of "discoveries" to "discover" "inventions" is the desire to be able to re-cite, to read other texts into one's own (subject position). It is the desire to begin to graft; and flowers will soon appear. The expedition that "originally" set out to find an outlet to the sea never arrived at its destination. The result of this dry (*sec*) deferral was the accidental founding of a home: Macondo. Now, here, that most proper concept begins its straining towards the point of breaking, of ripping into fragments, morsels, "singular" stories that will continually interrupt and be interrupted, into a text not of *Sa* but of CA. Only by displacing, most often "wrongly," boundaries, can the "novel" begin to re-cite its narrative. In spite of José Arcadio's reassurances ("the main thing is not to lose our bearings"), the expedition searching to discover the way to the sea (*el mar*), to discover inventions, finds another remainder, a colossal monument to the past, filled, as in that other monument to *glas*, with flowers. As if describing the business of reading Derrida's demonumentalization of monuments, his (anthi)-erection of tattooed and niched columns to imperial and botanical signatures, CA describes the men of Macondo "discovering" "an enormous Spanish galleon." "Inside, where the expeditionaries explored with careful intent, there was nothing but a thick forest of flowers." (CA, 12) Hegel's monument to the Absolute Knowledge of History has been infested, even overrun by Genet's uncontrollable signature. And, once again, the quasi-logic of chance takes over.

"He considered it a trick of his whimsical fate to have searched for the sea without finding it, at the cost of countless sacrifices and suffering, and to have found it all of a sudden without looking for it, as if it lay across his path like an insurmountable object." (CA, 12)

This path too, of course, will later become a postal route, reinscribing chance into the system of messages and knowledge over borders. But for now, the logic of error inscribed into any "discovery" can lead only to an "arbitrary map" of Macondo as surrounded by water on all sides (as having no immediately navigable space beyond its borders). This thought -- that there is no out-side, nothing other than "here;" that there is no way for "the benefits of science" to reach Macondo -- is intolerable. The men's consequent desire to move the borders, to displace the town, is subverted finally by the will

of Úrsula to maintain a "home;" even if, to identify it as such, she must be the first to mark the concept with the finality of death. Once again, the will of a woman, rooted in *oikos* and tied to the maintenance of death in the family, the *glas*-work of *Glas*' and Hegel's Antigone, "envelops" the plans of the men until all the operations turn into "nothing but an illusion." (CA, 13) In the face of José Arcadio's promise of "magic" and "good buys" in a land beyond the borders, Úrsula recalls the "proper" role of the parent in the early stages of a development of Family: the making "proper" of the child.

"'Instead of going around thinking about your crazy inventions, you should be worrying about your sons,' she replied. 'Look at the state they're in, running wild just like donkeys.'" (CA, 14)

And, after a moment of being "adrift" in "an unexplored region of his memory," José Arcadio settles down to the business of "raising" a family. The question as to whether this "raising" will also be a "relieving" (*Aufhebung*) of the family, through the education and development of the child into a relationship of perpetual oscillation with the Father (the development of a family "properly so-called" because it mimes the operations of the Holy Family), will be the concern of much of the genealogy in both halves of CA, just as it is the concern of at least half of *Glas*. But it is not time, yet, to speculate. The activity of a reading has certain protocols, and CA moves back to a birth, the first birth in Macondo.

The "intensity" of the "look" that the newborn Aureliano shows, after the first cut (the cut that detaches the mother), proves to stem from an excess of knowledge -- an excess demonstrated first in spillage. The falling off (over the edges without borders) and shattering into pieces (remains) of the soup pot, spills out, into the "security" of the home, the beginning of a narrative of excess and incalculable "events." The "effect" (and this is precisely the question) of the patriarch's "forcing the limits of his imagination to extremes" seems to be played out within the beginning of CA's long chronicle of the unexplainable, of (from an earlier citation in *Glas*) "what always remains irresoluble, impracticable, nonnormal, or nonnormalizable." This is, in fact, "what interests us here." This will be the wrench thrown into CA's apparently Hegelian machinery, that part-object which forces

the machine to crack, to interrupt its systemic narrative for still another impossible story. Already these cracks can be found, early on in the development of the Family. José Arcadio begins the process, properly enough, (according to a certain syllogism) of education. *Glas* speaks (Hegelian) and reads (and tells) the future of the Buendías:

"The father loses his son like that: in gaining him, in educating him, in raising him, in involving him in the family circle, which comes down, in the logic of the *Aufhebung*, to helping him leave, to pushing him outside while completely retaining him. The father helps his son, takes him by the hand in order to destroy the family in accomplishing it within what dissolves it: first bourgeois or civil society, then the *State* that accomplishes *Sittlichkeit* in 'relieving the family and bourgeois society,' in magnifying them."(*Glas*, 13-14)

And an important part of this education, it turns out, is the "discovery" of inventions. Appropriately, the gypsies return.

But these are "new" gypsies, and they are even more singularly Others, more detached, because they know "only their own language."(*CA*, 16) The collection of inventions they bring with them prompt, in José Arcadio, the desire to invent a "memory machine" to remember them all. This desire will return when memory vanishes from Macondo, later, in the future; but here and now the links between invention, discovery, and memory are only beginning to establish themselves. They are links which will be written, as the text proceeds, into the business, the operation, of translation. There is only a hint of this here, when José Arcadio, leading his sons "by the hand," asks about Melquíades and the gypsies "(do) not understand his language."(*CA*, 17) Through translation, however, comes death. This will be a play that acts itself out regularly on the stage of Macondo. The only optional ending to the business of reading, decoding, or decrypting, other than the final one, will be orgasm. More often, however, translation sounds a *glas*. "Melquíades is dead."(*CA*, 17) His body, unlike his friend's expeditions, finally finds the sea (*el mar*).

But there is more to see. The children -- for whom death knells do not yet resound, do not yet reach their ears -- know only the affirmation of the new, of the "vast and boundless Yes" (Si) of Nietzschean heterogeneity. And so, they head off in an attempt to "discover" new inventions. The invention they discover, of course, is reflective (mimetic)

even as it is transparent. It oscillates between the hardness of absolute clarity and the fragility of "infinite internal needles in which the light of the sunset was broken up into colored stars,"(CA,18) into incalculable remains. It will be translated, later, in dream language, to define Macondo as a city of mirrors; and it will be translated, earlier, as a memory of the past in the future of "many years later." First, it will be (mis)read by the patriarch, who constantly (mis)reads along the same lines, as "the biggest diamond in the world." Then, abruptly, again, it will be named, properly, by the gypsy. "It's ice."(CA, 18)

The "miracle" of ice, its strangeness and its defiance of the known knowledge available to José Arcadio as reader, repeats a strategic displacement of the "here" and "now" of Macondo that characterizes this opening cut of CA as a narrative of Family development in a world without the absolute force, without the absolute spirit that would promise to (re)guard it(self) against contamination. The incursion of the gypsies reveals the community only to be defined by temporary, half-stitched seams, sewn into the place of *Sa*, and miming, with the subtle, oscillating, difference of the gap, its Hegelian movement. The novel begins with questions of discovery, exploration, and invention. It begins by introducing me to the "forcing" of "the limits of imagination to extremes." CA's opening chapter, like *Glas'* opening lines, and my opening reading, concerns itself with the "beyond" of borders, the out-side, and the effect of the incalculable, the undecidable, the not-yet-known on the progressive development of a Family and a civil community. In its own structure it both enacts the linearity of familial progress towards the State and subverts that linearity through the offering and withdrawing of the (quasi)-past and the (quasi)-future (the *fort/da* of tense) and the problematizing of the status of originality and truth-claims for knowledge. Of course, the raising of these grammatical and epistemological questions cannot help but be accompanied by the raising of ontological ones as well. The relationship(s) between discovery and invention, between memory, translation, and death are first of all discursive ones. They manifest themselves through the manipulation of

tenses and the organ-izing of narrative remain(s). However, within the inevitably excessive pseudo-logic of language, such questions cannot be contained in categories, in columns, that are marked with proper names like "Discourse." They are, rather, more likely to overrun the borders of such critical determinations and pose themselves in several regions at once, including those named by epistemology and ontology. Consequently, CA's opening movements, its initial attempts to find the outside of Macondo's boundaries - - though they are continually frustrated, truncated, cut short -- will be able, later, to be grafted onto to other narratives in other "heres" and other "nows." José Arcadio recognizes his own "failures" (his inventions, discoveries, and explorations); however, each new object that appears, each new text delivered to him by the gypsies, offers yet another set of possibilities for rewriting, for exceeding what appear to be already written histories and boundaries. It is this attitude, which seems both to obey the promising logic of speculative dialectics and to include a desire to investigate, to explore the problem of excess and remains, that allows him to read the impossible, final, frozen offering of the gypsies in a way that can be read, along the lines of both use and mention, in at least three ways:

"This is the great invention of our time."(CA, 18)

Remain(s)

"Make oneself a present of the remainder."

But first, why these chapters and the too formal logic of following? What is the risk run here? Assuring, guarding, assimilating, maintaining, embalming, mummifying? Will these boundaries, these frames, be overrun? The logic is both a formal and an arbitrary one. I will not cite from other than the chapter I am reading. No re-citing of past or prophecy between quotation marks (of) the future. These boundaries must be respected. "Chapters are not to be mixed. I will not mix chapters." (A Law?)

"Will there be bleeding?"

The risk is of correspondences. The chance is wagering on the process of a reading. Of a momentizing towards heterogeneous reading(s), of allowing the remain(s) to speak in spite

of (over) the stitched seams. These, here, will be the cuts, just as those other "chapters" will be the reading of a procedure, of a movement, of the wounding, the castration of *Sa*.

I can do nothing other than cite here, but this time without identity, even without the marks that identify. This (therefore) will not have been the Law. It will not have been proper.

Still, though, there is the numerical logic of 1, 2, 3..., of the page(s). "These *Numbers* enumerate themselves, write themselves, read themselves. By themselves. Hence they get themselves remarked right away, and every new brand [*marque*] of reading has to subscribe to their program." What can remain after that? After the last number? The last page?

A new *marque* of reading.

Parerga remain.

"And what if *parergon* were the title?"

This problem is written all around the edges of *Glas* and CA. It is, in another sense, "what interests us here": the excess which always already challenges the the objective generality of the concept. To name only a most famous instance in philosophy: "This is the paradox (the class which -- immediately -- sounds the death knell of uniqueness in beauty) of the third *Critique* and of any discourse on the beautiful: it must only deal with singularities which must give rise only to universalizable judgments. Whence the *parergon*, the importation of frames in general, those of the first *Critique* in particular." Even Kant, writing against the frame, cannot not frame; and in framing for the sake of the *eidos* he gives up any chance to read any reminders of the remainder, of what remains. The remain(s) can (never) serve only as a frame. They are always more and less enframing, even as they feign to avoid speaking (to the other and to each other). The *glas* of aesthetics.

And "earlier": "Philosophy wants to arraign it and can't manage. But what has produced and manipulated the frame puts everything to work in order to efface the frame effect, most often by naturalizing it to infinity, in the hands of God (one can verify this in Kant). Deconstruction must neither reframe nor dream of the pure and simple absence of the frame. These two apparently contradictory gestures are the very ones -- and they are always systematically indissociable -- of *what* is here deconstructed."

And "later," as if speaking of the silent exchange between texts that was both promised and denied in the blurb on *Glas*' parergon: "this double cise is compared only with itself. For the limit does not exist, it never begins, anywhere. Neither originary nor derived, like the trace of each trait. That's what is presented without cise."

Another broken promise...

"For it counted without..."

This "double cise" happens early in both CA and *Glas* (and between them, here, now) with the putting into oscillation of the *eidos* of "originality." Who discovers? The beyond? (The between?) of the "original" and all that frames it? José Arcadio (and, always, Gabriel) mimes Adami: "In this very place, you see, he has forced a frame. He has stripped it and

turned it, working relentlessly to dislocate its angles, rummaging in its corners. *A tergo*, letting you think that one could turn around it, go on a tour of the property, go behind specular reproduction." They head into the forest, into the flowers that cannot be controlled, looking for what edge, what border, what frame?

The sea [*el mar*].

CA is written in the key of "sea." It is, of course, a signature key, a time signature of the author (Mar...). The sea, which another Patriarch will see divided up and carried away by U.S. marines, is the harbinger of all that will contaminate Macondo's edges.

I write, here and now, in the key of "what?" ["¿qué?"]. Adding to, but not quite completing a singular signature; still missing the *last* letter -- the letter that must (always) be last according to a powerful, alphabetical law. But even in the absence of any finality, in the face of castration, I would search for "a new *mar-que* of reading." The questions "of what" ["*de qué*"] bring together the beginning and ending of the two proper names that most often resound here. Between the "d-e" and the "q-u-é" is the space, the key, of the now and the here [*aquí*]. *Aquí de qué*. These signature effects will play themselves out as CA writes itself across its edges, over its frames, and into the rebus of *Glas*.

¿Y qué mas? *El mar* as remain(s).

Gabriel's sailor, elsewhere, reminds us that, on the sea, it is (too) easy to drift. "A raft has no bow or stern; it's square and sometimes it floats sideways, imperceptibly turning around. Since there are no points of reference, you don't know whether its moving forward or backward. The sea is the same in every direction. So I didn't know if the raft had changed course or if it had turned itself around. After the third day, something similar happened with time."

There are no points of reference.
After the third day. After the third. After *Sa...*

all that is possible is to drift, to be *a la deriva*. Before José Arcadio gives up his science, he "drifts" into memory, into reminiscence. He allows himself a lack of direction, of points of reference. Then, he returns to the *oikos* of the Family, away, for a brief time, from the edge. This will not last. The great invention of our time will be discovered. "After the third day, something similar happened with time."

"Keeping time, time, time"

and (almost) opposite it:

"Hegel, as always, late in answering."

The edges of citations are the places of deferral and displacement. "When a text quotes and requotes, with or without quotation marks, when it is written on the brink, you start, or indeed have already started, to lose your footing. You lose sight of any demarcation between a text and what is outside it." You lose sight of the edge. You lose sight of land. You drift. Until, finally, "The oar was still entwined in the rope mesh. I untied it and delicately placed it under my painful back and rested my head on the side of the raft. That was when I saw, very clearly against a rising red sun, the long green shoreline." Shortly

thereafter a detached voice will pose the problem of approach: "But where is the shore?"

How to approach *Glas* and CA and the shore that lies between them and shores them up, binds them (erect) together?

Advice on "Living on":

"If we are to approach a text, it must have an edge. The question of the text, as it has been elaborated and transformed in the last dozen or so years, has not merely 'touched' 'shore,' *le bord* (scandalously tampering, changing, as in Mallarmé's declaration, '*On a touche au vers*'), all those boundaries that form the running border of what used to be called a text, of what we once thought this word could identify, i.e., the supposed end and beginning of a work, the unity of a corpus, the title, the margins, the signature, the referential realm outside the frame, and so forth. What has happened, if it has happened, is a sort of overrun {*debordement*} that spoils all these boundaries and divisions and forces us to extend the accredited concept, the dominant notion of a 'text,' of what I still call a 'text,' for strategic reasons, in part -- a 'text' that is henceforth no longer a finished corpus of writing, some content enclosed in a book or its margins, but a differential network, a fabric of traces referring endlessly to something other than itself, to other differential traces. Thus the text overruns all the limits assigned to it so far (not submerging them or drowning them in an undifferentiated homogeneity, but rather making them more complex, dividing and multiplying strokes and lines) -- all the limits, everything that was to be set up in opposition to writing (speech, life, the world, the real, history, and what not, every field of reference -- to body or mind, conscious or unconscious, politics, economics, and so forth)."

The text goes on to warn against the desire to "dam up," to "rebuild the old partitions." Obviously, the teleology, if it can even be called that, is to set adrift -- to write *ala deriva*. The desire is to make a critical difference, or, at least, a different critical discourse that allows itself (actually, admits that it can do nothing other than) to drift towards and away from the edge of speculation. (More must be written, later, on the risk, personally and politically, of this *fort/da*.)

And this, it seems clear, is an operation that can only begin with remain(s), with the morsels not eaten (at the Last Supper, *Glas* reminds us). José Arcadio makes his pronouncement on ice "as if giving testimony on the holy scriptures." On the Bible, the only book allowed to carry the name of itself as its own proper name. The Book. A "text" for decipherment like those decrypted by the son of one named "Babilonia." But here I am too far ahead, too far from Genesis and the giving of names -- even that is still to come. This waiting, the effect of this (always slipping) deferral is the reason for the logic of chapters. To fulfill the promise of *Glas*:

"The operation must be singular each time, and must run its risk uniquely."

It knows, in advance, however, that this risk (of singularity) must fail. But -- and this is precisely what links failure to the "promise" of *glas*-writing to exceed the proper edges of critical discourse -- at least this failure allows for what remains.

It is not silent about the rest(e). About the "ashes." About the terrible violence it must do in order to read/write. It speaks up at least about those constant cuts that lead, finally, to the death, in a certain manner of speaking, of the object. Even if its own re-marks (turned towards its operations and graftings) necessarily speak the encrypted language of fetishism; the writing of a "between" at least listens to its own cryptonymy.

"Listen"

"is it to silence a name, or rather to sing it? Myself, I sing it while multiplying it to infinity, while dissimulating it under all the other names that I give to your name. The danger is mortal but the Thing too, and the name, yours, resonates only at this price, at this monstrous risk that I have made you run from the very first second."

I can read this, cut from a post-card, as an exchange between *glas*-writer and text(s). A new relationship between. Also, I can read it as an exchange between Gabriel and the possible. Announcing a prophecy, a birth, of the between. The word is the same in both French and Spanish, in English it invites me (in): *entre*.

"entre"

I can read García Márquez as writing between and beyond possibilities for a new *marque* of reading, between CA and a "Death Constant Beyond Love": "Laura Farina saw the paper butterfly come out. Only she saw it because the guards in the vestibule had fallen asleep on the steps, hugging their rifles. After a few turns, the large lithographed butterfly unfolded completely, flattened against the wall, and remained stuck there. Laura Farina tried to pull it off with her nails. One of the guards, who woke up with the applause from the next room, noticed her vain attempt.

'It won't come off,' he said sleepily. 'It's painted on the wall.'"

(On the edge, the place of a guard, at his post, in the presence of a differential network or fabric of traces, a text.)

"texts" "*textos*" "*textes*"

"Listen *entre* texts, *textos*, *textes*."

"Listen between texts (in translation)." For what? [*¿por qué?*]

For what remains.

History, in CA as in *Glas*, begins with the ringing of a bell. In *Glas*, the tolling that announces a beginning for the question "what remains?" is sounded "outside" the text, on the border or margin of the encounter, the discourse that is to follow "on castration and dissemination, a question going back to the flood." (*Glas*, 37a) The *glas* that announces the remain(s) resounds in the title. In CA, history begins with the alarm bells ringing, announcing the invasion (Drake's attack on Riohacha) and, also, the beginning of the novel's interrogation of what remain(s). What remains after the attack are the nightmares of burning and death and a move "far from the sea" -- inside, away from the border, and into the history of the novel. But the "history of the attack" turns out to be not, finally, a "history" in the proper sense but an excuse, by and of memory, for the way things are. This relationship between memory, history, and the narrative is established early in CA and will come to be translated into the markings, the traces, of a familial progress as the narrative is read. "History," in CA, often functions not like the Hegelian history of knowledge that is deconstructed in *Glas*' reading of the Family and its ethical development, but like the "(hi)story" that *Glas* reads as Genet's re-telling of stories and *Glas*' re-telling of Genet, the texts, their signatures, and their remains.

"[Genet] has interred literature like no one. He leaps wherever that explodes in the world, wherever the absolute knowledge of Europe takes a blow, and these (hi)stories of *glas*, *seing*, flower, horse ought to make him shit." (*Glas*, 37)

"(Hi)stories" -- this writing marks already the questions of ownership, property, and signature (whose stories?), as well as the question of marks, of writing and written narratives -- begin in CA with a breaking over the border, an invasion, and the combining

of sex and death in a movement of self-castration, the accidental burning that changes what remains of Úrsula's great-great grandmother "into a useless wife." (CA, 19) "Useless", of course, because she cannot conceive, she cannot populate a home; she can only dream a horrible yet redemptive dream wherein her ignominious fate is translated into a noble suffering under torture at the hands of cruel enemies, the narrative that should have taken place. The Hegelian history (of *oikos* and the proper family) is now impossible; what remains are (hi)stories -- the history-to-be rewritten, of the Buendías. The story, always written only in the convenience of memory, of Úrsula's history, of "three hundred years of fate," cannot be an explanation but can only function "as a way of giving her some relief." (CA, 20) For what actually unites her and her husband, what begins the history of the Family, is "a common prick of conscience." (CA, 20)

This, we can be sure, is a prick that will grow, both up into a tower and out into a wound. It is the prick of familial progress and regress, of fucking and bleeding, of the outside-movement of exploration, from which it will return tattooed; and the turning-inwards of incest, which will leave it deformed and finally doomed to death. But all of this is still to come. First, before memory can begin to think "thinking," there must be a marriage.⁸ "Getting married," *Glas* tells me, reading Hegel, "is responding to a destination, to an objective vocation, and to the ethical duty, in the order of objective morality." (*Glas*, 192a) For Hegel there appear to be two "extremes" of marriage: those cases wherein the parents arrange the marriage and those wherein "the inclination first appears in the persons as 'infinitely particularized' individuals, in their 'infinitely particularized singularity.'" (*Glas* (citing Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*, 112), 193a) Yet the marriage that founds the Buendías of CA's narrative is both and neither of these extremes at the same time. Because of a certain familial prick ("They were cousins"), their destiny, their "destination," seems both inevitable and impossible.

"They had grown up together in the old village that both of their ancestors, with their work and their good habits, had transformed into one of the finest towns in the province.

Although their marriage was predicted from the time they had come into the world, when they expressed their desire to be married their own relatives tried to stop it. They were afraid that those two healthy products of two races that had interbred over the centuries would suffer the shame of breeding iguanas."(CA, 20)

"History" turns out to be a legend (of a child born with the tail of a pig) that produces an unaccountable variable within the destiny of the marriage. "That's right, history, what makes history, (hi)stories, marriage in general."(*Glas*, 193a) This variable cannot be interred within the security of a "fate" or "destiny," it can never finally arrive at the "destination" of Hegel's "objectifying engagement." Nor can it be signed away with a contract.⁹ There must be an "act of language":

"What then, without the contract signature, becomes of marriage's objectifying engagement, its objectifying commitment? The *Philosophy of Right* admits of an act of language, the production of a sign, the existence of a kind of formal affidavit. But such an attestation would not bind the two spouses to each other (between them, there could not be any objectifying sign, any seal, or any readable contract), it would give rise to marriage for the community, for the remain(s) of the family."(*Glas*, 195a)

The act of language, in this case, is "a single phrase," a phrase about the relationship between history, destiny, family, and language. A singular attestation: "I don't care if I have piglets as long as they can talk."(CA, 21)

With this act, this constative utterance that proves to perform, *réciting* as it does an incision made both into the logic of Hegelian marriage and the logic of speech-act alternatives, José Arcadio and Úrsula are married in a festival that lasts, of course, three days. And, thereafter, CA tells us, the only thing that prevents their being happy is the excess of prophecy, her mother's "sinister predictions about their offspring."(CA, 21) The "(hi)story" of a prediction, the future-effect of the past, of a legendary writing of memory, serves, on the one hand, to call up a "common prick of conscience;" and, on the other hand, to lock a certain, singular prick out. All that is left is the substitution(s) of the fetish(es). And so, José Arcadio finds other uses for his cocks, raising them to fight; and Úrsula re-textualizes the borders, the *parerga*, around the family. "During the day he would take care of his fighting cocks and she would do frame embroidery with her

mother."(CA, 21) The substitutive process is even further turned towards a certain logic of supplementarity in the evenings, when "they would wrestle for several hours in an anguished violence that seemed to be a substitute for the act of love."(CA, 21) *Glas* has much to say on the relationship between violence and love and the relationship between that relationship and the de-singularization of referentiality within the logic of the fetish; but there will be even more appropriate times for such a discussion as the narrative proceeds. For now, it is enough to know that the crack between the chastity imposed by prophecy and the familial obligations of marriage as a destination will finally be exploded into a mortal wound by the non-identity of "cock" and "cock." The literalization of a linguistic accident produces the death that results in a *glas* for prophecy and the "prick of conscience." "Maybe that rooster of yours can do your wife a favor."(CA, 21) Derrida's "doctors" would, no doubt, write at length about this mortal wound being inflicted by a spear, and *Glas* would remark on the "notches" that appear cut into its shaft; but what is important here and now is that this death, this *glas* announces yet another beginning, the beginning of the production of the Family. The murder of Prudencio Aguilar serves not only to begin the child-producing phase of the Buendía's as Family; it also prompts, after the fact, with the excess of spirit, the search for the sea and the founding of Macondo. Spirit, in this case an excess of life in death that continually threatens, even there, to spill out of itself, wanders the house searching for something to plug the hole in itself, to keep itself in itself. For the Buendía's, there can be no accommodating this excessive spirit in memory, just as there can be no compensating for excessive spirit in *Sa*. The only alternative is to redraw the boundaries, to re-locate, to find a new concept and a new home. "That was how they undertook the crossing of the mountains."(CA, 23)

Beginning with a cut, a series of cuts, cuts of cocks, the community (already defined essentially in masculine terms as José Arcadio and "young men like him") undertakes "an absurd journey."(CA, 24) The moment of the absurd is the moment of the first birth, of José Arcadio, after Úrsula has been reduced to the public immobility earlier

belonging to her great-great grandmother. But this reduction is not repetition; for, while in the earlier case this fixedness marked impotence, here it marks its opposite. The journey continues, briefly moving into a future of war and madness, and finally writing already into the narrative (in parenthesis, in a graft) the future of all the explorers. "They all prepared (and they succeeded) to die of old age." (CA, 24) But stopping the movement of the journey, arriving at a final location, is not arriving at a destination, is not finding or founding a home. For that there must be a signature, the proper pronouncement of a proper name. It arrives in the always deferred, always encrypted non-referentiality of dream language. Within a dream, a self-reflexive city of mirrors is given a name that the founder has never heard and "that had no meaning at all, but that had a supernatural echo in his dream: Macondo." (CA, 24)¹⁰ It is, it turns out, a city and a name founded in the absence of the sea, in the absence of the desired set of boundaries.

The significance of the dream, its "reading," is not "deciphered" by its writer until the appearance of ice, until a certain kind of "discovery" is made. This discovery, of meaning, of "deep meaning" even, leads to great, optimistic plans of future building, of mimesis and dissemination, of full reflexivity and excessive prosperity. These are the dreams produced under the illusion of decipherment, under the belief that one can find, finally, deep meaning. But the effect of the promises that will go always unfulfilled can only be a deferral of more pressing familial concerns. And so, the ice factory is forgotten, the "meaning" is lost, in favor of family progress and the education of sons.

But, even as education, the strange business of alchemy, begins to impress itself upon the Buendía children; another logic, the founding "prick"-logic of the family begins to overrun it.

"One night, as Úrsula went into the room where he was undressing to go to bed, she felt a mingled sense of shame and pity; he was the first man that she had seen naked after her husband, and he was so well equipped for life that he seemed abnormal. Úrsula, pregnant for the third time, relived her newlywed terror." (CA, 25)

The prick of conscience is also, always, a prick of memory. And, at the same time as the

past combines the sexuality of incest with the legendary (hi)story of memory, the future arrives to be announced in the reading of cards.¹¹ Pilar Ternera, who will not be named for several pages, assures Úrsula that her son is not the deformity of legend. "'Just the opposite,' she said, 'He'll be very lucky.'"(CA, 26) Pilar carries with her the smell of smoke that earlier marked a matriarch; but again it is potency that is offered here and not its opposite. *Glas* will later remark the space between the two, in terms of Hegelian *potenz* and the gallows (*potence*) of Genet's texts.(*Glas*, 199ab) Appropriately, the "powers" that serve to construct consciousness in the Jena philosophy of spirit will each play as crucial a role in the progress of the Buendías as will the executions of Genet's gallows-stage.

"*Potenz*: this word, appearing now and then in *Natural Law*, will, some years later, furnish the most general organizing concept of the Jena philosophy of spirit. There, in effect, the analysis of consciousness will be divided or developed in three "powers": (1) Memory and language; this is the "theoretical" power: sensation, imagination, memory. (2) The tool, the "practical" power: desire, labor, tool. (3) Possession and family: family, struggle for recognition, passage to the people-spirit.

What is *Potenz*? A moment of the moment, a moment of the Hegelian concept of moment."(*Glas*, 104-105a)

And much "later," at a different moment in a different notched column, expressing a desire to read/write the death of the critic, *Glas* announces:

"What I wanted to write is the text's GALLOWS {*POTENCE*}.

I expose myself to it. I tend toward it very much, I stretch much on it."(*Glas*, 199b)

Already, memory and language, the workings of desires and "tools," and the progressive development of the family have been written into the Buendía chronicle, and it is only just beginning. The executions and the gallows are yet to come. For now, the potency and potential of Pilar Ternera obsess the young José Arcadio, and leave him adrift, "completely disoriented," searching in the darkness among the remains of a family, until he is swept away into a "bottomless darkness" where, even as he reaches for the face of his partner, he can only find the absent face of his mother and the unavailability of the Oedipal legend. But it is not yet time for "doctors."

Is it an "accident" that, in *Glas*, directly across from the expression of the critical

desire to write the text's *potence*, there appears the reading of Hegel on the incest prohibition, "the example and the pivot of the system that is contradictory within itself"? The link between critical reading/writing and the self-contradiction implied in the relationship between the incest prohibition and nature is the inevitability of indetermination.¹² The "doctors" will not appear here, waiting (in *Glas*) until Hegel writes "castration" into the Kantian theorization of gender difference, and until Hegel is read by a speculative Freud rethinking the referentiality of the fetish. But CA already reads itself into the *Philosophy of Right* (115-116) when it reads José Arcadio's contradictory desires ("dark feelings," Hegel writes) as a "bewildered anxiety to flee and at the same time stay forever in that exasperated silence and that fearful solitude." (CA, 28) The place of that solitude, the "prodigious plaything" that maddens José Arcadio turns out, inevitably, even as it tells the future, to carry its own past, her own (hi)story.

She is a translator of cards who identifies herself in terms of her separation, her spacing, from "a man apart." And when, after their nights of passion, she appears in the Buendía house the next morning as a woman-of-the-home, she cannot, for José Arcadio, "have anything to do" with the force of the sex the night before. His memory succeeds in re-writing (hi)story, detaching it from its object in favor of "not understanding," just as he fails to understand the science of alchemy his brother and father continue to pursue, to invent, and to "discover." And so, when the results of their experiment are celebrated as meaningful and significant, José Arcadio "reduces" them to that which science can never finally contain, he reads into them, just as *Glas* has Genet read excess into Hegel, the anti-logic of remains: "Dog shit." (CA, 29)

"Remain(s) -- to (be) know(n) -- what causes shitting.(*Glas*, 37b)

But the education of the children must continue. And this cannot only take the form of science, of the laboratory, and the experiment; it also calls for translation and initiation between sons, between brothers. José Arcadio begins to tell his brother of his encounters

with Pilar Ternera. At first, the younger child appreciates the risk, the danger; but he cannot "understand the fascination with the object." Still, even as it faces only partial epistemologies, translation inevitably produces contamination. There is no pure language, and the anxiety of influence has "real" effects. The boys begin to suffer together and Úrsula is forced into the pharmacy, forced to produce a *pharmakon*, which produces flower-colored remain(s) that allow only for illusion and distraction. The texts weave together:

In CA: "'Those kids are out of their heads,' Úrsula said. 'They must have worms.' She prepared a repugnant potion for them made out of mashed wormseed, which they both drank with unforeseen stoicism, and they sat down at the same time on their pots eleven times in a single day, expelling some rose-colored parasites that they showed to everybody with great jubilation, for it allowed them to deceive Úrsula as to the origin of their distractions and drowsiness."(CA, 30)

In *Glas*: "Above all do not go on thinking that I am here telling you, in the back-store of Jesus' pharmacy, the story of a *genêt* whose dye, the *pharmakon*, interests me before anything else. And it is true that I will have done nothing if I have not succeeded in affecting you with *genêt*, in coloring, smearing, gluing you, making you sensitive, transforming you, beyond all that is combined here, out of the most proper affect of this text.

But is there any? And of what text? of his? of mine?"(*Glas*, 105b)

(Of mine?) And earlier: "Thus the flower plays the part of a kind of counter poison-poison. One negative works against the other.(*Glas*, 53b)

The undecidable logic of the *pharmakon* reads the possibility of indeterminacy into the sexual development of the sons as it appears to the mother in much the way the incest prohibition reads it in(to) its appearance in(to) Nature. This (phallic) development, this raising of towers and binding-erect of the filial can only be deferred, briefly, with a new (hi)story, a new memory, a new birth.

Amaranta's birth, the birth of a daughter into the Family, prompts a change in the behavior of the sons; an (almost) immediate relocation, a return to the home. However, this re-sealing of certain boundaries will not prove effective for very long, for the out-side returns with the arrival, of course, of gypsies. This outside, this discourse of the Other brought into the text of the Buendía family chronicle, proves to mark a specific shift in the Other as contaminant. "Unlike Melquíades' tribe, they had shown very quickly that they

were not heralds of progress but purveyors of amusement."(CA, 31) The emphasis of the beyond-the-borders has shifted, historically, from violence and death, to science and philosophy, to entertainment and recreation (to, later perhaps, literature and translation). The amusements of the carnival provide a space for the announcement of the first break in the family genealogy, the first excess to spill into the proper name of Buendía, the first bastard. *Glas* asks the question that will continue to resound throughout CA, but that is first marked here:

"Is there a place for the bastard in the ontotheology or in the Hegelian family? That is a question to be left to one side, to be held on the margin or a leash when entering a true family or the family of truth. No doubt the question is not so exterior to that of the *Klang*; at least, without corresponding with the Hegelian concept of exteriority, its exteriority presses another exteriority towards the question's center."(*Glas*, 6a)

Glas goes on to describe the writing-movement of CA, and of this here and now, in terms of the bastard:

"A bastard path, then, that will have to feign to follow naturally the circle of the family, in order to enter it, or parcel it out, or partake of it as one takes part in a community, holy communion, the last supper scene, or part it as one does by dissociating.

I will say no more about procession or method. As Hegel would say, they will speak of (for) themselves while marching."(*Glas*, 6a)

CA writes itself, is writing itself, along a bastard course; one that feigns to narrate the linear progression of a familial genealogy, but is continually faced with the excess of that which falls outside the Family. The overwhelming unaccountability of this excess, of these bastard promises, forces the young José Arcadio back into the Family and the (apparent) safety of the walls of the house. But the Family, used here as a place for the repression of sexual and paternal anxiety, needs the help of science, of the search for the fetish of philosophical truth, if it desires to keep its members in their place. And even this combination, precisely because it pivots only and always on the fetish-object and its difference from its referent, cannot maintain its seams, its borders, its absolute interiority. José Arcadio eventually wanders outside, and towards the gypsies. Repression gives way to a certain redirection of the sexual in the realm of entertainment, (*sans* familial responsibility), among the absolute lessons of family offered in the carnival, where men are

"turned into" snakes for having disobeyed their parents.(CA, 33) The absolute morality of discipline and punishment, aimed to attract the largest audience possible with its offerings of certain moral order, is only a ruse, a veil that hides, behind the curtains (*derrière les rideaux*), the promise of excess, of sexual fulfillment as translation (as cited in *à propos*, xix). And this combination of writing and dissemination, a pair that will mark him, physically, with the tattoos of sexual translation upon his return, now sends him away, outside even the boundaries of the civil community. "On Saturday night, José Arcadio wrapped a red cloth around his head and left with the gypsies."(CA, 34) Leaving only remains, the ashes of extinguished fires and a garbage pit; the gypsies leave with a Buendía, and with the patriarch hoping that they will fulfill a familial function: "That way he'll learn to be a man."(CA, 35) The possibility here is that one can receive an identity from outside, from the history of Others, and return, carrying it in memory and as the proper markings of a proper name. But that remains to be seen.

The departure forces the mother, who reads it inevitably as a certain type of theft, to break the syllogistic function of familial development. She leaves the home, the role of nurse, and searches through a Babelian field of languages for the translation of her son's location. In her place, as a substitute nurse, with the promise of what *Glas* might call an "alternative galactics," Pilar Ternera enters the house and with her returns Aureliano's excess of knowledge and knowledge of temporal excess, his "glow of clairvoyance."(CA, 35) And it is precisely "time" that is at work here, "putting things in their place," returning the father and his son to the education of (in) science. But time, it turns out, is a fake, a bad arranger; for things do not stay in their place. In fact, just the opposite. "Strange things began to happen."(CA, 36) Materiality begins to take on the excess of Aureliano's memory, and José Arcadio Buendía is forced to live with the radical undecidability of interpretation. He can read these "events" as predictions, but he can never decide what they might predict. He can only remain suspended between alternatives, between the corporeal and the spiritual, between the possibility of religious significance and

the uncertain behavior of a partial science: "If you don't fear God, fear him through the metals."(CA, 36)

But the miracle being forecast turns out, after the fact, in the memory of (hi)story, not to be a miracle of science, but one of Family. Úrsula returns. She is the first to complete the *fort* and the *da* of what will be a series of stories that move out of and back into the familial boundaries. And, as if marking the effects of her tearing at the seams of *oikos*, she directs her husband beyond the walls of his home. "Look out the door." She has returned with the "stuff" of the beyond, the foreign objects made possible by towns already on the postal route. In searching for a part, a bit of her family, she has found other parts, other bits, other morsels of material and knowledge that pour into and across the borders of Macondo and carry it further along the development of a civil community and towards its first encounter with the State.

This second cut of CA has written itself around history and (hi)story and within the language of memory, the vocabulary of the development of the past towards the future. But these questions, in CA as in *Glas*, can never be separated from more familial ones:

"Is the question of vocabulary here marginal?

Hegel has not skirted the problem of philosophical language, of philosophy's tongue. Is it a natural language (tongue) or a formal one?

Here the important thing is that Hegel has not separated this question from a family one."(*Glas*, 7a)

But it is also important that CA, miming the movement of the bastard course feigning to "follow naturally the circle of the family," has not completely detached itself from its first cut, that of exploration, discovery and inventions, the desire (continually frustrated at first) to get beyond the edges of location and knowledge. The second morsel is stuck to the first, grafted on from behind, at its end, by the (temporary) fulfillment of an excessive promise.

"Úrsula had not caught up with the gypsies, but she had found the route that her husband had been unable to discover in his frustrated search for the great inventions."(CA, 37)

Remain(s)

"it is well known that matings or couplings within an animal family produce weaker fruits..."

Can I commit critical incest? Or, an even more likely question, Must I? Would such an act, necessarily, inevitably, produce Hegel's "weaker fruits?" Can such a weakening (ever) be avoided? What is the price of reading? Is it prohibitive? Is there already a critical incest prohibition?

In her well known Preface, Spivak writes of "parricide." But this is too unidirectional, too final, too already written under the Law of the Father. In reading/writing, in cutting into a text and pulling out (with the teeth) morsels from one's own (subject) position, an oscillation of profit *and* loss is begun.

For every death (of the Father), there is an orgasm, (a translation).

For every castration (every cutting), there is dissemination (the promise of the graft). The "doctors" have fixed it within too many singular positions. They have forgotten the effects of what remain(s).

"To speculate --" (at length)

"Elsewhere I distinguish *restance*... [and then there is another one of those "translator's notes":

"5. TN. *Restance* is the noun derived from the present participle of *rester*, to remain. (See also, for example, *différance*, *revenge*: these gerunds are all in the middle voice, between active and passive.) For Derrida textuality is a question of *restance*, of that which remains because it cannot be judged, the undecidable excess. *Restance* will be retained as a neologism throughout. To continue note 3, above, this essay explores the relations of *restance*, *revenge*, and *différance* in Freud's thought." But, above, the speculation continues.]

from judgment. How to gain access to the *restance* of *Beyond*...? How is this text to work, to walk, and with what step above all, if some day we are to become sensitive, today, as opposed to so many readings that are as partial as they are canonic, i.e. academic, to the essential impossibility of holding on to any thesis within it, any posited conclusion of the scientific or philosophical type, of the theoretical type in general? Let one refer to any of the aforementioned judgments -- the impossibility of a resting point pulls the textual performance along into a singular drifting."

But Derrida goes on to be unsatisfied even with this fortunate, signatory metaphor...

"I have abused this word, it hardly satisfies me. *Drifting* designates too continuous a movement: or rather too undifferentiated, too homogenous a movement that appears to

travel away without saccade from a supposed origin, from a shore, a border, a coast with an indivisible outline. Now the shore is divided in its very outline, and there are effects of anchoring, collapses of the coastline, strategies of approach and overflow, strictures of attachment or of mooring, places of reversion, strangulation, or *double bind*. These are constitutive of the very process of the atesis, and must be accounted for, if at least there is here something in such an event to be read and reckoned with."

This plan begins to promise the "between" of philosophy (here as psychoanalysis) and literature, begins to resound with the project(ion) of *What Remains*:

"I will not rush to call this textual process, which cannot be dominated by any judgment as such, (especially a theoretical judgment of the scientific or philosophical type), 'fictional' or even less 'literary.' Rather, I would like to pursue the analysis of *restance* in order to attempt to recognize, using this example, the conditions for the fictional, and for that type of fiction called, confusedly, sometimes, literature."

"The Analysis of the *Restance*" and the essential impossibility of holding on to any thesis...

("i.e. academic")

these are the concerns that arise when I commit my incestuous acts. What am I trying to do to them? (The ones that sign, the texts I read?)

"Do I write *for him*? What would I like to do to him? do to his 'work'? Ruin it by erecting it, perhaps.

So that one reads it no more? So that one only reads it starting from here, from the moment I myself consign and countersign it?"

These are the anxieties of *Glas*' operations. They are always the anxieties of these remain(s) (and even of those (other) readings (of the novel), those other small cuts, made elsewhere. What effect will my prick have? Too little? Too much? What, exactly is on the line? What is at stake here? A final cut(?):

"For if my text is (was) ungraspable, it will (would) be neither grasped nor retained. Who, in this economy of the undecidable, would be punished? But if I linearize, if I line myself up and believe -- silliness -- that I write only one text at a time, that comes back to the same thing, and the cost of the margin must still be reckoned with. I win and lose, in every case, my prick." (Of conscience)

Reckoning with the cost of the margin(s) is the task of these remain(s). Placing my prick out to be cut (*Glas*, of course, writes of Abraham and Isaac) as it once was, and hoping this time, again, I do (not) remember. Re-membering (hi)story.

Can (hi)story be re-membered?

But how can memory write history? This is, in every sense, a *critical* question. Can that which has been always already cut, detached (from the present, or even something called "the past") ever be re-membered, restored to potency? And what if the operation is not a success, and it spills randomly, disseminating in all different directions at once? "After all?" What is produced?

"Literature?"

The General in His Labyrinth, wherein "I would recount a tyrannically documented life without renouncing the extravagant prerogatives of the novel." Here Gabriel re-members not so much history as (hi)story, and re-writes the last days of a life (Bolívar) not of a tyrant (*Autumn...*) by of a life "tyrannically documented." Too much re-remembered, raised into too large of a monument. If the prick is too big it is useless. Perhaps dreams of restoration can only be retranslated, recontaminated, in memory. For there are always other possibilities, other destinations for *memoires*:

(an epitaph?)

"...here lies the ambiguity of memory, the contamination which troubles us, troubles memory and the meaning of 'memory': death reveals that the proper name could always lend itself to repetition in the absence of its bearer, becoming thus a singular common noun, as common as the pronoun 'I,' which effaces its singularity even as it designates it, which lets fall into the most common and generally available exteriority what nevertheless *means* the relation to itself of an interiority." (If not castration, then surely (my) death.)

Memory, as it seeks to write the (hi)story (of a subject (position)), threatens always to efface itself for the sake of the illusion of past, of "there" being "here," even (especially) of criteria for judgments (most often of a dangerously ideological nature). This is the cost of forgetting, of not remembering the effects of remembering. This is the danger of the cry for not only "deep meaning" but even for "recommendations," of the cry to move "beyond" the conditions, of moving away from what remains. Of absolute history, restored to potency, re-remembered.

[Question(s) for another time, another remain(s):

What is a "historical context?" What are the *conditions* necessary for historical contextualization? Are they (ever) available? Does a certain thinking about and with the proper (name) exceed, overrun such necessary conditions?

Later, elsewhere, the wars will bring History, a thinking (about) the "Historical."]

"Hegel has often insisted on the kinship between memory and thought."

"Do this in memory of me."

The best I can do is bind erect. Wrap a bandage around the cut prick and, knowing it will never heal, try and maintain, or feign, a certain claim to "health," try and not "waste time":

"Maybe it was really nothing but a wave of panic, but the fact is that Pablo Vicario went into the pigsty alone to get the other two knives, while his brother agonized, drop by drop, trying to urinate under the tamarind trees. 'My brother never knew what it was like,' Pedro Vicario told me in our only interview. 'It was like pissing ground glass.' Pablo Vicario found him hugging the tree when he came back with the knives. 'He was in a cold sweat from the pain,' he said to me, 'and he tried to tell me to go on by myself because he was in no condition to kill anybody.' He sat down on one of the carpenters' benches they'd set up under the trees for the wedding lunch, and he dropped his pants down to his knees. 'He spent about half an hour changing the gauze he had his prick wrapped in.' Pablo Vicario told me. Actually, he hadn't delayed more than ten minutes, but this was something so different and so puzzling for Pablo Vicario that he interpreted as some new trick on his

brother's part to waste time until dawn."

Interpreting the wrapping and unwrapping of a prick, the binding erect of a wound, because it is "difficult" and "puzzling," as a waste of time...

García Márquez reads the risk of *Glas* (and *glas*-writing).

But what Pedro's re-binding can only temporarily defer, of course, is the death of the Other (the Arab Nassar), of the object, (honor (in reading/writing)). Parricide or incest?

Is José Arcadio's remembering of Úrsula during his first passion incest? Can such a thing happen in memory? In (hi)story? Must it? *Glas* asks: "How does the family come to air and earth, that is, to language and memory, to labor and tool?"

The Buendías come to memory (too) often via their "tools." Can a critical reader/writer account for memory even as it organ-izes the incestuous business of translation, the oscillation between castration and dissemination, between dialectics and galactics?

Translation -- on *Tours*. (More performances "to come.")

But already it is always a question of the theater, of writing "on" stage. (Saving the problem of "on"...)

Writing about a much more dangerous *geist* than Prudencio Aguilar, Derrida places the operation of citation on stage:

"It's the law of quotation marks. Two by two they stand guard: at the frontier or before the door, assigned to the threshold in any case, and these places are always dramatic. The apparatus lends itself to theatricalization, and also to the hallucination of the stage and its machinery; two pairs of pegs hold in suspension a sort of drape, a veil or a curtain."

¿Y qué es...derrière les rideaux?

(For Heidegger it becomes the transcendental truth of a certain spirit. But the spirit early in CA cannot "make itself proper" cannot fill itself, its holes; and therefore, unlike the horror of Heidegger's *geist*, it can be put to rest via a relocation.)

This is all part of the theater, what Genet has called "the domain of the faked miracle."

For even the "doctors" would allow that "incest" always takes place on (in) a stage. Criticism enacts this staging even as it (never) re-members its desires. Every time it cites (always).

"The motif of the limit, of the frontier, of the parting line will furrow the whole sequence. From one mother to the other."

From Gabrielle to Gabriel.

From his mother to mine.

From the milk of her breast (*sein*) to the sign (*signe*) left by my (m)other text, this (m)other tongue.

What is at stake, in incest, is what remains of the text's claim to being, to *sein*. What remains of the mark(que)s it seeks to make (*signar*).

I cannot write without it (*sin es*).

Entre las sien(as).

Between (within) the temple(s).

En la sin(agoga), derrière les rideaux.

What is the role of the bastard on this "bastard course?" Perhaps it will turn out that excess(es), of a certain familial type, will link the workings of language, memory, and the State in a way that, in CA as in *Glas*' particular Hegel, are crucial to maintaining the ruse of "following in the family circle." If CA announces its concerns with genealogy even before it begins, in the margin, with a "family tree;" it also announces there, more quietly, its strategy of the graft (and the graph-), of the binding erect of the excessive under and yet outside of "the family," of the attachment of the bastard.¹³ The danger is that "offshoots" might remain adrift, at sea without a proper name, a proper identity:

"Pilar Ternera's son was brought to his grandparents' house two weeks after he was born. Úrsula admitted him grudgingly, conquered once more by the obstinancy of her husband, who could not tolerate the idea that an offshoot of his blood should be adrift, but he imposed the condition that the child should never know his true identity. Although he was given the name José Arcadio, they ended up calling him simply Arcadio so as to avoid confusion."(CA, 38)

Identity arrives through the bestowing of the proper name, through the signature-effect so often played out in *Glas*' reading of Genet. And, in this case, the name is first of all a repetition, a signature already inscribed into the family -- but only almost. For it turns out also to be cut short, truncated, the top of it cut off "so as to avoid confusion." This desire for clarity through name-identification, in CA, will always mark the effect and the failure of the proper name, of the naming of things. It will mark the identifying place of the Family within language and, for the Buendía's, even as it begins, it will already mark a certain displacement, the "other" language of the youngest children.

Arcadio and Amaranta speak Guajiro before they speak Spanish; they learn an

"other" tongue before their (m)other('s) tongue. The transpositioning of roles within the economy of *oikos* leads inevitably to gaps in translation. The mother has "branched out," grafted herself outside the home, onto "a promising business." A new mother (tongue) replaces what Hegel would call the "natural" (language); and it arrives with a proper name that announces yet again the space between realms, and between a present, past, and future: Visitación. This rewriting of the Family roles within the home is accompanied by a change in the available technology that proves also to be a change in epistemology for José Arcadio Buendía. His "immediate reality" comes to be "more fantastic than the vast universe of his imagination." (CA, 39) Just as the language of the Buendía Family is affected by the importation of commerce so, too, is the progress of the Family along our Hegelian syllogism. But this is, to be sure, not a linear progress, even in Hegel.

"Now this history, although it unfolds along the divinity of the *telos*, develops by discontinuous and painful jumps. The divine's penetration can obey only this rhythm. The passage from one power to the other is dialectical; it proceeds by absolute inversions and oppositions." (Glas, 106a)

Even as José Arcadio Buendía reverses himself, gives up on the science that was his passion, it proves to be in order to gain access (back) into the staging of the civil community, the construction (as Family) of the *people* (though "not-yet-spirit") of Macondo.

"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." (CA, 39)

"(B) *Bourgeois* (Civil) *Society* -- an association of members as *self-subsistent individuals* in a *universality* which, because of their self-subsistence, is only formal. Their association is brought about by their needs, by the legal system -- the means to security of person and property (*Eigentums*) -- and by *external organization* for attaining their particular and common interests." (Glas, 16a)

But this is not yet an encounter with the State. That is still (soon) to come. As yet the people, even as a civil community, are still trying to re-draw the borders, to re-seal the walls against leaking, keeping out the gypsies (for now), since they are considered "the bearers of concupiscence and perversion." The passage into *Sittlichkeit* and the elevation

of the "people-spirit" cannot develop immediately upon the institutionalization of the (male of the) Family as civil authority. What is missing from the progress, it turns out, is the necessity of re-writing, the reconstruction of language, of naming, of *Glas' seing*.¹⁴ It will take a certain tampering with memory before the civil community turns its attention to the function of the word within its development and the bringing of its identity to consciousness. The danger of moving too fast, of skipping ahead, of reading "out of order," is detailed when CA re-cites the fate of Melquíades' tribe, it is the danger of "going beyond limits;" and it is the risk that CA will come to run. But not yet. It is not time. José Arcadio Buendía has been freed "from the torments of fantasy;" he has set loose his birds and replaced them with clocks.

The replacement of "nature" with "technology," specifically a technology that has been acquired by trading "nature" (macaws) for it, begins a series of collisions between the Family and the machine(s) in CA that will continue to play itself out right up to the novel's "end." "No *glas* without the interposition of machinery."(*Glas*, 224b) It begins with the illusion of a synchronization, a synthesis, of time. But the seamless flow of time implied by the exact and unanimous songs of the clocks can easily be cut, can be morseled out with(in) the writing of a phrase as "simple" and short as "many years later."(CA, 40) The rhetoric of this return to the novel's past citation of the future, this movement ahead, again, into a future, serves to mark even the perfectly controlled time of the text's "present" (already) as a past. Even as José Arcadio Buendía is "putting the town in order" he has passed the labor of science, the tool "stage" of familial ethics, the interrogation of boundaries via experimentation to his son Aureliano. The present order will not (cannot) be maintained, and it will disintegrate precisely because of a total loss of the past. But first, the novel marks another arrival with excess and remains.

The children of the Buendía's are already marked by "excess." Aureliano has become so obsessed with the manipulation of matter (alchemy as science) that it proves to

be his only form of (economic) expression. Arcadio and Amaranta, grafted onto the family by an(other) mother, "still went about all day clutching at the Indians' cloaks, stubborn in their decision not to speak Spanish but the Guajiro language." (CA, 41) Úrsula reads these behaviors as a certain twist on Hegel's account of education: the inheritance of the parent's madness. Here the excess of "madness" rewrites Hegel's construction of education as "the parents' necessary death in the child" (that which "empirico-formalism" (Kant) cannot think). (Glas, 132)¹⁵ But the formation of the Buendía children's consciousness is already, beforehand, marked by a certain excess of knowledge -- announced here and now by Aureliano's "Somebody is coming." Úrsula, using "housewifely logic," the logic of *oikos*, of the dialectics of the home, cannot account for the appearance of a vision that seems to mark in the future nothing remarkable. Excess should signify the singular; in this case it proves to re-mark, however, the arrival of more remains. Rebeca arrives carrying "a canvas sack which kept making a *cloc-cloc-cloc* sound, where she carried her parents' bones." (CA, 42) Like Hegel's construction of Antigone, she brings her own *glas*. The remains foretold by Aureliano's excess of knowledge are, also, accompanied by writing, by a letter -- a post card that will serve to enact the problem of the post as the problem of the past since, although names and signatures can be read, they might also not be recognized, they might both arrive and not arrive at their destination. Legibility is not readability and that, in writing, which exceeds merely "being read" is also "what interests and constrains us here."

"The names mentioned, as well as the signature on the letter, were perfectly legible, but neither José Arcadio Buendía nor Úrsula remembered having any relatives with those names, nor did they know anyone by the name of the sender of the letter, much less the remote village of Manaure." (CA, 42)

This lack of knowledge, of recognition of a loose branch on the Family tree, in addition to requiring a graft to bind erect the "being" of the Family, also includes a lack of the proper: the young girl has remains but no name. A name, it turns out, can be methodically assigned according to a logic of excluding possibilities and the maintenance of

family identity, but there is still no "place" for the remains.

"They kept her, because there was nothing else they could do. They decided to call her Rebeca, which according to the letter was her mother's name, because Aureliano had the patience to read to her the names of all the saints and he did not get a reaction from any one of them. Since there was no cemetery in Macondo at that time, for no one had died up till then, they kept the bag of bones to wait for a worthy place of burial, and for a long time it got in the way everywhere and would be found where least expected, always with its clucking of a broody hen."(CA, 43)

The function of the remains, and of the sounding of *glas* within the progress of a Family along the "ruse" of Hegelian linearity is, of course, precisely "to get in the way everywhere and be found where least expected." Rebeca inscribes the problem of translation and/as identity within the *glas*-writing of her curious behavior (eating dirt, tantrums, etc.) and her speaking of hieroglyphics -- a practice that, due to a supposed translation into obscenities by the Indians, results only in her being disciplined with a more universal form of punishment. However, finally she proves to be trilingual, having a working knowledge of the languages of the conquered (Guajiro), the conquerors (Spanish), and the conquerors-to-come (Technology). Still, none of these knowledges will prevent her from being the first to succumb to the plague that is about to mark Macondo first with a lack of sleep (and of the language of the unconscious); and then, most importantly, with a lack of the past (and of any language at all).

The plague begins with the resonance of spirit (the spirit of the Buendía history, of Prudencio Aquilar) and travels through a complete semiology, theorizing the relationships between language and memory, between epistemology and ontology. The insert carved into the Hegelian column on page 8 of *Glas* ("there is no family without *Geist*"...) traces the evolution of the plague in CA every bit as precisely as does the testimony of Visitación. This passage, too long to be reproduced here, uses spirit to unchain words. The plague uses the memory of spirit to unchain memory, names, identity, and the proper from their functioning within a linguistically based ontology. But all of this needs to be read here and now. The plague is, initially, difficult to define because it manifests itself in an absence (of sleep). It seems not like a sickness at all. "If we don't ever sleep again, so much the

better,' José Arcadio Buendía said in good humor. 'That way we can get more out of life.'"(CA, 45) However, the Indian woman's predictions of what is to come details a plague that, as it progresses, interrogates the major concerns not only of *Glas* but of *What Remains*..:

"[T]he most fearsome part of the sickness of insomnia was not the impossibility of sleeping, for the body did not feel any fatigue at all, but its inexorable evolution towards of more critical manifestation: a loss of memory. She meant that when the sick person became used to his state of vigil, the recollection of his childhood began to be erased from his memory, then the name and notion of things, and finally the identity of people and even the awareness of his own being, until he sank into a kind of idiocy that had no past."(CA, 45)

The absence of sleep (and of dream language) leads to an absence of memory (and of history), leads to an absence of language (and of identity), leads to an absence of knowledge (and of being). The erasure of the language of the unconscious eventually leads, through the erasure of semiology, epistemology, and ontology, to an erasure of the subject all together -- and it all begins with José Arcadio Buendía thinking about a spirit.

As an illness, in its initial manifestation, insomnia seems treatable; and Úrsula turns to the lessons of botany offered in such detail in *Glas* re-citing of Genet's floral signature. Like Genet, Úrsula's knowledge of the (medicinal) value of plants has its origins in the mother, and as for Genet, for the Buendía children the products from this botanical pharmacy prove only to restore an unconscious language -- only this time making dreams translatable. Rebeca, combining Hegel's dream of the parents as origin of the child's consciousness with Genet's dream of the (miracle of the) red rose, dreams of her parents -- within uncertain identities -- "bringing her a bouquet of roses."¹⁶ Meanwhile the plague is spread via Úrsula's business, that which drew her away from the home, the signifiers of the tearing of *oikos*, the candy animals.

The people of Macondo try all sorts of methods to bring on sleep, including the *glasizing* of stories "to the limits of exasperation." The story of the narrator and the capon functions as a demonstration of the endless possibilities for reading even something as apparently finite as the procedures of dialectics. Still, the process can never quite be read

into the unconscious, and the plague continues. José Arcadio Buendía offers a civil response, in accordance with his role within the community, when he develops a system whereby the function and the value of a certain tolling, a *glas* for the infected is dramatically reversed so that it might give a sort of identity to the healthy.

"All strangers who passed through the streets of Macondo at that time had to ring their bells so that the sick people would know that they were healthy."(CA, 47)

And although this quarantine proves effective, the erasure of memory and all that it will entail will not be stopped. It will become clear all too soon exactly what is at "stake."

The first name Aureliano forgets, of course, is "stake." His plan to protect the residents from the effects of forgetting is built upon the semiology of *Sa*, and it will be undermined by the very problems of excess and meaning that *Glas* reads into *Sa* under the *seing* of Genet. For Aureliano's plan to work names literally have to attach themselves to things. Even the proper name must signify singularly and absolutely. However, even the (quasi)-identity of naming is not sufficient to prolong the appearance of meaning in the face of absolute forgetting. The process of signification is always already tied to an economy of (metaphoric) usury.¹⁷

"Little by little, studying the infinite possibilities of a loss of memory, he realized that the day might come when things would be recognized by their inscriptions but that no one would remember their use."(CA, 48)

But how to mark the use-value of signification? With a sign? With a *glas*? With the dream of a pure system of interiority, the dream of *Sa*? This is the dream of a sound and complete semiology that Aureliano counts on. But inevitably the system collapses upon itself.

"Thus they went on living in a reality that was slipping away, momentarily captured by words, but which would escape irremediably when they forgot the values of the written letters."(CA, 48-49)

And the system gives way to the alternatives offered by excess and remains -- a reversal of *The Post Card* into the morselizing of *Glas*. Here the "citation" is so explicit as to its strategy of reversal and displacement, its deconstruction of time in the absence of memory and the proper name, and its rewriting of postal logic "back" into the irresolubility of *glas*-

writing, that it suffices to cut a new morsel and, grafting it into the resonating field of citations, "let the text speak on its own" at some length:

"But the system demanded so much vigilance and moral strength that many succumbed to the spell of an imaginary reality, one invented by themselves, which was less practical for them but more comforting. Pilar Ternera was the one who contributed most to popularize that mystification when she conceived the trick of reading the past in cards as she had read the future before. By means of that recourse the insomniacs began to live in a world built on the uncertain alternatives of the cards, where a father was remembered faintly as the dark man who had arrived at the beginning of April and a mother was remembered only as the dark woman who wore a gold ring on her left hand, and where a birth date was reduced to the last Tuesday on which a lark sang in the laurel tree."(CA, 49)

"Like *class*, *calends*, *glas*, *calendar* comes down to *calling* (*calare*), naming, convoking, gathering together, commemorating, announcing. *Glas* is written here -- uniquely -- to celebrate, in the depths of an absolute crypt, that *calendar trick* whose chance will have marked an epoch."(*Glas*, 106-07bi)

José Arcadio Buendía attempts, in the face of this forgetting, to link reading to technology via the invention of a "memory machine," a desire from the past, from a time when he wished to remember inventions. This "spinning dictionary" (a phrase that could describe *Glas* as a book), combines the systematization of language with a certain not-yet-discovered discourse: the semiotics and technology of the cinema. But the tolling of a bell (of health and a return from death -- a re-*glas*) announces the end and not the completion of yet another invention. Someone else who has been forgotten, has returned.

Around a "more or less argot translation of the *cogito*: 'I am therefore dead,'" *Glas* links death to memory and the trace of textuality and analyzes the arrival of Melquíades:

"What sends a representative (wing, floating death) is nothing, but as a past that has never been present, has never taken place. We do not await death, we only desire it as a past we have not yet lived, that we have forgotten, but with a forgetfulness that has not come to cover over experience, with a memory more ample, more capable, older than any perception. This is why there are only traces here, traces of traces without tracing, or, if you wish, tracings that only track and retrace other texts."(*Glas*, 79b)

Melquíades returns from the non-past of Death to restore meaning and history (and the traces of words that posit meaning in language) by use of "indecipherable objects." History is restored from beyond history, from its starting point in the death of the subject.

"He had really been through death, but he had returned because he could not bear the solitude."(CA, 50) What can be the status of such a sentence, even in a *récit*? What does

such a message make possible, what boundary lines are interr(ogat)ed? This will be the question that CA leaves remaining for as long as the time of the text. For now, Macondo remains a world which still has "not been discovered by death" -- posing once again the question of the epistemological status of "discovery." And accompanying the newest arrival into this undiscovered community is a new "invention," an image invention: a daguerreotype laboratory. If the memory-loss of the insomnia plague demonstrated that words cannot, with any success, be attached to their objects, this new invention can at least reproduce the image of those objects "for all time." And thus, José Arcadio Buendía thinks of it, (almost like Benjamin) in terms of an oscillation (of what remains) between the image and the referent.¹⁸ "He was thinking that people were slowly wearing away while his image would endure on a metallic plate." (CA, 51) Still, although Úrsula chooses not to "live on," in the future, as "a laughingstock for her grandchildren;" she gathers the Family for a moment that will push the narrative back into the future time of the novel's beginning and Aureliano's facing of the firing squad. Even as his father and Melquíades read the past texts of the future (the predictions, the post-cards of Nostradamus), Aureliano "seemed to be taking refuge in some other time."

This displacement of Aureliano Buendía in time is, in part, the result of a radical cutting, a morselizing of temporal progress throughout CA's narrative, especially during the loss of history as memory. Time seems to have disseminated itself through the narrative in so many ways and at so many different places that it has become an ill-defined field upon which the excess of the chronicle might "take place." This same "time" will prove to play an active role as Aureliano encounters not only his first sexual desires but a woman from another fiction, another narrative in another time, as well. The positioning of identity within the terms of sexual experience seems only "natural" in Macondo. "[E]verybody thought it strange that he was now a full-grown man and had not known a woman." (CA, 52) This "natural" notion of copulation as the defining achievement of the

subject's identification turns out also to be in place, in both grammatic and sexual terms, in speculative dialectics. *Glas* reminds us (as it reads the re-sexualization, the regendering of philosophical discourse in Hegel's *Philosophy of Nature* into a debate on sexual difference and desire between Hegel and Kant) that "[c]opulation relieves the difference: *Aufhebung* is very precisely the relation of copulation and the sexual difference." (*Glas*, 111a) But just as this definition in terms of *a* difference, a synthesis of (only) two alternatives will be underwritten and undermined by Genet's variations on the canon of ("proper") sexual behavior; so, too, will Aureliano's identification be written not according to the binary law of copulation (or even the binarism of war with the State) but rather according to a logic of the dissemination of the Family within both sex and battle. All of that is still to come. It can only take place if, first of all, a route is established that can carry the messages of sexuality and warfare from Family to Family, from civil society to civil society. Here, now, that route takes the proper name (and the songs) of Francisco the Man.

Already marked by an excess of time, Francisco carries messages along a mock-postal route of song. Inscribing the economics of the post into the genre of the "poetic," he accepts money to sing the news of the day -- journalism as post as literary text; and he receives his own proper name in a "duel of improvisation" with the devil, an undefined, unstable yet binary encounter with the most famous of spiritual remains. He sings these postal *récits* in the store of a character who is marked, in several ways, by Genet's flower and its excessive practices. Catarino, "with a felt rose behind his ear" (see *Glas*, 126-130b on the rose, oscillation, and homosexuality), takes advantage of the attention his store receives "to go over to the men and put his hand on them where he should not have." (CA, 53) With a rose marking his being outside the "proper" family, within an absolute logic of the "should-not," Catarino's brief appearance marks an intertextual moment between CA and *Glas* and houses yet another between CA and another novel which carries the incredible signature of a certain Archangel.

Should I call her "Erendira"? Neither she nor her "heartless grandmother" are

named in CA; that is, their "proper names" do not appear. But they are identified in a certain crucial way by "their" story, their *récit*. These are not the last characters that will carry García Márquez' signature between texts; there are even a number of characters from novels with other signatures, from other times and places, who are grafted onto this narrative. Lists (of their appearances) are available.¹⁹ As I read the novel, the distinction between the appearance of characters from texts signed first by García Márquez and the appearance of those signed (only first) by others (Carpentier, Fuentes, Cortazar, etc.) will be theorized along the trail of the morsel, the remains (after eating and after reading), in more detail. But the problem that approaches me now is the appearance of this particular young woman, unnamed but carrying with her an "incredible and sad tale" that I have heard before. To what degree can she be said to "be" from the "other" story? To what degree can she be said to "be" at all? And, perhaps most importantly, is her status (whether discursive or ontological -- "onto-discursive"?) dependent on the degree to which she is identical with her "self" elsewhere, on her "identity"? These problems, which I can only sketch out here and now, might be approached more effectively by way of *Glas*' theorization of the graft, of the cutting and gluing of bits of texts (of remains), rather than *Sa*'s definitions, syllogisms, and syntheses or the similar explanatory structures of (too) many critical discourses. "Time" will tell. But immediately I would be careful of theorizing along "intertextual" lines, since Aureliano's experience with "Erendira?" proves to offer a link and a distinction between theory and excrement. *Glas*' awareness that its writing is likely to make Genet shit, and that such a reaction, from such an excretory signator is only "proper" and in and of itself poses the "proper" challenge (of impropriety) to the Hegelian monument marks a point of difference and identity between theory and the remain(s). The *Remain(s)* are written around such a point. Such an encounter with excess is, *Glas* reminds us, the point when the philosophy of *Sa* needs "love."

"Remain(s), then, the general question: how can the idiom of a familial generation think itself, that is deny itself while erecting itself in the universality of the speculative type?

It (Ca) would begin with love.

Love is an essential predicate of the concept of family, that is, of an essential moment of *Sittlichkeit*." (Glas, 10a)

And earlier, a warning:

"I begin with love."

This concept does not leave much room, despite appearances, for chitchat, or for declaration." (Glas, 6a)

But, "despite appearances," love seems also, in CA, marked by the intersection of theory and excess:

"He knew the theoretical mechanics of love, but he could not stay on his feet because of the weakness of his knees, and although he had goose pimples on his burning skin he could not resist the urgent need to expel the weight of his bowels." (CA, 53)

As the prick-logic of the Buendía's comes to haunt another Family member, the story elsewhere, the already written tale is retold in a cut-up, truncated, grafted form that still manages to raise the same questions of economic exchange, of the efficacy of use-value and exchange-value as concepts within the question of familial payment that are inscribed into a certain reading of the "original." But here is yet another problem. Time. The dates. CA, published in Spanish, 1967. "Erendira," published in Spanish, 1972. CA, published in English, 1970. "Erendira," published in English, 1979. CA, written, 1961-67. "Erendira," written 1968-72. CA is being read here, first. I read "Erendira" first. The question of the "origin," of this character "being" (binding erect) *from* that story, cannot even be written here. "Time" will not allow it. Time will (not) temper Aureliano's passion for his loss, even as it sends him back to "knowledge," now marked by a word from the past:

"Time mitigated his mad proposal, but it aggravated his feelings of frustration. He took refuge in his work. He resigned himself to being a womanless man for all his life in order to hide the shame of his uselessness." (CA, 54)

"In the meantime," CA reads on, the patriarch and the gypsy have employed technology in the service of ontotheological speculation. The notion, resonating with the echo of Hegel's vocabulary, of using the machine to "obtain scientific proof of the existence of God," turns out to depend on the capturing of an image -- on a certain

textuality. Likewise, Melquíades' readings of Nostradamus' prophecies about Macondo seems to be a misreading, a translation of dream language which mistranslates the *ici* presented by mirrors for the *ice* of the patriarch's dreams -- a cryptonymic displacement. The excessive potential of linguistic reference haunts the development of the Family even as Úrsula's business removes her so far from "home" and from a presence in the Family that she is torn from memory, unable to recognize the edges of her family, as they work on edges. "She saw two unknown and beautiful adolescent girls doing frame embroidery in the light of the sunset. They were Rebeca and Amaranta."(CA, 55) In her loss of a place at home, Úrsula has missed the Family's development and dissemination. Now it threatens to burst its boundaries, to spill outside of itself, of its home, its proper concept, "for lack of space."(CA, 56) The home must be enlarged.

Building out, expanding the edges, the borders of *oikos*, means producing new space. Opening by sticking on new rooms, new spaces. *Glas* describes the process of exceeding and of writing:

"Let us space. The art of this text is the air it causes to circulate between its screens. The chainings are invisible, everything seems improvised or juxtaposed. This text induces by agglutinating rather than demonstrating, by coupling and decoupling, gluing and ungluing rather than by exhibiting the continuous, and analogical, instructive, suffocating necessity of a discursive rhetoric."(*Glas*, 75)

There is a dining room with twelve places (*Glas* would remark at length on the absence of One from the Last Supper scene) and a porch protected from the imperial (Hegelian) sun by Genet's roses and plants. But the building of a (limitless) *oikos* through and with the *eidōs* of "tool" and "labor" still proves, even here to be haunted by remains.

"Úrsula fixed the position of light and heat and distributed space without the least sense of its limitations. The primitive building of the founders became filled with tools and materials, of workmen exhausted by sweat, who asked everybody not to molest them, exasperated by the sack of bones that followed them everywhere with its dull rattle."(CA, 56)

But even as this building, this familial spacing continues, the signature of the State (finally) arrives.

The State appears first as an order (to paint the home blue, to name the politics of

oikos) and as a signature to be deciphered: "Who is this fellow?" Then as a proper name (Don Apolinar Moscote) living in a space marked properly by the other, the Arab as outside(r): the Hotel Jacob. Then as a legend: the shield of the republic. And the Family, inevitably, first engages the State in terms of "right(s)": "By what right?" As a civil community, José Arcadio Buendía's Macondo still stands prior to the State only in so far that it stands prior to judgment, and therefore, prior to the need to ask the question of right(s).

"In this town we do not give order 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.'"(CA, 57)

The "philosophy of right" detailed by José Arcadio Buendía re-marks Macondo as a place without Death and without need of "help" from the authority of the State. It welcomes the Don as a potential citizen of a civil community but rejects the disorder of his order:

"So that if you want to stay here like any other ordinary citizen, you're quite welcome,' José Arcadio Buendía concluded. 'But if you've come to cause disorder by making the people paint their houses blue, you can pick up your junk and go back where you came from.'"(CA, 58)

To this, the State responds with the only logic it ever seems to know in CA (separating CA from *Sa*): "I must warn you that I'm armed." The introduction of military force as the available discourse of State policy is reinforced when the magistrate returns with soldiers and shotguns. This time, however, he also has a Family; and that shell of *oikos* will serve to protect him from the wrath of the community. José Arcadio Buendía and his son, Aureliano, who already begins to carry the signature (mustache) that will come to identify him as legend in wartime, decide to approach the problem of the state "in a pleasant way." Don Moscote's family proves to be what allows him to remain in Macondo, without his soldiers but with the promise of a maintenance of order. But the negotiations are actually taking place at separate levels of discourse: José Arcadio relies on the language of honor, of promises and the fulfillment of speech acts and the Don acts accordingly, but the return of

the State as the sole source of the political order is (though silent) inevitable.

Still, here and now, there seems to be an agreement reached; even if that agreement relies "on the words of enemies." The Family, as part of the civil community both distinguishes itself from the State even as it welcomes it into its history. There will be a great loss and a great gain from this economic exchange. In a passage that sets up much that is to come in the history of the Family and the history of the community and its politics -- and one to which I will return several times -- *Glas* "explains":

"Economy: the law of the family, of the family home, of possession. The economic act makes familiar, proper, one's own, intimate, private. The sense of property, of propriety, in general is collected in the *oikeios*. Whatever the exportation or the generalizing expropriation of the concept economy, that concept never breaks the umbilical cord attaching it to the family. Or rather yes, it always breaks the cord, but this rupture is the *deduction* of the family, belongs to the family process as that process includes a cutting instance. The *Aufhebung*, the economic law of absolute appropriation of the absolute loss, is a family concept.

And so political. The political opposes itself to the familial while accomplishing it. So the political economy is not one region of the general onto-logic; it is coextensive with it. All the more so since, in the Hegelian systematics, there is never any simply hierarchic relationship between genus and species: each part represents the whole, each region is capable of everything." (*Glas*, 133-34a)

But this totalizing relationship of part to whole does not count on excess, on what remains. Love. And even in a "State Family" like the Moscotes, there proves to be the possibility of disruption of order, of the invasion of excess passion. If this cut of CA has been read around the excesses in family, language, memory, history, sexuality, and politics; then Remedios' effect on Aureliano is an appropriate graft at the reading's "end." For it conflates the language of legend with (un-named) physical pain and pleasure and it marks the first interaction, a crossing of the boundaries, between the Family and the State, in the form of love:

"The image of Remedios, the magistrate's younger daughter, who, because of her age, could have been his daughter, kept paining him in some part of his body. It was a physical sensation that almost bothered him when he walked, like a pebble in his shoe." (CA, 60)

Remain(s)

What is (re)marked in (or on) a Family tree? On the inside of the outside, incomplete, non-linear, with the grafts of bastards, CA marks a system and its contamination. What does this "tree" re-present? A Signature? An Effect? A Context?

From "many years earlier," Derrida speaks the dry [*sec*] language of language and "mentions" the graft: "...one can always lift a written syntagma from the interlocking chain in which it is caught or given without making it lose every possibility of functioning, if not every possibility of 'communicating,' precisely. Eventually, one may recognize other such possibilities in it by inscribing or *grafting* it into other chains. No context can enclose it. Nor any code, the code being here both the possibility and impossibility of writing, of its essential iterability (repetition/alterity)"

"Eventually..." Here, and now. Not "knowing" of this (my) text, *Glas* actually writes: "Hegel follows John to the letter."

"Here the 'metaphor' of the tree turns up again as a family metaphor: the genealogical tree in a radical sense.

"So the individual, the singular, the limited, inasmuch as it is opposed to the primordial unity of the living, as dead, is a morsel of life, a branch in the tree of life. Branch is said *Zweig*. Like the two, the bough is produced by division; this dead something (*Totes*) is at the same time (*zugleich*) 'a branch of the infinite tree of life (*ein Zweig des unendlichen Lebensbaumes*). Each part, to which the whole is external, is at the same time (*zugleich*) a whole, a life.' The incomprehensible, what the understanding does not understand, what the Jew is deaf to, is this *zugleich*, this structural at once (*simul*) of the living whole and morsel."

The Jew, the outside(r), the excess that remains, cannot understand this Hegelian tree precisely because of its oscillation relieved within (under) the whole. The Jew's tree, *Glas* tells me earlier, disturbs Hegel precisely because of its difference here:

"Undoubtedly, Abraham raises: a genealogical tree, a family, a people, a nation. But whose lineage, as it were, never touches the earth. It takes root nowhere, never reconciles itself with nature, remains foreign everywhere."

CA's tree, the Family tree of the chronicle, drawn "at first," like the text it preceeds, both mimes the part-whole relationship, the rootedness and linearity of the Hegelian "living whole" and, *at the same time*, marks its own morseling and grafting, its own incompleteness and the rootlessness of its beginnings. It is Hegelian via *Glas*' Hegel. It marks both ancestry and illusion. The reader will not get what usually follows these trees. Another risk will be run.

This will (not) have been a "love" story.

"It (*Ca*) [*Sa*, CA,] would begin with love." "*Ca*" marks another tree, another death in the Family under the same signature and beginning with Love (*in the Time of Cholera*): "Dr. Urbino caught the parrot around the neck with a triumphant sigh: *ça y est*. But he released him immediately because the ladder slipped from under his feet and for an instant he was

suspended in air and then he realized that he had died without Communion, without time to repent of anything or say goodbye to anyone, at seven minutes after four on Pentecost Sunday." Death in the midst of capture and release, of a fight over (the) proper(ty), and without the remains of the Last Supper. The beginning of an always deferred "love" story, a story about the writing of "love letters" and about the property implied in, the propriety of the signature and the risks run in reading/writing a singular sort of inspired "poetry":

"In a sudden inspiration, Florentino Ariza opened a can of red paint that was within reach of the bunk, wet his index finger, and painted the pubis of the beautiful pigeon fancier with an arrow of blood pointing south, and on her belly the words: *This pussy is mine*. That same night Olimpia Zuleta undressed in front of her husband, having forgotten what was scrawled there, and he did not say a word, his breathing did not even change, nothing, but he went to the bathroom for his razor while she was putting on her nightgown, and in a single slash he cut her throat."

The moment, the instant of a cut that marks both reading and death, is the time of "proper(ty)." The critical risk.

"The operation must be singular each time and run its risk uniquely."

Before it "risks" the metaphor of metaphor (the kernel and the shell), *Glas* reminds me of more threes in Hegel and the *Geist* that marks the history of the family. It predicts CA -- and I predict the citation will be repeated elsewhere, in those other remarks, that other (moment of) reading, but why not repeat it here first? "The whole system repeats itself in the family. *Geist* is always, in the very production of its essence, a kind of repetition. Coming to, after losing itself in nature and in its other, spirit constitutes itself in absolute spirit through the negative process of a syllogism whose three moments are *subjective spirit* (anthropology, phenomenology of spirit, psychology), *objective spirit* (right, morality, *Sittlichkeit*), and *absolute spirit* (art, religion, philosophy). Each of the three moments of the three moments itself includes three syllogistic moments. So the family is the first moment of the third moment of objective spirit, *Sittlichkeit's* first moment. Family forms its still most natural instance and accomplishes itself by destroying itself in three stages: marriage, patrimony, education."

Spirit marks the (ethical) history of a Family (stage). "Another form of the same question: can a family name be translated?"
Can a narrative, a *récit*?

Is this not asking after the possibility of the critical as an enterprise? The fate of the institution is "at stake." Can these "receipts" be attached to their object(s)? If so, they certainly already mark a payment, a price to be paid (perhaps, inevitably, an (unfulfilled) promise) (for the frame). What is that price? Can critical writing "live on?"

"(This title, *La Folie du jour*, appears only in what would be called, according to a certain convention, the 'second version,' in book form this time, of a '*récit*' first published in a literary magazine under the title '*Un récit*?' is it the *same* text, except for the title? Or are these two versions of the same *écrit*, the same *récit*? Usually, from one version to the next, the title remains the same. What is a version? What is a title? What borderline questions are posed here? I am here seeking merely to establish the necessity of this whole problematic of judicial framing and of the jurisdiction of frames. This problematic, I feel, has not been explored, at least not adequately, , by the institution of literary studies in the university. And there are essential reasons for that: this is an institution built on that very system of framing." [The parentheses live on]

Judicial framing in the institution is a necessary part of reading CA for remain(s).

"We don't need any judges here because there's nothing that needs judging."

But haven't we already seen that Kant must frame to judge? In his *third* Critique, written around the frame, he would have me pay no attention to the frame even as he uses it, as he must, to engage in critique. "The Third Resignation" This, it turns out, is a title of a *récit*. There is, under this title, the story of three deaths, of a death in three stages, a death that "is," "was," or "would be." A death in (of) grammar. A *fort/da* of death signed (always) by an angel and written as if it had no frame, or as if the frame (of life) was always withdrawing, slipping away from identity making diagnosis (critique) impossible and allowing only for (three) resignation(s).

"Perhaps he is alive, then."

The "Third" story shares its covers, its space (like CA), with Erendira.

The question of "version" reappears.

There seems to have been a postal exchange. A *récit* has been mailed from one address to another. But the name, the proper mark of identity has been lost, and the direction of travel (from which to which?) is undeterminable. Even historically, epistemologically, for it could never come down simply to "what was thought when," the question of origins is rendered impossible. This is, to a point, the same problem as "influence." It cannot just be a matter of "finding (out);" "locating" (the Faulkner, the Kafka). Because these "investigations" would then be unable to account for what remains.

Reading. Writing. "The" text.

These moments, nevertheless, will arise as temptations to cite. It remains to be seen if they will be resisted.

There is a post-man in "Erendira." He proves to be crucial to the story's "telling." "The mailman was coming." (He is "always" about to in this scene, his profession depends on a certain deferral, as we shall see.) "He was only twenty years old, but his work had aged him, and he was wearing a khaki uniform, leggings, a pith helmet, and had a military pistol on his cartridge belt." (The link between the post and warfare, the battle in and with the State will be a crucial concern in CA, it will come, for a (historical) time, to mark, to determine the status of knowledge.) "As he passed by the grandmother he saluted her and kept on going, but she signaled him to look inside the shelter. The man stopped and saw Erendira lying on the mat in posthumous make-up and wearing a purple-trimmed dress." (She bears the mark (up) of "post" death.)

"Do you like it?" the grandmother asked. (It.)

The mailman hadn't understood until then what the proposition was." (He hadn't gotten the message.)

There is a brief economic exchange about exchange (and use). In it the importance of this profession (this system) is characterized: "The airmail pays even better than being a priest." Carrying messages from where to where?

And then a deal is struck, one that depends on the very business that will define the mail-route as the "structure" of/for reading (CA).

"I'll lower the price for you,' she said, 'but on one condition: that you spread the word all around.'

'All the way to the other side of the world,' the mailman said. 'That's what I'm for.'"

This proves to be an "effective" deal as Erendira is delivered "mythological" status by the dissemination of the post. Her story, if not her name, travels far, even into (or from) another text, another narrative altogether: CA. And now it has been cut again, grafted far away, on other "shores," "here," "now." Perhaps criticism has, so to speak, been "doing" this all along.

"Remain(s) to be seen..."

Whether it cuts (only) in order to conserve, to "honor."

This is always an institutional question. How does it hear? (Nietzsche, for instance -- is there a *more* difficult instance of this question of hearing and history, of responsibility?) Derrida asks about the ear "of the other," and its place within institutions:

"Within the university -- an institution that institutes above all the transmission of what has been inherited ['the parent's madness'? -- (CA)], the conservation and interpretation of the archive, and so on -- we are constantly obliged to make the gesture that consists in honoring, so to speak, the other's signature."

This "and so on" is the problem. What else is instituted? What remain(s) (are) instituted in(to) the archive?

That (*Ca*) we are honoring.

Honoring the signature, reading it, hearing it can be a dangerous business. Risky. What are the limits of this "obligation?"

Must we (only or always) honor the signature? Yes and no.

The risk of re-writing this honor is (a) (certain) death(s).

"This pussy is mine."

Ca y est.

Is it?

At one point, around a reading of Hegel's reading of *Antigone*, *Glas* suddenly begins to describe my reading of CA:

"The effect of focusing, in a text, around an impossible place. Fascination by a figure inadmissible in the system. Vertiginous insistence on an unclassable. And what if what cannot be assimilated, the absolute indigestible, played a fundamental role in the system, an abyssal role rather, the abyss playing an almost tran-"(*Glas*, 151a)

But here the speculation, the description is cut off, held in interruption, waiting to continue at some future time, while a deep niche is carved into the column that carries it. The interruption occurs (not) in the name of a particular sort of "autobiography" -- the citation of letters between and around the Hegel(ian) Family -- within a gesture of reading that is, I am told, "not to be confused with the diverse operations called 'biographical' that are related to 'the author's life.'"(*Glas*, 152ai) The difference between reading these letters for a "semitic" signature and reading them for "information," "clues," or some possible purloined "meaning," will be discussed in more detail as the name "Márquez" begins to appear in CA and the names Derrida and Lacan begin to appear "here." For now, I will take note only of a question, asked near the beginning of this niche, prior to the first "letter": "Does Hegel know how to dance?" (*Glas*, 151ai) When I return to CA, the question of the dance invites me.

"Does Hegel know how to dance? The question is more obscure than would be thought. Like Rousseau in any case -- but does one dance at them -- he loved balls, and he confided this to Nanette: 'I very much like balls. It is the happiest thing there is in our sorrowful times.'"(*Glas*, 151ai)

The text goes on to name the appearance of the dance in *The Critique of Judgment* as well, and, earlier, on the "other" side and also carved into a niche, there is a dance of citations

"on the wire" in Genet's "The Funambulists." That passage marks the dance (on the wire) as a space, like CA, marked by "solitude":

"The wire, in turn will make you the most marvelous dancer...
'...It matters not a bit that your solitude is, paradoxically, in full light and that the darkness is composed of thousands of eyes which are judging you and which fear and hope you will fall.'" (*Glas*, 100bi)

Can *Sa* allow for a dance, for the dance on the wire, for the (excessive, paradoxical) solitude of the dance? For the undecidable function of the dance within the "act" of judgment?

The new Buendía home, a house whose color resonates with the power of the Family against the "Order" of the new State, is "inaugurated" with a dance. This inauguration fulfills a "proper" logic.

"It could almost have been said that the main reason behind the construction was the desire to have a proper place for the girls to receive visitors." (CA, 61)

The home is a place, *Glas* continually reminds me, of and for the proper(ty) and propriety. But in order to mark the home as a "proper place," the house must also, for a time, open its borders, allow for the importation of material from outside. Inevitably, along with the arrivals that are planned during this "opening," there are likely to be some unannounced, uncalled for, and unnamed intrusions already contaminated with excess. Here, now, in CA, such intrusions will carry into the *oikos* signed with the "greeting" of "Buendía," the excesses of love and torment, of time and madness, and of memory and writing.

The first arrival marks the "between" of technology and art, of the machine and the "organ," and of the disappearance and (yet) absolute necessity of the subject: the pianola. It is delivered as remains, "broken down," along with a series of objects that are distinguished by their names, each of which also marks a place in the "outside" (world); including "an Italian expert," Pietro Crespi -- a European who will translate, who will teach the Family how to read (the instructions) and how to dance. Crespi is already marked by an excess (of clothing) and (the) remains (of sweat). His working of the machine (described in the earlier language of miraculous invention(s)), like the working of the organ

in *Glas* (224bi), at first seems to restore a certain almost aesthetic order to the family home.

