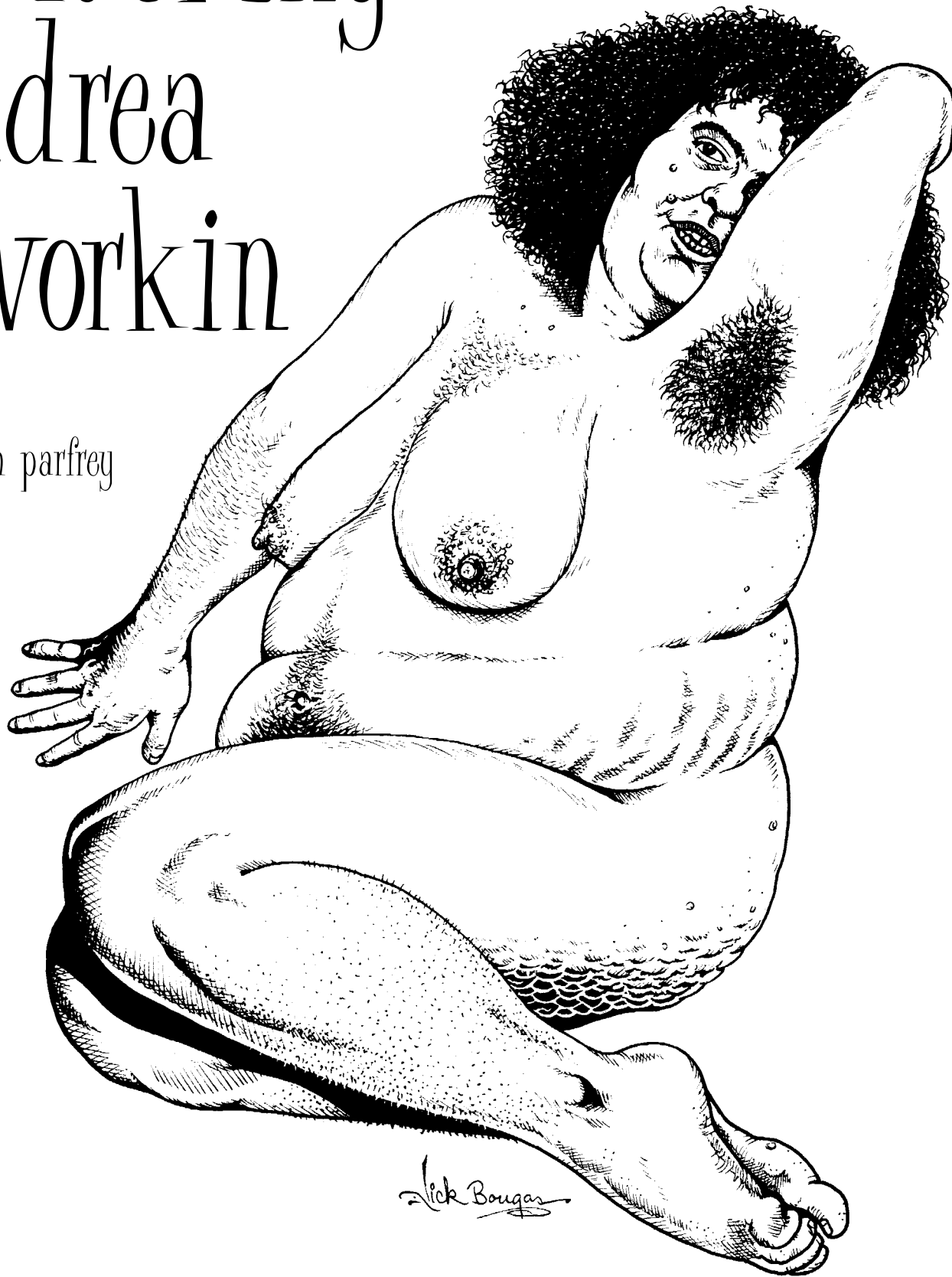


fucking andrea dworkin

by adam parfrey





The browbeaters are what I term the Integrationist Feminists, those who like their cock on call. The Segregationist Feminists are harridans who don't like cock at all.

