

Going Home

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To keep people out of trouble, keep them out of themselves.

—J. J. Rousseau

One of my earliest reminders of being a Mexican, a Chicano, a Latino, a Hispanic is a profoundly sad and terrifying experience. Across the street and down the block a fight between a Mexican man and a white patron in a bar had spilled out into the street. The Mexican was bleeding; he staggered to the front of the tavern and began to shout “¡Viva Mexico, Viva Mexico!” The only thread of hope that he could grasp was his native home, his fatherland and motherland, the focal point of his identity at the moment his personhood was being assaulted. Equally impressive was the fear that it created in me. I could not have been more than five years old, and yet I distinctly remember the paranoia I felt that others would identify me with him. I wanted him to stop shouting “¡Viva Mexico!” The whole scene is indelibly marked in my memory, especially when the siren of the police car at last broke the murmur of the crowd and increased the man’s appeals to Mexico. When they took him away I was relieved.

I knew instinctively even then that Mexicans were supposed to disappear into the anonymity of the city. Anything that made us stand out in bold relief, such as a shouting Mexican, made us all uneasy. As a preschool child nobody had given me talks about American society, the melting pot, or Anglo-Saxon values. They didn’t have to. I and others like me received the message in a thousand nonverbal ways: differences in food, clothing, speech; a sense of fear. I wanted to be like them and envied their clean homes and orderly lives.

Many years later in Mexico I learned that although I had become a professional person with standing in the United States I was considered a “poncho,” an Americanized Mexican born in the United States, a displaced person with no real culture or homeland. This experience is similar to that of Puerto Ricans from the mainland; they are often considered “Nuyorican” by their relatives on the island. There is a critical struggle going on over the identity of the Mexican that is rooted in basic ambivalence. In small museums in the states of Puebla and Queretaro is evidence of a deep anti-European, anti-Catholic strain. In Peru and Bolivia as

well as in Mexico and Puerto Rico, local *curanderos* (healers) still resist the Catholic faith by performing their sacred rituals after 450 years of Catholic, European hegemony. Local artists depicted the Aztec and Mayan warriors as the romantic heroes of a pre-Columbian past. The Indian, in plumed headdress, lances the blue-eyed, blonde, bearded Spaniard, knocking him from his horse. In Mexico, 1973 was officially designated as "El Año de Juarez," el Indio. Juarez was clearly of Indian descent—dark skin, dark eyes, black hair, stocky. And yet the social, economic, and political reality of Mexico, as of all other Latin American nations, is just the opposite. It is the Europeanized, Catholic, white element that predominates. Throughout Latin America the advertisers use *rubios* and *rubias* (blonde men and women) for their models. The middle class there refers to the peasants as *inditos*—primitive and backward children. In Argentina the descendants of British, Italian and German settlers do not identify themselves with the Spanish-speaking Indian strain of the population. In Brazil there is deep suspicion and confirmed reports that the government, through its Bureau of Indian Affairs, is following a policy of genocide against the Indians in the Amazon region.

It is their economic interests that have led the middle class to disassociate themselves from their own people. The economic penetration of all Latin America that began in earnest in the second half of the nineteenth century perpetuated a class structure that to this day has caused a great gap between rich and poor. The wealthy have no desire to be identified with an indigenous culture, so they create a culture based on consumption.

There was a strong element of racism in Latin America from its inception as the insistence on *limpieza de sangre* (purity of blood) by the Inquisition shows. Although this policy was aimed at Jews and *Moriscos* (Spanish moors), it inevitably was extended to the Indian population of Latin America and still later to the African slaves. In some instances, as in Puerto Rico, the Indian population was completely decimated by a combination of disease, warfare, hunger, and extermination. The intermarriage that followed the conquest of Latin America was an unavoidable necessity. The Church insisted on blessing these unions, but it proved to be more of a forced wedding than a blending of cultures, religions, and peoples.

The "converted" Jews and *Moriscos* that found their way to the New World in spite of the Inquisition became an integral part of Latin American society. Some Jewish converts took the Christian name of "de la Cruz" (of the Cross) to emphasize the extent of their loyalty to the new faith. To this day in places such as Santiago, Chile, important families with the name "de la Cruz" are the descendants of these converts. All Latinos in this country, are a combination of various Indian groups, with Spanish, Portuguese, African, and Jewish strands. With all of these elements of blood and spirit combined in the crucible of his life,

the Latino is instinctively a brooding person.

