Abstract

The novel One Hundred Years of Solitude is a novel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez and it narrates a parallel history of Latin America especially the history of the author’s home land, Colombia. The novel One Hundred Years of Solitude is one of the best aesthetic illustrations that put forth the postcolonial realities of Latin America. It shows how the mental faculty, memory can be used for reiteration of lost reminiscence to scale the aftermath of colonialism. The purpose of this paper is to explore the postcolonial memory in the novel One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel Garcia Marquez.
Gabriel Garcia Marquez is the author of this classic novel. There is a happily living Buendia family on the corner of the Macondo town. The things all going well, everyone minds his own business. There is not a single conflict in a society which distract the peace of the town. All the town is developed
tremendously according to the needs of people. The buildings are built on the same design and all the facilities are equally distributed in the whole town. There happens the big tragedy in their society which completely transforms the peace of the town. The people who were amusing and inventive to make other happy. Now they are sad and worried about unknown facts. The Buendía family also found their self in the same crisis. There is a magic of hate and no one stand in front of it so far. — Gabriel García Márquez, One Hundred Years of Solitude. tags: companionship, love, romance. 1576 likes. Like. “Then he made one last effort to search in his heart for the place where his affection had rotted away, and he could not find it.” — Gabriel García Marquez, One Hundred Years of Solitude. tags: heart, love. 640 likes. Like. “...time was not passing...it was turning in a circle...” “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. Those secret tastes, defeated in the past by oranges and rhubarb, broke out into an irrepressible urge when she began to weep.