

## The non-place of utopia and imagination: a proposed comparison for *The Waste Land*, *La terra promessa*, *Pedro Páramo* and *Estoraques*.

El no-lugar de la utopía y de la imaginación: una propuesta de comparación para *The Waste Land*, *La terra promessa*, *Pedro Páramo* y *Estoraques*.

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José Pablo Álvarez-Acosta

Pontificia Universidad Javeriana

(COLOMBIA)

CE: [alvareza.jpablo@javeriana.edu.co](mailto:alvareza.jpablo@javeriana.edu.co)

 <https://orcid.org/0009-0004-0535-8500>



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### Abstract:

This work explores the similarities and differences between these four works, apparently distant and dissimilar, around the concept of non-place or utopia chosen to explore, even if its emergence and development does not occur in the same ways. Imagination also comes into play as a key aspect and driving force both of the works mentioned and of this work, which seeks to propose the weaving of a bridge between them through an exercise in comparative literature. To this end, a utopian reading of the chosen works will be proposed and the presence of the utopian and the imagination will be analyzed, in order to conclude that these create the realities addressed in these works.

**Keywords:** Comparative literature. Twentieth century. Utopia. Imagination.

### Resumen:

Este trabajo indaga en las similitudes y diferencias entre estas cuatro obras, en apariencia lejanas y disímiles, en torno al concepto de no-lugar o utopía elegido para explorar, así su emergencia y desarrollo no se dé de las mismas maneras. También entra el juego la imaginación como aspecto clave y motor tanto de las obras señaladas como de este trabajo, que busca proponer el tejido de un puente entre ellas a través de un ejercicio de literatura comparada. Para ello, se propondrá una lectura utópica de las obras elegidas y se analizará la presencia de lo utópico y de la imaginación, para concluir que estas crean las realidades abordadas en estas obras.

**Palabras clave:** Literatura comparada. Siglo XX. Utopía. Imaginación.

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The answer to the question of comparison -which includes what, how, who, why and what for- is not a simple question at all, and I had to deal with it when I sat down to think about how and what I wanted to write in this essay: what can I do with four such different works, with different authors, different genres, different stories and different languages? One could go on and on thinking about the thousand and one differences between these texts, so I asked myself, rather, if perhaps they had something in common; of course, there is no single answer to this question either, and even the answer I am going to give can be problematized and questioned, as well as (re)elaborated and (re)thought. So, then, my answer is that these four works speak of non-places, that is, they account for a utopia at least in spatial and temporal terms, rather than, in my opinion, in social and political terms; however, I believe it is important and necessary to link this issue of utopia or non-place with other notions to which I will allude and which I will outline in more detail as I progress in the development of my ideas. And as I speak and will speak of non-places, I must also speak of another capital issue and linked to utopian ideation, perhaps its very enabler: imagination, because it is necessary to keep in mind that utopia is a "genre of imagination" (Almonacid, 2018, p. 167). This relationship between the utopian and the imaginative I will deepen and intertwine later.

Now, it is also necessary to clarify at the outset, given the complexity and breadth of the utopian, that I will not speak of "[t]he Utopian [as] an alternative discourse to the dominant reason" nor, when I allude to the city, in terms that "[t]he utopian city is a real and imaginary alternative to the civilizational order" and neither will I say that the "[..]. utopia introduces imaginative variations on issues such as society, government, family, religion (Mannheim, 1987: 9)" (Barreto, 2018, pp. 156 and 157).

Thus, I will focus *strictu senso* on the notion of utopia that interests me most, namely, the notion of a non-place existing thanks to the human imagination -I will go further into what I understand by imagination later on; for the time being, it is useful to bear in mind that it is part of human cognition and the human psychic apparatus, as well as, I argue, a *sine qua non* condition for thinking the utopian. I insist: I will return to this later- and to the poetic genius, and that it is crossed and empowered by memory, fiction, history, language and time; it is also worth clarifying, roughly speaking, that for me above all Eliot (1995) and Rulfo (2017) assume a more political position in their texts than Cote Lamus (1963) and Ungaretti

(1950), however and as I have already mentioned, I am interested in the relationship between utopia and politics only at a textual level and as an interpretation, not as a proposal to create new social worlds. As the saying goes: he who grasps too much, grasps too little.

