

界定慾望與危險抉擇

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人類其中一種最重要的經驗，便是體現慾望的力量，以及承擔往往隨之而來的危險後果。這些經驗主導了我們人生大部份的抉擇，在我們身上留下印記，形塑我們，向我們展示我們從未想像過的路向，也在我們一生中，佔有重要但不易彰顯的意義。這些意義也需要我們一直與之協商；有時候慾望所帶來的後果並非我們原初以為選擇了的，但是性相(sexuality)特有的爆烈與撩動人心的力量，正是我們生而為人最寶貴、最卓越的天賦之一。

對於那些必須跨越危險地帶才能尋獲與認清心底慾望的我們而言，性相這股寶貴的力量，就像把銳利的刀子，刻刻在內心深處提醒我們究竟是誰，而且還有成為一切更多的，更接近真實的自我的能力。這些被社會所禁忌的酷兒性相形塑、改造及解放我們，只要我們夠膽與它相認，不論代價多大。也因為這趟相認的旅程及連帶付出的代價，我們才明白一個活生生的事實：性與慾望從來就是政治。作為被這些禁忌及非法的情色實踐形塑出來的我們，我們無法享有輕易遺忘的奢侈權利。如果我們的慾望和性別差異本就有種憤世嫉俗的美，那麼我們也應同時認清前面的路以及路上的難關重重。我們知道，每當我們把性帶入公共空間時，我們就必須與隨之而來的危險搏鬥以存活。

也是這個用危險與禁忌來為性下定義的政治現實，叫我驚詫於我國及不少地方的解放運動，竟無法掌握此政治現實無所不在的力量，如何形塑著他們的世界觀、他們對於壓迫和自由的定義，以及他們界定成功革命的視野。無論是泛左翼運動、主流的女性主義者、勞工 / 工會，乃至民權與跨國追求自由的運動，根本完全忽略這一政治事實。更可悲的是，現在多數的同志 / LGBT 運動為了滿足主流社會的眼光，也想把酷兒生活拗成「正常」。

我透過我的社群，活出作為一個酷兒、魅婆(high femme)、混血、白人女孩、勞工階級社運份子的樣子。這社群容許我同時是女同又是魅婆，接受兩種身份的本質與兩者之間的差異，而且把這些身份認真看待。在這個地方，一個有情色慾望、自主的婆樣個體，就如所有其他奇形怪狀、自我創造、活出管你他媽中意與否的各種身份，同樣神祕媚惑、複雜、性別無疆、反常到令人垂涎欲滴，共同佔領出一片廣大又英勇無恥的酷異宇宙。就如同世上許多少數部落一樣，我們為了求存，必須重新想像自身；建立起自己的性與性別身份，以我們極其美好的變態與挑釁的方式，活出我們的情色實踐：我們敢創造我們自身，並且敢活出我們的酷異。

坦白說，這個性相，足以讓我們進入狂喜的身心地帶，但也可以包含暴力、虐待、殘缺，以及深厚的矛盾情緒。我認為性與慾望既可潛藏奇妙力量，可以充滿革命性，但也可暗藏危險。要於此闖蕩從來不易，這裏最深層的恐懼也必需面對更深層的慾望、各自的歷史，以及國族國家的諸般後遺；每當我們嘗試尋求歡

樂，每當我們嘗試為自己命名，自覺要保持完整又要活出熱情時，這股充滿矛盾的狂潮都企圖將我們淹沒。

該死，我們甚至很難斷定我們的慾望究竟是什麼！可以在什麼地方了解性與慾望的各種可能樣貌？要如何學習領會身體與它變革的潛力、欣賞每個個體的情色獨特性，通過一邊學習去感受、學習提昇嗅覺、各種性踐行來發現自我，將自己交付給一個願意的伴，從而提昇知識和技巧？誰會願意幫助我們學習這些我們自覺需要知道的慾望實踐知識？這文化中哪有讓我們探索自身與其他人之間情色可能的空間？我們能從哪裡獲得性與性別的知識，卻得以免受無情的懲罰？我們珍惜性相的什麼，又跟誰呢？在何處我們可以不用付出慘重的代價，能夠做一個性別勇士或探索者，或者反過來做一個能愛慕渴望這些性別勇士和性別探索者的人？何等樣的解放運動，會願意宣稱這些——以及我們——為他們運動議程中最根本的部份？

