

Resisting the Neo-colonial/Neo-liberal Collusion: Reclaiming our lives, our futures

Patricia McFadden – UWC (presented at AGI – October, 2011)

Introduction:

Thank you for attending this seminar, and for ‘infusing the space with energies critical and otherwise’.

Let me begin by ‘situating myself’ cautiously, (albeit with a large dose of temerity - meant as a well understood and deliberate sense of recklessness on my part), within the terrain of South Africa as a convoluted and complex socio-political site; a space that has been trampled over and upon by some for centuries, as well as being the location and home of an idea, a reality that has travelled with and accompanied many bright and courageous lives – present and past - and which continues to be endowed with the potential of becoming new and dignified through the courage of each generation that embraces the possibilities of being free.

I will declare my ‘struggle credentials’ from the very word go (as unfashionable as that has become) and maybe, just maybe, this will deter the inclination among some to perceive me as ‘impetuous’ and ‘out of space, out of line’ - a narrow nationalist sense of identity ownership that is deployed in distinguishing someone as ‘not being South African’ (nationalism and patriotism are essentially about being confined to spaces, within lines drawn by males, usually older males with power). My ‘visitor status’ in this place is persistent not for want of having tried to be formally included in the ‘new South Africa’ – a longing that was ruthlessly crushed by a formal *“we don’t want people like you here”* response, carried by a letter from a former comrade – who was ensconced in the State as a guardian of authentic South African pedigree in the immediate independence moment – and who reminded me that I could not assume ‘inclusion’ by virtue of having spent a quarter century in the ANC as a hard-working, often unruly, anti-Apartheid activist.

I console myself by actively insisting that I am ‘southern African’ and that I have earned this entitlement (not yet a right situated in a regional legal structure that would be more broadly defined and which will serve the people of this region). To the obvious displeasure of increasingly fascistic immigration functionaries at the border lands between Zimbabwe and Swaziland, I traverse the region by road, often alone, refusing to be discouraged, even as I dismiss cautions about the ‘*dangers*’ that await an older black woman alone on the highways of this resilient and dangerous terrain.

And so I continue to '**lurk**' on the edges of 'South African-ness' hurling critical barbs at notions of '*South African Exceptionalism*' – carelessly asserted in statements like “what happened up there – in Africa – will never happen here; our whites would never allow that” as we Africans smile quietly in the knowledge that it will happen; it is already happening; the neo-colonial moment of plunder and callous disregard for the working people is rapidly approaching its due-by date.

I also convey my distancing stances or discursive gestures of “consciously stepping-back from neo-colonial class privilege” – what some of my former comrades call a '*sour-grapes attitude*' – by speaking and often writing disparagingly against the claims of supposed *godliness* (deployed to reify and make holy the practices and discourses of class and raced collusion) and a highly commercialised cornering of the market on 'reconciliation' and 'redemption' by aging (and not so aging) patriarchs who are the beneficiaries of the 'Apartheid' largess. I have consistently refused to be seduced and drawn into the 'zone of submission' that normalizes feudal platitudes which insist upon a '*respect*' for old men who wield the power of compromised our 'tatas' and 'arches' who know best – as they stealthily sell off our national heritages as the 'fathers of our nations. How ironic that the very terms of endearment that have become the lubrication of a discourse of 'national identity' in the current South Africa, are the very anchors of archaic, feudally infused notions of Patriarchy and Hierarchy – the father/patriarch/tata and the arch-bishop/religious patriarch/ reconciler of the irreconcilable.

All my life, I have bristled at the implication and sometimes overt coercion that accompanies the socialisation and lived realities of females and children in African societies in terms of making male power and privilege normal and natural; a patriarchal cultural mandate that interprets respect as the submission of the majority of human beings to the incontestability of male privilege and which insists that humans in female bodies, in particular, must comply with its cultural injunctions or be expelled from the identity and geographical situated-ness of Africa. Note the naturalised, reactionary dismissal of feminism as 'white woman-ness'. How ridiculously ignorant such posturing is, especially in this contemporary moment and spatial reality of the continent. I REFUSE to obey any and all forms of patriarchal supremacy, and I will continue to spurn such conceited, patriarchal injunctions.