The above arises from my interpretation because I consider that, just as in the four texts to be compared there are geographical and historical references to people, times and concrete and intermingled places, the question of where those places, those lands, that town or that city spoken of are or should be physically located remains unanswered, so that one wonders whether they exist, existed or will exist. Therefore, I am also interested in analyzing the possible relationship between the physical and spiritual plane that seems to embrace the first space, understanding that the spiritual plane, for me, implies reflections (thoughts, emotions, the non-existent and the otherness) around that physical space, so it seems to me that there is a feeling of nostalgia, melancholy and rootlessness that, for the above, is common to all four texts, which in one way or another account of the twentieth century, both South American and European, plagued with complexities and uncertainties; of the sinister, in a word, given that it defamiliarizes and corrupts, ruins and sterilizes, if you will, the present, which must resort to the illusion of a better past, and to the hope of a prosperous future in order to resist.

In this regard, I find interesting the reading of Fortunati (2021), who states that More, when he thought of his *Utopia*, analyzed the real from two points of view:

[...] the first, *deconstructive*, which refers to the lucid criticism of the evils of the society in which the utopian author lives and works; the second, *constructive*, which proposes an alternative vision to the present by offering a proposal, a project. (p. 11, italics in the original).

I bring this quotation up because it seems to me that it allows us to understand, at least from a first glance, where *The Waste Land*, *La terra promessa* and *Pedro Páramo* could have come from, since I believe that in these three literary works this "lucid criticism" can be evidenced through the particular use of language and images that distinguishes and characterizes each author, with this constructive look, as they show a different vision of the violent present (in several senses) in which they were immersed and about which they give an account: be it the World Wars in Europe or the Mexican Revolution, the characters and stories

contained in these three texts call attention to what was happening, and I think this may be capital, the decadence of European and Mexican societies, both facing, albeit in different ways, changes in socio-political thoughts, which account, thus, for the political and social decadence of hegemonic and ancient traditions, in search of a better future, perhaps utopian.

If we take into account, moreover, that Moro, in his *Utopia*, "describes an *excellent* State for *common people*, not idealized" (Fortunati, 2021, p. 11, italics in the original), what do Eliot, Ungaretti and Rulfo do? They do not describe an excellent state -specifically Eliot (1995), on the contrary, I believe he shows the decadence of English royalty, and of the whole society in passing, as well as the reflection of a new reality in post-war Europe (Alvarez Acosta, 2021); Ungaretti (1950) and Rulfo (2017), neither, although perhaps the Mexican alludes more to the socio-political issues of the Mexican historical context- but it is undeniable that his characters are all common people, with the occasional reference to historical figures, but nothing idealized: the sober richness of his characters and their personalities is a very interesting point in both Eliot and Rulfo, in the sense that although they do not go into detail when presenting and describing their characters, the little they say about them shows how they really are and shows that they are deeper and more complex than they seemed at first sight, without losing, I insist, that distinctive feature of the commonplace.

In this regard, I begin with the ambiguity in Eliot (1995): "La Silla [*sic*] en que ella se sentaba" (v. 77, p. 39), which immediately raises the question of who she is -is it Marie, of whom we do not know much either; or is it perhaps someone else-? and, of course, of the place itself: where is she; where is that chair placed? It is noteworthy how also the conversation, or suddenly monologue, that continues later does not allow, on the one hand, to know who exactly is talking, and with whom:

"Tonight I'm really bad on my nerves. Yes, bad. Stay with me.

Tell me something. Why don't you ever tell me anything? Speak to

What do you think? What do you think? What?

I never know what you're thinking. Think." (Eliot, 1995, vv.111-115, p. 41, Latin quotation marks in original)

Just as, on the other hand, the register and the structure themselves account for an ordinary communication, as well as the impossibility of response, the appearance of silence and of time, reinforced by negation. And, of course, there is shown, on the one hand, the irruption of the imperative fact of thinking, a thinking that, on the other hand, is itself a non-place and a product, or a result, of an imagination that is completely alien and distant to us, and which escapes us, like the rest of the information to which we do not have access at all, and which produces, in turn, a series of questions like those proposed above to try to understand what is really happening. All this is similar to what happens in Rulfo (2017), first and foremost and in the sense that the descriptions of the characters are fleeting:

As I crossed an intersection I saw a lady wrapped in her shawl who disappeared as if she did not exist. [...] I realized that her voice was made of human strands, that her mouth had teeth and a tongue that locked and unlocked as she spoke, and that her eyes were like all the eyes of the people who live on earth. (p. 10)

Here the description of the character is quick and unclear, as if to imply that if this person seems normal (human, alive) there is, however, something strange, sinister if you will, in her, that makes her alien and distant, and that makes the whole situation seem somehow unreal; secondly, and with respect to the location, this is not too rich in detail either: a street intersection can be anywhere, and in itself can be a space, if I can call it that, an intermediate one, which is in the middle between several roads; perhaps it can be understood as a non-place, insofar as it is rather a place to pass through, not to stop or to be there, which is crossed to continue moving forward, not to take a break, so that, in itself, it would not have a greater significance than the one granted, fleetingly, by these lines.