None of us knows who he or she is. The Spain of *los reyes catolicos* ("the Catholic kings") was itself an amalgam that was unified by blood and the cross. To this day the Basques and Catalans revive ancient nationalistic feuds that were never settled. In their campaign against the Jews and Moriscos, especially in Andalusia, Isabella and Ferdinand destroyed one of the oldest centers of cultural creativity. This was the land of the cabalistic Jews and of people such as Ibn Arabi. Many of these displaced peoples came to the New World to build new lives. They were among the soldiers, adventurers, and settlers who brought down the Inca, Mayan, and Aztec empires. Uprooted African blacks were brought to the Caribbean, the eastern areas of South and Central America. These people also intermarried and brought their gods and beliefs to the New World. All of these diverse elements were held together—at least on the surface—by European military might. The emergence of the coalition among peasants, intellectuals, and liberals during the wars of national liberation in the early part of the nineteenth century broke the European political tyranny. Unfortunately, it was quickly followed by European and American economic control. The old patterns of cultural behavior based on Mediterranean and Indian values of honor, respect, and deference to authority were devastating to a population faced with aggressive individualists committed to rationally organized economies and the logic of free enterprise. The native middle class became middle class precisely because it adapted to the abstractions of the economic system and the behavior patterns of the Western European self-made man. It became the privileged buffer between their people and the international market economy. The industrialization that began in Latin America at the end of the nineteenth century further displaced indigenous cultural values. The behavioral patterns of the rural areas transferred to the cities spread incoherence. To be respectful, submissive, with downcast eyes was to invite exploitation. To survive one had to learn how to be aggressively independent, forthright, *listo*, and individual without the fetters of personal shame.

There is a brooding solitude at the core of the Latino's selfhood. As Octavio Paz has written "we get drunk to confess what lurks in our depths, the white society drinks to forget itself."¹ No one should be fooled by the polite deference manifested in smiles, "sí señor," and the stereotype of the Josés and Mariás; these are but ritualized avoidances that hide unresolved feelings of anger and rage. A cultural habit of avoiding direct confrontation has led us to repress our

1 *El Laberinto de la Soledad*, (Mexico City: Fondo de Cultura Economica, 1959), p. 21.

angry feelings, chew them, swallow them—but they remain eating away at our insides.

As we look around we have to wonder how many of us are part of the problem: have not all of us to some extent been maneuvered into being subtle supporters of a system of human relations that ultimately divides us and absorbs us? Hobbes told us over 300 years ago that our identities were being shaped not by what we were inside but by our class, power, prestige, possessions. In eighteenth century France an *honnête homme* was defined as being honest precisely because he knew his assigned place and kept it. Identity was exhausted by rank in society: a person was no less, but no more than that. Today deference remains but it is edged by insecurity created by a competitive society.

When we look at the actual situation, we are amazed to see blacks and Chicanos telling other Latinos and blacks to go slow or that they were not chosen for the job because they have no previous experience. Unfortunately affirmative action programs have often become positions of exploitation for blacks on the East coast and Chicanos on the West coast. They have set up their own “old boy” system—but it is the same system. So we are caught in a web of roles and behavior that makes us do to others what is being done to us. To avoid being victims we are forced to become the victimizers. We must not be naive about the power of systems to absorb us—none of us is so pure that power cannot corrupt us.

Latinos have somehow partially maintained their language, religion, and culture although they are constantly reminded of how much they have actually lost. We are in a diaspora—we belong nowhere. We cannot go home nor be content here—so we make a home within ourselves. And we see the real poison of racism: white people who forgot who they are forced others to forget who they are. We were made dull, we were not born dull. But we assist the process by playing the role, *jugando el papel que el otro requiere de nosotros*, that another assigns to us.

We have to break out of those roles, the patterns that bind us in a system of relationships that impoverishes all of us. The real hope is an imaginative politics based on a people connected to their sources; otherwise we are simply doomed to perpetuate a system that is a permanent state of war. The means is a process of transformation that points us homeward, i.e., inward to our sources, *el tesoro de nuestra riqueza*, the treasure chest of our riches.