"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 the wooden lathings ceased in a silence that was startled at the order and neatness of the music."(CA, 62)

But the Italian and his music will replace the mechanical torment that they bring to a halt with a new torment -- brought on by an excess of emotion, and by a split within the interiority of the Family. Even the apparent order of the machine proves only to pose more problems than answers for the imagination of an "inventor" like José Arcadio Buendía. Just as the seeming correspondences between the evolution of the organ and the evolution of "Western technology" in *Glas* lead not (as they first appear) to the order and absolute replication described in Praetorius' *De Organographia* of 1619, but rather to the question of the undecidable ("the undeniable") in any *glas*, since "absolute knowledge, like (the) *jalousie*," "is only a piece of the machinery, a running effect"(*Glas*, 225bi); so the problems of Crespi's pianola, its missing subject, its "automatic working," and its function in and between the Family, lead not to order but to de-construction and jealousy. But this, like any *jalousie*, must be allowed to unfold.²⁰

José Arcadio Buendía, captured by the machine's "automatic workings," attempts to combine invention with discovery and uses the daugerreotype as a traditional critical instrument to discover the pianola's "invisible player." The search, like all such critical investigations that seek a subject at the origin of the (musical) performance, proves fruitless. Crespi is certainly not the angel that brings this miracle to the Family; for, although he may be "an angelic man," he is also interested in teaching the young women how to dance. Still, José Arcadio reads his tight pants and dancing slippers, the clothes that mark him as a dancer, as a sign of homosexuality -- the threat that is always seen only as no threat to the security of the Family and of *Sa*. "'You don't have to worry so much,' José Arcadio Buendía told her. 'The man's a fairy.'"(CA, 62) Even the derogatory term

marks a space between (the magical and the real), an oscillation that will challenge the Family even as (precisely because) the "charge" turns out to be false. But first, there is to be a ball.

"[T]he only ones invited were the descendants of the founders , except for the family of Pilar Ternera, who by then had had two more children by unknown fathers."(CA, 63)

Any attempt to produce a (guest) list that follows along the borders of the Family, even of the founding families, is doomed already to run into excess ("except") and the undecidable. Likewise, the functioning of the State, reduced to a pathetic impotency within this (stage of the) civil community has to be supplemented by the *glas*-like excesses of cutting and sewing and the writing of displaced love-letters. The daughters of Don Moscote write "love-letters to order." That is, they write messages that come not at all from their assigned origins and are written to that which the State desires (to represent) as well as to other(s), unnamed destinations. But the Moscotes are not on the (guest) list of the Family. The State and the Family in a civil community are still (dialectically) opposed -- *Aufhebung* (as war) awaits.

The house, the Family home, is given "a new breath of life" by works of art (paintings) that carry flowers; at this point the flowers are still on the canvas, still inside the frames. And the patriarch, having given up on his ontotheological investigations (having come to the absolute knowledge of a negative theology), turns, like all philosophers at such a moment, to the business of taking apart in order to decipher. But, as an "ordinary language" philosopher, José Arcadio Buendía proves only able to produce (what) remains, he has not de-ciphered the "meaning," nor even the "function" of the pianola; he has (merely) de-constructed it, and can only put it back together "in a fashion," partially, with a difference.(CA, 63) His attempt to "decipher" the machine's system of operation proves only that once the process of tinkering has begun there cannot be a return to order without (as we shall see "later") remainders, excessive parts. "It is necessary to give oneself time. Time's remain(s)."(Glas, 226)

In the midst of the remain(s) of aesthetic machinery, the Buendía house is opened, its borders, as always "from now on" marked by plants and flowers, by the random pattern of roots that disseminate at the edges of the Family and its home. The Family gathers in front of an "unknown invention" -- a phrase whose two words mark so much of the first quarter of CA -- an "invention" that will have been redefined by an excess of reconstruction but is now hidden under a veil, behind a curtain (the *derrière* *le rideaux* of *Glas*' tabernacle, of Derrida's father's name (*Glas*, 68bi), and the "behind the veil" of Heidegger's truth as *aletheia*). Because this re-constructed invention could not (ac)count for "what remain(s)," the truth is that "the mechanism did not work." (CA, 64) At least, not until it allows for chance, for a randomness of action and adaptation built into the system, the possibility of "a mistake." Then, even though the music it produces is "without order" (despite the best attempts of even Melquíades' "timeless wisdom", without order in spite of *Sa*), the excessive operation of the machine makes (the excess that marks) the dance possible.

But the disorder of the machine's remains calls nonetheless for "repair." The Italian is forced to return and the daughters of the Family help him "put the strings in order." (CA, 64) Still, even as Crespi seems to serve a *Sa*-like function aesthetically, he contaminates the Family with the difference and excess always already inscribed into jealousy. Rebeca, who dreamed of her parents bringing roses, who arrived carrying their remains, falls into an excessive torment of love that again is marked by flowers, earth and remains. *Glas* reminds us of the relationship between flowers, especially the earlier roses, and remains when it asks Genet's question of Hegel:

"[T]he essence of the rose is its nonessence: its odor insofar as it evaporates. Whence its effluvial affinity with the fart or the belch: these excrements do not stay, do not even take form. The remain(s) remain(s) not. Whence its interest, its lack of interest. How could ontology lay hold of a fart?" (*Glas*, 58bi)

The form the excrements (do not) take in the excess of Rebeca's love is a return to the eating of earth. But it all starts with a dance, a ball. This dance, a "farewell" dance, a *glas*-

dance, is, of course, "improvised;" and it is marked by the excess of a spontaneous outburst, a fight between women because of a remark that plays on gender difference. Pilar Ternera bites and pulls the hair of "a woman who had dared to comment that Arcadio had a woman's behind." (CA, 64) The physical manifestations of gender difference will prove not only to be the location of a debate between (a) Hegel(ian) (appendix) and Kant, but also the scene of Stillitano's problematization of the logic of "Fetishism" and the scene of writing of the role of Family members later in CA (see *Glas*, 110-117a). For now, the interruption in the dance is soon forgotten (as sexual difference would, under a certain logic, and "at a certain time," desire) and Rebeca is left with the solitude and isolation of love, in the face of Crespi's absence, tormenting her and returning in her an "irrepressible urge" to eat dirt. Rebeca, even as she weaves (texts) among the flowers that mark the edge of her home and the "outside" world that holds her desire, loses the "thread" of a conversation (the metaphors here blurring the line between weaving and language), and marks the space of memory with excess:

"On rainy afternoons, embroidering with a group of friends on the begonia porch, she would lose the thread of the conversation and a tear of nostalgia would salt her palate when she saw the strips of damp earth and the piles of mud that the earthworms had pushed up in the garden." (CA, 65)

For her, the consumption of remains seems to offer the return to the security of an origin, or at least of "the original food." She eats as a "sacrifice." She eats the whitewash on the walls, literally the "borders" of her home, in memory of another. She does this, so to speak, "in memory of" him. But like *Glas*' reading of another Last Supper, Rebeca's sacrifice can only produce the (un)certainty of "aftertaste" even as it seems to translate, to make less remote, "the weight and temperature of his blood."²¹

"One afternoon, for no reason," a member of the family that names, that is named of and by, the State, asks "for permission to see the house." (CA, 66) The appearance of this (State) daughter in the civil home of the Family seems random, a matter of chance, "for nor reason;" but, in fact, it proves to be a visit of post(al) importance. Amparo Moscote

delivers a letter, secretly and "amid distraction," and indirectly, since it is signed by another. Her manners, a reflection of State order and "proper" behavior, conceal the workings of the post. And the letter is marked with a signature recognized as both "methodical" and "delicate," a hand somewhere between male and female. The "proper" place for such an *envois* can only be "between." Appropriately, it is "hidden" (as written truth) between folds, a plea hidden in a *pli*, a *seing* hidden in the "between" of *sein*, in the "bosom" of Rebeca, who receives it with an absolute gratitude and a timeless speech act.

"She folded the letter with the tips of her fingers and hid it in her bosom, looking at Amparo Moscote with an expression of endless and unconditional gratitude and a silent promise of complicity unto death."(CA, 66)

This postal "event" produces a "sudden friendship" between a Family member and a member of a State family that awakens the memory (of young Remedios) and the member of Aureliano. I will not stop to read, here and now, the arrival of the signature, of the author's Family, in(to) CA. The name, as the name of a "founder" of Macondo and a "friend" of Aureliano, will resonate more often and louder as the narrative proceeds. The signature, marking the bi-direction of linear "descendancy," only mentions (yet) the "proper" family name: Márquez. On this, much remain(s). "Verily." Between the truth and the march of remains, the truly feigned, will later fall the signature; for now it will be deferred in preference for an appearance. Remedios finally arrives to Aureliano.

And his breath leaves him. In a place of writing, of Melquíades' "scribbling" of "indecipherable signs," Aureliano faces Remedios and is seized "with a sudden attack of asthma," the logic of a certain *fort/da* is at work, even as he is working here in a workroom. The offer of a gift, of a fish *on a chain*, startles Remedios into "going out," though (perhaps) not because she recognizes the full import of the gesture. Here, *Glas* reminds me of the effect of the gift, the chain, and the remain(s):

"Always *already*, the gift opens the exchange, chains up, constructs its monuments, calculates on two registers the expenditures and the receipts, the debit, the must, the goings out, the comings in, to how much it (*ça*) is raised and how much remains.

So the gift, the giving of the gift, the pure *cadeau*, does not let itself be thought by the dialectics to which it, however, gives rise. The giving of the gift understands itself here

before the for-(it)self, before all subjectivity and all objectivity. But when *someone* gives *something* to *someone*, one is already long within calculating dialectics and speculative idealization. I give *me*, I make me the gift. To whom?"(*Glas*, 243a)

Aureliano, having this gift go refused, makes a certain sort of call -- a call of will, of excessive knowledge, which, this time, does not arrive at its destination or else goes unaccepted, unreceived.²¹ "[B]ut Remedios did not respond."(CA, 67) In this absence of a receiver for his messages, this absence of an-"other," Aureliano's memory begins to work according to a (quasi)-logic of the dissemination of referentiality. "Remedios" as proper name and object of desire is disseminated into the excess signification of love. Aureliano writes his *glas* on edges (everywhere):

"The house became full of love. Aureliano expressed it in poetry that had no beginning or end. He would write it on the harsh pieces of parchment that Melquíades gave him, on the bathroom walls, on the skin of his arms, and in all of it, Remedios would appear transfigured: Remedios in the soporific air of two in the afternoon, Remedios in the soft breath of the roses, Remedios in the water-clock secrets of the moths, Remedios in the steaming morning bread, Remedios everywhere and Remedios forever."(CA, 68)

But, of course, the absolute time of Hegel's *Sa*, his "love" in/of it (*ça*), is undermined by this very "breath of roses," this wind that breaks Remedios' name. Love remain(s) and Rebeca waits (for the post). As she sits, weaving and waiting by the edge of the house, she counts on chance, on the possibility, inscribed into any postal system, of a mistake. If the absence of Aureliano's object of desire produces a transcendentalism of the proper name, a writing of love "fully present;" then the absence of Rebeca's proves to produce only a (postal) deferral. In the face of a reversal, the failure of the post to arrive on a scheduled day rather than its actual arrival on a non-scheduled one, Rebeca "goes mad," with an improper behavior that scandalizes Úrsula and leads to discovery of (the) remains (of jealousy) -- the remain(s) of and as letters (that have not, could not have, arrived at their destination).

Once again the author's signature accompanies Aureliano as he seeks "relief" from being trapped in the motion of Hegel's love, the motion of speculative dialectics around an absent present. The "fermented cane juice" of Catarino's store produces a certain type of

(epistemological) relief, an "elevation" that is and is not Hegelian in that it synthesizes ("weight and mass") and is certainly "synthetic," yet offers no unity, no "correspondences."

"He saw his friends and the women sailing in a radiant glow, without weight or mass, saying words that did not come out of their mouths and making mysterious signals that did not correspond to their expressions."(CA, 69)

Within this synthetic epistemology, the face of Catarino, marked by the challenge of the felt flower of homosexuality, serves to erase the linear reliability of memory, and when it returns, Aureliano realizes he has sought out another (almost) member of the family: Pilar Ternera, the mother of his brother's son. "'I've come to sleep with you,' he said."(CA, 69)

Aureliano has already been marked by excess, by (the) remains (of mud and vomit), and Pilar first cleans him and then takes him to her bed, fulfilling both her roles in the Family. She too has come to be defined by waiting and by a dissemination of prophecy, of reading (in the cards).

"She had become tired of waiting for the man who would stay, of the men who left, of the countless men who missed the road to her house, confused by the uncertainty of the cards."(CA, 69)

And as she begins to transfigure herself for Aureliano, to displace for him the proper name of Remedios as "a swamp without horizons," the partnership between sex and translation is reinscribed into the family (hi)story. If translation often accompanies sex in CA, so too does parenting. Pilar Ternera begins her "seduction" of Aureliano with the phrase "My poor child;" and, when told of his desire for Remedios she laughs and tells him "You'll have to raise her first." But even though she fulfills her promise, as mother this time, to arrange for the match; the house of the Buendía's has "lost its peace" -- it is "a bad moment."

The value of time, time as some-thing value-laden, here seems to fit into a schema that resembles the (desire for the) absolute interiority of *Sa*. Later, elsewhere in both CA and *Glas* this "absolute" will be contaminated by the problem of what remains (see *Glas*,

227a, for instance); but for now, the desire seems to be to have both texts use time to mark the "location" of value, after or without reading:

"For example when he describes the approach of *Sa*, can the adverb of time (yet) be read, semantically accomplished, since the absolute concept? Or without it? In the first case the adverb disappears, loses its temporal sense, is not, in a certain fashion, read. In the other case, it is deprived of its absolute conceptuality and does not let itself be truly comprehended. It is always not read. In both cases, it is read on the condition of not being read. That is because *reading* has been defined simultaneously as semantic (ful)filling and as remain(s) of semantic void."(*Glas*, 227-28a)

But the reading of time will not be allowed to proceed in such a dialectical fashion for too long. It will, in *Glas*, have to face the challenge of the "exteriority" of the remain(s) just as it will, in CA, have to face the troublesome re-reading that is (hi)story. For now, however, jealousy marks a "bad moment." Amaranta, also in love with Pietro Crespi, has taken to writing -- but not sending -- letters in search of "release" (relief?). Again writing is seen as a "synthetic" remedy for excessive torment in the face of an absence, and again, the *pharmakon* fails to be either poison or cure, the letters never arrive at their destination. They are, instead, "discovered." Even a woman (of the Buendía's) can suffer from the Family prick-logic -- "the barb of a lonely love" -- since the phallus, as that which marks, contra Lacan, the always non-transcendental logic of postal exchanges, can actually (never) be a mark of gender-specificity.²³ It is, more often, a mark of excess, and will prove to produce, of course, a discovery of the addressed remains of letters and flowers ("fresh lillies"). And, like so many discoveries over time, in CA, this one too, these letters too, result in the (silent) tolling of a *glas*, "a kind of mourning with no one dead."(CA, 71)

In the midst of this "bad time," this centerless mourning, Aureliano announces his wedding plans, his desire to marry into the State, and receives from his father a stern diagnosis:

"'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.'"(CA, 71)

Again, the Family continues to position itself in opposition to the State *de facto*. But the Family position now has gaps, fissures have begun to appear, as Úrsula "agreed with the

choice," and even the patriarch relents on the condition that the marriage be tied to another, between Rebeca and Crespi. These marriages, arranged by parents, already include the language of contracts, and thus, according to the earlier reading of "union" offered by Hegel, are already suspect. There is even a need to remove the (jealous) other from the scene of marriage beforehand. Even as Rebeca celebrates her arranged engagement by, of course, writing a letter, Amaranta is removed -- taken "on a trip to the capitol" -- by Úrsula. But not before she too can make a promise, a speech-act that will sew the seeds for a certain de-construction of the Family via the violent dialectics of a too Hegelian triangle in which, as we will later see, synthesis always includes (at least a partial) death. (A) contract(s) still need(s) to be arranged.

The negotiations between José Arcadio Buendía and Don Moscote, after small misunderstandings over questions of identity, waiting, and the age (the time) of conception, prove to install a certain "harmony" in the house. This peace, however, is cut short, interrupted (again) by a *re-glas*: the tolling of a death knell, again, for Melquíades. Even the "certainty" of death proves to have undecidability built into its operation. "Although it was a foreseeable event, the circumstances were not."(CA, 72) Time accelerates for a single subject (position), one that has already, earlier, in another time, been marked by death. As it pushes Melquíades towards another death, it also moves him singularly into the realm of memory. He is abandoned to the forgotten space of solitude precisely because he can neither translate nor mark (or make a) difference(s):

"At first, José Arcadio Buendía helped him in his work, enthusiastic over the novelty of the daugerreotypes 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."(CA, 73)

Although he is given a new space at the time of the renovations, his books have decayed into remains and even his teeth have sprouted the inevitable marks of (time's) excess, "little yellow flowers." Still, even as he faces the acceleration of time, he writes, trying to stay

ahead of the remains: "he would spend hours on end scribbling his enigmatic literature on the parchments that he brought with him and that seemed to have been made out of some dried material that crumbled like puff paste" (CA, 73) -- like the glue of remains. We will have to wait a long time to read this book. Time('s) remain(s).

Aureliano, who has turned away from the manipulation of matter and machinery and toward the textuality of "composition," cannot translate Melquíades' enigmatic discourse. And Arcadio receives only a vague clue as to Melquíades' final scribbles, when he approaches the gypsy and hears only "phrases in Spanish that have very little to do with reality." It is not (yet) time to read these phrases. But this glancing blow of "self"-referentiality does lead us back to the novel's, the narrative's beginning (almost), with a difference. It is Arcadio who "faces" the firing squad this time, reminding us of a future (if such an act is possible) that holds several (sorts of) executions; and what he remembers is not the "discovery" of ice, but an inability to understand, to "discover" meaning in Melquíades' "impenetrable writings." Impenetrable writings will (always) serve as a *glas*. Even when, as is the case with *Glas*, they are "impenetrable" only insofar as they are texts "of penetration."

"Under the effects of the oblique, the erection is always in the act of pouring forth in order to fall. Verily inverting itself.

gl protects against the schiz that gl produces."(*Glas*, 237b)

Death, for Melquíades, as for much of *Glas*, comes marked by immersion, by a "return" to the water and the reversal of baptism. The death of the writer and the prophet will serve to link the name of the thinker of *Sa*, the angel that signs CA, and another who would always already have signed here and now:

"What is the difference between this immersion and baptism's?

John is the only one able to explain it to us. It was 'habit' to 'immerse' [Derrida is here reading Hegel's *The Spirit of Christianity* -- John.] the one who had been raised to his spirit. 'Nothing analogous is known to have been done by Jesus.' Now this habit of John has a 'symbolic significance.' In order to understand something about this Johannine symbol, what 'being immersed' means to say must be known.

That is, what is a child, and what an angel does."(*Glas*, 87a)

Glas goes on to read Hegel's characterization of John's habit along the lines of absolute

unity, of "relief." Hegel writes:

"No feeling is so homogenous with the desire for the infinite, the longing to merge into the infinite, as the desire to immerse oneself in the water's fullness. To plunge into it is to be confronted by an alien element which at once flows round us at every side and which is felt at every point of the body. We are taken from the world and the world from us."(*Glas*, (citing Hegel, *The Spirit of Christianity*), 89a)

And so John's habit is also a sort of death (for Melquíades), written or performed by an angel. And this death, in CA, is even marked by a faith in resurrection, by a debate on the remains. *Glas*, too, reminds us another page on that, "[n]evertheless, the destiny of Christianity opens a new morseling."(*Glas*, 91a) (Of disciples? Of disciplines?) José Arcadio will not allow Melquíades to be buried after his body has washed up out of the water (see *Glas*, further on 89a, for what happens after immersion). "He is immortal," José Arcadio tells them, "and he himself revealed the formula of his resurrection."(CA, 75) Even the State begins to venture into the civil function of the community when faced with the remains of death and the constant tolling of a *glas*. Don Moscote would have them bury the remains, but José Arcadio argues that they are not, in fact remains at all -- "none of that, because he's alive." Still, the interment of remains is inevitable as the State works its order on the town, and the funeral rites (the town's first) resonate with all those of *Glas* and, of course the *Funeral Rites* of Genet. They also serve to allow an opening for another text, from another (future?) time or place: The funeral of Big Mama. But this text, an offspring or a sibling to CA, sharing a type of parental lineage, is still only named across time, "a century later." It waits to be read. Here and now CA draws our attention away from this citation as it marks identity and the proper name as a possible source for a (limited) epistemology over time:

"They buried him in a grave dug in the center of the plot destined for the cemetery, with a stone on which they wrote the only thing they knew about him: Melquíades."(CA, 75)

Glas reminds me constantly of the erection of monuments that always accompanies the signing of the proper name and the marking of death. Later, in detail, it will describe the gift of the corpse (to the woman) in exchange for the funeral rites, the maintenance of

mourning and *glas*-work as tied always to "the law of the *oikos* (tomb)."(*Glas*, 143a) Later, Úrsula will look after the dead. For now, the celebration of death proves only to allow for a re-birth, the re-breath of jealousy. Amaranta is scorned by Pietro (he attempts to pass her on to his brother), and, reenacting her earlier promise, unites, in too Kantian a fashion, marriage and the death penalty as mutually contractual arrangements. Úrsula is again forced to remove the jealous other, and an absence re-marks the home that has since been filled with a new excess of spirit:

"With the absence of Úrsula, with the invisible presence of Melquíades, who continued his stealthy shuffling through the rooms, the house seemed enormous and empty."(CA, 76)

Pietro Crespi arrives at the edge of each day, "preceded by a cool breath of lavender"; marked, that is, by the excess of flowers cited earlier. His visits begin to fill the house with machines, and the arrival of these new mechanical "inventions" displaces the memory of mourning into a memory of the past, the memory of science, for José Arcadio Buendía. As the text conflates the mechanical with the natural, walking along the edge of a distinction crucial to the entire history of Western philosophy, it also introduces the (fantastic) dreams of science amidst a field of remains:

"He lived at that time in a paradise of disembowled animals, of mechanisms that had been taken apart in an attempt to perfect them with a system of perpetual motion based upon the principles of the pendulum."(CA, 76-77)

But the laboratory has since been abandoned by Aureliano "in order to teach little Remedios how to read and write." Science, even as it carries the Hegelian dreams of *Sa*, is once again placed in opposition to language and the letter. But the letter can disturb and unsettle even more than can the "discovery" of new "inventions." "Only Rebeca was unhappy, because of Amaranta's threat."(CA, 77)

In the midst of her torment, her excess of uncertainty and passion, Rebeca seeks the future, a reading, from the cards of Pilar Ternera. Interpretation of and across time, the exceeding of interiorized notions of "meaning" might just offer "relief" from what remains. However, it turns out that even the messages delivered by the post(al logic of the) cards

carry already only remains (of the Family). "You will not be happy as long as your parents remain unburied." But she cannot read, there seems to be no referentiality in (her reading of) the cards. In memory, in the writing of the past, a structure of *différance* has been written into (her)story.

"She remembered a bald gentleman dressed in linen and with his collar closed by a gold button, who had nothing to do with the king of hearts. She remembered a very young and beautiful woman with warm and perfumed hands, who had nothing in common with the jack of diamonds and his rheumatic hands, and who used to put flowers in her hair and take her out walking in the afternoons through a town with green streets."(CA, 77)

The cards, it turns out, can "say" without being understood.

There are, it appears, still remains in the house. José Arcadio begins searching for the remains that marked Rebeca's arrival and "discovers" that they have been interred along the edges of the home, on the boundary of the house, in a wall. To find the remains it is necessary to listen at the edges for a *glas* that signs. "After several days of listening, with their ears against the walls, they perceived the deep *cloc-cloc*."²⁴ *Glas* tolls with the mechanics of time, with its (proper) name. The *cloc-cloc* has chimed to mark the place of the remains, and they are removed and re-interred in a "proper" place. Funeral Rites, it turns out, in *Glas* and in CA, link the proper(ty) of *oikos* as home with the proper(ty) of *oikos* as tomb. For José Arcadio the "proper" interment of remains (outside the house) should inevitably lead to "happiness" and the erasure of "bad thoughts."(CA, 78)

But the family continues to produce remains. Pilar Ternera brings another graft into the Family, even as her appearance disturbs young Arcadio for reasons he does not understand, but about which the "doctors" of *Glas* would write books. "That woman bothered him." Still, it is Aureliano, his uncle, that Pilar has come to see, offering another reading across time and the announcement of a future birth. The rhetoric of a "new birth," of pregnancy, is (re)written here into the future (hi)story of the novel as narrative and the Family: "'That you'd be good in a war,' she said. 'Where you put your eye you put your bullet.'"(CA, 79) But of course this time neither an eye nor a bullet is involved in the

process of dissemination. That will come later, in the future, in the History of the war. Aureliano's response to this announcement of another conception, to this metamorphizing of metaphors, is to mark it with the "concept" of propriety by re-marking a gift of the proper name: "'I will recognize him,' he said. 'He'll bear my name.'"(CA, 79) Another graft has been cut and waits to be attached.

As if to mark the time-passing of the Family, José Arcadio has turned his attention to the machinery of clocks and has produced a toy marked both by Hegel's fondness for balls and his singular time -- a ballerina that dances for three days. We return to the dance. And the dance proves to inaugurate the excess of a final madness, of an end to one end of the (family) line.

"That discovery excited him much more than any of his other harebrained undertakings. He stopped eating. He stopped sleeping. Only the vigilance and care of Rebeca kept him from being dragged off by his imagination into a state of perpetual delirium from which he would not recover."(CA, 79)

The three-day dancer, the mark of the excess that contaminates the dialectical structure prompts, for the patriarch, the inevitability of excess and a return of insomnia and the spirit that marked the excess of beginning(s): Prudencio Aguilar. The spirit, in what remains of José Arcadio's imagination, has searched through the remains to find Macondo. But it has no identity because it had had no *glas*, "until Melquíades arrived and marked it with a small black dot on the motley maps of death."(CA, 80)

For José Arcadio Buendía, the final "madness" starts with a stopping of time. Marked by the sameness of the edges and the flowers, the sameness of the "ends" of *Sa*, the patriarch is faced with a "disaster": "'Look at the sky, look at the walls, look at the begonias. Today is Monday too.'" The calendar has stopped; *Glas*' "calendar-trick" has been played. Time has ceased its oscillation of perception between objectivity and subjectivity and even a bear dancing, as Genet would say, "on the wire" cannot distract the subject who cannot perceive time's motion. After wrestling with and giving up on the problem of the limits of (self)-identity ("it was impossible because a pendulum could lift

anything into the air but it could not lift itself") as the rephrasing of an old ontotheological paradox, José Arcadio must now deal with the worst fear inscribed into any absolute system: "The time machine has broken." (CA, 80) Falling to(wards) the tomb of *Sa's* remain(s), José Arcadio tries to replicate a *Sa* logic which would precomprehend time in terms of a singular interiority, the dream of consuming time under the geometry of pure repetition. *Glas* explains, as it reads the desire of *Sa* (and many of CA's critical readers) to construct a reading of time that would not allow for escape:

"Everything that is, all time, precomprehends itself, strictly in the circle of *Sa*, which always comes back to the circle, presupposes its beginning, and only reaches the beginning at the end." (*Glas*, 226a)

But *Glas*, as we will see, in the future, when we read the next fourteen lines of the column, will offer an alternative -- trying to think the remain(s) of time, "a suspended remain(s)." It is not yet time for such a thought, although without it apparently, there is liable to be madness. José Arcadio also searches, not for remain(s), but for differences, marks of time's movement. In their absence, and the absence of the mother, he grabs a bar from the door, that which would bar the outside from getting in, and destroys the materials of (his) science, (his)story, all the while going mad "in language," "shouting like a man possessed in some high sounding and fluent but completely incomprehensible language." (CA, 81) Madness awaits translation. As a result of this "improper" behavior, he is tied, literally grafted forever, onto the (Family) tree. He can no longer communicate and can no longer identify.

José Arcadio Buendía's role in the Family ends "in a very bad way." It is a risk that is always run by a subject that would speculate, that would interrogate the borders between science and poetry, between government and the Family, between mechanics and Nature, and between "here" and "now" and their out-sides. It is a risk run here and now. I, too, have had to read too quickly, to cut short speculations, to quit on discoveries that might have later proved profitable. Too often, here, I have had to redirect my own attention, and still direct it for too brief a time anywhere in particular. *Glas* has already

warned me of this at length and in the name of the dance:

"I lose every time, with every blow, with every throw, on both registers. To recognize with a light-hearted cruelty, with all the enjoyment possible, that nothing of all of this is in effect viable, that all this will end in a very bad way, and that yet, on the cutting edge of this blade, more fleeting and thinner than any thing, a limit so taut in its inexistence that no dialectical concept can grasp or master or state it, a desire stirs itself. Dances, loses its name."(*Glas*, 139a)

Just what that desire is or is not "remain(s) to be seen." *Glas* offers some speculations which will be read in the future, at an other time. For now, though, a name is lost in the challenge posed by the dance. It is the name of the patriarch and it will not return until his eldest son returns, his body written with the tattooing of a *glas*-writing that re-writes the Family name. Between the (lost) name of the patriarch and the mother of the Family, the oscillation is now only unidirectional. The future for José Arcadio Buendía is (being) tied to the (Family) tree and in need of a woman's protection over time, as he gives to her his corpse (see *Glas*, 143-44a):

"They spoke to him and he looked at them without recognizing them, saying things they did not understand. Úrsula untied his wrists and ankles, lacerated by the pressure of the rope, and left him tied only by the waist. Later on they built him a shelter of palm branches to protect him from the sun and rain."(CA, 81)

Remain(s)

Elsewhere, in another time, Derrida has written "a tribute to the dance." I cannot read its theorization of a radical heterosexuality, in response at least partly to the Hegelian question of "a woman's place," it desire to write "a multiplicity of sexually marked voices," "a dream of the innumerable," here and now. But I can read its gesture of "Choreography."

"It will be our tribute to the dance [in French the word dance, *la danse*, is a feminine noun requiring the use of a feminine pronoun, *elle*]: it should happen only once, neither grow heavy nor ever plunge too deep; above all, it should not lag or trail behind its time. We will therefore not leave time to come back to come back to what is behind us, nor to look attentively. We will only take a glimpse. [In French, to take a glimpse is to look into the spaces between things, *entrevoir*, that is, inter-view." "Choreographies" is an interview. So, I have learned, is *What Remains*, as it looks "into the spaces between things."

Even as Derrida dreams the dream, dances the dance, of the innumerable, our question always here and now remains: "Then, too, I ask you, what kind of a dance would there be, or would there be one at all, if the sexes were not exchanged according to rhythms that vary considerably? In a quite rigorous sense, the *exchange* alone could not suffice either, however, because the desire to escape the combinatory itself, to invent incalculable choreographies, would remain."

Here I would like very much to create incalculable choreographies, to write "this mobile of non-identified sexual marks whose choreography can carry, divide, multiply the body of each 'individual,' whether he be classified as a 'man' or as a 'woman' according to the criteria of usage."

But I cannot read this here and now. The question of the dance, yes. But the question of gender must remain. It will, of course, return.

Most often, in letters.

Elsewhere, in another time, García Márquez has written of "love letters to order." Florentino Ariza wrote them, after reading "popular" literature, for a living, in the Academy of the Scribes. The practice would come back to haunt him: "Florentino Ariza accepted the challenge. He made a supreme effort to learn the mundane simplicity of mercantile prose, imitating models from notarial files with the same diligence he had once used for popular poets. This was the period when he spent his free time in the Arcade of the Scribes, helping unlettered lovers to write their scented love notes, in order to unburden his heart of all the words of love that he could not use in customs reports. But at the end of six months, no matter how hard he twisted, he could not wring the neck of his die-hard swan." I can read *Love in the Time of Cholera* as a text written around letters, about a man who works as a telegrapher, sending messages while writing an endless series of letters, and waiting endlessly for the return of the post. It writes a manners of the post, a primer on proper postal behavior and deferral of presence as passion. Even interrupted by the dance: "It was the telegraph operator from Fonseca, who had keyed in through seven intermediate stations so that Fermina Daza could ask permission to attend the dance."

"Consider that I cite those letters of Hegel to Nanette, or to his fiancée named Marie, only to recall, in passing, that the signature most often makes its vowels jump in order to abridge itself, Semitically, to HGL."

In a letter, posted in *Glas*, Hegel writes of the debt of letter-writing:

"This being the first time in a long while that I have again taken pen in hand to write anyone at all a letter, let it be to pay a most oppressive debt..."

In speaking of letters, it is common to speak of "exchange" and "owing."

But there is always the remain(s) of a destination. "I am sending this letter to my sister for handling since I do not know where you are."

And, of course, the remain(s) of truth. Can I read the truth in letters? Are they the proper place to go? CA will propose some problems for an epistemology of the post, even as the critics would go to the letters, in search of "revelations." But criticism has yet to deal with any of these questions in terms of their own (metaphors), in terms of "reveal(ing)." What remain(s) to (be) reveal(ed)?

Heidegger, of course, insisted often on a concept of truth as *aletheia* or unveiling. Although it inscribes the activity of an activity into the business of "discovery" (should it be "invention"?), it retains a certain *ousia*, albeit at the margins of philosophy. But what of this truth in art? In "Painting," for example, the pair(s) of shoes that he writes about with such care? Derrida has "moderated" a debate (between "Heidegger" and "Shapiro") on these shoes, these truths, in terms of "restitutions." The debate, at one point, (it is a debate about "point(ing)") comes down to the reading of letters, or more precisely, of marks:

--Your refinement around the syntax of 'the product, the pair of shoes' seems incredible to me. So everything would be played out in the suspense of this apposition, on the point of a comma between 'the product' and 'the pair,' this pause setting down the pair a little to one side of the product, of a slightly longer interval between two words.

--what is the size [*pointure*] of a comma?

--It isn't a matter of temporal interval between two, of which one is 'pair,' but of this syntactic fact that 'the pair' is in opposition, doubling the product, with a doubling which is nonetheless narrowing, stricter, straighter (the product, *here for example* the pair). So the space of *this* painting is assigned by the *pointure* of the comma which *itself*, as comma, like a shoe, never says anything.

--So everything comes down again to one of those *explications de texte* ...Are we reading? Are we looking?

--You think people would accept that, that they'd receive it as an *explication de texte* or as a "close reading"?

--Everything comes down to one of those reading exercises with magnifying glass which calmly claim to lay down the law, in police fashion indeed.

--It can always, more or less calmly, become police-like. It depends how, with a view to what, in what situation it operates. It can also arm you against that other (secret) police which, on the pretext of delivering you from the chains of writing and reading (chains which are always, illiterately, reduced to the alphabet), hastily lock you up in a supposed outside of the text: the pre-text of perception, of living speech, of bare hands, of living creation, of real history, etc. Pretext indeed to bash on with the most hackneyed crude and tired of discourses[...]. But we can't get into this debate about barbarities."

Is it possible to read (between the marks, *entre* "Márquez,") without, calmly or otherwise, becoming police-like. Even in his warning, it does not seem possible for Derrida's "Heidegger." Do the police (always) arrive (even) with *aletheia*? Bringing it? This question is important because its answer would mark the beginning of (the formulation of) any possible protocol(s) of reading/writing "critically." Or is the dream of the innumerable a more promising choreography? Which dance to dance? Did Hegel dance at the balls?

"Something is [remains] *veiled*, like a presence or a truth."

The argument of the veil, whether in this sentence (reading Warburton) or in Heidegger, or in those who, like Warburton and unlike Heidegger, would decry language's veiling, its capacity to veil, to encrypt, "becoming secret and reserved, diverted from common usage, esoteric," is an argument that can only properly begin with questions not about what might be veiled, but about the veil, about the business not so much of veiling, but of seeing, of noticing the veil, of asking about and after it.

Glas writes extensively about the veil. Often in terms of *erion*, as the fleece ("Smear these hairs, make them shine, make them gluey with drool, spit, milk, and you will have a kind of textual veil"), and the flowers of sexuality and rhetoric (about which there will be much more later): "The *erion* -- fabric of writing and pubic fleece -- is the maddening, atypical

place of the *verily*: more or less (*than the*) truth, more or less (*than the*) veil. The *erion* derides everything said in the name of truth or the phallus, sports the erection in the downy being of its writing. Derision does not simply make the erection fall; it keeps the erection erect but does so by submitting the erection to what it keeps the erection from, already, the crack of the proper no(un). Apotropaic incantation of the reseda, derisory erection of the gladioulus."

The effect of deriding, of Derrida, on the flowers... on the veiled "truth" (more or less)... (of) on the remain(s)... the veil of reading:

"Fermina Daza could not have imagined that her letter, inspired by a blind rage, would have been interpreted by Florentino Ariza as a love letter."

What is the risk of this veil? Hegel reminds me of Cybele: "The priests of Cybele, the sublime godhead which is all that is, was, and is to be, and whose veil no mortal has unveiled -- her priests were castrated (*verschnitten*), unmanned in body and spirit (*an Leib und Geist entmannt*)." The risk, we will see later, of cutting and bandaging in CA, as in *Glas*, marks a jealous reading. It is not unlike the risk run when offering a gift. But it *is* different. The logic of the gift, in CA, though it is marked by the same oscillation of reading, is more startling, more likely to carry away the breath of the one who gives as well, the one who writes, a "restitution" of love. The love (of Aureliano) and "restitution" of giving is written into CA in much the way that Derrida reads it written into Joyce, into *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*, into two words in the *Wake* that will later come to haunt us in more (hi)storic detail: "He War." For now, though, I would read CA's gifts (to me) into this reading:

"Even before any restitution, symbolic or real, before any gratitude, the simple memory, in truth merely the awareness of the gift, on the part of the giver or receiver, annuls the very essence of the gift. The gift must be without return, without a sketch, even a symbolic one, of gratitude. Beyond any 'consciousness,' of course, but also beyond any symbolic structure of the unconscious. Once the gift is received, the work having worked to the extent of changing you through and through, the scene is other and you have forgotten the gift and the giver. Then the work is lovable, and if the 'author' is not forgotten, we have for him a paradoxical gratitude, which is however the only gratitude worth its name if it is possible, a simple gratitude without ambivalence. This is what's called love, I'm not saying that it happens, perhaps it never *presents itself*, and the gift I'm describing can doubtless never make a present. One can at least dream of this possibility, and it is the idea of a writing which gives."

This, it seems to me, is one (innumerable) answer(s) to the police. It at least calls for the risk of a "writing which gives." And that risk includes the violence of rejection. This is the price paid (for) by another artist, Balthazar, this time in a text signed by Gabriel.

Balthazar's marvelous afternoon is made such by the giving of a gift. The cage he has made, though it is not made according to "exact specifications," as the "doctor" reminds him when he tries to buy it, is nonetheless, certainly and already addressed, as a gift it is certainly made with a receiver in mind. But, like the post, the direction of the gift is undecidable:

"He approached the child, smiling and held the cage out to him. The child jumped up, embraced the cage which was almost as big as he was, and stood looking at Balthazar through the wirework without knowing what to say. He hadn't shed a tear. [He had been feigning a tantrum, a fake excess of emotion.]

'Balthazar,' said José Monteil softly. 'I told you already to take it away.'

'Give it back,' the woman ordered the child.

'Keep it,' said Balthazar. And then to José Monteil: 'After all, that's what I made it for.'

José Monteil followed him into the living room.

'Don't be foolish, Balthazar,' he was saying, blocking his path. 'Take your piece of furniture home and don't be silly. I have no intention of paying you a cent.'

'It doesn't matter,' said Balthazar. 'I made it expressly as a gift for Pepe. I didn't expect to charge anything for it.'

As Balthazar made his way through the spectators who were blocking the door, José Monteil was shouting in the middle of the living room. He was very pale and his eyes were beginning to get red.

'Idiot!' he was shouting. 'Take your trinket out of here. The last thing we need is for some nobody to give orders in my house. Son of a bitch!'"

There is much that could be written here about the idea of the rich buying their own gilded cages from poor artists and then resenting the power of the art as gift. It is, clearly, obviously, a story, a question of class. But here and now our concern is with an "earlier" question, the question of direction and (non)arrival, of reading and intention, the question of the question of art and exchange, of the between and the edges that mark the boundaries within such questions.

"To find the remains it is necessary to look at the edges for a *glas* that signs."

This citation marks a between, the intersection of pages, the re-writing of text into *Remains*. I have not just cited "myself," I have cited myself already here and now, in whatever space can still fairly be said to be marked by these marks. I have (neither) discovered, (nor) invented these marks. I would rather mark the dangers, the risks of discovering and inventing, or more precisely, of *claiming* to discover or invent. The risk, finally, CA suggests, of madness. "The relationship between reason, madness and death is an economy, a structure of deferral whose irreducible originality must be respected." And later, "The economy of this writing is a regulated relationship between that which exceeds and the exceeded totality: the difference of the absolute excess"

of what remains. José Arcadio Buendía, facing a frozen Time:

"This is a disaster."

With the marriage of Rebeca to Aureliano Buendía, the narrative of CA begins an accelerating movement from the "time of the Family" towards (hi)story via a number of grafts, graphic interruptions, and the tolling of a *glas* (re-sounded first by the Church and then by the State). After discussing the stagings of memory and language (as "powers") within the development of the Family, *Glas* goes on, reading Hegel, to follow the prophecy of a syllogistic destiny:

"The family presupposes the two preceeding powers, but it also goes through the *organic* element, desire and sexual difference." (*Glas*, 119a)

But the marriage that opens the next cut in CA does not respect the "time" of development and (sexual) staging. There are still signs missing. Remedios will mark the proper time for the marriage with the (first) remains of a biological excess; a gl- mark that allows for the demarcation between sexual "flows" that Hegel would use to define gender as "two terms of an opposition." Deep into its discussion of biological difference(s) within the male and female sexual organs, *Glas* reads Hegel's *Philosophy of Nature* as it defines female biology in terms of a "flowing out" and a passivity that locates it nearer "the origin."

"Production, differentiation, opposition are bound to the value activity. That is the system of virility. The clitoris, which resembles the penis, is passive; 'in the man, on the contrary we have there active sensibility (*haben wir dafür das tatige Gefül*), the overflowing swelling of the heart (*das aufschwellende Herz*), the blood rushing into the *corpora cavernosa* and into the meshes of the spongy tissues of the urethra. To this rushing of blood in the man corresponds then in the woman the effusion of blood.' The same abundance of blood fills and rises on the one side, pours out and is lost on the other."(*Glas*, 113a)

(This piece of the column carries a scar, a niche carved into it like a tattoo and asking the question of the (gendered) *Seing* and the possible inevitability of complicity:

"who, we? magisterial we, we of *Sa*, we men? And what if it were always the same? And who-we-assists-us-here")

And shortly thereafter:

"Man's superiority costs him an inner division. In passively receiving, woman remains one (close) by herself; she works less but lets herself be worked (over) by negativity.[...]

Remaining enveloped in the undifferentiated unity, the woman keeps herself nearer the origin.[...] Paradoxical consequences of all phallogentrism: the hardworking and determining male sex enjoys mastery only in losing it, in subjugating itself to the feminine slave. The phallogentric hierarchy is a feminism; dialectically feminism, making man the *subject* of woman, submits itself to Femininity and Truth, both capitalized."(*Glas*, 113a)

And thus *Glas* reads Hegel's biological phallogentrism as a transcendentalist feminism (and, implicitly, reads certain feminisms as transcendently Hegelian), even as it would establish difference in terms of opposite flows that mark the possibility of *Aufhebung*.²⁵

In CA, however, this flow marks the undecidability of a between (of stages). Remedios, as her wedding approaches, is more like Hegel's (reading of John's reading of) Jewish culture, as it stands developmentally in comparison to Christianity: it "has neither maturity nor innocence. It has never been fully formed, never reached puberty." It is still only in the time of the human family. But even here Remedios falls between descriptions since she has and has not "matured," having "reached puberty" even as her parents are still trying to break her of the *glasic* habit of wetting the bed. Still, the sudden appearance on the streets of flowers and wreaths offers only two interpretations and, since no *glas* can be heard, a wedding must be approaching.

Aureliano's boots, those most cited of fetish objects, mark here and now the movement of time with a reference back to the narrative's past-future, and a translating of "many" into "a few years later...." Still the ceremony at hand is not an execution yet. *Glas* writes of the sexualization of the (theft of the) ring (*Glas*, 108-09bi) and of the ring's complicity with its (inevitable, intended) host:

"So the annulus, the ring, the collar, the necklace, the chain of the gift [that which started the courtship here], the anniversary circle of the speculative, always turns around a phallic column, whether that column exchanges itself with a finger or an ankle, a waist or a neck."(*Glas*, 248b)

But in CA, the ring falls. As Remedios holds her hand *a la Genet*, "she kept her arm with the fingerless lace glove held up and remained like that with her ring finger ready," the ring falls to the fetish, stopping under Aureliano's boot. The danger here, as recognized by Remedios' family, is of "improper" behavior; although finally they are the ones who "committed the impertinence of picking her up to kiss her." (CA, 83) The rolling of the ring (to the boot, its "falling (to the tomb)") inscribes an oscillation within the exchange between the fetish and the proper that will later be read in terms of Freud's speculation on the possibility of a generalized, non-singular(ly) referential fetishism between genders. Remedios' marriage is marked here and in the future by a remain(s) of time (between childhood and maturity) and the remain(s) of lineage (in and out-side (in the between) of the Family (walls)). This is hinted at even during the wedding, when she serves as keeper of the remain(s), carrying a piece cut from the wedding cake out to the Family tree, to its patriarch -- carrying remains to madness.

Madness, in CA, speaks here in "unintelligible psalms;" leaving open the question of how such genre distinctions can be made in the face of unreadable texts. Also left open is the fate of Rebeca's marriage to Crespi, deferred (literally "post"-poned) as it is by an unsigned postal *récit*, the feigning of a *glas*. This letter, which would at first seem to arrive at its destination, proves only to mark a fake announcement of impending death, the non-union of the Family, and a return (only) to the remain(s) of time and marriage:

"[T]hat Friday, Pietro Crespi received a letter with the news of his mother's imminent death. The wedding was postponed. Pietro Crespi left for the capital of the province an hour after receiving the letter, and on the road he missed his mother, who arrived punctually Saturday night and at Aureliano's wedding sang the sad aria that she had prepared for the wedding of her son. Pietro Crespi returned on Saturday midnight to sweep up the ashes of the party, after having worn out five horses on the road in an attempt to be in time for his wedding. It was never discovered who wrote the letter." (CA, 84)

But, even as the altar is being reduced to remains, Amaranta, the speech-actress, "swears" her innocence.

For the wedding, the State has brought (in) the Church ("from the swamp"). With a name that signs itself elsewhere, in another signed *récit*, another "time" and "place,"

Father Nicanor Reyna signs the author's proper name "with the expression of an old angel."(CA, 84) In reading Marx's reading of Feuerbach's reading of Hegel's reading of Christianity (that is, reading Marx's *Theses on Feurebach*, which reads Feurebach's *The Essence of Christianity*, which reads Hegel's *Phenomenology*, which reads John and (or towards) "Absolute Religion"), *Glas* places the "dialectics of Nature" into oscillation with Christianity and the Holy Family.(*Glas*, 200-05a, ai) The Church in CA, when it first arrives in Macondo, does not see its relationship to Nature as anything other than an oppositional one. Macondo is not properly naming, (the business of the Church), it has not been properly Disseminated (capitalized by theology). It is a question of a seed which must be spread regardless of the ("hardness" of the) organs around to "receive" it (though that, Hegel might remind us, is just what these particular differentiating organs cannot do), and of an eating of morsels and the sounding of a *glas*:

"He was appalled at the hardness of the inhabitants of Macondo, who were prospering in the midst of scandal, subject to the natural law, without baptizing their children or sanctifying their festivals. Thinking that no land needed the seed of God so much, he decided to stay on for another week to Christianize both circumcised and gentile, legalize concubinage, and give sacraments to the dying. But no one payed any attention to him."(CA, 84)

The dissemination of the seed, in religion and flowers (and in the religion of flowers) is, of course, written into both columns of *Glas*. It is the movement that signs, grafts, and names Genet (*genêt*) into the right and it is the movement that marks the generational passing of time in the Family on the left. The difference is destination, it is (a question of) control. (In) Genet, the seed is spilled -- the "insert" on page 259b links the church, the sacraments ("questionable host"), theft, the butt (the bit), and the ejaculation of seed in a series of textual grafts that marks dissemination as a problem of destination and excess.

(In) Hegel, the seed marks the controlling of time and reference:

"This concept (of) germ (*Same*, semen, seed, sperm, grain) regularly enters on the scene in speculative dialectics, in places and regions of the encyclopedic discourse that are at once homologous and distinct. whether of the vegetal, biological, anthropological, or the ontological order in general. Among all these orders, speculative dialectics assures a system of figurative correspondences."(*Glas*, 27a)

And within the discourse of the (Holy) Family this seed-concept marks the *Aufhebung* of filiation:

"The spirit is neither the father nor the son, but filiation, the relation of father to son, of son to father, of father to father through the mediation of the son, of son to son through the mediation of the father, The spirit is the element of *Aufhebung* in which the seed returns to the father."(*Glas*, 31a)

(Opposite this reading in *Glas*, the text reads the flower figures in Genet's *Miracle of the Rose*, *Funeral Rites*, and, of course, *Our Lady of the Flowers* as well as the Last Supper scene as a scene of mourning in "The Balcony," all as a *glas*, tolling "the end of signification, of sense, of the signifier" -- an end prompted by the undecidability of non-dialectical dissemination.)

The Church, desiring the dissemination of God's seed, in CA, arranges a postal route that intervenes in the "direct" communication between God and the residents of the civil community. However, it is able to write this postal-logic of an intermediary only after it has written its own history within the logic of economic exchange. "He went everywhere begging alms with a copper dish."(CA, 85) The church must be able, finally, to re-sound a *glas* that marks not the death but raising of the dead within an economics of excess. "They gave him a large amount, but he wanted more because the church had to have a bell that would raise the drowned up to the surface of the water."(CA, 85) Even as it (he) loses its (his) voice, a *glas* tolls in the very bones of religious authority. It calls people to obey its "intermediary" logic with the sounding of "a small bell," and then provides "miracles" as theological proofs.

Father Nicanor's miracle of spacing, his six-inch levitation via the drinking of hot chocolate, provides the economic wherewithall for construction, for (the planning of) the Church's church. But miracles, *Glas* reminds me, reading Harmacone's, both celebrate (*Sa*) and wound (*Sa*): "The miracle is that that (*ça*) sings, that that (*ça*) pricks, that that (*ça*) bands erect like a lyre."(*Glas*, 70b) Perhaps, madness seems to suggest, the miraculous is just a simple act of invention. The Church, it turns out, will be able to translate, though

CA does not, the language of madness: Latin. The language of madness is the language of the Church, and, thus, the Church can debate with the mad patriarch in an exercise of theological rhetoric. But José Arcadio Buendía resists ("rejects") the temptation of "rhetorical tricks" and miracles ("the transmutation of chocolate") and insists on the mechanical image, insists still on the logic of invention (always also, of course, a rhetorical logic). Even "reproductions" of Holy images are of no import for the inventor since they are "artistic objects without any scientific basis." Meanwhile, as part of a certain counter-movement, a *da* in the debate, José Arcadio Buendía attacks the priest's own faith "with rationalist tricks," the rhetoric of (scientific) invention. What is taking shape here, of course, is the debate that has defined philosophy as a discipline since before Plato -- the debate that, in its positionings according to logics of rhetoric and science, nature and technology, faith and evidence, delineates the margins of (the (hi)story) of ontotheological and metaphysical discourse. Even recent theorizations about the rule of law and the Law of "rules" have their place in the debate over a proposed game of checkers that José Arcadio Buendía would not play, *glasizing* up the situation, since "he could never understand the sense of a contest in which the two adversaries have agreed upon the rules." (CA, 86) The effect of a certain "turning inward" (of philosophy), as always, historically changes its destiny: "Father Nicanor, who had never seen checkers played that way, could not play it again." (CA, 86) And then CA reminds the reader (as *Glas* might also, reading Hegel's family history) that one of the participants in this re-writing of the history of philosophy is mad and tied to the Family tree. Still, the doubt remain(s) in the faith of the priest, and he never returns to the debate. Instead, he returns to the building, the construction of the church, a "proper" place.

And CA interrupts its narrative of the Church and madness to return to a previously interrupted narrative (of Rebeca and her marriage to Crespi). At least one critic has spoken of these strategies of interruptions ("one story is interrupted by an inconsolable twist in another, an imitation of arbitrariness") as a "system of alternation" or "a set of sudden and

repeated changes of musical key."²⁶ Although the question of "key" is certainly at stake here, along with all its accompanying language (of locks and openings and entries and insides and outsides, as well as time signatures, rhythms, tone, phrasing, meter, and even theme); the identity, the location and availability of any key(s) in *Glas* (where the key and the lock are feature players in its reading of fetishism in *The Thief's Journal*) as well as in CA (where opening locks and finding keys to translation, keys to read between languages, mark the text from its first narrative of a locked fleece to its last of a keyed reading), always remain(s) (as a question). The key awaits discovery, the composition awaits completion. There are always only implicit promises made. Rebeca's marriage awaits the completion of the church, a promise of endless deferral that could be a curse offered by a jealous sister. Within such a deferral, passion is either being facilitated or interrupted by the (feigned) unreliability of technology, which carries with it, in the resulting darkness, the threat of improper behavior:

"A mysterious wind blew out the lamps in the parlor and Úrsula surprised the lovers kissing in the dark. Pietro Crespi gave her some confused explanation about the poor quality of modern pitch lamps and he even helped her install a more secure system of illumination for the room. But the fuel failed again or the wicks became clogged and Úrsula found Rebeca sitting on her fiancé's lap." (CA, 88)

The *pharmakon* of "igniting" passion, a fuel that both sparks and darkens, demands that the mother displace herself from her extra-familial obligations to return to a Family business: "supervising love." Finally Pietro Crespi gives the priest the money to finish the church and Amaranta is forced to devise a new strategy of deferral. This time she looks to logics of disintegration.

By removing the mothballs from her sister's dress, Amaranta hopes to de-textualize it, to render it useless remains. Even the "stitches of the veil," the weaving-place of truth, is "holy," perforated by moths in a "disaster that seemed so natural" that Rebeca does not blame Amaranta. But Amaranta has miscalculated (time). Rebeca is early, opening up the dress a month before the wedding, making a (temporal) space (in which) to sew a new one.

A return to the pharmacy seems to be Amaranta's last chance, but her poisoning is interrupted by (what she reads as) its result, a translation of destinies. At first, the decision to poison is marked by the Family prick-logic within the dynamic of jealousy.

"Amaranta made several mistakes in her crocheting and pricked her finger with the needle, but she decided with frightful coldness that the date would be the last Friday before the wedding and the method would be a dose of laudanum in her coffee."(CA, 89)

Even as she prophesies her sister's fate, at her own hands, "a greater obstacle, as impassable as it was unforeseen obliged a new and indefinite postponement."(CA, 89)

Annunciation, for Remedios, (the word of Gabriel), is also a *glas*, the tolling of a death knell. She is poisoned (by an excess of life, a pair of children that remain) "by her own blood, with a pair of twins crossed [in *Glas*' double chiasmus] in her stomach.(CA, 89)²⁷

Amaranta can only read this as a twisted rewriting of her own prophecy, and the chiasmatic crossing of time and destinies produces in her "a crisis of conscience." Later, with(in) the event of an-other suicide, Amaranta will again be so affected by the writing of (hi)story and death that she will castrate herself, rebinding herself (erect) within a Stillitanesque fetishism. Here the (Hegelian) equivalence of the two events, the two bound destinies is only suggested. *Glas* reads it in detail in Hegel, writing with a language stolen from its other side, its other column:

"Propositions of this type are numerous. They entertain the absolute equivalence or continuity of murder and suicide. I affect myself specularly by what I affect the other by. The nearly undecidable suspense about which we were speaking -- the lynching rope hanging between life and death or the unstable balance of the funambulist -- leaves each consciousness to an absolute solitude in the very instance of the recognition."(*Glas*, 140a)

Remedios had become the keeper of the Family remains. She had taken to maintaining the patriarch, keeping his not-yet-remains clean and intact, trying to hold back the spread of *Glas*' many lice. As it reads Genet, *Glas* seeks to write "the *topos* of the louse."

"The scene is invaded by lice. Not invaded from the outside, but occupied as a familiar, if not natural place: 'the lice, our pets, our familiars...,'"(*Glas*, 163b)

A Family place. *Glas* goes on to remind me that "the lice inhabit not a house but a body," and, before her death, Remedios does both body-work and house-work for José Arcadio

Buendía, delousing him and reinforcing his shelter. She even is eventually able to translate his (mad) language, and it is she who determines the next family graft, the next bastard's "proper" (path to) attachment to the Family (tree).

"When the son of Aureliano and Pilar Ternera was born and brought to the house and baptized in an intimate ceremony with the name aureliano José, Remedios decided that he would be considered their oldest child." (CA, 90)

Finally, of course, her marriage and incorporation into the (desired) unity of Family also serves to push the Family along a syllogistic path (ideally) towards *Sittlichkeit* as it inscribes an intersection with the State and, dialectically, serves to "consolidate Don Moscote's authority in the town." The necessary instrument for formally facilitating a familial progress along the re-route of the parent's death in the education of the child is established by State authority, and, in conjunction with the Church, the process of *Sa*, of the exclusion of remain(s) (in the system) begins.

The logic of (Absolute) State and Religion forces social "excess," the improper, out to the margins, towards the out-side, "a back street." Catarino's store, marking the place of homosexuality and prostitution, (the place of Genet's positioning outside the Law) is forced into the shadows of the community's edges -- precisely the place (*Glas* reminds me) where it can be most decisive. The armed guards return, reinscribing the Law of "order" into the community and it begins its passage into State ethics and, inevitably, "for its own health," Hegel would remark, towards war. But not quite yet. A "proper" name remains untaken and Gabriel must re-announce another birth.

Remedios' pregnancy manages, by way of its promise (for the Family tree, to temporarily displace even the contaminating effects of jealousy (between sisters). CA returns us to its "different" beginning, its second invocation of execution, when it recalls in the future that Remedios is the last person in Arcadio's thoughts as he faces (yet again) the firing squad. (CA, 91) Of course, Remedios' death prompts a mourning, announced by Úrsula, that serves to define the family, and, like so much else in *Glas*, the different roles for each gender. Proper mourning closes the doors of the house, defines the limits of the

Family and determines the business of its women. *Glas*, reading Hegel's reading of *Antigone* (towards which I will turn more directly with the arrival of the "leafstorm" and an epigraph elsewhere), reminds me of the necessary stage of singularity in which we still find the Buendías:

"If the family's thing is pure singularity, one belongs to a family only in busying oneself around the dead: toilette of the dead, institution of death, wake, monumentalization, archive, heritage, genealogy, classification of proper names. engraving on tombs, burying, shrouding, burial place, funeral song and so on.

The family does not yet know the universality producing labor in the city, only the work of mourning."(*Glas*, 143)

Here, now, this is the Family business as it shuts itself in and Úrsula prohibits "any talking for a year."(*CA*, 91) But the Funeral Rites here, as in Genet's, are marked by a difference, a gap between the signification of the deceased and memory. It is not quite the referential, ordered, and interiorized process over time that it (*ça*) would like (it) to be.

"Future generations, who never let the lamp go out, would be puzzled at that girl in a pleated skirt, white boots, and an organdy band around around her head, and they were never able to connect her with the standard image of a great-grandmother."(*CA*, 91)

A corpse, banded (erect), with a band the color of flowers, marks the passing of time (of the Family tree) by its difference (with "standard images"). Even as mourning would close the Family off physically and linguistically from each other and the outside, it cannot freeze either time or memory, and therefore, cannot maintain the "power" of its monuments -- a lesson (to be) learned from *Glas*. There are still remains. In this case, the twins (whose birth has (not yet) been announced), and Aureliano José, who Remedios had grafted onto the Family tree and who is now "absorbed" by a different "mother," seeking to displace (within the "relief" of a sharing) the maddening effects of her own uncertainty about the undecidable space between will and action:

"Amaranta took charge of Aureliano José. She adopted him as a son who would share her solitude and relieve her from the involuntary laudanum that her mad beseeching had thrown into Remedios' coffee."(*CA*, 91)

Deferral also results, not so much from Remedios' death, but from the "propriety" required by a Family mourning. Rebeca and Crespi's engagement turns "into an eternal

relationship" --actually a narrative remains, since it is never "worried about" again within the family, and since Rebeca returns to the morselizing of the origin, the eating of earth. The only possibility for breaking the Family's withdrawal towards a pure interiority is the shattering effect of an arrival from the out-side. This effect is even more devastating to the limits of proper Family behavior when the external contaminant proves not only to be a visitor marked (excessively) by excess (writing), but also already a member of the Family, and carrying already the proper name of the patriarch. Here, now, José Arcadio returns. He arrives first only as "a huge man" and a written body, covered with "cryptic tattooing" (for once, CA describes *Glas*). The crypt and the tattoo are, of course, two of the most well-worked motifs throughout *Glas*. One critic has gone so far as to speculate that *Glas* may be, perhaps, "a tattooing."²⁸ Clearly, *Glas* reads tattooing (specifically on (phallic) columns), as it finds its prick-logic written, in *Our Lady of the Flowers*, for instance, as a prescription for its own form:

"*Our Lady of the Flowers* thus will have prescribed the *glas* form: 'The great nocturnal occupation, admirably suited for enchanting the darkness, is tattooing, thousands and thousands of little jabs with a fine needle prick the skin and draw blood, and figures that you would regard as most extravagant are flaunted in the most unexpected places.'" (*Glas*, 240bi)

The text (Genet's? Derrida's?) goes on to compare this writing to the writing on the unrolled Torah. Earlier it writes, after labelling the wound as fetish, of tattoos as scars, remains of writing:

"The scars are tattoos, words and drawings incrustated in each column, notches mixing the black of the ink and the red of the blood to pass the contract into the skin and treat the text."

And the reading goes on to write the future (the legend) of José Arcadio('s prick):

"The tattoos also have the relieve of brilliant and cutting precious stones, like those of the Dyaks of Borneo used to insert, I believe, after an incision, into the surface of the penis, to increase, they say (distyle), the woman's enjoyment." (*Glas*, 239bi)

I will not read the impact (for *Glas*) of describing the tattooings in CA as "cryptic" (a "magic word"); but, in many ways, José Arcadio arrives carrying the signs of an almost pure exteriority (challenged only by his proper name, his recognition by the mother) that proves

to inscribe another unstable movement of oscillation among Family relationships -- just as the return of the son, first in the human family and then in the Holy Family, inscribes into Hegel's family-passage. ("Tattoos" also find themselves carved into the Hegelian column, in a discourse, appropriate here and now, on phallic columns, (254a), and a single tattoo oscillates between columns, the tattoo cited (on the right) from *Miracle of the Rose* and marking (on the left) the imperial signature that would not sign: the Eagle, (57bi).) José Arcadio's tattoos are, of course, not the most important or the most discussed part of the young man's body. The immediate inheritor of the family prick-logic demonstrates, when he returns from "the other side of the world," that exchange-value *and* use-value can easily be written under and into phallic law. He is marked by several excesses: of language, "Spanish that was larded with sailor slang," of exteriority, "They asked where he had been and he answered 'Out there,'" of machismo, "magical tricks of strength," and, as I have already mentioned, of writing and potency. Such excesses eventually prevent him from being re-grafted onto the Family tree, even as they provide him with identity and the means of "making a living." He raffles off his sexual services; but CA reminds us that an excess of women and writing mark him as still outside the Family walls:

"The women who went to bed with him that night in Catarino's store brought him naked into the dance salon so that people could see that there was not a square inch of his body that was not tattooed, front and back and from his neck to his toes. He did not succeed in becoming incorporated into the family. He slept all day and spent the night in the red light district, making bets on his strength."(CA, 94)

Although as a figure (in writing) from elsewhere, he remains outside the Family borders, he can still temporarily participate in Family rituals (meals), where he defines his role as storyteller, as writer from the out-side. His stories turn out to be about the morselizing or the discovery of remains (of sailors or of Crusaders), and Úrsula's reaction to them repeats the remain(ing) logic: "and so much food thrown to the hogs!"(CA, 94) His stories also produce (postal) memories, "of letters that had never arrived," in the mother (as destination) -- an inevitable and even necessary con-figuration of memory, the undecidability of the postal narrative, and the Family. But, even during such "Family

time(s)," José Arcadio remains marked by remains in terms already discussed (far) above: he is "the same lout who would eat half a suckling pig for lunch and whose flatulence withered the flowers."(CA. 94) And his memory, his text of time's markings inside the body, like his body (outside), has been saturated "with too many things to remember," so that it no longer can recall the time of the Family.

Within a logic of differential opposition, José Arcadio, with his excess even of breath, makes Pietro Crespi, to Rebeca, look like " a sugary dandy." The large man's attention prompts in her a desire that is marked by an excess of (the) remains (of parasites): "She vomited up a green liquid with dead leeches in it."(CA, 95) Their first sexual encounter, described in Family terms ("Oh, little sister") and with a language again of transfiguration, of sex as translation of the undecidable ("the inconceivable pleasure of that unbearable pain"), is followed, in the frantic mock-Hegelian time of a passion of excess, three days later, by their marriage (this time, clearly without contract or the parent's arrangements). Already inscribed into this announced marriage is the problem of the certainty of Family membership, the fixedness of its identifying limits, and the laws of "nature" and the "law." "She's your sister." "It's against nature." "[A]nd besides, it's against the law."(CA, 96) But José Arcadio, versed in Genet's rhetoric as well as his positioning in response to the Law, responds "Fuck nature two times over," and tries to redirect Crespi towards Amaranta as a supplemental object of desire. It falls upon the Church to make proper the identity and location of the Family's boundaries and Father Nicanor makes the announcement "that José Arcadio and Rebeca were not brother and sister."(CA, 96) But their wedding, or at least their honeymoon, is nonetheless marked "two times over" by fetishism and the Family prick-logic, as their excess of passion is supplemented by a scorpion bite, a prick from inside a shoe.

Still, even marriage cannot "incorporate," cannot graft the eldest son (back) onto the Family tree. Úrsula, the mother, has read the events surrounding their marriage as signifying "an inconceivable lack of respect" and she forbids "the newlyweds to set foot in

the house again."(CA, 96) They are to remain out-side the Family, even as they carry the Family name and they will come to claim the space "between," the land on the edges as their own: "José Arcadio recovered his sense of reality and began to work the no-man's-land that bordered the courtyard of the house."(CA, 97) Meanwhile, Úrsula attempts to promote the same supplemental logic earlier suggested by José Arcadio, as she tries to spark a relationship between Crespi and Amaranta, to erase a jealousy already written deeply into the Family (hi)story. Finally, Crespi proposes properly, and to his surprise, Amaranta responds with a curious language of deferral that had earlier marked her strategies of subversion: "It's never good to be hasty in things."(CA, 97) The problem (of interpretation) posed by Amaranta's enigmatic response and the question of position that it raises concerning the status of her relationship with Crespi is allowed to remain, to go unread as its narrative is interrupted, cut short by further developments in the evolution of the Family and its relationship with its out-side, with the State and with war.

"These are not times to go around thinking about weddings."(CA, 98) The "time" of war, like the "time" of history, is neither linear nor direct. It comes in spurts, in cuts, of the future as past and the past written as prophecy of the future, in Hegel's "discontinuous little jerks." "A plurality of continuous jerks, of uninterrupted jolts -- such would be the rhythm" -- the rhythm that I cited elsewhere as having 'no outer limit.'"(*Glas*, 105a, 107a) Even as it is (barely) announced, the time of war re-writes the past of the narrative's (opening) future, reminding me, as it writes chance into (hi)story, that Aureliano, even as he (again) faces the firing squad "would not understand too well the concatenation of the series of subtle but irrevocable accidents that brought him to that point."(CA, 98) He had previously begun to establish and maintain a relationship with the State family, that continued even after his wife's death and the "binding up" of the Buendía house in the (erect(ed)) bands of mourning. The State as family, his father-in-law, tries to educate him, in a Kantian rather than Hegelian fashion (*sans* the *glas* that tolls for the teacher), about politics. But as the State re-cites its propaganda, its indictment of Liberal politics reads too

much like a Family history of the Buendía's:

"The liberals, he said, were Freemasons, bad people, wanting to hang priests, to institute civil marriage and divorce, to recognize the rights of illegitimate children as equal to those of legitimate ones, and to cut the country up into a federal system that would take power away from the supreme authority."(CA, 98)

Even in the Conservative version of political opposition, the threat posed to supreme authority is clearly the threat of the cut, the recognition of a bastard course, and the undecidability of civil society. In their own version, of course, this threat is countered by a certain *Sa*-logic that the Conservatives claim as having its origin in a familiar sort of revelation, a recalled phenomenology (of spirit):

"The Conservatives, on the other hand, who had received their power directly from God, proposed the establishment of public order and family morality. They were the defenders of the faith of Christ, of the principle of authority, and were not prepared to permit the country to be broken down into autonomous entities."(CA, 98)

They are, of course, frightened by the prospect of remain(s), not of people but of authority. It is much too simplistic to read *Glas* as proposing these same distinctions between Hegel and Genet, although it has been suggested by too many others. *Glas'* reading of Hegel destabilizes any possible caricature of his texts as "Conservative" in these terms and its reading of Genet problematizes just the sort of assumptions that make this sort of clear distinction possible. It's own textual strategy can be read as a warning against just this sort of dialectical politics, a politics that could never recognize nor attempt to account for the bits and morsels that inevitably remain. As in CA, in *Glas* this is a cartoon politics, an excess (hi)story that will be shown to have little or no relationship with the (political or (hi)storical) "events" that follow in either text's reading of (hi)story and politics. This rhetoric is, in both texts, a trap, a ruse to fool the quick reader, and Aureliano begins to sense this and so is hesitant about going to war "over things that could not be touched with the hands."(CA, 99) The reasons for war, the motivations for fighting, will be the topic of much to follow, much that will be written and read in both CA and *Glas*. But reading must proceed slowly and "properly" and the narrative of war develops accordingly, according to "little jolts," minor, inevitable events.

The first event is tinged with images of castration (the confiscation of the phallus as weapon) and the replacement logic of the (singular) fetish (ballots to push into a box) and the proper name: the soldiers go

"from house to house confiscating hunting weapons, machetes and even kitchen knives before they distributed among males over twenty-one the blue ballots with the names of the Conservative candidates and the red ballots with the names of the Liberal candidates."(CA, 99)

The "freedom" that would be marked by elections cannot even begin prior to a certain castration of the civil community by the State, and even then CA writes two contradictory (hi)stories of the vote. "The voting was absolutely free." However, proving once again the undecidability written always into this most Hegelian of decidable words, the voting is absolutely fixed. A signature, the seal, the *seing* of the State, is attached to the box, the fleece, even as it "crosses" itself.(CA, 99) But the seal is fixed (only) to be broken, the box is violated, the vote re-written with the ruse of supplements and the box re-sealed, re-signed. The absolute (freedom) has been transposed into the absolute (order) whose confidence comes from its strategy of containment, appeasement via remains:

"'The Liberals will go to war,' Aureliano said. Don Apolinar concentrated on his domino pieces. 'If you're saying that because of the switch in ballots, they won't,' he said. 'We left a few red ones in so there won't be any complaints.'"(CA, 99)

But even in his questioning, Aureliano's identity is beginning to shift to(wards) a political one. The State, it turns out, is insensitive to questions of (family) property, and the community (or more precisely, its women, keepers of the *oikos*-logic of the proper) is more disturbed by the failure of the authorities to return property (the phallic weapons), than it is disturbed by any election ruse. Aureliano, "alarmed" by Conservative cynicism and manipulation of (hi)stories, grafts himself onto the Other, forms a political attachment: "I'll be Liberal, because the Conservatives are tricky."(CA, 100) This difference, too, will be elided.

His first act as a Liberal, in fact -- his moment of defining, of identifying -- turns out to be a "trick." His co-conspirator is a fake doctor running a sham pharmacy; the

Liberal party in Macondo is organized around a ruse *pharmakeus* even as it is being written into Conservative history as a *pharmakos*, a scapegoat.²⁹ The subterfuge is first and foremost textual: "The approach of the elections was the thread that lead him once more to the skein of subversion." (CA, 101) The same metaphor is repeated more than once in subversive terms along the right-hand side of *Glas*. Aureliano visits the feigning physician whose rhetoric of medicine and pain ("Here's where I have the pain that will not let me sleep.") speaks in translation as the rhetoric of war as total violence ("...explained to him in simple terms that it was a patriotic duty to assassinate Conservatives"). The pharmacy houses a new religion of the son(s) (of the founders). Hegel will speak to me later, near the end of *Glas* and the end of CA, of the end of religious development, a religion of the Sun and of the Son, that annihilates the religions of flowers and animals. But here and now, the religion of these sons is uncapitalized, a fake religion, borrowing its (absolute) rhetoric and its desire for absolution. Aureliano, however, is disturbed by its all-or-nothing language, its total rhetoric of total violence. He tells his fake doctor "You're nothing but a butcher" (CA, 102), and he has his fake pills (his political identity) taken from him because of an apparent sensitivity to the "betweens" of political positions that will later come to mark some of his most re-markable behavior as a soldier. But it is not yet time to read the future. Aureliano has only assured the would-be assassins that he will be standing "before the Law," at the door of the State family, when they arrive to murder the family, the State and the Law. For Aureliano it is not (and never will be) a question of possibly complete alternatives; there are always the betweenes that demand at least maintenance, even of the Law and/of the State (if it is, in fact, ever to be re-written). This same sort of between logic has already trapped Crespi and Amaranta, for whom the "time" is not right "to be thinking about marriage." (CA, 103) Here the narrative catches up with itself in time, after reading the slow, deliberate events leading to war, and all that is left is an archangelic annunciation. The mother (later, the author's signatory archangel) "bursts" in: "War's

broken out!"(CA, 103) The language of the announcement predicts much that is to come here and in CA: War is a breaking, into pieces, into the production of remain(s), which is effected by the encounter with "out," with the "out-side" of the Family. In Hegel, as we shall see, war is a crucial and necessary step on a Family's path to good ethical health and a people's progress towards *Sittlichkeit*. But in CA, the announcement, the arrival of the message and the war is still subject to the deferral of the post (this time in a numerically Hegelian fashion): "War, in fact, had broken out three months before."(CA, 103). The Family already shows signs of this "breaking out." As Arcadio is infused with an excess of political idealism that includes plans to shoot priests, turn the church into a school, and institute "free love" (this would be, I suspect, like free elections); Aureliano tries "to calm down his drive. He recommended discretion and prudence to him."(CA, 103) Again Aureliano resists the totality of absolute passion even as he moves politically towards the inevitable (hi)story of extremes -- the extremes of the edges, the borders (of parties and proper behavior), the "between(s)." *Glas* reminds me again of the re-writing of the Family in the political moment:

"The political opposes itself to the familial while accomplishing it. So the political economy is not one region of the general onto-logic; it is co-extensive with it. All the more so since, in the Hegelian systematics, there is never simply hierarchical relationships between genus and species: each part represents the whole, each region is capable of everything."(*Glas*, 134a)

I have re-recited this because it is, here and now, a new political moment in which the Family will (soon) be apparently capable of anything. Also, it serves as a sort of preamble to much from *Glas* that is to come on the subjects of war and *Sittlichkeit*, the death penalty, and "total and real violence."(*Glas*, 137a) The beginning of the war in Macondo, even the before of the beginning, is marked already by an execution, the scapegoating of the sham pharmacist. Even as the State "orders" death and invades the community with an excess of men and machines, it collects money "for the defense of public order." A regular feature of the logic inscribed in *Sa* is its ability to maintain itself, feeding off the circularity of its own logic and rhetoric. And as Aureliano actually enters the fight, he is accompanied by the

(uncertain) signature of his author's ancestor and his own "best friend." Gerineldo Márquez will, of course, write himself into Aureliano's (hi)story even as it is written by a graft later to be stuck to his own Family tree. Even as the first *glas* of a firing squad tolls, resonates throughout the town, the Families of the civil community are breaking in (the absence of) time and pieces are left to remain: "The married rebels barely had time to take leave of their wives, whom they left to their own devices." (CA, 104) A Family member (Arcadio) is re-written and left to remain "at home" as "civil and military leader of the town," and the young men of Macondo head into the narrative's (hi)story.

The progress of the Family has now been marked by a movement towards the political and the (hi)storical, by a movement along the narrative's excess path. The interruption of new stages and stagings cuts short some narrative threads and leave others unbound, either in mourning or in the binding of a deferred promise. CA will take a turn here, a shift in narrative direction and in the identity and proper name of its subject. The son, carrying only a truncated name, a "first name," Aureliano, is granted a new identity by the narrative, a (hi)storical one that will mark him formally from now on, through his several deaths and a catalogue of foretold events. He is attached to the surname of the patriarch, a name that was always written out, in full, even now, when it is the name of madness; and he is also attached to a military name, the order of rank and hierarchy. One the one side (of the proper name) is the system of order and prioritization that will provide him with the rules for "proper" behavior, even in the face of extremes; but on the other side, attached at the other end, from (the) behind (*derrière*), is the name of the Family and of madness, or the name of the name of madness since it was written as such before and after its owner was tied to the Family tree. *Glas*, as a writing strategy and as a monument, has been written into his name at both ends, and the distinction between war (as a system) and madness (as a challenge) is the mark of his new proper name and his own (Family) (hi)story:

"This is madness, Aurelito,' he exclaimed.

'Not madness,' Aureliano said. 'War. And don't call me Aurelito anymore. Now I'm Colonel Aureliano Buendía.'"(CA, 105)

Remain(s)

Is John "circumcised or Gentile"? Which one? Which John can I answer for? Whose is this name? The answer to all these questions, in every case, must be both. At least, in an oscillation (of the fetish, "castration anxiety," and the raising of the text in columns, two erect monuments, legs, between which, in the fold(s), is the fleece "that interests and constrains us here").

The text that begins one leg of *Glas*, at the top (or the bottom, depending...) already has its own legs, its own (monumental) columns, one a narrative, an almost anecdotal *récit*, on a train; the other to Rembrandt, to tearing it up, to the remains being rammed down the shithole, to what remains. There, the view of the remains, between the legs, is rewritten.

"he kept sending gobs of spit between his knees onto the floor of a car already soiled by a collection of cigarette butts, paper, bits, and pieces of bread" (Morsels) [And across from it] "However finally chiseled her face and solemn her expression, *The Jewish Fiancee* has an arse. You can smell it. She may at any moment lift her skirts."

It is the view that would result, of the fold, the *erion*, of Freud's mother's missing penis (or its non-representationality), that begins the short essay on "Fetishism" -- what the "Doctor" himself warns will be a "solution" that will "certainly create disappointment." I will return to this disappointment, and its "relief" many times.

But the birth and circumcision of John is still at hand. *Glas* reads Hegel as (too) often conflating circumcision and castration as it reads the relationship between the Jew and the (other) book of (another) John. It also reads, in another column, John's birth -- of course, Gabriel appears:

"(Or the angel Gabriel, flying-trying-stealing to make a child behind your back. He announced not only Jesus's birth to Mary but also John's to Zacharia: 'Your wife Elizabeth shall bear you a son, and you shall call his name John (*Luke*)[...]So both were announced by Gabriel, but only one of the two was imprisoned and then decapitated.'"(The parentheses live on.)

And later, again:

"Those dressings that banded the angel erect resemble the ones with which babies are swathed after circumcision. That is, all the time. Gauze swaddling and crape bandage. 'And it came about that on the eighth day the came to circumcise the baby; and they were calling him by the name of his father Zacharia. Then his mother spoke forth and said: No, but he shall be called John. And they said to her: There is no one in your kindred that is called by that name. And they made signs to his father to learn what he wished him to be called. And he asked for a tablet and wrote, saying: John is his name. And all were

amazed. But his mouth was set free at once and his tongue....' Luke's *récit* of the birth of John the Baptist."

Circumcised and banded erect, the name of John sets free the mouth and tongue, makes speech possible through and after writing. John will come. To announce and anoint. (Like Gabriel.) To immerse. To read (the future). After a cut and band(ag)ing. From *Glassary*:

"Band erect: *bander*: the French means to band, to bandage, to blindfold, to tauten, and to get a hard on. Band erect attempts to recall the erection and the banding or bandaging." *Glas* replaces the verb "to be" everywhere with "to band erect." So that the columns stand, even as they are cut (short), niched, and tattooed. *Glas* reads *The Balcony* as it writes these columns as a reading, of the phallus, the fetish...of (hi)story:

"My image is growing bigger and bigger, I assure you. It's becoming colossal. [Like the 'gigantic phallus,' the 'prick of great stature' whose form the chief cop is later urged to adopt.] {and that also appears in one of the two threads, the two passages to be read in Hegel ("the phallic column of India"), directly across, one of the rare intersections immediately between columns: "And only later are notches, excavations, openings, made in the columns, in the flank, if such can be said. These hollowings, holes, these lateral marks in depth would be like accidents coming over the phallic columns at first unperforated or apparently unperforatable. Images of gods were set, niched, inserted, embedded, driven in, tattooed on the columns." -- John re-citing} ...You've got secret judas holes in every partition. Every wall, every mirror is rigged...You don't need me to tell you that brothel tricks are mainly mirror tricks....' If you could tour around this column, you will head back to *The Balcony*, to read there ("The Envoy: It's reading or the image that counts. History was lived so that a glorious page might be written and then read."

History as a fetish for/of reading. In oscillation. At the sight of the between (of the columns, in the space that opens for reading). What is there? What, more importantly, is missing? Between cuts, between signatures -- does it amount to (saying) the same (thing)? (The "post-Heideggerian" question of the "thing" will return, *Glas* cites Heidegger rarely and without the binding marks of citation, but it does ask "What is a thing? What is the name of a thing?" Questions that are indispensable to any reading of the fetish.) In the spaces that seem to intersect, between texts (in CA and *Glas*, for instance, the place of the tattooed column), or in CA and other family texts, texts that share its signature: in the place of mourning and monuments, to Remedios as to the other Patriarch's Leticia Nazareno:

"he ordered them to tear down the iron cupola of the vegetable markets and build in its place a garden with magnolias and quails and a marble cross with a light higher and brighter than the lighthouse to perpetuate in the memory of future generations until the end of time the remembrance of a historic woman whom he himself forgot about long before the monument was demolished by a nocturnal explosion that no one avenged, and the magnolias were eaten by hogs and the memorable garden changed into a dunghill of pestilential slime which he never came to know"

And the memory (was) reduced to remains. With(out) (hi)story, or like Remedios' image, without reference. For the monument acts as an (undecidable) fetish. *Glas* reads "Fetishism" twice. In both columns, a double reading with differences, between the *gaine* and grapes. Our attention will be re-directed over and over to the last three paragraphs of Freud's short essay. To the story of "a moderately severe neurosis. The patient oscillated..." To the story of the *gaine* which binds erect and which, as a fetish, is "doubly derived from contrary ideas." And finally to the "two mutually incompatible assertions."

How does this rhetoric of oscillation and contradiction, of speculation "along quite speculative lines," read alongside of the same essay's absolute language of substitution, castration anxiety, and "the mother's penis"? Can the essay be read, as a *Glas*? Or is this, as Sarah Kofman argues, "giving too much or too little to Freud"?

"When it comes to gifts there is no measure, and with the gift of a reading, it is always too much or too little. Not being concerned with *one* Freud, or *one* of Freud's texts, I tried to locate the 'weakest' passage which reproduces classical thought, showing an inconsistency. Perhaps you would say that I give too much in reversing what I extract from Freud's text to make another Freud who would be capable of receiving it.[...] Already in *Glas*, and before *Glas*, double affirmation is the condition of a discourse on fetishism and of a generalized fetishism."

But I have not read *Glas*' generalized fetishism, between the legs, (*legs de Freud* -- "Freud's Legacy" as discussed in *The Post Card's* "To Speculate -- On "Freud".) I have not read the reading of Fetishism that appears doubled near the "end" of both columns. Nor even have I read Stillitano's fetishism, his cluster of grapes, pinned to his fly, but covering, not substituting for a penis that is not missing, but for a hand that is. The fetish has not been read yet, except as (a strategy of) the text (in oscillation "between"). It is not (yet) time in CA, the reading elsewhere follows the protocol of time. There has not yet been the wound that must be bound even as it marks the burning (memory) of the lack, the absence of a substitute: Amaranta. These remain(s) are a preamble to a reading (of "Fetishism" and of the generalized fetishism of *glas*-writing).

Can this be a key? A key exchange:

Derrida: Does the passage in *Glas* on Freud and fetishism play the role of a central lever into the text and is the generalization of fetishism the key? On the one hand, in *Glas*, there is not one but *two* analyses of the text on fetishism in the two columns, an important duplicity. On the other hand, I tried not to privilege any particular passage. Therefore, I resist a move to create a key to the text. Because one could do the same thing, for example, with the Hegelian theory of Fetishism, etc. Likewise, there is no one memory of childhood, there is childhood memory, supposing that it is authentic: all this is put into play at each moment.

Kofman: For me, generalized fetishism is not a transcendental key either. But in rereading *Glas*, starting at that point, many things become clearer. And it does not seem to me that one can do the same reading of Hegelian fetishism unless you read Hegel beginning with Freud -- as you do.

Derrida: It's a fact, and empirically, I could not write this without knowing a little Freud.... I will add that 'key' is a theme in the text, the syllable '*cle*' (key) is submissive to a certain reading. As a text on keys it presents itself as a ring of keys -- each reader can select the one they like best. In your case the key was Freudian fetishism, but that was not in itself the key to the text. And this conforms to what I have said about generalized fetishism."

Here I would rather turn my attention to the space between the keys (on the ring) or the space around the edges of the lock, that awaits. The text(s) to be read later: Freud, *Glas*, and *The Thief's Journal* for the shape of the key. Those spaces are the intersections of the proper name(s). The shared signatures that allow for even as they create remain(s). Between Genet and Gabriel (it is his mother, Jean-Paul would remind us, that names him "thief," that reads his future in the name) there are momentary intersections, usually in the back (room) amidst waste and remains (later in the rubbish of *Lahojarasca*, amidst Hegel's Antigone), in the darkness of Catarino's store, moved to the back by the Church and State (by the (Hegelian) "love" of Christianity and the *Sittlichkeit* of the State as the "people

spirit"), or in the bathroom of the Patriarch's officers, a place for waste and the production of remains:

"they came to him with the news general sir that General Narciso Lopez high on green pot and anisette had hauled a cadet of the presidential guard into a toilet and warmed him up as he saw fit with the resources of a wild woman and then obliged him to put it all into me, God damn it, that's an order, everything my love, even your golden little balls, weeping with pain, weeping with rage, until he found himself vomiting with humiliation on all fours with his head stuck in the fetid vapors of the toilet bowl, and then he lifted the Adonic cadet up into the air and impaled him with a plainsman's lance onto the springtime tapestry of the audience room like a butterfly and no one dared take him down for three days, poor man."

(The time of Hegel is also the time of Christ.) *Glas'* Genet seems to sign (almost) his mother's text. But her name, like Derrida's in *Glas*, cannot be "written-out," there are never enough letters, an l (*elle*) and e are always cut off, the name remain(s). Castrated. Already, when I (he) first see(s) her. This scene will, no doubt, lead to fetishism, which early in the essay Freud reminds me can even be the result of a forgetting of the mother('s) tongue. Where a "shine" is actually a "glance" shifting direction, gla- ("at the nose"). There will be no "overcoming" here. No "overcoming," here, now, the (first) time of the ("primal") scene. The overcoming is put in doubt. Like (a priest's) faith.

