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The Political Discourse in J. M. Coetzee's *Life and Times of Michael K*

Jamashed Ansari

Research Scholar

&

Dr. Monika Gupta

Associate Professor

Department of English,

MEOFL H. N. B. Garhwal (A Central University)

Srinagar (Garhwal), Utrakhand-246174

Abstract:

The paper aims to interpret the work of J. M. Coetzee in relation to the political discourse in the novel of J. M. Coetzee's *Life and Times of Michael K*. It also discusses in references to the time of politics, the politics of elusion, father and mother and war. In his afterward novel; Coetzee turns to the condition of composition. This is a reasonable growth, since *Waiting for the Barbarians* is related with the discursive support of realm. As we have seen, *Barbarians* was printed in the perspective of a special moment in the explanation of apartheid dialogue; equally, *Life and Times of Michael K* was written partly-with the importance on partly-in answer to a special political-legal discuss in the former eighties in South Africa. What is dissimilar about the later novel, though, *Michael K* is that while in this period-1983 to 1986 South Africa appears to have come in an widespread cycle of rebellion and oppression whose last result emerged threateningly bleeding, after the turn in the directions of obliquely in *Waiting for the Barbarians*, The novelist now gets even less prepared relations between the past and representation than before: in *Barbarians*, telling pursues the track of the past into the end-of-Empire; in the later novel, telling more visibly sets up its own points of exit This enlarged intelligence of liberty, however, goes together with an capacity to record still more highly the range and boundaries of novelistic discourse within a society visibly in disaster. On this irony the later novel turns. While the next situation of civil war start in *Michael K* guesses the cost of present State policies, at a deeper stage novelist has free himself from the load of having to untie the sense of the last step of colonialism that compromise takes to be coming up in the cases of the day.

Keywords: The Time of Politics, the Politics of Elusion, Father and Mother, War.

Really, a new topic has started to take over and form the novel, particularly, the character of, and the situation ruling, the authority to describe, an authority which emerges to Coetzee to be more blatant than ever. It is true, certainly that novelist has forever shown and questioned novelistic patterns; at this point, although, the opportunities for composing fictions within an extremely politicized society, a culture controlled by argues and counter-claims about the sense of living on a chronological

landmark, have changed to middle point. If we follow novelist behind this path, we might start to realize the political impossibilities of Michael K, a novel about a topic who, amazingly, lives throughout the trauma of South Africa in a situation of civil war lacking being affected by it.

The novelist has believed that *Life and Times of Michael K* is “about a time when it is too late for politics” (*Interview, Buffalo Arts Review 6*). Politics, in this sense, is what comes before and after the rebellion; what occurs throughout the rebellion is the sadistic discharge of forces that politics under “common” situations tries either to marshal or to combat. In Gramscian terms, “the wars of movement and position have given way to underground warfare” (*Prison Notebooks 229*). There is literally only one sentence in which politics, in this sense, is “memorized” in the complete book of Michael K. It is given to Major Nofil van Rensburg, commandant of the Kenilworth treatment camp, during the Medical Officer's telling in Part two: “‘also,’ I said, ‘can you remind me why we are fighting tins war? I was told once, but that was long ago and I seem to have forgotten.’ ‘We are fighting this war,’ Noel said, ‘so that minorities will have a say in their destinies.’ We exchanged empty looks. Whatever, my mood was, I could not get him to share it” (215).

The cause for the Medical Officer's confusion is that the fiction is really about a unusual time, a time when the emergencies of the war itself have replaced the matters that impulsive it no doubt the Medical Officer's manner can be taken to symbolize a sure weary disbelief on novelist's own part concerning the policies and performs of the National Party in the former eighties, but against this satirical note it is significant to say that the fiction's situation of militarism and civil abrasion cuts throughout the politics of the “fate of minorities” in South Africa, a politics that was accepting itself very critically at the occasion. In other words, the public view of Michael K is showed against the particle of bureaucrat policy-expression. It is significant to set up this point resolutely, for the meta-fictional sizes of the fiction could be misinterpreted if this part of social analysis is not correctly recognized at the beginning Let me now turn to the situation in which this analysis is developed.