Through a variety of ways Latinos/Hispanics are becoming aware of a profound sense of alienation from ourselves and others. I had originally planned to speak out forcefully and eloquently on our present strengths and hopes for the future. But the possibility of our creating a new future is still problematic. I am not sure if we will choose to do it; that we have the capacity to create ourselves anew, I have no doubt. What then is the basis for pessimism? Too often we try to blame the “Gachupines,” the Spanish conquerors, or the new intruders, “the Yan-

quis," for our problems. No doubt there is some justice in this. But there is something else in us that tends to immobilize us, to isolate us from ourselves and others so that the forging of a new people is aborted by individuals incapable of rising above their desire to be invisible and alone. The reason for this is both cultural and historical. We know that the Indians of our heritage charted time backward and not forward. The Mayas, for example, calculated three hundred thousand years into the past but calculated no further into the future than twenty years. Every two decades the world was doomed to end. Time was cyclical and each person was connected to the cycles of death and rebirth. The arrival of the Spaniards and their conquest destroyed this cycle by imposing upon it linear time. There followed a series of political, economic, and social upheavals that postponed a radical analysis and response to the conquest. There was urbanization, the beginnings of industrialization, wars of national liberation, and the arrival of the international political economy, especially in the form of the American business man. All of these events prevented us from resolving the issues of our own impotency until recent years.

We have survived in this country and our own homelands. Yet this survival has often been miserable, and many have gone underground to work within the system to wait for a better day. Our isolation really masks a gnawing fear that we are powerless. We substitute for power a scathing rhetoric that attempts to prove our intellectual superiority. This type of detached superiority actually means that the system has won. While we outsmart the master in our minds, the real masters are reinforced in their belief about our inferiority because of our overt acts of docility. True, the master needs the slave for his services, but subtly the slave needs the master for his own identity. To show the bureaucrats of the system that we are real men and women, we engage in periodic paroxysms of violence. The system responds to these outbreaks by giving us consumer goods that will send us back to our solitude. By responding to the logic of the system we become mere rebels since our response is directed by the consciousness of the system. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Gabriel Garcia Marquez writes an epic story of Latin America through the life of a family, the Buendias. There is plenty of activity: thirty-two revolutions, lovemaking, death, mass murder, birth—all of the elements of the drama of life and history. Yet nothing really changes for the characters; at the heart of the issue is a deadly solitude that permanently lames the individuals. All of the main characters die alone, incapable ultimately of sharing their life with others. The novel ends with the final obliteration of Macondo, the fictional city founded in the heart of the jungle. Just before Macondo is blown off the face of the earth by a biblical hurricane, the last survivor of the Buendia family is reading the Sanskrit manuscripts that contain the key to the future of the family. As he reads the parchment he is blown away and with him the memory of Macondo and all its

inhabitants—all condemned to death because they never lived. The author concludes with this powerful statement: "Races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth."² This is not just death, but total and absolute annihilation with no possibility of new life to redeem it.

Treating the alternative is the most difficult task of our unfinished story. I would like to return to our most intuitive people: our intellectuals, artists, poets, and playwrights. This is a crucial strategy because so many of our social scientists, theologians, and philosophers who have suffered from the inferiority complex bred by years of being *ningunos* ("nobodies") have always turned elsewhere for their theories and insights. The majority of Latin American intellectuals spend most of their time studying the works of western European and North American theologians and social scientists. But nowhere do they refer to the gods and goddesses of Latin America, to the contribution or the role played by our myths in the universal symbols of nourishment, destruction, and creation. The alternative liberation that they seek is important, but it is equally important to build the new theology, taking into account the indigenous pre-Columbian resources of our people..

What I and others search for is a universalism that exists in the indigenous vision. We look again for the beginning of a new age that the Caribs, Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas saw in the landing of Columbus. Our Indian people shared with the rest of humanity a belief that the whole of creation participated in a cosmic process of create, nourish, and destroy so that the next generation might renew our lives and the earth. There lives in the consciousness of the Latino the impending sense of the new world that was promised by the gods. It arrived, but brought with it a system of oppression for the majority of our people. Under the surface of disappointment is a response of solitude and invisibility that exacerbates our incoherence. But side by side with this docility there is emerging the hope of another apocalypse that we hope will not end in violence but in the creation of a new humanity: "It is as though the guilt of the victor stands on the threshold of a creative breakthrough in the darkening consciousness of the victim as prelude to the birth pangs of a new cosmos."³

The purpose of our writers, theologians, philosophers, and professors must not be to "civilize" us in the present system but to politicize us. Two Latin American novelists, Alejo Carpentier in *The Lost Steps* and Luis Asturias in

² *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (New York: Harper and Row, 1970).

