

Living at the Edge of a Broken Heart

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Never having lived through war or natural disasters myself I cannot fathom the terror, pain and loss they can bring. Not from lived, personal experience. However, in today's technology mediated world I find myself tracking hurricanes as they move towards where I live or pass by areas my family and friends live in. I follow the development of war on distant shores and look at broadcast reports of disaster relief efforts. Sometimes, many times, these set off little wars within. Sometimes these are set off not by the reported violence but by the violence in the reporting.

Friday, March 25: three months after an earthquake produced a series of tsunamis that killed thousands of people in South Asia in December, 2004. A very short Associated Press article reports on ceremonies in which prayers are offered for tsunami victims. Title: *Prayers offered for tsunami victims*. Subtitle: *In Buddhist faith, three-month blessings are crucial to help spirits be reborn.*¹ The article mentions the chanted blessings made by monks. It then quotes one who lost a friend in the disaster and who thinks this is a really important ceremony, even though he is not sure the souls are reborn (and participates in the ceremony anyway, not taking any chances). The piece closes with a consideration of how this is healing to the families who lost dear ones. It's the very last sentence of the article that disturbed me. The one sentence that started one of those wars within. After a sociologist offers a compassionate explanation of the healing these ceremonies bring to the families, by making them feel like others care for them and their departed ones, he closes with "This has nothing to do with spirits". End of article.

With that ending I go back and notice what we do not get from the article. We do not know from the context if the friend mentioned earlier does not know if souls get reborn at all, or if he was saying that he did not know if these particular ones would be reborn. No link to the author's later assertion that "Buddhists believe that only those who have done good 'karma' or deeds and want to renounce worldly things get salvation from rebirth." There are no descriptions of the chants or prayers, no explanation of how they were supposed to help the wandering spirits be reborn. But what most keeps nagging me is the violent ambiguity I perceive in a title that sounds like it talks only about living (human) beings, a subtitle that clarifies things, bringing the spiritual realm into focus, and an ending that offers a single authoritative truth that redefines and denies everything the participants had mentioned as meaningful, everything the article is supposed to be about.

Memories of growing up in Curaçao come back. Over three decades ago, sitting in a classroom in third grade, I was writing two hundred and fifty times, in Dutch, that I should not speak my own language, Papiamentu, on school grounds. I am not sure what was more disconcerting: the fact that this was brought about for speaking Papiamentu during recess, while running in the midst of the most pleasurable game of tag, the fact that a fellow tagger ratted on me, or the vague idea that there existed something people thought of as what I later came to know as "language". I only became aware of "language" as a series of acts of domination in school. Before this I told stories, laughed, had ideas, shared feelings (the little that could be shared in such a strange culture of oppression), questioned my parents, and

communicated with my dogs. I did not *use language* to do these things, except when, even at that age, I would read the poems by local author Pierre Lauffer my father had proudly stacked in his small book cabinet along with the *Mavericks*, *Dell Comics*, (to my mind) numerous Westerns, and international labor union organizing materials. We spoke, rather than *used language*.

Language was *taal* in school. A subject in which you read very short descriptions of the Dutch missionaries in Africa, about beautiful blonde Rosemarijntje who saved her village from the little evil black man from the woods. These same types of words, very different from the ones we used to sing with, talk, or shout, were used to describe our island in another subject, geography. “Curaçao is a dry, barren little island” is how our introduction to geography started. When we were more advanced, ready to understand more important things in life we learned that “The Rhine flows into our country from the Southeast”. I have let myself be convinced that one of the most plausible etymologies for the Celtic *renos*, that was the original name for the Rhine is “raging flow”; raging, violent.

Call me dense, but it was only in fifth grade that I finally realized that *taal* was the Dutch word for “language”, and that it did not have anything intrinsic to do with the sounds, letters and constructions I was being taught. I finally came to understand that there are different languages, and that there is a hierarchy among them. It was a milestone for me to understand how some people could say that Papiamentu was not good enough for us to speak: it was a “language”, not life as we grew up thinking it was. School was confusing, all the way up to college, when I started reading the three F’s: Fanon, Freire and Fromm. I remember being so incredibly angry for a while during this process, and really crying hard after reading Black Skins, White Masks, Pedagogy of the Oppressed, The Wretched of the Earth, and The Art of Loving, and Ariel Dorfman’s Reading Donald Duck. I knew then that both clarity and life had been stolen from me before.