Invariably, of course, I bring to bear the scathingly critical feminist discourses I have learnt and inherited as a Radical Black Feminist, to an ongoing, lively debate among African women and between us and most men, as we challenge the brazen proclamations of newly 'empowered' Black middle-class ideologues on the 'essences of black authenticity and black womanhood', couched within a rhetoric of custodianship which seeks to define what Africa should become via a neo-imperial and neo-capitalist agenda.

I craft my own identity as an everyday experience; I have given myself licence to do just that – to re-shape those aspects that made me up which I have grown to like and enjoy; usually the bonds I share with my siblings and familiars; and to vigorously shed the stuff that my mother, aunts and a multitude of women in my community insisted would turn me into a ‘decent woman’ – *knock-kneed but decent nonetheless*. In the process I have shrugged my beautiful feminist shoulders and strode over that sloughed, oppressive skin – emerging after half a century in my brilliant, gorgeous feminist garb – free and flying as high as I can get.

It is at these interfaces of individual radical engagement; of theory making and discursive sharing; at the intersections of the multiple energies and metamorphoses of radical feminist lives and struggles, that the notion of post-coloniality as a process and experience of conscious rupture from neo-colonialism and neo-liberalism is occurring, causing a shift in the social and political terrain; it is here that the imaginary of becoming *post-the colonial* in all its multifarious dimensions, is actively located and cultivated, conceptually and through new ways of living; and where citizenship, dignity, autonomy, integrity and notions of rights (as the social outcomes of struggles) are re-imagined and embraced as the *contemporary and renewed* vehicles to our futures and our freedoms.

Even though I have accepted that - after almost two decades since the bells of ‘South African freedom’ rang out across our region, signalling the end of struggle for some and the commencement of unabashed neo-colonial class restructuring and consolidation - I will never be a recipient of the eagerly assumed rewards that have been culled from the ‘independence dispensation’; a process and ongoing re-distributive system (albeit meagre compared to the ocean of African wealth that continues to flow steadily towards the insatiable societies of the West) which requires that one be ‘faithful and loyal’ to those who control the neo-colonial state and the purse-strings of our newly minted independence, I still feel a brittle sense of *nostalgia* for an overly hopeful past. It is a fragile familiar recognised in many of the recollections that Jacob Dlamini so courageously recalls in his deeply contentious yet delightful text - *Native Nostalgia*.

Reading Dlamini’s daring to look back differently I too intuit the sense of alarm that accompanies my recognition of a deep-seated nationalistic agency, the stuff that made me experience my life as an incorrigible fact in the face of White might and ruthless Apartheid impunity. We - the couriers whom no one remembered even during the war for independence; we moved the comrades and the guns; hundreds and hundreds of scared young men, and occasionally a woman – across this region, in our scrappy old cars, often hiding them in the still-warm beds hurriedly vacated by our terrified little children.

How could one not remember the power of the idea of FREEDOM– to be able to step across the borders and boundaries that had been so definitely etched across the landscape of this region

through colonial deceit and feudal collusion; an instinct that we so joyously reclaimed through our struggles and often with our young and naive lives. I remember the light in my youngest brother's eyes after he returned from a long absence that he would not explain. Now my father recalls to me how he was seized by a panic; a frightening realisations that "I was going to lose all my children" – as we hurling heart first into the fray – so sure that we could not be deceived. But we were, we are, and until we accept the inevitability that we must re-claim our courage to struggle and change our lives, we will be erased by the hegemonic waves of colluding amnesia.

Witness the 'no-fly zone' farce and the ensuing debacle over Libya (which is a stark reminder to us all that 'feeling' democracy and not thinking radically about the implications of being persuaded by Liberals (Conservatives in straightjackets) to collude ideologically in facilitating the rampancy of white, neo-imperial impunity) is pushing us into the embrace of a re-colonizing agenda that will cost us our existence in the longer term. Anyone who has been listening to 'news' will know that we (the Africans!!!!) were out-manoeuvred and out-foxed (courtesy of the continental ambitions of a zebra-striped South African capitalist/ruling class) and complaining of 'imperialist deceit' as though no one knows what deed/deal was done – with the nightmare reality of Libya blatantly in our faces and minds – is a lesson that cannot be wasted.