³ Rolstan Adams, "The Search for the Indigenous," in *The Analysis of Hispanic Texts*, ed. Beck et al. (Jamaica, New York: Bilingual Press, 1976), p. 76.

The Green Pope, lead us in their works on an imaginative journey into the subconscious that they see as the beginning of our search for reunification and spiritual renewal. Their concerns with the past "demand a kind of cyclic computation where one is aware of moving into the future as much as one is aware of recreating the past." They urge us to not repeat the past or fall under the spell of its romance, but to *recreate* it: by choosing and discerning those elements that will lead us now and in the future out of a dead end. For these writers the peasants are not mere natives but are the roots of our past, of our cultural continuity. Their culture is in our bones. By acknowledging it, we cause the darkness of the apocalypse to recede, and García Marquez's novel of destruction takes on new meaning. There is a collective breakdown in Macondo. The author is reminding us of the indigenous myths, and in these myths we find a fuller expression of universal archetypes: the re-creation of the individual person and of the world that follows destruction. The appeal to these myths has both a psychological base and a value as social protest:

Asturias is therefore taking up the stream of writing which had been established by the Indians centuries before him. Always it expresses the need to transcend the condition of entrapment by use of the universal myth. Therefore, in Asturias's portrait of the President as the archetype of the Terrible Mother (in *El Señor Presidente*), there is at once social protest in its own right against the dictatorship of Estrada Cabrera, and also the continuity of the Indian literature of myth. The novel, on these levels, describes a condition of social and psychological entrapment which is also universally applicable to all races and cultures of the world that have developed an indigenous myth of suffering.⁴

By wrestling with our heritage we can go beyond the despair of entrapment that ends in political passivity. It is important to know that our ancestors knew about and *participated* in a universal drama of creation, nourishment, and destruction. This is the process that we choose to reenact with the necessary adaptation to our own historical period.

Politics is a threefold dialectic—the creation of a new environment, the nourishment of our systems, and the freedom and ability to put those systems out of business when they no longer serve our needs. But the *spiral* continues as we choose to create again. It is a spiral because we move beyond the cyclic repetition of the past in order to recreate the past toward an open future. Systems take on a life of their own only when we lapse into solitude, invisibility, docility. The world and any system that shapes it is a persistent cocreation of persons rooted

4 Ibid., p. 85.

in their sources giving expression to the truth by naming themselves and the world simultaneously. Thus no system has the right to become an object over and against us; its objectivity is never perfect or finished because we as personal creators are not finished. We are always more than our creations.

I return to where I began: it is precisely because we cannot be who we are in our deepest selves that we have to reject this system. We do not reject a system because it is called capitalism, socialism, or materialism; white or racist. We ultimately reject a system because these realities are symptoms of a deeper demonic cause; we share complicity in our own alienation. When we are strong enough to confront the system, what will we bring to it if not our authentic selves to pass judgment on it? Do we need jobs, housing, employment? Yes. But we want more than that; we want the right to all of these human necessities *and* the right to be ourselves. This means confronting racist institutions but now with a purpose: to use the means of the old system to create an alternative. This does not mean that we will reject our sisters and brothers of other cultures and races. Far from it. We owe it to them not to continue to give the impression that making it in this system is what life is all about. If we love ourselves, our God, and our fellow human beings, we owe it to ourselves to create conflict. The conflict is capable of breaking the spell of the deep sleep into which we have been cast hearing that we live in the best of all possible worlds.

Let us consider why we are not at home in this system by examining an attempt to lull us back to sleep. Bilingual education for Latinos/Hispanics may be a subtle form of cooption and assimilation. It is clearly intended to be transitory; it is a tool to give people new opportunities. The ultimate goal is still assimilation—bilingual assimilation. But the issue to the Latino is the question of *biculturalism*. Clearly language has much to do with culture, but many of the advantages of bilingualism are considered economic: bilingual secretaries, businessmen, lawyers, and so forth. This reduction of our native language to status pursuits divorces it from its cultural matrix. To emphasize the bicultural means that there is a struggle going on within us; the bicultural never allows us to be truly at home here. We live in an economic system that wants us all to be “non-body” producers working to have a better future. Once again it is our artists, Luis Asturias and Octavio Paz, who warn us that we are a people of festival, celebration of the body, and of the eternal return contained in the present. The cultural implications of this must not be lost. The Anglo-Saxon inheritance castigates the Hispanic for an attitude of *mañana* because it is nonproductive. The English forebears of this nation sought purity from the world and the body through hard work. As Weber and Tawney have taught us, it was this kind of religious ideology based on purification that contributed so much to the rise of the capitalist