Another intersection -- another small fold (*pli*) between the (legs, legacies of) two texts, the between of debates (with chocolate) of faith, between priests and patriarchs: "those mellow soft afternoons after he had made peace with the papal nuncio and the latter would visit him without an appointment to convert him to the faith of Christ while they had chocolate and cookies, and bursting with laughter he would allege that if God is the man you say he is tell him to rid me of this beetle that's buzzing in my ear, he would tell him, he would unbutton the nine buttons of his fly and show him his huge tool, tell him to deflate this creature, he would tell him, but the nuncio went along with his shepherd's work with patient stoicism, tried to convince him that everything that is truth, no matter who says it, comes from the Holy Spirit, and he would see him to the door when the first lights went on, dying with laughter as had rarely been seen."

A fly between texts, buzzing in the space of an ear.

"No matter who says it."

(What) Does this matter? How? What is "the space of the remains" of a signature, of a "who" that says it? Can one answer these questions without giving oneself over not to a generalized but to a particular, finalizing fetish -- a substitution? Within a "generalized" logic, dissemination scatters the father's seed, spills it in such a way that it is unrecoverable. Still, the question of desire (to name) remain(s).

"Case and scrap. What remains of a signature?"

"The text re(mains) -- falls (to the tomb), the signature re(mains) -- falls (to the tombs) -- the text. The signature remain(s) resides and falls (to the tomb), the signature remain(s) house and tomb."

Oikos -- safely (dead) at home. Between the (banded erect) legs. But the edges are not clearly defined, hidden as they are, by a fleece. Sticky, with the gl- of spilled seed

(of) Reading('s) remain(s).

"The principle of internal destruction, domestic negativity does not intervene only at this precise point within the family moment. The exposure to death is the condition of every ethical totality in general, here of the *people*." (*Glas*, 99a)

Hegel reads the violence of war as an already written "death penalty" that the people must pass through on their way to achieving ethical totality: "[i]n effect," *Glas* reminds me as it reads both the *Phenomenology* and the article on *Natural Law*, "the doctrine of the death penalty assures the passage from the critique of formalism to the position of absolute *Sittlichkeit*." (*Glas*, 99a) (Although, directly across from this reading I am assured, as in a prophecy, that "Nothing remains but filial filaments [*films*]," and the text goes on to read Genet's "The Funambulists" as "a hymn to the wire [*fil*]." (*Glas*, 99bi) Thus, here as in CA, the reading of an absolute passage to the "end" of ethics via a system of inscribed violence is re-marked by the lines that demarcate edges and boundaries between spaces in air and between family members, by the heterogeneity of filial intersections.) The necessity, within the Hegelian systematics, of a people going to war is made even more explicit shortly thereafter in a passage that I will cite at length, since its logic is feigned within much that is (soon) to come in CA:

"Such an analysis has already ceased to treat the case of an individual subject to the death penalty. It would concern the total functioning of an ethical community: the infinite equivalence cannot produce itself in the relationship between empiric finite individuals or groups. Therefore Hegel calls the absolute ethical totality the *people*. Now the people itself has access to *Sittlichkeit* and becomes free as an ethical (*sittliche*) totality only in bringing its life into play, in standing up above its natural determination in a strict movement. *Bezwingen*, death's infinite and thus nonconstraining constriction, produces the strict: what is called spirit, freedom, the ethical, and so on. The people must risk its life, must not hesitate to let itself be destroyed as an empiric people in order to become a free people, that is, a people in the strict sense. That is possible only in war. A condition of the ethical, war no longer belongs to the order of natural phenomena (as in Rousseau for

example): it manifests consciousness, spirit, culture. A people that fears war reverts to animality; it wishes to save its life, its natural and biological health; but it alters its spiritual life and its ethical health.

Of course, if it loses the war -- like the criminal after the fall of the blade and the eucharistic materials after consum(mat)ing -- it becomes empiric naturality again. Also if it wins the war, and what stands up here then hangs by a thread *{fil}*, never lose it from view.

So war would prevent the people from rotting; war preserves 'the ethical health of the peoples,' as the wind agitating the seas purifies them, keeps them from decomposing, from the corruption, from the putrefaction (*Faulnis*) with which 'a continual calm (*dauernde Stille*)' and *a fortiori* a 'perpetual peace' would infect the health."(*Glas*, (citing Hegel, *Natural Law*, 55-56, 65), 101a)

War, it turns out, prevents the *people* from becoming (ethical) remains; even as it allows it to become (ethical). In CA, it marks the identity of the people (in politics as ethics) and will come to write the *people* (as narrative, (hi)story, chronicle), (as) the future of "filial filaments." But, as *Glas* reminds me twice, in both columns, "all this hangs by a thread (*fil*)." In CA, this is first of all the thread of a proper name, the writing of its (hi)story. The last cut ended as the war began with an annunciation, a scene of recognition and the inscription of *Glas* as Hegel's war (as systematic passage through a syllogistic destiny) -- "Colonel" -- and Genet's filaments (as marking the excess of madness written into the filial signature) -- "Buendía" (thereby recalling that "the recognition scene is always a displaced or sublimated family scene").³⁰ Upon the turn of the page, the opening of another cut, the newly announced proper name is written into the history of the *people* as (hi)story. Through the fast-forwarding of time within the past-past tense of a memory (of the future) accelerated to a pace that simultaneously mythologizes and demythologizes as it speeds along, the chronicle of Colonel Aureliano Buendía -- his story, that is to be the story of the novel's (hi)story -- is (completely) re-written, for the "first" time. It is a history of "failure" that succeeds, of dissemination that leaves only remains, of a death penalty that fails to leave remains, of the refusal of order and the acquisition of power, of the image of fear and fearing the image, of textual production and (failed) self-destruction, of a *glas* (already) announced, and of a telling-too-soon of this (hi)story via the re-writing of narrative expectations.(CA, 106-107) It is also, of course, a (hi)story (of a sort) of

Colombian "history."³¹

But in CA, even this de-temporalization of narrative events is always already a bit of the narrative, a morsel to be grafted later onto the told *récit* to search for correspondences and find (the (hi)story of) differences "between." The narrative *en-abyme* leaves "[r]emain(s) to (be) divide(d), detail(ed), retail(ed), one more time" (*Glas*, 102bi); slowly, and beginning with the departure from the community and "a very personal interpretation." (CA, 107) Arcadio reads the history of the town as announced, as "left" to him by Colonel Aureliano Buendía, as a personal narrative, a (hi)story of his story in the war, as he has read it already in "one of Melquíades' books" (reminding me of the translations to come) as a history of costume and (absolute) performance (as pedagogy), assuming the role (and look) of a dictator and allowing his students to "wander through the streets armed in order to give outsiders an impression of invulnerability." (CA, 107) But this "impression" is written into and within the double logic of the stage, of the feigned-performance of power and the mock-Hegelianism of CA's logic of war as (personal) narrative, and Arcadio and the town pay the price for this "double-edged deception." They are (or will be, in the future) the victims of a double logic of communication (of the violent act of interpretation as the reading of "signs"):

"It was a double-edged deception, for the government did not dare attack the place for ten months, but when it did it unleashed such a large force against it that resistance was liquidated in a half hour." (CA, 107)

Still, before this violent act of misreading is played out, Arcadio plays at "rule." His rule manifests itself textually, in a fondness for "decrees." "He would read as many as four a day in order to decree and institute everything that came into his head." (CA, 107) His playing at instituting according to the rules of naming, his speech-acting, proves to mime even as it mocks the later attempts, by the "forces" at war, to wrest the right to name, to institute, from each other -- the "total and real violence" of bodies and language described by Hegel and announced early on (even as it is, as purpose or reason for fighting, doomed

to disintegrate) in the Colonel's war (see *Glas*, 138a). Arcadio's institutions are mostly trivial or mildly identificatory, although as absolute ruler he does, significantly, prohibit a *glas*, the ringing of the bells, ("unless it was for a liberal victory"). Still, no one takes him seriously; he is seen by the civil community only as a player, until he brings his own production of remains to the town's history, his own imposition of the death penalty and (order(ed)) execution, enforcing his new (private) logic by executing someone from the margins for "disrespect." (CA, 108) With this "arbitrary" act, and with the imprisonment of any who protest this act, Arcadio begins to write his own political (hi)story and, in the face of its absolute logic, receives the wrath of the (Family's) mother, even as she names him with a (future) political identity that will come to doom him (though not quite accurately) to his own execution:

"'You murderer!' Úrsula would shout at him every time she learned of some new arbitrary act. 'When Aureliano finds out he's going to shoot you and I'll be the first one to be glad.'" (CA, 108)

Likewise, the State, or at least its current rem(a)inder in Macondo, Don Moscote, is able to use Arcadio's absolutist arbitrariness to define Conservative politics via its difference with the status quo: "'Now let them suffer the difference.' Don Apolinar Moscote said on one occasion. 'This is the Liberal paradise.'" (CA, 108) Elsewhere, Derrida would remind me often that the function of any differential logic is dependent upon the (always violent) identification of each supplement (by the other); the power to read for difference is always accompanied by the power to name (the supplements).³² When interpretive variables are read into the binarism of supplemental difference (or of speculative dialectics, *Glas* might argue), including variables such as the deferral and spacing of reference within the system, logics of difference cease to be logics of comparison (as the State would have it, assuming the nominative power) and become logics of *différance*. "This" is, of course, not the Liberal paradise, but Don Moscote's feeble attempt at irony nevertheless produces the possibility of a double reading, since, under a certain (political) logic (to come, in

"history"), it is (both sides) as well. Arcadio hears only one tone resonate in the irony, and therefore orders Don Moscote to be executed. For this absolute reading, this singular interpretation, he is attacked by the woman who once had attached him to the Family tree and who now reminds him of his status as an apparently temporary graft: "I dare you to, bastard!" (CA, 108) Úrsula interrupts the execution of (an) Order, an execution, with a reminder of Family (hi)story and a hint about another (unknown) filament. The absolute performance of (mock-)Authority is reduced to the fear of a cowering child precisely by re-writing it back into the Family scene, by calling attention to its acting (as absolute), its playing (at authority) while still within the private Family logic of parents and children. "From that time on she was the one who ruled in the town." (CA, 109)

There does not seem to be any room for this eventuality in *Sa*. Still, even as Hegel's writing of the family writes "out" the woman since it is modeled on a Holy Family wherein the dynamic element is the oscillation between father and son and the woman is relegated to a "motherhood" produced "immaculately" or the role of sister to a brother played by Antigone (thereby leaving the question, as to whether the "family" actually "appears" at all or only "seems ceaselessly to slip away," remaining (*Glas*, 97a))³³; there is nonetheless, in the *Phenomenology*, an opposition between laws, between powers, that *Glas* reads in gendered terms:

"The dissymmetrical opposition between the singular and the universal is found once again. With death between the two. More precisely, the two terms of the opposition are not the singular and the universal, but the *law* of singularity and the *law* of universality. The opposition is determined between these forms of generality that these laws (*Gesetz der Einzelheit, Gesetz der Allgemeinheit*) are, since the opposition works within the ethical reign that is the reign of law.

To this great opposition (the law of singularity/the law of universality) is ordered a whole series of other couples: divine law/human law, family/city, woman/man, night/day, and so on. Human law is the law of *day(light)* because it is known, public, visible, *universal*; human law rules, not the family, but the *city*, government, war; and it is made by man (*vir*). Human law is the law of man. Divine law is the law of woman; it hides itself, does not offer itself in this opening-manifestation (*Offenbarkeit*) that produces man. Divine law is nocturnal and more natural than the law of universality, just as the family is more natural than the city. Once more, the family appears as the most *natural* degree of the ethical community. Natural, divine, feminine, nocturnal, familial, such is the predicative system, the law of singularity." (*Glas*, 142a)

The legacies of these distinctions, these "laws," can be read in (our) (hi)story, and certainly in the "history" in CA; although there, despite appearances, despite the best efforts of the Law to write itself into a historical, universal narrative made by man, woman does not stay in her place. Úrsula steps beyond her bounds not merely as does Antigone (or as does Úrsula herself, later) to argue on behalf of (the remains of) a man, but to execute "human law." The law, executed now by the mother, is the law re-written by Genet across the boundaries of gendered destinies -- the law of Gabriel(le). *Glas* resists the alternative "power" in favor of (its own) oscillation:

"*Glas* must be read as "singular plural" (fall of the *or* [gold, now] in the double session). It has its breaking in itself. It affects itself and immediately resounds with the literal damage. *Pas de singularité génétique*: (no) step of genetic singularity. I write here on (no) singular text, no inimitable signature. Paternity as you know is always attributed at the end of a trial and in the form of a judgment. Hence of a generality. But the mother? Above all the mother who dispenses with the father? May not one hope for a pure genealogy from her? purely singular, immediately idiomatic? Isn't the proper finally from the mother? No more than the *glas* that she sets ringing."(*Glas*, 150bi)

The question of the proper (mother), the question of the Family and identity, remain(s) (within (the) oscillation (between sides of a bell), within *glas*). To escape the solitude of (the execution of) the Law, Úrsula returns to the Family tree, and to the "useless company of her husband, who had been forgotten under the chestnut tree." (CA, 109) Whether this forgetting is the fate of madness is a debate that has its outlines elsewhere, (between, for instance, Derrida and Foucault or (at the same time) Descartes and Nietzsche); however, here the "mad" patriarch proves to be the audience for a narrative of Family (hi)story told somewhere between the truth and the lie. The narrative begins with the scattering of a seed (as a return in time): "'our children scattered all over the world, and the two of us alone again, the same as in the beginning.'" (CA, 109) But not quite. Úrsula forgets the difference, the madness, "an abyss of unawareness." José Arcadio Buendía has "lost all contact with reality," he has (as others would remind us) been displaced or re-written (by) the *cogito* and he cannot write or announce in an understandable (that is, here, translatable) discourse. Úrsula tells him a Family story (of his namesake and his tattoos) and she

gradually decides to lie to him as the focus of the narrative direction shifts from the the writer to the narrative's reception: "[s]he thought she noticed, however, that her husband would grow sad with the bad news. Then she decided to lie to him."(CA, 109) And this decision (to lie) is marked by (the "picking up" of) remains, "his excrement." The lie, marked by remains, helps determine a quasi-logic of "truth," dependability, and uncertainty within CA, *Glas*, and especially within the text that gives to *Glas* its opening and its columns: Genet's "What remained of a Rembrandt torn up into very even little pieces and chucked into the crapper..." In this essay that is marked (in either of its title's translations, in *Glas* or in *Reflections on the Theater*) by the remains of art, the proper name, the bit, regularity, and excess; the logic of the lie, an old paradox to be sure, is re-inscribed:

"It goes without saying that what I have just said is important only insofar as one accepts that everything was virtually false. A work of art, if it is finished, cannot be used as the basis for insights and intellectual games. It would even seem to confuse the mind, or bind it. Well, I played."(*Reflections on the Theater*, 83)

And the truth or falsity of this "playing," of this assertion, marks the between of critical reading and writing, the "virtually" of its necessity. *Glas*' logic would respect absolutely this "cannot" even as it reads it as (it, [ça]) "must." And so, the logic of the lie writes itself into Úrsula's narrative just as it would into the narrative of CA and *What Remains*; and Úrsula, like the reader/writer, becomes "so sincere in the deception that she ended up consoling herself with her own lies."(CA, 110) For madness, it turns out, is already the sounding of a *glas* ("it was like speaking to a dead man"), whose death, the between of human and divine law, is marked by the silence of peace and indifference, a madness that acts as the God of the Family: "a dominion superior to any visible bond kept him tied to the trunk of the chestnut tree."(CA, 110)

But the tree continues to grow ("stronger"). Úrsula announces to the patriarch that Amaranta and Crespi are going to get married. Their engagement has taken place in the fold of the narrative, in the spaces between (events), and is described in (*Glas*' terms of reading, translating, edges, sewings, flowers, and an excess of the romantic as marked by

"postcards." Amaranta's own signatory metaphor is grafted onto a tele-logic of the post and translation: *telaraña* -- a spider's web. And whereas copulation in CA is often accompanied by a (metaphoric) translation, here (literal) translation marks the deferral of, or at least a supplement to, orgasm, as the postal marks (of) the out-side call up an image of ancient cities "of whose past grandeur only the cats among the rubble remained." (CA, 111)

The courtship thus reads like the delineation of margins in *Glas*:

"It was a twilight engagement. The Italian would arrive at dusk, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, and he would translate Petrarch's sonnets for Amaranta. They would sit on the porch suffocated by the oregano and the roses, he reading and she sewing lace cuffs, indifferent to the shocks and bad news of the war, until the mosquitoes made them take refuge in the parlor. Amaranta's sensibility, her discreet but enveloping tenderness had been weaving an invisible web about her fiancé, which he had to push aside materially with his pale and ringless fingers in order to leave the house at eight o'clock. They had put together a delightful album with the postcards that Pietro Crespi received from Italy. They were pictures of lovers in lonely parks, with vignettes of hearts pierced with arrows and golden ribbons held by doves." (CA, 110)

The *parerga* of postcards mark the excesses of myth that place the courtship on the margins of the "proper" and that will seal its singular fate. Crespi could not determine, when he read Rebeca, the intent of her *seing*, confusing (as *Glas* would) her passion with "the vehemence of her stroking" (*Glas* would say "strewking," Rebeca was already one who sewed, see *Glas*, 249b); he could not re-cite the globe in his collection of "reproductions of the bell tower of Florence" and music boxes and machines that mark the *glas'* of (the) Family history (of "inventions"); and so he would now re-write his own (hi)story within the Buendía Family through a marriage to a supplement, to Amaranta. But this logic (of supplementarity) will turn against itself, even as it mimes "nature":

"Not pushing their feelings, letting themselves be borne along by the natural flow of their hearts, they reached a point where all that was left to do was set a wedding date." (CA, 111)

Nothing more remain(ed)? The war has already tolled a *glas* for the *glas* that was "the rigor of mourning for Remedios." And so, Crespi proposes, and Amaranta, as she answers, returns to her sewing: "I wouldn't marry you even if I were dead." (CA, 112)

This reversal, this effect of the double-logic of courtship along the places of excess and margins, and mostly, this marked effect of (the legacy of) jealousy can produce only

the disaster of excessive writing, flowers, and remains. *Glas* reminds me that time and the promise of a present marriage should not have raised Crespi's expectations of re-writing the past:

"Jealousy is always excessive because it is busy with a past that will never have been present and so can never be presented nor allow any hope for presentation, the presently presenting.[...] Zeal is only unchained at the whip of an absolute past."(*Glas*, 134bi)

This is the (absolute) past the Amaranta carries with her (like a wound), and that will re-cite itself in her denial of Crespi. The effect is predictable: "He went through incredible extremes of humiliation."(*CA*, 112) And it involves, of course, writing, remains, flowers, and the non-destinatory logic of the post: "He would spend the day in the rear of the store writing wild notes which he would send to Amaranta with flower petals and dried butterflies, and which she would return unopened"(*CA*, 112-13) Finally, he returns to the edge (of a blade), to the cut that has marked his history with(in) the (margins of) the Family. His suicide by cutting prompts, in *CA* as Family (hi)story, a reading of the scenes of *Antigone* and "Fetishism." But first, both Hegel and Genet read suicide in exemplary ways.

A certain suicide marks the *Aufhebung* of sexual difference in *The Philosophy of Nature*. As such, it marks a natural development, a return to and of Spirit (in sexuality):

"The relief of the inadequation,' of sexual difference and of death, is the return to itself of the lost spirit, lost for a time, time itself, in nature. Natural life, in order to accomplish this 'destiny,' 'kills itself.' Suicide is natural; it is the working of the spirit in nature. Spirit understands itself as suicide; there it begins to resonate for itself, becomes an object for itself, consciousness of (it)self. There the spirit calls itself, names itself -- spirit -- recalls, recollects itself to itself. Just as the male sex activates itself by going out of the envelope that was holding it enclosed in the woman, the spirit goes out of the 'dead envelope' that was still compressing it in Nature."(*Glas*, 117a)

The only possibility for such a "raising" of a "limp erection" of spirit for Crespi was suicide. But, *Glas* goes on to remind me that "the blow to the other is the fatal contradiction of a suicide."(*Glas*, 139a) Suicide, Genet reminds me as he writes (Divine's mother) Ernestine's "murder" of her dead son, her simulation of his suicide, is also a "unique and double murder."(*Glas*, 256-7bi) And so, in *CA* it will prove to announce

several tollings, several marks of mourning and binding erect.

Úrsula plays out, here and now, the novel's first Antigonal scene. Later, with the citing of another text (of "rubbish") and another burial (of a re-written doctor), and the re-citing of *Antigone* as epigraph, the intersections, the glancing blows struck between CA and *Glas* as they read this text (one that Hegel calls a "most magnificent and appeasing work of art," and that *Glas* argues re-presents a "unique example in the system" (*Glas*, 150a), a graft whose structure "cannot be assimilated") will be read in more detail. Here and now, Úrsula takes over the double task of *oikos*, the maintenance of the dead and the home: "Úrsula decreed that the wake would be in her house." (CA, 113) And the debate about remains that marks such an important moment not only in Hegel's *Aesthetics*, but even moreso in its brief appearance in the *Phenomenology* (pages 261, 273-74 on Divine law and 284 on Antigone and ethics), is re-enacted within a differential, deferred filial relationship of the not-quite, between Úrsula and (the remains of) Crespi: "So I am going to bury him, against your wishes, beside Melquíades' grave." (CA, 113) For although she does not (yet) have the approval of the Church as authority (in the absence of the State-at-war), she has the approval "of the whole town," the civil community, as she performs "a magnificent funeral." Her own "authority" proves to be a "divine law" superior to the so-called divine law that would oppose her. But even she cannot prevent the "doubling" of the cut and the re-writing of the past as jealousy into a present marked by an absence -- into the ma(r)king of a fetish.

Amaranta, in a moment of excess, marks herself with the wound of a displaced "castration" whose binding and unbinding will repeat the undecidable movement of Freud's speculations on a generalized fetishism. *Glas* reads Freud's essay in both columns. And even the columns stand as a reading of this particular logic:

"What is necessary here: hands induced to bandage the column. The column is wounded, otherwise it would not be a column. It is truncated, marked, covered with scars and legends. The Stilite wears 'an enormous bandage,' he has his arm in a sling, but 'I knew the hand was missing.'" (*Glas* (citing *The Thief's Journal*, 33), 239bi)

In the column written to mark the Hegelian signature, the fetish marks an insert, a wound as a place of speculation: "What is it to speculate concerning the fetish? For such a question the headless head is undecidability."(*Glas*, 209bi) This speculation (whose description in Freud begins a mere four paragraphs from the essay's "end"), marks the possibility of a logic that would pose a serious challenge to the conceptualization of *Sa*.

"If what has always been called fetish, in all the critical discourses, implies the reference to a non-substitutive thing, there should be somewhere -- and that is the truth of the fetish, the relation of the fetish to truth -- a decidable value of the fetish, a decidable oppositio of the fetish to the non-fetish. This space of truth, the opposition of *Ersatz* to non-*Ersatz*, the space of good sense, of sense itself, apparently constrains all the traits of fetishism."(*Glas*, 209ai)

And this is how Freud begins, with his discourse of "meaning" and "purpose" and the disappointment that will no doubt accompany his conclusion that "the fetish is a substitute for the penis." Or, more precisely, for "the woman's (the mother's) penis that the little boy once believed in and -- for reasons familiar to us -- does not want to give up."("Fetishism," 152-3) This is all "quite familiar" and easy to recognize; the appearance of the foot or shoe is predictably explained in terms of the direction of the glance and fur and velvet mark the inevitable pubic fleece.("Fetishism," 155) However, later in the essay, a new (possible) reading arises. *Glas* reads on:

"Freud stresses this, on a "speculative" path. Here he will come to recognize 'the divided attitude of fetishists (*zweispaltige Einstellung des Fetischisten*)' and the oscillation of the subject between two possibilities."(*Glas*, 210ai)

As he defines first a case of oscillation "in every situation in life" and then "very subtle instances" wherein "both the disavowal and the affirmation of the castration have found their way into the construction of the fetish itself," Freud leads up to what *Glas* would name "the argument of the *girdle*, the *sheath* [*gaine*]."("Fetishism," 156, *Glas*, 211ai) This marks the possibility of a general fetishism. A fetish of this sort (the athletic-support belt and its analysis described in Freud, 156-7), "doubly derived from contrary ideas," and signifying that "women were castrated and that they were not castrated," suggests a gap, a space of uncertainty, an economy of the undecidable within the referential logic of

substitution earlier implied. It gives to the fetish, *Glas* argues, a "power of excess." (*Glas*, 221a) It is this reading of a generalized fetishism that marks an excessive logic of substitution and reference that directs *Glas*' reading of Stilitano's grapes, Genet's writing, and my reading of Amaranta's wound(s) and the Buendía's future translations and writings. *Glas* re-reads again elsewhere and I repeat myself in a doubling gesture to mark the difference:

"The style in question, the postiche held up by the diaper pin, is it a fetish.

This form of interrogation already supposes that one at least knows the fetish is something. Here, yes, apparently, it is a fetish: a substitute for the penis adored by the child who does not wish to renounce his mother's phallus, a monumental erection of the triumph over the threat of castration, denial, compromise and so on. Isn't all that very recognizable?

What the Stilite procures for himself is not, however, the substitute for a very beautiful and very powerful penis that he has, but already a 'postiche wound' (a postiche *coup*, a wound is always, at once, (from) a blow or stroke, as its name indicates) as much as a fetish member, in order to re-mark-compensate"

[Here the column is cut, nixed by remarks on the relationship between the two columns and the organ. I will cut these re-marks out.]

"another castration substitute, his cut-off hand, and so on. Besides he often cuts himself."

[And the reading goes on to re-read Freud's essay again, including all that has been read above as it continues to ask "The undecidable, isn't it the undeniable?" Finally, it reads the fetish's remains "in proportion to its undecidable bond to contraries."]

"Thus the fetish -- in general -- begins to exist only insofar as it begins to bind itself to contraries. So this double bond, this double ligament, defines its subtlest structure. All the consequences of this must be drawn. The economy of the fetish is more powerful than that of the truth -- decidable -- of the thing itself or than a deciding discourse of castration (*pro aut contra*). The fetish is not opposable.

It oscillates like the clapper of a truth that wrings awry {*cloche*}." (*Glas*. 223-7b,bi)

Later, *Glas* will remind me of the *gaine*: "so the argument of the sheath, the *gaine*, envelops everything that, like a glove or flower, turns in every sense and direction, over, inside out, upside down, without losing a certain form." (*Glas*, 229bi) Critical discourse, like the reading and writing of CA, then, is marked by the undecidable logic of the fetish, of the *gaine*. If it recognizes the undecidable logic of its own practices, that is, if it recognizes its own remains, it can toll a (desired) death knell:

"As soon as the thing itself, in its unveiled truth, is already found engaged, by the very unveiling, in the play of supplementary difference, the fetish no longer has any rigorously

decidable status. *Glas* of phallogocentrism."(*Glas*, 226b)

And, in CA, as in *Glas*, a *glas* is accompanied by the excess of an absolute past, a wound and the binding (erect) (of a bandage):

"Amaranta went into the kitchen and put her hand into the coals of the stove until it hurt her so much that she felt no more pain but instead smelled the pestilence of her own singed flesh."

And shortly thereafter, after scarring:

"The only external trace that the tragedy left was the bandage of black gauze that she put on her burnt hand and that she wore until her death."(CA, 114)

Amaranta's "trace," her wrapping and unwrapping of this gauze, will come to mark a repeated movement of the Buendía's "family vice," that will later be re-written as the weaving and unweaving of a death shroud or the making and unmaking of gold fishes or the translating and re-translating of impenetrable writings, the Family (hi)story. These fetishistic gestures contribute to the text's writing of spaces "between" (*Sa's* borders) and excess (with(in) the Family). Already this is evident here and now in the re-writing, in the past, of Arcadio's (hi)story as an alternative narrative.

CA "stops" here to re-write its own narrative from a different perspective. But again it is a (sort of) family history. *Glas* would remind me that, given the "being of time" as a concept, there is no choice, "there is no time but the family's."(*Glas*, 221a) The plot-so-far is re-told as if Arcadio was the main character of the novel and again the narrative turns out to write itself around questions of the bastard, the graft, and the borders between (genders and languages). This family chronicle begins with the assumption that the graft of a bastard onto the Family tree might be seamless: "with no privileges or discrimination."(CA, 114) But even if, as *Glas* repeatedly reads Genet arguing, "the one that remains grows stronger" (after the cut), the marks of cutting and sewing can never be erased, and the bastard seems here always to carry the trace marks of his own externalization. His greatest successes at communication come not within Family discourse, but on its (economic) margins, "with Visitación and Cataure in their language";

and he is even marked by the edges between genders, suffering as he does "from his female buttocks." His only fully developed relationship, with Melquíades, proves also to be a marginal one written into the (hi)story of translation of "incomprehensible texts" and the unfinished stories to come, "the useless study of his papers." (CA, 114) Finally, during his performance as an arbitrarily absolute dictator, when challenged about his (proper) Family name, he offers a denial of the graft that produces (at least) a double reading: "'To my great honor,' he said, 'I am not a Buendía.'" This denial proves to mark the assumption of an awareness (that he knows "the secret of his parentage"), and the absence of one (that he never does). It is this undecidability that marks another writing of (the possibility of) incest along the margins of the Family, when Arcadio turns to Pilar Ternera via "an irresistible obsession" that has already been the subject of too much critical and "medical" discourse, even if it has already written itself several times into the Family history.³⁴ The divine law, that is "family law" executed by the woman, is re-marked here and now by Pilar's double negation, "I can't, I can't." (CA, 115) And sex with the mother is translated into sex with the other through the deferral of darkness and difference and the supplementing of one body for another; a deception that is played out in the narrative within the (repeated) time of the novel's "other" beginning, the second firing squad, now only "[a] few months later," in the (near) future. The smell of flowers reveals the deception to Arcadio, but he has found a counter-part, a figure that is also written between (gender) borders, a virgin with an "unlikely" name, written between the sacred and her own current history of the profane: Santa Sofía de la Piedad. It is a *seing* that carries a blindness (to its own signed destiny) even as her own breasts are "blind," "with nipples like a man's," and her sex is "as stone and round as a nut." (CA, 116) In addition to being marked by a body- "between," she also apparently can place herself in a space between ontology and time, in the space of the IC as both a signature-effect (of the Holy virgin) and a Categorical Imperative (of "Time"): "she had that rare virtue of never existing completely except at the

opportune moment."(CA, 116, see *Glas*, 216a, 224a) The moment of conception, however, is at least "opportune," since the naming of the Family as the name of the civil community is accompanied here by the annunciation of a bastard's bastard, as the tree spreads its branches, in excess of the Hegelian structure of the family ("In the family, he considers only a restricted number of elements and relations: husband/wife, parents/children, brother sister."(*Glas*, 147a)):

"About the time that Arcadio was named civil and military leader they had a daughter."(CA, 116)

Elsewhere, another Family graft, both joined and separated from the structure, the boundaries of the Family (proper(ty)), stands in (apparently) ordered contrast to the excess of the Buendías. Rebeca has "relegated to the attic of her memory" her history of remains and jealousy, and she keeps "a clean and neat home" that is written with(in) the traditional order of gender binarism and a respect for the borders between man's law and woman's law, with José Arcadio returning from the hunt, "a colossus in leggings and spurs," to a wife that sits "all day long" embroidering "beside the window." But even this scene of propriety will be marked by a dispute over (the respect for) boundaries. From across the Family tree, Arcadio carries a complaint about borders, or, more precisely, about José Arcadio's ignoring of borders and claims to general ownership of all the land he can find. José Arcadio's claim, the origin of his right to exceed border lines, turns out to spring from the Family as the origin of Law and the (dis)place(ment) of madness:

"He based his right on the fact that the usurped lands had been distributed by José Arcadio Buendía at the time of his founding, and he thought it possible to prove that his father had been crazy ever since that time, for he had disposed of a patrimony that really belonged to the family."(CA, 117)

But such a defense, problematic as it is, proves to be unnecessary when the Law is (a) Family (member), and Arcadio seeks only to make José Arcadio's usurpations legal by, of course, writing them down "in his brother's name" -- again writing into CA the structure of the law as framing the question of the proper (name) -- and authorizing him to collect a *glas*-toll, the tolling of a toll -- "fees" for the right to bury the dead.(CA, 118)

Still, even as Úrsula learns of a new *oikos*, an illegitimate house, built with "public funds" by "the shame of our family name," and of new grafts, Arcadio's now six-month old daughter and Santa Sofía de la Piedad recent conception of another child, the family (hi)story has yet to actually intersect with history:

"The war, which until then had only been a word to designate a vague and remote circumstance, became a concrete and dramatic reality."(CA, 118)

Or, at least, so writes the novel's narrative, the family (hi)story. The implication here is Hegelian, that the war exceeds any linguistic logic(s):

"Total and real violence: to be sure language is implicated in this, but in this affair mere words are worthless.[...] The struggle is played out between bodies to be sure, but also between economic forces, goods, real possessions, first of all the family's."(*Glas*, 137a)

But this materialist history, even as it would remind me of the violence to come in CA's (and in a manner of speaking, in Colombian) "history," proves unable to account for the instability of knowledge inscribed into the violence by the shattering logic of the de-routed post. Words, as we shall see, prove to be the opposite of "worthless" in this written war that arrives first as a deception, a transvestitism that already marks the "system" with the remains of (Genet's) writing, "transvestitism gives its range to the literary operation."(*Glas*, 237b) The "old woman" who is a man bring a "message for Arcadio."(CA, 119) But (hi)story demands writing, and just as he received his role, his part from a book, so Arcadio asks for written proof of his removal: "You have brought something in writing, naturally."(CA, 119) What he receives, however, is a sign (of textuality, of textual production and the oscillation of fetishism) that marks the Family (as) (hi)story: "a small gold fish." Arcadio is not satisfied with his own family history and is (always) a stubborn reader, he imprisons the "postman" and resolves "to defend the town to the death."(CA, 119)

If the attack on Riohacha that began the Family (hi)story was accompanied by the *glas* of the alarm bells, then the attack that begins the war, the present (hi)story of Macondo, begins with the impossibility of a future *glas*, the destruction of the church

steeple. The "total and real violence" of Hegel's "struggle for recognition" follows, and proceeds to fracture the borders of the home(s), of the town. The battle, as I have already been told, earlier, in the language of the double-deception of the past's future, lasts "only a half an hour" and is marked by several excesses, of water (rain) and darkness and the confusion of non-filial identity.(CA, 120) It is arbitrary and chaotic, in contrast to Arcadio's arbitrary Order and it is finally named by the mother as "madness."(CA, 121) It ends when Arcadio surrenders, and it ends, of course, with a *glas*: "[a] short time later the shooting stopped and the bells began to ring."(CA, 121) Its final event repeats, with the difference of a singular castration, transvestitism, and identification of (and by) the fetish (object), the doubly deceptive logic (of remains) that produced the onslaught in the first place:

"The extraordinary mobility and accurate aim with which [Colonel Gregorio Stevenson] 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."(CA, 121)

The proper restoration of civil propriety after the chaos of the battle comes at dawn, the proper time for the execution of an execution. At least one of the novel's beginnings, one of its "firing squads" is approaching, announced too-soon and then re-told. "At dawn, after a summary court-martial, Arcadio was shot against the wall of the cemetery."(CA, 121) But before this cut is closed, in the narrative time of the novel's (hi)story, he will face this firing squad again. The first firing squad of memory prompts thoughts first, of the family tree, and, second, of singular family branches without names. Two hours later, as the death penalty, the inevitable accompaniment to the *people* at war, is written as it is read aloud, Arcadio finally recognizes the singular ability of laughter to critique an Hegelian economy of *Sa*: "Arcadio found the formality of death ridiculous."(CA, 122) His last request is for the giving of a proper name (and it too will prove to be a request that is misinterpreted, that arrives at a place other than its destination,

falls on other ears; the name of the mother, *Glas* reminds me, can never fully be rewritten). The business of signatures and the appropriateness of proper names surrounds the execution of executions, and this one is no different. It is conducted by a man who has "a name that had much more about it than chance: Captain Roque Carnicero, which meant butcher."(CA, 123) Here, (the translation of) CA translates (the proper signature) for us, raising a question that obsesses at least half of *Glas*, "the great stake of literary discourse," the chance of translating (the dissemination of) a signature: Genet -- the flower that grows wildly on the edges, in excrement, and the horse from an-other country.

"Genet has often feigned to define the "magnifying" operation of his writing by the act of nomination. The allegation seems frequent enough that we could suspect it of a certain refrain effect.

What is a refrain?

Of what does the act of "magnifying" nomination consist? Of giving the form of a common noun to the proper name? Or of the inverse? In both cases, one (un)names, but is this, in both cases to appropriate, expropriate, reappropriate? What?"(*Glas*, 5b)

And later, the signature is read in CA's terms of "capital punishment," Captain Carnicero's final judgment:

"The statement, 'I wanted then to have the right to the honors of the Name,' is multiplied, metamorphosed endlessly, to the point of obsessing the totality of the corpus. The given proper (sur)name relieves the head that falls (to the tomb) on the scaffold, but simultaneously redoubles, through the decision to nominate, the arbitrariness of the sentence, consecrates and glorifies the fall, cuts one more time and engraves -- on a literary monument. Swooping down like a capital sentence and a last judgment the surname sounds better, bursts your tympanum with its toscin. All this will have resounded in the striking of a signature."(*Glas*, 9b)

Just as *Glas* would write its own proper name, without its capital, into the patriarch's original dream of Macondo as mirror (*glace*) and the miracle of ice (*glace*)(see *Glas*, 5b), into the dream language that writes Macondo's (future) (hi)story, so too would a certain "butcher" carve his own signature into the body of the patriarch's grandson in an act that the narrative has already warned us would be determined by "more than chance."

"The glue of chance makes sense. All the ca(u)ses deploy their discourses, their effects, their substance there in *violes* of every kind or gender {veils, sails}, in cobwebs or trousers."(*Glas*, 140b)

And before the remains, the excesses of death are "deployed" in trousers, before Arcadio

hears his own *glas*, he hears a translation of the text(s) of the future, of his own Family (hi)story -- "letter by letter" -- the encyclicals of Melquíades that produce memory (of the future) and the desire to re-name, to re-write a "last request" and continue to nominate -- "Remedios." His death comes with the excess of remains and his announcement of his own filial identity (as a curse), and it is marked by the posturing (of) politics and the "real" violence that is to come:

"Arcadio barely had time to put out his chest and raise his head, not understanding where the hot liquid that burned his thighs was pouring from.

"Bastards!" he shouted. 'Long live the Liberal party!'"(CA, 123)

Remain(s)

"Hegel has bet against play, against chance."

Elsewhere, Derrida reads Bataille reading Hegel and writes, into a reading of the dialectics of master and slave, a general(ized) economy, "A Hegelianism without reserve," not unlike the operation of a generalized fetishism I find reading *Glas* reading Freud. Derrida speculates, or reads Bataille, who will later sign a poem and a "failure" into *Glas* and receive a reproach, as speculating on the possibility of reading Hegel as speculating on the possibility of oscillation -- the movement of *sovereign* power as it shifts from master to slave and back. There is already a hint of *Glas* here:

"Laughter alone exceeds dialectics and the dialectician: it bursts out only on the basis of an absolute renunciation of meaning, an absolute risking of death, what Hegel calls abstract negativity." And Bataille writes: "In the 'system' poetry, laughter, ecstasy are nothing. Hegel hastily gets rid of them: he knows no other aim than knowledge. To my eyes, his immense fatigue is linked to his horror of the blind spot."

Bataille's texts, "scandals" they are called, wrest the filled formulation of *Aufhebung* from *Sa*'s system and empties it, translates it, that is, from a restricted to a general economy that is explained, first as the familiar Hegelian dialectic, most directly in a note to a different essay, another graft:

"The master enjoys and consumes the product of the slave's work. The slave defers this enjoyment in the experience of work and therefore, according to Hegel, negates reality in a more abstract speculative fashion. The slave, thus, is the truth of the master."

This is all very familiar, very recognizable. But Bataille offers a reading that would redirect the motion of this dialectical relationship, that would put it into oscillation, without

confirming either party, within the "sovereign" space of writing. But only if one reads Bataille's "transgression" against itself, in the space of a note, on the margins of the essay, where the binding and the grafting takes place: "Like every discourse, like Hegel's, Bataille's discourse has the form of a structure of interpretations. Each proposition, which is already interpretive in nature, can be interpreted by another proposition. Therefore, if we proceed prudently and all the while remain in Bataille's text, we can detach an interpretation from its reinterpretation and submit it to another interpretation bound to other propositions of the system." The law of reading (*Glas*).

And shortly thereafter:

"The greatest force is the force of a writing which, in the most audacious transgression, continues to maintain and to acknowledge the necessity of the system of prohibitions (knowledge, science, philosophy, work, art, etc.). Writing is always traced between these two sides of the limit."

The operation of reading (as interpretation) ends up to be written as an oscillation between two (possible) readings of Hegel, between the recognizable *Sa*-text (of Lordship) and the "vision" (of sovereignty) written and read (as is the case so often in Bataille) in the blink of an (always affirming an "subject(ive)") "eye":

"Thus there is the *vulgar* tissue of absolute knowledge and the mortal opening of an eye. A text and a vision. The servility of meaning and the awakening to death. A minor writing and a major illumination.

From one to the other, totally other, a certain text. Which in silence traces the structure of the eye, sketches the opening, ventures to contrive 'absolute rending,' absolutely rends its own tissue once more become 'solid' and servile in once more having been read." (by master or slave (?), "the fall of the *or*...")

"...traced between" two sides.

The trace (of the fetish) is banded (erect) to the margins (of reading). Let us take a quick trip (through the notes, the margins, of *Margins*). It begins with a (mere) mention of the trace, about which elsewhere, (not here, not now) there are, of course, volumes (written).

"In order to exceed metaphysics it is necessary that a trace be inscribed within the text of metaphysics, a trace that continues to signal not in the direction of another presence, or another form of presence, but in the direction of an entirely other text."

Like *Glas*.

Margins of Philosophy will predict *Glas* twice, will tell its doubled future both as translation (in a translator's note) and as "a work in preparation" whose arrival the translator (as archangel) will announce. The first future, the beginning of *Glas*' (hi)story for us, will come marked early in an early text. The text so often read first, as if it were an "original" essay or offered an origin or even a key:

"*Différance*."

Even there, before the texts of *ousia* and *gramme*, or before the long essay on Hegel's monumental semiology, *Glas* resonates with the striking of its own reading of both of these (future) texts as the essay reads the first letter, the letter whose arrival, too many would claim, began the Derridean (hi)story -- the (silent) "a":

"Now it happens, I would say in effect, that this graphic difference (*a* instead of *e*), this

marked difference between two apparently vocal notations, between two vowels, remains purely graphic: it is read, or it is written, but it cannot be heard. It cannot be apprehended in speech, and we will see why it also bypasses the order of apprehension in general. It is offered by a mute, by a tacit monument, I would even say by a pyramid, thinking not only of the form of the letter when it is printed as a capital, but also of the text in Hegel's *Encyclopedia* in which the body of the sign is compared to the Egyptian pyramid. The *a* of *différance*, thus, is not heard, ; it remains silent, secret and discreet as a tomb: *oikesis*. And thereby let us anticipate the delineation of a site, the familial residence and tomb of the proper in which is produced, by *différance*, the *economy of death*. This stone -- provided that one knows how to decipher its inscription -- is not far from announcing the death of the tyrant.²

And the note reads the logics of play for me, relating the pyramid to Hegel's semiology (where he uses this figure to describe the function of the sign) and translating the Greek *oikesis* as "tomb" and linking it to *oikos* -- "house" -- and the original derivation of the word "economy," *oikos* and *nemien*. "Thus Derrida speaks of the tomb, which always bears an inscription in stone, announcing the death of the tyrant." And then, the translator speculates: "This seems to refer to Hegel's treatment of the Antigone story in the *Phenomenology*." After the story, the note ends, "In a later work, *Glas*, Derrida analyzes Hegel's treatment of the *Antigone*."

Though it is not yet time to read such an "analysis" here, although this cut in CA certainly marks an Antigonal moment, there is much else in this *Glas*-sighting in "*Différance*" that should interest and constrain us. I will return to Hegel's semiology, to Derrida's extended reading of it, for there too *Glas* names the place of a note. But I would also recall that the announcement of the death of a tyrant, and the erecting of a monument to (the death of) him, describes in an uncanny way *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, wherein each chapter, as successive monuments, begins with the announcement of the death (of the tyrant) and proceeds into the (resonance) of the (remains in and of the) tomb. The beginning of any chapter would do here, including, of course, the novel's first five pages with its images of scavengers and remains and the non-identity of the remains of the tyrant who no one had seen and who might not be this corpse, might not be dead and entombed in the palace that was his tomb for so long. But there is no "time" to read, as the tour rolls along, into the pit and into the pyramid of Hegel's semiology and towards another announcement of a (coming) birth.

"A path, which we will follow, leads from this night pit, silent as death and resonating with all the powers of the voice which it holds in reserve, to a pyramid brought back from the Egyptian desert which will soon be raised over the sober and abstract weave of the Hegelian text, there composing the stature and status of the sign."

Later, in Hegel's "simple night," a note is raised as a promise:

"7. In a work in preparation on Hegel's family and on sexual difference in the dialectical speculative economy, we will bring to light the organization and displacement of this chain which reassembles the values of night, sepulcher, and divine -- familial -- feminine law as the law of singularity -- and does so around the pit and the pyramid."

Derrida goes on to cite ("as a touchstone") the *Phenomenology*, 286, #474, "But if the universal thus easily knocks off the very tip of the pyramid...." And the translator announces, "The work in preparation has since appeared: *Glas*."

But in the margin, in this note, the "work" has been castrated. Half of it is missing, cut off, left to challenge nothing, since it is no longer grafted, no longer attached.

The most famous Egyptian tomb, I am told, was found buried in remains, under other pyramids, a death written over and erased like the unconscious writing of Freud's "mystic" pad. This is why it remained undiscovered, unread for so long. It could not resonate. Our tour through *Margins* skips around, ignoring too much, the "ends" of man, the indictment of humanism as another metaphysics, the call for Nietzsche's plural styles, the dry debate with other theorists of the promise, even the flowers of rhetoric and the us(ari)es of metaphor to which I will return at length later, and moves ahead to the beginning, back to the first end, to another text of columns and resonances, another text that would strike in the ear, in the "Tympan":

Playing on the signature series most appropriate here, now, in CA, and in *What Remains*: "*marque, marche, marge*" (mark, step, margin), Derrida calls for *Glas* and for my own attempt at writing "otherwise":

"Thus, one will have said nothing, or in any event done nothing, in declaring 'against' philosophy that its margin is within or without, within and without, simultaneously the inequality of its internal spacings and the regularity of its borders. Simultaneously, by means of rigorous, philosophically *intransigent* analyses, *and* by means of the inscription of marks which no longer belong to philosophical space, not even to the neighborhood of its other, one would have to displace philosophy's alignment of its own types. To write otherwise."

This is offered as one (possible) way to, as Nietzsche would have it, "philosophize with a hammer," to tympanize.

To disseminate, in another place, another set of marks planted elsewhere among plants, even as they describe "Tympan": "∩", an almost perfect chiasm(us), more than perfect, of two texts, each one set facing the other." As *Glas* reads the problem of the flower, of the ontology of symbol, rhetoric, naming, metaphor, definition, etc., it seeks to offer a "twofold anatomy lesson in the margins, and in the margin of margins." The "Objection" will come, will be "raised" later.

The flowers exceed every logic (in death, as we shall see) and grow *a corps perdu* into these margins, into this "stereographic activity of an entirely other ear."

Like the war elsewhere that, for Bolívar, promises to "make laurels green again," or, more likely, like the "graveyard flowers," the spikenards that he is convinced are the poison that causes his excessive illness, "Those graveyard flowers are to blame."

Bolívar's (hi)story, like CA's Colonel's, is written into Derrida's reading of two words in Joyce: HE WAR.

[I am following the spoor, locating the broken branches, the crumpled leaves, the remains; tracking the trace (of the "between") of styles...]

Two words, then, in the *Wake*, after *glas*, "And shall not Babel be with Lebab? And he war." Around a Babelian scene, a scene of (the question of) translation (which will be read in detail at the time of translation (of manuscripts) in CA, on another *Tours*), these words call from a tower.

"he wages war, he declares or makes war, he is war, which can also be pronounced by babelizing a bit (it is in a particularly Babelian scene of the book that these words rise up), by Germanizing, then, in Anglo-Saxon, He war: he was - he who was ('I am he who is or who am', says YAHWE). Where it was, he was, declaring war, and it was *true*."

About Joyce? Bolívar? Colonel Aureliano Buendía? It becomes a question of the event. "(I prefer to talk here of an event rather than a work or a subject or an author.)" And of the gift. *Glas*, like *CA*, and the *Wake*, offers a war as a gift. The "total violence" of reading, of translating against the law (of Babel) an event.

And sighing, at the last moment,

after the tomb, the pyramid is built, the monument raised and inscripted, after it resonates with one's own *glas*,

the last words of a General whose name names so many places and so much (hi)story, has become its own noun, its own nomination:

"Damn it, how will I ever get out of this labyrinth!"

(But) it is "too late." ("it is always too late with Joyce")

"*glas* also has to do with the war for the signature, a war to the death -- the only one possible -- in view of the text..."

In view of (the veil of) an eye.

The space (along the edge) of an I and an eye. (Freud's "mutually incompatible affirmations.")

Glas' (operation's) "limitless, immense, prodigious, inaudible"

"yes"

Early in *Glas*, just prior to reading Sartre's reading of Genet's scene of (proper) naming, the text asks a question that, more and more, will come to haunt CA as the novel begins to be haunted by funerals, flowers and rhetoric:

"Why say 'flowers of rhetoric'? And what would the flower be when it becomes merely one of the 'flowers of rhetoric'?"(*Glas*, 13b)

Just as small flowers mark the opening (page) of each cut in my edition of CA -- three of them each time, arranged in an almost Hegelian shape, but with one (but which one?) out of place, off kilter, awry (*cloche*) -- so the rhetoric of rhetoric (of rumors, proclamations, of a *seing* and a family *glas*, and, of course, of flowers) marks the opening of communication and exchange between Macondo and its outside. It is war that brings this network of the call, or at least its possibility, along with all of its accompanying epistemologies of sending, receiving, paying, owing, and the undecidability (the unreliability) of rhetorical exchange, whether "tel-(al)" or postal, whether via the State or the family, into the narrative. And it is the "announcement" of the war's "end" that first displays the uncertain status of truth-value within this new telepostal logic of "information" that Macondo is developing. Someone, the narrator perhaps, the novel, the State ("two weeks before"), cuts short the narrative of war as the next cut opens with its closure: "The war was over in May."(*CA*, 124) The rhetoric of finality will prove, shortly, to be an illusion, even a deception, as the war is only ever over temporarily, it has no "end." But, "two weeks earlier," the word has been received from the State, an "official announcement in a high-sounding proclamation," and the tone of the events to follow, of the war (of

rhetoric) and the rhetoric (of war), the importance of the "sound" of announcements, is set.

In order to read this text of war's texts, I will have to read *Glas* as it reads the flowers of rhetoric and the rhetoric of flowers, the rhetoric of "instantaneous reversal"(*Glas*, 126b) that is so important to the reading of any signature and that, in its excess of signification, refuses to signify or symbolize and undoes a reading of communication-as-exchange, even as it would, as a model, seem at first to indicate one. But I must also be careful not to ascribe to this rhetoric of reversal and dissemination the power of a key. This would be to repeat the transcendentalist onto-phenomenological or psychoanalytic gestures of Sartre (who would read the flower as "the poetic figure *par excellence*") and, in a different manner, Lacan (who would read this key as the "universal phallus").(*Glas*, 14b, 29b)³⁵ These readings will be read later, when poetry and keys are at stake; but here and now I would begin by noticing that the critique of Lacan's kerygmatic "key" and its undoing by the excessive meta-rhetoric of flower-reading begins opposite its counter-(part) development of rhetoric within the Hegelian syllogism. Even as *Glas'* Genet refuses to be diagnosed by either doctor (of philosophy or psychology), his texts also challenge the "exemplarist" logic of the rhetoric at work (specifically, here, in *Reason in History*, but also throughout Hegel's writings). Appropriately, the example that serves to exemplify this logic is a passage on the "between" of the rebound and the result, a passage on "passage"³⁶:

"Just as there was a leap into negativity, between the negativity of the natural (plant, animal) *Entsweiung* and that of the spiritual or human *Entsweiung*, between the relief *in* nature and the relief *of* nature in the *finite* spirit, so there is a dialectical leap that is the absolute rebound of the result, between the *Aufhebung* of the finite spirit and that of the infinite spirit. Just as -- so: the analogy or the proportion depends on what the finite *is* as the passage to the infinite.

Whence Hegel's exemplary rhetoric, the exemplarist proceeding of his rhetoric: of his rhetoric as the technique of figures and as the form of argumentation."(*Glas*, 29a)

Even as the rhetoric (of figures *and* of argument) proceeds by example and the referential logic of discursive illustrations; the examples themselves are marked by the doubling and division of the "between" that will mark the (near) future of CA. The closure of examples,

like the "end" of the war, cannot hold for very long, and it will crack as it is read into and along side of the spreading (growth) of flowers and the Family, and as it is read for (the remain(s) of) a signature.

The remain(ing) of the signature, *apres la guerre*, at "the moment of final defeat" (as the text lies again), begins the rhetoric of the "news" of the war's "end": only Colonel Márquez remains (to accompany Colonel Aureliano Buendía), only the proper name remains (CA, 124) -- and the names (of the Family and the author's (other) family) are captured in an announcement, "a special proclamation." But there are other ways for news to travel. Aureliano's excess (of knowledge and its sending) establishes a new postal route to the mother, assuring her, after the passing of (a Hegelian or Biblical) three days (of weeping) that he is "alive" (if not arisen). The reversal of the "original" route along which, earlier, Aureliano had received messages, marks a return to the Family tree, to the mother and to the *sein* and the gift of "milk candy" -- linking excess, the mother, the gift, and milk in a new postal galactics whose stability remains to be determined. The news received by this delivery system, it turns out, can be confirmed even by rumor:

"I don't know how the miracle took place, but he's alive and we're going to see him very soon.' She took it for granted. She had the floors of the house scrubbed and changed the position of the furniture. One week later a rumor from somewhere that was not supported by any proclamation gave dramatic confirmation to the prediction."(CA, 125)

The reversed status of (the reliability) of rumors and proclamations will eventually re-write an entire set of political assumptions about the control over and the effect of various communications protocols, but here it turns out also to mark the announcement of a return and a death penalty, another execution, a falling (to the tomb [*oikos*]). "Colonel Aureliano Buendía had been condemned to death and the sentence would be carried out in Macondo as a lesson to the population."(CA, 125) And as Aureliano arrives (announced by the mother -- later, the archangel), tied to a horse and paraded through his home town as a "familiar" (and Holy) figure ("his clothing was torn, his hair and beard were tangled, and he was barefoot"), he is accompanied, inevitably, by an authorial signature, a Márquez,

"also ragged and defeated."(CA, 125)

Immediately the familial tie is re-established between mother and son, although it will soon become clear that the State would wish to re-write this particular relationship and the rights of the Family are precisely what is at stake. Already, the mother is told by the son that she will need "permission" to see him in prison. But before the issue is developed, before the war between State and Family is explicitly engaged, Aureliano stops to notice his sister and his attention is drawn to the fetish (to his own future of making and unmaking) and the binding erect, the bandaging, of a family wound, a scarred family member that marks the failure of a graft. His own disappearance into the civil State (of war) is written into the (monumental) wrapping and unwrapping of a black bandage, and his absence is, from now on, a family cut that will never quite heal. The State, no longer written as the family of Don Moscote's but as "military omnipotence," has a powerful interest in maintaining a sense of separation between mother and son, a sense of fragmentation within the family. The reasons for this, which will be discussed later (as the effects of the separation become more determined), can be found in *Glas* (146a) as well as in Hegel's *Phenomenology* (272-73) and are linked to a war between government and family, between "law of day(light)" and "law of night," "human law" and "divine law," "law of man" and "law of woman." The task (of this war, of its State maintenance) is to dis-member the family in order to weaken its power [*Potenz*]. Even the parents that carry the author's signature are "driven off with rifle butts" by the author(ity) that would write war into Family (hi)story.(CA, 126) The annunciation of the mother, like that of the sister elsewhere, in another time, on another stage, is not recognized by the State. Still, this non-recognition can be reversed by the repetition of annunciation, and its effectiveness seems to turn on allowing the State (as outsider) to nominate, to re-name in order to strip a certain implied power from the family (an allowance the mother *seems* to be willing to make):

"I am the mother of Colonel Aureliano Buendía.' she announced.

The sentries blocked her way. 'I'm going in in any case,' Úrsula warned them. 'So if you have to shoot, start right in.' She pushed out of them aside and went into the

former classroom, where a group of half-dressed soldiers were oiling their weapons. [The "doctors" will not be allowed to speak here. -- John] An officer in a field uniform, ruddy-faced, with very thick glasses and ceremonious manners, signaled to the sentries to withdraw.

'I am the mother of Colonel Aureliano Buendía,' Úrsula repeated.

'You must mean,' the officer corrected her with a friendly smile, 'that you are the mother of *Mister* Aureliano Buendía.'

Úrsula recognized in his affected way of speaking the languid cadence of the stuck-up people from the highlands.

'As you say, *mister*,' she accepted, 'just so long as I can see him.'"(CA, 126)

The State will eventually prove, this time anyway, unable to re-name Aureliano, just as they prove, this time, unable to keep the Family separated from itself; and Úrsula brings the marks of fetishism and the *sein*, boots and milk candy, the remainders of the home, to her son in prison.

The "oscillation" that "excites" so much of *Glas* is caused first and foremost by the stripes on prisoner's clothes and by the "close relationship between prisoners and flowers."(*The Thief's Journal*, 9)³⁷ Genet does not read the clothes as "symbols" or "metaphors," but rather as a movement that will later, in *Glas*, be(come) the unstable movement of an antha-logic within the undecidability of the signature (see *Glas*, 127). "Genet's" texts are, of course, often texts of the prisoner, of those kept in by the State and marched continuously in a circle, around a shithole that rises up like a volcano around which *genêts* "naturally" grow (see *Glas*, 37-38b or *The Miracle of the Rose*, 42-43). The prisoners' chains contribute to *Glas*' language of binding (erect), as do their (homo)sexuality and their scars and wounds. Aureliano's imprisonment is also continually marked by wounds, sores that cause him to remain "with his arms spread out," in a "familiar" pose, and which reveal to him, through an excess of pain-as-signing, (perhaps) his future. He has, apparently, already read the past of his own Family chronicle, even in his absence; a chronicle which, as he re-tells it via the narrator, marks young Aureliano José with the identity of a reader (with, that is, his future as a translator), and which also seems available to him "as if" his absence was never marked, "as if I had been through all that before."(CA, 127) His own attention, as he first arrives and sees his home, is drawn

to the inevitable non-specific end that results from reading (too much) for ideology, for an excess of political "order(s)": "[t]he houses, painted blue, then painted red, had ended up with an indefinable coloration." (CA, 127) This lack of definition turns out to mark the passing of a Family time: "Time passes." (CA, 127) "Time is the truth of the space it [ça, the work of art] relieves;" and (directly across from it), "Remain(s) here or (there) *glas* that can't be stopped." (*Glas*, 258a,bi) The time of a Family exchange proves to be an exchange about time, and it ends with a gift of writing (of poetry), and the request to turn the gift into remains, into ashes, to burn the texts.³⁸ "Promise me that no one will read them," he said. "Light the fire with them this very night." (CA, 128) The fate of these poems, like the fate of so many written texts in CA, will prove to play an important role within the Family (hi)story.

Aureliano has always read his own excessive "visions" as the marks of a *glas*-to be, "he thought that death would be announced with a definite, unequivocal, irrevocable signal." (CA, 128) But, like the *glas* of *Glas*, the tolling of a death knell cannot, finally, signify in such a reliable way. The absence of the signal, even as his execution (apparently) draws near, the message that has not come, reminds him of a memory, another scene of writing (a poem) and the displacement of sex with death. Here the signal arrived, the premonition came and announced itself, and thereby saved his life. And yet, at other times, under other threats, "he was not aware of anything." (CA, 129) CA begins to *glas-ize* the rhetoric of premonitions, building into their form and function a non-systematizability that Aureliano is forced to live with, an absolute that cannot be grasped:

"His efforts to systematize his premonitions were useless. They would come suddenly, in a wave of supernatural lucidity, like an absolute and momentaneous conviction, but they could not be grasped." (CA, 129)

Still, at one point he is at least sure that he hears the excess of his knowledge mark the proper name of his home; and so, he asks to be executed in Macondo. His ability to convince the State to carry out his final wish depends upon his use of a rhetoric of honor

and fate that has already been written into the discourse of war (and executions). The death penalty, even in the "time" of "Rousseau and Kant for example," marks the condition of freedom through nomination. Hegel, via Derrida, explains:

"The death penalty is the condition of freedom. The criminal is distinguished from the animal, is posited as a free subject, assumes the identity of his name, and so on, in raising himself above life. The penalty is not a coercive or repressive punishment. An application of the universal law, the penalty manifests the freedom of those who apply it and those who submit to it. In accepting his penalty, verily, in demanding it, in glorifying it, the criminal recognizes the law, and so he is free."(*Glas*, 99a)

But for this absolute analysis to manifest itself within (the) (hi)story (of CA's executions), both the family and the State have to recognize the freedom inscribed within the act, and the case of Colonel Aureliano Buendía, as we shall soon see, proves to destabilize the conditions for this recognition. The question of who writes a *glas*, who signs a death warrant, on what the "event" of an execution depends, is the question that links rhetoric (as the language of proclamations and arguments) to death (and a Family's mourning). But, CA asks in Aureliano's thoughts, does the "time" of an execution depend upon "chance" or "the will of his executioners"? (CA, 129) As the "time" approaches, his thoughts turn toward the Family tree, and towards the fear that an execution, "an artificial death," will leave too many remains. But still, the "time" does not arrive.

Of course, it never does. "Actually, they did not dare carry out the sentence." (CA, 130) The sentence remain(s) -- unfinished, incomplete, deferred -- because of the deceptive double logic of political "consequences." Even those who would be the executioners, the same "butcher" of Arcadios's past and his men, are marked by a future death foretold that identifies and isolates them. The dialectical logic of death (killer as opposed to killed) is dramatically reversed in the writing of a future wherein it is the executioner who receives the death penalty, "with no escape, sooner or later, even if they hide at the ends of the earth." (CA, 130) But this future too is, of course, too absolute, too thoroughly written as "ends," and it will not be a future fulfilled in CA's narrative of deferred executions. Still, in the present-time of a prediction, with the power already

ascribed to a rhetoric of rumors, it has the power to result in the inscription of chance into the formal logic of State executions. The deferral of Aureliano's firing squad is itself deferred, that is, overridden into the time of an "order," by the arrival of a postal "order." But, like so many other messages sent and received, including so many (soon) to come, the fate of the order remains undecided even as the soldiers draw slips of signed paper, draw (proper) names, and the name on the "prize slip" has, once again, more than chance about it, the necessity of chance, of the butcher, *el carnicero*. His announcement to the condemned proves to be "premonitory" in a number of different and incalculable ways. It would seem to mark the "ends" of both men, and yet within the narrative it might be seen as announcing what will be a new beginning for each of them in yet another war, a beginning that might also mark an "end": "our time has come."(CA, 131)

Hegel's "human law," the law of government and of man, is contrasted directly with and by its opposite when Rebeca insists, as the family awaits Aureliano's execution, that the State *will* be "stupid enough" to respect the formality of ceremony and carry out the sentence in public: "'You'll see,'" she tells her husband, who insists the execution will be a murder done privately, outside the borders of the public space, "'that they're just stupid enough.'"(CA, 131) As his execution appears to approach (again), miming, as it continues (not) to arrive, the activity of reading between *Glas*, the Family, and CA, the repetition of Colonel Buendía's curses of self-abasement are misread as prayers by his executioner.

"'A person fucks himself up so much,'" Colonel Aureliano Buendía said. 'Fucks himself up so much just so that six weak fairies can kill him and he can't do anything about it.' He repeated it with so much rage that it almost seemed to be fervor, and Captain Roque Carnicero was touched, because he thought he was praying."(CA, 132)

And, as his execution seems apparent, it becomes, of course, (almost) a reflection of the beginning of the novel, a deferral of the vision of the ice [*glace*] that marks a *glas* that cannot finally act as a reflection of a death, since the shots are never fired. The novel has caught up with its beginning in the space of a deferral, and the arrival of a Family member. Aureliano's (hi)story is unfinished. "The question can be left suspended for a while at

least. The risk is to die before having finished writing one's *glas*."(*Glas*, 61b) The novel as tale has "resounded in advance; within itself," and now, as it passes its own past re-marking of its future, it arrives at a new (hi)story: "another war began right there." The absence of an "event," a (proper) execution, establishes the historical "event" of an alliance between Colonel Aureliano Buendía and a "butcher," marking another episode of Hegel's "real and total violence" to come.

Trying to retrace the past, to travel along an earlier (postal) route of exploration, the men reinscribe the law of man, of government, of wars, marking this law with a fetish-object, the identifying "small gold fish" that will later come to tell a future of making and unmaking, a phenomenology of reading. The novel also returns to the site of the "origin" of the Family history, Riohacha, and Colonel Aureliano Buendía is given back his (proper) name, its graft of hierarchy and the system of a war that refuses to be systematic; although, at the same time, he leaves a "higher" title remaining to mark the promise of a future time.(CA, 133) For time, now, is (still) Hegelian, and still marked by the dialectics of profit and loss on the battlefield:

"At the end of three months, they had succeeded in arming more than a thousand men, but they were wiped out."

And the rhetoric of war becomes a war of rhetoric as the State would take advantage of the unverifiable destinator telelogic of the graph to announce a (desire for) *glas*:

"and a message from the government was sent all over by telegraph and included in jubilant proclamations throughout the country announcing the death of Colonel Aureliano Buendía."(CA, 133)

The *glas* to have taken place at the borders is announced by the post. But postal logic is always already excessive logic (of speed and exchange) and, sure enough, the traveling of messages upon their assigned routes follows along *Glas'* doubly deferred path of the (almost) chiasm:

"But two days later a multiple telegram which almost overtook the previous one announced another uprising on the southern plains. That was how the legend of the ubiquitous Colonel Aureliano Buendía began."(CA, 133)

The rhetoric of the proper name is disseminated as it gains power from the undecidability of its cryptog(r)ammatic movement, "like ferns [cryptogams], which in general multiply themselves through the dispersion of spores,"(*Glas*, 187b) the rhetoric of a ubiquitous warrior is also (almost) a floral rhetoric (even though, as *Glas* reminds me, "cryptogams are evidently not flowers"). Still, "the association of algae and ferns in anthomasia would dream the desire for vegetative cryptogamy," and the disseminative logic of the rhetoric of rumor and conflicting reports and proclamations by both State and Family (hi)story resists even as it calls for the understanding facilitated by a taxonomy. Tales are tales, and they give power not only to the teller, but to their "subjects" as well, as I would learn from another set of reports, by (hi)story-tellers, about the ubiquitousness of another outsider.³⁹

The rumors that re-write Colonel Aureliano Buendía's "powers," also prove to place him outside both sides of the war, isolating him within an undefined space "between":

"The Liberal leaders, who at that moment were negotiating for participation in the congress, branded him an adventurer who did not represent the party. The national government placed him in the category of a bandit and put a price of five thousand pesos on his head."(CA, 133)

Between an adventurer and a bandit, in either case removed from the "government" and from the official law of the war, Colonel Aureliano Buendía presents an unanswerable challenge to the earlier account of war as a dialectical speculation between opposite sides. Even as he "takes" Riohacha, and (again) "proclaims" total war -- a war made total by the rhetoric of a proclamation -- he is still not identified within the binary structures that would normally function within a State at war, and the State, consequently, is forced to exchange messages and threaten blackmail.

The signature (of the author) is re-marked, threatens to disappear, to be executed, formally, in time (forty-eight hours), threatens to fall (to the tomb), (as) remain(s), as a threat.

"The first message he received from the government was a threat to shoot Colonel Gerineldo Márquez within forty-eight hours if he did not withdraw with his forces to the eastern frontier."(CA, 133)

The war of/with rhetoric has begun, with the re-sounding of a (signed) proper name:

"The proper name resounds, losing itself at once, only in the instant of its *debris*, when it is broken, scrambled, jammed, while touching, tampering with the *seing*." (*Glas*, 33b)

And the threat is read, by Colonel Aureliano Buendía, not as a reason to "pull out" -- to curb his disseminating, incalculable "progress" (of defeats) -- but as the sign of a new place and type of war, the arrival of the post in his home, and a new protocol (of the "call") for war (as rhetoric): "How wonderful!" he exclaimed. We have a telegraph in Macondo now." (CA, 133) His reply is "definitive," marked as it is, by a Hegelian time and the return of the call, the dialectics of the threat (the technology has not had time to disseminate its messages, yet).

"In three months he expected to establish his headquarters in Macondo. If he did not find Colonel Gerineldo Márquez alive at that time, he would shoot out of hand all of the officers he held prisoner at that moment, starting with the generals, and he would give orders to his subordinates to do the same for the rest of the war." (CA, 134)

The rhetoric(al) exchange in war turns out to turn on "rules," on proper behavior and agreements over conduct. The re-threat is effective and Aureliano enters Macondo "in triumph," the victor not of any specific battle or campaign, but of a war of telegrams and threats. Colonel Márquez greets him on the edge of the town, as proof of the power of the postal strategy.

The Buendía home is "full of children." The family has been busy grafting, taking cuts from "outside," or, at least, at its edges, and binding them onto the Family tree. Santa Sofía de la Piedad and her children, a daughter without a name and the twins born five months after Arcadio's execution, have been "taken in" by Úrsula. The children, of course have been marked by the family *seing*, they have been named. The eldest daughter is named "Remedios" by Úrsula, "in contrast to the victim's last wishes." "I'm sure that was what Arcadio meant," Úrsula explains. And, in fact, somehow, she is right, since Arcadio regretted, prior to his death, forgetting to call for the new name to supercede the original request. The mother extends her nominating powers when she writes the

chiasmatic twins of *Glas*' doubling strategies into the Family (hi)story via the repetition, the doubling of the proper name. José Arcadio Segundo and Aureliano Segundo, their names already marked by the signs of their own repetition within the Family, will prove to live out these markings within the execution of an absurd repetition compulsion that will also be a critique of (the problem of) difference and the possibility of any (self)-reflection. But that is still to come; here and now, I have only their names and their already chiasmatic history within the Family chronicle. Their narrative is interrupted by another, by an arrival marked with explosions and "ringing bells" -- the tolling of Aureliano's return to the "proper" home, to the family.

I have not read, yet, *Glas*' discourse of the brother-sister relationship, of the "relieving" of the sister within the *oikos* of the Family as a counter to the "relieving" of the brother as the "irreplaceable" extension of the Family into the State, achieved through education and the death of the parents in the struggle, the "war," for recognition. The sister will come to mark a "singular" space in the *Phenomenology* (274-75), even though that space is defined in relation to the brother, and the relationship will gradually grow more important as CA's future is unveiled. But it should be noted, here and now, that the sister is destined only to watch the "war" (for recognition) and the death of the parents in the struggles of the brother. The sister takes no "pleasure," is not entitled to any desire. (*Glas*, 163-64a) She does not "cut herself from the natural bond of consanguinity," the sharing of blood that relieves any desire she might otherwise feel for her male counterpart. She is singularly universal in her positioning under "divine Law." This future is recited here and now, because, as part of the Family's passage towards *Sa*, it too will be de-constructed within CA's narrative of Family dissemination. At first, the logic seems to hold, the sister(s) watch (the war). Even the "sister" that has already challenged the "propriety" of the universal Law, the sister who was named-out, unnamed as a sister so that she could marry a brother, seems still to know her place. Rebeca once more sits by the window, at the edge of her own family home, embroidering and watching the war from a

distance and keeping "a hospitable home." But the propriety of proper roles cannot stand, and, even as the novel draws a picture of domestic bliss under the shade of an almond tree that houses a family of robins, the house becomes a tomb, a crypt that houses a mystery that is never decrypted, "perhaps the only mystery that was never cleared up in Macondo" - though even the text is not sure about this.⁴⁰

The death of José Arcadio is announced by the trickling of a bloody *glas* as his life's blood returns, literally, to the mother. This passage in CA, with its deliberate mapping out of the (postal) route of blood back to the Family, to the home, to the mother, and its re-doubling of the path back to the remain(s), to the corpse whose maintenance becomes the business of the mother, plays out a number of crucial scenes scripted throughout *Glas'* reading of the Family. It begins with the "echo" of a shot and the appearance of the "trickle," the spilled blood that will tour the town. But the "trickle" is also a "thread" [*fil*], re-writing *Glas'* images of filial threads to be pulled, (textual) threads to be followed, (including the thread of Hegel's "blood-relation") into Genet's texts of suicide and bloody excess that are cut and sewn in *Glas'* other column. "The family bond, to be sure, since blood speaks in it," *Glas* writes (148a) as it reads the "brother-sister" relationship that in CA is now marked by a literalization of the metaphor, by blood sending a message to the Family. Úrsula receives the message as the mother, as the representative in the Family of the model of mother, the Holy Mother of God that she herself re-cites upon the message's arrival.(CA, 135) The blood, as the thread that announces, as a *glas*, the remain(s) of the Family, returns along the flowers of the home's borders, through the town, and back to the remains, to the space of an ear.(CA, 136) The thread of blood re-sounds within the ear of the Other, the other son, the domestic son that carries the patriarch's proper name and an already written body carved with the excess of tattooing. His blood speaks from the ear, issues a call to be heard as a *glas* that, even as it is followed back to its "source," has "already stopped flowing."(CA, 136) But, the trace of the shot,

the beginning of the thread and its *glas*, the smell of the powder, remains. "Nor was it possible to remove the smell of powder from the corpse."(CA, 136)

The remains of the remains, the smell that cannot be erased, that marks the permanent trace of an elaborate *glas*, demands the elaborate *glas*-work that Hegel assures us (once again) is the defining moment of the family:

"One belongs to a family only in busying oneself around the dead: toilette of the dead, institution of death, wake, monumentalization, archive, heritage, genealogy, classification of proper names, engraving on tombs, burying, shrouding, burial place, funeral song, and so on."(*Glas*, 143a)

CA is specific and elaborate in its lengthy description of the "toilette of the dead," the extremes to which "they" go to remove the smell of powder from the remains. And yet, even in the face of these extreme funeral rites, the smell remains. It cannot be walled out, covered over, scrubbed off, or disguised, no matter how the body is interred.(CA, 136) It remains for others, for the solid concrete of the leafstorm, later, to solve the problem of remains. And still, of course, the widow, the "sister" remains, interring herself (alive) into the home for whatever remains of her future. This interment will be read again, as her remains are first erased (from the Family memory) and then re-discovered. The narrative hints of this future reading as it names a man with the name of a flower, and marks Rebeca's future as a mere postal memory (of letters to the Bishop) lost as the town forgets about her.(CA, 137) But her future, her destiny as a living corpse interred within the walls of a home as a tomb is still to be decrypted. Aureliano's (hi)story interrupts with an illusion:

"In spite of his triumphal return, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was not enthusiastic over the looks of things. The government troops abandoned their positions without resistance and that aroused an illusion of victory...."(CA, 137)

Again the reading of signs, the interrogations of double-edged deceptions within the rhetorical exchange of civil war is marked by the staking out of positions and borders. Aureliano feels "hemmed in against the sea"(CA, 137), as the narrative writes the strategy of sewing and cutting into its own signature-effect of *el mar* as the edge, the border that is a

textual and strategic limit. Even within this spatial limit, the logic of civil war as rhetorical doubling and excess is re-marked even by the Church (that has, in the person of its priest, remained sick and bed-ridden throughout the political conflict):

"[Aureliano was] so confused that when he ordered the restoration of the church steeple, which had been knocked down by army cannon fire, Father Nicanor commented from his sickbed: 'This is silly, the defenders of the faith of Christ destroy the church and the Masons order it rebuilt.'"(CA, 137)

In the midst of such confusion, over the indefinite coloration of the "between" of supposedly opposed political parties, Aureliano seeks out a postal remedy, a "loophole" through which he can escape, in the telegraph office.(CA, 137) The war, already a rhetorical battle, now becomes a full-time postal experience as well, in which the calling with and receiving of "news" marks a double logic of celebration and mapping, of two alternative readings of the "same" text(s):

"When news of fresh Liberal victories was received it was celebrated with jubilant proclamations, but he would measure the real extent of them on the map and could see that his forces were penetrating into the jungle, defending themselves against malaria and mosquitoes, advancing in the opposite direction from reality."(CA, 138)

But the question of "reality" as a direction must wait for a more thoroughly problematic moment in the narrative, a rising-up to come; for now, Aureliano's waking nightmare is that the war will prove to be *totally* rhetorical, fought by hermeneuticians, lawyers,

"rubbing their hands, whispering, taking refuge in dreary early-morning cafes to speculate over what the president had meant when he said yes, or what he had meant when he said no, and even to imagine what the president was thinking when he said something quite different."(CA, 138)

With these speculations as to the uncertainty of his fate and the fate of the war in his mind, Aureliano turns to the "certainty" of fate implied (though never delivered) in Pilar Ternera's reading of the cards; he turns to a different postal logic of the future. Picking up the cards three times (of course), Pilar delivers an unreadable warning: "Watch out for your mouth."(CA, 138) Aurelianos, whose battles have been fought and rendered by (word of) mouth, by *Glas'* working of the tongue (like an organist), is told to mind his mouth and the prediction proves to mark an excess of poison, "a dose of nux vomica strong enough to kill

a horse."(CA, 138) *Glas* reads *The Miracle of the Rose* as the poisoned excess of its own (and my own) desire:

"This century is certainly the century of poison,...and my taste for poisons, the appeal they have for me...but my doctors gave me an emetic and analyzed my vomit...[...]This *glas* can be read as the interminable analysis of vomit, of a nausea rather, by which I am affected and which causes me to write myself: '*Je m'ec*.'"(*Glas*, 15-16bi)

The "*je m'ec(s)...*" in *Glas*, of course, will constantly repeat and re-write themselves as a number of "I"s, (I write, I echo, I exile, etc.-- for a full explication of these see Hartman's *Saving the Text*, 58-59, a section which concludes amidst poison (in the ear) and a "wounded name"). The doubling self-identity of "*je me*", of Aureliano's self defined by the escape from death, is written in CA as a return to the home, the Family, and the mother, who fights "against death over him."(CA, 138) She replaces Genet's "doctors," cleaning her son's system with an emetic, and forcing him to remain in bed. It is with this return to the home that he learns that his writing remains. His poems have not been burned, and, as we shall see, have a future in the narrative. Úrsula had chosen to wait for the remains before she produced remains -- "I thought it would be better to wait until they brought the body" -- and consequently the texts remain to mark the momentizing of memory over "time": "Colonel Aureliano Buendía brought back the decisive periods of his existence by reading his poetry."(CA, 139) At his present "place," on the edge, balancing like a funambulist of the wire [*fil*] of filial and civil obligations, "balancing on the edge of the surprises of a war with no future," Aureliano returns to writing.(CA, 139) And he interviews another author, or, at least, one with an author's name, about the reasons for fighting (the war). He approaches the negativism hidden in Hegel's war:

"But what is present, what *is* as such when there is only singularity? Nothing. One fights to death, in any case, for nothing, such is no doubt the intention {*propos*} hidden in the shadow of Hegelian discourse."(*Glas*, 136a)

But Aureliano finds another possibility, masking the fear of uncertainty, of "not knowing why you're fighting." He offers "pride" as a reason that is also better than the expected one, the political one ("for the great Liberal party") which, he argues, as a reason for war,

"doesn't have any meaning for anyone," has become, if it was not always, Hegel's "nothing." (CA, 139) Seeing now that if he gives up even his own reason for fighting, his pride, he might "break the vicious circle of the war," because he would thereafter be officially recognized by at least one side as a legitimate participant, he entered into the system, removed from the confusing space "between"; he develops a plan to "make contact." And he begins, as his father once did, by taking the rest of his mother's money.

Glas describes Genet's works often as texts which mark a theft from the mother, a flight from the breast that falls, in "marvelous volumes" (*vol* is both theft and flight, see 168-69b for one instance of this discourse of maternal theft); and CA too can be read as a series of Familial thefts from Úrsula, both financially and in human terms. This thievery, the text's flight of/from the mother's property, will become more pronounced as the generations pass, but here already a second theft of funds accompanies the theft of the son back (from the mother) by the civil war with the State. Aureliano leaves, with Úrsula's money and with a Márquez in charge of Macondo.

The author's signature seems to have taken its "rightful" place (in "control" of the town) and appears to be destined even to be grafted onto the Family, to share, by marriage, the proper name of Buendía, a grafting that would bind the signature to the Family in a direct, almost "authorial" or "authoritative" way. Already the mother has "received him as a member of the family." (CA, 140) And, for a brief time, Colonel Gerineldo Márquez becomes the center of the novel's narrative; its family (hi)story becomes his story. The *seing* is even attached, at one point, to the novel's opening, to its marking of alternating times and tenses: "Many years before, when he was still almost a child, Gerineldo Márquez had declared his love for Amaranta." (CA, 140) The novel remembers a note, a postal call sent from jail, a Genetian text asking for weaving, for a sewing of the proper authorial signature, the "father's initials," onto handkerchiefs, exchanged between the *seing* and a jealous sister marked by a fetish and a wound. A marriage seems fated, the contracts are negotiated, they are, in a manner of speaking, all but signed. But the *seing*, it turns out, as

Glas continually reminds me, can never fully sign, is always deferred or castrated, cut off, incomplete, without a final "le," or without a circumflex, or with a silent "H," and the wedding is deferred by a postal threat I have already read, already exchanged. Now, in the time of the novel's present, "many years later," the *seing* is received "as a son" by the mother who deliberately tries to hold him in the home, to graft him onto the Family tree once again.(CA, 141) The text seems to recognize the memory of the author inscribed into the proper name as it remains just outside, on the begonia porch, an edge of flowers: "time flew by in the company of the warrior with the nostalgic name whose fingers trembled imperceptibly as he moved the [chess] pieces."(CA, 141-42) The signature effect of a Márquez manipulating pieces on a chess board, even as his fingers tremble, would seem to imply the source, the origin of manipulation, the author as (controlling) subject. But as is the case with *Glas'* Genet, the signature's coming to completeness, its existence as controlling force is always deferred, out of reach, just beyond the margins of the text, non-reproducible, non-translatable, inscribed by an incalculable difference. His announced love as intention to marry is (chronically) (mis)read as (only) a supplementary logic of replacement by Amaranta, who writes her own reading of the Márquez text:

"You love Aureliano so much that you want to marry me because you can't have him."(CA, 142)

The graft is impossible, the author's proper name must remain untied, apart, departed, like Genet's flowers, separate in space and time from the Family tree. The signature can only disseminate across the text in random ways, without a map or key to its production(s) and defeats, without becoming a player in Hegel's family scene. The fate of the *seing*, as always a *glas* marking its own fading and death, *Glas* demonstrates, is identical to the fate of rhetoric and the fate of flowers -- the entire right hand column of *Glas* is a monument to this death, to this singular fate of the *seing*, of the flower's unwillingness to signify, the signature's frustrated desire to remain (proper(ly)), suspended, "in oscillation." It marks the destiny of the novel's Márquez. It will also mark the death of the Family patriarch.

José Arcadio Buendía's death is announced first by a postal *glas*, a filial wire from son to mother that uses the rhetoric of excess knowledge (of the future) to announce an end: "Take good care of Papa because he is going to die." (CA, 142) Relying on the status of this postal prediction, Úrsula removes the patriarch from the Family tree. He has become a "colossus," a *Glasic* monument to madness and deterioration that is the Family's fate. And yet, in spite of "himself," he returns to the tree by habit, resisting his removal even unconsciously, since he can only make contact now with the same excessive spirit that marked the beginning of his familial journey: Prudencio Aguilar. (CA, 143) He re-writes Prudencio into the person of Úrsula, his wife and now his caretaker, as he makes a spiritual gift of his corpse to her.

"What is a corpse? What is it to make a gift of a corpse?

Pure singularity, neither the empiric individual that death destroys, decomposes, analyzes, nor the rational universality of the citizen, of the living subject. What I give as a present to the woman, in exchange for the funeral rite, is my own absolutely proper body, the essence of my singularity." (*Glas*, 143-43a)

As the patriarch, the bestower of the seed of the proper name, prepares his corpse, awaits his own *glas*, he dreams a dream of infinite reflection and irreducible singularity, a dream of infinite rooms and the labyrinth of identity as interiority that can never end, can never stop and be recognized, but can only be interrupted by spirit. (CA, 143) CA writes another series of repetitions with a difference, and the difference marks the space of madness, the "intermediate" room from which he cannot escape, a room "between." As an Other, Cataure, returns from the time of forgetting for "the exequies of the king," the rhetoric of death is the offering of "an answer" in a "solemn language." (CA, 144) The death of the Father is marked by an absence (of breath) on a glass [*glace*]. And his final *glas* falls in a rain of flowers.

One might even say "arraign." Verily, very early on, *Glas* reminds me that "to *arraign* is to ask for identity papers, for an origin and a destination. It is to claim to recognize a proper name." (*Glas*, 7b) The "(a)rain(ment)" of flowers, the shower of excess, marks the "end" of the origin of the proper name, its monumental "destination."

But it also marks the singularity of a certain *seing*, and the falling (to the tomb) of excess and rhetoric(al) remains. For the figure of the flower falls all over *Glas* as it falls over the funeral of CA's Family patriarch.

"Under the parade or the poetic bedecking, someone promises *at once* to provoke suffocation, the embalmed disappearance under the funeral rite, and to make the erected phallus surge up. There is no choice, no disjunction or accumulation here. My excitement is the oscillation. The play (the erection falls (to the tomb)) is announced as a funereal ceremony enshrouding the other beneath the flowers, but at the same time making it band erect under the figures of rhetoric and the *violes* of all kinds, of every gender."(*Glas*, 128b)

The figure of the flower falls (to the tomb) as it refuses to signify precisely because it signifies excessively, too much too often, as both genders, within all languages, across difference. It is the figure always "between." How to read the flower, *Glas* asks, in a way that does not arrest it, does not pick it and leave it to die as some symbol or metaphor?

"Thus, in (the) place of the flower, the anthographic, marginal and paraphing text: which no longer signifies."(*Glas*, 30b) And the reading continues:

"The *glas*'s, such as we have heard them, toll the end of signification, of sense, and of the signifier. Outside which, not to oppose the signature, still less to appose, affix it to that, we remark the signature that through its name, in spite of what is thereby named, no longer signifies."(*Glas*, 31)

Glas leads me through a reading of the flower-text as it uses the discourse of botany to monitor the dissemination of the *seing* in excess of linear, referential, or even dialectical logic. It is, of course, not the first text to read this way (the figure functions rhetorically throughout Hegel and Freud, for instance), but *Glas* marks a differential reading with its (singular) speculation on the flower's unreadability as a figure always already in oscillation "between"⁴¹:

"(2) the statement of a law of oscillation and indecision (as, for example, 'What Remained of a Rembrandt,' whose 'neither true nor false' or the almost-false makes you follow the basting between the two columns) remarking the flower's incessantly instantaneous reversal: penis/vagina, castration/virginity, erection/relapse, natural organism/disarticulated artifact, total body proper/fetishized morsel and so on."(*Glas*, 126b)

Without end, in an excess of (the refusal of) signification, the flower is read here, now -- in an attempt to avoid "the trap" that catches Sartre and Lacan (*Glas*, 27-30b) -- as marking

the excess and the end of the Family's (original) *seing* -- the death of the rhetorical source of the proper name under a shower of figures of rhetoric, during a rhetorical war of exchange(s) -- the de-parting of the body under a rain of the figure that is always de-parted, that "stops belonging to the series of bodies or objects of which it forms a part."(*Glas*, 14b) The de-partation of the flower as (figure of) rhetoric, even as it mimes an absolute, religious logic of aesthetic correspondence (flower logic equals writing logic), proves to disrupt, even to deconstruct these rhetorical assumptions (of Hegel's), this temptation of theory, as it is already marked with an unstable movement that in CA would fall (to the tomb) as a *glas*:

"The flower is *(de)part(ed)*. It holds, from its being-(de)part(ed), the force of a transcendental excrescence that only makes it seem such (transcendental) and that no longer even has to be deflowered. Practical deconstruction of the transcendental effect is at work in the structure of the flower, as of every *part*, inasmuch as it *appears* or grows *as such*."(*Glas*, 15b)

"They fell on the town all through the night in a silent storm, and they covered the roofs and blocked the doors and smothered the animals who slept outdoors. So many flowers fell from the sky that in the morning the streets were carpeted with a compact cushion and they had to clear them away with shovels and rakes so the funeral procession could pass by."(CA, 144)

Remain(s)

"there is a gap, a little space in the flowers"

The citation appears cited at the end of a citation, an epigraph in "White Mythology," before the section "called" "The Flowers of Rhetoric: The Heliotrope." It is labelled as a citation of Freud's (in a footnote), citing a footnote (added) in Freud, where Freud cites Aristotle (as an example) and then the flowers are described (as cited) in a woman's dream. In the margin (of *Margins*), on the "facing" page, across from this "Freudian" citation (this prosthesis), on the top, where the section's title should appear -- to be repeated, page after page -- there is another name; this occurs only once, a mis-name, (perhaps) a mistake: "The Rhetoric or Flowers."

