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Dworkin forever! ♥️Also, if we were not invisible to ourselves, we would see that most women can bear, and have for centuries borne, any anguish–physical or mental–for the sake of those they love. It is time to reclaim this kind of courage too, and to use it for ourselves and each other. For us, historically, courage has always been a function of our resolute commitment to life. Courage as we know it has developed from that commitment. We have always faced death for the sake of life; and even Dworkin forever! ♥️Also, if we were not invisible to ourselves, we would see that most women can bear, and have for centuries borne, any anguish–physical or mental–for the sake of those they love. It is time to reclaim this kind of courage too, and to use it for ourselves and each other. For us, historically, courage has always been a function of our resolute commitment to life. Courage as we know it has developed from that commitment. We have always faced death for the sake of life; and even in the bitterness of our domestic slavery, we were sustained by the knowledge that we were ourselves sustaining life. “Women strive for passivity, because women want to be good. The abuse evoked by that passivity convinces women that they are bad. Even a woman who strives conscientiously for passivity sometimes does something. That she acts at all provokes abuse. The abuse provoked by that activity convinces her that she is bad.”“When one is consistently and exclusively rewarded for hurting oneself by conforming to demeaning or degrading rules of behavior; when one is consistently and inevitably punished for accomplishing, or succeeding, or asserting; when one is battered and rammed, physically and/or emotionally, for any act or thought of rebellion, and then applauded and approved of for giving in, recanting, apologizing; then masochism does indeed become the cornerstone of one’s personality.”“She polices and punishes herself; but should this internal value system break down for any reason, there is always a psychiatrist, professor, minister, lover, father, or son around to force her back into the feminine flock.”“By the time we are women, fear is as familiar to us as air. It is our element. We live in it, we inhale it, we exhale it, and most of the time we do not even notice it. Instead of ‘I am afraid,’ we say, ‘I don’t want to.’ or ‘I don’t know how.’ or ‘I can’t.’”“They, the masculinists, have told us that they write about the human condition, that their themes are the great themes: love, death, heroism, suffering, history itself. They have told us that our themes–love, death, heroism, suffering, history itself–are trivial because we are, by our very nature, trivial.”“For the female, the capacity to love is exactly synonymous with the capacity to sustain abuse and the appetite for it. For the woman, the proof of love is that she is willing to be destroyed by the one whom she loves, for his sake. For the woman, love is always self-sacrifice, the sacrifice of identity, will, and bodily integrity.”“Sophie Tolstoy wrote: ‘And the main thing is not to love. See what I have done by loving him so deeply! It is so painful and humiliating; but he thinks that it is merely silly. “You say one thing and always do another.” But what is the good of arguing in this superior manner, when I have nothing in me but this humiliating love and a bad temper, and these two things have been the cause of all my misfortunes, for my temper has always interfered with my love. I want nothing but his love and sympathy, and he won’t give it to me; and all my pride is trampled in the mud; I am nothing but a miserable crushed worm, whom no one wants, whom no one loves, a useless creature with morning sickness, and a big belly, two rotten teeth, and a bad temper, a battered sense of dignity, and a love which nobody wants and which nearly drives me insane. Does anyone really think that things have changed so much since Sophie Tolstoy made that entry in her diary on October 25, 1886? And what would you tell her if she came here today, to her sisters? Would you have handed her a vibrator and taught her how to use it? Would you have given her the techniques of fellatio that might better please Mr. Tolstoy? Would you have suggested to her that her salvation lay in becoming a ‘sexual athlete’? Learning to cruise? Taking as many lovers as Leo did? Would you tell her to start thinking of herself as a ‘person’ and not as a woman?”“Men tell us that they too are ‘oppressed.’ They tell us that they are often in their individual lives victimized by women – by mothers, wives, and ‘girlfriends.’ They tell us that women provoke acts of violence through our carnality, or malice, or avarice, or vanity, or stupidity. They tell us that their violence originates in us and that we are responsible for it. They tell us that their lives are full of pain, and that we are its source. They tell us that as mothers we injure them irreparably, as wives we castrate them, as lovers we steal from them semen, youth, and manhood–and never, never, as mothers, wives, or lovers do we ever give them enough.”