Thus, I am struck by how in both Eliot (1995) and Rulfo (2017) it is up to the reader to imagine spaces that textually do not exist and have no characteristics of any kind, as if they were not really there, and were, thus, the product of the imagination of the characters, first, and then of the readers who are the ones who must create and recreate them in order to grasp them, before they vanish and disappear, before they become imagined non-places.



I have already spoken a little about my ideas on utopia, or rather utopianism, as something I would reflect on and go deeper into later; now, what does utopia mean, beyond what has already been said, and what does utopia mean now as a discourse?

Regarding the word utopia, I find Fortunati's (2021) reflection on the subject enlightening; the author refers that utopia has within it various forms of discourse: "it is first of all *"sermo"*, oral discourse, a story about a journey, a conversation - dialogue" (p. 12, double quotation marks and italics in original). dialogue" (p. 12, double quotation marks and italics in the original). I am particularly interested in highlighting this discursive form, given that among my first reflections before writing a possible relationship between utopia, the journey, and even the *Bildungsroman* had occurred to me, especially because in *Pedro Páramo* (2017) a journey happens-a journey to the past, to memory to death, and to Comala-through oral discourses and conversation-dialogue; The above can also be seen in both Eliot (1995) and Ungaretti (1950), in the sense that in both works there are allusions to the journey as movement and spatiotemporal displacement, even in *Estoraques*, insofar as, precisely, it is the images and references that move and appear on stage.

In Eliot's case, the first journey, both spatially and temporally, is perhaps that of Marie and the archduke:

And when we were children, being with the archduke,  
my cousin, took me out on a sled,  
and I was afraid. He [*sic*] said, Marie,  
Marie, hold on tight. And down we go (vv.13-16, p. 31).

Interesting here is the trip to the past, in relation to the descent, as if the past were below the present, and, of course, the lack of description of the space in which they find themselves: the reader will certainly imagine the Alps, but beyond the allusion to the lake of Starnberg, there is no exact way of knowing where Maria is (and where exactly at the moment of the sled descent), nor how the named characters were dressed.

Ungaretti (1950), on the other hand, refers to the movement in these terms: "Aquiétese un momento / Al resurgir en el tranquilo cuarto / tu feliz avanzar majestüoso [*sic*]" (p. 207). Who is speaking

to whom is a mystery, as is exactly where this room is located (which is also not described), and it is interesting that there is first a stillness and then an advance.

Throughout the poem there are also other references to movement, to displacement and even to travel, and also to decadence, as seen in "You walk over fields of all empty harvest" (p. 213), over empty spaces, infinite non-places or, as it says even earlier "To what other place another?" (p. 213), places, moreover, like "O los sitios insólitos o los no insólitos" (p. 237) a whole *trasegar* "[...] solos por las ruinas" (p. 255), of course, accompanied by something that cannot be missing when talking about this kind of inhospitable wasteland, where the poetic I is nothing more "than a thing in ruins, an abandoned thing" (p. 211), ultimately, his "My decadence [...]" (p. 215); all of the above has to do with his "My decadence [...]" (p. 215); all of the above has to do with his "My decadence [...]" (p. 215). 215); all of the above has its culmination in choruses 4, 5 and 6 of the *Last Choruses for The Promised Land*, in which we see precisely that impossibility of reaching the Promised Land, a non-place that has no hold on reality, since no one knows the goal and death will come before achieving that goal (Ungaretti, 1950, p. 216).

In the end, they are all vague, imprecise and undefined allusions, which, like the poem itself, end up giving account of a non-place that no one knows or can reach, despite any effort (hence the journey through time and space) or even thought in a sort of conversation-dialogue to reach the utopian, which, it seems, can only be reached in death, which is perhaps the utopian non-place par excellence.