The fall of the "or," of the *or*, in *Glas* and in *Dissemination*, marks the cutting of a blow between.

Again, a reminder:

"*Glas* must be read as 'singular plural' (fall of the *or* [gold, now] in the double session). It has its breaking in itself. It affects itself and immediately resounds with this literal damage." With its remains. From "The Double Session" as it reads Mallarme's "OR": "Now {*Or*}, isn't it precisely such writing *en abyme* that thematic criticism -- and no doubt criticism as such -- can never, to the letter, account for. The abyss will never have the glint of a phenomenon because it becomes black. Or white. The one and/or the other in the squaring of writing. It whitens (itself) in the incline of *A Throw of the Dice*." These remarks are preceded by a note, over two pages in length, with excessive detail, on Mallarme and the (fall of the) OR.

The or, even as the marking of a mistake, the mark of a chance slip between flowers and rhetoric, marks a choice, the oscillation of choices posed by the figure of the flower.

"White Mythology" would read the propriety of (floral) metaphoricity, while *Glas* would posit the proper (perhaps) "from the mother." Aristotle, remember, argues that metaphor is "what is proper to man." Or to the woman? Or to the mother? Not, *Glas* reminds me, reading Hegel, to the Jew. To ascribe the ability to manipulate rhetorical flowers is, it seems, to mark a center and to leave an Other to remain. The politics of the rhetoric of flowers marks the history of philosophical rhetoric and political marginalization.

This is already hinted at in "White Mythology," when the critique of metaphor realizes that it is always already the critique of the "proper," of propriety; and a "task" is left (to remain). "The necessity of examining the history and system of the value of 'properness' has become apparent to us. An immense task, which supposes the elaboration of an entire strategy of deconstruction and an entire protocol of reading. One can foresee that such a labor, however far off it may be, in one fashion or another will have to deal with what is translated by 'proper' in the Aristotelean text." There prove to be "at least three meanings": the single sense of the "proper" noun, the distinction between 'proper' and essential (in spite of their inseparability), and philosophy's proper turn toward (the metaphor(s) of) the sun, the heliotrope, (en)light(en)ment, etc.. The last of these writes the propriety of the heliotropic metaphor in Aristotle into the flowers of rhetoric with a question: "Unceasingly, unwillingly, we have been carried along by the movement which brings the sun to turn in metaphor; or have been attracted by what turned the philosophical metaphor towards the sun. Is not this flower of rhetoric (like) a sunflower?"

Philosophy, the essay argues, dreams of a single metaphor, a metaphor of metaphors, a metaphor *parexcellence*. *Glas* reads this dream of a rhetorical kerygma, a kerygmatic rhetoric, in Sartre and Lacan. "White Mythology," later, in a note, will read it in Hegel's Introduction to *Lectures on the Philosophy of History*, wherein the sun shines (too) brightly, bringing the "uncontrolled natural will" into "obedience to a Universal principle and conferring subjective freedom." But "White Mythology's" conclusion foreshadows the play of the floral dissemination of rhetoric, its excess of signification that re-writes the Hegelian text of the Family into its fate, into the shit along the edges of volcanoes, or into the Penal colony at Guiana, against its own desire and into the "betweens" of plurality:

"To metaphors. The word is written only in the plural. If there were only one possible metaphor; the dream at the heart of philosophy, if one could reduce their play to the circle of a family or a group of metaphors, that is, to one 'central,' 'fundamental,' 'principal' metaphor, there would be no more true metaphor, but only, through the one true metaphor, the assured legibility of the proper. Now, it is because the metaphoric is plural

from the outset that it does not escape syntax; and that it gives rise, in philosophy too, to a *text* which is not exhausted in the history of its meaning (signified concept or metaphoric tenor: *thesis*), in the visible or invisible presence of its theme (meaning and truth of Being). But it is also because the metaphoric does not reduce syntax, and on the contrary organizes its divisions within syntax, that it gets carried away with itself, cannot be what it is except in erasing itself, indefinitely constructing its destruction."

And leaving, one might say, remain(s). The metaphoricity of rhetoric, its already written writing, cannot singularly account for its own excess, for the "history" that remains. "Criticism as such" can never account for metaphor, for the metaphor of flowers, for the floral excess (that can never be "arraigned"). This is not a negative critical theology, not a nihilism of the word or letter, but rather a re-call, a call for a new direction of the call, a shift in attention away from the sun (if such a thing is possible) and towards other movements, other logics, including the heliotropic itself. There can be no question of not reading, not interpreting, not writing (criticism); there can only be the (doomed) attempts to read and write with a difference, within the aleatory and disseminative logics of the problems of postal destinations, not always, or even ever with (specifically) these metaphors, not always cutting and grafting, but with(in) a recognition of the play of movement that they would seem to allow for as they attempt not to stop at one place for too long, not be arrested at the border, between texts, as they quickly "become" "ears" or "hymens" or "sponges" or "spurs" or "ashes" or "mystic writing pads" or "ink" or "posts" or "hinges" or "umbrellas" or "matchboxes," or "bells," or "tubes," or "postcards" or "columns" or even "tulips." But this last one *is* a flower. A "beautiful" one.

Remember that Kant's third *Critique* is dominated by two "metaphors," two models within an exemplarist rhetoric: the tulip and the column. "A paradigmatics of the flower orients the third *Critique*. Kant always seeks it in the index of a natural beauty, utterly wild, in which the *without-end* or the *without-concept* of finality is revealed. At the moment when, much farther on, (#42, on 'The Intellectual Interest of the Beautiful'), he wants to argue that the immediate interest taken in the beauties of nature, prior to any judgment of taste, is the index of a good soul, he has recourse to the example of 'the beautiful form of a wildflower.' The interest must of course be directed to the beauty of the forms and not to the attractions which would use these forms for purposes of empirical seduction." There can be no beauty (only "interest") in artificial flowers, or those used to "decorate one's apartment." But even Kant's own tulip turns out to come from a book, by a "certain Saussure," the author of a *Journey in the Alps*, who Kant cites and who had already written, "I found, in the woods above the hermitage, the wild tulip, which I had never seen before." Kant's tulip, remember, is read "as if" it were "organized," "with a view to an end." It is read intentionally, as if it were made for a goal. But the goal, in Kant, never arrives, never appears. "The wild tulip is, then, seen as exemplary of this finality without end, of this useless organization, without goal, gratuitous, out of use. But we must insist on this: the being cut off from the goal only becomes beautiful if everything in it is straining toward the end. Only this absolute interruption, this cut which is pure because made with a single stroke, with a single *bout*...produces the feeling of beauty. If this cut were not pure, if it could (at least virtually) be prolonged, completed, supplemented. there would be no beauty." The pure cut, without it, with only impure cuts and grafts, stitchings and strewkings, the parerga of foliage and colossal columns, the problems (of reading and judgment) begin to multiply. The flower (of rhetoric) exceeds (again) its own "beauty," its theorization, its frame.

The war (at the borders) continues.

The war of rhetoric; the war "He war(s)" continues.

Derrida's reading (of Joyce) is "continued," displaced (on)to a post-card in "Envois," where YHWH is allowed to speak (in parentheses), to play his role in a scene (of writing) as old as time. "(YHWH declaring war by decreeing *ladichemination*, by deconstructing the tower, by saying to those who wished both to make a name for themselves, the Chemites, and to impose their particular language, by saying 'Babel' to them, I call myself and I impose my name as father, a name that you confusedly understand as 'Confusion,' try, I beg you, to translate but indeed I hope that you will not be able to, this is my *double bind*)." In the *Wake*, of course, Chem becomes Shem (the penman), with a filial tie to Sham, and with a fondness for the penny-post, for a postcard that names: "Shemus O'Shaun the Post" or "(Shaun, John *the postman*)." Via the mailing of citations, from Joyce to Derrida, to an unnamed addressee and an unsigned card, John becomes a postman (from Babel).

The war (for the signature) continues.

"Look at them, Sword/Pen." (Socrates (or) Plato) Who writes? Who translates a Family (hi)story, who gets to manipulate the rhetoric (of flowers), to plant and tend the flowers (of rhetoric), the begonias perennially out (on the porch)? Isn't this a political question, a question of (human) law and (divine) law? Of the "between" of a "proper place." To write is to dis-place. "...you wonder how I would describe what is called 'woman's place,'" "Frankly, I do not know. I believe that I would not describe it. In fact, I would be wary of such a description. Do you not fear that having once become committed to the path of this topography, we would inevitably find ourselves back 'at home' or 'in the kitchen'? Or under house arrest, *assignation a residence* as they say in French penitentiary language, which would amount to the same thing? Why must there be a place for woman? And why only one, single, completely essential place?" *Oikos* also (partly) names economy. The political question of "proper" place is already an economic question (of exchange), of the right to exchange writings, amidst a heterogeneity of (all) possible genders (as played out) in (say, Genet's) scenes (of excess-writing). The political implications of textual heterogeneity, of unstable margins that are written-in-and-around, most often arrive in the form a question:

Who writes?

This is the question whose "political consequences" dominate the events of *In Evil Hour*, during a bad time, a time of violence, of *la Violencia*. The "lampoons" the texts of rumors and innuendo that cover for the intrigue of political subversion, are read into the violence of a murder and beatings in prison. The lampoons, unsigned texts of gossip nailed to the doors of the town, moving constantly, a different door each night, a different subject each time, mark an excess that challenges the political authority of the "authorities" that are (as)signed a "familiar" proper name:

"By Sunday we'll have the clown who's behind the lampoons locked up. I don't know why, but I keep thinking that it's a woman."

Judge Arcadio didn't think so. In spite of the negligence with which his secretary had gathered information, he'd come to an overall conclusion: the lampoons weren't the work of a single person. They didn't seem to follow any set pattern. Some, in the last few days, presented a new twist: they were drawings.

"It might not be a man or a woman," Judge Arcadio concluded. "It might be different men and different women, all acting on their own."

"Don't complicate things for me, Judge," the mayor said. "You ought to know that in every mess, even if a lot of people are involved, there's always one who's to blame."

"Aristotle said that, Lieutenant," Judge Arcadio replied. And added with conviction, "In

any case, the measures seem extreme to me. The ones who are putting them up will simply wait for the curfew to be over.'

'That doesn't matter,' the mayor said. 'In the end we have to preserve the principle of authority.'

Remember Aristotle, "Don't complicate things for me." The manipulation of rhetoric (the writing and nailing of texts) is "proper" to man. But the randomness belies singularity, even if, "there's always one [*pharmakeus*] to blame." The question of who writes has become the question of who's behind (this, *ça*). Of whose behind (*derrière*). This all calls for a "sorting out" (*letriagepostal*), a re-delivery of the mail, a following back to its origin, to its "blood," to its "source." "I beg you to try" and translate, but I (also) hope you will "fail." But what source, "*Qual Quelle*"?

The question names an essay, in *Margins*, on "the source," the concept of "sources," in Valéry. Of the source (of water) that waits at the "end" of a journey...but "there is here something like an overflow." The essay reads Valéry on "water" and on "trees" and warns of a poison, waiting by a Family tree, for those who would repeat the question of origin (of the name):

"In sum, repeating the critical question, Valéry's very insistent and very necessary question about *meaning* (theme, subject, content, etc.), we will bring the question to a certain heterogeneity of the source: and, first, there are sources, the source is other and plural. But by means of this repetition we may be prepared to poison the question of meaning and to calculate the price that Valéry had to pay for the discredit that, to a certain extent and in a certain way, he justifiably threw on the value and authority of meaning. A repetition of Valéry's, doubtless, but perhaps we will not close this reflection in ring form. Or at least it will not return where it was expected, to its origin, before leaving behind, thereby affecting and infecting itself, some hardly philosophical venom: thus giving us the sketch of a snake, amongst the tree, hissing with its double-edged tongue whose venom, however vile, leaves far behind the well tempered hemlock!"

The rhetoric of repetition (with a difference in origin), of "leaving behind," of poison, and of the tree -- all of these have a "source" in CA, in a reading of what remains in CA. But sources, like metaphors, are always (written in the) plural. Like flowers, which have already spilled their seeds.

I pick my metaphors, my flowers (of rhetoric) like I pick my poison.

But not alone, not without reading, not without a (partial) reflection, not without hearing them elsewhere, as they are poured into my ear (like poison, within a most literary scene, a mimed reflection, a dumb show that mimes a murder, like *Mimique*, another source for a reading to be read later, a critique of mimesis in a "double" session), from "other texts," into the ear of the other:

"I have, I am, and I demand a keen ear, I am (the) both, (the) double, I sign double, my writings and I make two..." Nietzsche, in his autobiography seems able to read the future, "I know my fate. One day my name will be associated with the memory of something monstrous -- a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured up *against* everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far." *The Ear of the Other* goes on, immediately after finishing the citation, to re-write a history of philosophy after its end, after Hegel, as "the political rewriting of the text and its destination." "There can always be a Hegelianism of the left and a Hegelianism of the right..." And the same is true, also, for Heidegger, for Nietzsche, and even "let us

not overlook it," for Marx. But the text also writes of choices and bindings, and a hope for (a reading of) *Glas*: "We are not, I believe, bound to decide." The "end" of Hegel, his "behind," proves, of course, not to be an end at all, the destination (and its politics) remains, as a question of the ear, of hearing a text, of reading a future.

On the back, the behind, beyond the final margin of *The Post Card*, written as a card, the future is read before the final signature of letters and periods, of initials "J.D.":

"Like the soothsayer, a 'fortune-telling book' watches over and speculates on that-which-must-happen, on what it indeed might mean *to happen, to arrive, to have to happen* or *arrive, to let orto make happen* or *arrive, to destine, to address, to send, to legate, to inherit*, etc., if it all still signifies, between here and there, the near and the far, *da und fort*, the one or the other.

You situate the subject of the book: between the posts and the analytic movement..."

And the citation goes on to mark several more between, and even abuses (of "dates, signatures, titles, references, language itself"). The reading of this rhetoric, this argument about the future that would persuade the reader of a new relationship between the persuader and the writer, between Socrates and Plato, speculates on the possibility of a *glas* that would toll for the Socratic scene (of writing). A card from the past, of a scene of a more distant past, in a book that tells the future, announces an unthinkable present, the re-staging of presence. A reading of the past (reading of the book) as a future, in the (post) cards, in the bad time of lampoons, in *In Evil Hour*, turns out to be also the reading of an impossible future ("between"), a solution that is no solution:

"'Just between the two of us,' the mayor went on. 'I want you to deal the cards to see if it's possible to find out who's responsible for this mess.'

She turned her head away. 'I understand,' she said after a brief silence. The mayor urged her:

'I'm doing it for you people more than anything.'

She nodded.

'I've already done it.'

The mayor couldn't hide his anxiety. 'It's something very strange,' Casandra went on with calculated melodrama. 'The signs were so obvious that I was frightened after having them on the table,' Even her breathing had become affected.

'Who is it?'

'It's the whole town and it's nobody.'"

Who writes (the future)?

Glas suggests, "Let that fall (*ça tombe*) in ruins"

Like the *glas* of flowers falling (to the tomb) from the sky.

A cut is also an opening. It invites (me in -- to examine, to read) even as it wounds (with an act of violence). It often marks the beginning of an operation. It separates, marking always, in one way or another, a "between." It produces a plural, an either-or or both-and. A cut, in effect, *re-marks* ("re-mark," {*re-marque*}, the signature operation of *What Remains'* CA, appears in *Glossary* listed just after the citations for "Remains" (*Glossary*, 267)). To re-mark, to re-cite, to write a "reading," is first of all to make a cut. *Glas'* reading into and through CA's Family chronicle, as it prepares to read a series of thefts and flights -- as it here and now sets out to read the undecidability of the hymen and the enactment (in naming and writing) of a compulsive repetition -- re-cuts the "next" cut in CA's narrative according to a logic not of the (Kantian) "pure cut," but of the de-parting, the detachment "of the sign" that

"signifies that it is cut away from its place of emission or its natural belonging; but the separation is never perfect, the difference never consum(mat)ed. The bleeding detachment is also -- repetition -- delegation, mandate, delay, relay. Adherence. The detached remain(s) collared thereby, by the glue of difference, by the a. The a of gl agglutinates the detached differentiae. The scaffold of the A is gluing."(*Glas*, 167b)

"So one will protest: you cut too much...." *Glas* anticipates the objection and goes on to describe, in passages cited as early as the first set of citations cut and sewn into *à propos*, a new strategy of cutting and sewing, of reading after the cut.(*Glas*, 167-69b) CA also is a cut, into a Family (and a) (hi)story, that is written "on a knife's edge between...."⁴² And that (hi)story marks its time, here and now, with cuts (from a razor) that cut into the sewing of an aunt who watches the cutting, and that give her a feeling "that she had begun to grow

old at that moment." (CA, 145) The cuts that mark time's passing also announce a cut in time, a sending of the narrative, or at least a cut from it, to be grafted, back to an earlier time, when Aureliano José would first notice Amaranta's "cuts."

Amaranta, who has been (like) a mother to Aureliano José, becomes the object, first, of his attention; and then of an incestuous affection that cuts again (like a logic) into the Family's compulsive desire to retain its own interiority with the effect of a double bind - re-interr(ogat)ing that interiority through the remaining of filial dissemination "in the family," while at the same time breaking the rules of kinship and propriety and thereby putting at risk the founding *eidos* of a "proper" Family structure. Incest, like translation, will always produce (the problem of what) remains.⁴³ Aureliano José's attention is first drawn only to a "depression," a fold between the breasts, a *pli* "between" *seins*. He asks the inevitable question of "origin" and the reply he receives tells a Family (hi)story: "'They gave me some terrible cuts.'" (CA, 146) The paragraph re-tells the Family narrative yet again, a re-writing of the "plot" that has begun to be a compulsive repetition of "it's own" events, this time as if Amaranta were the book's "main character"; and it all begins with a repetition (of tingling skin, first hers then his, with the order of repetition reversed in the narrative). On the pages in *Glas* that "tingle" (or, at least, tinkle and jingle) most often, the pages that read Mallarme's translation of Poe's "The Bells" according to the problematic logics of quasi-mimesis that are still to be read into CA's (later) scene of it's own translation, Hegel also writes a poem (for his fiancée Marie) which "speaks" of "the breath of life, of love." (*Glas*, 155ab) As Aureliano José begins to pay attention to more than just the tingling of skin, he feels himself lose (t)his breath. And, early one morning, on the edge of a new day, as he mimes sleep (in a ruse of facilitation), the limb that remains (intact), the other of the fetish, begins an operation, a cut into family propriety, a movement that will produce a complicity "between."

"Pretending to be asleep, he changed position to make it easier, and then he felt the hand without the black bandage 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."(CA, 146)

The dissemination refuses to be patterned; it spreads instead among its own, on its own, like a cryptogam, like the "algae of his anxiety." The fetish's different, unbound double moves restlessly along the lines of a filial sexuality that can and will only end with a "cut." But first it must develop under a net, the net that *Glas* reminds me "only retains remains, some monumental carcasses, and lets the remain(s) fall (to the tomb)."(*Glas*, 169b) Under the net the excess of a "permanent state of unrelieved excitement" hides itself, in the home, from Úrsula, from the mother. But the mother, desiring always to keep the Family inside, to maintain its established borders and its own interiority, to return to its (and her) "place," approves.

"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." Úrsula concluded and finished measuring the flour for the bread and returned to the kitchen."(CA, 147)

Still the double-bind of incest as an act of translation, seeking both its own operation and the denial of that operation within a dream of transgression, begins to resound within Amaranta's reading of the affair, marking the exceeding of limits, the difference in and of time, and the need for a final cut.

"She realized that she had gone too far, that she was no longer playing kissing games with a child, but was floundering about in an autumnal passion, one that was dangerous and had no future, and she cut it off with one stroke."(CA, 147)

Aureliano José's only remaining option is a translation of the subject, an attempt to displace his desire among "women who smelled of dead flowers," whose *glassed seing* already foretells the impossibility of dissemination even in the *Aufhebung* of copulation. Still, translation, destined as it is to miss the mark, to be incomplete and unsatisfying, nevertheless proceeds, as he changes the women "into Amaranta by means of the anxious efforts of his imagination."(CA, 147)

This act of identificatory translation is interrupted, as always, by "contradictory news." The undecidability of rhetorical warfare again writes its own logic of reversal and

displacement into the narrative as (hi)story. An emissary identifies himself to a Márquez, and reports of a negotiation, a mediation that suggests again the possibility of a synthesis or *Aufhebung*. In *Glas*' reading of Hegel, mediation is first of all the operation of the Spirit within the trinity. Here, too, it is offered as an act of relief, specifically of the war between father and son -- and it marks a return of the seed.

"mediation: the return (close) by self that overcomes the division and the loss. The relief of the two in(to) the three, unity's self-return. The father divides himself, goes out of himself into his son, recognizes himself in the son, and finds himself again, recounts himself in his revenue."(*Glas*, 28ai)

Mediation (of the spirit) marks a filial exchange (of revenue) and a return (of the seed of filiation):

"The spirit is neither the father nor the son, but filiation, the relation of father to son, of son to father, of father to father through the mediation of the son, of son to son through the mediation of the father. The spirit is the element of the *Aufhebung* in which the seed returns to the father."(*Glas*, 31a)

And so it is noteworthy that Colonel Aureliano Buendía rejects this mediation, offered, of course, by the State within the Hegelian terms of three concessions, including, first of all, the surrendering (to the Liberals) of three cabinet posts. He rejects the exchange, the mediation that would (seem to) offer a relief and the possibility of a return (to the Family), and returns to Macondo only for a moment, in a "quick and secret operation" and in the midst of "a storm of contradictory rumors," before the agreement is announced.(CA, 148) He returns only to take flight again, this time taking (from the (grand)mother) another graft, another filial filament, reminding me again, as *Glas* so often does, that to steal is also to take flight, that Genet's thievery is also the soaring of Hegel's imperial eagle, that Genet's prose of theft is also Hegel's prose of the flight to synthesis, and that Genet might just as easily have read his identification (from the mother) as a destiny of flight (from the mother) as he might (or instead of) a destiny of theft (from the mother) (see, for instance, 57bi). CA writes both acts into a single invisible motion, the clandestine picking up of a son by a father, an act of theft and flight in defiance of mediation.

"Only on the following day did she discover that Aureliano José had gone with his

father."(CA, 148)

But a mediation is nevertheless announced, a synthesis which would seem, rhetorically at least, to mark an "end." And the future of the war becomes a question of who(se *seing*) is believed.

"Ten days after a joint communique by the government and the opposition announced the end of the war, there was news of the first armed uprising of Colonel Aureliano Buendía on the western border. His small and poorly armed force was scattered in less than a week. But during that year, while Liberals and Conservatives tried to make the country believe in reconciliation, he attempted seven other revolts."(CA, 148)

An uprising, from the edge -- a gesture that re-writes the motion of *Aufhebung* but finds a place on the margin, outside the dialectic, even against it -- is a mark of this Family chronicle's ruse Hegelianism, its cutting of a wound into the apparently Hegelian body of its linear narrative. The repeated struggles outside the (mediation of the) "two," by Colonel Aureliano Buendía, repeat the compulsive repetition of Family gestures that have marked and will mark the Buendía's future, even inside the walls of the home. But within a war of rhetoric as persuasion, a war that would seek to persuade me of its own "end," the double-edged logic of deception can still sound a *glas*. "One night he bombarded Riohacha from a schooner and the garrison dragged out of bed and shot the fourteen best-known Liberals in the town as a reprisal."(CA, 148) The revolt from outside the space of mediation finally finds its way into the space of remains. Specifically, it arrives at a place in (or "very close to") (hi)story, in the Family story, that was marked with the remains of a Hegelian monument to History that had been already overrun with the excessive signature of Genet's wildflowers. The narrative's sighting of (hi)storical remains also proves to mark another *glas*, another tolling of a death knell -- the announcement that Visitación has died "around that time"; in proximity to the remain(s). This *glas*, the text (as final "wish") that accompanies it, would desire to continue the war from the border, the unHegelian "uprising," through a sending of funds, addressed to the Colonel, from beyond death, from remain(s). But the post-*glas* postal dispatch is never sent, can never arrive at its assigned destination, because of another rumor, another message sent in the war of rhetoric

-- a *glas* marked as it is by the absence of either presence or remains -- that determines the future of narrative "events."

"But Úrsula did not bother to dig it up because it was rumored in those days that Colonel Aureliano Buendía had been killed in a landing near the provincial capital. The official announcement -- the fourth in less than two years -- was considered true for almost six months because nothing further was heard of him. Suddenly, when Úrsula and Amaranta had added new mourning to the past period, unexpected news arrived."(CA, 149)

Thanks to the messages received from the war, the Family (or, at least, its women) are able to pile mourning on top of mourning -- to continue to engage in the identifying business of the Family. But this business of the maintenance of social distinction, of marking a separation from the State and the war is undercut by the unreliability of knowledge, by the epistemological crisis posed by the status of words sent over the post. Unexpected news (that the Colonel is alive) will not allow the house a reason to remain in perpetual mourning. The Colonel has only shifted location and idea, and now he is described in terms of the unificatory desires of another (hi)storical figure, another "main character" in a García Márquez "novel," Bolívar. Still, even as he dreams the dream of Pan-American unification, the ultimate *Sa* dream of absolute politics, the universal that, for Hegel, "'grazes lightly' the 'pure tip of its pyramid' the moment it carries off its victory over the rebel principle of singularity over divine law," he forgets the singularity of his opposition "between" parties and fades from the immediate rebellion, towards other lands, outside the "events" of the narrative. This motion is important since it marks the danger of the rebellion's beginning to take on the (universal) dreams of the forces it is rebelling against; and it is with this dream-reversal that, the Mother recognizes, the son is removed "forever" from the Family.

"'We've lost him forever,' Úrsula exclaimed on reading it. 'If he follows this path he'll spend Christmas at the ends of the earth.'"(CA, 149)

Glas' Hegel foretells the dangers of a mere reversal towards unification within the desire of a rebellious people, the danger that the mother fears would exile the son forever:

"The *self-certainty* of a people, a self-confident and unceasingly self-reaffirming certainty, possesses the *truth* of its oath, which binds all into one (*die Wahrheit ihres Alle in Eins*

bindenden Eides), solely in the mute unconscious substance of all, in the waters of forgetfulness. Thus it is that the fulfillment of the manifest spirit transforms itself into its contrary, and it learns that its supreme right is a supreme wrong, that its victory is rather its own downfall."(*Glas*, 186a)

The danger (of such a downfall) is left to remain as the narrative returns home (by means of the "showing" of a letter) to Macondo and its new State authority, general José Raquel Moncada, at one time the "most feared adversary" of Colonel Aureliano Buendía.(CA, 150)

The general, who is positioned as the reversed double of the town's "favorite son," the State son that replaces a Family one, has already had one previous encounter with his other, a leaving of letters. In a war of brutal (postal) fighting, the general had left two letters, each with impossible requests that seem both possible and desirable at first, for the Colonel to find:

"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 to see that it reached its destination."(CA, 150)

The first letter prompts a translation of one set of rules-"between" into another, a re-writing of the rules of war in(to) the rules of chess; but it also comes to allow for the re-dreaming of a synthesizing dream, an impossible unification that will always remain deferred, as it would naively desire to take "the best from each doctrine," and forget about what remains. But it is precisely the remains that continue the chaos in spite of the war having announced its own "end"; and, unable to control the effect of remainders, the men's (absolute) dream of a "humanitarian regime" remains (impossible). The best the general can do is to write the war into Macondo's past, to write the town smoothly into a State history that, as it erases the figuration of military occupation, restores confidence in civil authority:

"He wore civilian clothes, replaced the soldiers with unarmed policemen, enforced the amnesty laws, and helped a few families of Liberals who had been killed in the war. He succeeded in having Macondo raised to the status of a municipality and he was therefore its first mayor, and he created an atmosphere of confidence that made people think of the war as an absurd nightmare of the past."(CA, 150-51)

In Hegel, of course, just as the going to war marks a step in the development of the ethical health of the people, a step towards *Sittlichkeit*, so, too, does the gradual incorporation of

the Family and the civil community into the "Constitution of the State," "which is the end (*Zweck*) and actuality of both the substantial universal order and the public life devoted thereto."(*Glas*, 16a) But *Glas* goes on to redirect its attention away from the most examined stages of this development in critical work on Hegel "(bourgeois society and the State)," and towards the Family, its effect upon the system -- and this redirection serves to turn Hegel towards CA and its cuttings into its own Family tree as it would feign to grow towards *Sa*:

"Such are three moments, dialectically linked together, by which *Sittlichkeit* penetrates, permeates, and gathers itself together, goes back home to its own proper substance. Most often, and for good reasons, interest is taken in the movement's last two phases (bourgeois society and the State). The problems of right, of politics, of political economy appear therein under a thematic form recognizable from a distance. But such a privilege has no philosophical foundation. If, to compensate for this, we stay a longer time in the family, that will only be to make a problematic pertinence within the whole field appear in the family."(*Glas*, 16a)

The Family, its challenges to the most potent of Hegelian logics (via its graftings, cuttings, sewings, and *seings*, its floral rhetoric of excess signification), stage(s) the scene of writing as differance, writing as hymen (to soon be read), into the Hegelian drama. For such a staging, the Family and the "home"- town need a "proper" stage.

A theater finally arrives in Macondo. And the narrative re-locates me in(to) a number of personal (hi)stories. The theater will import dramas from the mother(land), from Spanish companies who will play an "other" set of classical dramas amidst the "Greek masks," as the people, after an (economic) exchange "through the mouth," gradually learn to become participants in the scenes -- for the theater will soon be a place of murder and execution.

The town school is also re-built, and a new pedagogy of discipline is installed to deal with, among others, a chiasmatic set of willful twins. At the same time, their sister is re-named, has a word-made-proper grafted onto her own proper name, in a gesture that will mark her destiny within the language of a problematizing mythology: "Remedios the Beauty." The mother, "in spite of time, of the superimposed periods of mourning, and her

accumulated afflictions," resists growing old, returning to her business enterprises and vowing to keep "money in this madhouse." (CA, 151) As the narrative keeps me "up to date" on the personal narratives of the characters of the home, it also announces another return, a rebound of the (grand)son, marked by the appearance of an other ("as dark and long-haired as an Indian") and a "secret determination," the transgressive desire of marriage *within* the Family -- Aureliano comes "home" to marry Amaranta. (CA, 151)

And (in an exchange) between them, the fetish comes to mark the oscillation, the bidirectionality of the hymen, the confusion between the present and the non-present, the presence of which would mark an absence (of a cut, a prick) with the rose (as a "flower" and a color) of shame.

"She was ashamed of the blush that covered her cheeks on the day her nephew asked her how long she intended wearing the black bandage on her hand, for she interpreted it as an allusion to her virginity." (CA, 152)

CA offers, in Amaranta's reading, an interpretation of the fetish as (in Genet) it marks not the absence of a dis-placed object, but its still potential presence (Stillitano's prick, Amaranta's virginity), as "a hymen, that is to say, immediately its contrary." (*Glas*, 54b) Elsewhere, of course, Derrida has written an entire theorization of the hymen as difference, as Writing ("a sort of textile"), as the undecidability of the white space of Mallarme's "yet unwritten page," as the sign of a fusion (of marriage) that also at the same time marks a confusion "between the two" (membrane and marriage) that does not *erase* difference, but rather "dislocates the difference."⁴⁴ ("The Double Session," in *Dissemination*, 209-219)

"What is lifted, then, is not difference but the different, the differends, the decidable exteriority of differing terms. Thanks to the confusion and continuity of the hymen, and not in spite of it, a (pure and impure) difference inscribes itself without any decidable poles, without any independent, irreversible terms. Such difference without presence appears, or rather baffles the process of appearing, by dislocating any ordinary time at the center of the present. The present is no longer a mother-form around which are gathered and differentiated the future (present) and the past (present). What is marked in this hymen between the future (desire) and the present (fulfillment), between the past (remembrance) and the present (perpetration), between the capacity and the act, etc., is only a series of temporal differences without any central present, without a present of which the past and future would be but modifications. Can we then go on speaking about *time*, *tenses*, and *temporal* differences?" (*Dissemination*, 210)

The citation, cut here and sewn into a reading of *Glas* -- with its "funerary hymen to nomination" (35b) and its *pharmakon* (in *The Maids*) as hymen (Genet's Madame as flower and poison) (54b) -- and into a reading of CA, with its re-writing of time and temporalization as material to be cut and sewn along the lines of a pattern that is never quite clear (in its "out-lines"), writes the hymen into the undecidable movement of the generalized fetishism marked by a black bandage that resonates with the question of virginity and the undecidable, repeatable passing of time. Here, now, the hymen is repeated as a bar on the door that would feign to keep out, to put an end to another war, with an argument that rests on a filial logic that has fallen (from the *sein*):

"Starting with that night the dull, inconsequential battles began again and would go on until dawn. 'I'm your aunt,' Amaranta murmured, spent. 'It's almost as if I were your mother, not just because of my age but because the only thing I didn't do for you was nurse you.'"(CA, 152)

And here there is the chance of a slip of the type, a "mistake" in "my" edition, a missing "c", (the missing *sí*, the absence of (Amaranta's) affirmation, (the absence) of her finally yielding with a "yes," and of course "sea," the missing *mar*, the absence of the (partial) *seing*) that marks the hymen's putting-out of the self, its disappearance (or removal) within a co-mingling of desire(s). The sentence, with its slip, its letter cut out, reads more specifically according to a hymen-logic:

"Aureliano would escape at dawn and come back early in the morning on the next day, each time more exited by the proof that she had not barred the door."(CA, 152)

The absence of the hymen (as a bar) produces both exiting and (I suspect) "excitement."

Aureliano had attempted an exit earlier, a flight (*vol*), that would seek to erase (her from his) memory, but desire writes itself back into discourse against the grain of erasure according to an inevitable double logic:

"He had fled from her in an attempt to wipe out her memory, not only through distance but by means of a muddled fury that his companions at arms took to be boldness, but the more her image wallowed in the dunghill of the war, the more the war resembled Amaranta."(CA, 153)

And the double-bind of incest amidst the desire for maintenance of the Family writes itself

into the (hi)story of the war, as Aureliano is told that the war is being fought "against the priests so that a person can marry his own mother." (CA, 153) (The incest prohibition in Hegel's *Sa*-logic, remember, is the "example and the pivot of the system that is contradictory within itself.") (see *Glas*, 199a, and note 12, above) Finally, in response to his continued, insistent advances Amaranta falls back upon a Family (hi)story, a "curse" that resonates with the future of translated excess: "Any children will be born with the tail of a pig." (CA, 153) The response echoes -- only rhetorically -- the (grand)father: "I don't care if they're born as armadillos"; but this time there is no action, no p(r)icking of the lock, no penetration, no bursting of the hymen, and no dissemination; and Aureliano is forced again to dis-place his desire as Amaranta turns to sewing, to a machine that sews (a machine of textile and textual production), a sewing, which *Glas* reminds me, "dissimulacras what it signals."

"Yet we have mistrusted the textile metaphor. This is because it still keeps -- on the side of the fleece, for example -- a kind of virtue of naturality, primordality, cleanliness. At least the textile metaphor is still more natural, primordial, proper than the metaphor of sewing, of the seam. The sewing metaphor still supervenes upon an artifact.

Now sewing is what activates itself here.

What tears, what he tears -- theatrically -- in pieces, in plays.

For seams [and here I have already cited once], this must be stressed, do not hold at any price. They must not be, here, for example, of a foolproof solidity. This is why that (*ça*) works all the time. To sew up a wound, to fight, to re-sew, to be forced to sew, to be kept from sewing.[...]

Sewing then *betrays*, exhibits what it should hide, dissimulacras what it signals." (*Glas* 208-09b)

This sewing reads not only Amaranta's escape from Aureliano, but also the risk of sewing filial filaments together, the risk of tearing and transgression, the (doubled) risk of incest. This sewing re-members the *seing*. "She herself did not understand why she started thinking again at that time about Colonel Gerineldo Márquez," and her re-membrance seems to re-strengthen the membrane at risk, as she manages to reject Aureliano with an "unmistakable determination" and to bar "the door of her bedroom forever." (CA, 154)

And now the son (as father) sends sons (with mothers) (back) to the mother (to name, to baptize, to immerse in the Family waters). The first of Colonel Aureliano

Buendía's seventeen illegitimate sons comes to the Family home, seeking a graft and nomination. He is already marked by the *glace* that opened the novel, the memory of ice that began the Colonel's (hi)story. Úrsula, of course, names him Aureliano, beginning a repetition (compulsion) that the text will come to mark as an(other) Family vice. But his nominal difference, the edge of his Family graft is marked, is graphed by the signature of the (natural) mother. In the absence of filial identity, of the presence of the Father, the son takes on the last name, the proper name of the mother: Genet. "My mother's name was Gabrielle Genet. My father remains unknown."(*The Thief's Journal*, 44) The son is given the mother's proper name, and the father remain(s) (unsigned), this is the challenge Genet offers to the Hegelian scene of the Holy Family, to its mediation between Father and Son. In CA, here, and now, the sons are granted their mother's name, but here the father's name is already known; it is, in fact, already a Family name. Why should it not sign? What is the path to be followed by these bastards? Why can these be only partial grafts, marked as they are by a look (of solitude) (and later by a cross), but without the name that would tie them to the Family tree even as these (other) *seings* tie them to the Family destiny, to its (violent) (hi)story? The text offers an answer in terms of the Law and/of recognition:

"They christened him Aureliano and with his mother's last name, since the law did not permit a person to bear his father's name until he had recognized him."(CA, 154)

A law that could have easily been written by Hegel, a law of the Father, that might just as well have been written by "doctors," this patronymic law of the proper name writes Genet's (hi)story into Hegel's State and writes the history of seventeen sons as unrecognized, and yet destined to die by virtue of their being recognizable, within a malicious double-logic of the propriety of paternal naming. Colonel Aureliano Buendía has translated warfare into literal acts of dissemination across the history of a Family stage:

"In less than twelve years they baptized with the name Aureliano and the last name of the mother all the sons that the colonel had implanted up and down his theater of war: seventeen."(CA, 155)

And, as the sons return to the *oikos* they have never known but seem already to recognize,

even going so far as to ask for toys they could not know existed, but that have already marked the (past) dance of the Family (hi)story (the mechanical ballerina), the Family does its "duty," naming them in Christ, baptizing them into another, model (extended) Family and writing their names in a book -- or, to be specific, a ledger, in which the names take the place of commodities.(CA, 155) Úrsula can only wait for the return of the son (as father) to "gather all his sons together in the house."(CA, 155) The naming of the sons by the mother, with their mother's name, in baptism, is a gesture that will come to be repeated with a difference when each of the sons is marked with a Christian *seing*, and the Hegelian mediation of the Holy Family is re-written as CA's destiny of executions. There and then it will be necessary to read the Hegelian formulations of the cross-as-sign into the destiny of (bastard) sons that carry their mother's name. But here and now, the future of these sons, the partially tied filaments, is re-routed to make way for another question of lineage, another filial discovery that steals (again) a son from the (grand)mother and marks a return to (a natural) mother.

Aureliano José goes *aladeriva*. After his passion for his aunt is "extinguished," he sets himself adrift, stopping at the home only to steal from the mother, "sacking the hiding places where Úrsula had forgotten her money."(CA, 156) Úrsula reads this behavior, this theft and flight from mother and home, according to a logic of gender difference that marks its difference from both the explicit Kantian chauvinism (and its anthropological formulations of woman as (mere) supplement (125-131a)), and the Hegelian reversal of a phallogentric feminism (and its formulations of woman as Truth (110-117a)) that are read in opposition to each other in *Glas* (note 25, above); for Úrsula, the Buendía men seem to go not to the State, not towards a Family ethics (*Sittlichkeit*), as they move away from the home (Hegel), but rather to go to "ruin," to a fate of crumbled remains.(CA, 156) Aureliano begins this movement towards "ruin" with a search for his origin, with the identification of his "natural" mother, and his turning towards another Family tree. But the relationship he grafts "between" himself and Pilar Ternera is an excessive one, "more than

mother and son."(CA, 156) Pilar, whose family (hi)story proves to be one of a solitude that shares its space without refusal, the solitude of a constant "*sí*," has mothered (briefly) five daughters "who inherited a burning seed," and became "lost on the byways of life," and two sons, one of whom dies in the war of the son(s), in Colonel Aureliano Buendía's "uprising" and another that, of course, becomes a thief and is wounded as he steals. (Can these "coincidental" (hi)stories, these stories of thefts and wounds in *Glas* and CA, be "accidents," (mere) chance?) She reads the return of Aureliano José as the arrival of "the tall dark man who had been promised her for half a century by the king of hearts" (CA, 157) even though she has, only a page earlier "renounced the sterile illusions of her cards." She cannot ignore another inevitable *glas*:

"and like all men sent by the cards he reached her heart when he was already stamped with the mark of death. She saw it in the cards."(CA, 157)

The cards will soon come to narrate an alternative story, another possible (hi)story, which inscribes them into the empirico-logic of time as the "place" of events, and write their reading across the time barriers of a linear narrative, across a delicate time line that would (impossibly) mark *Sa*.

"And if account is taken of the fact that *Sa*, as is said in the chapter that is entitled such, is at once a pure and simple deletion (*Tilgen*) and a relief (*Aufhebung*) of time, the extraordinary difficulty, if not impossibility, of this thought of *Sa* in/as its time is measured.

This barely existing limit, exceeded as soon as it is posited, is already no more what it is yet and does not even give time to think its time."(*Glas*, 220a)

An exceeding of the limit (of time's measure) is inscribed into the very act of positing such a limit. Under a certain reading (of the cards) this should open the possibility of alternative times, of other destinations and destinies, other (hi)stories. CA's speculation as to this crossing of the wires begins in the theater.

Aureliano José has gone to the theater, arranging later to meet the virgin Carmelita Monteil. The play to be performed has been re-named, with the signature-effect of the author's proper name translated as common noun, in order to dis-place the temporary ideological "meaning" of its "proper" title:

"A Spanish company was putting on *The Dagger of the Fox*, which was really Zorrilla's play with its title changed by order of Captain Anquiles Ricardo, because the Liberals called the conservatives Goths." (CA, 157)

CA comes to demonstrate *Glas*' demonstrations of the ideological "affect" of the signature as excess -- as "postiches, fetishes pastiches" (42b), as the remains of any reading for (ideological) "content." José Zorrilla's play, *The Dagger of the Goth*, suddenly poses a political problem in an entirely other hermeneutic context, its title now resonating with a name that has been re-sewn into another (hi)story that differs, this time, from the "mother" (hi)story (of Spain). The last name of the author, "signifying" (and this is precisely the problem) as it does throughout *Glas*, the chance of a common noun, an (imperial) eagle, a flower, a Spanish horse, or in this case, a small fox (though, if made masculine, it could carry another stench, another *seing*, of a skunk) is grafted onto the "author's" title after it is stripped of its "propriety," after it has been made common by the State, and re-made as a different property, re-capitalized within a title. This anasemic oscillation between proper and common, between signature and title, repeats a (filial) movement that has marked the Buendía chronicle all along, as it engages in wars (of all sorts) over the rights of naming and the politics of the common sharing of proper names, as it continues to write the authorial *seing*, the re-marking of the Family into (its) narrative and (their) (hi)story. The "proper" name, the title of/to "properties", the signature-effect that "affects" the *eidōs* of *oikos*, all mark a *glasic* re-reading of CA as a "political discourse." But the fine line of (alternative) time(s), beginning with death(s) and the *glas* already read in cards, remains to be read.

The soldiers given the order to shoot a fleeing Aureliano José refuse, it seems, because of a proper name: "'He's a Buendía,' one of them exclaimed." But the captain fires anyway and the *glas* is heard in the room of the cards' other destiny, by a flowery virgin who immerses herself and "strews" flowers, (the flower, its anthro-botany, in *Glas*, always marks both the hymen and its penetration, both the promises, of dissemination and death, for the future of signification and metaphor). In this case, the destined

dissemination is (apparently) deferred by the *glas* of a ringing shot, a shot that is announced as a mis-reading, a "wrong interpretation," demonstrating once again just how much is at stake within the act of reading; and the destined death is doubled "simultaneously" without origin, all within a paragraph that challenges the reader to resist the temptation to theorize away the event, to explain it all within the crypt(onomy), the "dark chamber"(206a), of specific and foretold protocols of time and reading.⁴⁵

"Carmelita Monteil, a twenty-year-old virgin, had just bathed in orange blossom water and was strewing rosemary leaves on Pilar Ternera's bed when the shot rang out. Aureliano José had been destined to find with her the happiness that Amaranta had denied him, to have seven children and to die in her arms of old age, but the bullet that entered his back and shattered his chest had been directed by a wrong interpretation of the cards. Captain Anquiles Ricardo, who was really the one destined to die that night, did indeed die, four hours before Aureliano José. As soon as the shot was heard he was brought down by two simultaneous bullets whose origin was never established and a shout of many voices shook the night."(CA, 158)

It is perhaps better, amidst this reading of *Glas* and CA, to let this paragraph, and the problems it poses for the decidability of time, reading, origin(s) and (the doubling of) destiny, to stand re-cited, torn only at its edges, and (almost) un-glossed. The readers might, at times, be left to do their own *glas*-work, especially when the re-soundings strike with such unmistakable force.

The cards have been re-written, or more precisely, erased when Carmelita returns to them after Aureliano José has died. They are now blank, writing again the whiteness of the unwritten page, the unbroken hymen that will not mark a marriage. All that remains is the assassination of (what) remains, a reverse *glas*-work that marks an emptying of chambers, another sort of toilette of the dead: "more than four hundred men had filed past the theater and discharged their revolvers into the body of Captain Aquiles Ricardo."(CA, 158) And the narrative returns to the war and, of course, to "contradictory news."

"While the government announced that it was maintaining control throughout the country, the Liberals were receiving secret news of armed uprisings in the interior."(CA, 158)

"Uprisings in the interior" -- the war has begun to be described in *Sa*-terms of *Aufhebung* and pure interiority, but its dream of a clear conflict between opposing forces or stories is

undercut by the continuing contradictions of "announcements," including one that would mark a *glas* as sentence in the presence of absence:

"The regime would not admit a state of war until it was proclaimed in a decree that had followed a court-martial which had condemned Colonel Aureliano Buendía to death in absentia."(CA, 159)

But Úrsula reads this decree for a "subtext," for the possibility of another "meaning," the signification of the return of the son. And, in fact, preceded by "conflicting rumors," and still "supposed to be in the most distant places at the same time," Colonel Aureliano Buendía returns to attack Macondo.

When he takes his other, his doubled adversary General Moncada prisoner, the letter that the General who would dream the synthesizing dream of a humane war leaves for his captor re-cites an "over," an *Aufhebung* that is the impossibility of humanism, marked as it must be by its own metaphysics, its own *Sa*-dream. The letter remains in contrast to the fate that awaits the General, imposed by the rebels who have now adopted the formal style and rhetoric of sentencing and executions, the old order of court-martial that seems an oxymoron tied as it is to the adjective "revolutionary."(CA, 160) Even Colonel Buendía has become surrounded by, has written himself into a discourse of order and spacing as he is accompanied by military security:

"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."(CA, 160)

The description offered by the narrative of the returning Colonel re-cites a portrait from elsewhere, from another novel about a military man, only this time an absolute patriarch, who also wears the style of the fetish, "high boots with spurs," and the absence of his position, "a denim uniform with no insignia."⁴⁶ The mother is the first to recognize the distance implied in the *seing*, the style, of the son and the unlimited potential that the rhetoric of absolute power has begun to write into him as (hi)storical (and therefore, religious) subject: "'Good Lord,' Úrsula said to herself. 'Now he looks like a man capable

of anything."(CA, 160) And the narrative confirms with a yes, with a simple sentence that (almost) appears during a certain *Wake*, and that affirms with the resonance of the end of a modern epic: "He was."(CA, 160)

Colonel Aureliano Buendía exercises his new powers, his new potency, first in an act of re-reading. It is the issues of borders and property that interest him (and *Glas*, and Ca, and *What Remains*). He decides "to review the titles to land that went back a hundred years" and he discovers the usurpation across boundaries by his brother and the official approval of it (in writing) by his nephew. The questions of property, of proper title and proper name again prove to be determined by a simple cut (*coup*), by a blow or stroke -- in this case a "stroke of the pen."(CA, 161) And, after signing with the stroke that annuls, the *seing* that re-names, that re-aligns (the) proper(ity), Colonel Aureliano Buendía visits a mistress of remains, a filial monument to mourning, a woman who has written herself entirely into the work of *glas*, Rebeca.

Glas reads the *Phenomenology* (270-73) and reminds me of Rebeca's fate:

"When a man *binds himself* to a woman, even were it in secret (marriage does not depend, according to Hegel, on a formal contract), it is a matter of entrusting her with his death. All the calculations, the ruses, the blackmailings can envelop themselves in this offer of a pure singularity (that loses and guards itself in the name). Entrusting with death, the guarding of a marrowless body, on the condition that a woman erect his burial place after shrouding the rigid corpse (unction, bandages, etc.), maintaining it thus in a living, monumental, interminable surrection. In herself: under the earth, but the night of the subterranean world is the woman, Hegel specifies."(*Glas*, 143a)

Rebeca, "encased in black down to her knuckles and with her heart turned to ash," proves to finally mark the subject(ion) of pure interiority, even as the trace of the one she mourns, the trace of the smell that is also a monument, remains (a *glas* to "note"). Colonel Aureliano Buendía offers the only advice available, to open, to "moderate the rigor of her mourning, to ventilate the house"; but, as *Glas* so often would remind me as it reads especially the end of the *Phenomenology*, the act of a pure, absolute monumentalization, an absolute religion (of mourning) can tolerate no ventilation, must remain (close(d)) by itself. Rebeca can only see, in Aureliano's advice, the rhetoric of "a renegade," an outsider whose

position on the edge of propriety makes him insensitive to the "proper" requirements of mourning.(CA, 161)

Colonel Aureliano Buendía returns to the business of order(ing) (and) courts-martial, trials of order that are now "presided over" by a Márquez, and that end with the execution of all officers taken prisoner, marking an erasure, or at least a strategic forgetting, once and for all, of General Moncada's futile dreams of humanism and synthesis. When the trial of General Moncada himself arrives, the mother intervenes, as she has before in State matters of executions, this time pleading with the new order, the authority of her own son, to spare the life of his adversarial double. The assertion of the Family (as the mother(s)) into the political logics of the State (or its counterpart), with its accompanying rhetoric of Family "place" and discipline, resonates with a certain rhetorical force (of a filial desire to stop time in the name of the name) but remains outside the system whose development, whose progress along a syllogistic destiny, has passed it by on the way towards more absolute moments of religion, ethics, and, of course, knowledge.

"[Úrsula] brought all of the mothers of the revolutionary officers who lived in Macondo to testify. One by one the old women who had been founders of the town, several of whom had taken part in the daring crossing of the mountains, praised the virtue of General Moncada. Úrsula was last in line. Her gloomy dignity, the weight of her name, the convincing vehemence of her declaration made the scale of justice hesitate for a moment. 'You have taken this horrible game very seriously and you have done well because you are doing your duty,' she told the members of the court. 'But don't forget that as long as God gives us life we will still be mothers and no matter how revolutionary you may be, we have the right to pull down your pants and give you a whipping at the first sign of disrespect.'"(CA, 162)

The failure of this rhetoric, the fact that it fails, the "fact" of the failure of the Family structure to re-impose itself on a ("revolutionary") State that seeks to stake out its own "proper place" of power, marks the beginning of a gradual shift in CA away from the establishment of the Family as institution and towards its depatriation, its splitting and fragmenting into parts, away from the Family as a subject that proceeds towards an ethical absolute (*Sittlichkeit*), and towards a Family that is always already translating its own demise even as it continues its business of grafting and mourning. What is marked

gradually over the next three cuts in CA is the writing of the Family from Hegel's Holy Family as model towards Genet's dissemination of the Family in(to) the *seing* of figuration, recognizing all along that such a narrow and formulaic schematization is impossible since the lines that separate, the outlines that re-mark the "between," are precisely what such a writing would (and will) seek to delimit. What is noteworthy here and now, in any case, is that the (Family) rhetoric does fail, and Aureliano is forced to rely upon a rhetorical construction (of war), a split between subject and object, between movement and agent that his other cannot take seriously.

"Remember old friend," he told him. "I'm not shooting you. It's the revolution that's shooting you."

General Moncada did not even get up from the cot when he saw him come in.

"Go to hell, friend," he answered."(CA, 163)

Aureliano realizes the untenability of his distinction, but reminds the General of the displaced logic of drama and deferral that inevitably accompany the elaborate and absolute formality of executions: "all courts-martial are farces and that you're really paying for the crimes of other people, because this time we're going to win the war at any price."(CA, 163) But this analysis betrays the reversal that has been coming for so long now in the (hi)story of the war, and General Moncada is the first to give it a voice:

"What worries me," he went on, "is that out of so much hatred for the military, out of fighting them so much and thinking about them so much, you've ended up as bad as they are. And no ideal is worth that much baseness."(CA, 163)

And he goes on to re-cite the problem of reversal without displacement, of the threat that it poses even to the Family, even (especially) to the mother:

"At this rate," he concluded, "you'll not only be the most despotic and bloody dictator in our history, but you'll shoot my dear friend Úrsula in an attempt to pacify your conscience."(CA, 163)

Although this prophecy is never fulfilled, perhaps because Aureliano returns to the status of the margins, to the space "between" absolute authorities, and is never able to win the power he would (not) wish for; the critique of dialectics offered here, the critique of a critique that would begin without an interrogation of the assumptions not only of the object of the

critique but the of the critique itself, and that would inevitably end unable to account for the remains of absolute reversal, re-presents the critique(s) of dialectics found woven together in the filaments of (a) *Glas*. Hegel, remember, insists on reversal and/as death (for the Family):

"The *transition* from nature to spirit is also a reversal. In its highest reaches, the transition is produced in the *organic*, after the mechanical, the chemical, and the physical. The transition signifying violent self-destruction and passage into the opposite, the relief of natural life in(to) spiritual life necessarily comes about through disease and death. So disease and death are the conditions of the spirit and of all its determinations, among others, the family."(*Glas*, 108a)

But this reversal as (a necessary) death, the inevitability of its finality, is read differently, for the remains, in the "theatrical and funereal" reversal that marks an oblique re-direction in Genet. As *Glas* reads "The Strange Word Urb'...", Genet's essay (supposedly) on urban planning and architecture (of and for the dead), it reminds Hegel and its readers of another possible reversal, one that mimes and displaces, that suspends and deflects like the apostrophe in the essay's "unfinished" title:

"Consider the title, the half or false title, the apostrophe that suspend and deflects the strange word. Its mode is unusual. One waits for the word *urbanisme*, town planning, as in the first phrase ("The strange word *urbanisme*"). And in effect town planning furnishes the apparent theme of these eight pages. But through a movement of erection (still the theme of the piece), in other words of theatrical and funereal reversal, the writing obliquely describes the title itself: to wit, the word that is strange."(*Glas*, 232bi)

Genet's reversal turns in upon itself, its own title, even as the essay ends with Genet's reference to a "funeral mime" ("Preceding the cortege, he was in charge of miming the most important facts of the dead man's life when he -- the dead man --was alive") and the problem of words and gestures marking a history (of the remains) -- the problem that has marked CA's wars and its families all along -- is read "thanks to the gift of tongue and style" by *Glas*.(*Glas*, 232-33b) Reversal, we learn here, mimes and devours at the same time. But, like all Last Supper scenes, it leaves unaccountable remains. If those remains, those differences within reversal are not attended to and re-marked within their own undecidable logics of the oblique and the between, the reversal replaces order with order, replaces one absolute (political) authority with another; and this is the danger that is now

posed for Colonel Aureliano Buendía as he is presented as having procured that (absolute) power that allows him to announce a *glas*, its time and place, within the formality of an execution. But even though he is paid the honors of "State" authority, his memory slips, his order is not ordered, and this slight fissure, this small cut in his execution of executions foretells his inability to hold in the center of power, his fate as (a return to) the margins (of order), even as, here and now, he would announce, he would order, the time of a death:

"When he went out into the blue air of the mist his face grew damp as on some other dawn in the past and only then did he realize that he had ordered the sentence to be carried out in the courtyard and not at the cemetery wall. The firing squad, drawn up opposite the door, paid him the honors of a head of state.

'They can bring him out now,' he ordered.'"(CA, 164)

Remain(s)

"Or *hymen*."

The phrase sits alone, separated at the top of a page in *Dissemination*, as a "Double Session" sets out to read (amidst the fall of the "or") the undecidability of the hymen. And, within the reading that follows, a bit of etymology, a chance taken "rightly or wrongly," ties the hymen to a thread to be sewn.

"There exists treatises on membranes or *hymenologies*; descriptions of membranes or *hymenographies*. Rightly or wrongly, the etymology of 'hymen' is often traced to a root *u* that can be found in the Latin *suo*, *suere* (to sew) and in *huphos* (tissue). *Hymen* might then mean a little stitch (*syuman*) (*syuntah*, sewn, *siula*, needle; *schuh*, sew; *suo*).[...]

"The hymen is thus a sort of textile. Its threads should be interwoven with all the veils, gauzes, canvases, fabrics, moires, wings, feathers, all the curtains and fans that hold within their folds all -- almost -- of the Mallarmean corpus."

The hymen marks a weaving of *films*. (A reminder, perhaps necessary, that *films* is both threads and sons, the semantic weaving of filial filaments, the texts of sons.) CA is a weaving, a text of the son, like another, (the first) text of Western "literature." Tony Tanner has written of one text, (the first) as if he were writing about the other, CA. A critic has, in a note, called this sentence "resounding," as if it rang with a *glas* that would open (a cut): "Western literature as we know it starts with an act of transgression, a violation of boundaries that leads to instability, asymmetry, disorder, and an interfamilial, intertribal clash that threatens the very existence of civilization...." Tanner reads the tale of a certain Nazarene (as McGuirk reads García Márquez' tale of a "Nasarene") into the strategies of

glassing CA. *Glas*, of course, reads the same tale, (the first), as not the first, or rather as among a multiplicity of first texts of all sorts, many marked by a certain (Abrahamic) cut or (Antigonal) transgression. They all wait to be read. But here, now, the hymen, the weaving that is also a barrier and the mark of a marriage, is written into a *glasic* logic of the "between."

"To repeat: the hymen, the confusion between the present and the nonpresent, along with all the indifferences that it entails within the whole series of opposites (perception/nonperception, memory/image, memory/desire, etc.), produces the effect of a medium (a medium as element enveloping both terms at once; a medium located between the two terms). It is an operation that *both* sows confusion *between* opposites *and* stands *between* the opposites 'at once.' What counts here is the *between*, the in-between-ness of the hymen. The hymen 'takes place' in the 'inter-,' in the spacing between desire and fulfillment, between perpetration and its recollection. But this medium of the *entre* has nothing to do with a center."

But, and this is crucial, this positioning (of the hymen) "between" is not allowed to become, as the translator says, "indispensable." She quotes the relevant re-mark(s):

"What counts here is not the lexical richness, the semantic infiniteness of a word or concept, its depth or breadth, the sedimentation that has produced inside it two contradictory layers of signification (continuity and discontinuity, inside and outside, identity and difference, etc.). What counts here is the formal or syntactical *praxis* that composes and decomposes it. We have indeed been making believe that everything could be traced to the word *hymen*. But the irreplaceable character of this signifier, which everything seemed to grant it, was laid out like a trap.... It produces its effect first and foremost through the syntax, which disposes the "*entre*" in such a way that the suspense is due only to the placement and not the content of the words.... It is the "between," whether it names fusion or separation, that thus carries all the force of the operation. The hymen must be determined through the *entre* and not the other way around.... What holds for "hymen" also holds, *mutis mutandis*, for all other signs which, like *pharmakon*, supplement, difference, and others, have a double, contradictory, undecidable value that always derives from their syntax."

So the force of the "between" prevents the re-capitalization of reversal, the replacement problem of absolute authorities. And the (reading of the) hymen has been a trap, a ruse to fool us about the concept's "purity."

["*Glas* strikes between the two."

"Between the two lives..." "The relation of artist/ author and art work, like the signature, is a family relation, the question of filiation, relieved, but with remain(s) and so not relieved."

Leavey writes the beginning of (the effect) of *What Remains*; it is a trick of the hymen, a faking of a "between." A trap.]

This describes, of course, the "plot" of *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*. It turns on a hymen trick (deferred):

"Everything else she told without reticence, even the disaster of her wedding night. She recounted how her friends had instructed her to get her husband drunk in bed until he passed out, to feign more embarrassment than she really felt so he'd turn out the light, to give

herself a drastic douche of alum water to fake virginity, and to stain the sheet with Mercurchrome so she could display it the following day in her bridal courtyard."

But she does none of these, there is no writing on the as-yet-unwritten sheet, the sheet's whiteness, the absence of the mark, returns to mark a penetration earlier, a memory of a mark and a remain(ing) (sober) -- and a *glas*, the inevitability of a death that can only take place after a naming, after the announcement of a proper name.

"All right, girl," he said to her, trembling with rage, 'tell us who it was.'

"She only took the time necessary to say the name. She looked for it in the shadows, she found it at first sight among the many, many easily confused names from this world and the other, and she nailed it to the wall with her well-aimed dart, like a butterfly with no will whose sentence has always been written.

"Santiago Nasar," she said."

As if directed by a (mis)reading of the proper name, a destiny is re-written according to the *seing*. The future of death and writing is told in the "time" it takes to name a name. In an admirable essay on this novel, another critic has read the writing and lack of writing, the play of writing and the weaving of hymens and proper names:

"Angela both announces and condemns. Her hand bears (bares) the responsibility of authorship -- 'he was my author' (*fue mi autor*). She names Santiago Nasar responsible for what her own finger has traced, has written, in blood. After his death, in ink, her hand is able to write in full (almost two thousand letters). Her hand weaves the fabric of writing, the seemingly endless act of *écriture* which serves to cover up her act of (carnal) self-knowledge and self-penetrating analysis. It is a more original cover-up than the traditional method of linen sheets with the stain of honor (*'la mancha del honor'*) recommended by her girl-friend confidantes -- a more writerly (*scriptible*) display of stained sheets.

"Thereafter, all is but a play of names, the ploy of plural, interchangeable victims; the aperture of a *social* membrane, pointed at and pierced by her penetrative, accusing finger, and a fabric falsely woven to cover up the long standing 'gap' of honor, of honor-code, of honor-code writing. A fabric now undone by the readerly (*lisible*)."

The hymen unweaves the *pundonor*. A code, a genre, is threatened by a reading of its borders, the possibility that it might be unable to account for what remains...

and earlier, for names:

"...comes the *name* Santiago Nasar. Born of the Arab intruder Ibrahim, master of falconry, deflowerer, and of the Christian mother, inaccurate decipherer of dreams, Santiago Nasar is the outsider, 'just like all Turks,' 'the stranger in the house' of a Holy Roman dominance. Part Nazarene, victim, 'with no will of its own, whose sentence had been written forever,' whose fate is to die against the tree, the wooded door of his own house, in the helpless proximity of his placid mother. Part saint (if martyr), but SANT/IAGO...thus, part perpetrator, distiller of doubt -- the doubt which destroys the *Moor*."

And, briefly, later:

"In the juxtaposition of Santiago Nasar/Bayardo San Roman, an annagramatical free-play breeds saints and martyrs ('y ardo'/'and I burn'), Christian versus Moor, incomplete Nazarene, Holy Roman obedience to a severe marriage code. And the play remains

incomplete, always leaves a trace."

"...his right arm was dragging on the ground...so that he left a trail from the edge of the precipice to the deck of the boat. That was all that we had left of him: the memory of a victim."

(There are, of course, the traces of other names, Peter and Paul (Pedro and Pablo Vicario), friends of the Nasarene who eventually kill him "in a Gesthemane of sleepy inactivity," and the Vicarios, their living done mostly vicariously, through their daughter as "victim," and, of course, Madame Cervantes, who runs a "literary" house of illusions (of love and pleasure) specializing in "the tricks of a transformer," of a translator (of, perhaps, *Le Gran Balcon*) -- the signature effect is written across the Chronicle in capital letters, too big to ignore. As is *Glas'* reading of the Hegelian destiny of the woman as well, as weaver, as *sein*, as the maker of flowers, and (always) as the writer and enshrouder:

"The girls had been reared to get married. They knew how to do screen embroidery, sew by machine, weave bone lace, wash and iron, make artificial flowers and fancy candy, and write engagement announcements. Unlike other girls of the time, who had neglected the cult of death, the four were past mistresses in the ancient science of sitting up with the ill, comforting the dying, and enshrouding the dead."

Also, as McGuirk demonstrates, the novel is marked throughout by the logic of uncanny "speculation," of doubling and deferral, of the differance of letters that never arrive at their destinations and letters that are never opened, that are returned with their seals unbroken; all of which, I suggest, are written around the hymen, the maintenance (or lack of maintenance) of a between and the naming of a name that no doubt also has more than chance about it -- and a death "foretold.")

In the essay that reads the hymen, the essay "on" Mallarme, there is, just prior to the lines cited earlier that warn against a forgetting of the "between," a line (on undecidability) that carries, attached to it as if it had been tied by a thread, an unfinished note on Freud's "The Uncanny" that seems again to write itself into CA.

"'Undecidability' is not caused here by some enigmatic equivocality, some inexhaustible ambivalence of a word in a 'natural' language, and still less by some '*Gegensinn der Urworte* (Abel)."

And here the note, numbered "32" appears, behind and slightly above a proper name that proves to be the (primal) scene of a ruse:

On the bottom (of the page): "32. We are referring less to the text in which Freud is directly inspired by Abel (1910) than to *Das Unheimliche* (1919), of which we are here, in sum, proposing a re-reading. We find ourselves constantly being brought back to that text by the paradoxes of the double and of repetition, the blurring of the boundary lines between 'imagination' and 'reality', between the 'symbol' and the 'thing it symbolizes' ("The Uncanny," trans. Alix Strachey, in *On Creativity and the Unconscious* {New York: Harper and Row, 1958}, p. 152), the references to Hoffman and the literature of the fantastic, the considerations of the *double meaning* of words: "Thus *heimlich* is a word the meaning of which develops towards an ambivalence, until it finally coincides with its opposite, *unheimlich*. *Unheimlich* is in some way or other a sub-species of *heimlich*' (p.131)(to be continued)."

The note remain(s) to be read further in an-other (note) on Freud and the literary text; but, already, it appears to mark a certain reading, by Derrida by Freud, of the strategies I would

find at work in much that has already been read in CA. CA will prove to offer a series of "uncanny" moments to read, and *Glas*, with its movement of the text as a generalized fetish, is already written into an uncanny doubling and repetition between (logics). Although the word, and the text "in question" appear only once in the pages of *Glas*. But the passage, marked by Hegel's secret (and a) cut, by the possibility of a delimiting text which risks limiting itself within the hurling of "political accusations," is appropriate as CA comes to write of cuts and politics.

"How could one have a secret?"

"Absolute expropriation makes the secret of the sacred inaccessible to the very one holding its privilege. In this absolute alienation, the holder of the inaccessible can just as well manage its effects or phenomena, can chatter about them, manipulate them. The invisible remains invisible, out of reach; the visible is only the visible. Simultaneously, the most familiar, secret, proper, near, the *Heimlich* of the *Geheimnis* presents itself as the most foreign, the most disquieting (*unheimliche*).

"One cannot even decide the expropriation, cut through to a decision regarding castration, or run after its truth. A system's undecidability is here more powerful than the value of truth. Like this text of Hegel, *Das Unheimliche* should de-border, should have de-bordered the opposition, verily the dialectic, of the true/nontrue.

"To make a political discourse bear this problematic chain, is that to limit the extent of this chain? Is that to narrow the field of a general question elaborated after all in other places?"

"Hegel, for example, and his discourse depends on truth. Whence the political accusation hurled against the Jew."

Can the political (text) give up, or even de-border, the value of truth? If it does not, is it relegated to a system of accusation? Is, in fact, the system's undecidability more powerful? Here. In what remains (of CA and *Glas*)? Does this undecidability (only) make a cut (through) possible? The danger of reading according to even the most sophisticated systems or protocols, though unavoidable, is nevertheless often a matter of life and death (of, at least, a flower). How to read the undecidable is the question that (still) remains. How to read the fragment of a flower (that would bloom, opening its petals on the edge of a text, like a (forgotten) umbrella.)

The question is raised again, directly, with the style of a spur (worn on the fetish-object), to prick me into a reading.

"I have forgotten my umbrella."

Derrida, of course, has written a number of pages (in *Spurs*) on this fragment "of Nietzsche's," published in *Joyful Wisdom*. The passages that command my attention here and now concern the dangers discussed above, the dangerous way to read the figure and the fragment, to read the *seing* as a claim to a (secret) code. The fragment stands to be read, in quotes in Nietzsche's text, at a horizon from which it can (not) be withdrawn.

"Could Nietzsche have disposed of some more or less secret code, which, for him or for some unknown accomplice of his, would have made sense of this statement? We will never know. At least it is possible that we will never know and that powerlessness must somehow be taken into account. Much as a trace which has been marked in what *remains* of this nonfragment, such an account would withdraw it from any assured horizon of a hermeneutic question."

And then, in a sentence that reads (with some difficulty) the hymenography as the goal of

reading/writing (here and now):

"Reading, which is to relate to writing, is to perforate such an horizon or the hermeneutic sail."

The phrase seems, at first, immediately translatable, on its surface. "Everyone knows what 'I have forgotten my umbrella' means." Indeed, possible readings can be multiplied along more elaborate lines. "A 'psychoanalytic' decoding, for example, could be proposed which would ultimately, after a detour via certain generalities, of course, relate it to Nietzsche's idiom. The umbrella's symbolic figure is well-known, or supposedly so. Take, for example, the hermaphroditic spur of a phallus which is modestly enfolded in its veils, an organ which is at once aggressive and apotropaic, threatening and/or threatened. One doesn't just happen onto an unwonted object of this sort in a sewing-up machine on a castration table." And the reading goes on setting its trap, its ruse psychoanalytic reading. Psychoanalysis "familiar as it is with forgetting and phallic objects, might yet aspire to a hermeneutic mastery of these remains." [...] "Assured that it must mean something, they look for it to come from the most intimate reaches of the author's thought. But in order to be so assured, one must have forgotten that it is a text in question, the remains of a text, indeed a forgotten text. An umbrella perhaps. That one no longer has in hand."

And this text of secrets and grafts, this text of Nietzschean forgetting, proves to mark the remains of *Glas*, the strategy that the undecidability of cuts and hymens would suggest:

"The remainder that is this 'I have forgotten my umbrella' is not caught up in any circular trajectory [the illusion of time in CA -- John]. It knows of no proper itinerary [of the "proper" -- John] which would lead from its beginning to its end and back again, nor does its movement admit of any center. Because it is structurally liberated from any living meaning it is always possible that it means nothing or that it has no decidable meaning. There is no play to its parodying play with meaning, grafted here and there, beyond any contextual body or finite code. It is quite possible that the published piece, precisely because it is readable as a piece of writing, should remain forever secret. But not because it withholds some secret [that would be, in *Glas*, Hegel -- John] Its secret is rather the possibility that indeed it might have no secret, that it might only be pretending to be simulating some hidden truth within its folds. [The threat of all "remain(s)" -- John] Its limit is not only stipulated by its structure but is in fact intimately confused with it. The hermeneut cannot but be provoked and disconcerted by its [*unheimliche* -- John] play."

But Derrida is careful not to suggest a denial of interpretation or reading, not a(nother) negative theology:

"One must not conclude, however, along with the aestheticizing and obscurantist *hermeneuein*, that any knowledge of whatever *that* means should be abandoned. On the contrary, if the structural limit and the remainder of the simulacrum which has been left in writing are going to be taken into account, the process of decoding, because this limit is not of the sort that circumscribes a certain knowledge even as it proclaims a beyond, must be carried to the furthest lengths possible. To where the limit runs through and divides a scientific work, whose very condition, this limit, thus opens it up to itself."

The possibility that to read is to read the question of the limit is the risk(y proposition) run when *Spurs* reads the fragment for what it means (to say). But this too is made uncanny by the possibility of a parodying graft, the irony of Nietzsche's texts (on women, for instance) and their hearing, their being-heard by, among others, one that signs already (*de*,

ja) J.D.

The *dèjà* falls in *Glas*, as the reversed and incomplete signature, in an oblique angle (of a "between"):

"The thing is oblique. It forms an angle, already, with the ground."

Like Genet's always already incomplete name of his mother, his matronymic destiny, Derrida already signs with the reversal of letters and the affirmation "of yes," of a *sí* that marks a limit (the mark of *el mar*) that repeats compulsively (on a stage, in a theater) and leaves (silent, not even needing to appear) the remains:

"What I had dreaded, naturally, reproduces itself. *Dèjà*. Already. The same stage. The same stadium. Today, here, now, abandoned, me, on the endless esplanade, the debris of"

de qué?

Of what?

de re-marque(z)?

Or (falling (to the tomb))

of the announcement that comes at the end, tolling the death of a scene,

("It's like the movies," says Santiago Nasar of "church pomp," of funeral rites [*pompe funebres*])

the *glas* that calls the machine (to stop its running) and the performance (to stop its acting),

the *glas* that marks the between of the operations, the break between (fragments of a) drama "being shot":

"Cut"

How does a war "end" (for the Family)?

"If there were only war, the community's natural being-there would be destroyed, and by its own proper human law, by the very principle of universality. So family, the community's natural being-there, must also resist war and oppose to war its 'force of self-preservation.' It *must* resist what it *must* do. *Must* two times: two forces of law stand up one in the other, and against the other. The community can live only on their dialectical opposition. The absolute triumph of one or the other would return the community to nothingness. So each law is a law of death."(*Glas*, 147a)

As *Glas* reads Hegel's *Phenomenology* on the extent to which the war must and must not end for the Family, it also re-situates the undecidability posed by this opposition into the cut in CA that re-cites the "end" of a war, the possibility of its ending -- for the State, the Family, and Colonel Aureliano Buendía. War, it seems, plays its own game of *fort/da* with the Family (hi)story, on its march towards the ethical "health" of *Sittlichkeit* ("health," its possibility, the possibility of the restoration of health being precisely what the weaving movement of *fort/da* places in question for whatever we might still call, after *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, after "To Speculate -- On 'Freud,'" "the speculative enterprise"). War continues even as it ends, in what *Glas* repeatedly describes as the Hegelian movement *par excellence*: "intermittence -- [a] jerking rhythm," "while touching, tampering with the borders."(*Glas* 147a, 5ai) The formal "end" of the war unfolds in CA, as we shall see, within a chiasmatic pattern of reversal and displacement of the subject (of the son) towards and away from the extremes of absolute power and the absence of power, even within the Family structure. And the fate of a rhetorical tele-war is also, it turns out, tied closely, even finally, to the fate of the *seing*, the future of the "author" as proper name, and the (im)possibility of his name being grafted (almost, yet again) onto the Family tree. But this

undecidable fate (between the Family, the *seing*, and the war), this destiny (mis)read in a series of card-readings to come, cannot begin to perform (its "self") until the force of both "*musts*," the aporia of the necessity of war('s impossibility) is re-cited (first to the *seing*) as an emptying out of reference and signification, as the "perception" (at this time) of the war's disintegration as a "law of death." A "loss of meaning" and a problematization of "identity" over the post will mark the beginning of the end of the war -- an end that Hegel already writes "must come about only *from time to time*." (*Glas*, 147a)

This "time," the first sign of emptiness is read in and by the *seing*. Within the development of a tele-relationship -- a postal-marriage to the one that in another reading (from another subject position) he has been told he would have wished to marry -- the war's fate, its "fading," begins gradually to be marked. This tele-(hi)story, it seems, is originally Hegelian. Colonel Gerineldo Márquez, in his twice-weekly "exchanges" with Colonel Aureliano Buendía, is engaged in an ordered and contractual relationship.

"At first, those exchanges would determine the outcome of a flesh-and-blood war, the perfectly defined outlines of which told them at any moment the exact spot where it was and the prediction of its future direction." (CA, 165)

And, as important as the "content" of the messages might be to defining the war's boundaries and limits; the post's ability to mark a signature-effect, its ability to sign for the displaced subject is also relied upon for the maintenance of the relationship: "Colonel Aureliano Buendía still had at that time the familiar tone that made it possible to identify him at the other end of the wire." (CA, 165) Once again, the *seing* is tied to a Family (or, at least, "famil(iar)") tone. The success of the call, the completion of an "exchange" depends on the dissemination of a Family (familiar) name into "drifting" comments "of a domestic nature" (around the home and its "economy").⁴⁷ Indeed, economic exchange will (soon) come to mark the "end" of the war; but not until its outlines, its ability to refer and identify have begun to be de-constructed. For the reliability of the familiar tone is conditioned by the sentence's opening, its "at first." The fate of the subject, at the "other end" of the line,

turns out to be one of dissemination as the Colonel, within the Hegelian rhythm of little jolts, is displaced into a *Glas*-logic of "more and more uncertain(ty)" that (always, only) threatens to lose all meaning and to make exchange impossible (and, at the same time, continue to insist on it as a necessary condition for reading and writing):

"Little by little, however, and as the war became more intense and widespread, his image was fading away into a universe of unreality. The characteristics of his speech were more and more uncertain and they came together and combined to form words that were gradually losing all meaning."(CA, 166)

Colonel Márquez can no longer reply (to a displaced subject):

"Colonel Gerineldo Márquez limited himself then to just listening, burdened by the impression that he was in telegraphic contact with a stranger from another world."(CA, 166)

Glas predicts the result when there is no identifiable remain(s) at the other end of the wire, when the *seing* is split from its (intended) filial connection:

"Perhaps the case (*Fall*) of the *seing*.

If *Fall* marks the case, the fall, decadence, failure or fissure, *Falle* equals trap, snare, springe, the machine that grabs you by the neck.

The *seing* falls (to the tomb(stone)).

The remain(s) is indescribable, or almost so: not by virtue of an empiric approximation, but rigorously undecidable.

Between the words..."(*Glas*, 2-3b)

And, in fact, the *seing* is written out of "contact" with the war; it becomes (only) "a remote point of reference."(CA, 166) Colonel Márquez seeks the "refuge" of a sewing room, a machine and a woman that sews, and his attention is drawn, silently, to the operation of Amaranta's machine -- a machine, linked by name and (hi)story to jealousy.(CA, 166) *Glas* has reminded me already, and will again, that "absolute knowledge, like the '*jalousie*,' is only a piece of the machinery, a running-effect"(*Glas*, 225bi), and as the *seing* pursues an (absolute) knowledge that would (finally) fulfill its desire in the face of war's emptiness, Colonel Márquez is inevitably written into (the impossibility of) a jealous history of fatal deferral. Nevertheless, he attempts, once again, to sign his own *seing* into the family name; an attempt that begins with the odor of flowers (lavender), the unbinding of the wound, and with the gift of a book:

"On the following day, however, he came back to the house shaved and clean, with his mustache perfumed with lavender water and without the bloody sling. He brought her a prayerbook bound in mother of pearl."(CA, 166)

But this act -- written, as it is, within many of the most obsessive motifs in *Glas* including "flower," "binding," "wound," "gift," and "book" -- is also already inscribed within the Hegelian double-logic of the Family (at war's end), and is read as such by the addressee:

"How strange men are,' she said, because she could not think of anything else to say. 'They spend their lives fighting against priests and then give prayerbooks as gifts.'"(CA, 166)

Still, the machinery of a *fort/da*, a withdrawing and returning, a venturing out (into speculation) and returning (to the refuge of assurance, or, at least, its vocabularies and methodologies) continues to operate within the (cut) body of the narrative as it, like an "other" text (of the Family) -- one that has already been read (by Derrida) for such movements -- seems to move towards autobiography, the writing of (the institution of) the author's family.⁴⁸ The name Márquez comes to dominate these marks, as the Colonel pursues the (other) Family name, and the *seing* seems finally to be given his "rightful" place(s) -- first as the operator of a sewing machine (as a *glas*-writer), and then as invested with "authority"(CA, 167) -- as the signature-effect of the author. Colonel Márquez is even possessed of a reserve of rhetoric, or a rhetoric "without reserve," as the text "chooses" a metaphor which would bind together the discourses of Hegelianism and warfare: "He summoned up his reserves of persuasion...." But, the graft is impossible; the *seing* remains detached, departed from the Family and left incomplete by a rhetoric marked with the excess of time:

"But he could not succeed in convincing her. [...]"

'Let's forget about each other forever,' she told him. 'We're too old for this sort of thing now.'"(CA, 167)

The *seing*'s destiny of forgetting, of being forgotten within the Family as narrative, is interrupted, however, by another call, another message sent over the telegraph; and the failure of the wire to carry or receive more than words, its inability to account for the

excess of language, leaves the exchange open to too many interpretations (of "pitilessness" and "aggression") to make any reassurance (such as "it's natural") effective.(CA, 168) The letters tapped out over the wires (*files*) also hide the difference in the son (*files*), the changes that mark him when he then returns to the Family home, when the war "pulls him back" to a home in which he is already marked, (and will soon mark himself) as an out-sider.

He arrives, so changed that even Úrsula is "surprised," during what CA describes as "the most critical moment of the war." (CA, 168) This use of "critical," apparently to mean (to say) "important," also proves to mark the moment of the war in which mediation has begun to deploy its power (of a restricting economy, of a "critique") in order to draw all the forces of opposition into an undemarcated synthesis that stops writing, (over and at the borders), contains excess (in the name of the (name of) "proper(ty)"), and forces Colonel Aureliano Buendía to fight without the rights that would be granted an author:

"It was perhaps the most critical moment of the war. The Liberal landowners, who had supported the revolution in the beginning, had made secret alliances with the Conservative landowners in order to stop the revision of property titles. The politicians who had supplied funds for the war from exile had publicly repudiated the drastic aims of Colonel Aureliano Buendía, but even that withdrawal of authorization did not seem to bother him. He had not returned to reading his poetry, which filled more than five volumes and lay forgotten at the bottom of his trunk." (CA, 168-69)

His writing, the "volumes" of "forgotten" poetry, remain to be burned (as a gift, as *Glas*' gift of holocaustic fire, of the Hegelian "pure" *cadeau*, as the gift that is also a chain (see *Glas*, 242-45a, the same pages onto which, Derrida suggests, the seminar on "Freud" should be tattooed as an "incision" (*Post Card*, 259, n.2)), and his fate of making and unmaking (chains) awaits him in an alchemist's room that he has not yet opened. There is (*es gibt*) not yet "time," although he already knows that he is "condemned to uncertainty forever." (CA, 169)⁴⁹ But the narrative cuts back (in time) and marks another "at first."

As he rises, in Hegelian fashion, up into "the abyss of greatness," as he adopts the absolute reversal of absolute authority and keeps, "by his right hand" (like the Father), an imperial image, he separates himself from his beginnings and his home. Literally. He

spaces himself (with a wink to another scene-maker of politics and staging) within a chalk circle and forbids anyone (including (the text insists on announcing) the mother) "to come closer to him than ten feet." (CA, 169) But even during this time of political absolutism, the distinction between human and divine law, between Hegel's laws of the day and the night is maintained, as the widow of the man he executed reminds him:

"'You can't come in, colonel,' she told him. 'You may be in command of your war, but I'm in command of my house.'" (CA, 169)

But here the human law of war (by and) with the State reestablishes itself (partially) across the borders of the home, as the Colonel is able to have his "bodyguard" sack the widow's house and reduce it "to ashes." (CA, 169) This crossing of the boundaries of the Law (in both juridical and Hegelian terms) marks the beginning of Colonel Aureliano Buendía's inability to tolerate the dialectical relationship between the systems in opposition, and, therefore, it will also mark the beginning of the "end" for his career as a warrior.

But first, the war will have to be re-fought, so that it can be "lost" properly, in a dramatic reversal of the dialectical opposition *parexcellence*, by a commander who must fight more intensely to lose the war than he ever did to win it. How that reversal that would be the first "phase" in a displacement of the son unfolds remains (to be read), but it begins in the "time" of absolute power, a time of political consolidation (through violence and betrayal). As Colonel Aureliano Buendía gathers the "principal rebel commanders," a group whose ideologies range from (a too-common name for) Hegel ("idealists") to (a too-common name for) Genet ("common criminals") and whose authority is marked most powerfully by the out-side of a pure other (General Teofilo Vargas, a "full-blooded Indian, untamed, illiterate"), the betrayal of the Last Supper scene (in *Glas*) is enacted with the raising of a finger and the suggestion that the out-sider-in-authority be killed. (CA, 70) Hegel reads the Last Supper scene (in *The Spirit of Christianity*) as a consumption (a love) without remains, as a pure interiorization (*Glas*, 71a) so long as its material remains remain on the level of the religious object(s). Once the remains enter the body, once the food and

wine are once again subjective, they are no longer divine, no longer Christian (they are compared, then, to Greek statuary, *Glas* would remind me for its own "reasons," to "stone become dust"). The sacred stands in the space of a between, within a moment of affirmation (of sacrifice) and betrayal (for *Glas*' reading of Freud's reading of the same scene (in *Totem and Taboo*) see 32-33ai, since Freud seems to appear everywhere in this cut). For Hegel (as for Freud) the scene marks the loss (of Christ) as well as the *gaine* (the reversible sheath of salvation in death, in execution to be precise), but only if the remains are desacrilized, if our attention is drawn away from them and to the between:

"Consum(mat)ed without remain(s), the mystical object becomes subjective again but ceases thereby even to be the object of religious adoration. Once inside, the bread and the wine are undoubtedly subjectivized, but they immediately become bread and wine again, food that is digested, naturalized again; they lose their divine quality. They would lose it as well, it is true, in not being digested. Their divinity stands, very precariously, between swallowing and vomiting; and it is neither solid nor liquid, neither outside nor in."(*Glas*, 71a)

In CA, attention is drawn to the remains produced by the scene of betrayal, even within its mystical excess of knowledge and anticipation; attention is drawn to the bits that result in the elevation of Colonel Buendía to the "main command":

"Colonel Aureliano Buendía was not alarmed by the coldness of the proposition [to kill Vargas] but by the way in which, by a fraction of a second, it had anticipated his own thoughts.

'Don't expect me to give an order like that,' he said.