“That means that we will have to divest ourselves of the identity we have been trained to as females–that we will have to divest ourselves of all traces of the masochism we have been told is synonymous with being female.”“Men consider intellectual accomplishment to be a function of phallic identity, and so we are intellectually incompetent, by their definition. Men consider moral acuity to be a function of phallic identity, and so we are consistently characterized as vain, malicious, and immoral creatures.”“In a male supremacist culture, the male condition is taken to be the human condition, so that, when any man speaks–for instance, as an artist, historian, or philosopher–he speaks objectively–that is, as someone who has, by definition, no special bone to pick, no special investment which would slant his view; he is somehow an embodiment of the norm. Women, on the other hand, are not men. Therefore women are, by virtue of male logic, not the norm, a different, lower order of being, subjective rather than objective, a confused amalgam of special bones to pick which make our perceptions, judgments, and decisions untrustworthy, not credible, whimsical.”“The kinds and categories of mythic male heroes are numerous. A man can be a hero if he climbs a mountain, or plays football, or pilots an airplane. A man can be a hero if he writes a book, or composes a piece of music, or directs a play. A man can be a hero if he is a scientist, or a soldier, or a drug addict, or a disc jockey, or a crummy mediocre politician. A man can be a hero because he suffers and despairs; or because he thinks logically and analytically; or because he is ‘sensitive’; or because he is cruel. Wealth establishes a man as a hero, and so does poverty. Virtually any circumstance in a man’s life will make him a hero to some group of people and has a mythic rendering in the culture–in literature, art, theater, or the daily newspapers.”“When a woman violates a rule which spells out her proper behavior as a female, she is singled out by men, their agents, and their culture as a troublemaker. The rebel’s isolation is real in that she is avoided, or ignored, or chastised, or denounced. Acceptance back into the community of men, which is the only viable and sanctioned community, is contingent on her renunciation and repudiation of her deviant behavior. Every girl as she is growing up experiences this form and fact of isolation. She learns that it is an inevitable consequence of any rebellion, however small. By the time she is a woman, fear and isolation are tangled into a hard, internal knot so that she cannot experience one without the other. The terror which plagues women at even the thought of being ‘alone’ in life is directly derived from this conditioning.”“This physical act of giving birth requires physical courage of the highest order. It is the prototypical act of authentic physical courage. One’s life is each time on the line. One faces death each time. One endures, withstands, or is consumed by pain. Survival demands stamina, strength, concentration, and will power. No phallic hero, no matter what he does to himself or to another to prove his courage, ever matches the solitary, existential courage of the woman who gives birth.”“Sadly, we are as invisible to ourselves as we are to men. We learn to see with their eyes–and they are near blind. Our first task, as feminists, is to learn to see with our own eyes!”“As long as we have life and breath, no matter how dark the earth around us, that sun still burns, still shines. There is no today without it. There is no tomorrow without it. There was no yesterday without it. That light is within us–constant, warm, and healing.”. . .more Last Days at Hot Slit: The Radical Feminism of Andrea Dworkin Andrea Dworkin, eds. Johanna Fateman and Amy Scholder Semiotext(e), \$17.95 (paper) When Andrea Dworkin died of heart disease in 2005, at age fifty-eight, U.S. feminism lost its most inflammatory voice. Between Women Hating (1974), her transcultural examination of women in history and fairy tales, and Heartbreak (2002), her aptly-titled memoir of activism, Dworkin burned a path through the gender and culture wars. Unlike many of her fellow second-wave feminists, Dworkin’s crusade was more existential—and less pragmatic—than a fight for equal rights, equal pay, and a woman in every boardroom. She wanted to destroy patriarchy altogether, along with its kindred evils: capitalism, racism, homophobia, war, and, most urgently, rape. “The commitment to ending male dominance as the fundamental psychological, political, and cultural reality of earth-lived life is the fundamental revolutionary commitment,” she wrote in 1974. Her tone was combative. Gloria Steinem likened her to an Old Testament prophet; the critic Laura Miller compared her to Jonathan Edwards, the evangelist whose sermons of a wrathful God terrified colonial parishioners into suicide. Dworkin did have something of a preacher’s scorched moral indignation, an eloquence borne of her own experiences as a prostitute, rape survivor, and battered wife. And like any great firebrand, she did not brake for nuance. Dworkin had