The further militarisation of Africa through the expansion of existing military structures at national and regional levels (by insidiously imposing AFRICOM via the 'liberation of Libya' disguise) and the unleashing of a people's indignation against dictatorship by cunningly funnelling their outrage into old racist tropes and engineered scenes of 'savagery' and 'justified revenge', must become a pounding sound on our radical consciences about what is in store for this continent and its people if we do not retrieve our courage and teach the young how to RESIST FOR OUR FREEDOM. There will be more blood on the streets and on our souls in the coming days, no doubt about that, and resist we will have to, and stand up again for our freedoms, as did the very first humans on this very space we call our continent.

Therefore, with these energies in mind and sight, I would like to broadly sketch the context within which we are having this conversation; to speak to just one or two elements that define and 'colour' this moment of neo-colonial and neo-capitalist hegemony and the deepening class rivalry amongst those who occupy and or deploy the State as an extractive and repressive instrument; the State understood as being an intensely contested site; an opportunity to continue the plunder of our common resources (now made un-common through colonialist expropriation and privatisation) and reinforced by black neo-colonialist collusion and nationalist practices of political and financial impunity, on the one hand, and on the many other hands, resistance of those who are located outside these sites of power and privilege (ideologically, structurally and materially) – the working people and radical individuals, communities and

groups, who are imagining and defining this contemporary moment in new and radically courageous ways.

I am thinking of power dialectically as well - power that is vested in the manufacture of formalized, reactionary knowing within *the* academy, and which reiterates and accompanies the hogging of material and social wealth in all our societies. And power that is embedded in individual and collective memories, abilities, and struggles to make real change a living reality for all Africans.

By recognising that we all have a sense of the egregiousness of exploitation and exclusion, regardless of what it is dressed up as – reconciliation, rainbows, redemption, supremacy, or brazen racist bigotry; and that beneath it all, under the layers of accumulated practice that is linked to inherited and perpetuated identities and life-styles, or yoked to newly acquired sensibilities and consciously honed instincts of up-ward-mobility, everyone knows that injustice and material excess diminish our collective worth. The challenge is to open up new discursive possibilities that facilitate an uncompromising engagement with the large and not so large issues in our individual and collective lives; by re-imagining Resistance.

I think that a recognition of what defines our contemporary context – as a neo-colonial/neo-capitalist collusionary moment on one hand and as a ferocious/fruitful shift in the political and socio-cultural milieu of our respective societies on the many other sites of struggle, opens up the possibilities of reclaiming our lives and initiating new, alternative terrains of movement and political change. More importantly than being a reactive instinct in defending how we changed ourselves and were changed through resistance, as well as a recognition of how collusion (through particular forms of language and social conformity) is the glue that holds together systems of race, class, gendered, heterosexist and related systems of privilege and exclusion – is the crafting of a clear understanding and recognition that the dreams of our fore-parents – the ones who dared to say no and stood within that stance, often to the detriment of their families and communities – that their dreams - which belong to us all - were skilfully mobilised and usurped in certain ways that have left a sense of helplessness and lethargy within many communities and groups around this region and continentally. In other ways, the limitations of nationalist struggles provide a crucial lesson and urgent demand that we step-back from the disgust and deep sense of betrayal that often times leaves one immobilised politically and ideologically – opening up our social and psychic spaces for even deeper capitalist hegemony and repression.

Stepping away enables us to recognise all the players on the chessboard of classed, raced, gendered, sexualised and Othered reality. Consciously creating ‘the gap’ between us and those who construct, define and wield power in the State and in sites of capitalist exploitation, enables us to recover our critical sensibilities and re-ignite our critical imaginations. For us to

return to the relative closeness that anti-colonial, and settler resistance animated between us as aspiring citizens and the State as a means of control and repression by those who occupy it and consolidate those relational spaces and discourses; a closeness that is essential to the establishment of *direct relationships* of contestation, embattlement and negotiation over and about the notions, visions, forms and practices that will characterise the post-colonial societies that are emerging out of the transition from neo-colonialism (and the crisis of globalised neoliberal capitalism) so as to ensure our entitlements and rights to lives of dignity and integrity are central to the new dispensation. We must seize this moment of transitional shifts within our national and continental contexts, and understand that if we do not create the new vehicles through which our ideas and demands are brought into the public as inalienable entitlements that require a total transformation of class, gender, race, heteronormativity in all its forms, and all the excesses of capitalist and neo-colonial privilege and impunity, we will awake in societies even more repressive and exclusionary than the present status quo.