我的個人歷史中有性暴力，在兒童與青少年時期也經歷過性虐待、侵害、拋棄。所以性，打從我一開始認識它，就與權力脫不了關係；性從來不是關乎選擇。它從來都是向著或為了別人，從未向著或為了我自己，更從來不是站在我的角度考量或進行。因此，一開始我接觸到慾望的政治與性解放的可能性時，我相當犬儒，好比一個情色無神論者，什麼也不信、處處懷疑、凡事都要人證明給我看的酷兒女孩。但有幸當我夠勇敢沿著最危險的慾望小徑前行，我終於發現了我的情

色和性需求。那一刻，一雙女人的手觸碰到我的身體，叫我感受到身體隨之綻放。

我重新奪回肉身的自我，然後是靈魂的。

青少年時期，我度過一段相當慘澹低潮的性旅程。當我找到酷兒性，發現 T 的存在時，人生中一場全新的性愛地景探索之旅因而展開。我體驗到 T 們精湛的天賦，次次搞到我由內到外翻天覆地。我終於發現到，性的各個元素完完全全屬於我，讓我重認我的身體、我的慾，重認性慾境界的龐大潛能。經過那許許多多包圍着我無言渴望的創傷與可怕的絕望，置我於寂寞、孤獨與沉默之後，我終於找回了我自己。

不過，孤獨一人、對自身各種慾望曾經感到羞恥與困惑，這是可怕的烙印。這時的我像是被流放了，暗啞無語，性的沉默深深埋沒了我的身體與想望，麻痺了所有一切我本可以大膽追求的性未來。當人們眉飛色舞地描述他們探索性所經驗到的愉悅及感官魅力，我完全無法感同身受；當我被問起自身的經驗時，我只有沈默不語。性於那時的我是工作，不是愉悅；作為一名專業性工作者，我從不搞錯是為誰而做。

但另一方面，我渴求女人的酷兒慾望，我渴求曾是男人又曾是女人的女人的這種加倍酷兒的慾望，讓我更是困惑，深深驚恐懷疑那究竟是怎麼一回事。那時我既是一個基進社運工作者、革命者，同時又是個性異端，有一半的生命活在我所相信的政治理念邊界之外。這嚇壞了我。我深恐這樣生活會導致我被所堅信的基進運動驅逐出來，這運動可是我花了整段成年歲月為之奮鬥的。那時我以為

我的慾望不正常，甚至似乎與我所屬運動關注的「真正」重大問題沒有任何關連。那些運動大致由種族、階級，以及為生理女性性別自由而戰；他們遍地開花，為了社會正義發動全面的抗爭。

不過，在我周圍看到的是性慾望的缺席。我們的運動中充滿了破碎的心靈與扭曲的靈魂、受傷的人，沒有任何工具去對待他們自身的性無知與對熱情的需求。他們的（或者說缺乏的）情慾活動，和他們的伴侶關係，總受制於他們新的政治理念中的種種界線。他們只有置身於運動的情境之下，才能感受到他們自身慾望的重要性。實際上，這造成狹小的世界觀與狹隘的政治。我開始討厭在那裏的自己，討厭我周圍所見的一切。

我曾以為「同志解放」的興起會補足那段失語，並消除對革命視野和行動的限制。開始時它確實做到了。那時候，公開展現酷兒性是極度被邊緣化的，也因此我們非常認真對待各種基進議題如性與慾望、性別身份、非單偶關係，以及何謂創造具有革命性，創造正面積極地對待性及情色的文化等，我們都很雀躍。那是曾幾美好的時光。