If you Follow the Living you will be their Slave...and Go Mad.

In 1989 I wrote a paper in which I looked at the figure of *Almasola* or Lone Soul in the culture of my island Curaçao, a Dutch possession in the Caribbean. In this paper I looked at the existence of a practice in which a few people on the island entered into a pact with the non-material being called Almasola. This pact would lead to riches and prosperity for the human being, who agrees that in the end Almasola would get the sacrifice of a fellow human being, most probably close kin.

I was adamant about presenting a topic that none of our local scholars considered worthwhile even thinking about. I also wanted to create a context in which it would counteract the sensationalist discourses around this topic in oral conversations with fellow Curaçaoans, as well as the exoticist and derogatory expressions by some international scholars---scholars who would use supposedly rigorous social analysis when it came to research topics defined in (foreign) academic circles, but dismissed local spirituality as mere superstition. I am not sure how successful I was in reaching either of these goals. The paper, its argument, and how I constructed an image of Almasola kept coming back to me over the years in a nagging sort of way, until I admitted that my description of the Almasola-complex, as I called it then, was too many degrees removed from my own lived experience.

Dancing With the Lone Soul.

The "Almasola Paper" describes a cultural practice which seemed to have flourished on the island at the beginning of the 20th century, but which still exists. "Dancing with Almasola" referred to a ritual that would be enacted by someone who would want to enlist the aid of Almasola in becoming rich and prosperous. The dance relates both to the initial summoning of the spirit Almasola and to continuous ritual dances that keep the pact going. Part of the pact that one would make with Almasola is that the souls of some fellow human beings would be committed to Almasola in the end. The fulfillment of the pact would mean that some people who are close to the Almasola dancer would start dying. This tended to create remorse in the dancer and make her/him want to revoke the contract.

I was clearly positioned in a relationship to Almasola that I did not include in the paper. Growing up I had heard stories about Almasola in popular imagination, lived close to the neighborhood of Tanta Meri, the most famed Almasola dancer, and heard stories from my mother about how my father had seen Almasola in the form of a cow, dancing in the streets at night. Almasola was around me in many ways; the most dramatic one being the story of my sister seeing Almasola. This occurred after I had finished graduate school and was back in Curaçao, heading the Cultural Ministry's Research Section. My mother had just moved back to the house she and her mother had both been born in. It had stood empty for close to twenty years. According to the traditions I grew up with an abandoned house would be a perfect place for spirits to hover. My mother, however, would have known what kinds of things to do to take care of these spirits.

After a few weeks, however, my youngest sister started hearing noises just outside her bedroom window---hearing whispers at night to the effect that someone was going to take away her newborn daughter. This was fairly persistent. My mother, being very practical, decided to eliminate all the shrubs on that side of the house, even though most of them had known medicinal value, to prevent anyone from hiding among them at night. This did not stop the occurrences and narrowed down the options of what to do. Suddenly, about once a day, my sister started seeing what she described as a short man with a top hat and green coat, black, distorted face spitting fire and a lot of smoke, smelling like sulfur. He would come in through the back door, tell her he came to get the baby, and then go back out through the back door. This would happen with other people around, but no one else would see the apparition.

This happened a few days in a row, and my mother went to get help from a friend who was a *kurioso*, a traditional psychic/healer. This friend taught her to plant a specimen of a specific plant (called *venenu*, or "poison" in the local language, Papiamentu) on each side of the front door and to explain to my sister that she needed to tell the apparition to disappear out of her life the next time she saw him again in the house. There were some ritual preparations my mother had to do, but those are lost to me, since I never asked her about them. The next time the apparition came, my sister did as told, and she recounts how the being ran out screaming and cursing her for causing him all that pain, when he went through the front door and passed between the guarding plants. That was the end of the most dramatic episode of Almasola I know of.

I never saw Almasola myself. I did not live at the house at the time, nor was I visiting when my sister had her experiences. I find them quite normal in the frame of reference I myself grew up in, however, and am reclaiming them as a way of knowing that was dampened by my academic training and some other life experiences. Almasola fits in the generic Afro-Curaçaoan patterns of psychic awareness, which have been approached by social science and the humanities from many perspectives, most of which implicitly deny its

sensuous materiality. By this I mean that it is not approached with the same intellectual seriousness as the perception of what are considered "real objects", although some more narrative accounts of perception seem to be more benign to psychism.