Life and Times of Michael K was in printed in 1983. Between the elections of 1981 and 1984, white South African politics was ruled by discuss about “multi-nationalism.” These years admitted a vote named to grant the National Party's new legal suggestions, maybe the most significant scheme in the society in the directions of fixed modification argued in the last episode. Under the Bonapartist leadership of P. W. Botha, the administration accepted the doubtful duty of “enlargement the base of democratic system” without endangering the minority's power and welfare. Its discussion of multi-nationalism was computed to legalize this procedure. Some of the key ideas in this discussion had been outlined in Botha's “twelve point plan” of 1979, which started with the declaration that there had to be an “acknowledgment and acceptance of multi-

nationalism and minorities in South Africa” (*Institute of Race Relations l O*). The new establishment introduced in 1984, restored a sole white assembly with a triangular scheme of three Houses, for whites, “coloreds” and Indians, hypothetically bringing the “minorities” into a bond in issues of ordinary concern. Unnecessary to say, the black bulk was expelled from the system overall, since its benefit were purportedly taken care of in terms of the rule of state self-government for the Bantustans.

For the present intentions, the most notable expression of this growth was the administration's obvious faith that it could make and enforce a establishment which was intended at attaining superior legality, without taking gravely the oppositions of black leaders of approximately every constituency, not only the ANC and its interior associates, but also mother country leaders and party legislature of the very “colored” and Indian groupings the structure was planned to elect. The entire scheme became a pretense contracted, as Alf Stadler places it “in the absence of any effort to address the key issues in South Africa's current crisis: the absence of common political rights at the national level, the racial basis of existing rights, and the authoritarian controls over political organization and action” (Stadler *The Political Economy of Modern South Africa 171*). Stadler's point goes to spirit of the intelligence of arbitrariness which the idea of politics increases in Michael K: the fiction uses the futility of the State's labors at legal rectifies—this is expire power of the Medical Officer's puzzlement in the preceding quotation. More gloomily, in its outcrops of civil war, Michael K explains the costs of the State's fantastic collapse to lecture to the basics of the disaster it was confronting. The situation is not firmly devastating rather; it expects hastened militarization in reply to irregular but rising rebellion and mutineer action.

Let me detail the characteristics of Coetzee's South Africa of the almost-future. It is a society of every night curfews; boundaries on movement between zones; work, relocation, renewal and imprisonment camps, crouching by the poor, and destructions of deserted constructions by the State; armored patrols and sheltered civilian groups; extensive disorder, counting raiding by the poor, and dishonesty on the part of the rich; failing financial bazaars, puts back by manufacture quotas; finally, a twin money, with one currency transitory into degenerations. In socio-political terms, it is a thinly drawn and complicated picture. And while one recognizes that calculation by itself is not the main relate of future-projection—as Stephen Clingman debates, the point of this type of novel is rather to examination the secret tendencies of the present, from the viewpoint of an guessed future—nonetheless, in retrospection after the States of disaster of 1985-1990, with their crowd militarization operations, oppression and deep financial disasters, it is tough to oppose the watching that *Life and Times of Michael K* positions as maybe the most exact of numerous efforts at giving real figure to an supposed future in South African novel of the time.

“To my ear,” says Coetzee, 'The Life' implies that the life is over, whereas 'Life' does not commit itself' (*Morphet interview 454*). To create argues for either the political observer or the analytical power of *Life and Times of Michael K*, however, as I have finished, without substantial modification of the statement, is to badmouth the fiction's purposes. For its strength does not lie in public depiction but in the formation of a central character of strange representative authority who becomes, in turn, the center of a novelized attempt for control over the resources of practically itself. Though it would be extremely probable to discover his parallel in Cape Town, in a division of the tattered, homeless and mainly apolitical lower class of the streets, Michael K is not, in the final examination, a past being at all.

