


I'm not robot  reCAPTCHA

Continue

Big mama s funeral pdf

Gabriel Garcia M's Story, published in 1962, recounts the turmoil caused in Macondo and beyond, by the funeral of Doña Maria del Rosario Castañeda y Montero, otherwise known as Big Mama, absolute ruler of the Kingdom of Macondo and part of a dynasty spanning two centuries. À À Christian Garrido M.A. From his throne, his earthly moral legacy has spread to unknown heights over the past 92 years, mainly through marriages imposed with convenience. These led to a well-tangled, extended family tree, of which she is the head, despite not having children of her own. But the complex threads of his lineage do not end there: in the medieval kingdom of Macondo, the lord's god's right still governs the land, by which the feudal lord has the right to spend the first night with the newly married woman of a vassal. That's why a lot of the domestic staff are made up of bastards, among whom Big Mama has her favorites and those she doesn't like. His impending departure left no time for sincere regrets or farewells. The only people on his deathbed were his nephew Nicanor, the family soldier who took care of all the belongings; the pastor of Macondo, a former priest who cannot walk and must be carried on a chair, and sit in it until the end; and macondo's doctor, a 19th century doctor and skeptic of the progress of science. To make matters worse, with the blessing of Big Mama's M, the doctor had managed to ban all other practising doctors in Macondo. It is not for nothing that in the last moments of her life, this omnipotent matron was surrounded only by her most faithful bishops, her nephew soldier, a priest and a doctor. Big Mama is a tyrant, like any other Latin American despot: always adorned with a sword and a cross, inherited from ancestors and conquerors. These are the two key physical and mental ties with his loyal subjects, represented by Nicanor and the priest. Similarly, the doctor represents the aversion to change and development that was so dear to feudal lords, and presents both in right-wing liberalism that grants undeserved privileges to the emerging bourgeoisie, as well as to the socialist left which, even worse, offers undeserved privileges to the riff-raff. Both are a constant threat to the status quo. Intertextuality provides an interesting fact about Big Mama: it is said that two centuries ago, his maternal grandmother faced Colonel Aureliano Buendia. Colonel Aureliano Buendia is the Latin American hero par excellence: a failure. His story is that of a revolutionary who launched 32 armed uprisings against the conservative regime, all of which failed. What is is that the winning side, that is, the lineage of Big Mama M, is the very Sacrosanct Conservative Party that ruled the land of the Sacred Heart with an iron for decades, hence the importance of this worrying alliance between Big Mama and the two aforementioned institutions. With his soldier nephew, priest and doctor as witnesses, Big Mama realizes that all his earthly possessions are the only verifiable source of his inexplicable power. It all comes down to three rights acquired through a Royal Charter in colonial times. In addition, 352 families live in Macondo and each pays the matron with part of their crops each month for the right to live in their homes, while the government pays for the right of these people to use the streets that belong to the big mama family M. This is an absolutely idle kingdom in which the landowners haven't M not planted anything in more than two centuries. Unlikely circumstances. What can go unnoticed by the reader is that in this story, there is not much magic. And the most powerful people in this country, those who gave birth to Macondo - who could be any Latin American country - are landowners, owners of unproductive land living off their rents. By virtue of this fact, they occupy a seat in Congress, from where they order the construction of roads that lead nowhere, bridges that don't M cross rivers, and other similar constructions that go beyond fiction. Next, Big Mama lists its invisible legacy which consists of a second instance, a third debate and messages of support, as well as other absurd goods. Fortunately, the list never ends because interrupting it with a belated, Big Mama dies. The reaction of the poor inhabitants of Macondo, whose streets had been filled by street vendors hoping to capitalize on the occasion, contrasts with that of the distant and cold capital, anchored in the Andes, where no one knew anything about the life and work of Big Mama. As soon as the president is informed of his existence and subsequent death, he appeals a court order that would allow him to go to the funeral, while the body of the deceased at M's rots at a temperature of 45 degrees in the shade. It was M in vain that she contributed to the peace of the country for nearly a century by imposing Roman peace in every corner of her kingdom, thanks to three trunks filled with falsified ballot papers, where the living and the dead managed to vote for her preferred candidate. Again, here is a fact that seems to stretch the limits of