Placing Almasola in the context of my own knowing, and perceptions would mean to elaborate on childhood experiences of getting visited by ancestors, having out-of-body experiences, perceiving bubbles of energy at night, and having encounters with shimmering, 15foot giants, as well as experiences in my adult life, including practicing energetic healing, having predictive dreams, and perceiving images of human beings, with whom I would have short telepathic communications. But this is exactly what I lost in my paper on Almasola. I was so engaged in using scholarly language that I left my own experiences behind. In thinking about this I go back to one of my mother's pet expressions. She had two versions of it: "If you let yourself be led by the living, you will become their slave," and "If you let yourself be led by the living, you will go mad." Both are common expression in the Afro-Curaçaoan popular culture I grew up in.

On one level these expressions simply mean that you should not let others decide your course of action. So, you should be responsible for taking charge of your own life. Otherwise you will be both a slave to others' wishes, needs, fantasies, strategies, and go mad with confusion between your real being and that of others. To be *brúa*, confused is a big thing in Curaçaoan popular sectors. You need to deal with confusion head on if you do not want to live a life of total lack of self-definition. Basically, popular Afro-Curaçaoan psychology posits that everyone is completely aware of reality and conscious about their own motives. Even severely mentally ill people have this awareness. There is no unconscious or subconscious, only different forms and degrees of confusion, conscious denial and deliberate concealment. This leads me to a deeper meaning of my mother's expressions: the ancestors, along with catholic saints and other spiritual beings, are there to guide you through the maze of life. Their counsel is far more benign than that of fellow human beings since it is clear they have only one role: to guide, teach and protect. No undeclared motives.

Zumbi

Everyday I would walk to school past different *sia*, *wabi*, *tamarein*, and other trees. Coming back from school in the hot sun, just after noon, a time of danger and violent mystical power, these trees had a different life: they were playgrounds of *zumbi*, souls of people who died sometimes prematurely, but almost always because of some injustice that was done to them by others, or the other way around.

Some of the specific *zumbi* trees in our neighborhood had been identified by Mamai or Tatai, my mom and dad. These were trees where the restless souls of some of the departed reside, usually old trees, sometimes big, sometimes smaller ones. The *zumbi* would become especially active at midday, when we would be coming home from school, and at night, so we knew we had better avoid any tree at those times. Identified by Mamai or Tatai, or not! As a child you would never know which tree housed a *zumbi*. Adults consulted elders about this, or traded stories, even their own stories of how their heads would swell when they passed under a tree, or how they felt dizzy and fainted, or almost fainted. Some of their stories, I came to learn later, much later, when I was already a teenager, went beyond tales of encounter to stories of origin. *How I had to struggle later in life (and still to this day to some extent) to keep the knowledge of zumbi alive in my consciousness. They did not exist in college or graduate school, and I did not learn any methods to study them in school. They were not mentioned in class, not in kindergarten, elementary, secondary or after. How to describe being at the North Carolina coast and sensing a lot of pain in the water, and that when I prayed and was compassionate towards this mass of pain it suddenly seemed to get*

permission to be released, and all these pirates, merchants, soldiers, seamen, enslaved Africans, native peoples, and Europeans flew up into the sky, using my body as a focusing lens. A language I had to learn after unlearning the old one from colonial school and the one from college social science.

Zumbi only exist because of violence, injustice or some sort of loss that was not healthy. I almost wrote "loss that was not meant to be". But I do not think it is a question of fate. Zumbi are here in part to teach, teach about growth and change. Their message seems to always be that some injustice has been done and it needs to be dealt with, in order for harmony to come back in nature and between nature and us, humans. Zumbies haunt spaces in nature, as well as those built or set aside by humans. You can either deal with them by avoiding them or by cleansing their history. If you avoid them, you better also let others know about those spaces to be avoided, those trees, ruins, bushes, and shoreline coves that carry energy that could kill you. And if you prefer to have the death of innocent people on your conscience, you just do not worry about it. And this seems to have been what most people from my parents' generation and my own chose to do: we learned to avoid history as well as reject being our brother and sister's keepers. Except that a lot of stories were out there, so that if you did encounter a zumbi, it was your own fault, because you had not paid attention to the stories in the community, not been part of communal sharing. Getting sulfured [where you become dizzy and sometimes faint and smell powerful sulfuric fumes, which others later can detect in your clothes] or confused by a zumbi meant that you have put yourself outside of community social boundaries and opened yourself to the full force of the power of violence, injustice and confusion.