In this reverence, Coetzee carries something over from the first two fictions: as he points out in the interview with Stephen Watson, Jacobus Coetzee is not an 18th-century frontiersman; Magda is and is not a 19th-century majestic bachelor As the Medical Officer says, Michael K is “the obscurest of the obscure, so obscure as to be a prodigy” (195). It is specifically because he is extraordinary that a meta-fictional competition is dramatic over what K means. To the end, K remains his own individual: in rejecting to be jailed in any way, neither in the literal camps nor in the nets of sense cast by those who pursue after him, he becomes--in the publicly representative field of the fiction's meeting with South Africa, that is, the field of reading and interpretation -a standard of restricted, temporary liberty, a liberty situated in the act of compositing.

However, before quickening into my own interpretive hold of Michael K, it is essential to take account of what is at bet in this contend-for the fiction does write analysis as a competition, and a work out in authority. Michael K awakens a fair quantity of argument on book, some of which emerges in the pages of *The African socialist* in an evaluation entitled “*Much Ado about Nobody*” which emerged soon after the declaration that the fiction had triumphed the Booker-McConnell prize. The critic passes throughout levels of annoyance, lastly ignoring Coetzee's fiction by saying:

The absence of any meaningful relationship between Michael K and anybody else... means that in fact we are dealing not with a human spirit but an amoeba, from whose life we can draw neither example nor warning because it is too far removed from the norm, unnatural, almost inhuman. Certainly those interested in understanding or transforming South African society can learn little from the life and times of Michael K (103).

Nadine Gordimer's analysis in *The New York Review of Books* is less indifferent but the analysis is much the same: a “revulsion against all political and revolutionary solutions rises with the insistence of the song of cicadas to the climax of this novel.” She adds that although “what human beings do to fellow human beings” is fully described in Michael K -and “could not be better said yet, Coetzee “does not recognize what the

victims, seeing themselves as victims no longer, have done, are doing, and believe they must do for themselves" (*The Idea of Gardening* 6). Stephen Clingman, in an essay which differences Michael K with Gordimer's *July's People* and Serote's *To Every Birth its Blood*, rises of what he calls the fiction's "entire dismissals": "Are they not fundamentally evasive and conservative?" (*Revolution and Reality* 48). Clingman carefully proposes numerous "defenses" of Coetzee, however. One trust on Fernand Braudel in proposing that novelist might be taken to hold the idea of "the longue durree of a history of frames of consciousness"; another debate that Coetzee appears to advocate a "negative dialectic" (49), which discards the clear contrast to colonial authority, suggesting instead a further mixture at some as yet unbelievable future moment. These theories are fascinating-I surely share Clingman's intelligence that Coetzee would favor not to suppose too much about the course of the past. What is impressing, however, about all three of these places is their ordinary, unacknowledged supposition that the limits of practically lie in depiction. As much as Gordimer and Clingman are ready to believe that the fiction works beyond of the conferences of realism, they do so to propose how Coetzee is creating political selections throughout a intermediate of fable; what kind of fable this might be, however, is mostly left undiscovered