economy. But the religious views that helped make the Anglo-Saxon superior in banking and industry made him uncomprehending of those who are not Calvinists or Horatio Algers. The Indian was considered to be a lazy and soulless heathen, never a person.

As a result, as Octavio Paz has written, the United States has no Indian past, no dialectical opposite, no shadow, no specifically American roots that can fulfill, balance, complete, or transform the European ones.⁵ The United States did not merge with the Indian but extinguished him. This cruelty had another result: the strain of domination and segregation in the culture exalted behavioral patterns traditionally called virile—aggressiveness, individualism, and competitiveness.

In comparison the Spaniards, who were also cruel, at least did not deny the humanity of the Indian: they at least granted him a soul. Therefore, the approach in Latin America, thanks largely to people like Bartolomé de las Casas, the first Bishop of Mexico, was to assimilate and convert, to include the Indian, which resulted in the mestizo reality of the region. Initially the Indians yielded themselves to the Spaniards, and resisted too late. What remained after the conquest was a people of superimposed pasts that every Latino carries in his or her bones—the continuity of several thousand years of history. It is this facing between two pasts, between two civilizations that provides the Latino with an internal dialectical force that lies fallow. Octavio Paz powerfully demonstrates the emergence and confluence of the Indian and the Spanish traditions in the frenzy of the festival.⁶ In a recent article Paz states that festival is what makes the Latino *political*. It is a sign and time of resistance. Earlier Paz had written:

... modern time, linear time, the homologue of the idea of progress and history, ever propelled into the future, the time of the sign nobody, of the fierce will to dominate nature and tame instincts, the time of publication, aggression and self-mutilation—is coming to an end.⁷

The myth of the eternal return frees us; it is the return of the revolution as festival. Festival celebrates the other, communion; *la fiesta* is Dionysiac, frenzy, voluptuousness, color. It is a communion that is participation not separation, joining not breaking away, a great coming together, a bathing in the waters of the eternal return, in the primordial waters of beginning. It is baptism, renewal, transformation, a fundamentally different existence beyond the Anglo-Saxon purity and impurity, the deferral of pleasure and repression that separates us from our bodies, one another, and the world. But above all festival, fiesta time, is the victory of the love of the body, renewed, re-created, redeemed. The spirit

5 "Reflections: Mexico and the United States," *The New Yorker*, September 17, 1979, p. 140.

6 Ibid.

7 "Twilight of Revolution," *Dissent* 21, no. 1 (Winter 1974).

of the eternal return rejects the linear one-dimensional search for a future and roots us firmly in the present, here and now. But the here and now is past, present, and future fulfilled in a new incarnation of who we are. Thus if a society is essentially defined by its concept of time, there can be no more glaring difference between the Latino and the Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon, as Philip Slater has written, lives for the future, saving money for the sake of money, deferring pleasure and relationships and sees pleasure and festival as a waste because it is a loss of money and power.⁸

It is because of our rootedness in an incarnate spirit that knows itself in festival and erotic connections that we, as Latinos, must not allow ourselves to turn against the body as Anglo-Saxon society would have us do. We have to act as a countercommunity, a countersign to the stunted lives based on the war of all against all. To begin with ourselves, with our bodies is a point of reconciliation of ourselves with ourselves and with others; it is also a point of departure leading beyond the body, to the other. We have an opportunity to stand as a symbol of what every person is capable of—a new creation. According to Octavio Paz this is the age of *el quinto sol* (“the fifth sun”), the era of motion, of earthquakes, of the collapse of the pyramid of established power—this parallels the historical situation in which the whole world is living. We will not be saved by power and stability but by the capacity for change.⁹ We can be a people characterized by resistance, a subversive people, through whom a different spirit speaks. We can manifest humanity’s hope of renewal. We cannot afford to be absorbed, fused, or bought off. To hang on to our Indian-Spanish past is to reaffirm festival, the body, death and rebirth, the erotic, the present here and now, the love of the other, and the resources within our creative selves.