Pachydermlike Andrea Dworkin may be the uncrowned queen of Segregationist Feminism in its present incarnation. Her book *Intercourse* has become the touchstone of contemporary feminist theory. Part literary criticism, part propaganda, and all elegant hysteria, *Intercourse* was written to further a simple program: to intellectually convince women to avoid the admittance of the male generative organ into connective friction with the vagina. And that's not all, fellas. Don't touch, but for God's sake, don't look, either. *Pornography*, Dworkin's earlier tract, advanced her conviction that hardcore pornography and softcore men's magazines together fuel homicidal violence against women. And for all her leftist caterwauling, Dworkin's authoring of anti-pornography legislation with comrade Catharine MacKinnon has earned her ovations on the dais with the likes of Edwin Meese and Phyllis Schlafly.

Don't make the mistake of confusing Dworkin's underdog vocabulary with empathy for anyone but her own kind. In *Intercourse*, Dworkin bases her equation of racism with heterosexual sex on the work of James Baldwin, a black homosexual. (The phallic braggarts of the Black Panther school she must, of course, pass by without so much as a word.) This is the same Dworkin who spells America with a "K" throughout her books, masking her own tyrannical will to prohibit other peoples' happiness with the argot of the oppressed. She descends to calling vital males "National Socialists" and the women who love them "collaborators." "That collaboration," she rants in *Intercourse*, "fully manifested when a woman values her lover, the National Socialist, above any woman, anyone of her own kind or class or status, may have simple beginnings: the first act of complicity that destroys self-respect, the capacity for self-determination and freedom—reaching the body for the fuck instead of for freedom." In other words, Dworkin denies the bond of the male-female relationship, taunting women as Nazi collaborators who value their boyfriend or husband "above any woman." What Dworkin wants is an inversion of loyalty, for women to run to the call of Sappho and Sisterhood and to tar and feather their male oppressors.

It is clear that the abolition of pornography will not suffice as the end goal of Ms. Dworkin's program. What will it take to calm Andrea Dworkin, to quell her tirades, to fill the yawning chasm of her sense of injustice?