At this point, I would like to pause for a moment more to think about utopia; thus, and as Almonacid (2018) states:

[...] the word *utopia* in its etymological meaning refers to a "no place" or "no place". From this meaning, utopia acquires *ipso facto* a pathological sense, since it refers most of the time to evasion and escape from contingent reality. (p. 167, italics and Latin quotation marks in the original).

In addition to the definition of non-place, I want to emphasize more the sense of evasion and flight - perhaps already present, by the previous quotes and reflections, in Ungaretti (1950), Eliot (1995) and perhaps a little in what has already been said about Rulfo (2017)-, insofar as, in one way or another, this sense implies a spatiotemporal movement or displacement, perhaps not necessarily physical, but mental, cognitive, ultimately, of the imagination; and when this becomes fiction, literature is born.

And, additionally, there are two philosophical signs of utopia: "First, its quest condition places it in a place outside the dominant place, distant and imaginary" (Barreto González 2018, p. 157). Regarding this idea of search, I believe it has a close relationship with, on the one hand, the trait of non-place and, on the other, with historical references: the authors make use of these allusions to the past to be able to capture a different world or a possible reality far from their present, from their places of enunciation, which leads them to imagine, and thus capture it textually, places that do not exist but that do have a certain hold on reality, either by textual quotations that try to locate it or by historical references, which give a certain air, vital breath, to this non-place lost in time (and also in space).

And this is seen, it seems to me, in Eliot (if, of course, in different ways): in the case of *The Waste Land*, the first stanza gives a good account of the evocative power of memory images-"Winter kept us warm [...] Summer surprised us," especially in (vv. 5 and 8) "And when we were children, being with the archduke..." (Eliot, 1995, p. 31, v. 14)-and how these memories, in stark opposition to "April is the cruelest month" (1), imply that there is a contrast between what "was" in the past and what "is" now, thus emphasizing that reality is evaded by fleeing to the past. To my mind, this is the same thing that happens in *Pedro Páramo*, insofar as Juan Preciado, or his reality rather, is consumed by the evasion and flight latent in Comala, "a town without noise [...] [of] empty houses; the doors chipped, invaded by weeds" and where a "lady wrapped in her shawl [disappears] as if she did not exist" (Rulfo, 2017, p. 10), a non-place evaded and fled from its contingent reality, to the point that when the Mexican Revolution arrives in the life of the town, it passes through it without pain or glory (Rulfo, 2017, p. 12), like the lady who appears and disappears as if she had never existed.

Speaking of Comala allows me to present it, although it also applies to the other places (non-places) present in the other three works, as a fictional space that "makes it possible to open horizons thanks to [its] capacity", thanks, then and in that sense, to the fact that utopia "possesses [that capacity] to conceive empty and non-existent places from which one can turn one's gaze to reality (Ricoeur, 1994: 58)" (Almonacid, 2018, p. 167); that is, even if Comala only exists in Rulfo's imagination, and even only for some characters within the microcosm of the story, it is this non-space that makes it possible to speak of real,



existing things, of the very reality to which he alludes but in which, despite everything, he is neither present nor acting.

In *The Waste Land* there is talk of an "unreal city" (Eliot, 1995, p. 35) which, although it seems to be London, it is not clear if it really is or not; if it is just the image of London, or of some other memory evoked by the narrator and, therefore, perhaps confused with other images of cities; so is it unreal because it does not exist or because it does not seem real? I think there may be a very subtle difference between both possibilities, and that would lead to a reflection that exceeds me, however, perhaps thinking about it in a utopian sense allows me to ground this notion of unreal city, by thinking of it precisely as an empty and nonexistent place from which reality can be seen in another way, as happens throughout Eliot's poem: Throughout the poem there are several geographical references, but in the end they are empty and even nonexistent spaces: whether for temporal or spatial reasons, it is impossible to reach them if not for the work of language and, of course, of the imagination that makes utopia possible and that makes the reader create and recreate them.

Now, in which moments do I find utopian traits? I will begin by alluding to those moments of non-place present, in my opinion, in the four works.

Thus, it could be assumed that Eliot is alluding to the infertile lands after World War I, although one might ask which specific lands and where they are located; furthermore, was the degree of destruction suffered by Germany, especially Bavaria, the same as that suffered by the United Kingdom, specifically a city like London?