He did not have to give it, as a matter of fact. But two weeks later General Teofilo Vargas was cut to bits by machetes in an ambush and Colonel Aureliano Buendía assumed the main command."(CA, 170)

It would be easy to read an entire history of colonialism, politics, and displacement of responsibility into the murder of the Indian General, but it would mean drawing lines that the text refuses to draw, as the complicity (of the Indians, the rebels, the conservatives, all with each other) is continually re-written. What interests me here however is the effect of the remain(s) as they insist on writing themselves (as "bits") into what should have been an heroic "rise to power." For Colonel Aureliano Buendía, the effect is of a "breaking apart" (CA, 170), even amidst the reversal of his own (hi)story of excessive knowledge, wherein his orders "were being carried out even before they were given"; and of a loss of

"direction."(CA, 171) "Solitude," it turns out, is an undecidable formulation of dissemination within subjectivity: "He felt scattered about, multiplied, and more solitary than ever"(CA, 171); it is an effect of (the) remain(s). It remains to be seen whether solitude is always written in these problematic, even duplicitous terms, what Derrida has elsewhere called "the logic of duplicity without origin."(*Positions*, 45) But here, already, "solitude" seems written within a fold of undecidability (wherein the solitary, as the effect of remain(s), is defined as the multiple) that would make an exhaustive formulation of the term (in the critical sense) impossible as, in the case of "hymen," supplement," differance," etc.,

"it is a question of remarking a nerve, a fold, an angle that interrupts totalization: in a certain place, a place of well-determined form, no series of semantic valences can any longer be closed or reassembled. Not that it opens onto an inexhaustible wealth of meaning or the transcendence of a semantic excess. By means of this angle, this fold, this doubled fold of an undecidable, a mark marks both the marked and the mark, the re-marked site of the mark. The writing which, at this moment, re-marks itself (something completely other than a representation of itself) can no longer be counted on the list of themes (it is not a theme, can in no case become one); it must be subtracted from (hollow) and added to (relief) the list." (*Positions*, 46)

Solitude will not be a theme, as a re-mark (*re-marque*), but that which marks the undecidability (of the writing) of the future (of the narrative), the singularity of the multiple and the multiplicity of the singular as a destiny (of the son and of the Family) in CA. "Solitude" will, therefore, name the re-mark(ing) of the "between" of *Glas* (and *What Remains*).

For the son, the lawyers (the hermeneuts of his nightmares) arrive and enter the house just as he is growing weary (of "the uncertainty") of the war and the demands of those outside the borders (of his chalk circle).(CA, 171) The mediation that will eventually demand a reversal (in the war) begins with another Biblical scene. Amidst the bound ghost of the Father (as inventor), the "specter of the pianola shrouded in a white sheet," Colonel Aureliano Buendía is asked to renounce three times. The Hegelian number becomes (also) the Biblical number within a scene of renunciation of the proper name (the writing of the proper(ty)), the fight against the absolute influence of the Church, and the possibility of the

graft (within the concept of the home).(CA, 172) The law demands a keeping-in, a renunciation that would re-draw limits that could clearly function to stop dissemination at all borders, whether they would mark limits in land, in faith, in the name, or in the Family home. In each case, the renunciation marks a resistance point, a desire, by the law(yers) to keep excess out, to keep uncertainty (of boundaries, Church authority, and filial lineage) out of the system. The war has written itself and Colonel Buendía into a double bind, he will be allowed to go on fighting if he renounces what he is fighting for. But the remain(s) of this equation, the reason (for fighting) that remains, problematizes the Colonel's reaction when the double-bind is spelled out to him by an adviser (after a delegate suggests that the intent of the renunciations is to broaden public support for the war):

"It's a contradiction,' he said. 'If these changes are good, it means that the Conservative regime is good. If we succeed in broadening the popular base of the war with them, as you people say, it means that the regime has a popular base. It means, in short, that for almost twenty years we've been fighting against the sentiments of the nation.'

He was going to go on, but Colonel Aureliano Buendía stopped him with a signal. 'Don't waste your time, doctor,' he said. 'The important thing is that from now on we'll be fighting only for power.' Still smiling, he took the documents the delegates gave him and made ready to sign them."(CA, 172-73)

The signature, however, is deferred by the *seing*, by a Márquez who reads this signature as a "betrayal" and is "relieved" from duty.(CA, 173) The fate of the *seing* is marked within a signing that would "write the text's (the rebellion's) *potence*," its "power" and its "gallows" or executions. *Glas* has already (doubly) reminded me (104a, 199b) of this double-edged desire that makes the definition of "betrayal" a problem to be raised as the "interests" of the rebellion become less and less clear, to the point (in the near future) where they will be marked by the advantages of defeat. But here, now, the papers *are* signed, and the fate of the *seing*, the future of the (author's) family remains.

The mother, marked by mourning, though she is not the mother of the condemned('s family), engages in the "between" of an exchange (with the son) within a Hegelian time: "Encased in black, invested with a rare solemnity, she stood during the three minutes of the interview."(CA, 173) She has come to plead for the life of a would-be

graft, a *seing* she had attempted repeatedly to graft onto the Family tree, and amidst her threats to kill the son, she returns desperately to a Family (hi)story, to the ruse origin of the Family as prophecy (now fulfilled): "It's the same as if you'd been born with the tail of a pig." (CA, 174) The execution, like the (impossible) graft and the prophecy, will, of course, be deferred.

Still, as Colonel Aureliano Buendía faces the decision (of execution, of the fate of the *seing* in/as a signature) the figure of "solitude" is again re-written, this time within the space of another rhetorical object that Derrida has already theorized as an undecidable (within a specific, psychoanalytic context): the shell (and the Colonel): "Colonel Aureliano Buendía scratched for many hours trying to break the hard shell of his solitude." (CA, 174) In his writing on Nicolas Abraham's text "The Shell and the Kernel," Derrida has elsewhere theorized the figure of the shell as one that marks a "between." ("Me-Psychoanalysis," 4) In Derrida's reading of Abraham, the figure becomes the re-marking of an undecidable relationship that makes possible a new theory of psychoanalytic translation:

"This strange figureless figure, the shell-and-the-kernel, has just taken its place, claimed its title: it is double and doubly analogical. 1. The 'comparison': between the *corpus juris*, the discourse, the theoretical apparatus, the law of the concept, etc., in short between the rationalized *Dictionary* on the one hand and the Ego of psychoanalysis on the other. 2. The 'image': the Ego -- of which psychoanalysis speaks -- appears to fight on two fronts, assuring a double internal and external protection; it resembles a *shell*. At least a third title must be added, one hidden like a kernel under the shell of the last image (and already this strange figure opens onto its 'own' abyss, since it behaves in relation to itself like a shell sheltering, protecting, encrypting something like its own kernel, which is another figure of the shell and the kernel which itself...etc.): the 'cerebral cortex' or ectoderm evoked by Freud was already an 'image' borrowed from the register of the 'natural,' picked like a fruit.

But it is not only because of this characteristic *mise en abyme* that the 'shell-and-the-kernel' very quickly exceeds every limitation and measures itself against every possible risk, covers the totality of the field one might say, if this last figure did not imply a theory of surface and totality which, as we shall see, loses all pertinence here.[...]

The inaccessability of an unrepresentable kernel (escaping the laws of presence itself), untouchable and unsignifiable, not susceptible to being signified except symbolically and anasemically, that is itself the unrepresentable premise of this peculiar theory of translation." ("Me-Psychoanalysis," 9-10)

It is the undecidability of the between of the shell ("of solitude") that makes the kernel

(Colonel) "unpresentable" and "untouchable." The shell (and the Colonel), as a rhetorical figure of solitude, rewrites the destiny of the son (and, later, the Family name) into a logic of the singular multiplicity of memory and repetition. For, as the Colonel scratches at his shell, the narrative returns to its opening (*glace*-scene) and links the memory of ice with the repetition of making and unmaking the chain (as gift).(CA, 174) Repetition and memory, of course, will play feature roles in Abraham's re-writing of Freud as a theory of psychoanalytic translation, just as they play feature roles in the translations so often undertaken from one text to the other within the works of Freud (and CA). But the translation (of "principles" and "instincts," or "drives" and "compulsions," for instance) within the Freudian signature remains another (important) story (to tell).⁵⁰

The story of the narrative returns to the war and the fate of the *seing*, to the (hi)story of the deferral of an execution and the reversal of the logic of dialectics. Colonel Aureliano Buendía decides the only strategy remaining is to end the war by losing it, a reversal that re-produces another reversal as the extremes of absolute power and violence turn against themselves in a rhetoric of re-written value-terms (such as "greater" and "liberation"), and a(n) (as)signature of fate allows for a peculiarly *glasic* "victory." To appreciate the re-writing of this rhetoric (of the between of a quasi-reversal) in which the text engages, it is perhaps best to cite at length:

"[Colonel Aureliano Buendía] did not know that it was easier to start a war than to end one. It took him almost a year of fierce and bloody effort to force the government to propose conditions of peace favorable to the rebels and another year to convince his own partisans of the convenience of accepting them. He went to inconceivable extremes of cruelty to put down the rebellion of his own officers, who resisted and called for victory, and he finally relied on enemy forces to make them submit.

He was never a greater soldier than at that time. The certainty that he was finally fighting for his own liberation and not for abstract ideals, for slogans that politicians could twist left and right according to the circumstances, filled him with an ardent enthusiasm. Colonel Gerineldo Márquez, who fought for defeat with as much conviction and loyalty as he had previously fought for victory reproached him for his useless temerity. 'Don't worry,' he would say, smiling. 'Dying is much more difficult than one imagines.' In his case it was true. The certainty that his day was assigned gave him a mysterious immunity, an immortality for a fixed period that made him invulnerable to the risks of war and in the end permitted him to win a defeat that as much more difficult, much more bloody and costly than victory."(CA, 174-75)

But the war cannot end without a signature and mediation, without (the appearance) of the Hegelian *Aufhebung*. Even as it reverses its entire dialectic (and the sets of value assumptions of both a political and rhetorical nature that accompany it), it continues to function as that which marks the separation of the Family and the State. Although Colonel Aureliano Buendía "ends" the war by making it a supplement of itself, by turning it inside out according to the *gaine*-logic of *Glas*, it still carries the violent binarism, the "certain form" of war:

"so the argument of the sheath, the *gaine*, envelops everything that, like a glove or a flower, turns in every sense and every direction, over, inside out, upside down, without losing a certain form."(*Glas*, 229bi)

As he awaits the mediation, the demand for a signature that relieves the struggle of the opposition, Colonel Aureliano Buendía returns (again) home (the scene of another *da*). His power is necessarily re-written within the other-logic of the Family. The link and the re-writing, *Glas* reminds me, as if it were aware of the pun, marks the irreducibility of the Colonel ("kernel") within both economies:

"The individual who engages in war is an individual-family. The essence of consciousness cannot be understood without passing through the family '*Potenz*.' A phenomenology of spirit, that is, according to the subtitle, an "Experience of Consciousness," cannot be described without recognizing in it the onto-economic labor of the family. There is no pure consciousness, no transcendental ego into which the family kernel might be reduced."(*Glas*, 135a)

CA's family Colonel is a stranger in his own house as the children of the home know of him only as text, as "the mythical warrior who had placed a distance of ten feet between himself and the rest of humanity."(CA, 175) Although the Family suspects, "at the time of the armistice," that he might return, be re-grafted onto the family tree, be "a man in the house again," Amaranta begins to suspect that such a return, in any complete terms, is impossible. Using the binding of the fetish as a mark of identification, as a signature ("Its Amaranta,' she said good-humoredly, happy at his return, and she showed him the hand with the black bandage. 'Look.'"), she can only prompt a re-marking of the ("awful") passing of time from Aureliano. In a(nother) reversal of his earlier arrival (this time

without military escort), Aureliano fails to notice the transformation of the house (of his memory) into remains.

"He did not notice the minute, tearing destruction that time had wreaked on the house and that, after such a prolonged absence, would have looked like a disaster to any man who had kept his memories alive."(CA, 176)

The house is fraying at the edges, "in the corners," "on the begonias," "on the hinges," at the place(s) of its folds, its borders. The war has torn at the fabric of the home, ripping it as it has the fabric of the Family, with a *Glas*-like tearing that threatens to leave only remains. The Family has also been inscribed with a chiasmatic double-logic that will later come to turn it against itself as the second generation of Buendía children take over the narrative. Here, now, however, the filial doubling over supper (only) takes the form a trick of reflection, a *glace*-like mirroring "between" twins.(CA, 177)

Colonel Aureliano Buendía returns to this house marked by a "misery" that only his mother is able to succeed "in penetrating."(CA, 177) The metaphor proves to be an important one. The face of his mother, its remains, its disintegration breaks the consciousness of the son within the memory of an excess knowledge and its own breaking into (spilled) remains:

"He compared her with the oldest memory that he had of her, the afternoon when he had the premonition that a pot of boiling soup was going to fall off the table, and he found her broken to pieces."(CA, 177)

Gradually, memory and metaphor write themselves into each other amidst the fragments of the remains (of a misery penetrated by the deterioration of the mother). Earlier, her smell had remained "on his skin" and her thoughts had "interfered with his" within a sort of ontological or onto-empiric incest that had given him "a confused sense of shame," but that, along with all his memories of dissemination (the "countless women" who had "spread his seed"), has been "wiped out," erased, by the war, leaving "no trace in his feelings."(CA, 178) The only remains, the only trace that remains is (the trace of) a "between" -- the complicity he had shared with his brother. A (filial) between marks the trace of an erasure in CA as it so often does in *Glas*. Without memory, or with only its

trace to haunt him, Aureliano sets out to erase "all trace of his passage through the world." (CA, 178) He tries once again, this time within the Family and the Home, to remove what remains, he tries to erase his own signature, like a certain "Hegel": "Its/His {Sa} signature, as thought of the remain(s), will envelop this corpus, but no doubt will not be contained therein." (*Glas*, 1a)

But a remains manages to interrupt this erasure, a relic preserved as a monument by the mother. In a moment of complicity between CA and *Glas*, Aureliano's attempt to erase his own signature "without a trace," is unable to remove its "own" monumentalization, its remainders as a Family monument to the dead, to the crypt of the other (as wife). The image, as relic and as monument prevents erasure as it is re-written as Family proper(ty) (by the mother), within the proper name of the Family (over time):

"The only time she dissuaded him was when he was about to destroy the daguerrotype of Remedios that was kept in the parlor lighted by an eternal lamp. 'That stopped belonging to you a long time ago,' she told him. 'It's a family relic.'" (CA, 178)

Glas announces its own jealousy at the ability of the mother to penetrate the shell of the son and the disseminative excess of Family logic, and here it seems to mark its jealousy of Úrsula as well as Gabrie(le): "I begin to be jealous of his mother who could, to infinity, change phallus without details dividing herself." (*Glas*, 261b) Úrsula is able to re-write the Family (divine) Law in a more disseminative way than Aureliano was able to re-write its opposite, just as Gabriel(le) is able to do the same in a way that seems impossible for Hegel. The question as to whether this argues for a particular gender difference, for a desire for transvestitism on the part of a frustrated male (philosopher/author), for the necessity of a certain "textual perversion" will return. For now, as Aureliano finally gives his poetry to the flames, finally re-signs the texts to the holocaustic fires of the "pure *cadeau*" in a final attempt at total erasure, the totality is exceeded by the repetition of a reading (of the cards). Pilar Ternera, reading Aureliano's fate (again) repeats a reading offered earlier without explanation that proved to mark the excess of poison: "Watch out for your mouth." (CA, 179)

As the armistice approaches, and Aureliano has had the doctor mark a target in iodine on his chest (the mark of the heart, of the *sein*), Úrsula reminds him that he was once marked by (an) openness: "Everybody was amazed at your open eyes." (CA, 179) That openness, a "trap of nostalgia" in which the Colonel is lost for a moment, is marked by a final gesture as he heads out to sign away the war: the taking (from the mother) of his father's hat. (CA, 180) And Úrsula re-inscribes herself into the son by way of an act, a promise-to-be-made, as he prepares to give up the campaign that had for so long removed him (from her and the Family): "promise me that if you find that it's a bad hour for you there that you'll think of your mother." (CA, 180) As he leaves, she re-closes the house, bars the door, uttering a prophecy of remains and searching in vain, "in the most hidden corners," for the memory of her son. (CA, 180) When he returns, he too will be plagued by a loss of memory as the text continues its compulsive repetitions. But, first, a treaty must be signed.

Colonel Aureliano Buendía has arranged that there be no *glas*, no "pealing bells," for the end of the war. (A) (hi)story does not tell me whether General Rafael Uribe Uribe did the same when he signed the Treaty of Neerlandia on October 24, 1902, under a giant almond tree on a small banana plantation of Dutch ownership. (Minta, 18) In CA, the tree has become a "gigantic cieba," a silk-cotton tree, a tree of weaving and text that marks a signing between the Family and the State. Neerlandia remains (as a proper name to be announced later, upon its "founding"), but the image (there is still a photograph of the signing of the treaty in the Colombian archives) is smashed to bits. Colonel Aureliano Buendía's presence is erased by the smashing of plates (engraved, one might say, with his *seing*), and, at the same time, not erased in the (hi)story of the narrative. Even the time of signing is marked by a silence that makes the act excessively and literally "sensible": "in the midst of a silence that was so pure that one could have deciphered the signatures from the scratching of the pen on the paper..." (CA, 181) But the signing, of course, is interrupted by another (hi)story, another text.

A rebel colonel is sent out from (the spool of) another text, an earlier and yet later "time," sent out from his ("own") story into (t)(hi)story. A colonel bringing gold (*or*), bringing the "or" of the between of two "different" texts, and receiving a signature (that will later come to (or already has) mark(ed) him, as an identity-in-history, in his own story of postal deferral) arrives into his own past. The scene that marks (almost) an origin for another postal scene ("No-one Writes to the Colonel") is played out from another perspective, in the past-present (in CA) of another text's past, though the colonel is already marked by "patience." (CA, 181) The grafting of another piece of text, of (hi)story, into the formality of the signing ceremony writes an excess (of *or*) into the order of proper procedure, writes the "or" of Genet's textuality (and sexuality) into the syllogistic progress of Hegel's systems (the *genêt* is as "yellow as gold or betrayal"). (*Glas*, 42b) The gold (*or*), CA tells me, is "beyond all control." (CA, 182) In the wake of a powerful silence, another tale, from an earlier "time" (published in Spanish in 1961, 1968 in English) has arrived with excess to undertake an exchange:

"As always, the burst of the tale had resounded in advance; within itself; within itself, hence as close to silence, in the citation of self or other, as snow grazing a sensitive golden bell." (*Glas*, 61)

But the gold also rings the *glas* of the war's economy, its economic exchange, and the colonel from another (hi)story awaits the signature of the receipt, the *seing* that will, later in his life, in an earlier text, become a relic that will remain unable to fulfill a postal lineage, a promise to be re-cited in CA before the cut is closed. His letter, the letter promised by the receipt (and the status with which it would name him), will never arrive. But CA's signing occurs too early for this destiny, "outside" the other text, wherein it will be (or had already been) transposed into the "claim" of a personal (hi)story; and the colonel takes away the paper signed by Colonel Aureliano Buendía ("in his own hand") and is pulled back to his "own" text, into the shell of his own "history" (as "future") of waiting (for the letter).

Colonel Aureliano Buendía, on the other hand, plays yet another game of *fort/da*, this time with his own life. Aiming at the *sein*, the mark made by a doctor, he shoots at the

same moment that his excessive epistemology plays its own game of "returns" sending a (misread) message back to the mother; and her account of his "death" foretold (by worms) to the spirit of the Father remains undecidably-written between the lies she once told him and her own interpretation of an impure galactics:

"At that moment in Macondo, Úrsula took the cover off the pot of milk on the stove, wondering why it was taking so long to boil, and found it full of worms.

"They've killed Aureliano," she exclaimed.

She looked toward the courtyard, obeying a habit of her solitude, and then she saw José Arcadio Buendía, soaking wet and sad in the rain and much older than when he had died. 'They shot him in the back,' Úrsula said more precisely, 'and no one was charitable enough to close his eyes.'"(CA, 182)

Whether the exchange of knowledge in signs is misread (according to *Glas*' inevitable logic of chance) or the reading she re-cites is another lie to her husband is never decided in CA (or in Genet's "What Remains of a Rembrandt..."), as the reading is interrupted when Aureliano returns home, his life having been returned to him (marking a *da* that marks a *da*), carried in the binding of his present-future and marked by the openness (of his eyes) of the past.(CA, 183) He has been saved by a ruse that marked a space "between." The doctor's "masterpiece" consisted in finding the fold, the space of a pure between, through which the bullet could pass without killing the object, the critical body -- producing a violence (of reading) without death, a tearing along the spaces between organs, a *Glas*. And Aureliano regrets his own lack of irony, his not having chosen to "mock the prediction" of the cards by shooting himself in the mouth -- simple irony, the irony that ridicules (reading), would, it seems, have killed the body.(CA, 183)

Still, the cut is not closed, the reversals of the speculative path (of the *fort/da* of *Beyond...*, between the Pleasure Principle and the Death Instinct) continue as Aureliano's prestige returns in light of his failure as a suicide and against a rumor that threatened to re-write his (hi)story:

"The failure of his death brought back his lost prestige in a few hours. The same people who invented the story that he sold the war for a room with walls made of gold bricks defined the attempt at suicide as an act of honor and proclaimed him a martyr."(CA, 183)

And the reversals multiply when, in response to a rejection (of (an) "Order"), he is affirmed even by his enemies as a hero and he is pushed to return (again) to war:

"Then, when he rejected the Order of Merit awarded him by the president of the republic, even his most bitter enemies filed through the room asking him to withdraw recognition of the armistice and to start a new war."(CA, 183)

But the *seing* cannot be withdrawn, not even as "recognition" and in spite of the (hi)stories written by those who (re)define; not even in the face of the broken promise, the deferral of (postal) pensions, the future of the text's colonel from outside (the text), a future predicted (read) by Colonel Aureliano Buendía: "They'll die of old age waiting for the mail to come."(CA, 184) He denounces the "violation" in a telegram, apparently returning to the tele-war of old; but this time the State will not wage a rhetorical war. Its response is to surround him with guards and prohibit "all types of visits," keeping him "in" and others "out" and reinforcing the solidity of the barrier between inside and outside, the barrier the State has been fighting to maintain in so many ways. As a strategy, it gains its effectiveness from its ability to determine a (Hegelian) future for its enemies, a future of either death, exile, or synthesis, each of which, in CA read (to) the same (effect): "his most dedicated conspirators were either dead, exiled, or assimilated forever into public administration."(CA, 184)

Colonel Aureliano Buendía returns. This return home, this final pulling back (toward the Family and toward the mother, the mother that is the interpreted object, after all, of the "original" game in *Beyond...*, a text whose own narrative movements would mirror this cut in CA) moves the narrative of the Family towards another destiny, another generational narrative, this time of the outside, of technology and capitalism and an excess of breeding (and into *Glas'* debate between polygamy and monogamy, as well). But first the home must be restored, its fragments re-sewn, the effects of the tearing of the war rebound and the pieces grafted together -- and the State assimilated, in a small way, into the Family logic of *Sittlichkeit*. The cut ends with (the "time" of a) peace. But which peace, which time? Hegel writes that war can only end from "time to time," and, indeed,

violence, including executions, assassinations, and even massacres, remains to write itself into CA as Family (hi)story. But even Hegel offers two sorts of peace (after, for instance, the Flood, the war with nature) the imposed peace forced on a people through the authority of a State (the Jewish peace of Nimrod, a "warlike, rigid, avenging apotropaic") and Hegel's Greek peace (of Deucalion and Pyrrha, "when, after the flood, they invited men to renew their friendship with the world," when they "concluded a peace of love" by creating a new family of children from stones).(*Glas*, 39a) The third part of this inevitable Hegelian structure, is, of course, the Christian peace (of Christ) to come (the peace as pleroma that surrenders all rights to revenge, as we shall see (*Glas*, 59a)); but here, now, in an "earlier" time, *Glas* reminds me that

"As interpreted by Hegel, the Greek flood has more affinity than the Jew with the spirit of Christianity: reconciliation, love, and the founding of a family. The opposition of Jew and Greek is pursued, precisely regarding the family. The contrast between Abraham on the one hand, Cadmus and Danaus on the other, reproduces in its signification the contrast between Noah and Nimrod on the one hand, Deucalion and Pyrrha on the other."(*Glas*, 40a)

(Between the Greek and the Jew, in a (Joycean) moment of writing, there is (also) John: "John writes in Greek. The Gospel undersigned John is by a Greek Jew."(*Glas*, 75a)) In the between of the question of peace "extremes meet" and the house (of the Family) is re-opened. The question of which peace is possible in CA can only be left to remain (open) as Úrsula decides to re-write her own identity (as mother) by re-building the home: "'Now they're going to see who I am.' [...]" "There won't be a better, more open house in all the world that this madhouse."(*CA*, 184) The house (and the Family) are re-established as the direction of the narrative turns again to the "openness" of the home, to "new flowers," to "opened doors and windows," to "an end to the superimposed periods of mourning," to "the music of the pianola" and "the smell of lavender," and to a "purification" "by time."(*CA*, 185) And the cut plays its final game of *fort/da*, as the house (the mother) sends out for the State and pulls it back (into the) home, grafting it onto a Family logic, in an exchange that, were it not marked immediately and more often in the future (to come) by

death, might appear to be a synthesis and the achievement of an ethical health, a *Sittlichkeit* that would announce *Sa*. However, even this grafting, this final reversal of the military into domestic service and family membership (even unto a *glas*), is an assimilation that inevitably leaves remains:

"One afternoon when she was trying to put the parlor in order, Úrsula asked for the help of the young soldiers who were guarding the house. The young commander of the guard gave them permission. Little by little, Úrsula began assigning them new chores. She invited them to eat, gave them clothing and shoes, and taught them how to read and write. When the government withdrew the guard, one of them continued living in the house and was in her service for many years. On New Year's Day, driven mad by rebuffs from Remedios the Beauty, the young commander of the guard was found dead under her window."(CA, 185)

Remain(s)

"No One Writes to the Colonel" begins with a *glas*.

"The bells began ringing at that moment. The colonel had forgotten the funeral."

The narrative will re-cite the (hi)story of a signature, of a treaty and a receipt, amidst a waiting for the mail. It will be, that is, a postal-*récit*. The scene of the signature, of the *seing* that is played out in CA is re-played in "No One Writes to the Colonel," but it is immediately followed by the dissemination of the signature within the old man's *récit*; it threatens to lose itself (*ala* Kafka or Borges) in the labyrinth of the State(s). The passage begins with the repetition of a "proper" phrase (from CA), the re-citation "in his own hand."

"Those documents have an incalculable value for me,' the colonel said. 'There's a receipt from Colonel Aureliano Buendía, written in his own hand.'

'I agree,' said the lawyer. 'But those documents have passed through thousands and thousands of hands, in thousands and thousands of offices, before they reached God knows which department in the War Ministry.'

'No official could fail to notice documents like those,' the colonel said.

'But the officials have changed many times in the last fifteen years,' the lawyer pointed out. 'Just think about it; there have been seven Presidents, and each President changed his cabinet at least ten times, and each minister changed his staff at least a hundred times.'"

The question of the receipt (and the *récit*) is a question of value, of the value of the *seing*

over time and in the unstable system of political institutionalism. How much is a signature worth? For how long? The colonel insists that the letter that will announce his pension will come, but the credit advanced him by the local businessmen is based on the promise of his prize fighting cock rather than on his (hi)storic receipt. The cock might later be sold, it will clearly win him money, it (as a material product) carries both use and exchange value within the local economy at least, the receipt does not function properly as property. I am, it seems, back where this all started, with the question of the "proper." In an interview in *Positions* that links this question (and Heidegger) to questions of history (and Marx), Derrida also (parenthetically) locates the site of a "start":

"This departure also, and correlatively, intervenes as concerns the value *proper* (propriety, propiety, appropriation, the entire family of *Eigentlichkeit*, *Eigen*, *Ereignis*) which is perhaps the most continuous and most difficult thread of Heidegger's thought. (I will take this occasion to specify, in passing, that I have also explicitly criticized this value of propriety and of original authenticity, and that I even, if it can be put thus, started there.[...])"

"What is (the) proper?"

This has already proved to be a family question. It is also an economic one (recalling the etymology of *oikos*, the return to the home) and a (hi)storic one, asking after the value of the past and the signing of the past (as text), that is, the past(s). As a story, these questions all have a resonance within the "historical" relationship of Marx to Hegel, within a relationship that is clearly more complex than some "histories" might tell. A critique of Idealism, a critique of materialism, and the repetition of a single rhetorical figure, a solid sort of flower, all mark the threads between the "Hegel" that appears in *Glas*, cracking under the pressure of so many simultaneous readings, and the Hegel sewn into and at the same time out of Marx. But I would read this relationship, about which so much has already been written, only at the margins, at its edges, where the sewing of seams is clearly visible, starting with a graft to a graft, an "afterword" sewn on to the "second (German) edition" of *Capital*, a graft that repeats a phrase whose future I have already read, and will read again, and a graft wherein Marx plays the coquette, reveals a ruse and inscribes the possibility of (the problem) of non-seriousness, of play into what has often been written of as a very serious "engagement":

"My dialectical method is not only different from the Hegelian, but is its direct opposite. To Hegel, the life-process of the human brain i.e., the process of thinking, which, under the name of 'the Idea,' he even transforms into an independent subject, is the demiurge of the real world, and the real world is only the external, phenomenal form of 'the Idea.' With me, on the contrary, the ideal is nothing else than the material world reflected by the human mind, and translated into forms of thought."

[So far, a familiar enough "history," even a "dialectical" history of overturning and contradiction (although in "Outwork," Derrida will ask a pointed Hegelian question of this paragraph and its assumption, about its destiny (as a formalism "or even as an idealist criticism indefinitely confined to its own prefaces," as a part of a "classical" debate which both he and I must step away from beginning)). But now the pattern in Marx's rhetoric changes, an element of play (acting) is inscribed into the story.]

"The mystifying side of Hegelian dialectic I criticized nearly thirty years ago, at a time when it was still the fashion. But just as I was working at the first volume of 'Das Kapital,' it was the good pleasure of the peevish, arrogant, mediocre *Epigono*i who now talk large in cultured Germany, to treat Hegel in the same way as the brave Moses

Mendelssohn in Lessing's time treated Spinoza, i.e., as a 'dead dog.' I therefore openly avowed myself the pupil of that mighty thinker, and even here and there, in the chapter on the theory of value, coquetted with the modes of expression peculiar to him. The mystification which dialectic suffers in Hegel's hands, by no means prevents him from being the first to present its general form of working in a comprehensive and conscious manner. With him it is standing on its head. It must be turned right side up again, if you would discover the rational kernel within the mystical shell."

The citation ends with the appearance of a (solitary) figure that has already appeared elsewhere, "above," in an undecidable formulation of a psychoanalysis that would not restore the patient to "health", that would redefine the system's teleology, that would resist the temptation of absolute knowledge. The figure repeats itself here in Marx (Abraham points to its various appearances in Freud). And again, problems arise, the possibility of an undecidability of excess (within metaphoricity) is inscribed into a historic relationship. The shell and the kernel, the separation between mysticism and rationality for Marx reading Hegel, is, of course, read as a more difficult extraction than it would appear when Althusser reads these pages, this graft, in the "Contradiction and Overdetermination" section of his book *For Marx*.

"I think we can now see how the 'mystical shell' contaminates the 'kernel' -- for *the simplicity of the Hegelian contradiction is never more than a reflection of the simplicity of this internal principle of a people*, that is, not its material reality but its most abstract ideology." And later, as he argues -- concerning Hegel's claim that the death of a people can be perceived without an "end," as a "necessary step" -- that it is a "stupefying conception that is only defensible from Spirit's topmost peak": "It must be clear that all these arbitrary decisions (shot through though they are with insights of genius) are not just *miraculously confined* to Hegel's 'world outlook,' to his 'system,' but are reflected *in the structure, in the very structure of his dialectic*, particularly in the 'contradiction' whose task is the magical movement of the concrete contents of a historical epoch towards their ideological Goal."

There can be no simple extraction of the shell from the kernel.

But the history of the figure is more complicated. It starts, in the text that bears Althusser's signature, "outside" the text, at its outermost margin, at its "opening" cut, and in the place of its first incision as well. The citation of the "shell" and the "kernel" appears first as an epigraph, outside the chapter's first page. It is repeated in the section's second paragraph, where the figure is described as

"merely gestural, even metaphorical, and it raises as many questions as it answers."

Merely? Even? What has happened here to the reading of the citation (from Marx)? It has, it seems to me, been "de-valued." Cast into the language of a *récit* (to be lost, perhaps, in a Ministry somewhere). And yet the figure continues, even as "merely a gesture, even a metaphor," to command the attention of the philosopher. First it is written into another graft, a note that tells the story of the figure's translation, including a French translation in which "the kernel and the shell have been spirited away." The figure seems not important enough to retain -- it is, after all, merely a gesture. But two notes later, in another graft, Althusser feels compelled to point us to the figure (of the kernel) in Hegel's *The Philosophy of History* and then, after citing the passage, goes on the re-mark (on) the chiasmic twist the figure undergoes in Hegel's dialectic of history, a twist which nonetheless retains the Idea:

The note reads the citation (from the Introduction, p.30, of the Sibree translation) and re-marks: "A curious variant on the long history of the kernel, the pulp, and the almond. Here the kernel plays the part of a shell containing the almond; the kernel is outside and the almond is inside. The almond (the new principle) finally bursts the old kernel which no longer suits it (it was the kernel of the old almond); it wants a kernel *of its own*: new political and social forms, etc."

It becomes a question of the inside and the outside of the kernel's property. Already Althusser has read the passage in his own text—"proper," the text "above," as posing a problem "in the same sentence." "The shell, the mystical wrapping (speculative philosophy) should be tossed aside and the precious kernel, the dialectic, retained. But in the same sentence Marx claims that this shelling of the kernel and the inversion of the dialectic are one and the same thing. How can an extraction be an inversion? or in other words, what is 'inverted' during this extraction?" His answer, as we have seen, is that contamination is inevitable, that the dialectic cannot be extracted from the dangers of mystical Idealism, that, and this he claims is read already in "the rapidly written lines of the afterword..." the dialectic itself is the mystical kernel and that the "extraction" is actually a (call for) "demystification," for a Marxism that no longer lets "devalued words" work their "magic" in the completion of the Marxist text.

Too many questions remain. Althusser has read this problem as one of "an accumulation of metaphors," a style that "hints at something more than he *says*." But the metaphor (or its effects, are there such things? How? these are the questions) seems to be getting out of hand. Out of its "own hand," to re-cite a properly signatory phrase. The shell and the kernel resist the attempts to read them, hint at more than they say, pose too many problems, even after they are "devalued," "reduced" to gesture and metaphor. And Althusser's reading erases altogether Marx's rhetoric of the ruse seduction, of the play-acting of the coquette. Hegelianism is also a role, a drama enacted (in defiance of the *Epigonoî*) like the scenes played out by the Maids as they take on the language and the manners (in defiance) of their Madame in order to mime a murder, an acting that also gets out of hand.

The question of the *gaine*, in the hand of the glove, returns to write the shell and the kernel from history into sexuality along the doubled lines of the (flower) figure. The figure *plays* in Marx, and its "gesture," its movement mimes a murderous playing in *Glas* as it reads Genet's play and translates the figure (of the shell and the kernel) into its "own" rhetoric of undecidables:

(But first, should I here remind the reader that "own" is "*propre*"? Derrida on (Nicolas) Abraham: "I italicize '*own*' [*propre*'] and leave it between inverted commas: nothing here belongs properly to anything, neither in the sense of the property of ownership (at least a part of the kernel is irreducible to any Ego) nor in the sense of a figure's propriety, in the sense of its literal sense [*sens propre*] (the 'figure' of 'the shell and the kernel,' as soon as it is taken anasemically, functions like no other figure; it figures among the list of those 'new figures, absent from the treatises on rhetoric')." Despite his extended reading of the figure here, Derrida has not (yet) published a reading of the same figure in Marx and Althusser, where it seems to pose similar problems. He has, however, offered a reading of the passage in Marx that preceeds the paragraph of the shell and the kernel -- (a preface to) a (hi)story "between" Hegel and Marx. In "Outwork," on prefaces, Derrida has even cited the words that already appear here (and those that immediately precede them) as being "just before his [Marx's] most famous paragraph on the reversal of Hegelian dialectics" (In a note, Derrida assures us that "what follows these remarks in Marx's text is well-known." It is, of course, the (unread figure of the) shell and the kernel.) Here Derrida reads Marx as

his "Afterword" offers a distinction between "method of presentation" and "method of inquiry" that will also be subject to the disseminative spreading of contamination; just as the distinction between preface and work, the impossibility and yet inevitability of a desire for the totality of the preface, is read into a dissemination that "marks the essential limits shared by rhetoric, formalism, and thematism, as well as those of the system of their exchange," between Hegel and Marx (between pp. 31 and 59 of *Dissemination*). I cite (numbers) only because I cannot here "engage [my] steps toward the fundamental debate in its classical form" or to the form it takes in "Outwork" which is nonetheless most relevant here.)

But to return to *Glas*' translation (into its "own" rhetoric) of the figure (of the shell and the kernel, its "logic") into the question of the *gaine* and a murderous miming, as it gets out of hand, in *The Maids*:

"Demonstration: For castration to overlap virginity, for the phallus to be reversed into the vagina, for alleged opposites to be equivalent to each other and reflect each other, the flower has to be turned inside out like a glove, and its style like a sheath [*gaine*]. *The Maids* pass their time reflecting and replacing one sex with the other, Now they sink their entire 'ceremony' into the structure of the glove, the looking glass, and the flower. The onset is supported by the signifier 'glove.' *Glove* is stretched as a signifier of artifice. First words: 'Those gloves! Those eternal gloves!' They will have been preceded only by the stage direction indicating 'flowers in profusion' and a hairdresser's looking glass, to which Claire turns her back. But these gloves are not only artificial and reversible signifiers, they are almost fake gloves, kitchen gloves, the 'dish-gloves' with which, at the close of the ceremony, the strangling of Madame is mimed, and which, in sum, circulate between places (the kitchen and Madame's bedroom). *The Maids* are gloves, the gloves of Madame."

The shell and the kernel is a figure which exceeds its "own" metaphoricity within its *gaine*-structure; it is, like the gloves and flowers and glass(es) of *The Maids*, a figure written "in its 'own' hand" between Marx and Freud, between "history" and "the unconscious," within the movement of a ruse, a game (of *fort/da*). But the question of history, in Althusser and in Marx (and always in Hegel, step by step) remains. It is (always already) an economic question (of the value (of a signature)). Derrida has briefly risked a position here. After the clearly Althusserian moments in the *Grammatology*, its re-writing of logics of overturning and contradiction, his work seems to move rather rapidly away from the theory of history that remains (as structure, as a materialist science) in Althusser. Still, when asked the question (of history) he returns, for a moment, to an earlier critique:

"No concept is by itself, and consequently in and of itself, metaphysical, outside all the textual work in which it is inscribed. This explains why, although I have formulated many reservations about the 'metaphysical' concept of history, I very *often* use the word 'history' in order to reinscribe its force and in order to produce another concept or conceptual chain of 'history': in effect a 'monumental, stratified, contradictory' history; a history that also implies a new logic of *repetition* and the *trace*, for it is difficult to see how there could be history without it.

Nevertheless, we must recognize that the concept of history by the force of the system of predicates I just mentioned, can always be reappropriated by metaphysics. For example: we must first distinguish between history in general and the general concept of history. Althusser's entire, and necessary, critique of the 'Hegelian' concept of history and of the notion of an expressive totality, etc., aims at showing that there is not one single history, but rather histories *different* in their type, rhythm, mode of inscription -- intervallic, differentiated histories. I have always subscribed to this."

But, the question that follows, the question Derrida then asks his interviewers reveals the problems that remain, within the language of a familiar metaphor:

"To ask another kind of question: on the basis of what minimal semantic kernel will these heterogeneous, irreducible histories still be named 'histories'?"

For Derrida, what is true about the impossibility of a single "history" is also true about "matter," "Marxism," etc., and the differences remain bound especially to "the relationship between Hegel and Marx, despite the immense work which has already been done in this domain, a decisive elaboration has not yet been accomplished, and for historical reasons which can be analyzed, precisely, only during the elaboration of this work. [...] I do not find the texts of Marx, Engels, or Lenin homogeneous critiques. In their relationship to Hegel, for example. And the manner in which they themselves reflected and formulated the differentiated or contradictory structure of their relationship to Hegel has not seemed to me, correctly or incorrectly, sufficient. Thus I will have to analyze what I consider a heterogeneity, conceptualizing both its necessity and the rules for deciphering it; and do so by taking into account the decisive progress simultaneously made by Althusser and those following him."

The task of reading (the figure(s), the metaphor(s) of) historical materialism(s) (which, it seems, like "metaphors" "must always be written in the plural") remains. But Derrida will have already reminded me that it is necessary always to speak of "economy" when I would speak of "metaphors."

In "The *Retrait* of Metaphor," Derrida has argued that the problem of metaphor is always already a problem of economy. He "speaks here economically of economy" for four reasons -- four threads which link economy to metaphor and the proper are pulled and released. I can only summarize them here, for reasons of economy (the Law): Economy bears an immediate relationship to usury, to the metaphoricity of metaphor; Economy bears an immediate relationship to the "law-of-the-house," "the law of the proper"; Economy writes the value of *Ereignis* and all the props- which accompany it (in metaphor, in Heidegger); Economy "because the economic consideration appears to me to have as essential relation with these determinations of passage or fraying according to the modes of the trans-fer or of the trans-lation (*Überstzen*) which I believe I must link here to the question of metaphoric transfer (*Übertragung*)."

Metaphors, like the shell and the kernel, write themselves into themselves in a "general economy" (Bataille on Hegel) and in a double writing, in "the operation of the double mark or the re-mark." The movement depends on the appearance of a doubling, a chiasmatic twisting that, though it may be illusory or accidental, allows for the delimiting of the field (of the critique), as in "dissemination," wherein "we are *playing* on the fortuitous resemblance, the purely simulated common parentage of *seme* and *semen*. There is no communication of meaning between them. And yet, by means of this floating, purely exterior collusion, accident produces a kind of semantic mirage: the deviance of meaning, its reflection-effect in writing, sets something off." The delay of deferred reflection, the delay of the post-restante, the "*principe de réalité*," the PR of "*Beyond...*" that is also the delay of identification (of sexuality in *The Maids*) and value (of the letter that never arrives in "No One Writes to the Colonel," a text that is also marked by the irreducibility of (the value of) the "kernel" and by deferral in the (*Maids*' time of *glace*):

"He went into the street stimulated by the presentiment that the letter would arrive that afternoon. Since it was still not time for the launches, he waited for Sabas in his office. But they informed him that he wouldn't be back until Monday. He didn't lose patience

despite not having foreseen this setback. 'Sooner or later he has to come back,' he told himself, and he headed for the harbor; it was a marvelous moment, a moment of still unblemished clarity.

'The whole year ought to be December,' he murmured, seated in the store of Moses the Syrian. 'One feels as if he were made of glass.'

But the clarity (of the glas(s)-as-metaphor) is lost at the moment of utterance:

"Moses the Syrian had to make an effort to translate the idea into his almost forgotten Arabic."

Deferral, waiting, glass, and the difficulty of translation -- the reflection of a (hi)story, a properly signed past that never reflects (a) fully-present, that never arrives (later we will see this reflection is only a quasi-reflection, a "structural asymmetry that defies all reflection; it is the matrix of both the possibility and impossibility, the ground and unground, of reflection," a chiasmatic twist, as we read Gasche reading Derrida and (the fate of) the Buendía twins), is a history that is not dialectical, but mimes dialectics (with a difference) within a movement of *fort/da*: "The scene of the *fort/da*, whatever its exemplary content, is always in the process of describing in advance, as a deferred overlapping, the scene of its own description." It is "an overlap without equivalence." It would consequently, it seems to me, write the remains of a dialectical history, as a (hi)story, within the heterogeneity of textual remains, like Freud and Ernst playing filial games:

"Freud recalls himself. His memories and himself. As Ernst does with the glass and without the glass."

As I (would) do with (the) *Glas* and without (the) *Glas*

(as I read "it" as it reads Genet's excretory texts of excess into Hegel's history of absolute knowledge)

when I read "No One Writes to the Colonel" in its final filial moments, moments that seem to mark, even amidst the non-arrival of the letter, a building to clarity, to the climax of absolute knowledge; but which, "appropriately," read their "own" contamination (as the heterogeneity of a personal (hi)story) in a *glas*-ic moment of family eating (and) remains:

"And meanwhile what do we eat?" she asked, and seized the colonel by the collar of his flannel night shirt. She shook him hard.

It had taken the colonel seventy-five years -- the seventy-five years of his life, minute by minute -- to reach this moment. He felt pure, explicit, invincible at the moment when he replied:

'Shit.'

Other readings (always) remain.

This small reading (of the remains) of angles, between "disciplines" and "texts," is always only a bit (*un morceau*), only a (partial) mark (*marque*), the tattered remnants of a sign(ature). There are (always) other angles, other disciplines, other spaces from which to read according to different (partial) protocols. The most I can hope to do here is to fail to respect the boundaries and to pretend to offer more than one angle at a time (even as *Glas* would remind me that this can only be a ruse). I can feign a resistance to singularity -- the "pure" singularity of the proper-name-as-identity, the singularity that inscribes itself into a homogeneous "structure" (or "discourse" or "treatise" or "narrative" or "story" or "case" etc.) by virtue of its propriety, its being-proper to a certain discipline that carries a proper name (such as "criticism," "literature," "philosophy," or "psychoanalysis") -- while, at the same time, pretending to advance the partial singularity of a "heterogeneity-of-perspective(s)"; of, one might have once been able to say, a "phenomenology of reading" (as if to say (almost), "when I read, this is what happens"). But even as such a claim can no longer hope to erase this word's "history" (one already and everywhere well established), can never (again) hope to read it "literally" (within the institutional lexicon of philosophy as a discipline), it also remains aware that, as a "claim," it can only carry the status of remains about remains, that it can only mark the briefest of moments (in any reading); it remains, one must (not) forget, a put-on, a show, a performance. There are wires being pulled behind the scenes, raising and lowering the curtains (*les rideaux*), from behind (*derrière*); and the floor is marked already (*déjà*) for positions. The proper name

(and/as (its) Law) remains; its clanging resonates even as it disappears into the space between texts. I can begin (again) with a substitution, the grafting of one proper name in the place of an-other, the (seemingly seamless) re-attachment of a prosthesis within a citation from *Glas*:⁵¹

"We do not comprehend here the text denominated García Márquez', it is not exhausted in the pocket I cut, sew, and refasten. That text is what makes a hole in the pocket, harpoons it beforehand, regards it; but also sees it escape the text, bear its arrow away to unknown parts."(*Glas*, 170b)

The I remains (a problem). The question of the "subject" always remains, and cannot be engaged again here and now.⁵² But, within the activity of a reading/writing, the I is written into and around the undecidable figure of a solitude, the solitude of CA as the text that escapes. This is not the "essential solitude" of Blanchot's celebrated reading of literature's space, the solitude in conflict with the time of the world, the solitude that separates, for instance, Kafka and his family (*The Space of Literature*, 76); but, rather, the solitude in/of an excessive multiplicity of relationships, the solitude that overruns the pocket's edges or stands in an undecidable relationship to its other, the hymen that *What Remains* would re-sew into CA during a dangerous (and possibly useless) operation -- the solitude of Blanchot's *The Writing of the Disaster*, a solitude of "exposure to the outside, boundless dispersion, the impossibility of holding firm, within bounds, enclosed."(*The Writing of the Disaster*, 30) The I is sewn in and around the edges of any reading and is left to remain, with its resonances of vision and affirmation, trying to describe its own gestures to a reader from whom it is always already departed. The operation of the I, of the mark of the one who sews, is remarked upon in *Glas* at some length; and, as I start again to read CA as it starts again, as I return to a new beginning of an-other *récit*, I would begin by reading a passage in *Glas* that speculates most explicitly on the operation I am performing. It begins with an I:

"I am seeking the good metaphor for the operation I pursue here. I would like to describe my gesture, the posture of my body behind this machine."(*Glas*, 204b)

A metaphor is sought. To answer the obvious questions: What is happening here? What is the claim (to knowledge or authority)? Where are the conclusions? Where am I?

"What he [the "author," Genet? Derrida? García Márquez? Aye. -- John] would support with the greatest difficulty would be that I assure myself or others of the mastery of his text. By procuring -- they say, distyle -- the rule of production or the generative grammar of all his statements."(*Glas*, 204b)

"Mastery" can only be supported "with the greatest difficulty." It is dangerous here and now, in the face (the "space") of these particular signatures. But what remains? Where is "here" (or am I) in relation to rules and grammar, the "mastery of his text"?

"No danger of stepping there. We are very far from that; this right here, I repeat, is barely preliminary, and will remain so. (No) more names, (no) more nouns. It will be necessary to return to his text, which watches over this text here during its play."(*Glas*, 204b)

"Preliminary" here, now, as well. The return will soon follow (here as well as "there" -- in this text as well as *Glas* -- the problems multiply with a repetition that is almost compulsive). But whatever is to come can only be a bit, must "remain so." What rights (or accomplishments, for they are not quite the same) can be claimed?

"So I am seeking the good movement. Have I constructed something like the matrix, the womb of his text? On the basis of which one could read it, that is, reproduce it?"(*Glas*, 204b)

"Metaphor" has become "movement" -- a catachresis that cannot be without significance. Translation is also a transformation. The questions (though their answers are, by now, predictable) raise the issue of translation, its possibility, the possibility of a critical act that can in any way claim to translate (its "object") -- the issue that will eventually come to dominate, under a particular reading, the remainder of CA. But the text now searches for a metaphor that, though it cannot avoid the protocols of rules and grammars, nonetheless redirects the attention of the operation towards another, more aleatory logic:

"No, I see rather (but it may still be a matrix or a grammar) a sort of dredging machine. From the dissimulated, small, closed, glassed-in cabin of a crane, I manipulate some levers and, from afar, I saw that done at Saintes-Maries-de la Mer at Eastertime, [the sea, with its affirmation (*sr*) and signature-effect (*mar*) will soon return to mark remains and the space between (genders) - John], I plunge a mouth of steel in the water. And I scrape the bottom, hook onto stones and algae there that I lift up in order to set them down on the ground while the water quickly falls from back from the mouth."(*Glas* 274b)

What remains (to follow) are the stones and algae of a certain dredging. They are all I can hope to leave, aside from a disturbance in the water, a ripple-effect that multiplies itself along the surface and interrupts the tranquility of an otherwise calm scene of reading. This is the only only task I would ever accept as a reader. The passage I am reading in *Glas* becomes a narrative that is now my own, the narrative here and now of *What Remains* as it begins again to read the remains of marks, of a Márquez, of the sea as it flows between feminine (*lamer*) and masculine (*elmar*), between the French and the Spanish, between the mother (as "affect") and the father (as "knowledge detached from actuality"), the space between texts to be defined by *Glas*, as we shall soon see, as "the place of Gabriel, the problematic place of an Annunciation." (*Glas*, 223b) The passage becomes, in fact, the beginning (again) of a re-reading of what remains in CA -- the lines that remain (written) between the death of an unknown soldier and yet another "Years later," another "would remember," the lines that carry me from *Glas* (back) to CA, leaving the sea as the remains of a signature (*mar*), a family (marked by a mother that survives) (*mer*), the between of the "or" (between genders, but also, as if one were "panning" for gold), and as an excess that always spills out, as other readings that remain:

"And I begin again to scrape, to scratch, to dredge the bottom of the sea, the mother {*mer*}."

I barely hear the noise of the water from the little room.

The toothed matrix only withdraws what it can, some algae, some stones. Some bits, since it bites. Detached. But the remain(s) passes between its teeth, between its lips. You do not catch the sea. She always reforms herself.

She remains." (*Glas*, 204-05b)

CA begins again in the future's memory of the past.

"Years later on his deathbed Aureliano Segundo would remember..."

The scene of execution, the scene of the violent engagement between the Family and the State, is replaced with a death in the home, the death (foretold) of another generation. But the substitutions become even more telling as the sentence continues back into the memory of a Family birth.

"...the rainy afternoon when he went into the bedroom to meet his first son."(CA, 186)

This time the father (of the dying, the one who remembers) is missing and the birth of the son replaces the foretelling death knell of ice (*glace*). But, of course, the future's past (of the "would remember") is not the present. It is separated by the intervention of a subject, by memory, by the difference (from any "fully-present") of the narrativizing ideology of subjectivity. It is separated, in this case, by a mark, or, rather, the absence of a mark that still cannot overthrow the Law of the proper name. In announcing the birth of the son, Gabriel writes (the absence of) his "own" (*propre*) name, its castration, into the Buendía Family chronicle -- "with no mark of a Buendía."(CA, 186)

Nonetheless, the repetition of proper names has now become so manifest that even the novel's "characters" have begun to notice, prompting one of them to engage in a bit of literary criticism herself. And, as a study of marks and re-marks and their relation to the Family, an analysis based on naming, on characters as types, on the singular referentiality of proper names, criticism proves unable to account for the possibility of the chiasmus, of the doubling logic of the twins that remain. Reading, determined by history of/and

repetition (of names), leads to the (apparent) certainty of signs (as marks of the future):

"Throughout the long history of the family the insistent repetition of names had made her draw some conclusions that seemed to be certain. While the Aureliano's were withdrawn, but with lucid minds, the José Arcadio's were impulsive and enterprising, but they were marked with a tragic sign."(CA, 186)

But the singular repetition of a(n undecidable) doubling intervenes and destabilizes this apparently reliable repetition within an ever moving presentation of uncertainty (between two "subjects"). It is a doubling which renders identification impossible and leads eventually to madness:

"The only cases that were impossible to classify were those of José Arcadio Segundo and Aureliano Segundo. They were so much alike and so mischievous during childhood that not even Santa Sofía de la Piedad could tell them apart.[...] The teacher, Melchor Escalona, used to knowing José Arcadio by his green shirt, went out of his mind when he discovered that the latter was wearing Aureliano Segundo's bracelet and that the other one said, nevertheless, that his name was Aureliano Segundo, in spite of the fact that he was wearing the white shirt and the bracelet with José Arcadio's name."(CA, 187)

This is not only a game of switching the identifying marks. Something more crucial, identity "itself" perhaps, is at stake. This is the (grand)mother's concern:

"Even when they grew up and life made them different, Úrsula still wondered if they themselves might not have made a mistake in some moment of their intricate game of confusion and had become changed forever."(CA, 187)

The risk here is the risk of a mirroring that loses itself between the glass (and its tain), a miming that is no longer simply mimesis, but becomes transference (between brothers) -- "Santa Sofía de la Piedad gave one of them a glass of lemonade and as soon as he tasted it the other said that it needed sugar."(CA, 187) This chiasmatic doubling of identity opens the possibility of error, and, thereby, destabilizes forever the certain singularity of the proper name, the identifying mark(s) of the Family.

This "game of confusion" carries within its movements the power of a certain rhetorical flower. In one of the few times that *Glas* re-cites another text that carries Derrida's signature, it chooses to carve a passage from "White Mythology" into the "Genet column" at the moment that it contrasts its reading of the flower figure(s) with Sartre's. The passage describes the resulting inevitability of opening and identificatory error in the

movement of (the flower's) doubling.

"Such a flower always bears its double within itself, whether it be seed or type...and by virtue of the repetition in which it endlessly puts itself into *abyme*, no language can reduce in (it)self the strict-ure of an anthology. This supplement of a code which traverses its own field, endlessly displaces its closure, breaks its line, opens its circle, and no ontology will have been able to reduce it.' (Offered with grafts, white mythology"')(Glas, 14bi)

(The "grafts" within this re-citation include the re-writing of "structure" as "strict-ure," reinscribing the operations of binding and usury into the reductive operations of both anth- and ont-ologies.) Although both brothers share, finally, a figure already written/read as an undecidable remain(s), a "solitary air," they are marked not only by a difference of stature but by a differing capacity to face death as well. The mark (of difference) first manifests itself in a remark to a Márquez. While José Arcadio Segundo wishes to witness an execution, the "mere idea" makes Aureliano Segundo shudder; he wishes to explore the letter(s) as remain(s), Melquíades "books and strange things." Both desires foretell the character's "futures" and, of course, the remainder of the novel: a mass-execution (as an event that (never) happens) and a translation (as a text that is (never) written). When Aureliano finally opens the door to Melquíades' long-locked room, the letter(s) remain(s) "familiar," marked, that is, by a "familiar light." Time, it seems, has not marked itself upon the room, the patterns (of disintegration and restoration) that have wound their way through the novel, have not touched this closed space that holds the Family-as-writing, this space that holds the text. When the (grand)mother takes her duties (her rights of divine law) into the manuscript room, she finds the "second" son "deep in the reading of a book," a volume with no cover and no title, no proper name, no identification -- not, then, a book at all. But the plot, the *récit* re-cited in the novel marks the book, (potentially) identifies it, as the *récit* of *récits*, a (hi)story of story-telling (over time, over a thousand and one nights, for instance). As a beginner in this business of critical reading, Aureliano Segundo asks the inevitable question, the question that echoes through readings (especially "philosophical" readings) from the beginning of reading to here and now, the question that Hegel both asks and answers (or means to), and that remains (as the question of the

question) in *Glas* and *What Remains* -- "he asked Úrsula if all that was true." (CA, 189)⁵³

But truth-value, it seems, is inevitably tied to Family history and its relation to the Other. The evidence of the stories' truths, their mimeticism, the accuracy of their doubling, is (or was) the "inventions" of the gypsies, and since "those things don't come here anymore," the only conclusion (within a Family (hi)story) that can be drawn is that "the world is slowly coming to an end." (CA, 189) As he becomes more immersed in the business of reading (and/as translating), Aureliano will re-place the question of truth, will re-direct the teleology of his operations away from this question and towards the performance of the operation itself. This process begins when the texts present their own incompleteness, their own grafts and gaps: "many of the stories had no endings because there were pages missing." (CA, 189) Aureliano Segundo's task as a reader, as it redirects itself away from the stories and towards Melquíades' "own" manuscripts, becomes one of "impossible" translation. Here, now, all he knows is that the letters he would set out to decipher "looked like clothes hung out to dry on a line and they looked more like musical notation than writing." (CA, 189) He cannot read. It is impossible, it seems, without spirit and without memory. As if by necessity, the spirit of Melquíades returns and is recognized by Aureliano Segundo thanks to a logic of sending and receiving that memory follows as it travels along the limbs of this particular Family tree.

"Aureliano Segundo recognized him at once, because that hereditary memory had been transmitted from generation to generation and had come to him through the memory of his grandfather." (CA, 189)

Within the radical conceptualization of a hereditary memory, the dead are allowed to return, even as *Glas* finds them returning in the *Phenomenology*, from the place of memory, the Hegelian place of history:

"So the deceased continues to act; the *deceased is wounded*, returns to the charge from the mute and unconscious substance in which one wanted to repulse, reduce, curb, restrain him." (*Glas*, 186a)

Memory sets out to translate the Family (hi)story even as it, apparently, is translated within

it, leaving Aureliano as reader in the double-bind of deciphering words written by a ghost, a spirit, that, even as it "teaches," refuses to translate and even forbids any translation (at least until one has reached "one hundred years of age"). His memory (of Melquíades) and his "meetings" with him are read by Úrsula (for whom the Other is invisible, indeed, not-present) as a part of the Family (hi)story, a sign of the heredity not of memory but of madness, of an excess of speech (talking to no-one) that links Aureliano Segundo to his great-grandfather. One (doubled) brother remains ("set facing the other") to read the Family (hi)story as the other regards remains and the between of a burial (almost) alive, an undecidable death that prompts him not to read but to "ring the bells." (CA, 190)⁵⁴ Between the translation of dead languages and the burial of dead sons lies the future of CA and the Buendías.

José Arcadio witnesses his first execution and cannot *see* death. His blindness in this regard, like the blindness of any witnessing, translates itself into a "custom" and shapes his identity:

"'He's alive,' he thought. 'They're going to bury him alive.' It made such an impression on him that from then on he detested military practices and war, not because of the executions but because of the horrifying custom of burying the victims alive. No one knew then exactly when he began to ring the bells in the church tower..." (CA, 190)

His positioning of the dead in a place-between marks the beginning of his identification in political, religious, and familial terms. He announces to Colonel Gerineldo Márquez that he has "turned out to be a conservative," and Úrsula suspects that he might be on his way to becoming a priest, a development which would allow God to, in her words, "finally come into this house." (CA, 190) But before religion can write itself so directly into the Family (hi)story, before the Family development can begin its movement (along a certain Hegelian schema) towards the staging (and stages) of religion, a re-enactment of the Last Supper, the scene played out repeatedly in *Glas'* reading of Hegel's reading of the development of Christianity, must once again be performed. José Arcadio prepares for his first communion.

The Last Supper scene has already been read for the inevitability of its leaving of remains, even as it would announce itself as an act of (pure) "communion," as the ultimate act of consum(mat)ing, positioning the morsel within a space between ("swallowing and vomiting," for instance) and placing it (the "thing") within a movement of oscillation around the poles of objectivity (as an object of religious adoration) and subjectivity ("once inside"). Here, now, it might be re-read as it identifies (the subject, the one who eats and drinks) through an act of binding and an intervention of spirit. In this sense, which must be further detailed, the act repeats several of the maneuvers that serve to identify the brother, Aureliano Segundo, within his own business of reading and translating indecipherable texts. *Glas* reads Hegel's *The Spirit of Christianity* again; this time as it reads the Last Supper as a scene in which spirit bonds and identifies, as religion begins its own history (of explanation):

"To be sure, the banquet forms an act of friendship. The disciples bind themselves to him and to each other, think themselves together. There it is not a question of 'mere sign,' but of a felt experience (*Empfindung*). Religion has not yet appeared, since there is no object as such. Nonetheless religion announces itself and shows a glimpse of itself, when Jesus adds something more to this common consum(mat)ing. What? What is this more (*das Weirte*)? A declaration, an explanation, a discursive manifestation, an *Erklärung* that explains, states in the form of *S is P*, and from then on constitutes an objective judgment, an objectivity that opens, even though incompletely, the religious space."(*Glas*, 66a)

But the question remains. What is the assertion, the explanation that announces the opening of the "religious space"? What announcement is made that translates the consuming of the morsels into the act of consummation, the act that relates José Arcadio's first communion to his brother's meetings with Melquíades in a room filled with texts? It is, of course, Jesus' proclamation of transubstantiation:

"He says, '*Dies ist (ceci est, this is) my body (mein Leib). Hoc est enim corpus meum, touto estin to soma mou to uper umon didomenon, this is my body given for you.*' The apparition of the ligament, of the copula (couple), and of *the pair* produces an object exceeding the interiority of feeling. This judicative declaration, plus the fact of *parceling out* (*Austeilung*), of dividing, in order to consum(mat)e them together, the bread and the wine, expels feeling outside itself and makes it 'in part' objective (*zum Teil objektiv*)."(*Glas*, 66-67a)

Later, Hegel will even come to relate this act to the business of reading the written word, an

act of recapturing "subjectivity out of an object," except that unlike the morsel, the word, as Hegel reads reading, "does not vanish as a thing." (*Glas*, 69-70a) Still, the result of this pure interiorization of the object is the fulfillment of the dream of consum(mat)ing in communion, the binding of the many by spirit:

"Jesus not only says, 'the wine is blood'; he also says, 'the blood is spirit.' The common cup, the fact of drinking together, of swallowing in one gulp the same liquid substance, is in spirit a new bonding (*der Geist eines neuen Bundes*). This spirit thus extends itself in the covenant and penetrates (*durchtrungt*) 'many.' [...]

This operation comes down to letting oneself be penetrated (the word '*durchdringen*' occurs three times) and to establishing one's identity." (*Glas*, 68-69a)

So the penetration of spirit allows for the establishment of identity through an act of binding (erect). *Glas'* reading of the Hegelian analysis of the Last Supper resonates with the (morselized, sexualized) language of its "own" reading of Genet, its reading of reading and writing as the engagement with morsels and bits that, though they can never be finally consum(mat)ed, are allowed to penetrate and are bound erect, sewn together for the sake of a new reading, a new or different signature, a new proper name, a new identity. It is an operation written here and now into a reading of the twins, the doubled fates of translation and transubstantiation, both of which are destined to leave unaccountable remains that will not allow this "identifying penetration" to finally become, as it would in Hegel's reading, an *Aufhebung*. CA reminds me that the act of communion must be preceded by an interrogation, by the chronicling of sins within the confessional, an act which itself would proceed only along a singular path, as the sinner re-cites and the priest absolves, but which, in this case, proves to exceed its own desired movement, and results in an excess of knowledge that it would have otherwise sought to suppress:

"Two nights before the first communion, Father Antonio Isabel closeted himself with him in the sacristy to hear his confession with the help of a dictionary of sins.[...] The interrogation was a revelation for José Arcadio Segundo. It did not surprise him that the priest asked him if he had done bad things with women, and he honestly answered no, but he was upset with the question as to whether he had done them with animals. The first Friday in May he received communion, tortured by curiosity." (CA, 191)

José Arcadio learns about a particular scene of "animal religion" (not, this time, of the Hegelian sort) from another member of the church staff, as, once again, the Church itself is

inscribed into a position "against" its own law, and the hierarchy of "intelligibility-corporeality," as one critic has called it in reading *Glas*, is again undone.⁵⁵ José Arcadio moves back and forth from the church to the cockfights, from the scene of spirit in the future (as an everlasting promise) to the scene of spirit in the past (as the place of the original death that came to begin his own Family tree). He cannot breed his roosters in the Family home (Úrsula tells him they have already brought "too much bitterness to this house") and so he moves them to the home of Pilar Ternera (his "proper" grandmother). His future would seem to be moving away from that of his double -- outside the walls of the Family home as opposed to locked in its (written) interior, towards scenes of the social as opposed to the (undecidable) solitude of a reader, towards the institutions of culture (its religion and its sexuality) as opposed to the translation of culture (as text) -- the differences would seem to be becoming more distinct and identificatory, and yet their subject positions will soon again be interlaced within a chiasmatic series of copulations that will prove not to be the end (or *Aufhebung*) of (sexual) difference, but the marking of chance within a destiny of both sickness and propogation.

Aureliano Segundo is brought out of his work-room by "a piece of chance." (CA, 192) The lottery proves to bring a "familiarity" into his life, a new familiar, the potential for a new graft, an-other family. But it turns out to be a case of mistaken identity. The woman who greets him with "a great deal of familiarity" has "mistaken" him for his brother, and Aureliano Segundo allows for the playing out of chance (in identification), even as he later allows the woman to erase chance, to fix the lottery so that he wins. (CA, 192) What results from running this risk (between the "mistake" and the "fix") is neither chance nor identity (neither the general dissemination of speculation nor the singular order of the concept) but an oscillation between, which, even as it relies upon (apparently) mistaken identity, he seeks to "prolong."

"At the end of two weeks Aureliano realized that the woman had been going to bed alternately with him and his brother, thinking that they were the same man, and instead of

making things clear, he arranged to prolong the situation."(CA, 192-93)

He ceases his translations, turning away from the work-room and towards the playing of music at an-other house, reconstructing the dialectic between the solitude of the laboratory and the fascination with (forbidden) music (the Buendía house is once again enshrouded within a state of mourning) that earlier was played out with such force within the (hi)story of the patriarch.

But his new life with a woman who thinks he is someone else relies upon the continual interlacing of positions and places, of scenes and appearances, and the result is that more than his subjectivity is contaminated by the subjectivity of his double and the woman that they share:

"For almost two months he shared the woman with his brother. He would watch him, mix up his plans, and when he was sure that José Arcadio Segundo was not going to visit their common mistress that night, he would go to sleep with her. One morning he found that he was sick. Two days later he found his brother clinging to a beam in the bathroom soaked in sweat and with tears pouring down and then he understood."(CA, 193)

The disease (a "low-life sickness") travels across identities (for three months) just as in *Glas* it travels from Hegel's reading of it (in the Jena *Philosophy of Nature* as a working at "the transition toward the spirit" and a transgression of a natural limit) to the "low-life" diseases in Genet's *récits* (particularly, of course, the diseases that mark the characters on the theater of the streets near the beginning of *The Thief's Journal*, marks which do not exclude but rather seem to identify, to signify membership (in a Family)). In the "case" of the brothers, the disease proves finally to separate their fates regarding this woman, as José Arcadio Segundo leaves her forever while his brother stays with her "until his death."(CA, 193) It is only at "this point" in the narrative, that the woman's proper name is announced and her (hi)story, another interruptive narrative of chance (and raffles) is told. Petra Cotes is marked immediately by the chance that falls (to the tomb) between (times, races and raffles).

"She had arrived in Macondo in the middle of the war with a chance husband who lived off raffles, and when the man died she kept up the business. She was a clean young mulatto woman with yellow almond-shaped eyes that gave her face the ferocity of a

panther, but she had a generous heart and a magnificent vocation for love."(CA, 193)

And then, with only hint of this call(ing) already delivered, this page, in this edition of CA, identifies her future in the (Buendía) Family, locating in respect to her "vocation" a young twin whose own vocation is cut short by a (chance?) "break" in the page, left hanging on a hyphen:

"When Úrsula realized that José Arcadio Segundo was a cock-"(CA, 193)
And if I wait to turn the page, a certain future (of the chiasmatic twisting of filial identity within sexual doubling) is already told. But then, with the turning, it becomes clear that the seemingly singular (sexual) identification is in fact only an incalculable part of an excessive dialectic that moves the mother to resist the Family law, the Law of the Family's proper name:

"fight man and Aureliano Segundo played the accordion at his concubine's noisy parties, she thought she would go mad with the combination. It was as if the defects of the family and none of the virtues had been concentrated in both. Then she decided that no one again would be called Aureliano or José Arcadio."(CA, 194)

But such a law is, of course, against the Law, and, as Gabriel announces the birth of another son, the proper Family business of naming and mothering repeats itself as Úrsula - - yet to be marked by any sign of disintegration other than an oncoming blindness (although she is "already a hundred years old") and linked by this state of preservation and by this phraseology of age with the manuscripts (of the Family) that remain untranslated in Melquíades' (or, at another time, the patriarch's) library -- takes over the care of the youngest José Arcadio Buendía, declaring a determined future: "This one will be a priest."(CA, 194)

She would keep the Family (hi)story silent, in order to raise a "virtuous" man who does not "hear" talk of what she feels are the "four calamities" that have brought her family down: "war, fighting cocks, bad women, or wild undertakings."(CA, 194) History, and its effects on the Family, it seems, becomes (for the future) a question of hearing, or of maintaining a silence (about the excesses of the past that remain(s)). But even as they toast the new Pope-to-be, the Family's narrative is once again fast forwarded into a future

(hi)story of excess (of *potence*).

"In a few years, without effort, simply by luck, [Aureliano Segundo] had accumulated on of the largest fortunes in the swamp thanks to the supernatural proliferation of his animals."(CA, 194-95)

Chance begins (again) to define the Family (hi)story, placing it at risk while at the same time providing it with seemingly unlimited opportunities. Aureliano Segundo accounts for the prodigious procreation by writing it into (or under) the proper name of the woman (of chance), declaring it

"an influence of Petra Cotes, his concubine, whose love had the virtue of exasperating nature. So convinced was he that this was the origin of his fortune that he never kept Petra Cotes far away from his breeding stock[...].

Like all good things that occurred in his long life, that tremendous fortune had its origins in chance."(CA, 195)

Chance, linked as it so often is, for instance in Freud, to "nature" (one of the subjects of Derrida's essay, elsewhere, on chance, Epicurus, and psychoanalysis), is always already written into any mark that signs, into the re-marking of a proper name (and its chance interaction with other names or marks, "Petra," for instance, resonating with the same "rocky," (*petrea*) or stone-like (*piedra*) sounds as Pierre and its common other "*pierre*" -- which, unlike the name, can be translated (so to speak), as a particular sort of stone -- the example (by a stroke of chance) that dominates both Derrida's "*My Chances/Mes Chances*" and the third chapter of Freud's *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* when it would speak of chance, and the luck of forgetting (a proper name, the surname of a Pierre (Gassendi), a disciple, it seems, of Epicurus, a philosopher "of chance."("*My Chances/Mes Chances*, 16-21 and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, 26-31)) The logic of chance(s) at work for Aureliano Segundo and Petra Cotes is doubled by their raffles -- which, as sendings of "receipts," provide "returns" -- and by thefts (from the mother, from Úrsula's savings) "from time to time."(CA, 195) But it is also an inscription of potency into a discourse of (the chance of) a woman, a distribution of gendered responsibilities which makes woman responsible not only for procreation but for the potency of chance as well (Petra remains the one that runs the raffles) and begins to write

CA into *Glas*' debate (between Hegel and Kant) over the role of gender in the Family's maintenance and the "naturalness" of polygamy (for men), as, once again, *Glas* predicts a Buendía's future. But Aureliano Segundo's marriage and his life between two families remains to be written -- into *Glas*. Here, now, a question also remains, only to return with a compulsive repetitiveness: how can chance be an "origin"?

As the narrative writes the Colonel ("seduced at last by the peaceful charms of old age") back into his workshop and back to the (repetitive) operation of the little gold-fishes (the workings of the *or*), Aureliano Segundo also undertakes the painstaking *glas*-work, if only for (of course) three weeks. Once again, he is drawn away by the combination of chance and procreation -- the raffling off of rabbits. "They reproduced and grew up so fast there was barely time to sell the tickets for the raffle." (CA, 196) The rabbits mime the movement (on occasion) of the narrative as they play out their own *récits* in fast-forward, racing the production of receipts, marking the potency of property, of the proper, of the chance of naming, for the rest of the couple's future; and a chain of (apparent) causation that is in fact bound (erect) with links of chance begins when rabbits are exchanged for cows and the literalization of the (Marxist) metaphor of "surplus value" begins, leading eventually to the cry of excess that becomes this "family's" (repeated) motto, marking as it does an excess of *potency* as both power and the *glas* that rings for the work of the gallows:

"That was how things began. Overnight Aureliano Segundo became the owner of land and livestock and he barely had time to enlarge his overflowing barns and pigpens. It was a delirious prosperity that even made him laugh, and he could not help doing crazy things to release his good humor. 'Cease cows, life is short,' he would shout." (CA, 196-97)

His life is taken over by the production of waste, the excess that marks the remains of his success, until finally the pattern culminates in an "apotheosis of squandering" that re-unites use and usury in the literalization of a metaphor and of the economy of metaphoricity: he papers his house "in and out and from top to bottom with one-peso bank notes." (CA, 197) The goal of his making literal the metaphor of *usure* (Derrida's metaphor of metaphor) is to

render the significance of the notes (the "marks") empty, to reduce to them to their status as (mere) objects, and thereby to render their import silent: "I hope that nobody in this house ever talks to me about money again." (CA, 197)

But even as the paper is removed and the house walls are "painted white again" marking the undecidability (within the civil community) of the Family's politics (marking the whiteness of a silence that speaks in contrast to the Family's political (hi)story), and the matriarch prays for poverty, reading surplus-value as a curse that carries only waste and remains; the logic of economy, of the home, of the *oikeios* that writes the family into "economy" (*Glas*, 133a) through the act of making "familiar, proper, one's own," (like a name), reverses itself, folds in upon itself in another pocket of wealth in the house, as the workmen break a statue (of the "father," of he that would play the role of the father in the absence of the "true" Father's physical presence, of the surrogate or supplemental father (of the moment)) and find more gold, the falling (to the tomb) of the Family *or*, brought by "three men" (thereby writing the scene of one fatherhood (of the statuary, the stone father supplementing the spirit of the absent patriarch) into the scene of another (of the Family, the house and the Colonel, within, again, a Hegelian numerology) and writing the economy of the house into *Glas*' economy of the monument). There had been a time, the narrative reminds me, when the identities of the saint and the gold had been so intertwined as to make the distinction impossible, as the economic surplus was read as the spiritual surplus promised in a monument.

"Later on, Úrsula had put candles on it and had prostrated herself before it, not suspecting that instead of a saint she was adoring almost four hundred pounds of gold. The tardy evidence of her involuntary paganism left her even more upset." (CA, 198)

The "gift" of three (unidentified, CA calls then "unknown") men, left during the war, proves only to be one of a number of examples of a sudden prosperity that will change the community and the Family for the rest of its (narrated) (hi)story as it re-writes the notion of pro(s)per(i)ty in new and dramatic ways that *Glas* would chronicle as it reads the *Littre's* account of the development of the *cadeaux* from gift to the frivolous excess of the novel's

"present."

"Household management teaches us that making *cadeaux* is said for making things that appear attractive but are useless, metaphorically compared to those strokes of the hand of the writing masters. From there one passes without trouble to *cadeau* in the sense of diversion, feast, and finally present.'[...]

The useless, the specious, the frivolous do not escape the contractual concatenation; on the contrary they engage in it, immediately place in it the debit, the must. To make themselves *cadeau*."(*Glas*, 244a)

The feasts and diversions will follow as the town re-structures itself literally, replacing old homes with new and at the same time and linked at its "roots," old economies with new, leaving only the Family tree(s) to remain (from the Patriarch's mad dream of a city of *glace*). Within this time of excess and expansion, once again, a José Arcadio Buendía seeks to expand the borders, the margins of the (written) town, as he sets out himself with another "mad dream" that marks a signature (not *glace* this time, but *mar*): opening a channel to the sea.(CA, 198) It is read (by the narrative) as "a sign of imagination," and begins when he hears a story, the story of a found remains, the remains of a monument overrun by flowers (in the Family (hi)story), the remain(s) that nearly disappears into the flowers that grow over the title, the proper name of the novel, on the cover of my edition. The *récit* (of the Spanish Galleon) becomes a "revelation" and his obsession with finding a route to the sea rings a familiar *glas* in the ear of the (m)other:

"I know all of this by heart,' Úrsula would shout. 'It's as if time had turned around and we were back at the beginning.'"(CA, 199)

But not quite. Repetition, in CA, (even as a compulsion) is always marked by a difference. Time, rather, moves along the argument of the *gaine*, the reversibility of the pocket that folds back (for a moment) upon itself allowing for doubled, even contradictory readings (thus, in this case, it is half of a double that sets out to find the beyond of the the borders, the sea). *Glas* reminds me that the sheath (as an argument) writes itself most often at the (home's) edges:

"Here is where the argument of the sheath (*gaine*) necessarily contradicts itself -- in its domestic logic, already -- within a parergon that is never, as you know, internal *or* external. Whence the text's interest and difficulty.(*Glas*, 249b)

The difficulty, this time, is over time as it mimes a movement towards the circularity of *Sa*, a circularity which, as we shall later discover, would make thinking the remain(s) of time impossible (for Hegel, in *Sa*), leaving them "suspended" under the absolute (knowledge) of a present, falling (from the tomb) even while, at the same time, they would "remain stuck to the circle" and finally be relieved "under *Sa*." (*Glas*, 226a) But this analysis, and its inability to account for what happens when even the remains are torn into remains must wait (for the novel's time to turn again). For this time, the intervention outside of the boundaries seems to succeed (at least for a single time, the time of a singular visit that, though it cannot be repeated is named a "victory of will power") and brings the harbringers of a cultural (and sexual) excess and remains that begins as a (mere) "breath":

"The only thing that remained of that unfortunate venture was the breath of renovation that the matrons of France brought, as their magnificent arts transformed traditional methods of love and their sense of social well-being abolished Catarino's antiquated place and turned the street into a bazaar of Japanese lanterns and nostalgic hand organs." (CA, 200)

Their arrival is responsible for a future marked by an excess of blood and dissemination which unfolds within a Hegelian time.

"They were the promoters of the bloody carnival that plunged Macondo into delirium for three days and whose only lasting consequence was having given Aureliano Segundo the opportunity to meet Fernanda del Carpio." (CA, 200)

But before the story of blood and polygamy can begin to unfold, a myth intervenes, the marking of an excessive beauty that cannot be seen without disastrous consequences (or the workings of a malicious chance, which one remains to be seen). The rhetoric that surrounds Remedios the Beauty like the veil that covers her face, marks her *récit* within a space between (the question of truth or mimesis). She is hidden under the *erion*, covering her face from the gaze of men in church, and her "unveiling" is made possible by a foreigner who arrives in Macondo "like a prince in a fairy tale." (CA, 201) A well known (hi)story is played out between the "prince" and the beautiful daughter, but the proper roles, the conventional working out of the *récit*, is subverted by a tendency for characterization to fall (to the tomb) between (genders, fates, and interpretations). The

story goes awry. To begin with, it begins with the end; the fate of the handsome "prince," a destiny of disintegration and finally a remains that is torn into morsels as "years later [he] was cut to pieces by a train after he had fallen asleep on the tracks." (CA, 200) But his arrival is marked by marks that immediately identify him as an Other, as one whom "no one doubted came from far away," but also as one whose "origin" (chance, perhaps?) remains unknown. He is written into a space between genders (even moreso than his precursor, Pietro Crespi) as the women in the town whisper that "he was the one who should really wear the veil." (CA, 201) And it is the reading of the community that allows a layering of citationality into this well-known tale. His arrival has them positing a dialectical battle of opposition, "an irrevocable challenge that would end not only in love but in death." The gesture that prompts the playing out of this melodramatic reading, the presentation of the yellow rose, the flower written in signatory fashion everywhere in *Glas'* reading of Genet's excesses and the color that will soon again mark an excess of passion as it takes the form of swarming butterflies, is received by its sender with what at first would seem a response of truth, of the unveiling of the hidden, the revelation of *aletheia* that even the narrative marks as "an eternal instant." (CA, 201) But the "courtship" that follows, even as it obeys the conventional series of required gestures (the serenade, the gift, the perseverance, etc.) is bordered by an obsessional rhetoric that hints of the impending re-writing of the tale. Gradually, the suitor fades into the remains (of a prince, of the character he was supposed to play, of the one moved by a revelation of beauty), becoming "filthy and ragged," "argumentative, a barroom brawler, and he would wake up in his own filth in Catarino's store." (CA, 202) His fate (of the morsel) has already been re-cited. But a question remains (unread): what causes this story's incompleteness, what subverts the *Aufhebung* of the classical ending, what contaminates its telling and makes a resolution other than the fragmentation of the lover impossible? The text seems to speculate that it is a misreading, the possibility of other readings, a confusion between intentionality and a message received, along the doubling lines of the (seemingly conventional) gesture and its

response:

"The saddest part of the drama was that Remedios the Beauty did not notice him, not even when he appeared in church dressed like a prince. She accepted the yellow rose without the least bit of malice, amused, rather, by the extravagance of the act, and she lifted her shawl to see his face better, not to show hers."(CA, 202)

The possibility that the woman might be gazing rather than offering herself to be gazed at provokes a disintegration of the fairy-tale conventions, it exceeds their ability to incorporate gestures into their ideological narrative -- as if, as a "system" or "concept," such a narrative can not allow for it. It (literally, it seems) derails the story's progress along pre-laid tracks and runs it into (morselized) remains, even as it warns of the dangers of reading for a message of intentionality. It is the undecidability already inscribed into the act of veiling that begins the tale's unwinding, promising at one and the same time the revelation of a truth and the possibility of a misreading (a possibility incompatible with any logic of revelation). *Glas* reads this double-logic of the veil according to its own presentation (of a flower):

"So the *erion* will have been able to bloom like a flower. In botany, *erianthus* designates an organism furnished with villous and fleecy flowers. Thus one can no longer decide, and that is the whole *interest* of writing, whether or not there is a style beneath the fleece."(*Glas*, 70b)

And that inability to decide makes the story impossible, even as it already marks Remedios in a space between (worlds). But it also allows the narrative an opportunity to tell its "own" tale of Remedios the Beauty, a tale that once again allows Gabriel to fulfill his assigned task, as he tells of one that falls (or in this case rises) (to the tomb) between (for instance, epistemology and ontology), even if she is also marked by her own remains.

"Actually, Remedios the Beauty was not a creature of this world. Until she was well along in puberty Santa Sofía de la Piedad had to bathe and dress her, and even when she could take care of herself it was necessary to keep an eye on her so that she would not paint little animals on the walls with a stick daubed in her own excrement."(CA, 202)

"[H]er nature rejected all manner of convention."(CA, 202)

Even as she faces the death of the young soldier who is obsessed with her, her reaction constitutes a pure (and simple) reversal of convention: "'You see,' she commented. 'He

was a complete simpleton." (CA, 202) To be without convention, it seems, is also to be "beyond any formalism," or, at least, that is the interpretation that Colonel Aureliano Buendía gives to her ability to interpret, writing it rather obviously into and through his "own" subjectivity: "It's as if she's come back from twenty years of war." (CA, 202) But, finally, it is the mother, Úrsula, (who is mother now in name only) that reads the young girl's beauty according to its own double logic of causality, labeling it "a contradictory virtue." (CA, 203) Úrsula's solution for this undecidable effect is to attempt to keep the child safe from all contamination with the world outside the family home, a herme(neu)tic approach that finally fails, as she is convinced (by the church) to allow Remedios to be crowned queen of the upcoming carnival. At this point, Remedios' future remains (to be told as the story of an undecidable event, the positing of the impossible), as the announcement of the festival, carrying as it does the Family's proper name (and its "political" signification) is disseminated into a multiplicity of (often dangerous) readings.

Glas speculates at some length about the manner in which a proper name "picks up" significance, as "meanings" grow on and around it, gradually grafting themselves onto it and wearing away the marks of the operation's seams, until the resonances of the name seem "natural" (precisely, in part, what we mean (to say) with "catachresis") within a function of a sort of anasemia. The flower name, "*genêt*" for instance, as a proper name (that is "not proper because it is common," that is "a cryptogram or a cryptonym" that becomes a cryptogam (under a certain reading both by and in spite of chance) and carries (as its "male organ") an "antheridium" into a troped ant(h)onomasia as an entirely new rhetoric of "floral phaneronymy" begins to take shape around patterns of (random) dissemination and the showing or hiding (behind the veil) of sexual organs that eventually results in the thorough "misleading" of "the proper" when "the seam of the postiche" allows itself to be "overlapped" (*Glas*, 187-88b)), is read according to various controlled but aleatory logics and the play of specific syllables (the *gl-* effect that cuts in at the angle), and ends up placing its "own" propriety into a space between readings (between a

movement between proper and common), all within a reading stitched from texts signed with and by it. The names (come to) ring, to toll (a *glas* for the singularity of the proper and the signification of the common) at the outskirts, the place of the border, the frontier (between Czechoslovakia and Poland, in *The Thief's Journal*, for instance), just as the name Buendía comes to toll here and now in CA. (See *Glas*, 188-89b) The name is heard, as it rings again in the country, for the sound of (political) subversion. (CA, 203) But the common (resonance) is not always already inscribed into the proper. It is a question of chance, and this time the chance does not pay off (at least at first, here and now, according to one telling of the "present").

"The anxiety was baseless. If anyone had become harmless at the time it was the aging and disillusioned Colonel Aureliano Buendía, who was slowly losing all contact with the reality of the nation." (CA, 203)

The space (the exchange) between (the Colonel and the country) is delineated only by the *or* between, the "business" of little gold fishes. (CA, 203) Even as the soldier that sells the fishes in the marketplace returns, with news of the government's "calendar-tricks" (its execution of power as what *Glas* calls a *coup de calendrier*, 107bi), its reversal in favor of the Lordship of the Church (as opposed to the "sovereignty of the people"), or its sexual corruption, he is dismissed by the Colonel whose new business has turned the movement of dialectics into a repetition compulsion that will come to be identified finally as a family vice. For the Colonel it is not the surplus value (of the product) or the efficiency of the dialectical exchange, but the event, the singularity of the present moment (as a repetition) that attracts him. In this re-writing of *or*, he twists the logic of Hegelianism (and, I suspect, Marx's reading) according to its own inscribed repetitions until finally it becomes not quite circular, but *glas-ic*.