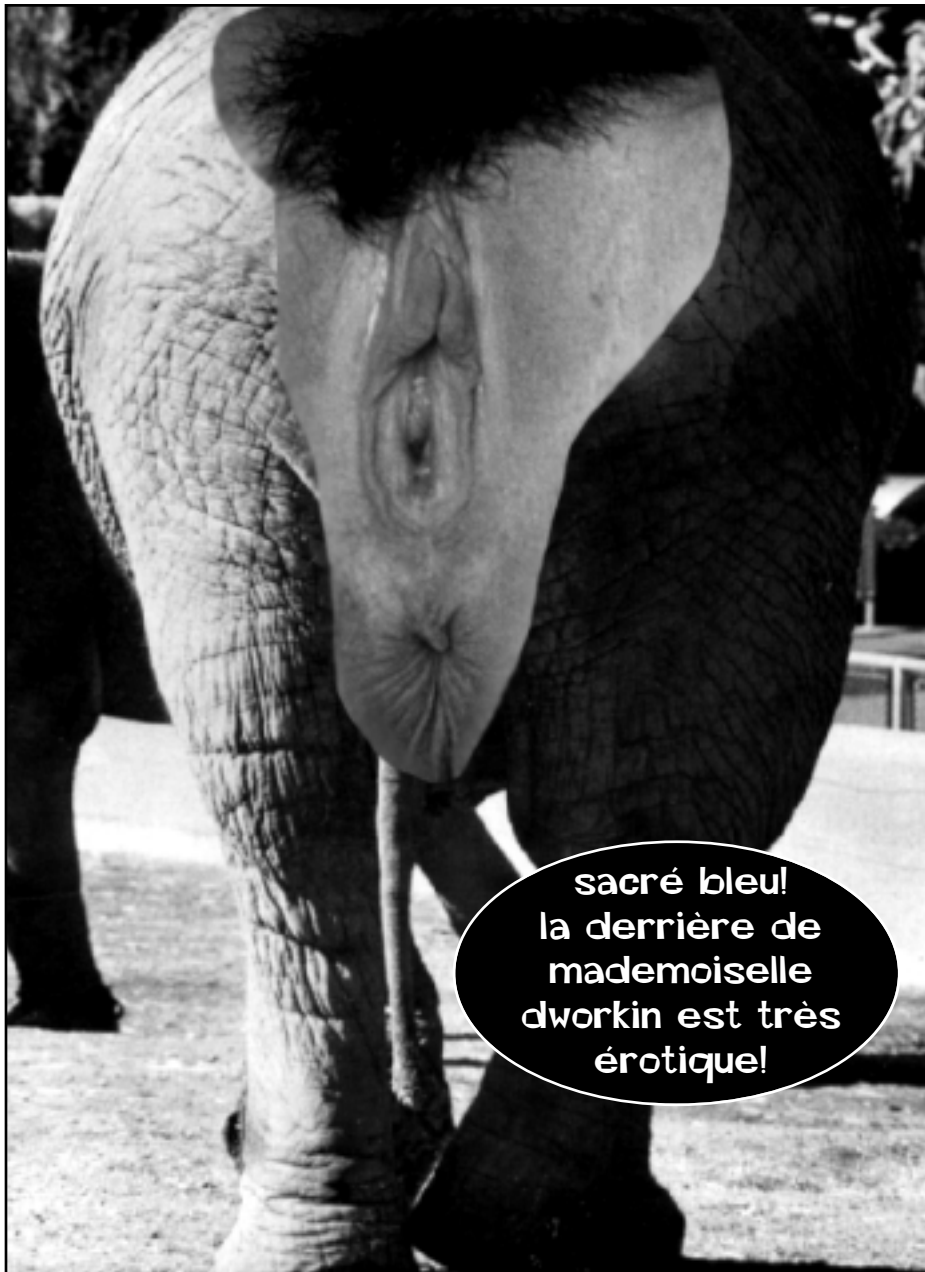
Men, flop your tube steaks on the chopping blocks. Dworkin wants your cocks for mulch. Fucking, dilates Dworkin, annihilates the woman, overwhelming her with a sense of

You've seen the section in bookstores—"Women's Studies," a jumble of lesbian propaganda disguised as clinical research into straight sex lives; the "blessed-be's" and hairy-legged tracts of so-called "white witches"; cunt coloring books; coy celebrations of menstruation and other uterine mysteries; spurious archaeology fabricating a golden, peaceful age of matriarchy; and, most entertainingly, violent screeds calling for male gendercide. Very few males blunder into this "pedagogy of the oppressed," and fewer still actually ingest the suffocatingly righteous blithering.

Not that they're invited to. Women's Studies are *by* women *for* women, a gender-exclusive club appropriating the wardrobe of third-world rhetoric. This is the language of the *victim*, a screeching vocabulary of complaint and revolt against the despotic tyranny of men. Male despots are not welcome to enter into dialogue with the Women's Studies club unless they check their testosterone at the door, guiltily accept the "bad guy" rap, and cluck their tongues against the miscreants of their own gender who stubbornly deny female moral superiority. These de-juiced specimens can be viewed to best advantage in college towns, their concave chests cuddling the bastard offspring of Birkenstock-shod mates who are busy passing out petitions for the removal of *Penthouse* from convenience stores.

During my own college days, misspent in a feminist stronghold ninety miles south of San Francisco, I observed backsliding impulses among even the staunchest "sisters," a yearning, one might even say *craving*, for men who weren't (I often heard them use this word) wimps. Gloria Steinem would go ashen at the sight of this river of liberal-arts cooze virtually throwing themselves at males who hadn't succumbed to the program and were thus capable of ardor in their fucking, men who were (by feminist definition) pigs. In fact, the weak-willed males, hang-dog looking with scraggly beards and wire-rimmed glasses, so sympathetic to the feminist struggle, received the major share of female contempt. They were tolerated as toadies and taken to bed as cut-rate dildos.