但與此同時，我們也讓不少人緊張。我們在左翼運動中普遍被當成不受歡迎的性少數。我們這群人，從變裝皇后、鐵 T、愉虐女同志、皮革男、魅婆女同、酷兒性工作者、基進天使 C、雙性戀社運份子，到各色難以命名分類的怪胎，不符合所謂正常規範，哪怕這些規範還是依據「基」的標準。我們站出來了！我們表現出讓其他更傳統的酷兒人士害怕的慾望。不過，我們並沒有完全被驅逐，我

們只是被默默容忍。因為現實的另一面是，我們所有人仍都必須去城裡同樣的區、前往同樣的俱樂部和酒吧、在同樣的泡點碰上（當然那些相當有錢的是例外）。大家都共享著身為局外人的性慾地景。當然，我們當中那些最大喇喇地秀出情色慾望和性別身份的人，還是會讓其他人感到尷尬難堪，但作為酷兒 / 怪咖，我們都被鄙視，所以無論是否屬於同一邊，我們個個都心知肚明，不論是酷兒或無底怪咖的更酷兒，我們反正都是一起暢泳在同樣墮落的「同性戀」浴池中。

然而，性與欲，及兩者必然是政治這概念，也曾經曇花一現地被認同過，曾經散發過力量。那時基進的我們，懂得革命理念等於必需渴求根本性的、反資本主義的改變，而且打死也不肯接受再被置之不理。即使並不長久，但我們的討論曾熱烈璀璨，打開最被禁忌的慾望；為了要佔領並開創全新的戰場，我們強悍無畏。

然後，來了愛滋。一場悲劇，一場我們從未見過或想像到的毀壞；它喚來一個慾望和性行為被妖魔化的時代，而且正是我們剛剛開始學習如何抗爭的時候。我不會過份追溯那段歷史，但容許我說我們是勇敢的，面對社群中極大的苦痛，我們彼此扶持。儘管那時狀況如此糟糕，儘管我們都被當成性賤民，但男同志、變裝皇后、拉子(dykes)、有色的酷兒男與他們的姐妹兄弟，以及其它社群中那些捍衛性與種族正義的戰士們，都衝著疫症及性感染病毒而來，站起來為性吶喊，竭力主張慾望的權利。我們拒絕因為我們的慾望或抗體狀態，就必須受到羞辱或

被人劃清界線。這是真正充滿恐懼的時刻，即使我們屢屢犯錯，但歷經過這一切之後，我們都輝煌、勇敢。

當然，疫症至今持續，即使 HIV 和愛滋議題在現今同運政治議程的優先排序中已經常常榜上無名。如今，隨著種族歧視與對有色社群的壓迫加劇，疫情在受壓迫的弱勢者之間蔓延。今天與 HIV 和愛滋搏鬥的人常常是窮人和酷兒、跨性別、新移民，或以上身分的組合。對我們社群的這些成員來說，社運和基進政治的行動力差不多已消失殆盡了。當下愛滋病衝擊最大的是窮人、被囚人士、用藥和有癮、新或非法移民，及露宿者社群中的酷兒。今天大多以白人、中產主導的同志 / LGBT 運動，並沒有將這些成員當作是他們優先看待的。現今同志 / LGBT 平權運動忙於爭取在大教堂中結婚與在美軍服役，因為我們以為通過某種立法保障平等就足夠了，是我們唯一能要求與獲得的權利。我們以為，只要這樣我們就能一唔，幾乎一得到我們想要的「正常」地位，這樣就夠了。所以當然，這時候，千萬不要看起來太酷兒就變得史無前例的重要。

那也就是為什麼，為了性和慾望的重要性而戰，在當下是如此重要。為了慾望而付出最高代價的那些人，往往是我們之中最酷兒的，他們的生活常常陷入貧困，被猖獗的種族主義與性別常規所惡意忽視；他們往往過於年老或過於年輕、過於慾望橫流或過於邊緣，所以都不認為不夠格。這將我帶回了過去那種孤獨、被遺棄於性羞恥、忽視和痛苦中的經驗。這就是為何這場戰鬥這麼至關重要，為了激情的重要意義與探索性慾的自由而戰。這一次，我們堅持為情色的力量與意