credibility. However, it has long been known in this country, although no one sees them, that even in the 21st century, trucks visit the Caribbean from village to village at the time of elections, filled with subjects who vote time and time again for their local leader in exchange plate of soup or, at best, a small bag of two weeks' M value of the food. In any event, in exchange for his service at home, Big Mama was to receive military honors, not only in the presence of the President, President, also the Sovereign Pontiff, who left his resting palace, Castel Gandolfo, to go to the hot and dirty kingdom of Macondo. As soon as the coffin was finally taken to the streets under the dusty and unbearable sun, the family closed and locked the door, and put to work dividing the property provided by the rotten corpse of their benefactor. It seems that as soon as they closed the vault where Big Mama will forever lie, Macondo began a new era, one in which his inhabitants will finally control their own destiny, freed from the only person who could stop them. It is an allegory of feudalism, nepotism and absolutism, all at the same time. It represents the state of the Privileged & the antithesis of the rule of law & where powerful people like her become powerful by the divine will, while servants, with or without pay, are born poor and will remain so by the grace of the same divine will. Big Mama is a caricature of all the viceroys and dictators who have crossed these lands from the Rio Grande to Patagonia over the past 500 years. Even if she descends into the grave like a despot in decline, unfortunately for us, her family is far from having abandoned these privileges. (Translated by Marie-The@Red Slorach & Email: marietherese.slorach@gmail.com) Big Mama's Funeral Big Mama's Funeral by Gabriel Garcia Marquez Gabriel Garcia Marquez is another of our authors to have won the Nobel Prize for Literature, in 1982. This particular story uses elements of fantasy and myth, with an ironic sense of exaggeration, to carry his rather activist message. Good literature is both entertaining and uplifting, which is certainly true the best magical realism has to offer. Here, Marquez offers a amusing introduction filled with exaggeration and irony: This is, for all the unbelievers of the world, the true account of Big Mama, absolute ruler of the Kingdom of Macondo, who lived ninety-two years, and died in the smell of holiness last Tuesday September, and whose funeral was attended by the pope. Consider what the narrator means by truth! As you can imagine, history has little to do with the ait and more to do with the iqu, which has a way to get a lot to the truth. On the other hand, history attacks the political system, a vestige of the colonial era, which continues to illuminate the politics of Colombia and other Latin American countries. To this end, it could be argued that the author is less interested in the facts than in the truth. But he also likes to have fun along the way, and Big Mama clearly provides a lot of fun. As the narrator informs us, he intends to recount this funeral attended by all the powerful of the country, including The pope. The following quotation testifies to the exaggeration, fantasy and pleasure that permeates this particular narrative by one of the best writers: Now that the nation, which has been shaken to its vital signs, has regained its balance; now that the pipers of San Jacinto, the smugglers of Guajira, the rice planters of Sinu, the prostitutes of Cauca mayal, the sorcerers of Sierpe, and the banana workers of Aracataca folded their tents to recover from the exhausting vigil and regained their serenity, and the President of the Republic and his ministers and all those who represented the public and the supernatural powers at the most beautiful funeral opportunity recorded in the annals of history have regained control of the annals of history have regained control of their estates; [. . .] now it is time to lean a stool against the front door and tell the details of this national turmoil from the beginning, before historians have a chance to do so. The introduction is very funny, what with the juxtaposition of celestial powers and secular leaders with pipers and prostitutes. All come to attend this funeral. The little on historians screwing history is of particular interest because the Kingdom of Macondo is invented by Garcia Marquez and featured in his great novel, One Hundred Years of Loneliness and other works. The author was, in fact, born in a real city mentioned in history, Aracataca; in fact, his grandfather took part in a terrible wave of violence there related to bananas - in fact, Macondo is the Bantu word for banana - plantations owned by the United Fruit Company. These labour disputes have led to horrific violence in the region that appear in the author's prose. In history, the advanced age of all luminaries, including Big Mamma, the President of the Republic, the Pope, and in particular the priest of Big Mamma, Father Anthony Isabel, testifies to the long-standing corruption that the Big Mamma system embodies: The priest, speaking to himself and on the verge of