"[H]e exchanged little fishes for gold coins and then converted the coins into little fishes, and so on, with the result that he had to work all the harder with the more he sold in order to satisfy an exasperating vicious circle. Actually, what interested him was not the business but the work." (CA, 204)

But if the pattern of his work deconstructs the identifying logic of "business" it does so at

the expense of a blindness to politics, a self-imposed erasure of the resonances of his Family name, a desire that deludes him into thinking it no longer can produce (as a signature) any "affect." The resonance of the name remains, and politics exceeds the "vicious circle" of the repetition compulsion, so that even within his rhetoric of the finality of his fate, a rhetoric of deferment (to avoid the fate of another Colonel, the fate of waiting for a pension that never arrives) and the expectation of his own (proper) *glas* ("Waiting for my funeral procession to pass"), the "public appearance of his family name" (baseless as the narrative might claim it to be) threatens the town with tragedy. (CA, 204-205)

The carnival brings the outside, the beyond of the (political, civil and, familial) borders into Macondo, and brings the (political) resonance of the proper name back to its "origin." It also brings "the most fascinating woman that imagination could conceive." That is, it brings hyperbole and an excess of gilded artifice into this town of the ruse, the town that expected "a sovereign of bangles and crepe paper." (CA, 205) As the celebration takes place, with the active participation of the (disguised) strangers whose displays bear the marks of the Other, the "art of the gypsies," a "delicate balance" is struck (between what the text does not say). It is an utterance, the sounding of the proper name, that destroys this "balance":

"Suddenly, during the paroxysm of the celebration, someone broke the delicate balance.
'Long live the Liberal party! Long live Colonel Aureliano Buendía!'

The rifle shots drowned out the splendor of the fireworks and the cries of terror drowned out the music and joy turned into panic." (CA, 206)

The origin of the massacre remains debated "many years later," as the cut ends with the same future's past that marked its opening, but also with the drama of a scene-of-remains. Massacres, I will later read in *Glas* (at the time of another, more "historic" one) are floral affairs linked by a gl- at their root with both flowers and the tolling for the dead. Here, now, the massacre is not only sprung from questionable origins, from an unknown seed (and the dissemination of an unaccountable name), but its remains, the dead for whom the *glas* would toll, remain unidentified, hidden (often behind veils), and are chronicled (or

catalogued) as the characters of (foreign) fiction, as the inhabitants not of (hi)story, but merely of repeated stories (originating elsewhere, beyond the borders) that invite too many possible readings:

"[T]here were many dead and wounded lying on the square: nine clowns, four Columbines, seventeen playing card kings, one devil, three minstrels, two peers of France, and three Japanese empresses."(CA, 206)

Nevertheless, amidst the panic and the remains, a new family graft is produced, the woman of excess (beyond imagination), the would-be queen (named Fernanda del Carpio) is rescued by Aureliano Segundo, and, after a time, returns for marriage and a new (hi)story of excess for the Family. Even as the proper name can resound with affect, with the production of the most horrible violence (against its own bearer's subject position), it can be re-grafted, extended again in another direction and towards another (hi)story. As the cut is "closed" amidst (the disintegration of) the floral monumentalization of the remains, amidst a scene from *Glas*, the promise of a new reading (of excess), a new (hi)story (of consumption) is hinted at, leaving it to remain (within the formal promise of a marriage), awaiting the arrival of Others (other outsiders) who will bring new riches, and leave, eventually, new remains:

"Six months after the massacre, when the wounded had recovered and the last flowers on the mass grave had withered, Aureliano Segundo went to fetch her from the distant city where she lived with her father and he married her in Macondo with a noisy celebration that lasted twenty days."(CA, 207)

Remain(s)

This reading is marked by the chance of a return.

"Let me come back to literature, to the work of art, to the oeuvre in general, or at least to that which one names as such in the tradition of our culture."

And then, as if he were writing, here, now (with CA):

"Without the mark there is certainly no *ouvre*."

The mark, the signature that "extends beyond the verbal sign and even beyond human language," carries the chance of the proper name as the text falls (to the tomb).

"Each *ouvre*, being absolutely singular in some respect, must have and admit the proper name. This is the condition of its iterability as such. From whence, comes, perhaps, the general form of the privilege that it retains for us in our experience inasmuch as it is the locus of luck and chance. The *ouvre* provokes us to think of the event. This in turn challenges our attempts to *understand* luck and chance, to envisage them, to take them in hand, or to inscribe them within an anticipatory horizon. It is at least because of this that they are *ouuvres* and that they create an event, thereby challenging any program of reception. *Ouvres* befall us. They speak about or unveil that which befalls *in* its befalling upon us. They overpower us inasmuch as they explain themselves with that which falls from above. The *ouvre* is vertical and slightly leaning."

It is, then, like the column, cut and written over with inserts. Derrida's essay on chance, on the chance that dominates writing and psychoanalysis, the chance of the reception (the chance of a destination), the chance of error that appears everywhere in, for instance, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, with its chapters on forgetting and mistakes, as it reads the chance re-citing of the proper name

[Pierre, for instance, the name that *Glas* cites as it reads *The Miracle of the Rose* as presenting the illegibility of the *seing* that "Falls (to the tomb, remain(s)," the illegibility "without which there would not be any text..."

Reminding me again:

"A text 'exists,' resists, consists, represses, lets itself be read or written only if it is worked (over) by the illegibility of the proper name. I have not -- not yet -- said that the proper name exists, or that it becomes illegible when it falls (to the tomb) in the signature. The proper name resounds, losing itself at once, only in the instant of its *debris*, when it is broken, scrambled, jammed, while touching, tampering with the *seing*."

and bringing me to the stairway in *The Miracle*..., "on the way to a crypt," where an exchange of letters takes place, remember, between the narrator and "Mr. Illegible." Genet writes: "Pierre Baulkaen will remain for me the indiscipherable."

Pierre, as the chance of a found stone, a precious nugget (of gold), rewrites itself over and over, from Derrida, to Genet, to Freud, to García Márquez and the raffles and the memorial to the absent (or the supplemental) father. The chance of a sent message, a dispatch, an *envois*, is the chance of its (deferred) arrival.]

as it leads us to "the throw of bastardy's dice," to the possibility of the (accidental) graft between, finally asks whether the concept of sublimation, "like that of the drive," is not "precisely the concept of bastardy." Chance in the family is the returning mark of the bastard son. That which, as Mallarmé insists, can never be abolished, the chance of mimesis actually being mimetic remains to be read (as the chiasmatic doubling of the message).

What I am writing here about the signature, the chance of the proper name, and the leaving of remains to resound as a *glas* after reading, relies on an exchange of destinations

between addresser and addressee, on the route of writing as a gift (as, *Glas* might say, the ring of an annulus). What is the chance that signature sent out "over the wire," along a filial connection, might find a son, might find an other reader, and might return? (This is, a note might mention, the question on the other end of the line in *The Telephone Book*.) What is the chance, on the other hand, that the message might double back on itself, overlap itself within a fold that covers it (like a veil) and renders it illegible? Before reading "The Double Session" and the chiasmus of (an aleatory) mimesis, I should return, for a moment to the essay on chance, which goes on to remind its readers that:

"all the problems that we are speaking about fall under the general category of the address, of forwarding, of the destination, and hence of the thrust or project of the dispatch. The fall, the accident, the case always arises to post the dispatch from some interruption or detour that creates the symptom."

(It would be necessary here to graft all of note 14 attached to "The Double Session" (pp. 186-87), the entire reading of the mimesis machine in Plato that "deals out all of the clichés of criticism to come," to these remain(s). Of course, it is still there, the reader can be sent (on a mission); but there is no guarantee of reception or compliance, no contract, the agreement remains (unsigned).)

The result of a message that misses its destination (by accident), Gabriel would claim, can be death. Gabriel, whose business, normally, it is to see that the message arrives, that the announcement is made to the proper party, to the mother, writes a chronicle in which the death foretold misses its own deferment by the failure of the message to arrive. Santiago Nasar goes out the wrong door, by chance.

"Someone who was never identified had shoved an envelope under the door with a piece of paper warning Santiago Nasar that they were waiting for him to kill him, and, in addition, the note revealed the place, the motive, and other quite precise details of the plot. The message was on the floor when Santiago Nasar left home, but he didn't see it, nor did Divina Flor or anyone else until long after the crime had been consummated."

The plot never arrives, making the consum(ma)tion of death (and reading im)possible, amidst the leaving of remains after the banquet (and the wedding), after the last supper (and the absence of the mark (the *seing*) of consummation).

[But here a mirror image interrupts, for another reading of the (same) scene, the Last Supper. Across from *Glas'* reading of the illegibility of the signature there appears, in a mirror, reflecting back upon it, the passage from *Totem and Taboo* in which Freud reads the eating of the body and blood as a would-be sacrifice, a (frustrated) desire to expunge (the taboo) without remains, but also, and at the same time, a chiasmic gesture that doubles back upon itself. From Freud via *Glas*:

"The very deed in which the son offered the greatest possible atonement to the father brought him at the same time to the attainment of his wishes against the father. He himself became God, beside, or, more properly, in place of, the father. A son-religion displaced the father-religion. As a sign of this substitution [this *ersatz*, *Zum Zeichen dieser Ersetzung*] the ancient totem meal was revived in the form of communion, in which the company of the brothers and sisters ate the flesh and blood of the son -- no longer the father -- obtained sanctity thereby and identified themselves with him.... The Christian communion however, is at bottom a new setting-aside of the father, a repetition of the deed that must be expiated."

The Communion does not erase the desire to erase the morselization, the becoming-flesh of the spirit and the leaving of remains, does not erase the desire to erase (according to a logic that is more Greek in its rhetoric than Christian) the setting-aside (or the desire to set aside) the father without remains (and all of this within a Jewish or (*Glas* would read Hegel saying) "judas" reading, a reading which nonetheless will keep its own words (of the father) hidden, behind the veil, only to be unrolled when the readers are properly covered in a *talet*). For Derrida's reading, questions are allowed to remain as the re-citations are carved into Hegel's account of the father-son relationship in the Christian family, immediately after "the position of the dead father":

"What is the difference between this viewpoint (the gaze of judas) and that of speculative dialectics [to which it should be, of course directly opposed. -- John], concerning the most unveiled truth? What is, at table, at dinner, the gap between Judas and the one who is the truth [the question of reading returns as a questioning of the space between -- John]?"

The questions resound at (or, more precisely, after) the consum(ma)ting of a meal.]

The logic of consummation (of the generative and destructive moment or event) doubles back on itself as if it were written by a set of (murderous) twins. "Consummation," in terms of eating, fucking, and killing, in terms that is, of the (blood) sacrifice, finds itself re-written in the *Chronicle* as a series of reversals and displacements, a series, that is, of double gestures.

It is, one might be tempted to say (but this must be resisted at all costs here, today) "deconstructed." Gasche has written elsewhere, along the tain of a certain mirror-text on reflection, of the chiasmus that marks the deconstructive operation:

"The chiasmatic relation of the two heterogeneous gestures of deconstruction is characterized by a structural asymmetry that defies all reflection; it is the matrix of both the possibility and the impossibility, the ground and unground, of reflection. As I have mentioned, this dissymmetry is essential in preventing any neutralization of the bipolar oppositions of the aporias or other contradictions resulting from discursive inequalities and disparities. The dissymmetry, as well as the heterogeneity of the two movements of this double-pointed operation of deconstruction, ensures the reinscription -- that is the 'regrounding' -- of the concepts of metaphysics in what represents the generality of its Other."

The doubled gestures of reversal and displacement do not either erase or destroy, nor do they relieve in any Hegelian sense. Rather, they undertake a reinscription (within similar boundaries) of the grounds upon which the Other has been constructed. But *Glas* exceeds even the double-affirmation of deconstruction. *Glas*-writing turns its attention to that which spills over as the operation is conducted, to the remnants that remain after the "critique." *Glas* tolls for the remains left in deconstruction's wake, as well as for those left in Hegel's and Genet's, for all the dead (of reading, of translation's messy business), while, at the same time, attempting to reinscribe the heterogeneity of each moment of death, each act of (partial) translation. This re-presents another turn to the "chiasmatic relation of the two heterogeneous gestures," the interrogation of the remains that even Gasche's infrastructures cannot address (and *Glas* does not appear in his analysis), not only the possibility of an arrival at an error, the "wrong" destination," but the chance that it might also be received there, in a singular and unpredictable way. It attempts to account, in part, for the possibility of twins.

Twins as gestures that both are and are not heterogeneous (gestures), that move to erase

their own heterogeneity even as they count on it for their own "subjectivity," their "effect," further problematize the doubling logic of mimesis that is already at work in the formalization of the "concept" and the "theme" from Plato to Hegel and beyond. For twins present us with the undecidability of the problem of the origin (or the copy). How can chance be an origin?

(Derrida, it should be mentioned, has thought the problem of origins important enough to write three separate volumes on works that carry (as their own proper names) the question into "different" disciplinary concerns: Husserl's "The Origin of Geometry" (in his book-length *Introduction* to the essay), Rousseau's "Essay on The Origin of Languages" (in *Of Grammatology*), and Condillac's "An Essay on the Origin of Human Knowledge" (in *The Archeology of the Frivolous*.)

What can the origin of a double (session) be (by chance)? What happens when the murder that is mimed has no "origin," is already an account, a drama, a miming (*¿de qué?*)? "Wouldn't 'literary criticism' as such be part of what we have called the *ontological* interpretation of mimesis or of metaphysical mimetologism? [...] What we will thus be concerned with here is the very possibility of thematic criticism..."

With this annunciation "The Double Session" undertakes a careful re-reading of the business of thematic criticism, or reading (literature) for meaning, and of the challenge of Mallarmé (for criticism, a challenge I will later ring as an echo in Joyce, as *Ulysses* heads off its critics at every turn by doing their work for them (as Derrida has told the (Joyce) experts at Zurich)), of the texts that fold themselves around the blanks of his *seing*. This text finds its way here, now, when its attention is turned to the complicity between mimesis, thematism and dialectics, between critical desire and the Hegelian *Aufhebung*.

"What it retains in particular is that *dialecticity* that has remained profoundly inseparable from metaphysics, from Plato to Aristotle.⁵³"

And note 53 explains, as it links the history of literary criticism to the history of philosophy (including phenomenology), and, thereby, links a (critical) reading of CA to a reading of *Glas* (as a reading of dialectics and its Others):

"If one wishes to identify the specificity of the writing operation or of the operation of the textual signifier (the graphics of supplementarity or of the hymen), one must focus one's critique on the concept of *Aufhebung* or sublation, which, as the ultimate mainspring of all dialecticity, stands as the most enticing, the most sublating, the most 'relevant' way of (re)covering (up) that graphics, precisely because it is most similar to it."

[*This illustrates the power of the twins, this is their "proper" logic.* -- John]

"This is why it has seemed necessary to designate the *Aufhebung* as the decisive target. And since thematism presents itself not only as a dialectic but also, and rightly so, as a 'phenomenology of the theme,' let us here recall by analogy the fact that it was the possibility of 'undecidable' propositions that presented phenomenological discourse with such redoubtable difficulties."

And here the text cites a work on origins, the *Introduction* to Husserl's essay -- Derrida's "first" book.

And so, reading *Glas* into a work of literature should constitute both an act of "criticism" and the rendering of that act impossible, as the critique of dialectics that *Glas performs* should render dialectics both necessary (to reading) and impossible (as it dreams of the

immaculate conception of absolute knowledge). Reading CA back, then, into *Sa* (in *Glas*) should twist that effect, rendering readings of CA, its translation, as necessary and impossible as *Sa* is for Hegel. Twin readings, it seems, double themselves (with a difference) by asking what remains within a series of (chance) questions between (subjects).

It becomes, as the poet might say, a crisis of *versus*.

"The Double Session" finally reads Mallarmé (as I would read, in a way, García Márquez) into a series of between, behind a series of veils, and marks the present as an undecidable (between "now" and "gift"):

"The crisis of the alternative, of the binary opposition, of the *versus* (V), is thus inscribed in an atmosphere of death and rebirth, an atmosphere both funereal and joyous. It is a moment of wakefulness {*veille*}, a wake for the dead, an awakening of birth, a watch {*veille*}, and an eve {*veille*}, a hymen between yesterday and tomorrow, a waking wet {*veille mouille*} dream on the eve of now."

The now of waking (up), the scene of morning (and mourning, the wake), is the moment of García Márquez' most explicit story of reflection, his "Dialogue With the Mirror," where the Other begins only as a parenthetical reflection, removed from its "origin," the source of the "real," by virtue of the parenthetical ("paranthetic?") organs:

"He smiled. (It smiled) He showed -- to himself -- his tongue. (It showed -- to the real one -- its tongue.) The one in the mirror had a pasty, yellow tongue: 'Your stomach is upset,' he diagnosed (a wordless expression) with a grimace. He smiled again. (It smiled again.) But now he could see that there was something stupid, artificial and false in the smile that was returned to him. He smoothed his hair (it smoothed its hair) with his right hand (left hand), returning the bashful smile at once (and disappearing)."

The twin is an it. Removed, separate as the dream of thematism and dialectics would have it. Kept apart, as the space between columns would desire to keep Hegel from Genet, as the institutions would enforce a law of separation (erasing the between of, for instance, disciplines). But, as the morning ritual proceeds, a small crack, not in the glass but in the time of its reflection, seems to appear.

[The *glace* of *Glas*, it might be said elsewhere, cracks its bell, putting at risk its ability to (re)sound, to remark, for too long. There needs to be a time of silence, a moment of (the) difference, the blank space on the page.]

"He thought that he had observed a cloud of worry haze over the hasty expression of his image. Could it be possible, due to the great rapidity with which he was shaving -- and the mathematician took complete charge of the situation -- that the velocity of light was unable to cover the distance in order to record all the movements? Could he, in his haste, have got ahead of the image in the mirror and finished the job one motion ahead of it? Or could it have been possible -- and the artist, after a brief struggle, managed to dislodge the mathematician -- that the image had taken on its own life and had resolved -- by living in an uncomplicated time -- to finish more slowly than its external subject?"

The "Or" that divides these speculations marks the place of a reading (of *What Remains*) and the place of a signature, in gold, that falls (to the tomb) between worlds and "reflections." The tain of the mirror does not reflect, it provides the ability to reflect even as it forbids (itself) reflection, it "critiques" reflection as it "critiques" critique. And, all the

while, it is overrun by the signature (just as the signature overruns Derrida's other extended reading of it ("and" Ponge), of all of its resonances, in the poetry of the *seing* between):

"Above and below the bar, crossing the bar, the signature is both inside and outside, it overflows, flows over itself, but the outside is still within the text, the proper name forms a *part*, like a corpse in legendary decomposition, of the corpus."

As if the words appeared in *Glas*, ringing with the death and monumentalization of the signature (as bit or morsel) within the corpus, and signed (again) as if by twins:

"Twice signed, countersigned, effaced in and under the stone, the text, the tissue."

But it is still not enough, even with the chance appearance of the common noun (*pierre*), even with the text's limited ability to soak it up, the sea (*el mar*) as *seing* will not be held back. As if Derrida were writing here, now, in the "proper" key:

"It always flows over, his signature."

(A) *Glas* announces an exchange. As a tolling for the raising of the spirit from the body of the dead (as, that is, a "common" noun that announces the becoming spirit of the flesh), and as the proper name of a text, a (non-)series of exchanges between (proper) names, between texts, between readings, between grafts, *Glas* operates between *Glas* and *glas*, between the proper and the common, and announces a sending and a receiving. It mimes, in reverse, Gabriel's operation (his annunciation of the spirit becoming flesh, the exchange "from" the proper "to" the common in, for instance, (the) writing (of the Christian body)). It folds and unfolds within a postal logic of message and destination that marks (the business of) a reading between (the texts, for instance, of Hegel, Kant, Freud, and Genet) and (the writing of) a Family (hi)story as a series of (postal) encounters with(in) (the discourse of) an Other, with(in) the "outside," whether as an "invented" or "discovered" technology, a people of "inventions," a woman "beyond imagination," an invasion by a company, or a set of texts awaiting translation (another operation of the multidirectional exchange between the proper and the common). Inventions of the Other -- the grammar already raises the problem of the direction of the exchange, the problem of responsibility, a question between the rights of ownership (propriety) and claims to discovery (property) -- are sewn in and through both *Glas* and CA, usually in the form of discursive exchanges (on questions of the between) such as *Glas*' (non)debate between Kant and (a necessarily silent) Hegel on the war between the sexes and the playing out of that between, as the (hi)story of Family events, in CA.

Glas offers me a reading of Kant's reading of the "Character of the Sexes" in and

out of marriage (to be found in the second part of his *Anthropology*); his reading, that is, of the between of sexual difference (a difference that will later be inscribed into his debate with Hegel over the possibility of a jealous God). Kant posits this difference

"in terms of the struggle for domination, the complex struggle wherein mastery passes from one sex to the other according to the domains and moments."(*Glas*, 125a)

The analysis is complex, even as its "results" are literally "familiar." Within marriage, woman is freed (from her "natural" inferiority) by a cultural reinscription of power, and man is enslaved, as he voluntarily submits to a woman's (domestic) governance.(See *Anthropology*, 217-220) The harmonious union of a dialectical inequality is executed through what *Glas* names "the simulacrum of a reversal" as it plays upon the woman's secret, the fact that she speaks, that she is of the order of language:

"the woman does not become the stronger, but culture makes her weakness a lever.[...] Femininity is the power to be other than what one is, to make a weapon of weakness, to remain secret. The woman has a secret (*Geheimnis*); the man is deprived of it. That is why he is easy to analyze. Analysis of the woman is impossible; she does not reveal her secret, which does not prevent her, on the contrary, from regularly betraying that of others. Because she speaks: the reign of culture as the reign of woman is also the field of speaking. Language never says anything but this perversion of nature by culture -- by the woman."(*Glas*. 126a)

And the analysis continues, as Nature restores its intention within the order of man's superiority by allowing woman this ruse only as a folly to promote procreation. But for the ruse to work, the woman must seem to dominate within the domestic environment. For this she uses the "art of the lever":

"The feminine weapon is the tongue. She transforms the slave's weakness into mastery by the tongue, but already, always, by that perversion of discourse that is chitchat, loquaciousness, verbosity, volubility (*Redseligkeit*). Thus does she triumph in the domestic war and love it, unlike the man who has something else to do outside. Accumulating all the rights, she triumphs in the war by ruse: sheltered behind her husband (the right of the stronger), she controls her master (the right of the weaker). The art of the lever."(*Glas*, 126)

And so, in the "natural" state, for Kant, "the man's polygamy is nearly natural. The paradigmatic structure resembles the harem's." Man, it seems, is always dealing with a whore (of one sort or another). But Derrida's analysis proceeds to demonstrate that even within the harem structure, the woman finally always has everything.(See *Glas*, 128a) In

both monogamy and polygamy the woman governs the domestic realm. For Kant, the "natural" order (morally, the "good" order) is threatened by the woman's desire, in many ways, to be a man "whenever the refinements of luxury have reached a high point."(*Anthropology*, 200-201) Kant's analysis is read in some detail in *Glas*, as it offers a cultural anthropology of the inequality of the sexes that "is played out in the gap of a sign that is almost nothing and necessarily describes itself in the subtlety of nuances and wordplays:"

"the man is patient (*duldend*), the woman tolerant (*gelduldig*), and they do not suffer, do not behave in suffering (*dulden*) in the same way. The man is sensible (*empfindsam*), feeling, the woman impressionable (*empfindlich*), irritable, sensitive, touchy. The economy of the man tends to *acquiring*, that of the woman to *saving*. The man is jealous when he loves; the woman is jealous also when she does not love."(*Glas*, 131a, citing *Anthropology*, 221-22)

Why does *Glas* read Kant here? Why does it re-cite a cultural anthropology that seems to be a monstrosity, that presents itself with "pronounced and ridiculous appearances" as it moralizes "through and through" on the "goodness" of the "natural" order?(*Glas*, 129a) It is, it seems, an interruption. At least, an interruptive family scene is written into Hegel's familial analysis, if only to show us that the Hegelian discourse must remain silent on Kant's text and on the question of the sexes' inequality. At both the beginning and the "end" of *Glas*' reading of Kant on this subject, the text reminds us that there is no room for these remains within the Hegelian philosophy.

"So Hegel never takes into consideration Kant's whole pragmatic anthropology, everything in it concerning conjugal agonistics, the struggle for mastery between husband and wife. Never does the philosophy of spirit state anything at all about sex difference between the spouses. Nothing more logical: everything must happen as if the spouses were the same sex, were both bisexual or asexual. The *Aufhebung* has worked."(*Glas*, 124a)

And later:

"This cultural theory of the difference of the sexes in marriage has no possible housing in the Hegelian philosophy of spirit. Love and marriage belong to the element of the freedom of consciousness and suppose the *Aufhebung* of sexual difference. The war described by pragmatic anthropology can take place in it, *in fact*, but only in so far as the partners are not true spouses, as the essence of marriage is not accomplished. One remains then no further than the sexual life of empiric nature, before the emergence of *Sittlichkeit*."(*Glas*, 131a)

So *Aufhebung* relieves sexual difference and marriage is already defined as the being-one

of the spouses, "the consciousness of one in that of the other." In Hegel, the battle of the sexes, the dynamic of the struggle for (domestic) mastery, is erased (or, at least, relegated to the order of empiric accident) in *true* marriage. On the other hand (or side), the multiplications of the same potential struggle(s) within a heterogeneity of possible domestic constructions which both mime and deviate from the institutionally acceptable practices are written within the undecidability and oscillation of Genet's flowers and their reading on the "same" pages of *Glas*. Where Hegel seem to make sexual difference impossible in marriage, Genet disturbs the functioning of each of these terms: "sexual," "difference," and "marriage," within a literally *heterosexual* rhetoric (of flowers) that is at once rhetorical and, with its cuts and folds, its veils and overlappings, is also "what stage[s] -- and question[s] -- rhetoric." (*Glas*, 128b) Moving between these two, and miming each, the marriages in the remainder of CA (beginning with the marriage of Fernanda to Aureliano Segundo and its inscription of the between of Aureliano Segundo's "concubine" Petra Cotes) write the struggle of Kant's anthropology into the Hegelian dream of the *Aufhebung* of sexual difference, and proceed to destabilize the potential relationships that result by writing them further in(to) heterogeneous (hi)stories and with(in) the novel's own oscillatory rhetoric -- of the post, of sending and receiving (remain(s)).

The cut is opened with the struggle (for domestic mastery) over the making of an image, the transference of a promise, and an oscillation between "families." It was Fernanda who had once been promised she would be made Queen of Madagascar, but now Aureliano Segundo crowns his "other wife," Petra Cotes, with the taking of a photograph. And it is, in fact, identity that is at stake in the struggle that follows. Petra Cotes defines her strength in the situation in terms of her having "made a man" of Aureliano Buendía, of her having given him his (sexual) identity and his "place in the world." (CA, 208-09) The narrative follows what Derrida might argue is a defining gesture of the Western metaphysical tradition from (before) Socrates up to (and including) Freud, as it positions Nature against Chance within the business of forming a consciousness, with Petra Cotes,

the woman of raffles, as the operator of the Chance that serves to open the closure of a "natural" tendency within a dialectical formulation that would desire to become the fulfillment of a dream:

"Nature had made him reserved and withdrawn, with tendencies toward solitary meditation, and she had molded an opposite character in him, one that was vital, expansive, open, and she had injected him with a joy for living and a pleasure in spending and celebrating until she had converted him, inside and out, into the man she had dreamed of for herself ever since adolescence." (CA, 209)

But the process of opening, even within a dialectical procedure, proves to complicate the familial structure, blurring the line (of development) between son and lover, between mother and lover within a family structure and twisting destinies as it injects a logic of fiction, of the playing out of the ruse into the domestic scene: "Then he married, as all sons marry sooner or later." (CA, 209) And rather than tell his lover (his "mother," she that named him with the identity of a man), Aureliano Segundo feigns anger and resentment in order to manipulate her into breaking off the relationship. When she reads the ruse for intent, he uses this reading, with its interpretation of fiction as desire, as an excuse for a final performance:

"Aureliano Segundo, ashamed, pretended an attack of rage, said that he was misunderstood and abused, and did not visit her again." (CA, 209)

But Petra Cotes, as if she were a reader of *Glas*, uses her own sexuality as a monument for the "departed," marking the inevitability of a return (to the place of the (proper) name, the locus of (sexual) identification) within a punning metaphor that marks her in terms of both sexes. "The only candle that will make him come is always lighted." (CA, 209) Her language tells the future, as his return is played out like a scene from *The Balcony* in which she "is" the Queen of Madagascar when she puts on the robes and her photograph is distributed among the people. But the relationship takes a turn towards the sending and receiving of calls almost immediately, as she "receives" him in her bed and then he sends "an intermediary" to negotiate a separation -- the telelogic again proving to manifest itself in a system marked by interruption and delay. Petra Cotes is

forced again to wait for the return (of the son, of the lover), insuring it this time with the maintenance of the fetish object, the object that would seek to both mark and sublimate death (as a return) and that will, for the remainder of CA, (like all fetish objects) appear with(in) a compulsive repetition, whenever it can serve to remind the reader (of the promise) of a *glas*. The "patent leather boots" remain (to be read and re-read).

But now, an-other (hi)story interrupts, as the novel is taken over by another family story, from elsewhere, told with more than a hint of ridicule and pretense and echoing with the cultural divisions between the ("Colombian"?) people of the coast and of the mountains.⁵⁶ Fernanda's (hi)story begins in a town built as a crypt and identified (both here and later, for the Buendía who would arrive to return her to her new home) by a *glas*-figure: "Thirty-two belfries tolled a dirge at six in the afternoon." (CA, 210) As a young child she has a mirroring vision, the appearance of a spirit, a phantom that is the memory of herself in the future, but that is also read, by her mother, as the return of the past that tells the future: "One day you will be a queen." (CA, 211) For Fernanda, her (hi)story is written within an undecidable, twisting rhetoric of time and appearances -- a rhetoric that marks (for identification) her family structure, as its members are characterized solely in terms of the elaborate lengths to which they will go to "maintain appearances." This, it will turn out, *is*, in fact, Fernanda's future (in the novel, for CA). These lengths are marked, at one point, by the excess of gold (*or*) within the figure of the place of remains, bearing the family mark:

"It was not innocence or delusions of grandeur. That was how they had brought her up. Since she had the use of reason she remembered having done her duty in a gold pot with the family crest on it." (CA, 211)

The prophecy that the family uses to define itself (as well as Fernanda's future) serves to identify her culturally and to determine her relationships to Others within a social context. But at the end of her training (to be a queen), marked as it is by an excess of archaisms of formal culture, she returns home to the family (*glas*-ic) business: the weaving of funeral wreaths. The family, it appears, maintains appearances through the work of *Glas*, the

weaving of funereal monuments. They quickly begin to resemble their work and the text I use to read them.

"Or so it appears. And this would have begun with poisoning the flowers of rhetoric. Parodied, altered, transplanted, these quickly begin to rot, to resemble those mortuary wreaths that are thrown over the walls of the cemetery. These flowers are neither artificial nor entirely natural."(*Glas*, 13b)

Like the flowers of rhetoric. Like the del Carpio family. Until the call arrives.

The call (of the future) arrives as a plot. It is sent by the army, by a "well-groomed military officer with ceremonious manners who had a scar on his cheek and a gold medal on his chest."(*CA*, 212) He is to a soldier what the del Carpio's are to a royal Family, a soldier of appearances come to take away a queen of appearances. But this life of the ruse has not prepared Fernanda for the world outside the home, the world that is, in a manner of speaking, off-stage, and so she returns (home to shut herself away forever within the family scene that is the only role she knows how to play). But, from elsewhere another call is being sent. Aureliano Segundo has headed out to find her and return her (again) to Macondo, even if, for him, she can only be identified by her language (the mark of cultural difference) and her *glas*-trade:

"The only real clues that Aureliano Segundo had when he left to look for her were the unmistakable highland accent and her trade as a weaver of funeral wreaths."(*CA*, 213)

The search that follows, along a postal route from village to village is marked by an excess that the novel gradually comes to identify with the (proper) Family, with the family (hi)story.

"He searched for her without cease. With the free temerity with which José Arcadio Buendía had crossed the mountains to found Macondo, with the blind pride with which Colonel Aureliano Buendía had undertaken his fruitless wars, with the mad tenacity with which Úrsula had watched over the survival of the line, Aureliano Segundo looked for Fernanda, without a single moment of respite."(*CA*, 213)

And the search, like many of the family's excesses, including its own chronicle, including *CA*, seems to become lost in labyrinths that prove to mark a repetition of an epistemology-as-repetition that cuts into the narrative, bringing a disorder to the (proper) Family home and a disintegration (announced with a repeated tolling, the repetition of a family *glas*) at

the home's borders, marked as they are by a (*glas*-ic) family sign:

"He became lost in the misty byways, in times reserved for oblivion, in labyrinths of disappointment. He crossed a yellow plain where the echo repeated one's thoughts and where anxiety brought upon premonitory mirages. After sterile weeks he came to an unknown city where all the bells were tolling a dirge. Although he had never seen them and no one had ever described them to him he immediately recognized the walls eaten away by bone salt, the broken down wooden balconies gutted by fungus, and nailed to the outside door, almost erased by the rain, the saddest cardboard sign in the world: *Funeral Wreaths for Sale*." (CA, 213)

But *Glas* would remind me, as it reads Genet's poetry with its flowers and archangels, that funeral wreaths (as the marks of a signature, *déjà*) are also grafts of flowers and carry the promise of the sexual (and filial) graft.

"Such apparently conventional flowers, pearls abyssed by mortuary wreaths, are already worth their weight in sperm and phallus: that death cuts from nature, whence -- already -- the signature that engraves or cuts the artificial flower. Pastiche and postiche, an inversion of values for fucking yourself. Always to be cut -- cuttable-culpable -- the flower the sex will get their erection from postiche."(*Glas*, 17b)

Aureliano Segundo would seek to bind (erect) another graft to the Family tree, all the while maintaining a prosthesis of a relationship, a postiche, pinned to another home elsewhere, in the place of chance and procreation, even as he returns with a wife that carries the first of her family remains, including the gold pot with the family mark (that awaits, like Genet's "Arab saddle" at Fontevrault, her own remains as they fall (to the the tomb) from (the) between (and) the behind): "the countless and useless remains of a family catastrophe."(CA, 214) As Fernanda's father writes out the announcements "with mournful sketches and the family coat of arms," he also engages for the first time in a postal exchange with the "outside" world that marks the beginning of Fernanda's life (her birth within the *récit* and the Buendía Family (hi)story) and, for Aureliano Segundo, a problematic between: "almost simultaneously the beginning and end of happiness."(CA, 214)

Fernanda's own sexuality is marked out in advance (on a calendar) by the Church, in purple crosses. These markings define an ideology of abstinence under the ruse of maintaining "purity" during a (textual) network of Holy time (maintaining, that is, the

absolute sacredness of the IC in both of its readings, as time and/as a conception).⁵⁷ Aureliano Segundo's only hope appears to be to delay the wedding, convinced, as he is, "that time would break up that hostile network." His attempt to penetrate (her calendar of defenses) takes the form of a deferral. The same (domestic) struggle is read by Úrsula, as the Family reader, in terms of (the Family) (hi)story as a narrative that might be repeating itself.

"Úrsula remembered her own experience and wondered whether Fernanda might have a chastity belt too which would sooner or later provoke jokes in the town and give rise to a tragedy."(CA, 214)

But this is not a return call from a time of sexual binding (erect). In fact, the same place of the fetish's origin (in the moment of a scene, a vision played out on/in a stage) is now marked by an absence that would obscenely mark the most renown absence of all and that provokes the ringing laughter that tolls the death of the domestic scene.⁵⁸

"[I]t took him a moment to realize that Fernanda was wearing a white nightgown that reached down to her ankles, with long sleeves and with a large, round buttonhole, delicately trimmed, at the level of her lower stomach. Aureliano Segundo could not suppress an explosion of laughter.

"That's the most obscene thing I've ever seen in my life," he shouted with a laugh that rang through the house."(CA, 215)

Aureliano Segundo returns to the bed of Petra Cotes, using the economy of procreation as an excuse. The opposition between the two women, the dialectical struggle enacted within the domestic scene, seems finally to be relieved by a promise, by a speech act that predicts the death of the man "in his concubine's bed" (a promise that announces (for the future) a return according to the object-logic of the fetish). But, as *Glas* would read Kant as warning his "own" readers, the "natural" condition of polygamy (for the man) cannot survive within the scene of the modern family. Even the *Aufhebung* of the promise, CA announces, cannot relieve the Family borders, cannot open the Family up to a new graft from the outside without the working approval of the mother. Úrsula cannot change Fernanda's foreign habits. The remnants of her culture remain, defined first of all by a question of remains, the referentiality of language, and the future of the *or* (for the Family

(mark)):

"She could not convince her to use the bathroom or the night lavatory and sell the gold chamberpot to Colonel Aureliano Buendía so that he could convert it into little fishes. Amaranta felt so uncomfortable with her defective diction and her habit of using euphemisms to designate everything that she would always speak gibberish in front of her."(CA, 216)

The "gibberish" is language marked by an excess of "if" (of, that is, the conditional) and the rhetoric of remains, and it calls for a translation which, when received, seems also to be a transformation.(CA, 216) Gradually, Amaranta's relationship with Fernanda becomes purely postal, as they attempt to erase the (ontological) presence implied in speech by allowing only writing to pass between them. But if the Family resists the grafting of Fernanda (onto their "own" Family tree), she insists on binding (erect) her own diverse cultural customs, marked most often by a rigorous excess of formality, onto the daily life within the home, establishing, literally, a new Family "economy." This new economy of custom manifests itself most drastically at the scene of eating, at the supper table. Fernanda begins to transform the taking of meals into a ritual of (at least in part, religious) custom, a ritual that prompts a new rumor throughout the civil community, one that links the Family to the *glas*-scene of exchange and remains, the Last Supper.

"But the custom was imposed, the same as that of *réciting* the rosary before dinner, and it drew the attention of the neighbors, who soon spread the rumor that the Buendías did not sit down to the table like other mortals but had changed the act of eating into a kind of high mass."(CA, 216)

Gradually, Fernanda has begun replacing the scenes of one culture with those of another. The ritualization of the meal, as Freud reminds me in *Totem and Taboo* (as it is read into Hegel's reading of the Last Supper scene in *Glas*), revives the "ancient totem meal in the form of communion."(*Glas*, 33ai, citing Freud) Indeed, the difference between Fernanda's customs and those already established within the Family scene (of the Buendía's) is the difference between the event and the revival of custom, between the act in and of the moment, and the recuperation of the past, the maintenance of stability over time through a compulsive repetition. The Buendía's (and, I would read, CA's) culture of the event seems

to be being replaced by the culture of the catalogue, the culture of securely defined boundaries, to which, in the narrative "so far," the Family *récit* seems to have stood in opposition.

"Even Úrsula's superstitions, with origins that came more from an inspiration of the moment than from tradition, came into conflict with those of Fernanda, who had inherited them from her parents and kept them defined and catalogued for every occasion."(CA, 216-17)

Indeed, as the ability of the mother to resist the new cultural logic of tradition and repetition gradually disintegrates, the force of the new orthodoxy serves to close off the Family (home and destiny).

"As long as Úrsula had full use of her faculties some of the old customs survived and the life of the family kept some quality of her impulsiveness, but when she lost her sight and the weight of her years relegated her to a corner, the circle of rigidity begun by Fernanda from the moment she arrived finally closed completely and no one but she determined the destiny of the family."(CA, 217)

This closing, as the effect of a rigorous respect, even a worshipping of tradition, of the names and ways of the past, produces a closing that is metaphorical both in language and with(in) the Family home, as the doors of the house are suddenly "closed for good" during the day. The Buendía's had not, prior to Fernanda's arrival, been without tradition entirely, but it had been a tradition interwoven with(in) the singularity of the moment and the event "at hand," a tradition injected (by and from the mother) with a degree of "impulsiveness." The call (of the *récit*) is not to abolish the traditional, not to define it as one side of a dialectical opposition, as a "pure" closure. More often, early in CA, it is narrativized, written into the Family (hi)story as a series of possible interpretations (of the future) as likely to be wrong as to be "right." But Fernanda's rigorous respect of the catalogue of customs removes the narrative status from the traditional, and thereby posits it as fixed within a repeating pattern through and in spite of the heterogeneity of events over time, and the result is the pure closure implied in the shutting of the house's doors to the outside and the installation of an eternal iconography, the Sacred Heart of Jesus.(CA, 217)

Colonel Aureliano Buendía reads this same transformation in favor of the culture of "pure"

repetition in terms of its potential political significance.

"'We're becoming people of quality,' he protested. 'At this rate we'll end up fighting against the Conservative regime again, but this time to install a king in its place.'"(CA, 217)

The Colonel remains, is allowed to remain, as a remnant of the old Family (dis)order, in conflict with the new "social rigidity," "one loose piece," because Fernanda fears his potential for subversion. He and his proper name are allowed to live on outside the pure closure of imposed custom. But the fight over the Family and its customs eventually becomes a fight over the proper name, the right to name -- a fight over the control of the *seing*.

The mark of a new name would be the mark of a new family, a sign that the graft had outgrown the tree to which it was bound (erect). The name (of the mother) is at stake. When Fernanda and Aureliano Segundo's daughter is born, Fernanda decides to name her Renata (after her mother). Úrsula, as the family mother, decides to name her Remedios. When a "compromise" is reached, it would seem that the dialectical operation of *Aufhebung* is at least forthcoming for this family struggle over rights and names; but, in practice, the difference remains unresolved and it serves to mark the space that remains between Fernanda, the family and the civil community. She remains outside the Hegelian development of the Family (on its march towards absolute ethics, towards *Sa*, and its own *glas* in translation).

"[T]hey baptized her with the name Renata Remedios, but Fernanda went on calling her just Renata, while her husband's family and everyone in town called her Meme, a diminutive of Remedios." (CA,218)

Even as the name remains unstable, multiple, unfixed just as it must be untranslatable, dependent on the (filial) politics of the namer (the one who signs), the narrative directs its attention towards another family (name), towards another name (of the father) and an idealization that will prove to monumentalize the remains first of memory and later of and by the post.

Where is the father, in *Glas*? In Genet, of course, he is always already absent, the

mark of his absence serving to define the experiences of a reading of "family" that opposes itself to the foundational readings inscribed in the Law. In Hegel, he is the Father, the absolute (Holy) Father of the "proper" Christian family, the Father that is at once absolutely singular and encompasses the relief of the multiple (the trinity). But, in Hegel, he is also the displaced Father, the parent whose death is the education of the child, the One who has made way for (and made possible) the religion of the son. "Here the father intervenes."(*Glas*, 68a) The Father is everywhere in *Glas*, monumentalized and demonumentalized, marked in (full and Holy) presence and played out in-absentia within (the staging of) a ruse, across the space of the two columns, the two families that are read through and within each other. He is also to be found within the resonance of the Oedipal scene (as Freud echoes through both columns, like a thread that occasionally finds itself woven from one remnant to another and remains after the tear) as the Father murdered, the dead father who remains as a name, the Name of the Father, the proper name missing from Genet's. The Father is at once idealized and destroyed, and allowed to live on (as either the mark of identification or the mark of an absence), and mourned (as the withdrawal of the *seing*) in *Glas*, as it reads the variations possible within a "family scene." But the father has also been reduced to "madness" and tied to the Family tree (in CA) and now, again, the narrative turns towards the idealization of the absent father, as Fernanda writes her own father into legend. For the family, this father is, first of all, a name attached to what is sent through the post, the name of remains that are used to mark the monumentalization of the Family home (the writing of a new, alternative cultural (hi)story) as it is transformed, translated, made proper through the sending of remains.

"[T]he children became accustomed to think of their grandfather as a legendary being who wrote them pious verses in his letters and every Christmas sent them a box of gifts that barely fitted through the outside door. Actually, they were the last remains of his lordly inheritance. They used them to build an altar of life-size saints in the children's bedroom.[...] Little by little the funereal splendor of the ancient and icy mansion was being transformed into the splendor of the House of Buendía." (CA, 218)

The translation of ice (*glace*), of an icy home (*oikos*), into the Family home made proper

(given the anasemic rights of the name) through the sending of (material) remains through the post marks the beginning of a new family future, both economically and along the path of Hegelian development. But the future (of technology and translation, of a reading towards (the impossibility of) *Sa*) remains to be read. For "now" a new package arrives through the post. CA takes up the business of mailing one's own, proper remains, the sending of a postal *glas* marked by the overflow of the remains. Fernanda's father, the *seing* that her own name would repeat (and monumentalize) with the difference only of gender (Don Fernando), returns to her in the mail.(CA, 219)

Earlier in the family (hi)story (and the (hi)story of civil community and the State) the post had been the scene of war, the route along which a battle of rhetorical and metadramatic stagings had taken place. Now, again, for the briefest of moments, the rhetorical exchanges between the Family and the State return as the government announces its intention to celebrate the anniversary of the Treaty of Neerlandia with a "jubilee" in the Colonel's honor. But the Colonel's sent threat, his postal reply that he will murder the President of the Republic if he arrives in Macondo, prompts the sending of a substitute, a "personal representative," once again tying the postal logic to a logic of displacement and (the) deferral (of death).(CA, 220) The jubilee, however, is held as scheduled, in spite of the Family's absence; and it becomes a(nother) celebration honoring an absent father. Like the last carnival, this one too brings out-siders; but this time the event (linked to the carnival by the "chance" of the calendar) marks the scene of a dramatic filial return.

All along, the cut (or this reading of it) has been tracing the routes of sendings and returns, the exchanges between Family (hi)stories and remains, the weaving of filial threads of kinship that traverse the narrative as it operates its grafts. Now, the pattern is marked over again with new threads, new sons, the return of a filial heterogeneity.

"Then Colonel Aureliano Buendía took down the bar and saw at the door seventeen men of the most varied appearance, of all types and colors, but all with a solitary air that would have been enough to identify them anywhere on earth. They were his sons."(CA, 221)

Like Genet, these sons carry the last names of their mothers. They carry, that is, the mark

of a difference (from their father, from the proper name of the Family); their names (and their identities) are not quite repetitions, or are the same sort of "repetitions-with-a-difference" as are the names "within" the family, and the novel's markings of the Family (hi)story.⁵⁹ And their names and the places of their birth, entered into a book by the mother, in fact mark (a) (hi)story as both a personal narrative (of the Colonel at war) and a national narrative (of the civil war): "That list could well have served as a recapitulation of twenty years of war." (CA, 221) (Hi)story as the narration of the proper name traces the seed (of/as the *seing*) along the edges of a (partial) pattern of differential repetition.

The sons stay in the house for (of course) three days, wreaking all sorts of havoc during a celebration of excess orchestrated by Aureliano Segundo. As they leave, they are doubly marked with a f(am)ilial inscription. First, they are given the gift of (the product of) the family vice by the father, the mark of the Family as the space between (for instance, science and magic, or, name and identity) -- a "little gold [*or*] fish." Second, they are marked by the church with the sign of sacrifice (of the son); the mark that, in this case, will resist erasure absolutely even as it signs a (hi)story of passage from son to father and the becoming spirit of the flesh with the remains of ashes, the remnants of the holocaustic fire that accompanies the gift (of being, of the *es gibt*) and as it marks for death, for the tolling of an identifying *glas*, those that carry it -- "the sign of the cross in ashes." The sign that marks (at first) only the celebration of Holy Day, in memorium, is translated (and transformed) into a *seing*, an identifying mark that is "indelible," but only for the son(s).

"They tried soap and water, earth and a scrubbing brush, and lastly a pumice stone and lye, but they could not remove the crosses. On the other hand, Amaranta and the others who had gone to mass took it off without any trouble. 'It's better that way,' Úrsula stated as she said good-bye to them. 'From now on everyone will know who you are.'" (CA, 222)

The reading of the mark, by others, as an-other identifying sign, will replay itself "later," upon the sons' (final) return to the narrative. But here, now, one son remains in Macondo. Aureliano Triste, a son-between (races), marks the edge of the town with the return of the

glace-dream of its founder when he "sets up" the ice factory "that José Arcadio Buendía had dreamed of in his inventive delirium." (CA, 222) The dreams of ice and mirrors, the many oscillations between the (partially) transparent and the (partially) reflective, will gradually begin to play themselves out more frequently as the community (and the Family) ages and marches not towards absolute religion (the religion of the son) but towards the disintegration-in-reflection that is the operation named "translation." This disintegration already marks the Family memory, as the narrative reminds me when the newest family graft, the son (partially) bound (erect) to the Family tree, searches for his own (proper) house.

The re-discovery of the (hi)story of a family member forgotten, a member seen in the recent past only twice, on postal errands, and since written into legend, marks the return (into the narrative) of the remains of mourning and memory and a death too soon tolled. Rebecca is, in a manner of speaking that is too imprecise, "alive." Her own (hi)story and condition resonate with the tales of other literatures, other signatures ("Faulkner" and "Dickens," for instance), as she remains "still dressed in the clothing of the past century, with a few yellow threads on her bald head...." (CA, 223) Her first vision of "the giant with square shoulders and with a tattoo of ashes on his forehead" is translated into a *geist*-text, a spirit displaced as "through the haze of the dust she saw him in the haze of other times with a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder and a string of rabbits in his hand." (CA, 224) For Rebeca, memory (of the written body) is sent by others.

"'For the love of God,' she said in a low voice, 'it's not right for them to come to me with that memory now.'" (CA, 224)

But the call of memory travels in multiple directions, and just as it may be received in one place as spirit, it may be received (with a different hearing, an other reading) in another as "object". The Family, it seems, had relegated Rebeca to the place of the dead, to the (nearly forgotten) memory that would constitute the success of mourning (and, thereby, Freud might say, its end) -- with a single exception. The memory is allowed to remain,

unresolved, in at least one subject position because it is preserved by jealousy. The text links Amaranta's mornings with her unsuccessful mourning as it links the *glace* of her heart with the *glas* of mourning between and within the operations of *sein* and fetish.

"She thought of her at dawn, when the ice of her heart awakened her in her solitary bed, and she thought of her when she soaped her withered breasts and her lean stomach,[...] and when she changed the bandage of terrible expiation on her hand."(CA, 224)

Once again, "jealousy is at stake," as it allows memory to remain (marked by the fetish) and "solitude" is allowed to sift among the burning remains of Amaranta's memories and select the ones to remain.(CA, 224-5)

In a time before *Sa*, in the time of the Family narrative, jealousy remains as it remains in *Glas* (for Hegel) in Judaism and Kantianism. Hegel's debate with Kant on the possibility of a jealous God (joined shortly after its beginning in *Glas* by Freud as he analogizes between the taboo and the IC) is a "merry-go-round" debate of "circular repetition."(*Glas*, 216a) It stakes out once again the path towards *Sa* (this time (almost) as Absolute religion, the identity of philosophy with religion) and towards a place where there is no room for divine jealousy. The Kantian formulation of God as God the Father who cannot be known prompts a critique by Hegel that positions the two philosophies (once again) within a chiasmatic argument:

"[I]f in piety the question is pleasing God the Father and taking pleasure in the law (Kant), is striving for perfection to that end, how would that be possible if we were enclosed in the phenomenon and left God beyond knowledge (theoretical knowledge, what Hegel does not want to distinguish here from the practical relation)? According to the formalizable law of the chiasm(us), Hegel in sum reproaches with being unfaithful to reason and to Christianity, just as Kant reproaches those who believe they know God (that will have been the case with Hegel) with degrading religion to religious folly, to the delirium of arrogance, or to fetishism."(*Glas*, 211a)

Does God reveal (himself)? In Christianity (a religion of revelation, the "true" religion as revealed by the word), Hegel claims, He does so infinitely.(*Glas*, 212a) But "Kant is Jewish: he believes in a jealous envious God who hides and guards his *Da*" (and Freud returns, both as the analyst of fetishism and the *da*) and, therefore, Kant must be a liar.(*Glas*, 213-14a) The question of jealousy is, in *Glas* as in CA, a family question. God

cannot be jealous (for Hegel) because he is a father, "being-generative excludes envy."

"A father cannot be jealous as a father, since he gives birth. He is good inasmuch as he gives rise to *genesis*, as he causes coming to birth, to the light of day, accords birth and form. Those who say God is jealous are liars, Greeks, Jews, or Kantians. Liars or poets, but the poets are liars (Aristotle, before Nietzsche, had recalled the proverb) that comprehend nothing of the difference between day and night."(*Glas*, 214)

"In *Sa*, jealousy has no place any more."(*Glas*, 215a) But in CA, as the end (as an absolute) is still to be translated, jealousy finds itself where it would be found in the Kantian religion or in the Judaic, linked to the trace (of memory) and keeping alive the fetish-object in the unconscious (of Amaranta's mourning):

"Jealousy always comes from the night of the unconscious, the unknown, the other. Pure sight relieves all jealousy. Not seeing what one sees, seeing what one cannot see and who cannot present himself, that is the jealous operation. Jealousy always has to do with some trace, never with perception. Seen since *Sa*, thought of the trace will then be a jealous (finite, filial, servile, ignorant, poetic, lying) thought."(*Glas*, 215a)

Reading, then, as I would like to practice it here, now; and writing, under the siglum CA; and the operations and events that have at times carried the name "deconstruction"; all these are jealous operations. Questions remain (Freud's, for instance, on the "overestimation of verbal magic" in both philosophies as they reach towards the true religion (of philosophy), and on the place (and origin) of "the third," the artist or hysteric (see *Glas*, 217ai)) -- and the debate (in *Glas* and "elsewhere") continues, even as it is opposed (on the page, at one point, on the "right") to the economic questions of art, to the "morality" of making art for money, to the question of who pays, who sends and who receives (funds) and, thereby, to the question of who is responsible for the (jealous) text, who occupies a sovereign position in relation to the words.(*Glas*, 218b) But jealousy is hereafter always inscribed into this new business of reading and writing, it allows memory to survive even as a re-written narrative, a (hi)story (of the Family), bearing with it the undecidability of the (textual) fetish. Amaranta's preserving jealousy is a necessary ingredient for writing and reading critically even if, at the same time, it makes "pure sight," it makes the (religion of) truth, impossible. Jealousy b(l)inds, and that b(l)inding (as a symptom) inevitably remains.

Even Úrsula's memory of Rebeca, translated through a process "opposite of

Amaranta's," writes itself only as the regrafting of remains onto the family tree.(CA, 225) But Rebeca will not return, she resists the returning graft, having, over many years, attained "the privileges of solitude." She refuses, I am told by the narrative, to return them for an exchange, preferring the "hazy" multiplicities of solitude (as an ontological status) over the singular security of the home and the Family as institutions. She (as memory) is allowed to remain, though not completely without restoration. The return of the sons (along the now well-travelled route of filial exchange) also marks a re-writing of memory through restoration. The other sixteen sons of Colonel Aureliano Buendía return, "still marked with the cross of ashes," still signed (by the Family's proper name, for the future), and re-build the outside of Rebeca's home. They are not allowed inside (memory, as the trace of the unconscious) and can only restore the edifice, erasing only the deterioration of the physical building (over time). Rebeca allows this much, and then sends recompense, money that has already been "withdrawn from circulation," and is, therefore, "worthless" but not meaningless (as it operates still on the level of gesture).

At the end of this second visit of the sons, another remains. Aureliano Centeno (the proper name carrying with it the narrative's own proper name, the title, the beyond of the margins of the novel, and a familial destiny) joins his half-brother at the ice-factory. And as their combined efforts begin to overflow the town's boundaries, its capacities to hold (*glace*, ice and its own reflection), the problem of the town's borders (and their beyond) returns from the novel's opening pages, accompanied by the differential repetition of Family (hi)story. A dream returns (from a dream (of ice)).

"In a short time he had increased the production of ice to such a degree that it was too much for the local market and Aureliano Triste had to think about the possibility of expanding the business to other towns in the swamp. It was then that he thought of the decisive step, not only for the modernization of his business but to link the town with the rest of the world."(CA, 226)

The plan, another attempt to create a route out from the civil community to beyond its borders, again relies on a new invention, on the arrival of a new technology (like the post, earlier) that will establish a new rhetoric of sending and receiving on an even larger scale.

The Family (hi)story returns (with a difference) when plans to bring the railroad to Macondo are announced.

"That was the first time that the word had ever been heard in Macondo. Looking at the sketch that Aureliano Triste drew on the table and that was a direct descendant of the plans with which José Arcadio Buendía had illustrated his project for the solar warfare, Úrsula confirmed her impression that time was going in a circle. But unlike his forebear, Aureliano Triste did not lose any sleep or appetite, nor did he torment anyone with cries of ill humor, but he considered the most harebrained of projects as immediate possibilities, made rational calculations about costs and dates, and brought them off without any intermediate exasperation."(CA, 227)

Aureliano Triste re-cites the search of the patriarch and the father (on separate occasions) beyond the borders of the town, only this time science (and its rhetorical exchanges with magic) has been replaced with economics, and the sea (as the end of the route and the teleology of the signatory adventure, *el mar*) has been replaced by the railroad (as the method of exchange, of receiving and sending goods and people, as the *tekhnē* of technology which rewrites the economy of *oikos*). As his partner again turns the attention of the town to the first in a long line of "new" inventions (sherbert), Aureliano Triste vanishes into the swamps for almost a year, only to return with a new way of life for the people and the novel.

This final return of the cut, carrying with it the newest technical methodology of exchange (of, for instance, ideologies), is foreshadowed only by the laying of tracks -- an activity ignored by the town as, appropriately, "some new trick of the gypsies."(CA, 227) But the Other that will return to re-write the narrative this time is finally announced (by a screaming woman running from the edges of the river) as "something frightful." All along, the cut has been marking the announcement of methods and times and places of exchange, whether domestic, civil, spiritual, cultural, linguistic, memorial, or chiasmatic. Now, here, the promise of an undecidable future arrives within a new flower-figure that destabilizes the possibility for exchange as it allows itself to be heard as (to mean (to say)) everything and nothing. The train is written in(to) the language of flowers as it arrives (de)part(ed) (*Glas* would say), "like a kitchen dragging a village behind it."(CA, 227) Flowers, of course,

fall (to the tomb) in trains, and once in trains their "truthfulness" (their "reality") in doubt.

Glas cites Genet's instructions from "How to Play *The Maids*":

"This is 'How to play *The Maids*': 'false trains, false frills, the flowers will be real flowers, the bed a true bed. The director must understand, for I cannot altogether explain it all, why the room should be the almost exact copy of a feminine room, the flowers true, but the dresses monstrous....'" (*Glas*, 55b)

"The work of art, the ungraspable flower, more natural and more artificial than any other..." (*Glas*, 56b)

Glas reminds me, reading Genet, that the flower's reality (on or off stage, this is part of the problem) remains (a product, an "affect," of reading). The train, as floral-figure for a technological age will also serve to destabilize such philosophical questions, as it re-writes the (hi)story of the Family, the civil community, and the State along a multitude of new tracks. But even here, now, its arrival is already marked as a (filial) return (of a son) and an exchange (of pasts and futures):

"But when they recovered from the noise of the whistles and the snorting, all the inhabitants ran out in the street and saw Aureliano Triste waving from the locomotive, and in a trance they saw the flower-bedecked train which was arriving for the first time eight months late. The innocent yellow train that was to bring so many ambiguities and certainties, so many pleasant and unpleasant moments, so many changes, calamities, and feelings of nostalgia to Macondo." (CA, 227-28)

Remain(s)

"The coming of invention cannot make itself foreign to repetition and memory."

And to being-sent.

Earlier, as early as my reading of the novel's "first" pages, I wrote of invention. I did not read there, then, Derrida's essay on invention, on the fable of invention and

Ponge's *Fable*, on invention as an exchange (or translation), on "The Inventions of the Other." It could not have been done (so early). The (postal, tele-) logic was not in place to carry the exchange (between texts, between readings). Here, now, the essay can be read into and with another that carries the "same" signature, an essay on sending, "Sending: On Representation," an essay on the link between representation and exchange, on the necessity of reading Heidegger on *renvois*, on sending back the references at the originary moment of ontology. But it is too early for that *envoi* to arrive, to represent itself and its speaker on these pages.

First, the son must ask the father a question.

Derrida begins his reading of the problematics of invention with a family scene -- with, more precisely, a filial exchange (between father and son). "For, as you know, it was in responding one day to his son's request that Cicero defined, on one occasion among others, oratorical invention." Derrida re-cites the exchange, in which the son asks for the translation of a gift: "say to me in Latin those things concerning the doctrine of speaking that you have given [dispensed, reported, delivered or translated, bequeathed] to me in Greek." And the father responds, setting in place a distinction (between words and things, and the places of each) that remains (as the destiny invented for language and philosophy). But as the essay attempts to invent itself, to authorize itself as an invention, it becomes clear that the family scene is not incidental, that the question (in CA) of invention is a "properly" f(am)ilial one.

"I find a great deal of *vis*, of inventive power, in someone who opens a discourse on discourse, a treatise on oratory art, with what I shall call *the question of the son* as a question *de ratione dicendi*. This question happens to be a scene of *translatio* as tradition, transfer, and translation: we could also say it is an allegory of metaphor. The child who speaks, questions, zealously seeks knowledge -- is he the fruit of an invention? Does one invent a child? The question will resurface later on. Does it first of all concern the *son* as the legitimate offspring and bearer of the name?"

This citation reads the (Family) (hi)story of CA, of the novel as invented filial legend and discourse on translation and exchange (of names). And like the novel it serves here to read, it too then returns to its opening sentence, to the grammar (of the future) of its initial invention, as it repeats its *incipit*.

"What else am I going to be able to invent?"

It is certainly expected of a discourse on invention that it should fulfill its own promise or honor its contract: it will deal with invention. But it is also hoped (the letter of the contract implies this) that it will put forth something brand new -- in its words or its contents, in its utterances or its enunciation -- on the subject of invention. To however limited an extent, in order not to disappoint its audience, it ought to invent."

Like Ponge's fable *Fable*, Derrida's essay seeks to enact, to invent an event (of reading) even as it takes "invention" as its "subject" (and the question of the "subjectivity" in and of invention (and, later, representation) is, in Hegel and Heidegger, for instance, impossible to avoid). The I that remains must be returned to at a later time, as Derrida reminds me of de Man's writings on undecidability "as an infinite and untenable acceleration. It is significant for our reading of *Fable* that he says this about the impossible distinction between fiction and autobiography." This between, and the I that would pretend to intervene there, is veiled over (for the moment, as a ruse) in order to tell the story of invention -- in order, then, to invent it. Derrida offers a hypothesis, "leaving its justification for later," that ties the history of invention to the (hi)story of Macondo and CA

(as narrative) that crosses and recrosses between the two tracks of invention.

"Within an area of discourse that has been fairly well stabilized since the end of the seventeenth century in Europe, there are only two major types of *authorized* examples for invention. On the one hand, people invent *stories* (fictional or fabulous), and on the other hand they invent *machines*, technical devices or mechanisms, in the broadest sense of the word. Someone may invent by fabulation, by producing narratives to which there is no corresponding reality outside the narrative (an alibi, for example), or else one may invent by producing a new operational possibility (such as printing or nuclear weaponry, and I am purposely associating these two examples, since the politics of invention is always at one and the same time a politics of culture and a politics of war). Invention as *production* in both cases -- and for the moment I leave to the term 'production' a certain indeterminacy. *Fabula* or *fictio* on the one hand, and on the other *tekhne*, *episteme*, *istoria*, *methodos*, i.e., art or know-how, knowledge and research, information, procedure, etc.."

But this is only a (fabulous) story, even if the remains of the (hi)story are left (as traces, some larger than others) everywhere in ("philosophical" and "literary") discourse. Between the "types" of invention, or within them both, bringing them into continual but random contact, is the encounter (in the event of invention) with the not-yet found, with that which is "invented," with the (as-yet) other. It is this "other" that is elided in many (hi)stories of invention, and the invention, not of the other, but, more precisely, of others, is the invention that invents itself, that re-cites its own re-citation in an act that exceeds the performative (as a category), an act such as Ponge's annunciation in *Fable*. It is this "reflexive" encounter (but that word does not suffice, a breaking of the mirror is at stake) with the other that comes to tie "deconstruction" to "invention."

Invention sends back.

But first it must find. The (narrated) path along which the I travels within the act of inventing follows the path of discovery (rather than "pure" creation) and identity. It is also the path of returning that comes to define the exchange between the other and a people. This can be read to operate in Derrida's essays (both the one on invention and, as we shall "discover," the one on representation and "sending") much as it operates in García Márquez' short "fable" (for children), another enacting annunciation of identity, a founding act of invention, "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World."

"What is an invention? What does it do? It *finds* something for the first time. And the ambiguity lies in the word 'find.' To find is to invent when the experience of finding takes place for the first time. An event without precedent whose novelty may be either that of the (invented) thing found (for example, a technical apparatus that did not exist before: printing, a vaccine, nuclear weapons, a musical form, an institution -- good or bad -- and so on), or else the act and not the object of 'finding' or 'discovering' (for example, in a now dated sense, the invention of the Cross or the invention of the body of Saint mark of Tintoretto."

But in both cases, invention encounters an other that was, so to speak, already there, even if its manipulation (in this case) is unique. Invention begins, then, as an exchange.

The children, coming upon (invention always being tied to the first coming, the *venire*), discovering (for the first time (absolutely, but also again in a re-reading) in the narrative) a "dark and slinky bulge" only invent games around it, playing with the act of identifying it as toy or corpse. [Making it, for the moment, represent. From "Sending": "Now what we already know is that if we are here in Strasbourg as representing, then this event bears an

essential relation to a double body (*corps*), understanding this word in the sense of 'body of work' (*corpus*) or 'organized body' (*corporation*)."] But the adults find "it" (and it is the question of (the propriety of) the pronoun that is more and more at issue) for the first time as an other: "They did not even have to clean off his face to know that the dead man was a stranger." He is the other that awaits invention (and thereby an exchange of identification). Still, there is no place yet for invention to take place -- "even though they were looking at him there was no room for him in their imagination." "Imagination(s)" (of the people, of a culture) are the places of inventions only to the degree that they are also (hi)stories, narratives that engage the other.

The people invent.

The drowned man is sent to them. (By whom? Who writes? Who sends, at first? Is the route's origin as impossible as its destination (as an unsigned sender of postcards would have us believe)? These questions remain.) Almost immediately after he is "received" the (postal) exchange of translation and identification begins to take place within a rhetoric of jealousy. Once again it seems as if, in the business of writing (the body), jealousy is at stake. The women in the town read size as authority (as *potenz*), and the narrative they construct around his potency eventually (inevitably) arrives at (the invention of) an untranslatable name, a singular cultural mark which is shared by the inventors (if not by the "readers" in a certain "here" and "now") and which announces the beginning of an identificatory exchange.

"They thought that he would have so much authority that he could have drawn fish out of the sea simply by calling their names [...]. They secretly compared him to their own men, thinking that for all their lives theirs were incapable of doing what he could do in one night, and they ended up dismissing them deep in their hearts as the weakest, meanest, and most useless creatures on earth. They were wandering through that maze of fantasy when the oldest woman, who as the oldest had looked upon the drowned man with more compassion than passion, sighed:

'He has the face of someone called Esteban.'

It was true. Most of them had only to take another look at him to see that he could not have any other name."

How can a (proper) name be "true"? This can only be the case, the invention can only be an invention (as, the philosopher might say, an unveiling), within a particular (cultural, political, literary, etc.) rhetoric -- one not shared (at all times, by all readers) and remaining untranslated. But in the fable, as it enacts its own act of inventing (of coming upon for the "first time") the other, the annunciation of the proper name is immediately followed with the gift of a (hi)story, with the offering of an invented narrative that places the other within a story, allows him to speak, and allows others to speak about him (in his absence, after he is gone). Until, as the narrative reaches its end, with the death of the other in (hi)story, "they felt like weeping, because the drowned man was becoming all the more Esteban for them." And so, when the men come home to announce the absence of any "real" (hi)story for the other, any history already written, already come upon, any precedent, this lack of earlier findings frees the women to claim the other as (potentially) fully present, as ready to be written into the Family scene of the community: "he's ours!"

The process of sending and sending back begins to take shape as the men begin to show their jealousy, feeling "mistrust in their livers," (a culturally bound flower of rhetoric surely no more obscure in and of itself than feeling love in one's heart) and complaining about the attention the man is receiving from the women, until the veil is lifted, until the handkerchief is removed and (the truth of) his face is revealed. "He was Esteban."

Identity is a gift sent from a culture (of readers) to the other, but it is not without its traces, left remaining like residue on the hands of the givers, as their own identity is reshaped (and will eventually even be renamed) by that which they invent. It is the ("inventional") logic of the exchange, of sending, that dominates the narrativization of Esteban (as a process of identification (as the bearer of a proper name) first and of initiation (into the community) second). But the act of initiation is only made properly familial (as *Glas* would remind me, reading Hegel on the proper business of the Family) with a funeral.

"That was how they came to hold the most splendid funeral they could conceive of for an abandoned drowned man."

The funereal act is the ultimate invention, as it promises identity and (hi)story to the subject. (*Glas* teaches me this repeatedly, as does Hegel with his toilette of the dead and Genet with his *Funeral Rites*.) The announcement of the funeral must be sent along a postal route that multiplies itself in the narrative like the flowers that figure (in and with) it. Can it only be chance that these messages sent (about a funeral), this postal *glas*, also come with a proliferation of flowers?

"Some women who had gone to get flowers in the neighboring villages returned with other women who could not believe what they had been told, and those women went back for more flowers when they saw the dead man, and they brought more and more until there were so many flowers and so many people that it was hard to walk about."

This *glas* also announces an exchange (of identity), but here the flesh is not made "spirit," exactly, but is invented. It is come upon for the first time, and returns the act "by means of a *renvoi*." If I set out to read Derrida on Sending (*Envoi*), I turn not to the "text" (properly so called, if one can make such a distinction), but to its margins, its envoi -- to, to be specific, another translator's note, which this time traces the sending off of the term "envoi" along a postal route through Derrida's reading of Heidegger and the question of representation. The lesson the note hints at and the text teaches me is the lesson that the funeral signs at the "end" of the (hi)story of the village.

"Note: Derrida's French title is '*Envoi*,' which has a literary as well as a literal sense; in certain poetic forms, the envoi served as a dedication, a signing-off, a summary, something with which the poem was as it were 'sent-off' to the prince, perhaps, for whom it was written. '*Envoyer*' means just 'to send,' and since Derrida's own text ["Derrida's own text"-- J.] was the opening address to a congress of French speaking philosophical societies (whose members had been sent to Strasbourg, where it was held -- another significant fact in the context of the paper -- as 'representing' their respective philosophical constituencies) his title has also the sense of a 'send-off' for the work of the congress. A further sense of '*envoi*' as 'dispatch,' something sent with urgency and in telegraphic language, is also sometimes in play in this text."

Already there a number of crucial issues raised in so simple a note. Does it, for instance, act itself as an envoi, send the text off on its own, while at the same time serve as a "signing off"? By whom? The translator? But these problems (and many others) must remain, as my attention is drawn further on, by a re-writing of the logic (and the name) of sending, as the translator ("following Derrida following Heidegger") ties sending to Being and then to a return, to a sending back, that in García Márquez leaves a remainder, the residue of the gift (of subjectivity) to mark (indelibly, in the pattern of a cross) the sender.

"As the text proceeds, however, the force of the term becomes more metaphysical. The German equivalent of '*envoyer*' is '*schicken*,' and in Heidegger the term '*geschick*'

(often translated 'destiny') occurs in connection with the emergence of the idea of Being, which is, as it were, 'sent out' from some origin as 'destined.' This origin is clearly not accessible directly; if it is, in Derrida's language, 'the original *envoi*' (and in this part of the text I have tended to leave the term in French), it can be approached only by means of a '*renvoi*' or 'sending-back.' But '*renvoi*' brings its own complexities, since it is also the term used for 'reference' in the scholarly sense (to footnotes, to earlier works, etc.)."

To "translator's notes"? This then, too, is both -- an *envoi* and a *renvoi*. It marks the between, the edge (of Being, of the text). Even as the entire text, the complicated and crucial reading of representation, the closure of the Heideggerian formulation of its relationship to Being, and the retracing of a possible path which would lead "beyond a closure of representation" [a phrase I will later echo reading Derrida reading Artaud] "whose form could no longer be linear, indivisible, circular, encyclopedic, or totalizing" is allowed here and now, in a gesture of unforgivable sending-off, to remain, it remains to discover (or should it be to invent) that such a path starts with a return and leads (only) to (a multiplicity of) remains.

What reading is -- what the villagers do with the remains and what the remain(s) do(es) for the village as they send it off for the "last time" -- what this sending off does -- is what I am announcing (inventing) as *Glas*-writing, as the engagement with the other that every invention marks with an absence as it sends off (adrift, *a la deriva*):

"They let him go without an anchor so that so that he could come back if he wished and whenever he wished, and they all held their breath for the fraction of centuries the body took to fall into the abyss. They did not need to look at one another to realize that they were no longer all present, that they never would be."

Invention, as the engagement with (the multiple voices of) the other, makes full presence impossible -- always leaves, first of all, a gap, a (drifting) absence. But it also produces a sending back (the same sending back with which it begins, and yet one also already marked by a difference (in memory)). Derrida's conclusion to "Sending" reads the "lesson" of García Márquez' "fable" much as his "other" essay on invention reads Ponge's.

"Everything begins by referring back (*par le renvoi*) [*par* being the announcement of Ponge's fable as fable, being the moment it shatters the mirror -- John], that is to say, does not begin; and once this breaking open or this partition divides, from the very start, every *renvoi*, there is not a single *renvoi* but from then on, always, a multiplicity of *renvois*, so many different traces referring back to other traces and to traces of other.[...] This divisibility or this difference is the condition for there being an *envoi*, possibly an *envoi* of being, a dispensation or a gift of being and time, of the present and of representation. These *renvois* of traces or these traces of *renvois* do not have the structure of representations, nor of signifiers, nor of symbols, nor of metaphors, nor of metonymies, etc. But as these *renvois* from the other and to the other, these traces of difference, are not original and transcendental conditions on the basis of which philosophy traditionally tries to derive effects, subdeterminations, or even epochs, it cannot be said for example that representative (or signifying or symbolic, etc.) structure *befalls* them; we shall not be able to assign periods or have some epoch of representation follow upon these *renvois*."

They shall exceed these desires. They remain. To mark the exchange (of invention). They "deconstruct." If this word is to operate, it seems to me it might only do so among such multiple formulations of (the impossibility) of Being being received. The *renvoi* doom the destinatory logic of critical thought that makes claim to an ontology (or, even, a metaphysics) without accounting for the event of its own tracings.

A return: I am sent back to "Inventions of the Other," where the question of deconstruction, its relation to invention and sending (and the other(s)) is addressed directly (and sent off to an impossible destination):

"Deconstruction is inventive or it is nothing at all; it does not settle for methodical procedures, it opens up a passageway, it marches ahead and marks a trail [it signs with the name of the novelist -- John]; its writing is not only performative, it produces rules -- other conventions -- for new performatives and never installs itself in the theoretical assurance of a simple opposition between performative and constative. Its *process* involves an affirmation, this latter being linked to the coming -- the *venire* -- in event, advent, invention. But it can only make it by deconstructing a conceptual and institutional structure of invention that would neutralize by putting the stamp of reason on some aspect of invention, of inventive power: as if it were necessary, over and beyond a certain traditional status of invention, to reinvent the future."

As I invent, as the invention (of the text) returns, sends back (to an-other(,) I) what I have "sent-off" (too often, perhaps, as representation), the remains of the reading/writing that would enact itself as an event return and remain unaccounted for. They are left for the other, as the remains of the other that I would hurl off a cliff as a way of reestablishing my own identity in the eyes of those drifting off shore. "This writing is liable to the other, opened to and by the other, to the work of the other." It is offered (only) as a gift, as the remnants of an event. "In that respect it remains very gentle, foreign to threats and wars. But for that it is felt as something all the more dangerous."

"Like the future."

"For the time to come is its only concern: allowing the adventure or the event of the entirely other to come."

...and knowing that that event will bring with it a return, a "gift" back -- of a partial, fleeting moment of "subjectivity", if recognized only at a great distance. The gift of invention, of the narrativizing and (proper) naming of the remains and the sending of them off (in funereal splendor) rewrites (as memory, the memory of mourning over the remains) the marks and "being" of those that would sign (in the future):

"But they also knew that everything would be different from then on, that their houses would have wider doors, higher ceilings, and stronger floors so that Esteban's memory could go everywhere without bumping into beams and so that no one in the future would dare whisper the big boob finally died, too bad, the handsome fool has finally died, because they were going to paint their house fronts gay colors to make Esteban's memory eternal and they were going to break their backs digging for springs among the stones and planting flowers on the cliffs so that in future years at dawn the passengers on great liners would awaken, suffocated by the smell of gardens on the high seas, and the captain would have to come down from the bridge in his dress uniform, with his astrolabe, his pole star, and his row of war medals and, pointing to the promontory of roses on the horizon, he would say in fourteen languages, look, there, where the wind is so peaceful now that its gone to sleep beneath the beds, over there, where the sun's so bright that the sunflowers don't know which way to turn, yes, over there, that's Esteban's village."

Marked by flowers and announced in a multiplicity of voices, the invention invents itself in its inventions of the other.

The result of writing (with) the remains.

P.S.

There is, of course, another collection of sendings. Derrida's *Envois*, the unsigned cards sent to an unknown destinations (or to many) remain (unread). The "opening" card -- the *envoi* to *Envois*, perhaps (although there is also a preface) -- the first dated card (the first sending) reminds me of the status of the reader/writer as remains, even as it begins with the return of an affirmation (a "yes" to an other-beginning to which we were not present):

"Yes, you were right, henceforth, today, now, at every moment, on this point of the *carte*, we are but a miniscule residue 'left unclaimed': a residue of what we have said to one another, of what, do not forget, we have made of one another, of what we have written one another."

Of what we have invented.

Dislocation (of genres, *récits*, property, and the destination of dispatches) is, in both CA and *Glas*, often the effect of invention(s). In CA, a cut is opened (within the consciousness of the community) by the appearance, from outside the borders (of the town and its experiences), of (unreadable) machines: "Dazzled by so many and such marvelous inventions, the people of Macondo did not know where their amazement began." (CA, 229) These inventions, the machines that arrive on the train and are first read as miracles according to a logic that will prove to be at once too literal and too figurative, will alter the course of the narrative and the Family within the reading that remains. They will redirect this reading in new and oblique directions, like the many machines (of reading and writing) that are postulated (and critiqued) in *Glas*.

Early in its colossal reading of Hegel's reading of the Family, *Glas* has already directed me towards "what interests and constrains us here": "the irresoluble, impracticable, or nonnormalizable." This directing, it turns out, is the effect of a machine that seems also to be operating (with)in this reading of CA (and its *seing*):

"Without paralyzing us but while forcing us on the *course* {*demarche*}: zigzagging, oblique to the boot, jostled by the bank to be avoided, like a machine during a difficult maneuver."

And the insert carved into this "place" in the column describes the movement:

"by *a-coups*, fits and starts, jolts, little successive jerks, while touching, tampering with the borders." (*Glas*, 5a, ai)

Later, as I have already read, this machine become the dredging machine that scrapes what remains out of the bottom of the s(e)a and that operates as a "metaphor for the operation I pursue here," as it both detaches remains and allows that which it cuts into to continually

re-form ("her")self, to remain (even as the text presumes to repeat the "here" (the *ici*, *IC*, *ich*, *chi*, *ice*, *glace* and *glas*) that re-weaves it into CA and into the Hegelian machinery above).(See *Glas*, 204-05b) Quickly, *this* machine is read into and translated as the operation of the *navette*, the shuttle (as both movement and object) that reads the machinery of the church into the (textile) operation of the weaver. But before the "navette" (as figure and as operation) can be read, a problem (of reading) arises. To read for the term's appearance(s) in the texts being read, to find if it appears "as such" in Genet's "corpus," (as if this is what reading "for the term" would amount to under a certain set of reading-as-gathering-information protocols) a machine would have to be developed, one which would, in the end, have a limiting, even a punishing effect on the reading operation.⁶¹

"Manipulation of perforated cards would be necessary to know whether the word *navette* appears, as such (as such, otherwise a machine with teeth so fine and numerous that it surely does not yet exist will be required; a text like this one here is only a slightly more evolved, more subtle mechanical reader. Each word cited gives a card or a grid you can walk through the text. Each card or grid is accompanied by a schema you ought to be able to verify at each occurrent) in the so-called 'complete works.'"(*Glas*, 207-08b)

And, again, the judas carved into the column poses the difficulty that the machine cannot overcome:

"the difficulty is that there is no *unity* of occurrence: fixed form, identifiable theme, determinable element as such. Only *anthemes*, scattered throughout, gathered up everywhere."(*Glas*, 208b)

But if the operation demands more than the "as such," demands more and finer teeth (even to an impossible degree); if, that is, the *navette* is to be read for, in excess of its "appearance," it can only be through the aleatory gathering of the anthemes that spread out in all directions, and with the possibility of accident, the chance of chance always already inscribed into its own operations (against the machine) -- even as its appearance, given the operation of reading that is taking place, becomes at the same time, "absolutely necessary":

"The word -- *lanavette* -- is absolutely necessary. It will have had to be there. First, because it is a church term and everything here it hatched against a church. It concerns a small metal vessel in the form of a boat (*navis*, *navetta*). They keep incense in it.

And then the weaver's *navette* {shuttle}. He makes it run. Coming-and-going woven in a chain. The weave is in the *navette*. You see all that one could have done with that (*ça*).

Isn't elaboration a weaver's movement?"(*Glas*, 208b)

A short while earlier, *navette* had been the word (marking the between (of the printing) of the text) that described, "when a gondola has crossed the galley, the grammatical coming-and-going between *langue* {tongue, language} and *lagune* {lagoon} (*lacuna*)."(Glas, 207b) The *navette*, then, circulates around the lacuna of the text, its gaps, its "missing" portions, weaving them (as silences) into the reading of the marks that resound (with a *glas* for themselves, for (the death of) their own moment as an event). A machine which shuttles with a movement in excess of the limitations of its own machinery, the *navette* operates with(in) the production of what remains (of a reading), gaining its power at least in part by virtue of its obsessive repetitions (the echoes of Macondo's first generator, and its "obsessive *toom-toom*"(CA, 229)), its constant swinging back and forth as it allows the excess (odor, smoke, etc.) to escape (its own machinery). Reading for "it" is not reading "for its appearance as such," but reading (it) between (the appearances and assumptions of the moment, the event of reading). The between, for instance, of the literal and the figural, the real and the play, the between torn by Genet when "he tears -- theatrically -- in pieces, in plays {*en pieces*}"(Glas, 209b), is the between that marks the initial problem of reading faced by the civil community when it first encounters a machine that will present it with (repeatable) pieces or plays.

The machinery of the cinema (as an invention of invention) offers the first unreadable moment in this engagement with the other as it appears to displace even death, and can only be read, within a logic not yet equipped for a repeatable technology (of "illusions"), as a horrible fraud.

"They became indignant over the living images that the prosperous merchant Bruno Crespi projected in the theater with the lion-head ticket windows, for a character who had died and was buried in one film and for whose misfortune tears of affliction had been shed would reappear live and transformed into an Arab in the next one. The audience, who paid two cents apiece to share the difficulties of the actors, would not tolerate that outlandish fraud and they broke up the seats."(CA, 229-30)

The future (of the narrative) is read into "the future of an illusion." The reading strategy the

audience brings to the theater is, at first, purely empathetic, and, consequently, when the possibility for this reading-strategy is removed by the technology's explicit breaking with the (aesthetic) dream of "pure" mimesis (the illusion that would efface itself, remain unspoken (that would even, under the law of a cited title, remain (a) taboo)), the violence that results can only be "relieved" and, finally, displaced, by a de-valuation of the staging's claim to the "real" (even as worthwhile illusion). This de-valuation takes the form of the law, an "official proclamation" from the mayor explaining "that the cinema was a machine of illusions that did not merit the emotional outbursts of the audience."(CA, 230) But, once again, the intended destination of a "proclamation" is lost, and its effect marks the reversal of its intention. Instead of putting the audience at ease with the technology (as Crespi, the theater owner who had petitioned the mayor, had intended), the proclamation reinforces the "imaginary" status of the beings-on-film (as opposed to those in the narrative) and removes them even farther from their intended audience. As this gap (between sending and destination) is widened, the burden of the subject (of empathy) is shifted towards the audience, and it arrives (as it must) as a reminder that many of them would rather ignore:

"With that discouraging explanation many felt they had been the victims of some new and showy gypsy business and they decided not to return to the movies, considering that they already had too many troubles of their own to weep over the acted-out misfortune of imaginary beings."(CA, 230)

In CA, the machinery of "mimesis," of the sending and receiving of illusions -- the cinema, the gramophone, the telephone -- problematizing as they do the ontological status of the "speaker" within the event of a performance, come to position the members of the Family and the remainder of the civil community within the uncertain space of their own narrative and within the cuts and columns of a certain *Glas* (especially since, in the future, the difficulties will be re-doubled when the "characters" are read as already written characters in another set of texts that pose the problem of translation as one inseparable from that of representation). The cinema and its performances of illusion, its apparent ability to

suspend what had previously been thought to be absolute and even "natural" law, is only the first in a series of challenges to the reigning epistemology, as technology reshapes philosophy in Macondo. The phonograph threatens the livelihood of band musicians (that is, it threatens to replace presence with the possibilities of iterability as reproduction) until it reveals its own workings (as a machine) upon "close observation," and thereby de-values its own operations within the still humanist assumptions of the town, leaving it to remain only as a structure (a toy for children to take apart). "On the other hand," a machine that allows for both a sending *and* receiving along a doubled line poses a new challenge for the imaginations of the people. While the phonograph and the cinema force a preliminary questioning of (epistemological) assumptions and grounds, they are finally dismissable as challenges to the community's belief systems because they seem (at first) only to allow for a sending and receiving along a singular trajectory, they do not allow for a return trip (back to the "origin" of the exchange). They remain, consequently, discourses of the Other, once removed from the active participation of the reader/writer within the Family and the community -- the movies are rejected as illusions that display only "imaginary beings," and while this exchange between what, for me, here, now, might be read as two sets of beings who share a problematic ontological status serves to re-position the community and the narrative within the space of a curious self-referentiality; within the "context" of the *récit*, supposing that such a space might be locatable, the distinctions remain in effect and as a consequence the cinema cannot finally mark the space-between that would force the re-writing of Being as presence. Likewise, the phonograph, when it reveals its mechanistic workings, is forever removed, in the narrative context, from the moment of performance, from "something so moving, so human, and so full of everyday truth as a band of musicians." (CA, 230) These de-valuations, enacted via the separation of the real from its "representation" (within a context whose status (fictional or otherwise) remains a problem), allow the machines and their operations to be absorbed by the narrative (and its inhabitants) as newer versions of old (gypsy) tricks. However, the telephone poses a greater problem:

"On the other hand, when someone from the town had the opportunity to test the crude reality of the telephone installed in the railroad station, which was thought to be a rudimentary version of the phonograph because of its crank, even the most incredulous were upset."(CA, 230)

This machine produces its own ("crude") reality. The telephone carries presence along lines (as *files*) that establish, gradually, an entirely new set of protocols for accepting and receiving calls (its doubled postal route heretofore having been travelled only by the excess knowledge of filial telepathy (between the son and the mother) earlier in the Family's (hi)story).⁶² This new ontology of the dispatch (*envoi*), built upon the promise of (seemingly) immediate translation and reply, produces a new uncertainty about the status of assumptions concerning discourse and the community (its proper place) that will come to re-write the (hi)story of both the Family and the community as it begins an exchange with the out-side, with the Other that arrives first as a proper name and a fragmented language. But the beginning of such a future is marked, before this arrival, by the telephone (and its ability to suspend the absolute ontology of the IC), as it awakens the spirit tied to the Family tree and repositions the town within a number of *Glas*-ic between:

"It was as if God had decided to put to the test every capacity for surprise and was keeping the inhabitants of Macondo in a permanent state of alternation between excitement and disappointment, doubt and revelation, to such an extreme that no one knew for certain where the limits of reality lay. It was an intricate stew of truths and mirages that convulsed the ghost of José Arcadio Buendía under the chestnut tree with impatience and made him wander all through the house even in broad daylight."(CA, 231)

It is as if the novel was beginning to recognize its own place in *What Remains*, as if the technology of the future brought with it the news that CA was being read into and through *Glas*, was being bound (erect) as a graft onto other readings and other signatures; as if, that is, it was already written between. But the problem of time, of when such a writing "occurs," (the problem of "tense") remains to be re-written (as the act of reading becomes more explicitly the act of writing the narrative). Here, now (as this problem would repeatedly sign itself), the status of the "position" between (the undetermined "limits of reality") opens a space within the community for the arrival of the out-side(rs), as the train

brings a future of (hi)story and ideology first as a proper name and as a fragmented language. Mr. Herbert arrives ("among those theatrical creatures"), looking for a room and speaking only "broken Spanish." (CA, 231) He is taken into the Family home, and he celebrates a meal, another (Last) supper that will prove to mark the beginning of a "new" testament. (Hi)story, this time, begins in the mouth.

