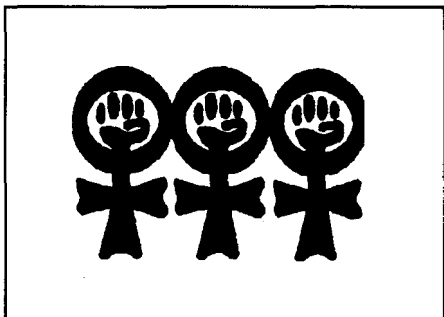


stop passing: stop passing and having feminism be part of a secret life. I am asking you not to apologize to anyone for doing it. I am asking you to organize political support for women who kill men who have been hurting them. They have been isolated and alone. This is a political issue. They're being punished, because at some moment in their lives, they resisted a domination that they were expected to accept. They stand there in jail for us, for everyone one of us who got away without having to pull the trigger, for everyone of us who lived to tell about getting away without having the trigger on us. I'm asking you to stop men who beat women. Get them jailed or get them killed. But stop them. I am not asking you to be martyrs. I am saying that we have been talking for 20 years. And I am saying that men who rape make a choice to rape. And men who beat women make a choice to beat women. And we women now have choices that we have to make to fight back. And I am asking you to look at every single political possibility for fighting back. Instead of saying I asked him, I told him, but he just wouldn't stop. All right? We need to do it together. We need to find ways to do it together. But we need to do it.

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ANDRINE LEDUC

The Spiral

The darkness supplicates and beckons indicating the spiral. Curiosity tugs at the conscious mind while somewhere deeper a warning sounds. What waits there?

There is no escaping these thoughts as the images float by faster and more replete. The spirit, now hungry, reaches out to grasp the mind and pull it deeper into the spiral.

Eyes filled with wonder gaze back at eyes filled with dread. For surely this is the place where darkness lives. Now the separate parts of the self begin to agonize. Perception and reality come face to face while the ego tries to dance in between, swaying to the rhythms of learned behaviour. The battle becomes fierce as the ego calls on all of the self-sacrificing emotions. Scurrying to erect barriers now fallen, perception becomes a momentary ally in the presence of such veracity.

Down, down. Deeper and deeper. The spiral becomes light. Standing in the center is the Self. Not speaking or emoting — just standing. Waiting for this time that has come too swiftly now.

What is the self? It is nothing. It is everything? It is naked. It is clothed. It has no name and can be called anything. It has not power and in so being it has all power. It asks nothing but acceptance.

The challenge now is to accept the self as being nothing and as being everything while being mindful that true acceptance is found within the nothing.

At this the ego weeps and perception falls away for the moment. The eyes now stare back without thought or concern. Empty yet pregnant. All questions answered.

Nothing left now but choices.