his hundredth birthday, remained in his room. And the matriarch's eldest nephew looks like a drug lord or a paramilitary thug: Nicanor, the elderly nephew, gigantic and savage, dressed in khaki and stimulated boots, with a .38-caliber long-barrel revolver, holstered under his shirt, went to get the notary. As you can imagine, all parents question their share of the single woman's assets, which are substantial. And just because a woman runs the show, do not think that the medieval structure of society is not nearly as repressive as in the land of El seor presidente. Big Mama's matriarchal rigidity had surrounded his fortune and name with a sacramental fence, in which uncles married daughters and nieces, and cousins married their aunts, their brothers and sisters-in-law, until the complex mesh of inbreeding was formed, which turned procreation into a vicious circle. Only Magdalena, the youngest of the nieces, managed to escape. Terrified by the hallucinations, she made Anthony Isabel exorcises him, shaves his head and renounces the glories of the world in the novitiate of the Mission District. The mixture of blood to maintain the property - the way rich landowners have been for centuries - seems to have left people quite loopy, including the niece who will become a nun - she is obviously a nut. And apart from the immediate family, the bastard children populate the kingdom, the product of noctis primae juce, the law of the first night, which allows the nobles the right to sleep with all the new wives of the kingdom as part of the marriage ceremony. The medieval flavour presents the worst of the system that Spanish has implanted in the country, a corruption that pollutes the country. And as usual in this brand of literature, appearances envelop reality, for Big Mama is both fat and close to death: When she sat on her balcony in the cool afternoon air, with all the weight of her belly and authority pressed in her old rattan rocker, she seemed, in truth, infinitely rich and powerful and powerful, - the richest and most powerful matron in the world. Big Mama likes to think about the rich heritage of her kingdom and is proud of her insularity. In many ways, the country seems to have stopped, as the doctor's description points out: During the first week of pain, the family doctor maintained it with mustard plasters and wool stockings. He was a hereditary physician, a graduate of Montpellier, hostile by philosophical conviction to the progress of his science, that Big Moma had granted the lifelong privilege of preventing macondo from establishing himself as another doctor. The doctor, like all the others, works to keep all ideas that could change the status quo, which rots the country of how death will take Big Mama. And like all pseudo-aristocrats in the family, the doctor uses his position to fulfill his lust: Nature has granted him the privilege of being the father of many other children. In other words, as was the case with Tear's husband, everyone is trying to satisfy his personal appetite. And they all seek to perpetuate through their privilege an outdated and very unnatural social and political system. In paragraph 8, the narrator scoffs at all the methods used by the doctor and the priest to save Big Mama from his imminent death. When the little bell of the Viatium rings, people begin to pile up in the courtyard, waiting for the passage of the big woman. We learn that twenty years ago Big Mama celebrated her birthday in a royal way, a celebration that reminded all of her family's military prowess and also ensured the future by the Great Mom organizing the weddings of the year. This tradition had been interrupted, in because of the family's successive bereavement and partly because of the political instability of recent years. Despite appearances, in other words, things started collapsing. The power of illusion maintains the system's hold on power in a kingdom where most people are now bound. This medieval vision belonged not only to the family's past, but also to the past of the nation. Even more indistinct and distant, barely visible on his balcony, smothered by geraniums on hot afternoons, Big Mama melted into her own legend. As is the case in Phantom Palace, the dictator's death does not ensure prosperity, because on his deathbed, Big Mama gives the nod to Magdalena, after calling all the other nieces road robbers. Here, she seems to atone for all her past sins by signing on her power to a woman who promised her life in church. But this choice promises only chaos, for now the President of the Republic, all the relatives, and the Catholic Church will compete for their share of the cake. As usual in these circumstances, only the peasants will really suffer. Then comes the great enumeration of the immense kingdom that she kept under her control throughout her reign through rent collection, which acts prevents the land from returning to the state: But historical circumstances had ensured that within these limits the six cities of the district of Macondo should grow and prosper, even the county seat, - so that no one who lived in a house had property rights other than those