But there is a different slant to this: the community of elders. How many times have I not gone back to those interviews I did with Pai Tili, Gangan (my grandmother), and others to confirm what I saw growing out of their tales and so easily described in the previous paragraph. Going back to Curaçao after graduate school meant different things to me. It was the first time I noticed the spaces or places of power, where I would sit and instantly feel deep peace and a sense of rightness: the sofa in my mother's living room, her bed, the kitchen in general, and her garden, always her garden and the earth. Walking barefoot in the yard, I would feel as if I had never left, as if I had roots going deep down this earth even though I was walking and moving around. But this was also the realm of the spirits, the *zumbi* I came to understand much better, because I could now talk to the elders and ask, and they would answer, let loose their stories, like only my mother had done before.

Radical Presence and Discourses of Power.

For a long time I have struggled with the concept of power as I have inherited it from my graduate studies and later reading of social science and humanities works. Despite the importance of its pervasiveness I could not reconcile myself to the idea that power "frames", "conditions", "facilitates" or otherwise creates/co-creates so much of human experience. Specifically I am talking about power as authority in which the human subject is not centered, i.e. the colonial, parental, governmental, patriarchal, heteronormative, etc power that somehow co-creates and in some views almost determine the subjectivity of those who are on the weaker end of the asymmetric relationship of these forms of power.

I have experienced my own relationship to power to be very different from what I have encountered in the literature I have read. I still remember dancing tumba, latin music, and tambú as moments of happiness and normality that I can only with difficulty and artifice conceive of as contestations of power as some researchers have done. Even though My own experience with instances in which pleasure seemed to be the antithesis to domination (like e.g. my speaking Papiamentu on the playground) I find it a peculiarly un-me shift to then go

on and say that my playing was first and foremost a contestation of power. My play was fun and joy, *regardless* of school rules, language, and other tools of domination.

This relates even more deeply to situations like: when my mother used to talk about letting the energy dissipate before you sit in a chair that someone else has just recently vacated; my sister seeing and having to confront Almasola; my being pinched by a visiting ancestor as a child; my mother being visited by the spirits of people who are about to die; my grandmother seeing the flying lights that Miriam, of a later generation also sees 70 years later in a different country. It is with astonishment that I see how these and many other kinds of experience can be theorized into submission to authorities and powers that are really foreign to the experiences themselves. Naturally, I have to look at issues of obfuscation, denial, etc that might be at play in the fact that these realities are not consciously experienced as related to the political powers that be. But even when taking this into account, I have a strong suspicion that the power metanarrative is a dialogue that is not recognizing the possibility of power that might run parallel to extraneous authorities, might or might not engage these extraneous authorities, and cannot be understood if they are not looked at on their own terms: Almasola is not a configuration of power that comes out of the colonial situation and can be explained in symbolic terms or through psychology. Almasola is raw power that crosses cultures and historical periods with its own framework of powers. Its origin might very well have been in relationship to extraneous powers, but it has its own locus of power that defies a power metanarrative that looks at colonial or Christian loci of authority.

I am really happy that Susan pointed me in the direction of Dipesh Chakrabarty's article 'The Time of History and the Times of the Gods.' The issues of a metanarrative of time that he brings up in his article are similar to my concerns about power. His article has helped me enormously to see a possibility to devise a language that can address this issue. I would probably explore some areas he did not touch, because he was looking at *time* as a metanarrative. Concerns, and issues I want to address are: totalizing narratives in the social sciences and humanities, and the need for the social sciences and humanities to negate radical presence (most probably a concept I would like to rename). By radical presence I mean the position that has been taken up by some who may now be called postmodernists or cultural theorists and see the formation of subjectivities in the concrete interactions in daily life, with or without a regular engagement of extraneous powers. This is also a position that is not new, and has been argued, problematically for sure, from certain positions of spirituality or consciousness in Buddhism, Christianity and other religions. However, it can also be seen in many practices and cultural expression, from shamanism to eating. Radical presence is when subjectivity is defined based on the experience and agency of the individual or group, while taking into account all the contexts and realities, including the existence and workings of extraneous powers.