Life and Times of Michael K introduces us with the narrative of K and a fight for control over the sense of that narrative. The narrative has an essential simplicity that lends itself to formal symbolic reading, though this is not solely a political metaphor: Michael K, a public gardener, having spend his babyhood in a children's home, undertakes an impossible journey in the center of a civil war, with his mother in a temporary pushcart, from Cape Town to Prince Albert in the Karoo. The thought is to go back her to the farm where she spend part of her youth in a relations of servants; she dies on way, but he goes on the journey and disperses her ashes at what seems to be the farm. There, he finds out the sense of his profession as a gardener, and plants seeds. Shortly incapacitated by starvation and tiredness, he is found and taken to Jakkalsdrif work camp; he runs away, comes back to the farm, re-plants, and spends a few sanctified weeks nursing to his pumpkins and melons. Guerrillas go by throughout but K makes a decision not to connect them; he is then caught, charged of providing the rival, taken back to Cape Town, and positioned in a rehabilitation camp. He runs away again, however, and spends his final days as a beggar in Sea Point where his mother had labored as a house servant before they gone There are two characteristics of the narrative that seem to carry symbolic heaviness: K's adopting of the role of gardener, and his imprecision. The two features are related; for instance, in the first of the times exhausted at the farm, K rights mind a increasing flexibility within himself which he explains in terms of the dissimilarities of earth and weather between Weinberg Park in Cape Town and the Karoo: "It is no longer the green and the brown that I want but the yellow and the red; not the wet but the dry; not the dark but the light; not the soft but the hard. I am becoming a different kind of man . . . I am becoming smaller and harder and drier every day" (92).

In other words, the invention that being a gardener is his “natural world,” adds right way to K's rising intellect of purity. But why should gardening is given such import? The reply has to do with the poles of representative likelihood that K discusses through his trip, a double resistance between the ideologies of Father and Mother. K's biological father is hardly known; the father here is the political father, with its origin in psychoanalysis. It is the father of the camps, of order, and of organizations: “my father was Huis Norenius,” he says he was “the list of rules on the door of the dormitory” (143). The fiction's inscription, drawn from Heraclitus's the space breaks up, presents the war, too, as belonging to the area of the father: “war is the father of the entire and king of all. Some he shows as gods, others as men. Some he makes slaves and others free. The thought that war can make order through strife” (*Heraclitus, Fragments; T. M. Robinson, “Commentary” 118*) is strangely close to the Foucauldian idea of authority as a power detached throughout all stage of public relations, containing the manufacture of bias. In authority/information, Foucault overturns Clausewitz's explanation of war as the continuance of politics by other means. If politics, in terms of this turnaround, is the continuance of war by other means, then we are worried with aggressive clash as a pervasive and really, constitutional part in, as Foucault places it,” social institutions, in economic inequalities, in language, in the bodies themselves of each and every one of us” (Foucault, *Power/Knowledge: Selected Interviews and Other Writings* 90). Michael K is near to the Foucauldian subject but with this significant dissimilarity: while in Foucault, power is not only enveloping but also creative, in the fiction, while power goes through the encrusted relationships of the public and the biased, it is also much more sarcastic.

There is a lot unthinking brutality in Michael K, and themes of misappropriation place out harshly. This is particularly clear in Coetzee's frequented use of a symbol of interdependence to explain basic relationships: the townships and the camps, the war and those who live throughout it, are figured often in conditions of sponge and host “The state travels on the supports of earth-grubbers like Michaels,” says the Medical Officer, “it devours the products of their toil and shits on them in return” (221). In another case, K thinks: “Perhaps in truth whether the camp was declared a parasite on the town or the town a parasite on the camp depended on no more than who made his voice heard loudest” (160). As the mother react the father, gardening is the reverse of this sarcastic idea of authority. From the moment K goes out Cape Town and journeys into the mouths of the war with his mother in the farm cart, K's oppositions become related metonymically with the mother, and when K shared out her ashes like seed and converts them into the soil of the farm, agriculture is contributed to the series of importance. Equally put, Coetzee develops the imagery here of mother earth. Reviewers has stretched themselves on this imagery, partly, I am certain, because it's extremely plainness creates it appear either unbelievable or to propose ever more appealing pits. Stephen Clingman questions whether Coetzee is understanding the South African condition in the light of Voltaire's saying “I faut cultiver notre jardin in candide” (*“Revolution and Reality”*

57n); Derek Wright observes “something Wordsworthian in the earth-imagery, the Wordsworth of the Leech-Gatherer and the Old Cumberland Beggar” (“*Fiction as Foe*” 16); Gordimer is more straight: “Beyond all creeds and moralities, this work of art asserts, there is only one: to keep the earth alive, and only one salvation, the survival that comes from her” (“*The Idea of Gardening*” 6).