A dozen years have passed since those disheartening days spent under the specter of stentorian vaginas and pipsqueak penises. Since then, there seems to have been a gradual return to male and female archetypes, to scenarios of mystery and seduction. Of the former feminists, the more attractive of them got down to the business of finding and keeping a mate, while, in most cases, the less attractive grew more sophisticated and militant in their man-hatred. Do not presume, amidst these generalities, the disappearance of victimized rhetoric from the lip-glossed mouths of erstwhile suffragettes. That would be asking too much. A feminist litany remains ever at hand to badger and browbeat husbands and boyfriends into sheepish admission of egregious maleness.



sacré bleu!
la derrière de
mademoiselle
dworkin est très
érotique!

possession that ultimately leads to degradation and death. (That is, she allows, when the sex is good.) "That loss of self," writes Dworkin in the chapter entitled "Possession," "is a physical reality, not just a psychic vampirism; and as a physical reality it is chilling and extreme, a literal erosion of the body's integrity and its ability to function and survive.... This sexual possession is a sensual state of being that borders on anti-being until it ends in death. The body dies, or the lover discards the body when it is used up, throws away an old, useless thing, emptied, like an empty bottle. The body is used up; and the will is raped."

Intercourse invokes the propaganda technique popularized by Julius Streicher. The enemy is portrayed as a vampire that is at once morally subhuman and yet preternaturally powerful and dangerous.

Dworkin's full-tilt fictions are not some private exorcism of grief and rage, but rather a bellows to fan the flames of righteous hysteria in order to seize, ban, burn, and extirpate. Because she plays the role of violated victim, Dworkin is given license to practice what she assails in the penis-ed people, that is, the unleashing of sadistic vengeance on an entire gender and sexual preference.

Remember that Dworkin contributed to the Meese Commission's inquest on pornography and helped Catharine MacKinnon to enact Canada's Tariff Code 9956, to ban the importation and sale of all materials "which depict or describe sexual acts that appear to degrade or dehumanize...." This incredibly broad and subjective code could be interpreted in such a way as to proscribe most books published, including the Bible and Dworkin's own screeds. (A Canadian customs agent once

seized a shipment of one of Dworkin's books for several hours but then quickly released them, apologizing for the "mistake.") In practice, Tariff Code 9956 anally penetrates publishers too penurious to initiate costly lawsuits to fight government seizures, as well as pro-sex lesbian bookshops that make a living selling the now-banned works of Pat Califa and Susie Bright.

According to the blurbs of praise that fill *Intercourse's* book jacket: "...Dworkin analyzes the institution [!] of sexual intercourse, and how that institution, as defined and controlled by patriarchy, has proven to be a devastating enslavement of women" (Robin Morgan); "Dworkin's prose is elegant, her passion for truth profound, her longing for justice both lyrical and unrelenting, her use of history and literature stunning, her understanding of racism, antisemitism, and misogyny lucid, palpable" (Phyllis Chesler); "The book is outstanding, original, and an act of forbidden rebellion" (Shere Hite).

Shere Hite, perpetrator of *The Hite Report* on male and female sexuality, is described by Dworkin in *Intercourse* as "the strongest feminist and most honorable philosopher among sex researchers...." Dworkin is, of course, grateful for Hite's statistics which claim that only three women in ten attain orgasm during intercourse. Dworkin brandishes this statistic to underscore the uselessness of cock for women's pleasure. Later, she again quotes Hite's suggestion for heterosexual sex in which "thrusting would not be considered... necessary... [There might be] more a mutual lying together in pleasure... vagina-covering-penis, with female orgasm providing much of the stimulation necessary for male orgasm."

Hite's prescription for thrust-free, "mutual lying together," "vagina-covering-penis" sex demands complete passivity from the male. As Hite suggests in bold type in a later chapter of her *Hite Report*, "Intercourse can become androgynous." No thrusting and exploring for Hite's males, no sir, this is woman's eminent domain. A man is to lie on his back, hold his breath, and stay perfectly still until the woman has squirmed her way to a cum atop a stationary and never-threatening-to-be-dominant ding-dong. This is the only mention of a male-female sex procedure that Dworkin even mildly approves of throughout the entire length of *Intercourse*. One must assume that Dworkin sanctions this ridiculous posture only as an interim measure designed to wean women of their desire for cock entirely.