Theorizing and writing in social science and humanistic practice are themselves loci of power, regardless of how they position themselves vis-à-vis extraneous powers. It is interesting for me to see how the social sciences and humanities deal or do not deal with spirituality and energy medicine and consciousness. It is interesting to see how experience tends to be theorized out of existence sometimes. A lot of social sciences and humanities either theorize or otherwise explain reality out of its power while constructing a different image of power that these disciplines attest is the real power to contend with. Almasola is sheer terror when encountered in conditions like my sister encountered it. Explaining it away accomplishes two simultaneous moves: 1) it denies the existence of this terror in favor of a more acceptable power that has been constructed through experiences other than the ones people have with Almasola (these experiences might be based solely on

games of theory, but could also be based on research and praxis within contexts other than Almasola), and 2) it subsumes this reality into a metanarrative that is supposed to make sense out of wildly different realities.

My critique of the first move is very much like what Stanley Hauerwas has said about explaining away 9/11: “Yet I cannot deny that September 11, 2001, creates and requires a kind of silence. We desperately want to “explain” what happened. Explanation domesticates terror, making it part of “our” world. I believe attempts to explain must be resisted. Rather, we should learn to wait before what we know not, hoping to gain time and space sufficient to learn how to speak without lying. I should like to think pacifism names the habits and community necessary to gain the time and place that is an alternative to revenge. But I do not pretend that I know how that is accomplished.”² Domestication of the different powers and their sublimation into a power narrative is maybe what I am interested in looking at more closely. A key framework for this is Chakrabarty’s comment on translations that follow the barter model of exchange of meaning v/s those that follow a generalized exchange model “which always needs the mediation of a universal, homogenizing middle term.”³

A requirement for this creative silence to work is for language and theory to keep a close proximity to the subject at hand (nothing Earth-shattering here). To be able to mediate between an experience, a memory, an historical construct, or whatever the subject might be, our language has to remain close to the subject, and we have to be clear on what we are trying to mediate and to what audience. Part of the problem lies in concrete knowledge production and consumption issues: if you are looking at a subject that seems in any way foreign to the consciousness of your audience and are writing for an audience that does not share a very clear common culture, you might be tempted to abstract away from the subject to a great degree, to be able to mediate the meanings you are setting out to communicate. During the abstraction a common language is created in which experiences of the Almasola dancer are translated into understanding by the researcher, description of the relationship between researcher and dancer, and the imagined audience-community the researcher-writer is addressing.

Without going too far into the differences between these two models (which I do want to seriously look at sometime in the future) I would like to propose that we do not have to be constrained by this binary model. If generalized exchange assumes a common standard that indexes values, and barter presupposes an ethic of negotiating and sharing, “exchange” can also happen through coercion, appropriation, gifting and possibly other methods. I am especially interested in gifting. It presents the possibility of recentering the locus and directionality of exchange. Instead of looking at how meaning is negotiated (barter model) or shared through generalized exchange, we can look at how it is given as a gift. As I was working on this piece I realize I was moving from a generalized exchange model [worried about how little I was inserted into current theories, and debates] to trying to adapt my writing to negotiate what had already happened in the group and being conversant with that material on its own terms (barter model). Where I find myself to be most powerful is when I let go, and give what comes up (gifting) and only then try to see what kind of explanation I need to give. I need to just give what feels right to give to the group, and let it do its work in the group. *There is an overlap between the barter and gifting model, because the gift provokes reciprocity. However, I need to go back and take a harder look at this material and see how it works.*

I mentioned that gifting presents the possibility of recentering the locus and directionality of exchange. Here meaning can be given without at the same time negotiating a meaning to get back from the giftee. While there will be interaction between those involved,

and they will exchange meaning, the giver is radically open to providing meaning, while trusting that whatever comes back (or does not) is fine. Gifting also puts in perspective a contradiction of critical discourse that is very conditioned by the models of generalized exchange, and barter. The receiver is also open to whatever comes, at first, and then has to deal with the consequences. The notions of *invisible, silenced, and marginalized* subjects provide a powerful critique of both generalized exchange, and sometimes assymetric conditions of barter. At the same time some of these analyses frame themselves in the format of generalized exchange, assuming that silences, and invisibilities can be safely eliminated with continued critique.