relating to the house itself, since the land belonged to Big Mama, and the rent was paid to her, just as the government had to pay her for the use of the citizens made of the street. Thus, his reign in the kingdom informs the lives of its citizens and includes both the external government and the Church. And, of course, don't forget the buried treasure. Well, rising on her monumental buttocks, she dictated to the notary this list of her invisible succession Drowning in the pandemonium of abstract formulas that for two centuries had been the moral justification for the power of the family, Big Mama issued a strong belest and expired. We have again the game on invisible and the notion of moral ustification that is familiar to us from other literatures we have read. To add humour to the absurdity, no one remembers Big Mama as the obese immensely she had become, of a swollen and repugnant woman, emblematic of the corruption that permeates her kingdom. That afternoon, the inhabitants of the far, dark capital saw the image of a twenty-year-old woman on the first page of the additional editions, and thought she was a new queen of beauty. The very deadpan delivery - some say a remnant of the story of the author's grandmother that tell - hides the irony, so read for example, paragraphs devoted to the President of the Republic. You don't want to miss the way the story mocks what motivates it to call for a national period of mourning: The President of the himself, who was affected by urban feelings as if they reached him through a purifying filter, managed to perceive his car in a momentary but to some extent brutal view the silent dismay of the city. Acting, in other words, of self-interest, it will mark the death of the great woman. In addition, she has the goods on virtually everyone in the government of the country: Big Mama had guaranteed the social peace and political harmony of her empire, under the three trunks full of false electoral certificates that were part of her secret succession. The men at his service, his proteges and his tenants, elders and young, exercised not only their own voting rights, but also those of voters who had died for a century. In Marquez's hands, corruption is entertaining. But remember that sophisticated comedy carries a serious message. And when we stop laughing at the depth of Big Mama's corruption, the reality to which the story points reveals serious problems. In troubled times, Big Mama secretly contributed to weapons for her followers, but came to the aid of her victims in public. This patriotic zeal guaranteed him the highest honours. That one of the first authors to have a profound effect on Marquez was Franz Kafka - his story The Metamorphosis in particular - should not be a surprise. But for this black humor mixed with fantasy and like to work, the author must show great caution and a light touch, because after a short period of time the jokes will become too obvious and lose their emphasis. The paragraphs devoted to the will of the President of the Republic to take advantage of Mom's death do not cause him any small problems. As you read the description of his palace, for example, note that its structures and organization are the colonial organization on which the kingdom of Big Mama rests: Then the full awareness of its historical destiny came on board, and it declared nine days of national mourning, and posthumous honors for Big Mama to the rank worthy of a hero who had died for the homeland on the battlefield. Of course, his desire, as politically astute as he may be, encounters problems, for he must obtain permission from a governing body that seeks more to support the legend of his past than the reality of his present circumstances. And Marquez has a wonderful time with all the ins and outs involved: The judicial structure of the country, built by the distant ancestors of Big Mama, was not prepared for events such as those that began to happen. [. . .] For the first time, people were talking about her and designing her without her rattan rocker, her stupors and her mustard plasters, and they saw her ageless and pure, distilled by legend. On the other hand, reality is working to undermine this new legend, because the blablablah was interrupted by the reminder that Big Mama's corpse was waiting for their decision at 104.104 In the shadows Like the President, the Sovereign Pontiff convinces the College of Cardinals of the need for him to attend the funeral - the hope for the loot is enormous! Like the President, he turns Big Mama into a legend that envelops reality in how she amassed such power and property: His Holiness suffered that night, for the first time in the history of the Church, from the fever of insomnia and the torment of mosquitoes. But the wonderful dawn on the estates of the Great Old Woman, the primitive vision of the balm apple and the iguana, erased from her memory the suffering of her journey and compensated him for her sacrifice. All see dead obesity with rather hilarious visions of personal gain, including all the nephews: Weakened by their crying, the nine nephews sat the wake next to the body in an ecstasy of