One wonders, however, what the porn-thwacking Dworkin must think of the nude, cunt-splayed photos taken in 1968 of the massive-muffed and Tampax-stringed Hite that were eventually displayed in *Hustler's* April 1977 issue. Or what Dworkin had to say to Germaine Greer for her toes-to-the-ceiling, cunt-to-the-camera shenanigans in the Amsterdam sex paper, *Suck*, in the mid-seventies.

I suppose Dworkin was not about to split cunt hairs over the issue, especially with ideological comrades. All this taken into account, how are we to take Germaine Greer's blurb on *Intercourse's* front cover: "The most shocking book any feminist has yet written." Shocking in what sense? In the quality of its fantasy, its idiocy, or its hatred?

At the risk of contradicting Ms. Greer, the most extreme feminist tract has got to be Valerie Solanas's *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*, the handbook of the Society for Cutting Up Men. Solanas, who shot and almost killed Andy Warhol in the late sixties, pleads for women to "destroy the male sex." Norman Mailer, who quotes from the *Manifesto* in his meditation on feminist writing, *The Prisoner of Sex*, provides insight into why the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* was reprinted in the popular feminist anthology, *Sisterhood is Powerful*: "... the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*, while extreme, even extreme of the extreme, is nonetheless a magnetic north for Women's Lib." Though Dworkin neglects to list the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* in her extensive bibliography at the end of *Intercourse*, the spirit of Solanas's mandate is ever-present.

Just as humans have a prior right to existence over dogs by virtue of being more highly evolved and having a superior consciousness, so women have a prior right to existence over men. The elimination of any male is, therefore, a righteous and good act, an act highly beneficial to women as well as an act of mercy. (The *S.C.U.M. Manifesto*, p. 67.)

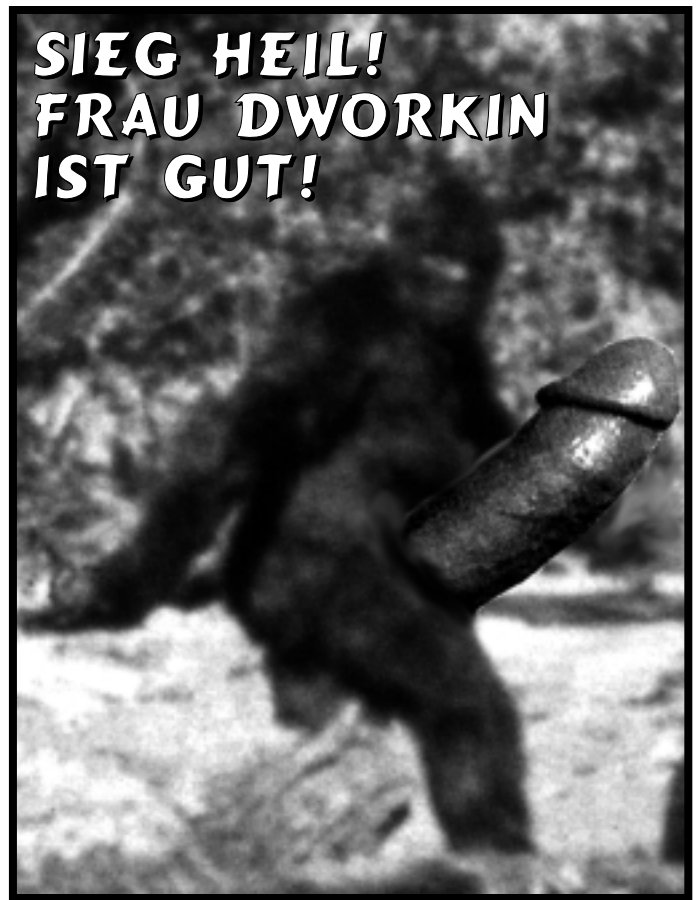
Magnetic north of the women's movement? Consider the Bobbitt case, in which Lorena's psychotic cock-cutting episode was elevated to a heroic call to action by various feminist groups; consider that bootleg pamphlets of the *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* have been circulating in women's bookstores for more than twenty years. Dworkin doesn't have Solanas's humor or her damningly explicit methodology of attaining an anti-male utopia, but she possesses the ingenuity of a modern major general. She knows how to employ all the weapons of a propaganda war: how to incite, persuade, and, most of all, bully.