Glas re-cites a telegraphic (hi)story of John, of John's "writing" that begins with sendings (over the wire):

"The Gospel and the Apocalypse violently selected, fragmented, redistributed, with blanks, shifts of accent, lines skipped or moved out of place, as if they reached us over a broken down teletype, a wiretap in an overloaded telephone exchange." (*Glas*, 196bi)

travels through the invagination of the prophet (the turning inside-out of the *gaine*) and the erasure of remains:

"This is he of whom I said: He who is coming behind me surpasses me, because he was before I was....The world is turned inside out like a glove[...]And when they were filled he said to his disciples: Gather up the remains so that nothing will be lost." (*Glas*, 196bi)

and ends (with the Apocalypse) in the mouth:

"still another time, bursting with emotion, I wanted to swallow myself by opening my mouth very wide and turning it over my head, so that it would take in my whole body, and then the Universe, until there would be nothing more than a ball of eaten thing which little by little would be annihilated; that is how I see the end of the world...[...]' That (*Ca*) is called a colossal compensation. The absolute phantasm as an absolute self-having in its most mournful glory: to engulf (one)self in order to be close by (one)self, to make (one)self a mouthful, to be(come) (in a word, band (erect)) one's own proper bit" (*Glas*, 198bi)

In the space of a mouth, the swallowing up of the future of (hi)story takes place. From John to Jean (to Jacques to John), broken messages travel along the tele-lines of a f(am)ilial *récit* and announce an apocalyptic history that begins as a bit(e) when Mr. Herbert first chews the morsels of a banana. Once again, a new narrative of the Family begins with science (as ceremony) as the outsider inspects what might be a new commodity:

"With the suspicion of a diamond merchant he examined the banana meticulously, dissecting it with a special scalpel, weighing the pieces on a pharmacist's scale, and calculating its breadth with a gunsmith's calipers. Then he took a series of instruments out of the chest with which he measured the temperature, the level of humidity in the atmosphere, and the intensity of the light. It was such an intriguing ceremony that no one could eat in peace as everybody waited for Mr. Herbert to pass a final and revealing judgment, but he did not say anything that allowed anyone to guess his

intentions."(CA, 232)

There is no conclusion announced; it will come only in the form of the occurrence of (hi)story as the moment of events (of mourning, "massacre(s)") (and their various re-writings from multiple perspectives that will raise doubts as to their "existence" (within a discourse of "truth") at all). The examination, even as it mimes the search for *Sa* that would be Science (in Hegel), ends only in silence. The specialists (*Glas'* "doctors") arrive "on the days that followed."(CA, 232)

(Hi)story moves with both silence and speed as it overtakes the civil community before they are even aware it is being written. It will be, this time, an explicitly economic exchange that writes itself into the Family narrative, and the second proper name attached to the *récit*, the second signature from out-side that is announced in Macondo, arrives already grafted onto the train (as a figure of mourning and monumentalization, a "mausoleum on wheels") and bringing with him the return of the lawyers of the Colonel's nightmares who will make possible a new civil engagement with a new "State," an impossible hermeneutics that already resounds with the echo of earlier wars.(CA, 232) A "new world" is built before the community can recognize its own (new) "place" in (t)(hi)story, and it is a world marked by a difference (of class and custom), by the maintenance of differences (via a fence as a technological border, electrified) and by a pattern of manipulation that had previously been written (in Hegel, as well) only as the proper role of God:

"No one knew yet what they were after, or whether they were actually nothing but philanthropists, and they had already caused a colossal disturbance, much more than that of the old gypsies, but less transitory and understandable. Endowed with means that had been reserved for Divine Providence in former times, they changed the pattern of the rains, accelerated the cycles of the harvest, and moved the river from where it had always been and put it with its white stones and icy currents on the other side of the cemetery."(CA, 233)

Behind the remains (*derrière de la reste*). The remains, it seems, are always threatening to break out, to overflow their own proper place, to contaminate, in excess of their own monumentalizations. The new arrivals, armed as they are with a series of new technologies for keeping excess controlled, for maintaining borders, re-build the monument to close in

the remains:

"It was at that time that they built a fortress of reinforced concrete over the faded tomb of José Arcadio, so that the corpse's smell of powder would not contaminate the waters."
(CA, 233)

Even their "own" excesses, the "strange whores" that would script variations to the Family as structure even as they are already marked by the very (proper) name of excess (language) -- Babylon -- are described in reversed terms of completion, fulfillment, and correction.(CA, 233) Although the town seems at first to be re-translated as the sight (once again) of a mad carnival (and the leaving, afterwards, of scattered Sunday remains), this "intemperate invasion" also produces new sets of borders (between classes and races) and of a new set of property rights that allow for certain arrivals to build their houses "in any vacant lot without anyone's permission." The changes in the status of the town's "proper" Law(s) begin to problematize its very identity:

"So many changes took place in such a short time that eight months after Mr. Herbert's visit the old inhabitants had a hard time recognizing their own town."(CA, 234)

The invasion also affects the Family home, gradually reducing it to remains. The customs and formalities established earlier by Fernanda del Carpio cannot withstand the sheer force of the new economy and its demands. One code of performance is replaced by another, this one written according to a (remembered) logic of economic surplus, a dizzying rush of demand that returns the mother (Úrsula) to the *oikos*-work of her past and restores the *eidos* of "home" to the Family house. Only the Colonel, unable to tolerate his own status as remains, remains outside the new (ex)changes as he bars the door inside his workshop to keep from being seen as "a historical relic, a museum fossil."(CA, 235) The excess (of "disorder") that arrives by train from outside the borders of the town proves to have, as its "proper" teleology, dissemination -- planting and grafting -- the covering of the postal routes of Macondo's (hi)story of invention with a new product(ion). The space of inventions (as promise) is rewritten here and now as the space of production (as *usure*, and, thereby, according to a certain law of economic exchange, as metaphor):

More than a year had gone by since Mr. Herbert's visit and the only thing that was known was that the gringos were planning to plant banana trees in the enchanted region that José Arcadio Buendía and his men had crossed in search of the route to the great inventions."(CA, 235)

The inventions have returned, sent back their own effect (and affect), along a route that brings along it even the return of the sons, of two sons marked with a cross, who come to Macondo "because everybody is coming."(CA, 236) The logic of invention (which is, as Derrida's "Psyche" would remind me, always multi-directional) re-writes (hi)story as it establishes a new order of exchange (this time according to a monetary rhetoric of "development). But even here, especially here, as the narrative seems to mark the beginning of its most explicit encounter with "politics" and "economics," with questions of "ideology" as "practice," a story interrupts, a *récit* that challenges the development of this newest twist in the genre (of the narrative) -- a return to a tale that has already appeared as a genre inscribed into another -- the Fairy Tale (of Remedios the Beauty) is written into the political and economic evolution of the civil community as a challenge to the epistemological and even ontological foundations upon which that development might be built. The critique of "concepts" (the business of Hegel) uses a language that itself assumes the effectiveness and translatability of certain discursive distinctions that this re-writing of the Fairy Tale (as an-other genre, one here that interrupts) would begin to destabilize. Remedios herself, the narrative reminds me as it interrupts its own (hi)story as chronicle, has become "more and more impenetrable to formality."(CA, 236)

Gradually, the story of Beauty, (written here even, eventually, as a proper name) writes the language of death (and the problem of the chance and/or inevitability of the *seing* and its fate) into the conventions of the romance.⁶³ It begins, this "time," with the gradual dissolution of custom and its destabilizing (aesthetic) effect.

"The startling thing about her simplifying instinct was that the more she did away with fashion in a search for comfort and the more she passed over conventions as she obeyed spontaneity, the more disturbing her incredible beauty became and the more provocative she became to men."(CA, 236)

The effect of this "disturbance" increases over time and over a series of exchanges. The arrival of the marked sons of Colonel Aureliano Buendía raises again concerns over the family curse, as the mother warns Remedios about respecting the law(s) of kinship, about not crossing over certain f(am)ilial borders, about keeping separate what (as blood) should not be mixed. But Remedios' lack of concern once again marks the gap between reading and intention. Her casual attitude in the face of her own disastrous beauty, even as it is read as a boldness and a challenge, as a "criminal provocation," by those whom it so powerfully (and fatally) affects, remains only the manifestation of her own growing preference for whim over order and "comfort" over "fashion." "Until her last moment on earth she was unaware that her irreparable fate as a disturbing woman was a daily disaster." (CA, 237) As in *Glas*, the trace of this beauty, and this fate, remains as a breath, the dissolution of a smell (that remains like the odor of flowers). It is a trace whose mark(ing)s remain only for those outside the Family, for those readers who come to it (as the trace of sexuality, of textuality) from beyond the borders (the flowered edges) of the Family (hi)story.⁶⁴

"On the porch, with the begonias, in the parlor, in any place in the house, it was possible to point out the exact place where she had been and the time that had passed since she had left it. It was a definite, unmistakable trace that no one in the family could distinguish because it had been incorporated into the daily odors for a long time, but it was one that the outsiders identified immediately." (CA, 237)

The story, which then re-cites its previous moment as a story within the narrative, the earlier fairy tale about the handsome soldier and his tragic fate, follows the "conventional" path of the *récit* that would tell a tragic tale of unearthly beauty and its effects on men; but it continues to be marked by that gap, that inevitable difference between reading (as interpretation) and intention (that never arrives at its addressee). Even the act of bathing (the immersion in water that was read earlier as the promise of unity (between sender and receiver) as spiritual naming (the work of another John in Hegel)) carries this fatal crisis of interpretation.

"Then she would throw water from the cistern over herself with a gourd. It was an act so prolonged, so meticulous, so rich in ceremonial aspects that one who did not know her well would have thought that she was given over to the deserved adoration of her own body. For her, however, that solitary rite lacked all sensuality and was simply a way of passing the time until she was hungry."(CA, 238)

But for the young man who comes to perch himself on the edge of her roof and watch her through cracks in the tiles, even as he is constant danger of falling through the hole that allows him his vision, her acts are "filled" with meaning. His position (as *the* position of the reader (as subject), here, now) still does not allow for a shared discourse with his object. Their brief dialogue passes along two separate routes of exchange (and intention):

"'Let me soap you,' he murmured.
'Thank you for your good intentions,' she said, but my two hands are quite enough.'
'Even if its just your back.' the foreigner begged.
'That would be silly,' she said. 'People never soap their backs.'"(CA, 239)

And the death that follows, the falling (to the tomb) and "cracking" of the skull, proves only (to other readers) that Remedios as trace remains in excess of any sight, of any reading, of any interpretation, between the "cracks."

"The foreigners who heard the noise in the dining room and hastened to remove the body noticed the suffocating odor of Remedios the Beauty on his skin. It was so deep in his body that the cracks in his skull did not give off blood but an amber colored oil that was impregnated with that secret perfume, and then they understood that the smell of Remedios the Beauty kept on torturing men beyond death, right down to the dust of their bones."(CA, 239)

Remedios becomes written as "legend," as the legend of "a fatal emanation."(CA, 240)

Her narrative, grafted onto the novel with the binding of the traces of (the smell of) beauty, now turns towards its own grafts and smells, its own "new plantings." As part of a "novel game," she goes to see the "new plantings" in the banana field. "As soon as the group of friends went into the plantings the air became impregnated with a fatal fragrance." The smell, the "impregnation," causes a delirium among the workers and the girls are finally rescued by the four Aureliano's, the bastard sons who carry their "proper" marks as signs of their own fates, re-written here in the language of the rescuing knights of the fable: "whose crosses of ashes inspired a sacred respect, as if they were caste marks, stamps of invulnerability."(CA, 240) This fate, and that that awaits them outside the Fairy tale marks

the separation of this (interrupting) genre. But before the rescue takes place, another exchange between Remedios and an "admirer" marks again the the closure and the legend of tragic beauty. This time, it is not Genet's flowers as *seing*, but Hegel's eagle (even, here, "clinging to the edge of the precipice") that is written into the encounter between worlds. But this time the closure of "just desserts," of the boasting attacker drowning in his own blood, marks for readers of the tale the necessary, fourth "irrefutable event" that proves that Remedios the Beauty possesses "powers of death." Again, it is with(in) the act of reading that the legend takes place, in spite of its distance from the act of the subject as object, of the text (as proper name) "being read." But it is difficult to speak here of inside and outside, as the tale is already inscribed into another, or series of other *récits*, as it is inscribed into a series of readings, here now, of another series of texts and signatures (already behind the reading of flowers and eagles). And this difficulty will be compounded as it reaches for the limits of epistemology and (finally) ontology and metaphysics, as the tale of Remedios is lifted into a "relief" that marks both its Hegelian necessity and its narrative impossibility.

The position of this character (from, seemingly, her own narrative) in the Family (hi)story and borders remains to be located, and its fixing is the business of the (great-grand)mother. Úrsula tries to place Remedios within the discourse of gender, and within the Family as genre by inducting her into the provinces of woman (the *eidos* of *oikos*, the law of Day, Home, etc. from the Hegelian reading) but the induction soon proves impossible. The mother (Amaranta) who had already "given up trying to make her into a useful woman," remains "perplexed at the fact that men's words would not penetrate her." (CA, 241) Again, the metaphor of metaphor (of language as phallus and stylus) is used to mark Remedios' remaining out-side the Family structure. Amaranta had earlier read the strategy of the veil as offering the possibility for a reversal of the (textual, sexual) fold that separated Remedios from a Familial destiny, counting on the possibility of truth as *aletheia* attracting the Other. But when the "prince" was rejected, when the story resisted

its own logic of convention, she "gave up all hope."(CA, 242) Here, now, as the tale travels through a number of other family-readings of Remedios as object (Fernanda's, the Colonel's, etc.) it writes its own main character as the composite of and yet that which resists the readings of the Family. She is drawn between the sum of her readings (or of readings of her, as cursed, as perfect, as impossible, as simpleminded, etc.) and the tale in which she is inscribed (with its position, inevitably, as a genre, somewhere between the "real" (for which it should offer a lesson) and the fabulous (from which it should "invent")). Her fate, while folding, marks the announcement of this between by the one who most often inhabits it, Gabriel.

Remedios is left adrift, outside the Family (hi)story, in her own story,

"wandering through the desert of solitude [of "other" interpretations], bearing no cross on her back, maturing in her dreams without nightmares, her interminable baths, her unscheduled meals, her deep and prolonged silences that had no memory..."(CA, 242)

She is written as a blank page folded and refolded like the sheet she is taking from the wire, a space to be written on (by others) and a story to be woven into and along the seams of a Family chronicle. Like the writing on the page she reflects (her others, her readers) obliquely, with a difference, always marked with the spacing between (intention and addressee). Until, finally, at the "end" of a sentence, her own story writes itself into the Family (hi)story-between (the rising (of the monument) and the falling (to the tomb) of the remains), as it challenges the role of language as the conveyor of the "event."

"Amaranta felt a mysterious trembling on the lace of her petticoats and she tried to grasp the sheet so that she would not fall down at the instant in which Remedios the Beauty started to rise."(CA, 242)

The ontological question, the question of the status of the narrated event, within a story inscribed into a larger narrative that folds over it, sews the *récit* of conventions into a pocket in the conventional narrative of Family (hi)story with(in) the act of "a s(c)ending" (between worlds), an ascension that ties Remedios to the Family narrative of invention and translation, of sendings and receivings, even as it carries her beyond memory, "where not even the highest-flying birds of memory could reach her."(CA, 243) How does such an

event, told as if it could simply be simply told, "occur"? To what does the tale's narrated *Aufhebung* refer? And what of those (stories, "characters," events) that remain? Is this relief-with-remains the inevitable result of the mixing of genres? Even this tale has (too) many possible readings, and the narrative offers a selection.

"The outsiders, of course, thought that Remedios the Beauty had finally succumbed to her irrevocable fate of a queen bee and that her family was trying to save her honor with that tale of levitation. Fernanda, burning with envy, finally accepted the miracle, and for a long time she kept on praying to God to send her back her sheets. [Reminding me, as she will do again later in an explicitly postal way, that the route to God is also marked with the possibility of the return (to sender). -- John] Most people believed in the miracle and they even lighted candles and celebrated novenas."(CA, 243)

But the narrative (of the event) remains, as if it were simply another reading, even as it is offered in the (feigned) absolute knowledge of the privileged speaker that often manipulates tenses and, thereby, time itself. The ascension, even within the context of the Fairy tale and its "proper" end, seems at first to re-mark the *Aufhebung* of a dialectic between beauty and death that has always marked Remedios' own story. But it allows for possible and even conflictual readings to remain, against the logic of the Hegelian pattern of relief into *Sa*. It writes itself, is written/read, here and now, more like the appearance(s) of the unicorn (that *Glas* reads) in Genet's *The Thief's Journal*.

"The unicorn, the universal counterpoison, then reworks all the rips and all the seams. The unicorn is not natural, has no natural place, a frontier instantaneously passed between two tissues, two textiles, two texts, two sexes."(*Glas*, 192bi)

The unicorn appears twice in both *The Thief's Journal* and *Glas*, although in the latter the order of read appearances is reversed. In the "novel" it arrives first at a border, at the edge of the country as you pass from one into another, through the field of rye {*seigle*} that signs itself along the desired path of the eagle, wondering aloud if the Hegelian route hid police (of "custom(s)"): ⁶⁵

"The rye field was bounded on on the Polish side by a wood at whose edge was nothing but motionless birches; on the Czech side, by another wood, but of fir trees. I remained a long time squatting at the edge, intently wondering what lay hidden in the field. What if I crossed it? Were customs officers hidden in the rye? [...]

'If something happens,' I said to myself, 'it will be the appearance of a unicorn. Such a moment and such a place can only produce a unicorn.'"

And shortly thereafter, in the midst of "Polish imagery":

"In this noonday sky the white eagle should soar invisible!"

When I got to the birches I was in Poland. An enchantment of another order was about to be offered me. The 'Lady with the Unicorn' is to me the lofty expression of this crossing the line at noontime."(*The Thief's Journal*, 48-49)

(Cut as a long judas into the column that re-cites these pages in Genet, *Glas* re-tells the story of Gabriel's announcement of the birth of John the Baptist, drawing Gabriel from Ganymede's eagle drawn from Hegel's signature that swoops down on you, a "phallic sun."(*Glas*, 194-95bi)) "That's where -- here {*ici*} -- I siglum ryeself or eagle myself," *Glas* signs as it re-cites the placing of the unicorn in the space between (borders) and woven into a fabric (a tapestry) that remains to be sewn (later) into the novel again when it replaces (as a memory) the memory of the Other, of Stillitano:

"It was no longer even the memory of him that I carried away with me but rather the idea of the fabulous creature, the origin and pretext of all desires, terrifying and gentle, remote and close to the point of containing me."(*The Thief's Journal*, 167-68)

The name is re-written by memory in the space between the "hard and brutal" and "gaseous insubstantiality." *Glas* recites these words following its own citation of Voltaire (from the *Littre*) on Unicorn as *pharmakon*, where the space between "terrible" and "gentle" is remarked.(*Glas*, 192bi) The fabulous, as a text(ile), is woven into and through the narrative, through the field of (the) rye {*seigle*} (the (impossible) path *beyond* the border towards the *seing* of *Sa*, in the presence of the police), just as it is woven (as text(ile)) in the sheets that carry Remedios the Beauty "unnaturally" into the space between heaven and earth, between the event and the tale (without correspondence along either route), within a discourse that, by remaining silent on its own onto-epistemological status, allows it(self) to be marked by the differance of possible readings, allows it(self) to be re-written over time by the placing-between of memory. The tale might have even remained longer in the public memory, a part of civil discourse but for another interruption, another story, this time not of ascension and of the aesthetics of the *récit*, but of the fall (to the tomb) and the (holocaustic) danger inscribed into the fate of the *seing* as mark:

"Perhaps there might have been talk of nothing else for a long time if the barbarous extermination of the Aurelianos had not replaced amazement with horror."(CA, 243)

A new graft supplants the tale already told. Colonel Aureliano Buendía reads the arrival of the train and its Others, the changes that invade Macondo, as a change in being, in "the makeup of men." Also, he reads the establishment of the "new order," even the building of the new settlements (separated by the technological fencing of comfort and class) and the operations of new officials, as the arrival of a new State.

"When the banana company arrived, however, the local functionaries were replaced by dictatorial foreigners whom Mr. Brown brought to live in the electrified chicken yard so that they could enjoy, as he explained it, the dignity that their status warranted and so that they would not suffer from the heat and the mosquitoes and the countless discomforts and privations of the town. The old policemen were replaced by hired assassins with machetes. Shut up in his workshop, Colonel Aureliano Buendía thought about those changes and for the first time in his quiet years of solitude he was tormented by the definite certainty ["definite certainty" being the only possible torment within "solitude" as dispersion into the non-singular within the text -- John] that it had been a mistake not to continue the war to its final conclusion."(CA, 244)

The dream of cleansing apocalypse will return. The danger now inscribed into this new regime is made apparent by the butchering of a (grand)father and (grand)son -- the new Law is one of filial cuts and random violence and the public procession of the remains. The violence prompts the Colonel to swear an oath, to engage in a (ruse of a) speech act, that even as it rings with the hollowness of the impossible, excretory rhetoric of an old man, nonetheless and at the same time, tolls a death sentence for the sons that it names -- a deadly double reading that allows for both the act as ruse and the act as promise and thereby insures the fate of the sons, the future whose tolling *glas* spreads along the (telegraph) wires. "'One of these days,' he shouted, 'I'm going to arm my boys and get rid of these shitty gringos.'"(CA,245)

The sons are killed with a compulsive repetition and through the reading of a mark. The extermination of a filial line of bastards unfolds as each one is penetrated at the intersection of the cross that marks his forehead. But each murder chronicled in the narrative is also repeated with a difference (of weapon -- rifle, revolver, ice pick, Mauser, etc.) once again marking the non-identity of compulsive repetition (even within death as a

fetish). At first, the possibility of a mis-reading is maintained (Fernanda seeks to save Aureliano Segundo thinking that it is just the law of the proper name that has marked the victims). But the exchange with the line over the wires, the sending and receiving of telegrams that announce the deaths with a *glas* that tolls over *files*, delineates the plot: "the fury of the invisible enemy was directed only at the brothers marked with the cross of ash."(CA, 245) The cross, that is, that stands in for the remains (for the "dust" of the final return) and that marks the beginning of (the time of) a sacrifice (Lent), promises its own return as sacrifice. As the word arrives over the telegraph, the names of the victims are crossed out (erased, I might have said, reading Heidegger, and Derrida's reading of him elsewhere, a reading of this act of drawing lines through the "proper" names so that they no longer resonate, or to mark that such resonation is no longer possible, and yet, at the same time, allowing the memory to "toll on," to still be read as the (hi)story of the Family tree (and its grafted names)) in the ledger where they had earlier been entered in the place of commodities, the names of the mothers marking their singular filial differences and the name of the father marking their connections. Finally, only a single name remains.(CA, 246) The (hi)story of the remaining son, the eldest marked Aureliano, a carpenter named as "the lover," -- *Amador* -- the name (of Christ) that here comes from the mother, is a story of the chance of a "missed" message (of death), of the ability to remain by way of being lost in the labyrinth, by grafting from outside the civil community, from the Other, and by displacement. It is a tale told (to the reader and the civil community) through postal exchanges and one that finally allows for the remainder only in the space of a silence:

"After waiting two weeks for the telegram telling of his death, Aureliano Segundo sent a messenger to him in order to warn him, thinking that he might not know about the threat that hung over him. The emissary returned with the news that Aureliano Amador was safe. The night of the extermination two men had gone to get him at his house and had shot at him with their revolvers but they had missed the cross of ashes. Aureliano Amador had been able to leap over the wall of the courtyard and was lost in the labyrinths of the mountains, which he knew like the back of his hand thanks to the friendship he maintained with the Indians, from whom he bought wood. Nothing more was heard of him."(CA, 246)

The son whose name names the Son is, this time, not sacrificed (because the mark of his sacrifice is "missed"); but he can only, any longer, remain as a silence (a rem(a)inder, in memory, of the extermination of the bastard sons). The result of the sudden tearing of the family name(s) is the re-opening of the war of the post. Upon receiving "a telegram of condolence" and "four funeral wreaths" from the president of the republic, Colonel Aureliano Buendía inters the remains of his sons and returns to his old method of interr(ogat)ing the State, with "the violence of the letter":

"After the burial he drew up and personally submitted to the president of the republic a violent telegram, which the telegrapher refused to send. Then he enriched it with terms of singular aggressiveness, put it in an envelope, and mailed it." (CA, 246)

In his solitude (as a determining "figure" as well as condition), his anger takes the form of "a blind and directionless rage." (CA, 246) But the murder of those who bore at least half of his own proper name has no origin, it is without its own signature (only the marks of its differential repetition) and "responsibility" cannot be "assigned." The Colonel looks to the Church (as the "one" that signed, that marked his sons (for death)). But the name of the Church, he who walks in its name in Macondo, is now "decrepit" and can "no longer string ideas together" (can no longer weave or write). Even as the priest would seek to demonstrate (by a repetition of the anointing) that the marks can be erased (washed off, in fact, with water) he meets the resistance of the Family, for whom the experience has "penetrated" their (hi)story so deeply that they "never again" return to "the altar rail on Ash Wednesday." (CA, 247) Gradually, the horror of the extermination and the effects of time set Colonel Aureliano Buendía adrift.

As the Colonel begins to disintegrate, he undertakes a search for memory (inscribed as the "traces of the past" in the Family home) that leads him back to the book, to the room of science and language; he moves from a struggle with a textual network of political traces (the tele-war with the State) to the textual network of memory and the Family (hi)story as archive.

"He was lost, astray in a strange house where nothing and no one stirred in him the slightest vestige of affection. Once he opened Melquíades' room, looking for the traces of a past from before the war, and he found only rubble, trash, piles of waste accumulated over all the years of abandonment."(CA, 247)

But, as if it had been reading *Glas* all along, the narrative (and/of the Colonel) finds, amidst the rubble of the remains of a monument to the last philosopher, between the covers of a book, the possibility of a living and affirmative excess -- a flower that remains.

"Between the covers of the books that no one had ever read again, in the old parchments damaged by dampness, a livid flower had prospered, and in the air that had been the purest and brightest in the house an unbearable smell of rotten memories floated."(CA, 247)

The flower (as remains) allows for the re-writing of memory into the Family air (heir). It even seems to revive the spirit of the patriarch, as the mother returns to her dialogue with the dead father, this time allowing the son back into the conversation, and thereby exposing him to an entirely other set of lines of communication (with the spirit of the Father) that will resonate with its own *glas* as it passes on the announcement of an impending death. However, the law of contamination along the lines of the dispatch, the law that can not allow the sending to arrive unmediated to the position of the addressee is once again in operation. The message is "confused." Colonel Aureliano Buendía mistakes "the last remnant of pride" stirred up by the "omen of the dead father" (the torn piece of the Family fabric that remains separated) as "a sudden gust of strength."(CA, 248) He reads the discourse of the paternal remains as a call to "total war," to cleanse the State with a final apocalyptic battle, a strategy that begins with the search for the remains of the Family *or*, with (again) a theft from the mother and a taking flight. But this time the mother resists, the *or* remains (hidden, buried as a monument to its missing origin, awaiting its "owner" and its return as "property"). Still, the Colonel manages to raise the money he needs (with the (absolute) promise of absolute war and its rhetoric of totality) and, in order to re-write the (hi)story of the rebellion to come, he seeks the aid of the *seing*. The signature as mark, the sign(ing) of a Márquez, returns as a remainder from (hi)story, as the only possible writer, "the only one who could have pulled, even from his paralytic's chair, the musty

strings of rebellion."(CA, 249) So rebellion, the writing of a (hi)story against the establishment of the State comes down to pulling strings, to the tugging on threads and unraveling of textiles, to finding the string that when pulled does not erect the phallus (as it does in Hegel's re-citing of the celebration in India, one of the two "passages" *Glas* sets out to read (*Glas*, 2a)), but eventually, even as it "binds it erect," opens it with a million small cuts and submits it to limitless, affirmative grafts from outside its own proper position, translates it (and transforms it, thereby) into the undecidable language of a generalized fetishism, where it might disseminate rather than "stand for." This rebellion, however, is not that written by the rhetoric of total war that Colonel Aureliano Buendía has adopted, and the difference is marked by the closing of the cut in CA. There is already another war being waged, the war of the deferral of the post, of waiting for the mail (the war of another colonel, from another *récit*), the (Kafkaesque) war of endlessly deferred signatures:

"the sad war of daily humiliation, of entreaties and petitions, of come-back-tomorrow, of any-time-now, of were-studying-your-case-with-the-proper-attention; the war hopelessly lost against the many yours-most-trulys who should have signed and would never sign the lifetime pensions. The other war, the bloody one of twenty years, did not cause them as much damage as the corrosive war of eternal postponements."(CA, 249)

War with the State is no longer the campaign fought according to battle strategy and the positioning of the Family against the law. Here, now, the war is fought by the institution through the manipulation of signatures and sendings, and it is this scattered and deferred war that makes the other (total war of absolute knowledge) impossible. It is, that is to say, the war of the remains that makes the war of pure cleansing only the dream of *Sa*. The invasion of the Other, with its machines and inventions, is accompanied in CA by the re-writing of (hi)story as interruptive grafts, as the cutting and binding erect of narratives, genres, and signatures in such a way that any call for the *Aufhebung* of the texts (of (hi)story) can only be read as the remains of a certain subjective desire, only a dream formulated all too often in response to the State-as-institution's ability to manipulate strategies of deferral even while, at the same time, it pursues not the pure violence of "war"

but the random cutting violence of the street massacre and the continued postal-violence of the letter (that never arrives). The *seing* recognizes the changing status and behavior of the bureaucracy and its rendering of the dream of total rebellion obsolete (if only because that dream continues to be written according to strategies and logics founded on the assumptions of a past war (of memory), on "the exquisite shit of glory") and replies to the final call of the soldier, the final dream of a purifying apocalypse with the smallest of gestures and the recognition that at least one family graft will soon be lost:

"So that when Colonel Aureliano Buendía invited him to start a mortal conflagration that would wipe out all vestiges of a regime of corruption and scandal backed by the foreign invader, Colonel Gerineldo Márquez could not hold back a shudder of compassion.

'Oh Aureliano,' he sighed. 'I already knew that you were old, but now I realize that you're a lot older than you look.'"(CA, 249)

Remain(s)

"Dear John,"

Derrida has written, has allowed for the publication of, his "own" "Dear John" letter; one however that does not break-off, but authorizes a graft, even as it re-marks on the necessity of thinking ontology in terms of the post. The letter announces (as John would always announce) an apocalypse, or at least a writing on an "apocalyptic tone." The John to whom it is addressed, the one that would "translate" *Glas* (announce its birth in another language) is given authority to graft Derrida's lecture from a 1980 conference at Cerisy-la-Salle onto a collection of essays that map out a number of the spaces between "deconstruction" and "theology." Within this letter that assigns property rights,

Derrida reminds John:

"The concept of onto-theology, if it be admissible, still depends on a unity or an assemblage of the destination (or of the *sending*, the *envoi* of Being (*Geshick des Sein*)) that seems to me to situate the urgency of a question...."

The essay which accompanies this letter, to which it is bound, intersects with *Glas* on the question of binding, the question, that is, of "tone." As it sets out to read Kant on tone (his "Of an Overlordly Tone Recently Adopted in Philosophy"), parodying and departing from the title, claiming a version of it as his "own," it finds Kant attacking those who would announce the apocalypse for philosophy, those texts that would speak as if the death knell

of philosophy is about to toll. One can hear this *glas*, Kant suggests, in their tone. But Derrida reads the accident (?) of a tone that resonates verbally as a reminder that what is at stake here is the "bond fastening the name philosophy to its signification" the binding stricture of something like a "classification," or even a "genre." The tie that binds these readings together is offered as a gift (of chance):

"Here I hand you an association that will perhaps seem verbal, but since the lack of rigor or tension in verbalization is already our concern, it occurred to me that *tonos*, tone, first signified the tight ligament [*le ligament tendu*], the cord, rope, when it is woven or braided, the cable, strap, briefly the privileged figure of everything that is subject to stricture. *Tonion* is the ligament as band and surgical bandage. In short, the same tension runs across the tonic difference (that which under the word stricture norms both the theme and the instrument or chord of *Glas*) and the tonal difference, the gap or deviation, the changes or mutations of tones (Holderlin's *Weschsel der Tone* constituting one of the most obsessive motifs of *La Carte Postale*)."

The binding of stricture is tied (as a joining ligament) to the gaps between addresser and addressee along the route of the post. Earlier, I wrote of the moment when *Glas* describes its own operations (with the metaphor of a "toothed matrix," a digging machine that nonetheless leaves remains that fall back to the sea [*el mar*] ("She always reforms herself.")). The column continues by presupposing the operation "in" the text by Genet it is reading, and the (tonal) ligament is, it seems, inevitably tied to the remains:

"And then I am not going to surprise his text with a toothed matrix. He only writes, only describes that: toothed matrix. It is *his* object."

"Can an object comprehend what it is the object of, such is the question posed at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer at Easter? The remain(s) of the Rembrandt undoubtedly want to respond -- and yes -- to this question."

"Yes by reason of the strict-ure that interests and constrains us, the transcendental matrix always lets the text's remain(s) fall back (to the tomb)."

This law of the stricture (the inevitability of its remains outside the system of *Aufhebung*) is re-written when *Glas* reads the figure of the "contra-band" into the Hegelian system's apparent ability to capture the nontranscendental in the transcendental; but also its "failure" to fulfill its own desire, to bind (erect) (the) remains:

"The matrix in question constitutes the excluded as transcendental of the transcendental, as imitation transcendental, transcendental contra-band. The contra-band is *not yet* dialectical contradiction. To be sure, the contra-band necessarily becomes that, but its not-yet is not-yet the teleological anticipation, which results in it never becoming dialectical contradiction. The contra-band *remains* something other than what, necessarily, it is to become.

Such would be the (non-dialectical) law of the (dialectical) strict-ure, of the bond, of the ligature, of the garrote, of the *desmos* in general when it comes to clench tightly in order to make be. Lock of the dialectical."

Even as the ligature allows for the binding (erect) of the graft, it, at the same time, allows for the rest(e), for the possibility of (the play of) the remains. Across borders, across "tones" (and the questions of propriety that accompany them), and, of course, across genres.

The remains that are threaded between the (institutionally) delineated boundaries of genres are interrogated in and around the signatures of Derrida and García Márquez

(between the space behind and the edge of the mark). Contamination of literary and filial blood-lines, the production and prohibition of bastards, constitutes a framework for a series of questions that would seek to tie an institutional desire for the maintenance of borders (generic, departmental, tonal, etc.) to the future (hi)story of the Family and the *récit*. These questions mark an engagement with "The Law of Genre."

"Genres are not be mixed.

I will not mix genres."

These "utterances" are repeated and are allowed to "resonate all by themselves," they are "abandoned to their fate" -- an "open and essentially unpredictable series" of possible interpretations -- as Derrida's essay on genre opens. Either as fragments (of speech acts, the "sense of a practice," even a promise) or as orders:

"a limit is drawn. And when a limit is established, norms and interdictions are not far behind: 'Do,' 'Do not' says 'genre,' the word 'genre,' the figure, the voice, or the law of genre."

"Thus, as soon as genre announces itself, one must respect a norm, one must not cross a line of demarcation, one must not risk impurity, anomaly, or monstrosity."

But Derrida's reading of the line that is drawn reminds me that it cannot be drawn without it marking out a pair of possible alternatives; the possibility, that is, that impurity, that contamination constitutes a law, a contra-law that necessarily accompanies, (always already) the law of genre:

"What if there were, lodged within the heart of the law itself, a law of impurity or a principle of contamination? And suppose the condition for the possibility of the law were the *a priori* of a counter-law, an axiom of impossibility that would confound its sense, order, and reason?"

The counter law marks the between (of contamination, "even cancerization") that necessarily falls whenever the law is announced, is allowed to resonate. This law of the law of genre is structured according to a *gaine*-logic with which we are already familiar:

"With the inevitable dividing of the trait that marks membership, the boundary of the set comes to form, by invagination, an internal pocket larger than the whole; and the outcome of this division and of this abounding remains as singular as it is limitless."

Not, then, actually "the law." The line (of genres, the security of the classification) is on the line, walking the edge of a wire like Genet's funambulist. This is the line interr(oga)ted by CA when it writes a re-writing of the fairy tale into its own *récit* (one that already had sketched out the proximities of that line within its own drawings between one "reality" and others). Repeatedly, the narrative moves along the edge of generic fault-lines, always threatening to collapse into another set of conventions, or to contaminate one set with the rhetoric of another. The tale of Remedios the Beauty, even as it is written *en abyme*, also takes place out at the edge of the conventions of its own genre (as it is read, here, now). This problem (a problem of identification, of proper documentation and rights of passage, of playing with and against the guards at the borders or before the law) unfolds even more explicitly, opens itself up to even more speculation, when another "Tale for Children," the tale of "A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings," writes one children's story (or one that

would seem (by virtue of its own announcing, in the space between the title and the "text")

[But what is this space, what status and reliability does it offer? This problem remains in both the "story" and the "essay" when *it* reads the same difficulties in Blanchot's (announced) *récit The Madness of Day*.]

to claim such citizenship) into another, "more conventional" one. This, too, is the tale of the between that is marked by the appearance of (perhaps) an angel, by the angel of remains, Gabriel's angel whose uncertain status carries the "children's story" over the edge of its own generic boundaries, especially as it reads them in the children's story that arrives *en abyme* with the "traveling show."

The text announces its genre (like Blanchot's, or like versions of Blanchot's) under the title, as a statement of direction, towards an "intended" audience" and its accompanying expectations. But the old man who arrives, "lying face down in the mud," "impeded by his enormous wings" is, it is instantly clear (because the proper (angelic) clarity is missing), not the angel that would fulfill these expectations:

"He was dressed like a ragpicker. There were only a few faded hairs left on his bald skull and very few teeth in his mouth, and his pitiful condition of a drenched great-grandfather had taken away any sense of grandeur he might have had. His huge buzzard wings, dirty and half-plucked, were forever entangled in the mud."

But the appearance nonetheless poses a problem of interpretation. What is one to do with the "reality" of those wings? [of Gent's unicorn. of CA's ascension.] The family on whose property the problem arrives hears it speak in "an incomprehensible dialect" and, faced with the condition of nontranslatability, "quite intelligently" names him as an Other -- a sailor from a foreign ship -- "skipping over the inconvenience of the wings." The problem is, at first, simply ignored, until "their mistake" is exposed by a neighbor woman who recognizes the arrival of a being from beyond, from between worlds, one that can only have come to announce a *glas*:

"'He's an angel,' she told them. 'He must have been coming for the child, but the poor fellow is so old that the rain knocked him down.'"

The story describes him as "a flesh-and-blood angel," and (t)his (problem of) presence gradually transforms the small town into the center of attention for the entire region, as the laws (of economics) work on the genre, transforming the tale of a visitation into, first, a problem of theological hermeneutics (as the authorization (the granting of an identity) is sought from a priest via a postal dispatch (to Rome)). The priest's suspicions (of a false identity -- a ruse angel) center on the humanity of Being, on (the) man as too-human and on the question of language (the angel does not know Latin, "the language of God"). But the church, *Glas* reminds me, is written into and through the structure and laws of dialectics. If this is not an angel, suggests the priest, it can only be a trick of the devil. Still, any final determination as to the identity of the subject can only proceed along the route of the post.

[Hegel writes, in a letter, a postal dispatch re-cited in *Glas*, an apology for his own "falling into reflection" and cites the Bible and the dialectics of the angel: "I do not know why I always fall into general reflections. But you will forgive a man who was once a Master and who drags himself around with this title and its accessories as with an angel of Satan striking him with his fists (2: Cor 12:7)]

"Nevertheless, he promised to write a letter to his bishop so that the latter would write to his primate, so that the latter would write to the Supreme Pontiff in order to get the final verdict from the highest courts."

But the caution of the Church (in granting identity) does not stop the spread of a popular mythology -- an angel has arrived and the mother sees and angle:

["*Angle* is always, for me, a tomb's edge. And I understand this word, *angle*, its gl, at the back of my throat, what at once cuts off and spirits (away) from/in me all the remain(s)."]

"Elisenda, her spine all twisted from sweeping up so much marketplace trash, then got the idea of fencing in the yard and charging five cents admission to see the angel."

And the town becomes a carnival, the center of the nation's (commercial) attention, although "[t]he angel was the only one who took no part in his own act." He remains, like a hunger artist, performing just by being, challenging his audience to interpret for themselves his own existence. Against the conventions of the genre, he offers no lessons. But the story will soon pay for this mixing of genres, for this contamination along the edges of the generic line. The (Romantic) legacy of the genre at its purest will return.

Derrida suggests that the genre of genre, the moment of genre, might still be written as "the Romantic era." "Such a 'moment' is no longer a simple moment *in* the history and theory of literary genres. To treat it thus would in effect implicate one as tributary -- whence the strange logic -- of something that has in itself constituted a certain Romantic motif, namely, the teleological ordering of history. Romanticism simultaneously obeys naturalizing and historicizing logic, and it can be shown easily enough that we have not yet been delivered from the Romantic heritage -- even though we might wish it so and assuming that such a deliverance would be of compelling interest to us -- as long as we persist in drawing attention to historical concerns and the truth of historical production in order to militate against abuses or confusions of naturalization. The debate, it could be argued, remains itself a part or effect of Romanticism."

Against this formalization of genre as the history of genre (as the history of the development of conventions (Genette, for instance)) remains "the law of abounding, of *excess*, the law of participation without membership, of contamination." Of *What Remains*. Genres are always re-marked. "A text cannot belong to no genre, it cannot be without or less a genre." But the operation of the re-mark makes belonging impossible for precise (non-anarchic) reasons.

"Every text participates in one or several genres, there is no genreless text; there is always a genre and genres, yet such participation never amounts to belonging. And not because of an abundant overflowing or a free, anarchic, and unclassifiable productivity, but because of the *trait* of participation itself, because of the effect of the code and of the generic mark."

"Making genre its mark, a text demarcates itself."

The re-marks of belonging made by a text "belong without belonging." "Genre-designations cannot simply be a part of the corpus." They stand outside, at the edge of the text, interrogating its (generic) boundaries. This "tale for children" does not belong even as it announces its own belonging. This becomes apparent when a text which does not announce its belonging but belongs (as a tale for children) arrives and cuts off the tale into which it is inscribed. The story of the woman turned into a spider for disobeying her parents, a story that fulfills the requirements of expectations, (even if it is a ruse, an

obvious "hoax") allows for a narrative of identity, closure, analogy, organization, reason -- allows, that is, for genre. With its offering of easy reading, it stands in contrast to the problems posed by the angel, whose own performances have been somewhat awry, oblique, at an angle (like flowers at the tomb's edge):

"A spectacle like that, full of so much human truth and with such a fearful lesson, was bound to defeat without even trying that of a haughty angel who scarcely deigned to look at mortals. Besides, the few miracles attributed to the angel showed a certain mental disorder, like the blind man who didn't recover his sight but grew three new teeth, or the paralytic who didn't get to walk, but almost won the lottery, and the leper whose sore sprouted sunflowers."

The story of the spider-woman, a *récit* that fulfills its contractual promise (even through deliberate fakery), "crushes" the angel and his narrative (its promise for the family) completely. The angel is retired into the family (hi)story, into the discourse of the son (at play), into the language of still another (filial) genre, this one too eventually ending with an ascension. The law of genre, even as it is shown to be (necessary) madness (at the end of Derrida's essay), the madness of the law ("There is no madness without the law; madness cannot be conceived before its relation to the law. Madness is law; the law is madness.") remains, in spite of its own principle of contamination, to attract with its rhetoric of purity and, one might say, absolute knowledge. The law, the madness of the law, "divides the borders between literature and its others." It is never a question of denying (either genre or the law), only of marking a denial (of the law of the law, the counter-law).

[Or so, at least, ends the essay as it echoes Blanchot, from here and now:

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| <p>"There, that is the whole of it, it is only what 'I,' so they say, here kneeling at the edge of literature, can see. In sum, the law. The law summoning: what 'I' can sight and what 'I' can say that I sight in this site of a recitation where I/we is."]</p> | <p>Genet: "I remained a long time, squatting at the edge."</p> |
|--|--|

"Genre" also names a dream. The order of pure cleansing, the "natural" dream of a teleological history. The "madness" of Colonel Aureliano Buendía's dream of total war (of the sons). In writing about the dream of total war (of the sons) for another time, another place (here, now) Derrida ends with a fable, told as if it were a tale for children. Returning to the announcements of John, the speech acts of the apocalypse, the writing that links the addressee of the letter to the angel that signs the Family (hi)story and the *récit* that recites the angel as a problem (of) between -- and to the one whose *seing* remains opposed, monumentalized opposite absolute knowledge -- and to the "one" who "signs" here, now; Derrida reminds me that the war of the name (a war written around (the problems of) *Sa* and between *Glas* and *CA*) is announced not by an angel but by a name (of one who writes himself, angelically, as a messenger -- a postman between (a Father and his "sons"))).

This children's story (of and for the "nuclear" family) fulfills its contractual promise even if, at the same time, it finally promises nothing. It is written between speculation and

narrative (between genres) and re-marks the (hi)story of the problem of translation (as the future for CA).

Between speculation

"You will say: but all wars are waged in the name of the name, beginning with the war between God and the sons of Shem who wanted to 'make a name for themselves' and transmit it by constructing the tower of Babel. This is so, but 'deterrence' had come into play among God and the Shem, the warring adversaries, and the conflict was temporarily interrupted: tradition, translation, transference have had a long respite. Absolute knowledge too. Neither God nor the sons of Shem (you know that Shem means 'name' and that they bore the name 'name') knew absolutely that they were confronting each other in the name of the name, and of nothing else, thus of nothing. That is why they stopped and moved on to a long compromise. We have absolute knowledge and we run the risk, precisely because of that, of not stopping. Unless it is the other way around: God and the sons of Shem having understood that a name wasn't worth it -- and this would be absolute knowledge -- they preferred to spend a little more time together, the time of a long colloquy with warriors in love with life, busy writing in all languages in order to make the conversation last, even if they didn't understand each other too well."

and narrative

"One day, a man came, he sent messages to the seven churches and they called that the Apocalypse. The man had received the order, 'What you see, write in a book and send to the seven churches.' When the man turned around to see what voice was giving him this order, he saw in the middle of seven golden candlesticks, with seven stars in his hand, someone from whose mouth 'a sharp double-bladed sword' was emerging, and who told him, among other things, 'I am the first and the last.'"

remains the *seing*.

"The name of the man to whom he was speaking,

the one who was appointed to send messages, to deliver seven messages,

was John."

What happens when the mother, reading an absolute rhetoric of diagnosis into the maternal transformability of Genet's (m)other, (re-)writes (hi)story (as the Family's passing along the route to absolute ethics (*Sittlichkeit*))? Amidst a sending of the son (away to the Church, towards a calling), and marking the beginning of a fragmentation of time, the mother sets out to re-theorize the (hi)story of the Family (as narrative). She remains at her post, guarding (as Hegel would have it) "an immediate relationship to the universal."(*Glas*, 164a) Her position springs from a marking (in Hegel) of the between of sexual difference, a between that even begins as an *Ersatz*:

"So the woman (mother-wife) posits herself in the opening of an *Ersatz*. But the man (father-husband) does too. Where is the difference? What specific is there in feminine 'conceptuality'?

Its immediacy. That is understood politically. A stranger to the city as such, the woman guards an immediate relationship to the universal. She remains glued, limed in the natural, in sensibility."(*Glas*, 164a)

Glas, reading those pages in the *Phenomenology* that delineate the relationships between husband and wife, sister and brother, (especially pp. 274-279) positions the mother at the edge of the Family, guarding its "own" interiority, in the face of the (male) law (of citizenship, of engagement with the State), at what Hegel calls "the limit at which the self-contained life of the Family breaks up and goes beyond itself."(*Phenomenology*, 275) But this limit is, for *Glas* (after Genet), and here, now, for CA, a *gaine*-limit. It is continually turning itself inside out, re-folding in upon its own edges to form pockets that exceed the (dialectical) logic of the system. Even as what Úrsula is forced to read, from her position at the end of the "negative ethical life" of the Family, is the passage of the son (the

"brother" in Hegel -- since there this is also an Antigonal question) from the sphere of divine law (of the Family) "over to human law" and a universality that seeks to "produce the ethical life that is conscious of itself and actual" (*Phenomenology*, 275), her readings are re-written (first) as absolute closures that (later) do not hold secure as the narrative itself progresses. Still, this reading (of pure interiorization) and its difference with the Family (hi)story (as told in CA) might be explained by the gradual deceleration of time and of the activity of memory as the mother begins to feel "reality" "slipping through her fingers." (CA, 251)

The time of memory moves slower as it reaches farther back into the past. Within a theoretical refinement of Husserl's idea of time as the "movement" of experience (as that which separates knowledge from the fully-present, that which marks the trace of difference), fragments of the novel's past are re-cited for their slow passing over time. But even in memory, time seems to be changing, moving from "good" to "bad" as it speeds up in its approach to the present -- a time where completion is impossible.

"In other times, after spending the whole day making candy animals, she had more than enough time for the children, to see from the whites of their eyes that they needed a dose of castor oil. Now, however, when she had nothing to do and would go about with José Arcadio riding on her hip from dawn to dusk, this bad kind of time compelled her to leave things half done." (CA, 251)

The relationship between memory and narrative, or, more specifically, between two ways of thinking memory (in Hegel), between *Erinnerung* (as "remembrance as interiorization") and *Gedächtnis* (as "a thinking memory which can also be linked to technical and mechanical hypomnesis") opens up a space of uncontrollable play in (or "on the verge of") the memory of the narrativized event that inscribes a certain degree of "blindness" into any act of reading (the past).⁶⁶ The mother, it seems, is going blind. And this will result in a new set of readings (and methods for reading). Gradually, "over time," and without a definable originary moment, Úrsula has begun to lose her sight, and the problem proves to be one that oscillates between the pure interiorization of subjectivity (her own perspective

changing (the world of the narrative)) and a subtle alteration of the narrative in which she finds herself.⁶⁷ The fall (to the tomb of the pure subject), even as it seems at first to allow for added insight into the Family and its subjects, also moves away from (the metaphor of) enlightenment as knowledge, as it makes the invention of light all but imperceptible.

"At first she thought it was a matter of a passing debility and she secretly took marrow syrup and put hiney on her eyes, but quite soon she began to realize that she was irrevocably sinking into the darkness, to a point where she never had a clear notion of the invention of the electric light, for when they put in the first bulbs she was only able to perceive the glow."(CA, 251-252)

Afraid that her blindness will mark her, within the social structure of the Family, with the curse-word of her own mother's legacy ("useless"), Úrsula remains silent about the darkness and gradually learns to read according to entirely other traces and protocols. The most powerful of these traces, as we have already suggested elsewhere, is odor (as the remains of presence).

"Later on, she was to discover the unforeseen help of odors, which were defined in the shadows with a strength that was much more convincing than that of bulk or color, and which saved her from the shame of admitting defeat."(CA, 252)

But the other powerful trace that allows for reading is the compulsive repetition of the Family read with(in) a logic of difference. Úrsula manages to remain within the galactics that mark the place of the mother in *Glas'* Genet (as the place of "sewing" and "milk", the *seing* and the *sein*) through the reading of the Family vice that comes to mark its *glas*-ic operations. The parable that the narrative grafts within this story of the mother offers a lesson in reading around the loss of a ring (and of memory) and a(nother) repetition with a difference (only in "words"). Rather than detailing the lesson, explaining it away, I return to the cutting and sewing of the graft and offer it here, re-cited:

"Quite simply, while the others were going carelessly all about, she watched them with her four senses so that they never took her by surprise, and after some time she discovered that every member of the family, without realizing it, repeated the same path every day, the same actions, and almost repeated the same words at the same hour. Only when they deviated from meticulous routine did they run the risk of losing something. So when she heard Fernanda all upset because she had lost her ring, Úrsula remembered that the only thing different that she had done that day was to put the mattress out in the sun because Meme had found a bedbug the night before. Since the children had been present at the fumigation, Úrsula figured that Fernanda had put the ring in the only place where they

could not reach it: the shelf. Fernanda, on the other hand, looked for it in vain along the paths of her everyday itinerary without knowing that the search for lost things is hindered by routine habits and that is why it is so difficult to find them."(CA, 252-53)

Breaking from "routine habits" (of reading) and re-directing the attention of one's own blindness towards the gaps in the routines of the narrative becomes, as *Glas* is read into CA's parable, the cutting and sewing of remain(s), (a) reading between (the) blind(s) [*jalousies*], a re-writing of "point of view" for the scene of writing. *Glas* reminds me of Genet's technique for producing the "necessary blindness":

"Point of view. Scenes that violently *fill* the view or *rush* the mind's eye produce the blindness necessary for the theater. The point of view envelops or blinds itself."(*Glas*, 60b)

And blindness (the Oedipal mark of destiny within Family relationships, between the mother and the son) also runs through Genet's speculations on *The Studio of Albert Giocammetti* and the remain(s) (wherein Oedipus is put (back) on stage, as the scene of the theater, the drama that demands blindness). It marks the position (between the "style" and the text) of what remains:

"*The Studio* and the remain(s). It *describes* the view-point of Oedipus, surveys the surface of blindness from the point of a style that you will never know whether the style belongs or not to the surface described. The point certainly touches that surface. But one has to know how to read this point of contact."(*Glas*, 81b)

Blindness, as an Oedipal destiny is, of course, also already written into Freud's reading of the business of memory within the operation of mourning, specifically in terms of interiorization (as "introjection") and (compulsive) repetition within a Family scene.⁶⁸ In CA, this blindness first learns to read with the angels (as it seeks to teach a son). Úrsula pretends to be teaching José Arcadio his colors, creating a scene so that she can use the son as a source for "the information that was denied her by her eyes."(CA, 253) Through repetition, Úrsula learns to distinguish the colors of the saint's robes "by the texture," returning reading once again to the (Nietzschean) questions of text and usury, reminding me that CA marks the space of the hyphen within "text-ure." But that hyphen also marks the imperceptible difference that remains (as a trace) in memory (as the movement of time).

And CA quickly follows its lesson on reading as texture with the reinscription of precisely this difference, first marked at the *glas*-site of the Family, at its edges, the place of sewing and of flowers, as Amaranta sits "embroidering on the porch with the begonias." Úrsula accidentally walks into her and blames Amaranta for not sitting where "she's supposed to." (CA, 253) But this accident, the chance of a collision at the edge of the Family home, prompts a realization (for the (blind) mother as reader) that inscribes temporal difference into reading.

"But that day she began to realize something that no one had noticed and it was that with the passage of the year the sun imperceptibly changed position and those who sat on the porch had to change their position little by little without being aware of it." (CA, 253)

Still, even blindness does not guarantee a reading that remain(s) open (to the remain(s)), does not guarantee caution when using the rhetoric of "truths" and "seeing clearly." This danger, the danger of "teetering into metaphysics (truth, authenticity, ownership, proper(ty), mastery)," always remains (and is even, in a certain way, already partially guaranteed). (*Glas*, 222b) It is on exhibit when *Glas* reads Bataille as he announces "Genet's Failure" and again, here, now, as I read CA reading Úrsula's rewritten truths (within a language of absolute negativity) concerning the memory of her son and her own Family (hi)story. Again, writing (and re-placing) the proper name as a prosthesis, I re-cite *Glas* determining question: "By what, despite everything, is it recognized that one is dealing with a text by Úrsula?" In *Glas*, it is Bataille who poses such a problem of identification in that, despite all that "we" might have read that carries the "same" signature, the conclusions of his essay on Genet seem so determined to close down all possibility for Genet's texts to operate or resonate in any way other than as failures. His essay, even titled "Genet's Failure," accuses this work of a disastrous inability to communicate and finds it interesting only as a display of certain weaknesses. Within what Derrida labels a "Critique of the 'I don't know what,'" Bataille casts Genet's texts as "cold" and "indifferent to communication."

"The interesting aspect of Jean Genet's work does not reside in its poetic power, but in

the lesson we can learn from its weaknesses....

"There is, I don't know what, a fragile, cold, friable quality in Genet's writing, which does not necessarily prevent us from admiring it, but which makes us hesitant to agree with him."(*Glas*, citing Bataille, 220b)

But it is, in particular, the fact that this is Bataille, that this is the author of "The Language of Flowers," the theorist of heterology, transgression, and sovereignty, the one who re-writes Hegelianism with laughter and without reserve, even the one who signs a poem titled "The *glas*," which *Glas* re-cites; it is this signature which accompanies this blindness on Genet. *Glas* asks what forces are at work here, and reminds me of Úrsula's sudden penchant for explanation:

"...despite what should have, following the general logic of his thought (the simulacrum, sovereignty as an untenable limit, transgression, loss, and so on) led him to another reading? If what must indeed be called the sententious academicism of this edifying discourse is not altogether an accident, if there is a logical effect there of blindness, of negation, of negative inversion (as the saying goes -- and this is not simply, here, a figure - neurosis is the negative of perversion), perhaps it is because the system itself permits it. At any moment, everything there can turn toward the most policed predication -- sinister, moral, and derisively reactive."(*Glas*, 221b)

The reading goes on to demonstrate how easily Bataille's sovereignty becomes the very thing it would seek to reverse (Hegelian mastery), how it must continue to ring between the two sides (of the reading, of a bell) with(in) the founding of a name: *Batail* is first of all an old name for the clapper of a bell."(*Glas*, 228b) It becomes, of course, the mark of a battle. The danger is that it freezes its movement, that the *seing* ceases to resonate, that it becomes cold and closes the *gaine* -- that is decides, "absolutely," in favor of a singular fetish, a single reading -- the sort of determined filial destiny that Úrsula writes as a memory when she diagnoses her son as having acted (throughout his life) simply out of "pure and sinful pride," as a "man incapable of love."(*CA*, 254) Even Amaranta is re-diagnosed as "the most tender woman who had ever existed," whose jealousy was merely a (synthetic, Hegelian) product of "a moral struggle between a measureless love and an invincible cowardice."(*CA*, 255) And Rebeca, marked as she is, even in this rhetoric of absolute knowledge (*Sa*), with the legacy of remains ("the one who did not carry the blood of her veins in hers but the unknown blood of strangers whose bones were still *cloning* in

their graves"), is raised and finally relieved in memory as "the only one who had the unbridled courage that Úrsula had wanted for her line."(CA, 255)

Filial synthesis proves to be a question of desire and its fulfillment within a maternal narrative that is established in CA only as a pure interiorization, only as a memory for a death (of self) that remains to fall (to the tomb). Úrsula's version of the Family never speaks beyond the interiority of memory as Hegel's *Er-innerung*, the separation re-marking, here as in Hegel, that "all the icons in the gallery traversed by spirit are now recognized as being spirit's own production."(Krell, 236) From the "outside," from the Family stage, from the *scene* of her reading, she seems marked only by a wandering mind (a mind *a la deriva*) and a signatory gesture (one that will come to define her destiny as it signs a proper name):

"In the house they simply thought that her mind was wandering, especially since the time that she had begun walking about with her right arm raised like the Archangel Gabriel."(CA, 255)

Poised precipitously "on the verge," on the edge of the life and death of the Family, Úrsula receives messages (about, for instance, an ancient corn grinder) sent telepathically from memory (of things this time, as *Gedächtnis*, as the voice of thought that overflows memorial limits, even as it remains limited to the business of material objects).(CA, 255) It is an experience of knowledge that Pilar Ternera (now almost a century old herself) shares, and that she reads in terms of her other postal system for reading ahead of memory, in the future: "her own experience was beginning to tell her that an alert old age can be more keen than the cards."(CA, 256)

Still, another son remains to be raised, and this time the raising reaches for the Church, an attempt not so much to graft the Family into the Church, but to graft the entire Church onto the Family tree (with its son as its Pope). José Arcadio, however, is baptized in ink. "One morning she poured the contents of an inkwell over the boy's head thinking it was rose water."(CA 256) Úrsula is unable to control either her own intuition or the strange shift in the passing (manner) of time, as it begins to bind (erect) her own memory

"in a straightjacket of cobwebs," as the execution of "a sentence passed by time."(CA, 256)

The deceleration of the past, in memory, is also an (interiorized) acceleration of the present that is marked by the between of familial desires and the remains of an improper mourning:

She thought that previously, when God did not make the same traps out of the months and years that the Turks used when they measured a yard of percale, things were different. Now children not only grew faster, but even feelings developed in a different way. No sooner had Remedios the Beauty ascended to heaven in body and soul than the inconsiderate Fernanda was going about mumbling to herself because her sheets had been carried off. The bodies of the Aurelianos were no sooner cold in their graves than Aureliano Segundo had the house lighted up again [...] as if dogs and not Christians had died...."(CA, 256)

Time's spinning beyond her control and the destabilization of memory that results finally leaves Úrsula unable to remain silent and she bursts out with(in) an act that is announced as the ultimate moment against conformity and a challenge to (familial) propriety. "'Shit!" she shouted." Her exclamation (of course) is misread, arrives at an-other destination as the mark of an external parasite. However, the mother clarifies the misreading, locating the problem inside, and reminding me of the pure interiorization of her newly problematic memories.(CA, 257)

The son that remains (to be sent), marked with the trace of flowers and water and by a metaphors of sexuality and baptism-as-identification ("impregnated with the penetrating fragrance of rose water that she had sprinkled on his head so that she could follow his tracks through the house"), is given an elaborate farewell. His departure is (dialectically) opposed to the arrival of a new machine (a clavichord) and a new weaving, a new textual project that writes (the subject marked by) fetishism into the activity of mourning and memorials: "It was around that time that Amaranta began weaving her own shroud."(CA, 258) This shroud, its weaving and unweaving, will come to re-present the identifying operation of the Family. Here, now, it displaces Amaranta from the business of organizing the home and, "with Úrsula relegated to the shadows," allows Fernanda to re-impose the excess formality of her order into the house. She begins by re-defining "propriety" in opposition to the "vulgarity of the outsiders," even as the invasion from

beyond the borders has grafted onto itself the name and destiny of one half of a pair of chiasmatic twins:

"For [Fernanda], with no further questions asked, proper people were those who had nothing to do with the banana company. Even José Arcadio Segundo, her brother-in-law, was the victim of her discriminatory jealousy because during the excitement of the first days he gave up his stupendous fighting cocks again and took a job as foremen with the banana company."(CA, 258)

Fernanda's rhetoric, the *jealous* rhetoric of purity, cleanliness, and separation, of absolute boundaries and distinctions without exceptions, pushes both twins (the future of the Family line) out of the Family. As is so often the case, this dream of a familial *Aufklärung* is accompanied by principles of "order" and "reason."⁶⁹ Among these is a familial order (the assumption of the proper role of a husband, for instance) that, because of its "narrowness," prompts Aureliano Segundo to find three separate "pretexts" for returning to his "other" wife, to the mistress that promises him prosperity through fertility and chance. This leaving mimes the familial tolling of a *glas* within the home of the wife -- "Fernanda realized that she was a widow whose husband had still not died" -- and results in another sending of a message that gets crossed along the lines of intention and the space between public and private discourse. When Aureliano Segundo fails to at least play at respecting familial propriety -- when he remains in Petra Cotes' house overnight -- Fernanda sends his things, in two large trunks, to this other house. But this deliberate attempt to send a public message to her husband falls victim to the possibility that a post-card, situated as it is always between the private and the public, expressing itself with a singular intention and addressee even as it remains open to public viewing and interpretation, cannot rely on the stability of its assumed context:

"She sent them in broad daylight and with instructions that they be carried through the middle of the street so that everyone could see them, thinking that her straying husband would be unable to bear the shame and would return to the fold with his head hung low. But that heroic gesture was just one more proof of how poorly Fernanda knew not only the character of her husband but the character of a community that had nothing to do with that of her parents, for everyone who saw the trunks pass by said that it was the natural culmination of a story whose intimacies were known to everyone, and Aureliano Segundo celebrated the freedom he had received with a party that lasted for three days."(CA, 259)

This "freedom," manifested as the re-establishment within the civil community of another "marriage" outside the legal one, a marriage rooted in the mistakes of identity and the crossing of subjects, marks a new excess (of sexuality, fertility, and spending) that now ties the future of the Family (as procreation) to the new economic order (of material possession and status), even as it seduces the foreigner, whose "strange tongue" announced the new order, "the slippery Mr. Brown," with its "tempting signs." (CA, 260)

It also is accompanied by a restoration of the wild breeding of the couple's animals, a "wildness" marked by the repetition of this Family's motto -- "'Cease, cows, because life is short.'" -- and that positions this house in (dialectical) opposition to the cold sterility and formal order of the other, where the wife remains. But the opposition, of course, will neither be allowed to remain (to stand, bound (erect)) nor to be relieved, it will only be incised by the cut of a *glas*. This *glas* is borne of (an) excess (of remains). Amidst the "eternal execution ground of bones and innards, a mudpit of leftovers," Aureliano Segundo writes his own legend (as a voracious eater) and attracts "the best-qualified gluttons from all along the coast." (CA, 260) As is so often the case in *Glas*, one gl- word marks both the passage to another and an excess that overflows propriety. And here, as in *Glas*, life outside the order of the (Hegelian) family becomes a question of chewing, of morselizing, of "eating well." Aureliano Segundo is challenged to a gl- contest by a "totemic" female "known all through the land by the good name of 'The Elephant.'" (CA, 261)

The contrast between the styles of the two contestants re-writes *Glas*' "structure" another twist as it turns the wildness of Genet's texts of anxiety against the Hegelian "care" and "precision" of dialectics, only then to describe the latter in the sexualized vocabulary of its Other:

"While Aureliano Segundo ate with great bites, overcome with the anxiety of victory, The Elephant was slicing her meat with the art of a surgeon and eating it unhurriedly and even with a certain pleasure. She was gigantic and sturdy, but over her colossal form a tenderness of femininity prevailed and she had a face that was so beautiful, hands so fine, and well cared for, and such an irresistible personal charm that when Aureliano Segundo saw her enter the house he commented in a low voice that he would have preferred to have

the tourney in bed and not at the table."(CA, 261)

The Elephant exceeds all attempts at categorization; against those in the narrative who would mark her as a freak or even as "the ideal woman" (a reading of her synthesis of appetite and manners as an *Aufhebung* by Aureliano Segundo), her own (hi)story (like the history of Hegel's bell (and its *Klang*) and of Bell (as a proper name)) tells the story of a teacher of voice.(CA, 261)⁷⁰ As a theoretician who would write her own moral philosophy in terms of the character shown when one eats, in terms of an ethics (and even aesthetics) of consumption, she seems to have arrived at a certain knowledge of moral behavior through eating that she is afraid Aureliano Segundo might have also discovered through an Other means.

"The Elephant suspected that Aureliano Segundo had unknowingly discovered the same method as hers, but by the absurd route of total irresponsibility. He was, therefore, more dangerous than she had thought."(CA, 262)

But, even as she reaches her own limits, even as she sends out a message intended (as a Hegelian gesture) to relieve the opposition between styles, the gap between intention and hearing proves fatal when it resonates with a difference within the ear of the Other:

"If you can't, don't eat any more,' The Elephant said to him. 'Let's call it a tie.'

She said it from her heart, understanding that she could not eat another mouthful either, out of remorse for bringing on the death of her adversary. But Aureliano Segundo interpreted it as another challenge and he filled himself with turkey beyond his incredible capacity." (CA, 262)

This final going beyond, prompted again by a mis-reading, results in the inevitable fall (to the tomb) inscribed already into a monumental (Hegelian) metaphors that ends with (a) *glas* and the desire to return (to the home and the proper Family).

"He lost consciousness. He fell face down into the plate filled with bones, frothing at the mouth like a dog, and drowning in moans of agony. He felt, in the midst of the darkness, that they were throwing him from the top of a tower into a bottomless pit and in a flash of consciousness he realized that at the end of that endless fall death was waiting for him.

"Take me to Fernanda,' he managed to say."(CA, 262)

But the end of this endless fall (to the tomb) proves not to be death, this *glas* rings only for the death of the Family order in his life, as it undergoes a curious reversal prompted by the preparation of the fetish. As Petra Cotes shines the patent leather boots that have

repetitively marked (as the fetish-object) the possibility of death for Aureliano Segundo and the mourning between (both women), Aureliano Segundo recovers and his re-situation marks a displacement that is only a reversal.

"He continued living at Petra Cotes's but he would visit Fernanda every day and sometimes he would stay to eat with the family, as if fate had reversed the situation and had made him the husband of his concubine and the lover of his wife."(CA, 263)

Fernanda, on the other hand, is distracted by letters. She sends and receives messages, filial narratives that pass between mother and children, which, from her position within the exchange, contain "not a single line of truth."(CA, 263) She has come to live in a house of spirit(s), wandering "alone among the three living ghosts and the dead ghost of José Arcadio Buendía." "Colonel Aureliano Buendía was a shadow."(CA, 263) The Family that remains is written into the between (of life (and/as light) and death). The Colonel has stopped selling his fishes (though he continues the repetitive *glas*-work that results in their production) as soon as he realizes that (hi)story has become a commodity, "that people were buying them not as pieces of jewelry but as historic relics."(CA, 263) He even proceeds to send the remains of Remedios' dolls (already partially eaten (by moths)) to the devouring power of the flames, rendering them ashes (of memory). Amaranta, on the other hand, at the "same time" (and this is a problem as the narrative "unfolds") continues weaving her shroud. This activity marks a transference, as the fetish of binding simultaneously becomes and comes from the *seing* of a spiritual sexuality (or its absence) and is repeated within the (familiar, familial) gesture of text-ually preparing (for) one's *glas* through the spinning of an always oscillating solitude:

"Amaranta seemed to carry the cross of ashes of virginity on her forehead. In reality she carried it on her hand in the black bandage, which she did not take off even to sleep and which she washed and ironed herself. It might have been said that she wove during the day and unwove during the night, and not with any hope of defeating solitude in that way, but, quite the contrary, in order to nurture it." (CA, 264)

"It might have been said." The text positions itself within its own conditional space as it again approaches the undecidable figure of solitude. *Glas* reminds me, at one point in its reading of the Hegelian analysis of murder and suicide (within the family structure), that

the figure of "absolute solitude" does not hold absolutely, that it is interr(ogat)ed by the figure of the Other whom it affects. This reading turns on the play between the absolutely-singular and its (inevitable, impossible) contrary, between, for instance, consciousness and its contrary in the Jena *Philosophy of Spirit* when it reads the affect of suicide on the Other (as the act's "fatal contradiction"). The result is the play of CA's (non-)absolute solitude:

"Propositions of this type are numerous. They entrain the absolute equivalence or continuity of murder and suicide. I affect myself specularly by what I affect the other by. The nearly undecidable suspense about which we were speaking -- the lynching rope hanging between life and death or the unstable balance of a funambulist -- leaves each consciousness to an absolute solitude in the very instance of the recognition. But this suicide solitude places two lives -- and the other -- in play." (*Glas*, 140a)

Within the Hegelian analysis this play is eventually subsumed by the operations of absolute spirit (*Glas*, 141a, "First Philosophy of Spirit," 28-30), but across the page, cut into a judas in the Other column, someone (Derrida, Genet, Freud, García Márquez) reminds me that "the reference can always, but this is never indispensable, be turned inside out like a glove." (*Glas*, 141b) Solitude remains (both "absolute" and, at the same time, singular, weaving and unweaving the veils that would re-mark an approaching death).

Fernanda, moving in this house of spirit(s), attempts to re-construct at least the appearance of a proper Family (for the sake of her daughter). The parents play out a scene of domestic unity, in order to keep the Family unit intact (against all (narrative) odds). But the daughter shows signs (of CA's re-writing of Hegelian "education") of inheriting her father's madness (his passion for excess). The first evidence of this "calamitous inheritance" arrives from outside the Family. Meme brings "four nuns and sixty-eight classmates" home for a week long party. The party unfolds as a story of excessive remains and the debasement of (the) spirit(ual). The house (and its john) cannot hold the waste produced by these undifferentiated guests (never assigned proper names, unlike the seventeen bastard sons, since they are never bound to the Family) and Fernanda's attempt to account for the remains (by buying "seventy-two chamberpots") merely dis-places the problem, transforming it into "a morning one." (CA, 266) When the visitors leave, the pots

are stored in Melquíades' room and a problem of perspective (of simultaneous readings of (the) destruction (of spirit, of mourning) by an excretory excess) remains:

"The locked room, about which the spiritual life of the house revolved in former times, was known from that time on as the 'chamberpot room.' For Colonel Aureliano Buendía it was the most appropriate name, because while the rest of the family was still amazed by the fact that Melquíades' room was immune to dust and destruction, he saw it turned into a dunghill." (CA, 266)

If Hegel's name for the synthesis (of Christian love) brought about by the life (and sacrifice) of Jesus is "pleroma,"

("Pleroma will have been the name of this de-bordering fulfillment of synthesis. The living and conceptual signification of life as love is the pleroma." (*Glas*, 58-59a))

if, that is, the proper trajectory for the son's passage (back) to the (absent but announced) Father is absolute (Gnostic) fulfillment, then the passage of the sons (as *filis* and *semen*) in CA seems not to mark the teleology of a pleroma but the crossing and distancing of the chiasmus.

("According to the π (The chiasmus) (which can be considered a quick and thematic diagram of dissemination), the preface, as *semen*, is just as likely to be left out, to well up and get lost as a seminal difference, as it is to be reappropriated into the sublimity of the father." (*Dissemination*, 44))

Here, now, this passage (of the sons) is further marked-out by those who were once set as a chiasmus within the womb, and who now pass farther from each other with each cut. When José Arcadio Segundo returns to the home (to talk to Colonel Aureliano Buendía), Úrsula is "surprised at the unbridgable distance that separated him from the family...."

"...even from the twin brother with whom he had played ingenious games of confusion in childhood and with whom he no longer had any traits in common." (CA, 267)

But, like the movement of the between (of columns) in *Glas*, that passes as an invaginated series of chiasmi -- as, that is, almost a double moebius-strip of reading -- the sons' paths will again cross along Family wires. The possibility that this has already and disastrously happened (at a point of "origin") is re-worked (again by the blind mother) according to the destinal logic of the proper name (as she re-uses memory to "confirm" "belief"):

"she reexamined her old memories and confirmed the belief that at some moment in childhood he had changed places with his twin brother, because it was he and not the other

one who should have been called Aureliano."(CA, 267)

But the son's displacement from the Family seems not to (have been) mark(ed by) the impropriety of the proper name (the gap of a chance, a signatory accident) but (by) the singular memory of a *glas*-scene, "in reality."(CA, 267) His only other memory, an "uncertain" one of a nameless story-teller, remains ("entirely devoid of lessons or nostalgia"). He is removed from the Family, but he maintains a tie to the colonel, to the other who shares a certain self-imprisonment. They are "the only members of the family who seem drawn together by some affinity."(CA, 268) They are bound (erect) together by the (non-)singularity of their "own" solitude -- one that, over time, separately, will begin to wear them down into remains. The disintegrating effects of this translation (its "tr"- effect, Derrida might say, writing on Adami and this movement of tracing, transfer, traversal, trailing, retreat, etc. (see *Truth in Painting*, 151-181)), can be read, first, in the colonel.

It is, first of all, a question of the impossibility of stringing wires between mother and son -- "Úrsula was unable to string together even a trivial conversation with him."(CA, 268) -- and of the turning of the lock (a motif that travels through *Glas'* Genet) that marks the (familial) fall (to the tomb): "He locked himself up inside himself and the family finally thought of him as dead."(CA, 268) His daily "grooming" becomes a self-executed version of Hegel's toilette of the dead, as he prepares his own body (for) each mo(u)rning and relieves himself at the Family tree (splattering the shoes of the (spirit of the) patriarch). His next "human reaction" -- that is, the next public expression that is read by others -- announces the arrival of a circus (and the novel's beginnings) and the beginning of the tolling of a final *glas*. The novel rarely fixes time within the tricks of the calendar, but this day's name is repeated, once by the narration and once by the colonel -- Tuesday, October eleventh -- a day that marks, within the memory of the colonel (and the fire), another scene and an Other between (of life and death):

"Watching the glow of the fire as it gilded the persistent woman who neither then nor in any instant of her life seemed to exist completely, he suddenly remembered that on one October eleventh in the middle of the war he had awakened with the brutal certainty that the

woman with whom he had slept was dead. She really was and he could not forget the date because she had asked him an hour before what day it was."(CA, 269-70)

But the memory does not send a message, does not enter into a telepathic exchange within the colonel's sense of the future (the excess knowledge that had always tied him to the mother). It prompts only a "pure curiosity" about the lack of a proper name:

"In spite of the memory he did not have an awareness this time either of to what degree his omens had abandoned him and while the coffee was boiling he kept on thinking out of pure curiosity but without the slightest risk of nostalgia about the woman whose name he had never known and whose face he had not seen because she had stumbled to his hammock in the dark."(CA, 270)

He returns to his little gold fishes, to the *glas*-work of *or* that hooks and chains together the making and unmaking operations of the Family *seing*. His process marks (with a filial number) the repetitive tolling of *Glas* and *What Remains*:

"There were seventeen of them. Since he had decided not to sell any, he kept on making two fishes a day and when he finished twenty-five he would melt them down and start all over again."(CA, 270)

It begins to rain.

His dream that afternoon is a narrative of repetition and erasure, a dream of *Glas* that announces his own positioning between the consciousness of the Family home and the shadows of the living dead. It poses the problem that any dream of pure interiorization, of absolute singularity, any dream that explicitly (and impossibly) marks its own limit, must pose for the teleology of *Sa* -- the incapacity of memory to mark more than a trace that remains:

"He dreamed that he was going into an empty house with white walls and that he was upset by the burden of being the first human to enter it. In the dream he remembered that he had dreamed the same thing the night before and on many nights over the past years and he knew that the image would be erased from his memory when he awakened because that recurrent dream had the quality of not being remembered except within the dream itself."(CA, 271)

He awakens upon a knock at the door, the dream erased from memory by the arrival of the barber to cut away three days worth of beard. But the barber is sent away, and with a "sonorous belch," (with the breath of Genet's texts in(to) the face of ontology), he heads for the john, which is, this time, a place of memory and (the) forgetting (of self), the

position (for Hegel) of the artist.

"The whole of the work is cut off, like a remain(s), from its elaboration.[...]

In order to cicatrize this cut between the elaboration and the work, between the author and his remain(s), in order -- then -- to think it, the work must *remainpresent* to the artist, without falling from him like a thing truncated in space, like some wonderful excrement on top of which the master sits enthroned while forgetting himself."(*Glas*, 257-58a)

But, of course, the cut is inevitable, as is the fall (to the tomb). This is the death that remains outside of the Hegelian aesthetic, the challenge that takes place in Genet's "crowd of johns." "Remain(s) here or (there) *glas* that can't be stopped."(*Glas*, 258bi) The colonel's memory (on the john) returns in fragments, "scattered episodes" brought back "without any judgment."(*CA*, 272) It returns him to his work, to the chaining and hooking of fishes. The final *glas* is still to be tolled by memory, with(in) a memory that has repeated itself (almost) compulsively. The sound of the circus parade, "the distant brass instruments, the beating of the bass drum, and the shouting of the children," strike a memorial chord, re-produce a monumental memory that falls (to the tomb) and rings with its own proper name as the noise that announces the beginning as an end:

"...and for the first time since his youth he knowingly fell into a trap of nostalgia and relived that prodigious afternoon of the gypsies when his father took him to see ice."(*CA*, 272)

[*Glance*]. The name marks a reliving that is not quite a relieving, that exceeds its own reflective logic (through the absence of a letter, one of the very letters that separates (by its absence) the author from the mother of an Other -- the other being *l* (*elle*)) and deters Colonel Aureliano Buendía only for a moment from the relief of the Family tree. But the parade passes by, leaving only the marks of the distant future of the town and the Family: "the air was full of flying ants with a few onlookers peering into the precipice of uncertainty."(*CA*, 273) On the verge -- the place of memory -- its constant threat of withdrawal remains (to mark the *glas* of ends). In *Memoires*, Derrida reminds me that the death of the other marks for "me," for "us," here, now, the finitude of memory as a solitude.

"This terrible solitude which is mine or ours at the death of the other is what constitutes that

relationship to self which we call 'me,' 'us,' 'between us,' 'subjectivity,' intersubjectivity,' 'memory.' The *possibility* of death 'happens,' so to speak, 'before' these different instances, and makes them possible. Or, more precisely, the possibility of the death of the other *as* mine or ours in-forms any relation to the other and the finitude of memory."(*Memoires*, 33)

This death scene, then, can only resonate, as it is "read," as the rem(a)inder of a memorial limit, even one that exceeds the *Aufhebung*, the "relief," of speculative dialectics.

Relief, at the site of the Family, accompanied by the withdrawal of memory, marks (with the falling (to the tomb) of birds, with flight as a monument) a "motionless" remain(s), the death of the son.

(After Pilate had said 'what I have written, I have written,' in the Gospel signed John (*Jean*): 'But by the cross of Jesus stood his mother; and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas; and Mary the Magdalene. So Jesus, seeing his mother with the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, said to his mother: Mother, here is your son. Then he said to the disciple: Here is your mother, And from that moment the disciple took her into his own household.'"(*Glas*, citing John 19:22-27, 107bi)

"Then he went to the chestnut tree, thinking about the circus, and while he urinated he tried to keep on thinking about the circus, but he could no longer find the memory. He pulled his head in between his shoulders like a baby chick and remained motionless with his forehead against the trunk of the chestnut tree. The family did not find him until the following day at eleven o'clock in the morning when Santa Sofía de la Piedad went to throw out the garbage in back and her attention was attracted by the descending vultures."(*CA*, 273)

Remain(s)

"Keep the memory and keep the chance -- is this possible?"

"I do not know if its possible to keep both memory and chance. I am tempted to think, rather, that the one cannot be kept without the other, without keeping the other and being kept from the other. Differently."

Derrida speaks to the future of the university (as an institution founded on and still tied to the "principle of reason" and all that accompanies it (ideologically, epistemologically, etc.) as it faces, views itself, in the blink of an eye) within a time of reflection. It is a future which would seem to need both the memory (the principle as trace, as re-written (hi)story) and the chance (that disturbs the principle, that challenges its very ground). Still, this analysis reminds me as I engage in a cut of memory (and its dangers), that it is the "both," the "between" that must be allowed to remain if "thought" is to be more than a mere (political) reversal.

"Desiring to remove the university from 'useful' programs and from professional ends, [from its service to the State, from Kant's *Conflict of the Faculties* through Heidegger's *Rector's Speech*, and beyond (to the present, of course)] one may always, willingly or not, find oneself serving unrecognized ends, reconstituting powers of caste, class, or corporation. We are in an inplacable political topography: one step further in view of greater profundity or radicalization, even going beyond the 'profound' and the 'radical,' the principle, the *arkhe*, one step further toward a sort of original an-archy risks reproducing the hierarchy."

It seems to be *Glas* that most explicitly repositions the alternatives by re-writing what is necessary (as a position) for reading and, here, now, for thinking. The analysis above continues (within *glas*-ic terms):

"'Thought' requires *both* the principle of reason *and* what is beyond the principle of reason, the *arkhe* and an-archy. Between the two, the difference of a breath or an accent, only the *enactment* of this 'thought' can decide. That decision is always risky, it always risks the worst. To claim to eliminate that risk by an institutional program is quite simply to erect a barricade against the future. The decision of thought cannot be an intra-institutional event, an academic moment."

The between of the *arkhe* and an-archy is marked, of course, by memory (on the one hand) and chance (on the other). (And whether it is Hegel signing without vowels or Heidegger reading Nietzsche without allowing him to sign, it is always a question of hands, of two hands, even for Freud when he writes of memory and psychical perception in his "A Note on upon the 'Mystic Writing Pad'" (the text that begins Derrida's career-long reading of Freud and Writing). Freud's "last" line:

"If we imagine one hand writing upon the surface of the Mystic Writing-Pad while another periodically raises its covering sheet from the wax slab, we shall have a concrete representation of the way in which I tried to picture the functioning of the perceptual apparatus of our mind."

This note, which ends between two hands but with the possibility, David Krell reminds me, of a third, an Other at the scene (a possibility made explicitly troublesome by Freud's *eineandere*, where the indefinite article replaces *dieandere* perhaps because, as one hand holds the pad and the other guides the stylus, a third is needed to introduce the discontinuity, the "profound temporal interruption" of differance), begins with (the problem of) the reliability of memory, with Freud's offering writing as a supplement.

"If I distrust my memory -- neurotics, as we know, do so to a remarkable extent, but normal people have every reason for doing so as well -- I am able to supplement and guarantee its working by making a note in writing."

(And the next paragraph offers two techniques for improving mnemonic functions, offers

them "on the one hand" and "on the other." (This structure is repeated at length throughout Derrida's first essay on Paul de Man's wartime writings and their reception, of course, but I cannot take the time to remember this here, now.))

What is the cost of this guarantee? What does it promise? What can be returned by writing, by reading reminders? By writing remainders?)

Memory, even as it engages the "me," the "us," the subject that mourns (via introjection) and the other that is mourned in the name of "in memory of me," is also and at the same time, the crucial remainder that is situated between the subject and the State. It is both weapon and defense, both challenge and reinforcement, it writes itself in and through the war with the State and in and through the war's return. It frames (and yet delimits the frame that marks the borders of) the engagements between the family, the civil society and the State, between narrative, (hi)story, and politics, all along the path to the absolute. And still, on the other hand, it makes the dialectical process announce its own finitude, as it exceeds the borders of the State's ability to account for its traces (even within the rubrics of Hegelian absolute(s) -- knowledge, spirit, ethics, religion, and art). Memory cannot "keep alive," cannot mark a presence or even the trace of the "once-present," but the resonance of the story that memory writes from a non-originary past nevertheless remains as both the most dangerous threat to and the most powerful tool of the State, the institution, the subject, whatever force would mark out limits as boundaries (of, for instance, "the proper"). This is a reminder offered when Gabriel supplements his signature in the place of the memories of an Other, of the member of a Family that would challenge the State's systematic erasure of memory while already in the guise of another, while "clandestine in Chile."

When he writes as an Other, as another who signs (films), when he "translates" the memories of another subject that would seek to re-write memory against the writing of the State (in Chile), García Márquez grafts his ("own") "I" onto another Family tree (and family scenes of recognition (by the parents) and non-recognition (by the mother-in-law and aunt) are repeated throughout the adventure, they are "dangerous" moments). The "I" that signs "Miguel Littín," marked insistently with the signature effects of Gabriel (the positioning, for instance, between genres, between the real and the feigned, between the documentary and the false I), is already a ruse, before the I is translated, "through the art of personal disguise and deception" (a new aesthetic to reinscribe memory by difference against the operation of institutional erasure) when the director "becomes" the Uruguayan businessman in order to return (to his country, as an Other, since his name is "on a list of 5,000 exiles absolutely forbidden to return"). The manipulation of memory begins with the chronicles of the proper name(s). It is fought by a tampering with translation, by re-tracking the trace (of the return).

"and what if, resonance in this other language still leading you astray, I liked words *in order to be-tray* (to treat, trituratem trice, in-trigue, trace, track)."

To read "+R (Into the Bargain)" into *Clandestine in Chile* (in and along the margins of *Glas* and *CA*) is to keep the chance alive (in memory), to rely on the undecidable as frame, to go fishing (for the moment, the event, that catches up, that hooks the State (on its own chain of re-written memories)). Between the letter as effect, the displacement of letters (as words in a possible series), and the institutional dependence on the proper framing, on the effect of the borders and the resonance of the letters as "words" and as "principles," the space of a breath remains to re-mark, to write, to film. The reading of both "texts" would begin with (a) "betrayal."