In gift giving the subject cannot be invisible, or silenced. A subject is never invisible unless you are looking at this subject from a centralized discourse. I keep being chagrined by some well meaning and radical critical scholars who would insist that some aspect of me is invisible, such as my understanding of energy work, my contact with spirits, my knowledge of zombies. They are not invisible to me, so there should be a way of mediating between a critique of the dominant moves toward “silencing/marginalizing/ invisibilizing” discourse and the simultaneous recognition that the kind of visibility we are talking about is always there. Usually the critique of invisibility includes the move to re-visibility the invisible, and to give voice to the silenced. In some cases this is done very respectfully. In others it happens through a level of reconfiguration of the subject that eliminates its own voice and provides a new one that does not celebrate the original. Celebration instead of resurrection seems like an appropriate metaphor.

Radical Presence and Following Life

Radical presence calls for turning back unto the process of writing this piece. The writing was very much informed by the group dynamics and by so much more. People had to put up with my trying to find a voice in which to express rupture without becoming—sounding--exotic, point to difference without creating distance, and then to highlight commonalities without being falling into “us” v/s “them” mentality. It took being away from the writing for a long while before I could use enough distance to formulate a little better what I had tried to say before. During the period I was writing in the group I had several sensory experiences, including visions, tactile sensations, and moments of intuitive knowledge. Some of these related clearly to the process. Most, however, took me straight out of the parameters of what I was trying to do. It is only since a few days ago that I was able to put these experiences in a broader context and come to understand the writing as only one piece of the puzzle. It is not enough to tell the story. It is important to live it, experience it in all areas. The visions, feelings, tactile sensations are just as important as the storytelling.

One event especially brought this home to me. It “just happened” one day when I was walking and finally felt what the South African healer Credo Mutwa had told me about five months before: one should not approach life through one's brain, but with what he called "your womb area if you were a woman." I had desperately tried to understand what he was talking about, subverting the selfsame process of learning he was offering me. By trying to use my brain to get to my "womb area" I never got there. Once I let go and did the most appropriate thing, it happened! I simply shifted my awareness from my brain to my hips, waist and groin. I was not sure I was going to like it very much, because I was not "apprehending" things the way I do with my brain: I could "connect" to things somehow, but instead of engaging with them, I would just get waves of "pastel-like emotions". By this I mean that they were not clear and powerful, but still well defined, though soft. The emotions were not like the ones I have names for, such as anger, fear, joy, and lust. They were just

"emotions". I did not particularly like the non-directional emotions, but with time learned to work with them a bit more like I do with the more known ones.

Another event was less subtle: a strong shaking of the body happening at a ceremonial gathering--away from our writing group, away from any concerns about writing. A body movement that turned into me hearing myself addressing specific people in the group and working on their energies in a way I had never done before. I can choose to medicalize the experience (a new manifestation of epilepsy, very different from what I had gone through in the past), I can glorify it by seeing it as a great spiritual message, and idolize myself, or I can choose to walk with it, accepting it as an incomplete activity that will keep making itself clearer to me. I choose to see part of it as a new relationship with the ancestors, an invitation to walk with the dead, and the living at the same time. A reminder that wherever we are in community there is more than just the physical bodies, and the persistent minds. We are at that moment also in the presence of all the memories of the past in the many forms they choose to present themselves. Something that gets a whole new meaning of urgency on this day is the proclamation of Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger as Pope Benedictine XVI. Living with the memories and recognizing their presence and power for change is important when looking back at how the drive towards culturally grounded understandings of the gospel and movements for social justice were crushed by the theological prowess of the one who now has become the monarch of the Catholic Church. Recognizing the transformative power of memories is also important as I think of so many people I knew who painfully had to see in the 1980's how sex abuse scandals within the Catholic Church started being brought forth, to then see how these were deftly deflected in great part by Ratzinger through shifting away the attention to the "evils" of a conveniently demonized liberation theology.

When acts of compassion and justice are painted as demons, death is legitimized. I keep wondering how many souls need to be prayed for all over the world today because of painted demons. How many lives have been troubled, or destroyed. Living at the edge of a broken heart calls for eliminating war, both those on a grand global scale and the ones we have within. In the process we just might also learn to stop painting demons, to see each other more as fellow travelers on this globe. I am sure the toughest task is to learn to put away my own demon brush. That's the one that tends to be invisible.

NOTES

¹ Newsobserver.com Saturday, March 26, 2005.

² <http://www.dukenews.duke.edu/911site/hauerwas.html>.

³ Dipesh Chakrabarty, "The Time of History and the Times of the Gods," in *The Politics of Culture in the Shadow of Capital*, edited by Lisa Lowe and David Lloyd (Durham, N.C.: Duke Press, 1997), 47.