In states of the brain, Dick Penner also allows the imagery its full figurative mass, to the level of interpretation the work as an version of the South African farm fiction and plaasroman (as well as an example of the American type of farming protest-novel); this is an fascinating option in the view of Coetzee's importance in the genre, and in colonial pastoralism and scenery depiction more normally, proof in numerous of the essays gathered in *White composition*. However, these discourses are talked about in *White composition* as branch of the ideological tools of the colonist in his labors to set up relations with the earth based on belongings, and the care of living social relationships. K is a dissimilar type of person from the past subjects who spend the earth with this type of meaning. This is visibly exemplified in his judgment to keep away from location up a “competitor line” to the Visagie's after the come back to the farm of the Visagie inheritor, now a traitor from the military.

The fiction so projects soiled belongings and the ideological shapes which approve landed belongings under colonialism, because belonging to the realm of the father, not the mother. I oppose the figurative understanding because, as with the behavior of the seasons in *Waiting for the Barbarians*, there is something openly conservative in the symbol, as if, while permitting a sure scope to the imagery (I shall come back to this), Coetzee were also present farming as only the suitable, structural differing of authority. The structuralist concept that doubles are “machinery” for the manufacture of discourse is a essential piece of Coetzee's logical tools; as Susan Barton places it with some satire in *Foe*: “it seems necessary only to establish the poles, the here and the there, the now and the then-after that the words of themselves do the journeying. I had not guessed it was so easy to be an author” (93). If K lives in a “pocket outside time” (82), if he is “not in the war” (189), then “farming” only describes his *piefei Ted habitat*, and his chronological world becomes the seasonal series. As Coetzee declares, K “can't hope to keep the garden because, finally, the whole surface of South Africa has been surveyed and mapped and disposed of. So, despite K's desires, the opposition that the garden provides to the camps is at most at a conceptual level” (*Morphet, interview 456*). Away from its structural uses, though, the thought of farming as agriculture does build up a sure moral importance. Thinking of his initial seeds which he has to discard immediately as they start to grow, K says: “There was a cord of tenderness that stretched from him to the patch of earth beside the dam and must be cut It seemed to him that one could cut a cord like that only so many times before it would not grow again” (90). K's pumpkins and melons become his relatives, his brothers and sisters, signifying, in

weakened shape, the option of the public. It will be remembers that Barbarians takes a alike muffled subject in its depictions of children. Michael K replies to the suffering of the children in the Jakkalsdrif camp by forming a “protective circle” (124), for one of them with his arms. Protectiveness, development, and farming: this strand engages an effort, I recommend, to development a post-humanist, recreated morals; surely, the Magistrate's hesitant steps in this way in Barbarians become complicated more entirely in Michael K. The state for such moral rebuilding, however, is identification of the occurrence and intrusiveness of authoritarian aggression.

The chronicle of Michael K, as I have offered it, is told in Parts I and in by an all-knowing storyteller in manner not direct free verse. The meta-fictional parts are beginning in division which introduced the Medical Officer, in first-person telling, sparkly on the sense of K's narrative. The symbol of interdependence discovers another request here, for K becomes host to the Medical Officer who figures as the explanatory scrounger. Though, Coetzee awakes his reader to the allowing purpose of explanation well before the Medical Officer starts his record. In Jakkalsdrif camp, in Part first, while examining the stillness of a adolescent mother whose child has died, K curiosity whether the picture of her stolidity is fraction of his “teaching,” for the scenery being enacted before him emerge to join together: “He had a presentiment of a single meaning upon which they were converging or threatening to converge, though he did not know yet what that might be” (122). steadily, it becomes obvious that to K that there is a association between the way meanings are dispersed, and the war itself; as a result, he increases a set of reflexes which engage avoided or circumventing affirmed meanings, even when they emerge right, or to provide his own welfare. For case, Robert behaves as a “serious awareness” in Jakkalsdrif, creation sound decisions which depiction the dishonesty of those in power and demonstrate the culpable part of charity in Prince Albert. K reacts: “I don't know... I don't know.” Robert becomes angry: “You've been asleep all your life. It's time to wake up” (121).

