

affected even without stopping to notice it by every response you give me. I experience your response.<sup>5</sup>

The danger, then, is not that by turning inward I might become isolated from others; on the contrary, the danger is that by too much responsiveness to others I might be diverted from my own self-awareness and isolated from myself.

The inward turn, rather than removing a person from contact with others, puts her into deeper and more satisfying relationships. This increase in self-knowledge heightens her sense of herself as a creator of meaning and of value, and permits her to imagine and respect that originality in other people.

By coming to recognize her own originality and autonomy in the area of meanings and values a person becomes more open to others, for she need no longer defend herself against the imposition of alien meanings and values. And a further

consequence of experiencing herself as a creative moral agent is her increased awareness of the futility of conversations, or even relationships, with people who seek to impose their absolutist values on her. She is then free to move toward supportive and mutually respecting interactions with others.

The further a person reaches into her own self, the further she can reach into deeper relations with others. Recognizing her own capacity for creativity and originality, she can imagine others to be creative and original as well. Real respect for herself leads to real respect for others. Autonomy, which leads to greater affiliation, is not to be confused with isolation. Affiliation is the condition and the consequence of identifying a personal realm of meaning and value.

<sup>1</sup>Carol Gilligan, *In A Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Develop-*

*ment* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1982), pp. 28-9.

<sup>2</sup>Jean Baker Miller, *Toward a New Psychology of Women* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1976), p. 19.

<sup>3</sup>Susie Orbach, *Fat is a Feminist Issue* (New York: Berkeley Books, 1983).

<sup>4</sup>Eugene Gendlin, *Experiencing and the Creation of Meaning* (New York: The Free Press of Glencoe, 1962), p. 9.

<sup>5</sup>Roberto Mangabeira Ungar, *Passion, An Essay on Personality* (New York: The Free Press, MacMillan, 1984); cited in *The New York Times* (July 8, 1984), Book Review Section, p. 24.

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I touch my meat  
red, bloody – raw and white  
fresh now – pure, for the moment  
smell the moistness  
succulent juices, tart and sweet  
aging well, quietly fermenting within  
muscle and bone – a tendon sheath  
I know the contours still  
taught, slippery – impressionable all the same  
marinated in good taste  
the odd basting in self-control

Pound for pound – prime cut – ripe  
to be devoured rare – well done in any medium

I draw my hand along the wetness  
searching out that wrinkled pink flesh  
most delicate filet in this musky tenderloin  
slicing through each meaty layer  
needing just one taste – wanting all  
stack upon stack of slithery slices

The morsel is found  
an arm's length away

I awake  
and there you stand  
Butcher-wrapped  
and ready to roast

**Sandra Dempsey**  
Calgary, Alberta

So pick it up and hold it  
like it's rare and old  
But you'll drop it in a minute  
or so I'm told  
You have a thought that's yours  
and it's oh so strong  
But so-and-so says otherwise  
maybe you're wrong

Now it's not so very long ago  
you held me high  
So you'll pardon my sadness  
as I watch you die  
It's not so much a question  
of liver and spunk  
But that age-old plummet  
to a wretched funk

So sue me for liable  
when I say you're dead  
But it wouldn't have hurt so  
if I'd seen ahead  
So much glitter and diamond  
hard to the core  
But the lion I loved  
barely squeaked a roar

I played my best cards  
and I bet all my trust  
But you folded early  
and now – I'm empty with lust

**Sandra Dempsey**  
Calgary, Alberta