There are universal resources to be rediscovered in our Indian and European heritage that speak of hope, creation, love, and community. It will be our task to educate ourselves to these sources of transformation both those within our Indian/Hispanic roots and those that are to be discovered here in our new land. To bring together countertraditions from both cultures is to affirm that our sources speak in all times and places. We are the crucibles of the new incarnation of the sources. If none of us are at home in the system, we have ourselves and each other once again; it is all that we have, and it is more than enough.

Politics is more than laws and the implementation of them through a constitution and governing parties. It has to do with participation in the building of human community. The institutions that are created are the result of the linkages or patterns by which people have chosen to bind themselves in a social

8 *Earthwalk* (New York: Bantam Books, 1972).

9 Octavio Paz, *The Other Mexico: Critique of the Pyramid*, trans. Lysander Kemp (New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1972), p. 105.

union. Therefore, politics of its very origin and nature presupposes a human-made network of human relationships that can be put out of business to form new institutions. In this sense we are all (and must be) political. And now we are ready, finally, to redefine, to transform our solitude. The quality of this solitude is fundamentally different from that of docile solitude; the retreat that we speak of here is temporary not permanent. It is a withdrawal into ourselves to seek the strength and creativity to return to our people to make concrete and act out the vision that was revealed to us in our solitude. This is a solitude with a transformative purpose. Our time has come not because we are on the cover of *Time* but because our period of gestation is over. Again we are called upon to be the fathers and mothers of the divine by giving birth to the divine child—our new selves—so that we shall be as gods, cocreators made in the image and likeness of God:

The hibernation is over. I must shake off the old skin and come up for breath. There's a stench in the air, which from this distance underground, might be the smell either of death or of spring—I hope of spring. But don't let me trick you, there *is* a death in the smell of spring and in the smell of thee as in the smell of me. . . . And I suppose it's damn well time. . . . Even hibernations can be overdone, come to think of it. Perhaps that's my greatest social crime, I've overstayed my hibernation, since there's a possibility that even an invisible man has a socially responsible role to play.¹⁰

This is the essence of alienation: we repress our feelings, lose control of our actions to set roles. To politicize people is to put back into the hands of the people themselves their own relationships which are the means to build human community. This is what it means to participate in the creation, nourishment, and destruction of human relationships. When the human institutions by which we structure life become destructive, it is our right and duty to put them out of business. This is the essence of nonviolence. To create conflict and change, to initiate the breaking of such patterns is to love one another enough to create an opportunity for both sides to experience themselves afresh.

The inherited patterns into which we were socialized can now be used in a new way, as created patterns. For example, the inherited isolation that was so debilitating can now be freely chosen to create something fundamentally new. But for isolation to be creative it must be a temporary strategy. In the final analysis the most revolutionary people in a time of breakdown will be those persons who can create new relationships among strangers. Whoever shares with Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, or Cubans a consciousness of wanting to build a society in the

¹⁰ Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man* (New York: Random House, 1952), pp. 567-68.

service of others—these people too will belong to *La Raza*, *Boricua*, and *el Pueblo*. In this way the original meaning of such phrases will have been transformed. Once a sense of identity has been achieved, it is necessary to move beyond the initial exclusivity of the original meaning. By redefining the concept to include people who share common joys and sorrows is to demonstrate that ethnic identities belong to humankind. *Boricua* and *La Raza*, therefore, are no longer statements of color, language, or race as much as they are phrases indicating a consciousness—a consciousness of creating linkages with others in justice.

The politics of transformation, or if you prefer, permanent revolution, is always taking the next concrete step in the creation, nourishment or destruction of the next encounter. It is a process whereby the black worker (or the Puerto Rican and Chicano farm worker) for the first time opens up construction (agricultural) unions to his membership, comes to recognize what kind of housing he is helping to not build, recognizes through his work and its immediate rewards new aspects of his own being, struggles to alter the leadership of his union, etc., etc. Transformation is not salvation but sanctification of human relations, never perfection but an imperfection, but ever renewed movement toward networks of wholeness.¹¹

11 "Transformation and the Source of the Fundamentally New," Manfred Halpern, prepared for annual Meeting of the American Political Science Association, September 1, 1974, p. 42.