Although Dworkin resembles the steatopygous Earth Mother, she doesn't pay much attention to the technology-equals-patriarchy arguments of Wiccan feminism. For Dworkin, technology will provide the way out of heterosexuality and intercourse:

It is not that there is no way out if, for instance, one were to establish or believe that intercourse itself determines women's lower status. New reproductive technologies have changed and will continue to change the nature of the world. Intercourse is not necessary to existence anymore. Existence does not depend on female compliance, nor on the violation of female boundaries, nor on lesser female privacy, nor on the physical occupation of the female body. Intercourse is the pure, sterile, formal expression of men's contempt for women; but that contempt can turn gothic and express itself in many sexual and sadistic practices that eschew intercourse per se. Any violation of a woman's body can become sex for men; this is the essential truth of pornography.

It is indeed strange for the morbidly obese, pus-ugly Andrea Dworkin to localize sexual intercourse as man's greatest expression of contempt for women. If forced at gunpoint to fuck Andrea Dworkin, my "contempt" for her would not reveal itself in a robust erection; to the contrary, my shrivel-dick would require the services of a geeklike proxy, such as those seen servicing the glandular atrocities in the *Life in the Fat Lane* porn video series.

In one of those weird twists of fate, Dworkin's real-life "platonic" live-in mate, John Stoltenberg, is rumored to be a biological male. Stoltenberg is infamous in New York City's publishing community as Dworkin's rabid lap dog, conveying threats and intimidation to those who do not indulge the whims of his tyrannical mentor. Dworkin's big-footed imprint is seen all over Stoltenberg's unintentionally hilarious books, *Refusing to be a Man* and *The End of Manhood*, which rather vainly inveigh against such biological verities as male genitalia and testosterone. Stoltenberg is the embodiment of one of Valerie Solanas's "Men's Auxiliary" members: "S.C.U.M. will conduct Turd Sessions," wrote Solanas, "at which every male present will give a speech beginning with the sentence: 'I am a turd, a lowly, abject turd,' then proceed to list all the ways in which he is."



Perhaps it is unfair to lump Dworkin in the feminist category, for her turgid hysteria has more in common with Carry Nation or the Marquis de Sade than Susan B. Anthony. Nowhere in Dworkin's writings or public appearances does she argue for the accumulation of rights or opportunities. That would be too dull for her. Recently I enjoyed the opportunity of seeing Dworkin lecture at Portland State University, where she recounted atrocity stories, cried, and flapped her arms, screaming for vengeance. But the shrill passion didn't succeed in whipping up inquisitorial hysteria in the pampered and comfortable middle-class femme contingent, probably for many of the same reasons why the JDL hasn't yet convinced Beverly Hills yentas to assassinate Holocaust Revisionists. Only a small portion of Dworkin's audience later participated in a march to a local jerk-off arcade, where a handful of bullydicks startled the raincoat rats with unladylike epithets. Too bad Andrea was too circumspect to take the axe to the peep booths.

Those who most treasure Dworkin's hysteria aren't mainstream feminists but prohibitionist paper-pushers and the fundamentalist right. I've envisioned a scene fit for a Jodorowsky movie in which Richard Viguerie and Jesse Helms go down on Dworkin and MacKinnon on a bed of severed penises.

In the end, it is understandable for Andrea Dworkin to wield the cudgel of victim politics against men. In our "rape culture," women like Dworkin aren't worthy of the trivialization accorded sex objects. They are rejected utterly. This rejection has obviously left its mark on Andrea Dworkin; it has honed a vengeful and crusading intelligence bent on evening the score. Let us not weaken and pity the Gorgon; the fig leaf of victimization is creating victims of us all. ■

Adam Parfrey publishes several high-quality books under the Feral House imprint, although someone told me it's really a front for the Masons. Send for a catalog to PO Box 3466, Portland, OR 97208. Like Howard Stern, Adam wants you to know that he's only half-Jewish.