Afterward, K pictures the townspeople pushing the prisoners to dig a hole bottomless sufficient to bury themselves in so they might be correctly forgotten, but then he attaches: “It seemed more like Robert than like him, as he knew himself, to think like that” (130). The thought of “knowing himself,” however, is also difficult. This is exemplified in what is maybe the most politically responsive point in the fiction, when K thinks depicting the farm and his pumpkins to link the insurgents. Making a decision not to depart, he tells himself: “enough men had gone off to the war saying the time for gardening was when the war was over, whereas there must be men to stay behind and keep gardening alive, or at least the idea of gardening” (150). But K's principal who appears reasonable sufficient in the light of the symbolic models earlier established is at once damaged: “Always, when he tried to explain himself to himself, there remained a gap, a hole, a darkness before which his understanding balked, into which it was useless

to pour words. The words were eaten up, the gap remained. His was always a story with a hole in it: a wrong story, always wrong” (150-151).

Before firm-appearing enlightenments, counting this actually critical one about his career and its role in the war, K naturally suffers nervous and brainless. Even as a child such feelings would overcome him “in the classroom at Huis Norenus he would sit staring at mathematical problems, waiting for words like quotient to unravel their mystery” (150). However, it must be memorized that K is never his own storyteller, and there is so an intellect in which the storyteller falsifies in this instant in such a way as to stage telling’s own boundaries, its own resolved boundaries. It is a picture of aporia, or delayed sense. The idealistic land this gets us into is that of the Nietzschean “will to unawareness,” positioning as the optional to the consuming “will to fact” which, in this situation, is neighboring with the war; we are also incoming the landscape, certainly, of early Derridean deconstruction: K’s sense will never come for his narrative is established in the play of individuality and dissimilarity that describes textually. We can therefore reveal another insinuation in K’s farming at this point, specifically the idea of distribution: K’s is “the seed that neither inseminates nor is improved by the father, but is scattered abroad” (*Spivak, “Translator’s Preface” xi*). There is a moment, to which I ought to now turn, when something intimately similar to the Derridean idea of the hint is given a publicly nuanced sense. In reply to K’s quiet and rejection to be toughened the Medical Officer development from being K’s progressing defender to “persecutor, madman, bloodhound, policeman” (229). K’s obstinacy both charms and exasperates him: “He passes through these institutions and camps and hospitals and God knows what else like a stone, through the intestines of the war” (185).

Coetzee has explained K as a “figure of being rather of becoming” (*Morphet interview 455*); equally, to the Medical Officer, he is a “soul blessedly untouched by doctrine” (207). But the addition of the Medical Officer’s telling engages something other than Sartrean thematic, for it is the Medical Officer’s chase of K that is lastly at topic. The record turns into a letter talked to directly to K; then the Medical Officer visualizes himself factually pursuing K, badly shouting his description and attractive for the signal of a hand in corroboration while K vanishes into the brushes onwards—the Medical Officer himself has become a mediator of the war. His explanation of K is rather right; really, it is the fiction’s most straight declaration of what K symbolizes: ‘Your stay in the camp was merely an allegory, if you know that word. It was an allegory-speaking at the highest level-of how scandalously, how outrageously a meaning can take up residence within a system without becoming a term in it (228).