[But, first, why all these quotation marks, why the constant concern not with holding words at a distance, but with re-marking the problem of the words' histories? It is, Derrida has argued when writing around "The States of 'Theory,'" a question of the history of the States (always already in plural -- there can be no question here, today, of a State that moves slowly enough to be singular, it would not remain). When history is placed within the marks that would (in another philosophical language) mark a "mention" rather than a use, and yet the same word, even within the binding strictures of these marks, continues to be used, doubling the use-mention distinction back against its own power, the effect is both a positive movement of destabilization (of finally, "philosophy in its entirety" as it relies upon the values established by the distinction) and a negative movement of aestheticism, of a reading of citationality as pure play, a defensive gesture to ease the anxiety that accompanies the former effect. These marks mark an awareness (the necessity for "a radical metalinguistics") even as they pose a series of paradoxes. Derrida: "A: The first paradox lies in a sort of reversal between what is proper and nonproper. [...] In this case, the quotation marks around 'theory,' far from keeping an impure concept at a distance, convey a distrust towards a concept which is pure from any contamination and from an absolutely reappropriable proper sense." And, in an even greater proximity to what concerns and constrains us here, now, between memory, history and the State (within a text that has already taken "quotation" as its starting point, so completely, in fact, as to erase the quotation marks): "the second paradox: "makes apparent what escapes sight only for being too obvious, that is, the generalization of quotation marks [like the generalization of the fetish -- John] -- at least under these conditions -- far from being a neutralization of reference, a formalist sophistication which keeps history at a distance, rather conveys the sharpest sense of *history*, of the history of concepts, of course, and among others, of concepts accredited by those who so easily think they know what they are talking about when they refer to 'history,' 'society,' 'reality,' and other similar things -- but also the concept of history which, as I attempted to suggest a long time ago, cannot be a history among others." (Derrida's reading of Husserl had, much "earlier," argued this. Whatever it might mean to say "deconstruction;" as a project (or a series of texts) it can certainly be said to have begun with a (doubled) critique of history and has concerned itself (almost to the point, some would say, of an obsession) with the effect of marks, of marks that frame, of marks that re-cite, of marks (*de marques*) that toll the *glas* of the words between signatures.)]

What is it to betray? A nation? A drawing? A text?

"For example, *in order to betray* Adami, to be a traitor to his travail, I would let myself be framed." (In and by memory.)

Betrayal is already inscribed in the "order" of memory and its reversal. The question is posed for Littín by the State and for the State by Littín. Which act, the banishment or the return, constitutes betrayal? In whose memory, whose I, whose eyes? Adami has created a double-sided serigraph he has named "Study for a Drawing after *Glas*." It re-writes (in) Derrida's hand, partially re-iterates his signature "J. Der," draws a frame and re-cites *Glas*' chiasmus and binds (with spirals) the "page" of a notebook on which a hooked fish remains. "It" (its sides) can be seen, re-produced in *Truth in Painting*. Its operation begins

with the marking of an Other "me," the supplemental I that marks García Márquez as "Miguel Littín."

"But where the back faces up, the text was already: initial letters already [*déjà*] written in what you think is *his* hand by someone who here writes *me*, saying (what? read, look) here now, but since ever dragged into *Glas* by an incredible scene of seduction between Rembrandt and Genet. With acting out, of course, as seduction is understood in psychoanalysis."

And Derrida writes of the many times he has needed "to play with several hands," *récitant* the occasions, as if from memory. The drawing pulls a hooked fish out of *Glas*, a small fish with chain-like scales, as if it were forged from gold (*or*) in a workroom and hooked into the text. Derrida gives the Drawing a proper name, a partial name (as if separating letters tr-, gl- (and a+s, reversed, the siglum of absolute knowledge, began an interrogation of the frame, and, thereby, of the institutions that operate it).

"For example in the fish drawing which I shall baptize *Ich*."

"*Ich*, snatched fish body, foreign body of a word to involve *anotherlanguage* (Adami often does it) in the play of signatures and the agonistic outbidding speculating on the *I*. Truncated body or overcharged matrix (there are so many in Adami), bait for the Christic phallus (*Ichthys*), track, graph, or trace (*Ichnos*) of a voiceless bit." And he reminds me that *Glas* "tracks in all directions the operation of the baptismal desire which enters and leaves but never holds, like *Ich*, either in the water or out of the water."

The meditation on *Ich* and the event of the frame, the re-production of the signature (in part) that follows, reminds me of the problematic of the remains (of gl-) that falls (to the tomb). *Ich* is later re-written, of course, as *Chi*, as the chiasmus of *Glas*, *Dissemination*, and the drawing, as the possibility (in *Glas*) of a "CHIMERA." And later, of course, the possibility of re-production returns with the "face" of Benjamin, in Adami's *Ritratto di Walter Benjamin*, read into the denunciation of the "historical compromise between painting and photography, the photographic portrait in the 'age of mechanical reproduction,'" as it is placed *en abyme* "in its reproduction." But before all of this, still with *Ich*, and the making and unmaking of fishes, the partial re-iteration of the signature (as an event) remains.

"My signature -- who will attest to its authenticity in this reproduction of a reproduction? and what if Adami had imitated it, like my writing? and what if I had forged his on the left? -- my signature is also cut off, before the *da*. What is detached -- falls overboard -- is also a piece of the other's [i.e. Adami's] name (*da*) and one of the most obsessive motifs in *Glas*."

The *da* remains ("immense, prodigious, etc. -- I can cite these words now by memory) even as it is absent. It breaks off, like gl-, like *Ich*:

"As *gl* can be reduced neither to a spatial form (the glottic thrust of reading, toward and almost impossible bubble, snatches it from the surface with a single blow (*ictus*)), nor to a logogram (it's not even the former fragment of a word or the ex-tract [*ex-trait*] of a discourse), *Ich* splits with one blow, like the fish, both language and the picture."

Gl- snatches, as a "voiceless bit" a reading from the surface, a reading that deals a blow. This is the project approached in disguise, the project that marks the return (of the son, of the director). To mark, to steal, the mark of a memory that remains. Memories that prove to mark betrayal and destabilization, on each "level," -- one for the Family, one for the civil

community, and one for the state: three scenes of memory (there are three drawings after *Glas*).

First:

The memory of the Family is re-marked, re-produced, in the space of a "study," as (in part) a memorial, but also as the promise (of a future in which the memory of the son will no longer be erased, will return). Even when the son returns as an other, he is forced to write (who, he?) of this reinscription of his own memory (against the Law, against the order of the State):

"After the soldiers had searched my house for the last time, and I was in Mexico with Ely and the children, my mother hired an architect friend who took my study apart board by board and built an exact replica of it at the family house in Palmilla. It was as if I had never gone away. All my life's papers, boyhood plays, outlines of film scripts, scenic designs were there just as I had left them, even in the same disorder. So familiar was the atmosphere of that room, the smell in the air, that I even had the feeling it was the same day and the same hour as when I stood looking at my study, saying good-bye to it for good. Twelve years later, as I looked at it again in the garden, I couldn't be sure whether my mother had created the painstaking reconstruction so that I would not miss my former home if I were to return one day, or whether it was left as is to remember me by, should I die in exile."

Even the disorder (of pages) remains as a memory that marks, on the one hand, mourning and the monument as memorial, and, on the other hand, the promise of the return. But the destiny is never resolved, the resolution remains undetermined by the dynamic between the Family, the people, and the State. The study is a study in the recreation of a voice (in the double as a false voice that would announce a truth). "I, Miguel Littín." The voice as pure simulacrum opens the space for that memory, that voice, which would be erased (by the institutionalization of practice, of rules for discourse, of the State).

("It is possible to describe ad infinitum the instantaneous capture of *Glas* by *Ich*, *Ich's* hold over *Glas*. It would be total if the whole of the prey, already, did not pertain to the simulacrum. I prefer to mark why it can give rise to no illustrative representation. In neither sense. And whatever reevaluation can be allowed such an illustration, it would be necessary, rather, to say lustration. The scene named *Ich* cannot be found in *Glas* and reproduces nothing from it. Of course it captures and draws to itself a whole piscicultural machination, rhythmized by the logic of the double band (*double bind*) or held by the so called sheath argument."

...and Derrida remembers a few of the *gaines*, the cuts and pockets, and hooks and gifts and angles in *Glas*...)

Second:

The memory of the civil community is re-marked in the *poblaciones*, the "vast labyrinths of poverty in Chile's major cities," "in a sense, liberated territories," where the young fight the State in the memory of a proper name, the same name that has been most assiduously erased.

"The past is kept alive in the name of Salvador Allende. The cult that has grown around his memory has already reached the proportion of legend in the *poblaciones*. We

particularly wanted to explore the living conditions of the people, their reaction to the dictatorship, and their methods of resistance. The answers to our questions were always spontaneous and frank, and always tied to the memory of Allende. The many individual testimonials all sounded the same: 'I always voted for him, never for his opponent.' Allende ran for office so many times that he used to say his epitaph would read: *Here lies Salvador Allende, future president of Chile.*"

An epitaph to the future, the memorial of the present, Allende in memory poses the greatest threat to the borders and the order of the State. It can erase the resonance of the name (as memory, as a history those hearing the name are too young to remember, a memory that marks only a present that never was).

Adami draws Benjamin's "portrait," as Derrida reminds me, "Benjamin insists on this: as soon as the technique of reproduction reaches the stage of photography, a break-line and also a new front traverses the whole space of art. The presumed uniqueness of a production, the being-only-once of the exemplar, the value of authenticity is practically deconstructed. Religion, cult, ritual, the *aura*, stop hiding, in art, the political as such." Yet Benjamin, marking the fetishism of the aesthete (even as he practiced his politics), proved to be "a lover of first editions which were above all not to be read, a collector of unique or rare copies." The portrait of a subject between (art and politics) re-marks the moment of its own re-production in the line that cuts across it (in Adami's drawing), and marks it with a difference. The question remains (after Benjamin's analysis): What of the possibility of "bad" reproductions? "Politics," the "political," is more often remarked not in the simultaneity of the object and its other, but in the difference, in the traces of that which has been altered, even (partially) erased.

Third:

The memory of the State is re-marked in the erasure of the history of the name (even as it would allegedly re-build, re-produce the monument). The Pinochet regime rebuilds the Moneda Palace, the "seat" of executive power, the home of past presidents. But the restoration is marked, is traversed, by traces of a difference, by the fine lines of political reinscription and the manipulation of memory (of the proper name):

"We examined everything that had to do with the restoration of the building. Grazia had done her homework very thoroughly on Toesca and Italian architecture in Chile so that no one could doubt the purpose of our film. [The project relies not only on a layering of contradictory identities and Is, but on a layering of (announced) intentions, as well. -- John] The soldiers were well prepared too. With the greatest assurance, they lectured us on the history and significance of every chamber in the Moneda Palace and the way it had been restored with respect to the original building, managing prodigies of evasion and circumlocution to avoid any reference to September 11, 1973. The fact of the matter, though, is that, except for traces of Salvador Allende's regime and public walkways, it had been rebuilt with utmost fidelity to the original plans. Some of the entrances had been closed off, others opened, walls knocked down, bricks moved from one place to another, and the entrance eliminated at Morande 80, where presidents would receive private visits. The changes in public corridors, and entrance and exit doors were so extensive that anybody familiar with the old palace would have been unable to find his way around in the new one.[...]

The general impression after a complete tour of the palace was that everything had been completely changed for the sole purpose of expunging the memory of the assassinated president."

But the memory, the name, and the film remains, even covered over by the remains of other names, other identities, other disguises, ruses necessary to cross the borders, to pass from one State to another without being stopped, arraigned, arrested. The borders are challenged in the name of memory, yes, but also by an ongoing interrogation of the principles that have established them -- the presence and stability of identificatory procedures of all types.

The question, "Who am I?" returns repeatedly to write itself between Miguel Littín's film-making and Adami's drawings, on the edges, around the frames of the "works" that would re-write these events, here, now, into *Glas* and CA, both of which cross, along a chiasmatic pattern of traversal, the former works, at the place of the signature(s).

Who signs? For whom? These marks.

Handed out, along a family line, like small golden fish that mark (the) identity (of those who conspire against the State, of lost sons returned); fish that are pulled from a space between (the *or*) by a son whose knowledge, whose identity, is tied, telepathically, always already to the mother,

in the memory of the mother, of she who remains (to mourn the death of the son),

and, always in *Glas*, where the mother signs with
the name of a fish

(and the mark of the annunciation,
(in excess) of the one who signs).

Remember?

"Gabrielle,

Genet's mother,

matrix-forename for the whole book,

is a 'moon-fish.'"

What remains after the death of the son?

What remains (of what will be named for spirit, of what will be called "The Spirit") of Christianity, of what Hegel comes to call "Absolute Religion" (a "revealed" religion of the Son having come forth from the "natural" religions of flowers and the sun (as light)), or of the Family, in Hegel, *Glas* or CA? The death of Colonel Aureliano Buendía, within the uncertainty of a failing memory, marks the beginning of a new (hi)story for this reading of the Buendías just at it also tolls (the beginning of) a final *glas*, the opening of a final cut, for *What Remains*. As the (hi)story turns towards another generation, and the "future" of Macondo, a future of the blurring of the temporal borders between past, present, and future drawn by (a failing) memory (but what can "future" mean (to say) here, now, within the reading of pages, within the too proper logic of "following"), as the novel begins to re-cite a (hi)story of deaths and disasters, of disintegration and disappearance, of the "decline" of the Family; *What Remains* gives itself over to the temporality of chance, the interruption of the (im)pure cut, and allows for the reading to disintegrate and disappear, to follow (in) the (hi)story of the Family and the (hi)story of *Glas*' reading of Genet as it "comes back to the same remain(s)." (*Glas*, 174b)

The question of religion, of its (hi)story, and of its final ("Last") institutionalization, *Glas* reminds me, is asked in the name of desire and remains.

"The religious heating, the history of religious manifestation, religion in the phenomenology of spirit, describes this effort to assimilate the remain(s), to cook, eat, gulp down, interiorize the remain(s) without remains. After fermentation, the scraps of a banquet are reappropriated at the Last Supper scene." (*Glas*, 236a)

The path of religion in the *Phenomenology*, the development (in threes) from natural to revealed to Absolute religion (as Spirit) cannot be read, or even traced as it is read in *Glas*, here and now. However, along this path, within this (hi)story as it is re-cited by *Glas*, religion must become "aware of itself." Aesthetic religion relies, in Hegel, on a contemplation of the self, on (as is the case with memory) an interiorization as a turning towards one's "own" subjectivity. At one point then (at this point, perhaps), CA -- and *What Remains* as it reads CA into and through *Glas*' reading of the (hi)story written into the *Phenomenology* -- would also turn towards itself, towards its own translation, at least to inquire if such an interiorized operation is possible or if it is necessarily accompanied by the final *glas* of a (near) total Holocaust (by the final apocalypse that accompanies revelation, even as it leaves remains (of leaves, of the pages I continue to read)). If one were to attempt a translation of *these* pages (supposing that were rigorously possible), what whirlwind would arrive? The return of this question remains at the "end" of a reading, a reading which now turns in towards itself (and "away" from its pages, the "objects" of its desire and attention) and thereby loses, like the Family after the death of the son, those ties that bind it (erect) and would prevent its dissemination or, more precisely in this case, its disintegration into the translation of prophecy. Finally, *What Remains* seeks to write the gl of Gabriel's annunciation.

"To squeeze (the text) so that it (*ça*) secretes, repress it with an anileptic (g), the liquid antagonism floods the coming. No periods after gl, a comma and yet, gl remains open, unstopped, ready for all concubinations, all collages. This is not an element; gl debouches towards what is called the element (an embouchure on the ocean, for example).

It is not a word -- gl hoists the tongue but does not hold it and always lets the tongue fall back, does not belong to it -- even less a name, and hardly a *proprénom*, a proper (before the first) name."

"But may be the subject of the annunciation."(*Glas*, 236b)

And only four lines later, while still across (the page) from the Hegelian (hi)story of religion and the turning inwards, towards the self, the column continues:

"Everything is moved to attach importance to the case of chance."(*Glas*, 236b)

What remains of the chance of an annunciation when it is written by the gl? How does the

annunciation, as the mark of a determined future, become unstopped; how does it return to the opening of the sea (*elmar*, as the mark of the unstable boundary that delimits reading)? *Glas* asks the questions that will "interest and constrain us" as the Family falls (to the tomb) and the act of translation becomes an act of incest and a prophecy fulfilled at the precise moment of a singular reading. But what (thing) is translated? What, *Glas* asks of Genet, after Heidegger, is a thing?

The question of the thing, the status of the object (such as Genet's well-known tube of vaseline in *The Thief's Journal*) is related (as if by blood) to the act of (filial) translation and the (hi)story of the Family as it is read among remains. (And here, within the citation that announces the question of the thing in *Glas* there is an interruption, a consideration of the problematic situation of the narrator, within the binding of a set of parentheses, departed as it relates the question of who or what narrates to the question of what (thing) remains.)

"Rises therefore in one sudden stroke, though very elaborated, the 'tube of vaseline' that a policeman, in 1932, two pages further on, draws out of the pocket of the narrator (this word, more and more comical, transforms everything into an *excathedra* discourse and an eternal seminar, is edified on the presumption that there is *something* in the author's pocket, *that* the author narrates to us: an event, object, (hi)story, a sense within the reach of knowledge; so try with the tube of vaseline)"(*Glas*, 143b)

And the re-marks are cut again, interrupted by another insert carved into the column and reciting the words "of the narrator" about the concepts of use and identity ("a sign of abjection") tied to the unveiling of the thing (see *The Thief's Journal*, 19-20), and reminding me that the object is already tied to the fall (to the tomb), that it (*ça*) falls. In its fall is its *glas* and the mark of its illumination (as in CA, wherein the object so thoroughly searched for is the gold (*or*) that remains (without a proper name, the name of the one that left it, and without a location (kept secret, of course, by the mother, even after her own *glas* tolls), but finally found by chance, by an accident amidst the chaos of a murder) -- another scene whose reading remains). The thing (whether tube or *or*), whether hidden or stuck between (cracks -- in the body, in the house), falls (to the tomb) within the memory of the

mother in CA as in *Glas*' reading of Genet. First the fall and illumination:

"The fall from which it recovers is just what exalts it. That holds for all cases. Its *glas* is a *coup de grâce* ('yet the sign of a secret grace'). In its form the 'mentholated' object is certainly not 'haloed,' but the secret of the gluing, milky substance that is pressed out of the object and shines, the substance, like gold, astonishes, illuminates a catafalque, a crypt, the tomb"(*Glas*, 144bi)

And then follows the (cutting in of) memory in and of the mother (see *The Thief's Journal*, 21-22; as if it knew the secret between Úrsula and the gold (which) remains):

"The tube of vaseline, 'this little object,' in effect induces into the text the apparition of a mother, the apparently unexpected intervention of a maternal image ('but the following image cuts in...'). This mother is a thief. The figure also of a substitutive and phallic mother (moon-fish). An urge to cover her with flowers..."(*Glas*, 145b)

And the thing gives itself, gradually, to a reading of a single syllable (gl), and to the readings that remain (including, shortly thereafter, to the problem of translation and "The Bells," between Poe and Mallarmé, wherein translation is always already threatened by overflow, by contamination). Gl opens the thing, will not allow the thing to remain within its position as the object (that falls) but recovers it for the act of reading (for resonances, for the sound that remains after the tolling (of a bell, of a *glas*)). It allows for a surplus of the thing, raising and re-citing as it does an economic problem, a problem of exchange (between the thing and its translation, within a mimetic act), a problem which Freud reminds me (in the essay on "The Economic Problem of Masochism") is also, already a problem of "rhythm."(*Glas*, 154bi) The thing exchanges with its 'subject' the possibility of reading (at least for the bit, the morsel, the pockets cut and stitched and turned inside out like a glove or *gaine*, the act as fetish) and thereby allows for and at the same time makes impossible the mimeticism (free from contamination) implied in the act of translation. This is precisely the economic problem of exchange that would await me were I now to turn my attention back to the pages of CA, the pages that follow immediately upon the death of the son, were I to allow for this reading to continue properly, and once again begin the weaving of an "interminable shroud." To read from "here" to the space that announces Amaranta's *glas* within a *glas*-like act of weaving and a postal promise to deliver letters beyond the border of any (postal) system (even unto death) would mean to return once

again to the logic of re-citing and following CA, would mean to allow the moment of a reading (its phenomenological ontology, to use another language) to live on after the death of the Son. It is certainly possible. If it were begun ("in earnest," so to speak) it might begin to re-appear in a familiar pattern, as if enframed, once again, by recognizable borders -- parerga. For example:

"And what if *mimesis* no longer allowed itself to be arraigned, to be compelled to give accounts and reasons, to subject itself to a verification of identity within such a frame. And what if it operated according to ways and necessities whose laws are entangled otherwise.[...] And what if *mimesis* so arranged it that language's internal system did not exist, or that it is never used, or at least that it is used only by contaminating it, and that this contamination is inevitable, hence regular and 'normal,' makes up a part of the system and its functioning, makes up a part of it, that is, also, makes of it, which is the whole, a part of a whole which is greater than it."
(*Glas*, 94bi)

Glas reads the problem (of the law) of contamination -- the result of the operation(s) of the gaine, the generalization of the fetish, and the inevitability of the remain(s) -- into Saussure's attempt to account for the mimetic origins of certain "fortuitous" terms (such as onomatopoeias). The problems posed by the contamination of an account of reference (even as "a system of differences") by *mimesis* prove unerasable, no matter how much the *Course* tries to re-draw the lines of its structures in order to account for them. Contamination, of the Family and of the civil community, by the invading other, is marked (with)in both the sending of one name (of jealousy) on a postal mission, (of weaving and unweaving announced by the tolling of a *glas*), and (with)in the grafting of another name, from beyond even the cultural borders of the community -- a name that will come to translate as translation, that already re-sounds as the scene of both translation's impossibility and its necessity -- onto the family tree (via the parenthetical binding of the bastard). In both cases, what is sent across the margins, what exceeds the logic of the mimetic operations that the narrative would feign to obey, is the unaccountable (non-)singularity of the proper name as, in the former case, a fetish, the "mark" of a bound fetishism; and, in the latter, a multiplicity of tongues and the finitude of the "book." Just

what these two names are, what they cut and graft from the Buendía family tree, remains to be read within a cut that is opened by the closing of the house (as part of an act of mourning for the death of the son).⁷¹

Mourning (here, now) is practiced between words and (their) silences, between speaking "in whispers" and eating "in silence." (CA, 274) It is the rigorous maintenance of a formal closure that is imposed by Fernanda, who allows her "secret hostility" towards the colonel to be overcome by the exaltation of memory engaged in by the State.⁷² But it also coincides with the visit of the daughter and the return of the family ruse, the re-playing of the (domestic) scene "for the sake of the child" and along the boundary lines of the "proper." In fact, the simulation (of the Family scene) gets carried away with itself, disturbs its own separation from the "real," and the effect is played out with(in) the announcement of another birth.

"Fernanda must have done something to regain her privileges as his legitimate wife because the following year Meme found a newborn little sister who against the wishes of her mother had been baptized with the name Amaranta Úrsula." (CA, 247)

The re-strict-uring, the binding, of the name of (the mark of) jealousy onto the maternal fore-name (of this "book") comes via a baptism (remembering that naming is the province of both the archangel Gabriel and (the) one named John) resisted by the "natural" or immediate mother, whose desires are overridden by the force of the legacy of the proper name (and the lineage it implies) for the Family. The "other" daughter, the one who repeatedly returns, is already marked by the "duality" that functions rhetorically to describe so much of the Family (with(in) its chronicle of a mock-dialectics).

"More than her art, the guests admired her duality. Her frivolous and even slightly infantile character did not seem up to any serious activity, but when she sat down at the clavichord she became a different girl, one whose unforeseen maturity gave her the air of an adult." (CA, 275)

Meme is a performer. Her performances are "the price of her freedom." (CA, 276) The price of freedom is the necessity of (forced) performance, and CA as well as *Glas* would seem willing to pay that price, would seem willing to perform (for whom?) for the sake of

a certain "freedom," for the freedom that results when the epistemology of (direct) exchange, of a faultless sending and receiving, is destabilized by the (chance) possibility of "non-arrival," of that (which remains) which would exceed the dialectical operations that both texts mime even as their own accounts of the events (of exchanges) re-inscribe the reliability and function of "knowledge" around the borders of both (different) scenes of (reading and) writing.

Knowledge, it seems, is "controlled" by controlling the routes along which messages are sent and received -- or so, at least, hopes the church, when it establishes the practice of approving "from the pulpit" the films to be shown in Macondo. But the control of the route depends on an ability to account for the excess arrivals, the multiplicity of possible interpretations to which the *récits* remain open. And the young girls of the town, including Meme, find other routes (for the messages the church would seek to intercept), at "the other extreme," within the laughter that Bataille has taught me remains alone in its ability to "exceed dialectics."

"Her hapiness lay at the other extreme from discipline, in noisy parties, in gossip about lovers, in prolonged sessions with her girlfriends, where they learned to smoke and talked about male business and where they once got their hands on some cane liquor and ended up naked, measuring and comparing the parts of their bodies."(CA, 276)

This behavior proves also to mark an excess of (domestic) knowledge. Meme already knows about the displacement of her "own" f(am)ilial structure, is already aware of the cracks in the false-structure her mother has attempted to erect as a monument to the "propriety" of the family. Her knowledge is voiced in the space of irony, the space between (speaking and hearing), in the duplicity of Romantic irony as a Family trope: "I was only now discovering how much I loved you both."(CA, 277)⁷³ This declaration is heard, by Amaranta, as carrying an "obvious burden of hate," even while, at the same time, it moves Fernanda deeply. Such double-hearings, the contradictory interpretations of an (apparent) pledge of Family fidelity, work in Meme's favor as the duplicity allows her to continue her life-"apart" from the Family (as it is re-institutionalized by Fernanda's

formalizations). Soon, she discovers a "brother" in her duplicity --- in her father -- and a new sort of filial relationship is forged, in which the sister (as the daughter) begins to "play one side against the other" (like *Glas*), relying on the desire of one to subvert the other to determine "positions." The effect (of such *Glas*-ic "friendship," against the grain of familial "propriety") is liberatory.⁷⁴

"That was how the relationship of jolly comradeship was born between father and daughter, which freed him for a time from the bitter solitude of his revels and freed her from Fernanda's watchful eye without the necessity of provoking the domestic crisis that seemed inevitable by then."(CA, 277)

Meme has "a modern spirit," and it, too, is a spirit marked by excess, is determined in terms of remains and excess -- even the remains of re-production (the room, for instance, that her father builds for her, that is "a second version of Petra Cotes' room," and the catalogue of (beauty) products it houses). Spirit determines itself, is "known," (in Hegel, for instance) via a re-production of itself along the lines of its own (*propre*) interiorization, marking as a repetition without a limit, and therefore as the mark of "infinite freedom." The analysis (from, in this case, *Reason in History*) appears early on in *Glas*, in (a partial) response to the (signatory) question that interests us here: "How does a family remark itself?"

[...] "[T]he content of spirit, inasmuch as it knows itself knowing some other thing, this content is spiritual. Its content never simply stands outside itself; it does not impose itself upon itself from the outside. To know is to appropriate oneself, to produce or reproduce the unknown. One should not even say that spirit does not have any content outside itself, an object of which it would be only the knowing form. One must say: what cannot have any content outside itself, what in advance interiorizes all content, even were it infinite or rather in infinitizing it, that is what calls itself spirit, conceives or grasps itself as spirit. *Geist* repeats itself. So spirit alone can conceive spirit. As such, it has no outside limit; thus it is the free and the infinite."(*Glas*, 22a)

Knowledge, then, (for *Sa*) is a question of appropriation and the reproduction of interiorization. In CA, such reproduction (as the appropriation of the room, the space of the Other (mother)) carries the memory of the other into the Family home (as a contaminant). But friendship, especially when it fails to write itself according to the exclusionary laws of (literal) brotherhood, when it writes a variation (of the) between (of)

daughter and father, produces conflict even among the grafts and bindings of the (cut and scarred) Family tree.

"So that when [Fernanda] noticed the complicity between father and daughter the only promise she extracted from Aureliano Segundo was that he would never take Meme to Petra Cotes' house. It was a meaningless demand because the concubine was so annoyed with the comradeship between her lover and his daughter that she did not want anything to do with her."(CA, 279)

Petra fears a sending-back, the return trip of "the wandering trunks" that mark, as if they were the object of a fetish, the status of the subject in relation to the proper. But there is no "return journey."(CA, 279) The trunks "remain," if only because of Aureliano Segundo's absolute resistance to "complicating his life with modifications and changes."(CA, 279) And, although Petra does feel compelled to "re-conquer" Aureliano Segundo (with sex -- "the only weapons that his daughter could not use on him"), Meme establishes herself quite firmly within Hegel's law(s) of the feminine, of the day and of the home, spending her mornings doing housework and sewing. Her position within the (Family) law(s), however, is contaminated (at night) by (others) breaking through a fence, by the Others (from America) that cut holes in the border in search of yet another sort of friendship. This *récit* of contamination remains to be read, but it opens with a break, and with the welcoming of the daughter into an-other Family home (for dances).(CA, 280) The place of the dance proves also to be a site for the spilling over of classes and other established boundaries (of the proper), between, for instance, "gringos and natives." It is an excess and a destabilization (of conventions) that Fernanda, for a time, cannot imagine. Its propriety will be determined within the constantly changing dynamics of power and desire that define, at this point, the Family. The "mother," already blind, and "expected" (by the Family) to enforce the Law of the boundaries, of the pure interiorization of the Family, in fact approves of the visits and the new friendships (provided the Law (of religious orthodoxy, the Law of the Father) is maintained).(CA, 280) The progress of the contamination, it seems, is inevitable. It is a Law (as counter-law).

Performance facilitates the contamination over boundaries and between cultures.

Even Fernanda cannot disapprove when the Americans ask to hear Meme play the clavichord, and the cut that results in the inevitable bleeding is deepened according to specific and rehearsed lines of dancing, eating and language.

"Meme learned to swim like a professional, to play tennis, and to eat Virginia ham with slices of pineapple. Among dances, swimming, and tennis she found herself getting involved in the English language."(CA, 280)

And so, beginning a movement that will come to characterize the novel as it approaches the "end" of a Family (hi)story, translation accompanies contamination. The order, the direction of travel from one through the other (and back), remains to be determined, but here, now, as her father buys "a six-volume English encyclopedia" and the English language begins to write itself into the Family (hi)story, Meme's attention is turned towards reading.(CA, 280) Reading, *Glas* reminds me as it reads⁷⁵

And the reading could, of course, go on to read *Glas* on reading, on reading Hegel in terms of the problems posed by the relationship often assumed between chronology and (hi)story (as if one could read from "early Hegel" to "late Hegel," for instance) and in terms of reading the interminable weaving of a shroud that is then begun, "at home," by Amaranta, as contamination proves to already be accompanied by the *glas* of a textual and textile prophecy.(CA, 281) But here, as reading in another language introduces yet another element of contamination into the Family borders, and as the beginning of a crucial relationship between contamination (later as "incest") and translation begins to be established within this singular bit of a reading of CA, *What Remains* begins, gradually, to give up its (too) proper logic of following pages in favor of *Glas*' strategy of pulling on a single, or a single pair of thread(s) -- not, this time, (in the name of) the Family or the phallic column, but rather (in the name of) translation (as the reading of a seeping contamination across (social and linguistic) boundaries) and its accompanying death (of the Family). Here, now, as a Buendía begins to read (English) and begins to love (a "mechanic," from outside the town, beyond the electric fence, from an Other world) the

contamination of the Family and the language is marked, on the one hand, by a swarm of yellow butterflies, and, on the other, by the weaving of the interminable shroud.

Amaranta's final pages, marked throughout by the remains of jealousy (as she sits sewing, waiting for a postal *glas*, the announcement of Rebeca's death) and the production of an elaborate text(ile), re-cite a *Glas*-like scene of weaving and the restoration of remains. As she plans to "restore Rebeca's corpse," attending to it within an elaborate ritual of the dead that marks her as "a virtuoso in the rites of death" (CA, 284), she also receives a message sent from an unknown beyond, ordering the text(ile) and attaching sewing (as an operation) to the moment of one's own *glas*.

"Death did not tell her when she was going to die or whether her hour was assigned before that of Rebeca, but ordered her to begin sewing her own shroud on the next sixth of April. She was authorized to make it as complicated and as fine as she wanted, but just as honestly executed as Rebeca's, and she was told that she would die without pain, fear, or bitterness at dusk on the day she finished it." (CA, 284)

It is an order also received, here and now, by *What Remains*. It is the order that accompanies so often the tasks of reading and writing, especially within the undecidable (figure of) solitude that plays itself out in (the moment of a) *glas*-writing. It marks for these pages and this reading the beginning of the final weaving of threads (of contamination and translation) of a reading that could also, too easily, be interminable. Its "conclusion" proves, as if by necessity, to be inextricably tied to the undecidable postal business of sending and receiving letters.

"But on the following day, at eight in the morning, she took the last stitch in the most beautiful piece of work that any woman had ever finished, and she announced without the least bit of dramatics that she was going to die at dusk. She not only told the family but the whole town, because Amaranta had conceived of the idea that she could make up for a life of meanness with one last favor to the world, and she thought that no one was in a better position to take letters to the dead." (CA, 285)

And, with a final request for a mirror (a final glance towards oneself via a *glace*) and still marked by the sign of the bound-erect fetish and the promise of postal delivery (wearing the black bandage and laid out "beside the box of letters"), Amaranta's (hi)story dissolves into a new story of contamination across languages, cultures, and boundaries as the

narrative picks up a new thread to weave, reading Meme's first encounter with the (proper) name that will come to sign the (future) (hi)story of the Buendía's as the Biblical problematic of translation: "Babilonia."

In the same letter that announces his fondness for balls (though not, it should be made clear, for dancing), Hegel offers a critique of the butterfly.

"But why have you, loose child, added a butterfly to a gift offered to memory? Do you not feel the contradiction? (*Fühlen Sie nicht den Widerspruch?*) A butterfly flutters from one flower to the other without recognizing the soul of either. The fleeting theft of a few sweets is the butterfly's pleasure, but it has no intuition (*Anschauung*) of what is immortal. With a base soul memory is only a soulless impression (*seelenlose Eindruck*) on the brain, the mark on a material that always remains different from the imprint (*Gepräge*) it possesses and never becomes one with it." (*Glas*, citing Hegel, 155ai)

Mauricio Babilonia is marked always, of course, by a swarm of yellow butterflies. Hegel's butterfly carries Genet's lessons, lessons read from Genet, about reading and writing, about the *seing* (and its inability to be captured or to be one with that which its signs) and most importantly here and now, about the iterability (and, therefore, instability) of the mark (even as the beginning of a signature). Hegel's butterfly, though inappropriate when offered to the Hegelian formulation of memory (as *Erinnerung*) remains to be read as marking, here as well as in the pages that follow in CA, the (non-)inevitability of contamination. The first to carry the name of the book into the Family, the beginning of a new race of readers, Mauricio Babilonia is preceeded, always already, by "the mark on a material that always remains different." "It was the butterflies." (CA, 293) He will carry the difference of the (text-ual) letter into the Family (hi)story of the Buendía's only after he has already vanished, leaving, as the remain(s) of the future, only the birth of the (bastard) son -- Aureliano -- a child that once again will not be attached to the name of the Father, will not be given a paternal (hi)story (although he will fulfill the Biblical prophecy implied in such a singular *seing*), but whose story will be re-written according to a fiction of discovery and (once again) a maternal sur-name: Buendía. Before the annunciation of the newest son and the arrival of "the events that would deal Macondo its fatal blow," there remains to re-cite only a pathetic *glas* for the one who fathers this son and writes the legacy

of his name into the (hi)story of the Family. Caught invading the Family home, crossing the boundaries of flowers and threatening the contamination of a new seed, the possibility of the dissemination of reading into the closed doors and windows of Fernanda's rigid economy, Mauricio is shot as a thief (stealing, as he does, the daughter, as always, from the mother). His final *glas* is tolled within a scene of memory, the re-writing of (hi)story (as a fiction that identifies), a future marked by the mark of solitude, and the marks (of difference) that bind him, within this reading, to the incessant business of reading and writing.

"A bullet lodged in his spinal column reduced him to his bed for the rest of his life. He died of old age in solitude, without a moan, without a protest, without a single moment of betrayal, tormented by memories and the yellow butterflies, who did not give him a moment's peace, and ostracized as a chicken thief."(CA, 297)

What remains (as what would elsewhere, perhaps, be named, "properly," as "Remain(s)") are the traces of marks, the marks of the butterflies that accomplish only, as Hegel writes, "a fleeting theft." The marks that, precisely because they are repeated, because they repeat themselves, can never simply be re-marked, read within boundaries or borders. This is the legacy of the Babilonian contamination of the Buendía Family tree. It is the lesson that Derrida has elsewhere offered concerning the status of the mark's iterability and its contamination across borders, and it is the lesson that binds marks (also as the mark of a *seing*, a "Márquez" that will later find its way into the narrative) to (a) reading and writing between. Perhaps it is proper to re-cite.

"[T]he iterability of the mark does not leave any of the philosophical oppositions which govern the idealizing abstraction intact (for instance, serious/non-serious, literal/metaphorical or sarcastic, ordinary/parasitical, strict/non-strict, etc.). Iterability blurs a priori the dividing-line that passes between these opposed terms, 'corrupting' it if you like, contaminating it parasitically, qua limit. What is re-markable about the mark includes the margin within the mark. The line delineating the margin can therefore never be determined rigorously, it is never pure and simple. The mark is re-markable in that it 'is' also its margin."(*Limited Inc*, 70)

The mark, therefore, is already written into a Babilonian (and, of course, Babelian) scene. Though it is not yet time to read Derrida carefully on the myth of Babel and its legacy for

writing and translation, it can already be noted that the scene has its "Genesis" in the double bind of the mark's iterability, an effect that will return to haunt the Family business of translation further on.

"That is what is named from here on Babel: the law imposed by the name of God who in one stroke commands and forbids you to translate by showing *and* hiding from you the limit." ("Des Tours de Babel," 205)

The marks (as butterflies and Other) signal first a filial contamination, an overflow of seed that leaves a child to be hidden and (re-)discovered and a mother to be stolen away. The theft (of Meme by her mother) is an attempt at restoration of the proper name, a restoration of absolute knowledge through a displacement of the mother in favor of the place of the son. *Glas* reads Genet into Hegel's reading of John and Oedipus and positions Fernanda's re-writing of the family (hi)story within a familiar Hegelian schema (of between):

"Verily in effect: between the legs of Mary-Jocasta, by favor of what some tube of vaseline or other signifying substance ejaculates, one could, without deciding, make the father equal to the mother and vice versa. To make equal, by pruning or loosening, without ever ceasing to find again the one between the other. The place of the son glides there one more time.

The rite of passage aims to reconstitute in the father's dwelling the law of the household -- economy -- as presence and total presence. Theft is absolute knowledge." (*Glas*, 173b)

And the scene described thereafter, the executioner's scene in "(the) place of the cradle," writes me into Fernanda's theft of Meme out the borders of the civil community and into a space where she might only be marked (in the narrative) by her absence; even as her mother re-writes the (hi)story of the son as a moment of (chance) discovery re-cited by the Bible and relying on the *de facto* credibility of (a translation of) the sacred text. "She succeeded in convincing Santa Sofía de la Piedad that she had found him floating in a basket." (CA 298-99) As the son arrives with an alternative (hi)story but with a name that now can only already be a re-citation, the (legitimate) mother vanishes, is led away into a future that is dismissed in the narrative with the proper name of a city so far away that there can be no messages sent or received (Cracow). But even as this cut in CA opens with the new grafting onto the Family tree, the grafting that will come to dominate the Family (hi)story as it is (already) written and read via translation, it also announces the arrival of "events that

would deal Macondo a fatal blow." The "end," as a cataclysmic wind to be preceded by deluge and leafstorm, has its "beginning" within the holocaust of a massacre and the (official) re-writing of (hi)story by a State that now has apparently gained absolute authority over discourse and memory and therefore relieves the Family and the civil community and brings the tri-partite syllogism with which this reading began to a nightmarish end.

"Massacre," *Glas* reminds me, is also a gl- word. Within its extended re-citations of the Wartburg dictionary's entries surrounding the agglutinating syllable that attaches the title to its "body," I stumble on the (hi)story of Macondo and the beginning of the leafstorm (its rain of remains) that foretells the coming apocalypse of translation.

"II. 1. Apr. *glazi* m. "sword; every cutting weapon"(13.--14. ju.), Cantal *glasi* 'sword', lim. *glaize*. Übertragen apr. *glazi* "massacre, carnage"; *mort de glazi* "sudden death", *glazi* (Lv; SFR 7, 168); perig. *glase* "glaieul", -- Ablt. Apr. *glazier* "adj. one who takes up arms; cruel, bloodthirsty; m. massacre"; *glazios* adj. "murderous"."(*Glas*, 51bi)

José Arcadio Segundo offers a final challenge (from the family and the civil community) to the State -- the last gasp of dialectics in the face of the *Aufhebung* of absolute power that proves able to determine the translation of memory and, thereby, the future of (hi)story. The mother, still alive and reading the politics of the son once again as the return of cyclical time of the past recalls the lessons of the *pharmakon* but is (once again) unable to fix the location and remains adrift in "the uncertainty of those days." (CA, 303)

"She had the impression that once more she was living through the dangerous times when her son Aureliano carried the homeop[athic pills of subversion in his pocket. She tried to speak to José Arcadio Segundo, to let him know about that precedent, but Aureliano Segundo told her that since the night of the attempt on his life no one knew his whereabouts.

'Just like Aureliano,' Úrsula exclaimed. 'It's as if the world were repeating itself.'" (CA, 303)

But not quite. José Arcadio Segundo's political operations will lead not to any campaign, nor even to a postal war with the State, but only to the random chaos of an impossible massacre. What begins within a frame that is already very familiar (a strike by workers over exploitation and the differences between classes), ends with the beginning of the

downpour (first of bullets, then of rain) that signals the final "book" of the (remains of the) Family. The bullets arrive in "a wave" and the remains are carried to the sea (*el mar*). (CA, 311)

The massacre and annunciation that usher in the deluge that reduces Macondo finally to remains are played out first in terms of "history" (that is, the "history" of Columbia, and the events at Cienaga railway station) but later, and more effectively for the State, in terms of translation and erasure. José Arcadio Segundo, remember, is marked early on (as early as the first time he "faces" (witnesses, in this case) the firing squad ("many years earlier," one might say)) by a fear of being buried alive. And yet, when he awakens, buried amidst the piles of remains that (do not) remain after the "event," he has in fact been taken for dead and it has been his salvation. But such an interrment (for, perhaps, three days) can only prove to be a salvation if memory remains, if the (hi)story is allowed to be told, if others "do this in memory of me." Without such a memory (and its accompanying translation of events into (hi)story) only madness (the madness of the father and the son) remains. Not even the (law of the) proper name can restore a re-written (hi)story that has erased the memory of the *people*.

"Hello," he said exhausted. 'I'm José Arcadio Segundo Buendía.'

He pronounced his whole name, letter by letter, in order to convince her that he was alive. He was wise in doing so, because the woman had thought that he was an apparition as she saw the dirty, shadowy figure with his head and his clothing dirty with blood and touched with the solemnity of death come through the door. [...]

'There must have been three thousand of them,' he murmured.

'What?'

'The dead,' he clarified. 'It must have been all of the people who were at the station.'

The woman measured him with a pitying look. 'There haven't been any dead here,' she said. 'Since the time of your uncle, the colonel, nothing has happened in Macondo.'" (CA, 313-314)

A memory that has no place, no way to be read or to write, can only remain, mad, tied to the Family tree by virtue of its silence rather than its (hi)story. But even an erased memorial (hi)story is marked by a trace -- in this case by the falling (to the tomb) of the r(em)ain(s).

The State's complicity with the "company" in the systematic re-writing of the memory of Macondo is carried out within a series of annunciations, both in writing and in speech, and their alternative (hi)story is prevented from being complete only by uncontrollable r(em)ains. Still, the story told via a "proclamation," (via, that is, the ultimate authority of the performative speech act which would seek to erase marginal cases, seek to deny remains) convinces even the chiasmatic double of the one (victim) that remains. CA offers here, now, a dramatic demonstration of how r(em)ains contaminates even the most absolute attempts at purifying memory (in the name of the State) and, once again, re-writes the effect of *Glas'* reading of Genet into and up against the margins of the *Phenomenology*. It seems appropriate here to re-cite at length, to allow, more and more, for one text to overtake an Other.

"[Aureliano Segundo] did not believe the version of the massacre or the nightmare trip of the train loaded with corpses travelling towards the sea either. [And an Other text would ask after the status, in terms of presence and remains, of "nightmares" as (hi)stories that fall (to the sea). -- John] The night before he had read an extraordinary proclamation to the nation which had said that the workers had left the station and had returned home in peaceful groups. The proclamation also stated that the union leaders, with great patriotic spirit, had reduced their demands to two points: a reform of medical services and the building of latrines in the living quarters. [And the question of what (to do with the) remains returns. -- John] It was stated later that when the military authorities obtained the agreement with the workers, they hastened to tell Mr. Brown and he not only accepted the new conditions but offered to pay for three days of public festivities to celebrate the end of the conflict. Except that when the military asked him on what date they could announce the signing of the agreement, he looked out the window at the sky crossed with lightningflashes and made a profound gesture of doubt. [*What Remains*, perhaps, is a "profound gesture of doubt." --John]

'When the rain stops,' he said. 'As long as the rain lasts we're suspending all activities.'

It had not rained for three months and there had been a drought. But when Mr. Brown announced his decision a torrential downpour spread over the whole banana region. It was the one that caught José Arcadio Segundo on his way to Macondo. A week later it was still raining. The official version, repeated a thousand times and mangled out all over the country by every means of communication the government found at hand, was finally accepted: there were no dead, the satisfied workers had gone back to their families, and the banana company was suspending all activities until the rain stopped."(CA, 314-315)

But José Arcadio Segundo remains. Even as the soldiers search his room, taking one of the colonel's little gold fishes and offering an analysis of the (hi)story of the Family and its future in the narrative, all within a single descriptive re-mark on the fetish object as *seing* --

"At one time they were a mark of subversion, but now they're relics." -- they do not see José Arcadio Segundo. He is rendered invisible is his madness, the madness (of the father and of the son) that results from the erasure of the written memory and that inevitably, in every case, leads back to reading (as a *glas*).

"Free from all fear, José Arcadio Segundo dedicated himself to peruse the manuscripts of Melquíades many times, and with so much more pleasure when he could not understand them."(CA, 318)

And the re-reading of the chronicles that remain to be translated as the Family's final act of "making and unmaking" begins during the time of the great rain that will leave Macondo to be defined only by its remains. Translation, beginning in the contamination of the Family blood (and the public memory) by both the State and the company on the other side of the borders, will be the single "act" (whether grammatical or sexual, whether in terms of reading or of incest) that remains after the flood. Here, now, José Arcadio's final madness (which falls (to the tomb) under the rhetoric of illumination and an impossible overflow of memory of remains) ties him back, once and for all, to the *da* of the Family tree.

"José Arcadio Segundo, devoured by baldness, indifferent to the air that had been sharpened by the nauseating vapors, was still reading and re-reading the unintelligible parchments. He was illuminated by a seraphic glow. He scarcely raised his eyes when he heard the door open, but that look was enough for his brother to see repeated in it the irreparable fate of his great-grandfather.

"There were three thousand of them," was all that José Arcadio Segundo said. "I'm sure now that they were everybody who had been at the station."(CA, 319)

What remains (are) possible during the cataclysmic r(em)ains? How can translation take place? John remains to translate and be translated (to be read here, and apart), and links the Family back to the stories of floods:

"*Au commencement était le logos*, in the beginning was the *logos*. Here I write in French and in English the translation of a Greek text that its apparent signer, transcribing it in a breath neither Greek nor Jewish, had to continue, to a certain extent, to think in the tongue of his childhood while printing it in the foreign one.

Im Anfang war der Logos, that is what interests Hegel. Among the four Gospels, the one he attends to the most, the most philosophically, the most dialectically, remains apart. The original written text, the only one we possess, with its marks of Hellenism (of Philotism or Hermetism) poses every kind of problem for the philologists and exegetes. Are these Hellenic traits accidental, prophetic, or essential?

This reading problem can unfold itself only on a family stage, in a family

scene."(*Glas*, 75a)

And appearing immediately across from these scenes is a prayer -- already partially re-cited:

"Let us space. The art of this text is the air it causes to circulate between its screens. The chainings are invisible, everything seems improvised or juxtaposed. This text induces by agglutinating rather than demonstrating, by coupling and decoupling, gluing and ungluing rather than by exhibiting the continuous, and analogical, instructive, suffocating necessity of a discursive rhetoric."(*Glas*, 75b)

"It rained for four years, eleven months, and two days."(CA, 320)

"...a question going back to the flood."(*Glas*, 37a)

The flood, of course, gives rise to Babel -- it makes translation and death (revelation and apocalypse) inevitable. It disseminates the rhetorical figure of figures even amidst the machinery of the text. "The worst part was that the rain was affecting everything and the driest of machines would have flowers popping out among their gears if they were not oiled every three days."(CA, 321) As if according to an Hegelian law of maintenance, the machinery begins to be overrun by flower-figures after three days of r(em)ains. The flood will leave only figures to read, but even within its analysis in Hegel (and in *Glas*' reading of the flood-figures) it already results in the building of a tower.(*Glas*, 38-39a) It leads, that is, to the question of language(s), of the desire for absolute power (Nimrod) and the name of God being disseminated into many tongues. In CA, even as it begins, it traps Aureliano Segundo in a space between (homes, economies, families). As he waits for the situation to "clear," he finds himself remaining in the closed interiorization of Fernanda's rigid economy of order and away from the excess and instability of his mistress's home of chance and re-production. This positioning in the space between during the interminable moment of the r(em)ains allows him, once again to become a (grand)father. A new father-son relationship is established during the flood (even as it is established during the Christian flood in terms of the prophecy of war (amongst the children of Noah and God the Father) and -- Hegel would remind me of this contrast for the sake of the progress towards Absolute Religion and away from the unsettled (hi)story of the Jew(s) --following the Greek flood with a prophecy of peace and

unity (amongst the stone-children of Deucalion and Pyrrha). Aureliano Segundo discovers, while he waits for a "clearing" of r(em)ains, the "secret" of the youngest Aureliano's identity.(CA, 323) The young man's identity is written within an undecidable figure ("a solitary air") that ends up re-writing the filial line and its terms of propriety when the text announces that "he was a legitimate Aureliano Buendía."(CA, 323) Rewriting legitimacy and the Family line, re-defining as proper the place of the bastard and the operation of the maternal graft (via the re-writing of a Biblical (hi)story), proves to open the text up to a new reader, one who will later come to function as the translator (and therefore the writer) of the future. But first, the young Aureliano must find his "proper" place within Fernanda's still-closed house, and first the rains must deal their final blows upon Macondo, reducing it to the disintegration of its remains.

Within this waiting (for the clearing, for the questions *after* the flood) Fernanda has established a postal correspondence with "invisible doctors" (re-naming *Glas'* doctors that would read according to already determined logics and reassure their patients that letters will always arrive at their destinations) concerning a "personal" illness about which she is too embarrassed to speak. This correspondence proves, during this time of the r(em)ains, to be "interrupted by frequent disasters of the mail."(CA, 323) Indeed, the most notable effect of the rains on Macondo and here, now, within a reading for the problematics of the post, proves to be the arrival of a letter to Fernanda that announces that the letters she is waiting for will not be arriving. The rain has succeeded in cutting into the postal system that binds the town to the outside, and once more Macondo becomes the place of a pure interiorization of memory, as it begins its slide back to the time even before things had names, (almost) to the time of the narrative's opening incisions. Even before it "ends" the rain brings its first *glas*, and it proves to toll for the *seing* (at least in its earliest formulation, as another remains to appear and to write (and be written)). But this *glas* is barely heard, the funeral rites only in view through a crack.

"No one went out into the street anymore. If it had depended on Fernanda, they

would never have done so, not only since it started raining but since long before that, because she felt that doors had been invented to stay closed and curiosity for what was going on in the streets was a matter for harlots. Yet she was the first one to look out when they were told that the funeral procession for Colonel Gerineldo Márquez was passing by, and even though she only watched it through the half open window it left her in such a state of affliction that for a long time she repented of her weakness."(CA, 325)

The *seing* is buried amidst the r(em)ains and carrying a wreath of paper flowers in one hand, tying one signature (Márquez) to another (Genet) within an "unreal vision" whose passing is re-marked by the mother (Úrsula), appropriately enough, with her "raised hand of an archangelic messenger." The gesture that identifies (Gabriel as Gabrielle, the mother as angel) ties the proper name of the narrative's *seing* (Gabriel) to the impossible grafting of the Buendía family tree via the annunciation of the mother (not of a birth but of a departing: "Good-bye, Gerineldo, my son.")). And with this, the mother announces that the rain also holds the promise of a *glas*, that she is only "waiting for the rain to stop in order to die."(CA, 326) The r(em)ains prove to gradually dissolve all borders and boundaries, leaving them in place but making it impossible to distinguish their function, even the boundaries between Families (between the proper and non-proper) and within the passing of time, the measure that allows for memory and for the continuation of the Family line.

"Aureliano Segundo returned home with his trunks, convinced that not only Úrsula but all the inhabitants of Macondo were waiting for it to clear in order to die. He had seen them as he passed by, sitting in their parlors with an absorbed look and folded arms, feeling unbroken time pass, relentless time, because it was useless to divide it into months and years, and the days into hours, when one could do nothing but contemplate the rain."(CA, 327)

From out of this indivisible time begins an extended monologue, as the narrative is given over to Fernanda's incessant critical discourse. It is a(n apparently) seamless patch that can only end in a violent tearing, in the act of smashing (flowers) into fragments and

A cutting interruption. What if the *Remains* crosses over its "proper" boundaries and invades the space of the "other" reading?

If, perhaps, it were to call attention, above, to the death of the *seing* -- a *glas* accompanied also by an interpretation of invention (of doors, of the invention that most explicitly opens and closes and calls (out) for a key).

What would the risk be of the r(em)ains washing out (even temporarily, but

gradually, more and more) this border? What is involved in this crossing (across a field (of rye) from one reading (or nation) into another (as in *The Thief's Journal*)? For invention is already tied not only to opening and closing (to the undecidability of reading strategies and to a rhetoric that begins within an exchange between father and son) but also to the possibility of translation (at least as transformation that leaves nothing unaltered). Derrida would remind me of this binding within

a sudden intoxication.(CA, 332) Aureliano Segundo, unable to stand his wife's "echo," begins the process of smashing (the home, her economy) into bits, into the shattered fragments of remains. At the "same time" the newest children in the house (Amaranta Úrsula and the young Aureliano) establish a relationship written as play (with the mother as object, now). This playful engagement between young aunt and young nephew will return later, of course, within a different rhetoric altogether, to define the Family's future. Here, now, it remains bound to the mother (even as object, wherein the space of her vanishing subjectivity is erased by the gradual erasure of her memory translated into the misguided mythology of a simply circular, familial, and Hegelian time).

"Something indeed must have happened to her mind during the third year of the rain, for she was gradually losing her sense of reality and confusing present time with remote periods of her life where, on one occasion, she spent three days weeping deeply over the death of Petronila Iguaran, her great-grandmother buried for over a century."(CA, 333)

And this memory dissolves (sinking, falling (to the tomb)) into an "opening" *glace*-scene and the re-citing (and thereby the keeping alive ("in memory of...")) of the Family (hi)story.

"She sank into such an insane state of confusion that she thought little Aureliano was her son the colonel during the time he was taken to see ice, and that the José Arcadio who was at that time in the seminary was her firstborn who had gone off with the gypsies. She spoke so much about the family that the children learned to make up imaginary visits with beings who had not only been dead for a long time, but who had existed at different times."(CA, 334)

The re-writing of a fragmented and fallen memory allows for the overflow of (time's) borders and for the maintenance of the Family chronicle among another set of grafts onto the Family tree. Still, the mother continues to oscillate between madness and a "margin of lucidity" allowing her to maintain the secret of the *or*, the secret of the hidden gold at the

margins between (the identity as announced by the "proper" proper name and the theft from the mother that is the identifying gesture of at least one column in *Glas*). Macondo and its readers remain, waiting only for the rain to end and to read the remains.

"That was what happened. One Friday, at two in the afternoon the world lighted up with a crazy crimson sun as harsh as brick dust and almost as cool as water, and it did not rain again for ten years.

Macondo was in ruins."(CA, 336)

The flood has left a series of remains that await reading and translation as the Family line and the narrative begin to turn in on themselves (like the reversible sheath of the *gaine*, like the operation of the generalized fetish) and a wind begins to rise (first as a Leafstorm that clears out the Others) that is even here and now announced in terms of a burial (of the machine, of the relic that carried the invaders like an old Spanish galleon) in flowers and an apocalyptic future, as it leads the readers back towards the *gaine*-limit of the sea.

"All that remained of the former wired-in city were the ruins. The wooden houses, the cool terraces for breezy card-playing afternoons, seemed to have been blown away in an anticipation of the prophetic wind that years later would wipe Macondo off the face of the earth. The only human trace left by that voracious blast was a glove belonging to Patricia Brown in an automobile somthered in wild pansies. The enchanted region explored by José Arcadio Buendía in the days of the founding, where later on the banana plantations flourished, was a bag of rotting roots, on the horizon of which one could see the silent foam of the sea."(CA 336)

What remains (in CA, for Macondo and the Family) is to discover the remains, to venture out, finally, to see what has survived the deluge. This is the assignment that Aureliano Segundo takes on as he makes

his text on invention and the turning inward (of the Fable). The turn towards the annunciation of the limits that mark its own genre (in Ponge, for instance, remember?) is the turn that makes invention and, I will come to say, translation possible. In this respect, the patriarch's turning inward within his study, like the turning inward of the son and the turning inward to be read, of the last son, all end in translations and apocalypse (whether of madness, death or a final cataclysm as the moment of reading *becomes* the moment of the here, now). But this is not, cannot be the "inward" of Hegel's pure interiorization (the inward of Fernanda's closed-door house and rigid economy of the home), for this inward invaginates, like the *gaine*, re-opens itself (as a pocket or fold, in the name of a *pli*) as it demarcates its own boundaries and would seek to place them into question through the act of an impossible annunciation. This "turning" (and re-turning) marks, in fact, an encounter with the Law.

"Enter(s) on the scene Antigone."

It is the moment of the *Leafstorm*. *LaHojasca*, in Spanish, is already tied to remains, carrying the remainders of a "double meaning": fallen leaves/rubbish. García Márquez writes, signs, in another place and time, this story of Other voices, of counter-running monologues and the heterogeneity of perspective, in which Antigone's scenes, the war she fights so repeatedly in Hegel's *Aesthetics*

[*Glas* re-cites: "Of all the masterpieces of the classical and modern world -- and I know nearly all of them and you should and can -- the *Antigone* seems to me from this viewpoint to be the most magnificent and appeasing work of art."]

and in the *Phenomenology*, and that is read in such detail across a large number of pages in *Glas*. It is, of course, the war between the Family and the State (as "head") the war between the colonel and the State over the right to bury the doctor (who, even dead, suffers from a re-written (hi)story), and it is re-cited in the moment of "thought" and the act of remembrance and in the name of another Colonel from a familiar narrative.

"The men bring the coffin and lower the corpse into it. Then I remember the day twenty-five years ago when he arrived at my house and gave me the letter of recommendation, written in Panama and addressed to me by the Intendant General of the Atlantic Coast at the end of the great war, Colonel Aureliano Buendía."

But even before the memory, before the monologues that open and divide the narrative along (of course) three lines -- of the (grand)son, the daughter, and the colonel (as Father, the father that seeks to bury, that seeks the (familial) rights of the dead against the "order" of the state)) -- even before a young man can see not ice but a corpse for the first time (in the *récit's* opening re-marks), the margins are broken from the outside, by an annunciation, a re-citation that serves as an epigraph and that reads the *seing* of the mark into the reading of an imperial eagle. To cite it here and now -- is it to cite Sophocles, to cite Antigone, to cite *Leafstorm*?

"But Polynices' corpse who died in pain
they say he has proclaimed to the whole town
that none may bury him and none bewail,
but leave him unwept, untombed, a rich sweet sight
for the hungry birds' beholding.
Such orders they say the worthy Creon gives
to you and me -- yes, yes, I say to me --
and that he's coming to proclaim it clear
to those who know it not.
Further: he has the matter so at heart
that anyone who dares attempt the act
will die by public stoning in the town."

And immediately thereafter, turning the page, the reader is struck by the leafstorm, the "whirlwind" "formed out of the human and material dregs of other towns, the chaff of a civil war that seemed ever more remote and unlikely." Macondo becomes "created out of the rubbish of other towns," becomes the name of remains, and the "cite" of the Antigonal scene of Law and its counter-law.

Glas has Hegel insisting: "So, in its head, the government must become the enemy of just what it governs, must suppress the family not only as a natural singularity but in the

judicial system proper to it: the war of city government against the family ["Now I can see that the mayor shares the anger of the town."], law of day(light) against law of night, human law against divine law, law of man against law of woman. This war is not one war among others, it is *the* war."

Over the burial of remains, over what to do with what spills out between the laws, the impossible remains that seem proper to both sets set against each other -- who decides? Antigone, remember, throws the dirt, claims the law of woman as the propriety of *glas*-work, three times.

"Of course I did. It was not Zeus, not in the least,
who made this proclamation -- not to me.
Nor did that Justice, dwelling with the gods
beneath the earth, ordain such laws for men."

Her fate, tolls a *glas* (but for how many? This problem returns as an act of translation in CA.)

"...your death sentence ringing in my ears."

And Creon can envision this problem only in (dialectical) terms as a war over gender.

"I am not the man, not now: she is the man
if this victory goes to her and she goes free."

The war is enacted repeatedly, in Hegel, in *Glas*, in CA, in *Leafstorm*, and, of course, here, now, in *What Remains*, as if it were always, already apart, a necessary engagement within the act of reading (as a re-positioning of the subject "before the law." But the counter-law remains at work not in opposition but as contamination (as is the case for genre) along the edges, the margins of what the law would and would not make possible.

Tiresias: "Then reflect, my son: you are poised,
once more, on the razor edge of fate."

(CA is written on the razor's edge between...)

"The Leafstorm had brought everything and it had taken everything away." But the *récit* fails to live up to the promise of its epigraph. There is no denouement, no *Aufhebung* in any case, no great war or even conflict, only the deferral of any Antigonal scene because of the erasure of memory, it too having been "blown away." "Don't worry, colonel." "I don't even think there's anyone left in town who even remembers this." Memory (preserved as (hi)story written (with the purity of the *Aufhebung*) from the hands of the State) is required for the war to take place. Without it, or in the face of an unstable and failing (familial) memory, there can be only the ruins of remains.

The family and the civil community in CA as well as here, now, in the (partial and counter) memories of three generations is turning inward as it dies, de-inventing itself along the folds of its own tendencies (after it has been reduced to remains) towards interiorization (and away from *Sa*, from the march toward the absolute that marks the final chapters of the *Phenomenology*). The possibility for this alternative (hi)story of remains, *Glas* suggests, was already inscribed into *Antigone* even as it was being recommended by a strangely self-citing Hegel.

"That is rather rare; the statements in the first person, the allusions to personal reading, the pieces of advice, the various 'it seems to me,' can all be counted. What is happening? And why is this happening the moment the body of the system should be straining itself in a rejection phenomenon, an offshoot phenomenon? This graft seems to have a structure that cannot be assimilated."

Hegel discovers himself reading (invents himself) and cannot account for what remains. It is a future that will mark the remainder of the Family (hi)story even as, in *Glas*, it marks Hegel's letters to his family. After the flood, after the remains are read as rend(er)ing a

return to his "other" home. There he finds

Petra having linked what remains from the r(em)ains to the morsels left to be eaten literally out of "house and home."

"The she told him to look in the bedroom and Aureliano Segundo saw the mule. Its skin was clinging to its bones like that of its mistress, but it was just as alive and resolute as she. Petra Cotes had fed it with her wrath, and when there was no more hay or corn or roots, she had given it shelter in her own bedroom and fed it on the percale sheets, the Persian rugs, the plush bedspreads, the velvet drapes, and the canopy embroidered with gold thread and silk tassels on the episcopal bed."(CA, 338)

But the rain has stopped and the promises made (to die when it clears) remain to be fulfilled. The next cut is opened with the mother attempting to die.(CA 339) Even in her blindness she is able to see the disintegration of the Family (and the) home and she makes a brief attempt at restoration, at a return (in time) to the shoring up of fragments and remains. But such a process can only be an act, a performance for the sake of appearances, even when it leads to the re-discovery of an Other son, the chiasmatic son that remains, forgotten in the nightmare of a memory, reading texts he cannot hope to understand.(CA, 341) His memory of the remains, "three thousand four hundred and eight," marks him for her as being "in a world of shadows more impenetrable than hers, as unreachable and solitary as that of his great-grandfather."(CA, 342) Her attempts at re-opening the house and re-inventing the Family are "a vain illusion." "The house stayed closed on Fernanda's orders."(CA, 343) This order of closure remains even as the process of disintegration (the multiplying of the remains) continues and the unaccountable effects of chance begin to play themselves out along other filial lines.

Aureliano Segundo, when he re-establishes the lottery as an attempt to re-construct at least one of his homes and economies, seeks new method(ologie)s for converting chance into profit (for transforming reading into acquisition along the lines of translation as a surplus exchange -- a model often used within any number of institutions). Eventually he arrives at the possibility of a *glas*-ic system, a system already inscribed here and now into *What Remains*. It fails, of course (it must always fail), for it will not allow for exchange without doubt, without suspicion and the possibility of remains. It is a lesson signed repeatedly in the readings that have already been offered.

"In his last years it occurred to him to substitute riddles for the numbers so that the prize could be shared by all of those who guessed it, but the system turned out to be so complicated and was open to so much suspicion that he gave it up after the second attempt."(CA, 346)

Such a system eventually can produce only truncated readings, fragments, and the madness of an uncontrollable and fading memory.

This madness returns when Úrsula (re)-discovers her son, Aureliano. She reads the (hi)story of one son into the future of another ("And now its time for you to start learning how to be a silversmith.") and allows her memory to loop into a madness from which she will never return.

"She finally mixed up the past with the present in such a way that in the two or three waves of lucidity she had before she died, no one knew for certain whether she was speaking about what she felt or what she remembered."(CA, 347)

This problem is, after all, the challenge posed to interpretation by the singularity of memory and its positioning along the margins of referentiality, striking as it does, somewhere between the real and the re-cited (the here, now and (hi)story) and inevitably tolling a *glas*.

"They found her dead on the morning of Good Friday."(CA, 349) And again. "Rebeca died at the end of that year."(CA, 350) The mother and the child whose arrival had been marked by the sound of remains are buried within a page of each other and the narrative reminds me why and what is happening when Aureliano Segundo sets out to restore Rebeca's house in order to sell it (dreaming again the dream of profiting from

uncontrollable remains).

"[B]ut the destruction was so far advanced in it that the walls became scaly as soon as they were painted and there was not enough mortar to stop the weeds from cracking the floors and the ivy from rotting the beams.

That was how everything went after the deluge."(CA, 350-51)

And the *récit* re-cites the disintegration of the town, marked as it is by the return of the Others (the gypsies), now able to repeat their tricks (as "new" inventions) to a town that has fallen (to the tomb) of its earliest memories. Even the newest emissary from the Church fails in his attempt to awaken the "people's spirits" by ringing the bells (as if a *glas* could strike Hegelian). And here, now, the novel recites its final "Many years later," predicting the failure of Amaranta Úrsula to re-open the house during a time of translation.(CA, 352) Fernanda's closure persists, even amidst (the insistence of) the remains.

But Fernanda's own crack in the borders of her home (her postal communications with invisible doctors, her obsessive sending and (not) receiving messages) allows for a momentary opening (in the *récit*, as it re-cites itself and its other within an inter-textual network that makes cracks in the interior of the Family (hi)story). Having given up on the non-destinatory logic of the postal principle (the "weight of an unknown word"), she turns or intends to turn to the local doctor. She makes (the "discovery" of) a re-citation possible.

"She felt so defeated by the weight of an unknown word that she decided to put some shame behind her and ask what a pessary was, and only then did she discover that the French doctor had hanged himself to a beam three months earlier and had been buried against the wishes of the townspeople by a former comrade in arms of Colonel Aureliano Buendía."(CA, 353)

It is a "familiar" *récit*, carrying the names (*Leafstorm*, *Antigone*) of the remains of another set of texts and a tie that binds it to a singular reading in *Glas*. It marks, amidst the disintegration of the narrative, a graft to be read and translated here as an absence (of both war and character). Here, now, it cuts a patch from another text and re-sews it within an (hi)storical operation that will soon dissolve into the re-telling of history, a (hi)story that makes a

strategy of *récitation* necessary. As in, for instance, CA's brief retelling of *Leafstorm's* "events" without comment to mark the further disintegration of the community.

The remains (of parchments, of texts to be translated) will eventually take over and writing (and the chronicle of the Family) will be also, and at the same time, the citation of a citation, amidst splinters and "eternalized fragments."

"A toilette at every instant of the bit (the dead), bandaged, banded erect, verified, mummified.

That would be too easy otherwise.

gl remains under the sheath."

Awaiting a double-death (in translation and memory), a chiasmatic twisting of futures, the possibility of a mistake in burial that re-doubles the remains after they have already been read.

The fate of twins, translating and transforming the

child into an alternative reader and writer. Young Aureliano

(Babilonia, "properly") proves able to re-cite a (hi)story that is unrecognizable due to its difference (as a translation) from the (accepted) past (in memory).

"His point of view, contrary to the general interpretation, was that Macondo had been a prosperous place and well on its way until it was disordered and corrupted and suppressed by the banana company, whose engineers brought on the deluge as a pretext to avoid promises made to the workers."(CA, 354)

He has, of course, bound himself to another branch of the Family tree (of madness): José Arcadio Segundo. And when he re-cites, as if by memory, the events of the massacre, his ideas are heard by others (by their ears) only as "the inherited anarchist ideas of Colonel Aureliano Buendía."(CA, 354) Nevertheless, within the space of writing, within Melquíades' workroom, among its many texts that await translation, the young Aureliano and José Arcadio re-encounter spirit, not, this time, as an absolute, but as the fragmented and unstable memories of the patriarch. Aureliano learns not only to read and write and to study the parchments that will (as textual remains) come to replace the narrative itself (or, at least, the narrative being read); he also learns of the Family (hi)story in terms of the patriarch's final visions of time. Within this education of the child (out of the death of the parents) the crucial ligament is that which binds (erect) time to chance and to the

fragmentation of memory and reading. Both José Arcadio Segundo and his young descendant are able to hear the voice of the Other and to simultaneously translate from beyond even the most "final" borders.

"Both described at the same time how it was always March there and always Monday, and then they understood that José Arcadio Buendía was not as crazy as the family said, but that he was the only one who had enough lucidity to sense to truth of the fact that time also stumbled and had accidents and could therefore splinter and leave an eternalized fragment in a room. José Arcadio Segundo had managed, furthermore, to classify the cryptic letters of the parchments."(CA, 355)

But time will "run out" on this first attempt at translation (it is not yet the "proper time"). The fate of (the) twins is a chiasmatic doubling, even at the moments of their deaths and burials.

Aureliano Segundo has sent the last of his Family (Amaranta Úrsula) out of the country (to Brussels, to the out-side (of) the world) and José Arcadio Segundo has sent the last of his Family (Aureliano "Babilonia") into the text, into the book-room and the discovery of translation (as invention). At the "same instant" each of them dies, one reciting the horror of his nightmare memory and the other in the bed, finally, of his "original" and "proper" home (but without the arrival of the fetish-objects that had always threatened to mark his *glas*). The final lines that close off, for this moment, this cut of the narrative, return the twins to their fate, to the fate of reading and chance, to the fate of a problematic identity and an identifying phrase that marches between the serious and the non-serious and that is finally relegated (by order) to remains and to the final fate of an undecidable (hi)story.

"The bodies were placed in identical coffins, and then it could be seen that once more in death they had become as identical as they had been until adolescence. Aureliano Segundo's old carousing comrades laid on his casket a wreath that had a purple ribbon with the words: *Cease, cows, life is short*. Fernanda was so indignant with such irreverence that she had the wreath thrown onto the trash heap. In the tumult of the last moment, the sad drunkards who carried them out of the house got the coffins mixed up and buried them in the wrong graves."(CA, 360)

Here, now, Aureliano is reading. At "this" point in CA, he begins to fulfill the prophecy of his erased name, the unstable destiny of (the route, the course of) the bastard.

He undertakes a final act of translation, an act that can only lead to the sounding (and the vision) of (a) final *glas* for the

identity forever within the Family's future. For the twins leave "behind" them, stuck to their futures (as written names) from their pasts, the one who would translate and the one who would, with the translator, fulfill the prophecy of the Family that marked it from its earliest pages.

The Family curse and the Family vice.

And Melquíades returns to give the name to the final language (though still prior to the encoding): Sanskrit. This name, this "proper" identification of the system that remains (to be translated), sends the newest reader to "the wise Catalanian" and the place of writing that will prove to house the final inscription of the *seing*.

Gabriel.

What is the time of a translation?

"More than three years had passed since Santa Sofía de la Piedad had brought him the grammar when Aureliano succeeded in translating the first sheet. It was not a useless chore, but it was only a first step along a road whose length it was imposible to predict, because the text in Spanish did not mean anything: the lines were in code."

"Aureliano lacked the means to establish the keys the would permit him to dig them out..."

It falls (to the tomb), "comes down," to this: the desire to read, to find a key, to translate and decode within an unpredicatble time (that already exceeds dialectics, already is "more than three years").

Even Fernanda's death, the final *glas* tolled by the mirror [*glace*] image of a ruse queen (the image of a deferred Family promise), and the veiling of her remains; and even the arrival of the ("papal") son, the last namesake of the patriarch, who proves only to be marked thoroughly by an excess of material, by the excessive habits of the out-side; neither of these (neither the de-parture nor the arrival, niether *fort* nor *da*) proves able to interrupt for very long the business of translation (as transformation along the way to a final disintegration) that is now, here, underway. "The bastard," as he is named by "a voice with a touch of razor," one that would seek a final, filial cut of the Family ties that would bind (erect) the son of the Father to the one who reads in the name of the Son, finds his way to a store that houses the remains of the written language that remains between *Glas* and *What Remains*.

"More than a bookstore, it looked like a dump for used books, which were placed in disorder on the shelves chewed by termites, in the corners sticky with cobwebs, and even in the spaces that were supposed to serve as passageways."

Even the spaces for passages are blocked (by books, by interminable writing). Negotiating without reference (without the secrets of Melquíades as maps among

the letters) would prove impossible. There is no room to read (*Glas*), no space made to allow the reader passage. Reading becomes an act of force, a violence done to clear a path (if only for a moment, here, now) and to see where it might lead. It can lead eventually, of course, to a familiar fate.

"You must be mad."

Or it can lead to a (non-)pattern of cuts and grafts, a collection of bits scattered among the spaces of a room or the pages of a text that is continually offering itself up for and resisting its own translation.

The reading carries on

opposed only by the excesses and the excessive materialism of José Arcadio. His (hi)story, marked by the rising (from the tomb) of the memory of the fetish,

"...Amaranta rising out of a marble edged pool with her lace petticoats and the bandage on her hand, idealized by the anxiety of exile."

becomes a story of consumption and personal excess amidst a home now overrun with spirits.

[But how is this possible? How, one might ask of Hegel, can "Spirit," can that which contains all else, which interiorizes, finally, absolutely, overflow (the Family home, and the Family chronicle)? It may be the effect of the ellipses that is time.

"Now this limit describes an absolute family scene. Elliptically. The limit is the very ellipses in the family circle: the circle inscribes itself in an ellipse in which what is lacking (ellipsis) results from the family not managing to center itself. It has a double focus, a double home, a double hearth. This ellips(e) is time --"

Glas recites the remains of the Buendía (hi)story in terms of what it cannot account for (that is, its own translation as an undecidable moment within a read *récit*). The (hi)story is already written, it seems, as artifice, as plated by (the between of) the *or*, wherein even the marks of the remains and the *seing* are only "gilded" ("the heraldic chamberpot -- which at the moment of truth turned out to have only a little gold plating on the crest").]

Children, not of the Family and bringing only the chaos of disorder and random murder, invade the home, finally managing to locate (despite the secret the mother carries (as spirit) beyond the grave) the Family *or* and removing forever the possibility of the beyond of borders from the Buendía line as an economy (of the home).

But first, one must read a final return of the Son and a final penetration of the mark that signs the (bastard) line (in the name of the Holy name) even while, elsewhere, the translation of the Babelian scene is beginning to unfold. Aureliano Amador, the last of the seventeen, named for Hegel's revealed religion (of the Son), still bearing the mark of the cross, returns to the home and is, finally, refused entrance. This final act of closing (of the doors) this act of maintaining "propriety" and the "proper" boundaries, results immediately in the sacrifice of the last remaining mark of the Colonel and the shell of his solitude. Death knells have begun to ring with repetition. They will not cease until the translation arrives (at the) here, now.

The *glas* (and *glace*) that closes a cut, the *glas* that leaves (remaining) only the one that

reads (among the Family) and the one that will return from out-side, is tolled for the murder of José Arcadio and a final theft and flight amidst a final fetish-memory. Verily, it is the last of the thefts and flights between *Glas* and CA, and it leaves the young Aureliano suddenly aware of an Other text he had come to ignore.

"Aureliano, shut up in his room, was not aware of anything. That afternoon, having missed him in the kitchen, he looked for José Arcadio all over the house and found him floating on the perfumed mirror of the pool, enormous and bloated and still thinking about Amaranta. Only then did he understand how much had begun to love him."

But with the passing of the Family, "love" too has been transformed, translated from the Christian pleroma it once promised (in the time of the Family proper, in the time of Hegel) into the desire that will eventually come to mark the contamination of incest and the fulfillment of the chance of a reading. Amaranta Úrsula returns, "with the first angels of December."

But not just any angels, these prove to include the angel that signs, the angel discovered amidst the writing, the books that are always already lost, the angel that briefly binds himself to the reader as a way of marking the time of the text's own translation.

Gabriel.

Still, before the *seing*

What is this time, what is the risk run by positing a reading "before the *seing*?" *Glas* returns to interrupt...

Before the *seing*, before translation of the *seing*, the reader must learn of the potential consequences of reading (all along): orgasm and death. He learns of the first of these first from Nigromanta and later even from (the remains) of Pilar Ternera (before her own *glas* tolls as the end of the maternal line of filiation, the last mother to vanish, even as she was always absent, outside, de-parted from the Family line by the law of the "proper" name). With a final reading of the cards, a final set of prophecies that work not to fulfill destiny but to re-inscribe the chance of the (incestuous) accident back into the system of translation, she will die only after the howl of the orgasm that signals the end of the line for the Buendía's operations of grafting onto the Family tree.

As the process of translation continues...

As it always continues even as it is always ceasing, interrupting, starting by fits and jerks, as if it were coming (into the fold)...

As the final orgasm approaches after the re-citation of the last presence of the signatory angel...

As the husband that arrives as "property" (complete with leash) devises a final improvisation of the postal system that dreams of establishing a new way of sending and receiving messages (by air rather than by heir) -- a dream, that like its postal object and the text into which it is inscribed and sent, never arrives at its destination,

not returned... remains as the final message that is

As Aureliano begins to notice Amaranta Úrsula ("the return of Amaranta Úrsula had brought on a change in Aureliano's life")...

A memory (of a *seing* and (hi)story) breaks in to bind (erect).

"The link was born on the night when he casually mentioned Colonel Aureliano Buendía and Gabriel was the only one who did not think that he was making fun of somebody. Even the proprietess, who normally did not take part in the conversations, argued with a madam's wrathful passion that Colonel Aureliano Buendía, of whom she had indeed heard speak at some time, was a figure invented by the government as a pretext for killing Liberals. Gabriel, on the other hand, did not doubt the reality of Colonel Aureliano Buendía because he had been a companion in arms and inseparable friend of his great-great grandfather Colonel Gerineldo Márquez."

Gabriel, whose "own" wife Mercedes will later appear as a pharmacist, in the place of Plato within the reading and the act of *Dissemination*, arrives not as a name that signs but as a subject tied to the final translator by the names of memory (within the *récit* as it turns again inward) and the reading of alternative (hi)stories. The name accompanies its own (text's) unravelling and the decline of the Family and home (even as Gabriel vanishes to Paris, on the chance of a raffle, the winning of a contest in which he received the answers from the reader, to take up writing). The name announces

[Derrida on Benjamin and Babel: "How would you translate a signature?" The time has come to read the story of the reading of the Babelian moment in light of the laws of copyright and translation, the act of translation as a "task," and the possibility of a sacred text as a "pure" translation which erases all remains. To read the act of translation not only as the fundamental act of the institutions of reading and of the university, but also as that which interrogates and threatens to destroy the sacred image once and for all. The time has come to translate, carefully, deliberately, the extended reading of Benjamin's text for the resonances of a transcendentalism that the act of translation itself puts into jeopardy. The time has come to arrive at Derrida's arrival at the final annunciation of identity: "experience is translation." The time has to come to translate the incestuous contamination of these other signatures and other readings into (that which cannot account for)

what remains.

But there is not time. A coming will not allow the time that has come. Again, orgasm accompanies translation (or the deferral of translation) in such a way as to render it both necessary and impossible.]

only the end that the next birth will come to mark. As the translation proceeds, an orgasm marks the between of cuts and the final filial moment. It is this orgasm that will mark the act of translation as a race against the time of its own reading, the time of a birth (as opposed to a production). It is this final crossing of the filial boundaries, this final contamination (born from the contact of "icy index fingers") that will bind translation to the graft and to *Glas*, the death knell of the Family line amidst a translation of ice and glass.

"She barely had time to reach out her hand and grope for the towel to put a gag between her teeth so that she would not let out the cat howls that were already tearing at her insides."

As the Catalan leaves (the last of the remains), he is kind enough to remind me that "the natural destiny of literature" is to get lost.

And spirit returns, each time ringing a bell between that ties CA to *Glas* within a reading that is ending here, now, but that has spoken to each.

"Many times they were awakened by the traffic of the dead.

They could hear Úrsula fighting against the laws of creation to maintain the line,
and José Arcadio Buendía searching for the mythical truths of the great inventions,
and Fernanda praying,
and Colonel Aureliano Buendía stupefying himself with the deception of war and the little gold fishes,
and Aureliano Segundo dying of solitude in the turmoil of his debauches..."

and the birth of the final son returns this reading to the memory of the past,
and to the opening of a lock that begins a line of filiation, a trip along the wire:

"Only when they turned him on his stomach did they see that he had something more than other men, and they leaned over to examine him. It was the tail of a pig." An excess, an overflow that requires a cut, a final cutting away that never comes (for the future will be absent). The blood of the Family line will not stop flowing, it flows out, spills as remains beyond all possibility until it drowns the last mother in its own excess and the finality of its contamination.

Aureliano returns, once more, to translation -- to reading as the final turning of the narrative in the (bastard) path not of cycles but of *fort/da* and the returning (always with a difference) of the re-citation of memory in the guise of a prophetic (hi)story. He has still to translate the margin of the parchments, its out-side, the epigraph that sits at the edge of its borders and that will announce the beginning and end of the reading process at the moment of its translation and transformation.

The text arrives, here, now.

But it also de-parts, not arriving, by re-marking, among the flowers,
a *glas* for the last of the line.

"And then he saw the child. It was a dry and bloated bag of skin that all the ants in the world were dragging to their holes along the stone path in the garden. Aureliano could not move. Not because he was paralyzed by horror but because at that prodigious instant Melquíades' final keys were revealed to him and he saw the epigraph of the parchments perfectly placed in order of man's time and space: *The first of the line is tied to a tree and the last is being eaten by ants.*"

The final encoding, *Glas*-like in its revelation of simultaneous readings and events,

"...had concentrated a century of daily episodes in such a way that they coexisted in one instant..."

opens the process of translation to the heterogeneity of the instant, to a phenomenology of reading.

à propos Glas

Contamination overflows the code and translation becomes (is always already) transformation at the moment of reading, even if that can only announce the inevitability of re-citation.

For it can only lead to remains and their (impossible) (ac)counting.

Glas offers the bits, the morselings of countless readings in countless heres and nows (simultaneoulsy, but always marked singularly by their differences) as the body of a "text."

"Take this all of you and eat... "This is my..."

The body written and signed finally only by the gluing of a title, its attachment onto the surface as a (Hegelian) ruse that cannot hide its(elf) as remains.

The overflow comes. And with it both the impossibility and the inevitability of translaion are marked not as any filial destiny (or even the fulfillment of a prophecy) but only as a partially re-cited "event," an "act" of (hi)story (and "literature"). Translation, reading as transformation, remains to sing the dead.

Within a final offering, a final cutting and binding of a graft from the text whose title rings for the death of the ringing certainty of the *Sa*-pages of the Hegelian body, the *Remain(s)* re-cite what is "necessary to understand" (about (the double-bind, the "schiz" of) writing, reading, translation) and clear a space for a new planting, for yet another spilled seed and overflow of dissemination, the space for a final

translation amidst a whirlwind of remains.

"Of all the morselings; of all the reagglutinations without which the schiz could never even *be produced* -- gl would be, would band erect the transcendental accomplice of skzz, the original-ly(ing) like galalith, synthetic, that closes opens the sluice, bars the outflow the very instant with a sweet explosion it forces open the floodgates; of all the proliferating wounds, bites, breaks, sutures, borders and grafts that gl took advantage of; of all these, let appear, an infinitive scene, at the end of the operation, only the oiled surface, smooth without ridge or scar, the calm sea of the headline. The title lays out, more a sign of fatigue, the appeased, glorious integrity of one entire word, the verbal body *glas*. Interposed before the disseminating mark, the vowel is seen no longer, no longer scaffolds. It sings or blackmails the bit (the dead).

That is where (it is necessary) to put the accent in case you desire to understand, to hear something about writing, to decipher ot to decircumcise the text you sound, the text-consonant."

And the *récit* signs the end (of its beginning) in the name (of John's *récit*) of reading.

Always amidst the remains

(a remains already written, in the Book of Books, the legend (of the Babilonian reader))

and within a (non-)pattern of ellipses, of marking out (in the time of the Family) the absent pages for the purposes of remaining (in the "present"),

the reader reads and writes his own *glas* as a vision (an "as if...") of *glace* (of a *glace* that speaks, a speaking mirror)

and leaps into the future (pages of time) as if reading the (post) cards of the mother

only in order to re-mark the here, the now, in the name of the between

of mirrors (of *glace* as mimeticism and the dream (of the patriarch)-as-vision that names the space for the Family tree)

and mirages (of the "spirits" and the Other) marking the space of impossible inventions and impossible texts that remain (inevitable),

the between of the iterable and the unrepeatable,

the between that is named after the one that announces with the improbable gesture of the *seing* that resists and demands translation,

(mark)

and to leave only leaves (everything)

(the pages that remain to be read again)

to remain.

"Macondo was already a fearful whirlwind of dust and rubble being spun about by the wrath of the biblical hurricane when Aureliano skipped eleven pages so as not to lose time with facts he knew only too well, and he began to decipher the instant that he was living, deciphering it as he lived it, prophesying himself in the act of deciphering the last page of the parchments, as if he were looking into a speaking mirror. Then he skipped again to anticipate the predictions and ascertain the date and circumstances of his death. Before reaching the final line, however, he had already understood that he would never leave that room, for it was foreseen that the city of mirrors (or mirages) would be wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when Aureliano Babilonia would finish deciphering the parchments, and that everything written on them was unrepeatable since time immemorial and forever more, because races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth."

Here, now

a *glas* tolls,

striking a glancing blow

between the edges of a text

and leaving:

Many years later

What remains