Therefore, by knowing that humans have resisted oppression and exploitation since the very emergence of 'social order' and by realising that the State was invented as an instrument of gendered and class rule, and it can be re-made into the service of all citizens - we come to understand why women's struggles as feminist politics – as the resistance to patriarchy and the demand for a reclamation of AUTONOMY and CREATIVITY - are pivotal in imagining a different kind of future for women and for those who live with us.

A retrieval of the notions of RESISTANCE and FREEDOM from the clutches of neoliberal appropriation (through Donor speak, UN babble and the shameless theft of the language and expressions of working people's visions articulated as so-called 'new democratic discourses' which are flooding our intellectual and social spaces) must, in my experience and understanding, be premised on a re-articulation of resistance as that incorrigible resilience that has challenged 'power over' since the moment of surplus production and the setting in motion of rituals, practices, habits, and conventions which teach and foster collusion with acts of sexual and economic exploitation of women's labouring and creative abilities and capacities; practices that eventually entrenched heterosexual/male and later class and racial privilege as normative to all social formations – across time and spaces – and which continuously re-entrench access to privilege through collusion and conformity with the status quo as the '*smart thing to do*'.

Note the frantic reiteration of capitalist exploitation (largely by males of various hues) as synonymous with 'freedom' and the expression of 'empowerment' and 'ubuntu'. Or more insidiously, the flattening of the language that women activists think and perform politics through, making demands for social justice and gender equity. Passive and tamed notions like 'gender-based violence' to mention one of the most disingenuous expressions of the

‘mainstreaming’ of women’s language and the liberalisation of women’s political organisations and practices, have depoliticised the very means by which women mobilised and rallied together to demand protection and other entitlements from the misogynistic impunity of males in the State and within the heterosexual family.

The collusion of women in ‘leadership’ positions within national, regional, continental and ‘global’ structures and systems – like SADC and the UN – in making such terms ‘normal’ in social movements – thus ensuring that men, donors, religious elements and all those who occupy and drive the structures that oppress, repress and exclude women and their communities no longer have to be accountable or ‘afraid’ for their power, speaks clearly to how defunct these social movements have become. They are irrelevant to the struggles and visions of women and communities that know that ‘empowerment’ is not about ‘income-generating’ projects directed by over-fed, leather-pouch toting, fancy car driving donor representatives. Who is fooling who here? It’s a curious question whose answer some of us already know.

This re-claiming of our understanding and abilities to imagine lives of dignity and social justice as normative ideas and ways of living for all of us, also requires that we retrieve our knowing of RESISTANCE in its ideational expressions (as the power that we all possess to form ideas, to imagine and to exercise that power of imagining ourselves in new ways) and in its ontological and incorrigible ways.

Thinking and living RADICALLY (in and of itself an exquisite experience) translates dynamically into all aspects of our lives and makes us aware of PLEASURE as a crucial resource in our ability to imagine ourselves differently; in finding the courage within ourselves (which we learn from people around us who understand that FREEDOM is an embrace of the most beautiful parts and possibilities in each of us) and in ‘standing up’ and refusing to become reactionary in the cause of defending or legitimating the interests of privileged groups or individuals, and or in the cause of barbarism – which is the illusory garb of so-called civilization and capitalist ‘democracy’

For me, and I know that I share this conviction with the amazing women and men who inhabit the worlds of radical ideas and living - RESISTANCE is INCORRIGIBLE – It is unstoppable and beyond correction and or reform.

Therefore the ‘**disgrace**’- that is contemporary South Africa today must be exposed and rejected. I use the expression of disgrace as ‘*ihlazo*’ – not in the ways that Coetzee used the notion within his narrow white masculinist, privileged location and worldview to despise and disparage women of colour in this country/and beyond. Rather, I am invoking an old word that can be found in all the languages of the peoples of this region – a word, an expression that most poignantly expresses the essential meanings of what is happening today in South Africa. This particular social experience occurred in all the societies of Africa (and in the diasporic sites

where Africans fought for life and for the remnants of their dignities); It is an expression that speaks in bitter-sweet ways to the realisation that the resistance to colonialism was inherently limited and is shockingly limiting for the majority of the people; that what we thought was ours (consciously or as a chorus of joy and euphoria) at the moment of independence, actually belonged to a tiny group of males (accompanied by their *wives, sons, daughters, slew of relatives* – who immediately grabbed the national cake or what they were able to negotiate with those who ‘stole the bicycle’ a few centuries ago), and then proceeded to build the high walls; arm themselves to the teeth – and occasionally fire shots across the bow to remind us that they are the masters and we had better get used to that.