It is not the considerate itself that finally issues, however; what is offered here is the ability of the fiction to “get behind” itself and move the authority of explanation in such a way that K is left violent at the point of conclusion. Coetzee’s meta-fictional structure creates the deconstructive sign of removal. K’s “spirit” is permissible to slip

back into the open-endedness of texture from which it comes, and to which it brings back. Again, Spivak gives the suitable terms for this move in her explanation of Derrida's Nietzsche: "When the outlines of the 'subjects are loosened, the concepts of figuration or metaphoricity-related to meaningfulness are subsumed under the broader categories of appropriation and the play of resistant forces" (*Spivak, "Translator's preface" xxiv*). If the meta-fictional structure moves the ground, however, away from the nominal to something else, to something similar to the grammatological, then in terms of the reason of meta-fictionality itself, we are grateful to ask further questions about the insinuations of this transfer, about the confines of a movement which, theoretically, could engage deconstruction's procedure of endless delay.

Coetzee himself teaches us to treat this question hesitantly in his own analysis, when he investigates into Nabokov's trust on the satirical infinitude of meta-fictional structuring in *Pale Fire*. He says that in Nabokov there is an insolent effort to only declare the "importance of art" over the authority of the past, that is, in this case, "history-as-interpretation" (*"Pale Fire and the Primacy of Art" 1-7*). As Coetzee comments, the past is a meta-myth which punctually re-allows such defiance by historicizing it. How do we understand a progress on Coetzee's element which is alike to, although maybe less honest than, Nabokov's, accepting, in turn, that even as we ask this question we too have come in a empire that Coetzee has re-figured in the fiction factually as a battleground? Spivak's phrase "resistant forces" is suitable something close to the Gordimer/Clingman place on Michael K has been put to Coetzee openly. Asked how he would respond to the accused of "furthering the broadminded vision of the politics of blamelessness and so hindering progressive act," Coetzee responded: "I have no wish to enter the lists as a defender of Michael K. If war is the father of all things, let the objection you voice go to war with the book, which has now had its say, and let us see who wins" (*Morphet, interview 459*). This war is a risky one for writers and composing, while it produces out of the bigger and, certainly more savage one. In a frantic society such as South Africa's every symbol, regardless of how blameless, becomes a signifier at another point, pointing to the bigger struggle. Within such a situation there is no such thing as an irreducible part. This is the framework that makes the occurrence of K to use the Medical Officer's terms "scandalous" and "outrageous." K is not an example shape who copies sure structures of manners or abilities for alter, but an thought drifted into a digressive situation which is unprepared to obtain it. The truth that questions regarding the indirectness of Michael K are put to Coetzee in interviews and frequently elevated in evaluations and analysis, is only proof of the situation the novel itself performs.

The fiction expects such inquiring, actually, including it into its own fabric in the picture of its very obsessiveness. This anxiety tells *Life and Times of Michael K*, study as a text of South African society. The fiction stages a clash then, over the figurative importance of telling, so as to maintain its own shape of dialogue in what it describes "the

cauldron of history” (207). When we study the Medical Officer's recognition-attained throughout K's case that he has been killing his life “by living from day to day in a state of waiting,” that he had “in effect given myself up as a prisoner to this war” (216), it is hard to keep away from the insinuation this has for the action of novel compositing. This is mainly exact after the intellect of undirected and uncertainty that spreads through the finish to *Waiting for the Barbarians*’, analytical beyond the moment of the “finish” engages not only a re-explanation of the relationships of authority, but also relocation of the authorial influence. It is not that there is small public confidence in Michael K —its situation of the prospect gives its values to that demand but in the last examination, the fiction stages the dangers implicated in finding a place from which to talk. Such is its politics of organization. When Coetzee indicates in his daily *Mail Book Week* speak to of 1987 for the correct of novel to set up its own system as against the policy leading the manufacture of past discourse, he does so with the attainment of Michael K behind him, a novel that has previously labored this rule into its own official aim on the issue of design.

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