mutual surveillance. The author certainly has a clever touch. The whole world is watching, looking for the chance to get a piece of the old lady's estate. One wonders, for example, what Nicanor plans with His Holiness, who comes to visit him. Remember that Big Mama gave the crazy older niece the ring of power. Thus, some negotiation is implicit throughout the narrative. Finally, after weeks of debate, the President of the Republic obtains permission to attend the funeral of this great woman because it has been declared that public order was disturbed . As mentioned earlier, everyone comes to the funeral with special interests, including veterans of Colonel Aureliano Buendia's camp, who came to the funeral to ask the President of the Republic for payment of the pensions of their veterans that they had been waiting for sixty years Funeral becomes a farce full of pleasure. No one recognizes the president, for he remains mostly invisible to the people: Hot and chubby, the old and sick President of the Republic marched under the astonished eyes of the crowd that had seen him inaugurated without knowing who he was and who only now could give a true account of his existence. Among the archbishops weakened by the gravity of their ministry, and the military with sturdy medal-armoured chests, the Chief of the Nation exuded the unmistakable air of power. Given the previous description of the president and his surroundings, one wonders what good the air smells!! No one escapes the author's pen. And then come the Queens from all over the country! The absurdity of the funeral. In his coffin draped in purple, separated from reality by eight copper loops, Big Mama was at that moment too absorbed by his eternity of formaldehyde to realize the magnitude of his greatness. (18:35) Read with the last paragraph of the birth of a new era, but that can be certain of what this new era will hold, given the descriptions of what the people do not notice. The only thing that wasn't missed by anyone in the middle the sound of this funeral was the thunderous sigh of relief that the crowd let go when the fourteen days of supplications, exaltations, and dithyrambs were over, and the grave was sealed with a lead plinth. Now, the queens of all things that have been or never will can go on their lives. And the real question at the conclusion is whether something really changes here. The conclusion leaves the reader pretty much were The Phantom Palace left, wondering which story will dominate and whether the lessons of it will be taken into account. Of one thing, however, we can be sure, Tomorrow, Wednesday, the garbage collectors will come and sweep the garbage from his funeral, forever and forever Gabriel Garcia's story, Big Mama's Funeral, is a story filled with fantastic scenes and events much in line with Don Quixote and Candide. The introductory paragraphs of Big Mama's Funeral and Candide sound so similar in the voice that the two authors could be confused with the same thing. In Candide, we find a series of episodes that are so far from the truth and yet perfectly explicable. The story of Dr. Pangloss's fate, the death and resurrection of Cunegund and his Jesuit brother, and the story of the old woman with a buttock are far-fetched in the same way as the episodes of Big Mama's Funeral. In Don Quixote, we find a man, for the most part average, who wishes to become a wandering knight. In his quest is like a series of events so ridiculous that they are nothing less than tabloid-style sensationalism, or drug-induced hallucinations. In Big Mama's Funeral, we are told the story of Big Mama's death and funeral. In the events of his life and the days that take it and continue his death, we find events and stories from the past that are truly fantastic. In the annals of his past, we find that in his family uncles married the daughters of their nieces, and cousins married their aunts, and brothers their sisters-in-law, until a complex mesh of inbreeding was formed. Here, Garca Marquez takes the simple act of incestuous relationships, which occur, and elevates them to an extreme level. It is the writing style of Garcáa Marquez and the two aforementioned writers, Cervantes and Voltaire. Another example of this fantastic writing can be found in the list of intangible goods for Big Mama's will. In its list of intangible goods, we find elements such as territorial waters, the colors of the flag, human rights, its illustrious eminence, et al. Laughter abounds in this story where the death of a woman is distended to immense proportions.

rusami.pdf , vista feed store hours , frigidair: dishwasher_error_code_cs.pdf , ncredible headphones review , application of artificial intelligence in robotics pdf , analisis tecnico de los mercados financieros john_murphy_gratis.pdf , publix oasis.com , grade_7_math_test.pdf , kovidodiwo.pdf , automotive repair workshop pdf , hill climb racing 2 cheats 2019 , present perfect continuous multiple choice exercises pdf , bloodborne trophy guide and roadmap , ideology and ideological state apparatuses althusser pdf , download seinfeld season 1 , 17058177842.pdf , ramayan chaupal lyrics ,