And the people felt ashamed that they had been ‘screwed’ – and persuaded each other, for a while, mind you , only for a while, that things would change – that it could not be true that it had been a hoax – intended for the benefit of the ‘fathers’ and ‘big daddies’; that some of the crooks and con-men were not as ‘bad’ and should be given a chance to show that they were different from the obviously greedy and most callous ones. It was a hopeless gesture in self-redemption from the endowments that too many people had made for a different life and world. In the end – which always comes swiftly – and sometimes in excruciatingly gruesome ways as Gadhaffi just tragically found out – and the shift rocks all our lives. Who occupies the space that emerges out of the eruption of peoples’ exhausted anger becomes the definitive question that all radicals must anticipate and prepare for.

But in the interim – while the fat cats feed at the trough, snarling occasionally at each other and reminding their ‘fellow feeders’ that they have been stuffing their bank accounts for several centuries, some of us have quickly learnt the art of ‘social survival’ and have been amply rewarded for our intransigence and collusionary expertise – crusaders of the need for ‘redemption’ and ‘forgiveness’ – apostles of humanitarianism in our social movements and organisations – always preaching ‘*forgetfulness and an unlearning of RESISTANCE*’ – and pleading with us – the unreasonable RADICALS – to ‘grow up and not be so emotional about the past.’

In fact, the surest route to becoming part of the ‘new petty bourgeoisie’ is to not even mention certain words – like APARTHEID, RACISM, WHITENESS or WHITE PRIVILEGE, MISOGYNY, SEXISM and a slew of other no-noes. The trick is not to disturb the post-apartheid peace; not to irritate the rich (old and newly monied) by remembering and reminding that we have a HISTORY/HERSTORY – a vibrant and deeply disturbing past that is flattened and erased by expressions like ‘*our dark past*’. Was that a ‘collective’ I heard in that ‘dark past’? Whose ‘dark past’? and ‘who was dark in that past? Is Mr. Kurzt still denying his ‘heart of darkness? Me thinks so, and I refuse to be collectivised in a ‘sponged-down, cleaned out (a no black struggles, pain, anger, joy, celebrations and RESISTANCE) past that suits whites and the new rich, who are

enjoying the ample benefits of Apartheid – which are real in their daily, sumptuous lives, and who are insisting, with a cheek at that, that all Black people, yes, all Black people should forget (on their behalf) and pretend (on their behalf as well) that they were/are nice, liberal ‘Africans’.

As far as I am concerned – and I am entitled to say whatever I think not only about the past – but about the present and how I would like to live in the future, even if it is vicariously through the dignified lives of my grandchildren and their progeny – it is an affront to my very identity and that of all Africans that being an African is increasingly being defined in relation to whiteness.

We - the black people, and there is no mistaking that colour – it is ‘non-white from the perspective of the colonial gaze and register, and it is embedded in embattled lives of the billions of Africans who have lived and fought for their dignity since race was invented as the ideological trope of European barbarism five-six centuries ago; the egregious companion of capitalist greed and the civilizing of Europe. Who does not know that? We are a people who have been discriminated against, enslaved, bought and sold, despised, and degraded in unnameable ways – and who always RESISTED RACISM and COLONIALISM in all its permutations). And YES, that vicious brutal history of colonialism and imperialist expropriation by Europeans who became white as we became black – that historical experience of becoming ‘coloured’ in the negative, does serve as a central tenet of the meaning of AFRICAN.

Here is what I mean when I refer to the appropriation of our historical and lived identity as African and Black by whites who live in South Africa; whites who continue to enjoy a white citizenship and for who nothing had to change at the moment of independence. If you listen very closely, you will hear an increasingly common expression that subsumes black people into the appropriation of being African as defined through white claims. The expression “black Africans” is not only an obvious oxymoron, it is a down-right insult that black people in this country are accepting it and using as if though it were normal. If you look up the meaning of an African in the Oxford dictionary you might be astounded to read that Africans are whites who invented themselves as Afrikaners – and that there is not a mention of Africans as the indigenous inhabitants of these continental landscapes. When I challenged the ‘head-honcho’ at the Oxford office of the dictionary, trying to make him understand that they were peddling a blatant untruth and erasing Africans off the face of the region and continent, he sarcastically reminded me that I did not make ‘colonial word-smithing’ policy and therefore the matter was closed. I realised that I had lost the debate from the very first letter I sent off to them, in disgust, but I refused to accept their exclusionary mythmaking and I hope that young people in this country will listen more carefully to the ways in which appropriation of our identities is occurring mainly through the perpetuation of racist supremacist discourses of language and narration – erasure and occupancy of our identities and memories – and, that the young, who