For this is a physical space in which, at the outset, April breeds "lilacs from the dead earth, mingling / memory and desire, stirring / turbid roots with spring rain." (Eliot, 1995, vv. 1-4, p. 31), thus implying that, on the one hand, the earth is infertile, dirty despite the rain of life, and, on the other, it begins to give an idea of another space, the spiritual, in which memory and desire merge, two key elements also in the other three works; and which are also in relation to the imagination, which enables and empowers them; Also, with this notion of non-place, given that neither desire nor memory have fixed places because they are mediated, in turn, by time and air, as in *Estoraques* -which are, perhaps, the two constant elements throughout the poem, showing that the environment and people change, pass, move and finally perish or

transform, but time and air remain there-, and they account for the lost, the strange (and missed) and the absent, all aspects present in the utopias of these works but, for that very reason and at the same time, confused and fused in such a way that they are unrecoverable and incompatible, which is why they remain as non-places and as (im)possibilities of the imagination that, no matter how hard it tries to grasp them, it loses them.

For the time being, I would like to insist above all on space, be it physical or spiritual; thus, Ungaretti's promised land, for example, where is it? It could be the biblical and mythical desert of his native Alexandria, or perhaps the most Dantesque Italian Tuscany; as for the spiritual space, I think it is telling to consider the mood of the poem, precisely the song with which *The Land* begins, which reflects a spiritual circumstance-a strange faith in the word and in the other-as well as the appearance of "the strange street" (Ungaretti, 1950, p. 203) which is perhaps strange not only for the fact of not knowing where it is, but also for the fact of its silence, of its being mute, perhaps a little in consonance with the same state of mind of the poet, a mixture of anguish and hope; moreover, it is interesting to think that the street is a public space, while the space of the state of mind is private, and how this generates a tension between these two different and even opposite places, thus creating a possible intersection that textually has no place.

Where is the Rome to which Cote Lamus alludes; could it be that allusion to a street: all roads lead to Rome? Because there was indeed a settlement: "A city there fulfilled life", in "This [that] was [...] the land of men" which, however, becomes "Here is a wonderfully thirsty kingdom of earth and sandstone" (Cote, 1963, pp. 40 and 42), a situation similar to the one described as "pampeanization" (Lemo, 2021, p. 54), which makes the city flat by making the "nature" of the edges enter it, as if all of a sudden vacant lots where there were buildings also began to appear? Imaginary buildings? since in the Estoraques there are no buildings (as far as we know).

In spite of everything, we return to the same thing: where is this "here"? A here where there was life, and now there is only thirst: a dry land, and therefore also infertile; where perhaps there is now death, a non-place that can only be reached by imagining it. And the estoraques of Norte de Santander are not those of the national natural park, are they? And they even seem, all of a sudden, to be close to Rome,

which Rome? And close in what sense: spatio-temporal, or only spatial, or only temporal? And how to understand this, if not thanks to imagination and language?

To continue deepening in *Estoraques*, I find it convenient to bring up, although it comes from a different context and based on a different (literary) reading, Lemo's ideas allow me to understand the emptiness and the desert contained in Cote Lamus (1963) also as "[r]ests and ruins [that] did not come from any catastrophe, but also from human renunciation as from the passage of time [...]" (p. 55); let us recall that *Estoraques* emphasizes wind and time almost as two irremediably linked and co-dependent opposites, as in this case: everything else passes, but wind and time, time as ruin and remainder, remains and reinforces the utopian of this imagined non-place in a Colombian natural park. And the humans, where are they, or where did they stay? If they were in the Estoraques, they are no longer there, they are gone, and only what they left behind remains, symbols of their stay and their permanence in a place now empty and practically non-existent -if there are no ruins and remains, what mark remains of that place, now non-place?-, contrary to Rome which, despite time and air, somehow remains as a place of reference in which, although there have been, over time and air, moments of abandonment and drought, it always flourishes: perhaps this is the place or the land to which these authors point, a space in which life and death, and nature, giver but also taker, can coexist in a sort of circle of harmony and mutual respect, which enables the cycle of life. Something, I would say, utopian and that today seems, unfortunately, to be possible only in the imagination and in language.

Comala, for its part, seems to be the reflection of all Latin America, but that town of the living dead where it is, is in Mexico, and it is also in any other place of the continent (is it everywhere and that is why it is not there?). That town that is seen down there, and that looks so sad for the times, and that is on the embers of Hell, and where no one dwells anymore (Rulfo, 2017, p. 11); it is, I believe, a reflection of a present in tension (Lemo, 2021, p. 15), where all times merge and merge, as it also seems to happen in Cote Lamus, and where time, even the wind, also remain latent among the remains and ruins of a past destiny, enclosed in a non-place where, paradoxically, life refuses to flee at all, and struggles both to remain and to return. Another imagined utopia of impossibility and of the non-existent?