something of a preacher’s scorched moral indignation, an eloquence borne of her own experiences as a prostitute, rape survivor, and battered wife. Her words elicited mixed emotions. “Decorum requires accentuating the positive when speaking of the recently deceased,” read an op-ed by Cathy Young published in the Boston Globe nine days after Dworkin died. “Here, there is little positive to accentuate, except for a badly missed talent and a badly misdirected passion.” Few eulogists could resist a jibe at Dworkin’s appearance, which had become synonymous with what critics saw as her unappealing and feral rhetoric. “Dworkin was a living visual stereotype—the feminist as fat, hairy, makeup-scorning, unkempt lesbian.” Katha Pollitt wrote in the Nation. “Perhaps that was one reason she was such a media icon—she ‘proved’ that feminism was for women who couldn’t get a man.” One analysis found that Dworkin’s physical appearance was mentioned in 61 percent of obituaries and postmortems. Yet few could deny Dworkin’s seismic influence. She remains one of those rare public intellectuals about whom people have opinions without having read a word she wrote. The cocktail party synopses of her work—she hated men; all sex is rape; she was a humorless feminazi—is either untrue or true the way a funhouse mirror is true. Last Days at Hot Slit, a new collection of excerpts from Dworkin’s speeches, nonfiction, and novels, aims to fumigate her toxic legacy. Almost fifteen years after her death, there is a rigor mortised quality to some of her ideas, a sense that she was at odds with the 1980s and is even more at odds with life now, as when she attacks pornography and implicates its consumers in rape. But Last Days also reveals a more measured writer than many might remember. Dworkin was a talented stylist, and however aggrieved or incensed her arguments, she expressed them with meticulous lucidity. And even occasional wit, as when she addressed a roomful of men in 1983: “Have you ever wondered why we are not just in armed combat against you? It’s not because there’s a shortage of kitchen knives in this country. It is because we believe in your humanity, against all the evidence.” The book also highlights Dworkin’s vulnerability, a trait that subsequent caricatures all but obliterated. Indeed, Last Days at Hot Slit may find a more receptive audience today than Dworkin ever had during her lifetime. The last three years have seen the Women’s March and #MeToo, the tribulations of Hillary Clinton and Christine Blasey Ford. More women have been elected to Congress than ever before. More women are running for president than ever. Reassessments of Lorena Bobbitt and Monica Lewinsky—not to mention Shulamith Firestone and Valerie Solanas—have thrown clarifying light on recent decades’ folk tales. Ours is an era with an appetite for strong women and relentless, confrontational resistance. In this moment, then, it is possible that Dworkin will rise like some phoenix of female id, or the literary personification of that bygone rallying cry, “We’re mad as hell and we’re not going to take it anymore!” Perhaps the culture, with its many self-proclaimed “nasty women,” has finally caught up to Dworkin. • • • For Dworkin, mothers are enforcers who ‘administer the electric shocks to punish rebellion,’ all in the name of self-defense. After all, a woman who questions patriarchy puts herself at grave risk. Dworkin was born to a working-class Jewish family in Camden, New Jersey. “A cold, hard, corrupt city,” she calls it in Life and Death (1997), but also, auspiciously, the city of Walt Whitman. Her mother was often bedridden with heart disease; her father was at work more than at home, juggling two or three jobs to pay his wife’s medical bills. From an early age, Dworkin exhibited the anti-authoritarianism that became her hallmark. In “My Life as a Writer,” she explains: I saw adults as gatekeepers who stood between me and the world. I hated their evasions, rules, lies, petty tyrannies. I wanted to be honest and feel everything and take everything on. I didn’t want to be careful and narrow the way they were. I thought a person could survive anything, except maybe famine and war, or drought and war. When I learned about Auschwitz, my idea of the unbearable became more specific, more informed, sober and personal. Dworkin was “infatuated” with her mother, who, according to Dworkin, mistook her daughter’s independence for defiance. “I knew that she might really die, and maybe I would be the cause, as they all kept saying,” Dworkin wrote. “I had to make a choice: follow by rote her ten-thousand rules of behavior for how a girl must act, think, look, sit, stand—in other words, cut out my own heart; or repeatedly strip-searched and subjected to invasive exams with a speculum. Upon her release, she wrote a blunt account of her mistreatment and mailed it to the press. The New York Times and other papers picked up the story, and eventually the city launched a grand jury investigation. Dworkin left for Greece, where she had an affair with an army officer and wrote poems and novels in the vein of her idols Jean Genet, Henry Miller, and Antonin Artaud. “I didn’t think something was important simply because it happened to me, and certainly the world concerned,” she later wrote of that period. “I knew that from the world’s point of view, though never my own, I was trash, the bottom.” If one survives abuse without permanent injury, the physical pain dims, recedes, ends. It lets go. The fear does not let go. The fear is the eternal legacy.’ She returned to the United States, resumed her studies at Bennington, and then left again in 1968, this time for Amsterdam. She was interested in writing about Provo, a Dutch countercultural movement that used nonviolent tactics to provoke violent responses from authorities. She fell in love with one of the group’s members and married him. Thus began the period of rape and domestic torture Dworkin chronicled in “A Battered Wife Survives,” one of her most harrowing essays: The memory of the physical pain is vague. I remember, of course, that I was hit, that I was kicked. I do not remember when or how often. It blurs. I remember him banging my head against the floor until I passed out. I remember being kicked in the stomach. I remember being hit over and over, the blows hitting different parts of my body as I tried to get away from him. I remember a terrible leg injury from a series of kicks. I remember crying and I remember screaming and I remember begging. I remember him punching me in the breasts. One can remember that one had horrible physical pain, but that memory does not bring the pain back to the body. Blessedly, the mind can remember these events without the body reliving them. If one survives without permanent injury, the physical pain dims, recedes, ends. It lets go. The fear does not let go. The fear is the eternal legacy. She escaped her abusive husband in 1971 and essentially lived on the lam for a year. She slept on floors, in communes, in half-abandoned movie theaters, in a deserted mansion on the German border, on a houseboat. A fellow expatriate, feminist Ricki Abrams, introduced Dworkin to feminist texts: Sexual Politics (1970) by Kate Millet, The Dialectic of Sex (1970) by Shulamith Firestone, and Sisterhood Is Powerful (1970) edited by Robin Morgan. In the basement of a Dutch nightclub where she was given a desk and a chair, Dworkin wrote Woman Hating. “[I]t was not a book written out of an ideology. It came out of an emergency, written half underground and in hiding.” The book premiered the provocative style that endeared Dworkin to many radical feminists while alienating women who prioritized civility. It is hard to imagine an activist today writing, for example, “We saw that we [women] were the ultimate house-wiggers, ass-licking bowing, scraping, shuffling fools.” Or: “The female manifests in her adult form—cunt. She emerges defined by the hole between her legs.” But the book reveals the extent to which Dworkin’s critique was systemic from the beginning, rooted as much in race and economics as gender. She castigates middle-class white women who benefit from their status at the expense of women of color. “One cannot be free, never, not ever, in an unfree world,” she wrote, adding that any attempt to “hold onto privilege and comfort . . . is destructive, criminal, and intolerable.” For the rest of her life, she wrote and spoke of sexism as the foundational template for every other injustice. Her next book, Our Blood (1976), laid the groundwork for the ultimately farcical anti-pornography campaign that consumed Dworkin for much of the 1980s and that made her a pariah to the left. “Men own the sex act,” she wrote; the language used to describe sex, the scenarios by which sex occurs, even sexual fantasies all bear the ancient copyright of male domination. And this domination is most concisely and repeatedly expressed as rape. For Dworkin, rape was as much an attitude, an aesthetic, as a literal assault: Rape is also effectively sanctioned by men who harass women on the streets and in other public places; who describe or refer to women in objectifying, demeaning ways; who act aggressively or contemptuously toward women; who tell or laugh at misogynistic jokes; who writes stories or make movies where women are raped and love it; who consumes or endorses pornography; who insults specific women or women as a group; who impedes or ridicules women in our struggle for dignity. Men who do or who endorse these behaviors are the enemies of women and are implicated in the crime of rape. One sees here flashes of who Dworkin became in the popular imagination: the militant who steamrolls over subtlety, who argues in absolutist terms, who sees no meaningful distinction between an off-color joke and rape. Dworkin castigated middle-class white women who benefit from their status at the expense of women of color. For her, sexism was the foundational template for every other injustice. In Pornography: Men Possessing Women (1981), Dworkin follows these lines of thought to their inevitable conclusion: “Pornography incarnates male supremacy.” Beginning in 1980, Dworkin and feminist legal scholar Catharine MacKinnon

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