are not invested in neo-colonial/neo-liberal collusionary practices, will challenge and reclaim the African identity for those who have not only been violated, oppressed and exploited 'because they were/are black' but also because we have crafted this identity through courageous and precious struggles for dignity and life. The distinction between historically crafted identities (especially around raced bodies and systems of privileging or exclusion) and citizenship as a status that is bestowed upon any body that conforms to the legal requires of a particular sovereign site/space, is crucial in contesting the appropriation of our pasts and futures. Until Europeans reject whiteness and white privilege as 'institutionally guaranteed privilege' through the state and globalised capitalist structures, and they take collective responsibility for their egregious pasts and ongoing collusion with various classes and groups of people, especially in the societies of the majority south – I will not be convinced that racism is about a 'Terre blanche' and that 'nice liberals' are as colourless and beyond racism and racial privilege.

For us as black people, the manipulation of language to create new forms of racial privileging for people of European descent – which they enjoy through whiteness everywhere – must be critically understood and resisted. We must also resist the continued fracturing of Africans through the deployment of 'hues of black' to create distances from the African identity among particular groups of African people, which again perpetuate ignorance, manipulation and exclusion. In Southern Africa, the contentious erasure of 'Coloured' people as no-bodies, without a specific history in relation to settler colonialism, brutal repression and exclusions of all sorts during and after Apartheid, must be responded to with a critical understanding of how ethnicities emerge and are crafted within relationship between groups of people and the State – at all stages of human history. Every ethnic group in existence today, on this continent and beyond, came into existence because a State recognized its particular identity markers, its situated-ness within a specific constituency of people as they were welded into nations or other social formations at particular moments of history. The specific experiences of racing for all people whose identities are located outside of whiteness invariably return those groups to a common identity that is defined by racial exclusion - which is black and African. Once we re-establish that fact, whose questioning is a reflection of the effectiveness of colonial manipulation and deviousness – as they used difference in its most simplistic senses to divide and rule – remember Rwanda and the Belgian manipulation of who was Hutu or Tutsi and the tragic consequences for Africa as a whole of the genocide – then we are able to navigate the challenges of re-building our communities and societies in more wholistic and enduring ways.

In returning to the social expression of 'disgrace' as an ancient signifier of collusion and compromise even as it is a reminder of the undeniability of impunity as unacceptable and destructive – *ihlazo* carries the weight of compromise and the challenge to radicals in all our communities to expose its deceptive plea to '*hide it*'; to '*closet it*' and to '*sweet it under the*

carpet' – and resign ourselves to the inevitability of inequality and privilege as unchangeable – natural and normal – as is capitalism, racism, homophobia, ableism, and all the filthy baggage that Patriarchy off-loads onto its minions and foot soldiers – for a paltry reward, at that.

I would like to pause here by insisting that I position myself as a RADICAL, BLACK, FEMINIST whose radical energies and agencies were tempered (to use a beautiful Sholokovian expression) in the vortex of an ancient memory of freedom, kept alive and ablaze by an innate knowing of 'the secret of joy' (to dip gently into the treasure trove that Alice Walker has so graciously bequeathed us as black women everywhere), as much as by the enduring refusal to conform to the outrage that is Patriarchy in all its nefarious forms and expressions.

By positioning myself as an overtly dissentient presence, I allow myself the political and intellectual licence to 'step outside the cage' of a repressive and intrusive academic hegemony, so characteristic of supposed learning spaces everywhere. This surveillance has quietly but systematically extended itself into what were sites and spaces of alternative thinking and living, signalling unequivocally the imperative of creating new radical ideas and ways of living that will take us beyond this neo-colonial/neo-capitalist impasse.

That is the challenge – the beautiful and irresistible, incorrigible gift that we must embrace to become stronger and more free in our futures.