In relation to the spiritual, it is interesting to think about how these non-places inspire and alter both the author and the reader, in the sense that the former creates them and the latter lives them, feels them, reflects on them; perhaps the author did have physical places in mind, but what about the reader? The reader must imagine them, remember them, and for the same reason must let himself be embraced by the impossibility of really knowing them, by that melancholy and nostalgia that in themselves seem to be in the four texts, which cause so much sinister strangeness, even so many years later.

This, in turn, connects with what Jameson (2013, p. 477), quoted by Lemo (2021, p. 56), mentions about imagination: in his opinion, all of us find it difficult to imagine utopias because "[...] we have to deal with historical regression and with the attempt to return to a past that no longer exists", to a journey of non-return and non-place; therefore, perhaps, there is something common in all these works: inserting historical references and allusions, on the one hand, very concrete, on the other hand, to a journey of non-return and non-place. Therefore, perhaps, there is something common in all these works: inserting historical references and allusions, on the one hand, very concrete, but, on the other hand, confusing, ambiguous and of different kinds, all of which reinforces, I insist, this feeling of not knowing where the non-places are located, not even understanding what they are, how they are, not to mention why and what they are for.

Thus, I conclude that, although this proposal for comparison may still be a little short, it is not at all unreasonable to think that these places in the four works -works, moreover, open (Fortunati, 2021, p. 12), insofar as they do not provide dogmatic solutions to the many questions they raise- are non-places, some more or less utopian (or dystopian?) but all of them, in my opinion, charged with a deep and complex spiritual halo -of melancholy, hopelessness, nostalgia, strangeness, sinisterness- that shows the impossibility of creating life, future and dreams in corrupted and infertile lands, either by war -the hand of man- or nature -the divine hand-, and the inevitable passage of time and death, which only leaves behind memories and the dead, better pasts and imaginations of other possibilities.

From the above, it is also clear that in these four texts, although in different ways, the authors made use of their imagination (Almonacid, 2018, p. 124) to merge and confuse facts and historical references, in order to show other faces of reality and perhaps give, thus, sense to the violent contexts in which they

were immersed, thus accounting for the present in tension (Lemo, 2021, p. 17) about which they were writing and about the possibilities to build others.

Finally, I believe that the question of where are the places enunciated, in one way or another in these four texts, remains, as at the beginning of this essay, unanswered, so I conclude that they are indeed non-places, utopian images of the complex, distinct and personal realities in which these four writers lived and wrote, with their understanding and interpretation of both past and present, in order to address the convulsive events that, individually or collectively, marked and will still mark the readers and humanity as a whole.

Because, in the end, what is the utopian? As I tried to outline in this essay, the utopian for me starts from the non-place, but I think it is accurate to summarize my understanding of the concept, and also of this comparative exercise, as "a tradition of the impossible, the multiple challenge to oppressive reality" (Barreto, 2018, p. 158), in the sense, on the one hand, that these works of fiction are born from the imagination of their respective authors and the non-existent places they enunciate, even if they are possible. On the other hand, I can also affirm that this exercise is by no means impossible -comparing these four works is quite possible and was what I tried to rehearse in this work-, but the utopian, definitely, by positing other imaginary worlds, makes these non-places (and even the narratives themselves) remain impossible, since it is not feasible to transform reality in order to know what they propose but only through language and images that challenge, each one from his or her point of view, an oppressive reality that falls short and is strange, incomprehensible, sometimes even and in spite of everything, in itself impossible. As I have been saying, I find that these four texts try to show alternate realities in order to explain the relationship between the past and the present, and perhaps the future as well, and to do so they take a spatio-temporal distance, each in their own way, and invite the reader to reflect with them on this play of words, images and non-places to create new images of a sterile and barren world in need of new life.

Let this reading from the utopian serve as an appetizer to continue creating bridges that allow us to approach this set of literary works, all different and complex, to find those shared pieces and those differences that, however, magnify them and give them more meanings, thus enabling a surely infinite variety of interpretations and fascinating readings. As Barreto (2018, p. 160) says, we must be open to the



"other" possibilities because, just as "the search does not cease, neither does novelty." *Sapere aude*, reader!

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