義作政治抗爭，並視為我們爭取解放過程中的必要元素。這也是為什麼我相信，追求人類自由的運動，必須以肯定人類的性慾，及以情色本能帶來的希望作根據地，並為此奮鬥。

人類的解放運動深埋在每一個人的生命、掙扎和希望中。事實是，政治抗爭必須包含人類的眾多性相與性別身份，而且必須明白，要創造新世界一個重點爭取的部份，就是搞懂這些身份與情色實踐的內涵，及搞懂如何透過這些身份與情色實踐來成就。

慾望與我們的需求和想望的對像不可分割，常常透露出我們的真實面目和來歷。當我凝視著父母的以及情人們的照片時，我看到了自己及我的伴們，同時我如何將現實中的不同經驗拼湊轉化成一個獨特的性愛情色生命。正是這條我所了解 and 成長歷經的道路，讓我得以超越我父母的情慾身份和他們的挫敗。我肯定是他們的女兒——一個混血、走歪了的白種低賤（white trash）生理女孩——不僅跨種族性愛在他們跟在我身上留痕，我的誕生就是來自、也是為了踰越界線，包含著危險、改變生命、連繫生命的，為了慾望的可能與代價所作的一系列抉擇。我活出那段歷史、他們的歷史，在我體內，體現於我的渴望和我對我的情人們所做的事上，也體現在那些我需要她們來渴望我的人，與需要她們為我做的事當中。我棲息在她們的欲望中，一如她們得以在我的慾望上馳騁；從這裡出發，冒著一切風險邁向更遠。這就是生命的框架，就是抗爭。

撇除慾望，沒有任何政治運動能夠成功：對正義的慾望、民主的慾望，對自由的慾望，渴求一套新的價值和方式重來一遍的狂野理想。所以，我們的成功在於我們這次能把多少這樣的視野搬上檯面。坦白講，我們被性欲成就的自我必需對我們所企圖革新創造的世界而言至關緊要。最後，讓性與慾望拒絕妥協或被馴服，在我們的政治中變得真正有意義，真正能活過來。最後，這一次，讓我們創造出一場夠勇猛以至有用的運動。也許這次，這樣，我們終於可以爆發——以強勁、卓越、龐大的視野與力量，改變世界。

DEFINING DESIRES and DANGEROUS DECISIONS

Amber HOLLIBAUGH

The power of desire and its often dangerous consequences are among the most important of human experiences, directing many of the choices we make throughout much of life. They mark and shape us, open us up in directions we never imagined possible, possess significance and hidden meanings we struggle with lifelong. Sometimes our desires lead to consequences we would never have chosen. But sex, and the ability it has to move and explode with a fierce power, is also one of the most precious and remarkable gifts we possess as human beings.

For those of us who have had to cross treacherous terrain in order to find and claim our desires, this valuable force remains a razor-sharp reminder, deep within our hearts, of who we really are—and of everything we truly can be. We have been shaped, deformed and liberated by the forbidden queer sexuality which we have dared to claim, regardless of the cost. Because of that journey, because of paying that price, we know as a lived reality that sex and desire are *political*. As people shaped by forbidden desires and outlawed erotic practices, we were never allowed the luxury of forgetting it. And if our desires and gender differences are also entwined with a defiant beauty, we can also see the road ahead and the escalating danger it holds in store. We know we will have to survive that danger every time we enter a public space as sexual people.

This is one reason I am always surprised that liberation movements in our country and others fail to understand the power this political fact exerts on shaping their worldviews, their definitions of oppression and freedom, their sense of what is essential to the success of revolutionary vision. This blatant

omission exists in leftist movements generally, as well as in the majority of feminist, labor/union, civil rights and transnational freedom movements. Sadly, it is now becoming true of most LGBT movements as well: especially those seeking to render queer life “normal” in the eyes of the status quo.

I live in the world as a queer, high femme, mixed race, white girl, working class activist...when I am in my own community. It is a place that allows me the identity, the essence, the distinction of being both lesbian and high femme, and it is a place where those identities matter. It is a place where an erotic, self-configured femme individual is as intriguing, complex, gender-defying, and deliciously abnormal as all the other strangely configured, self-created, lived-inside-of-whether-you-like-it-or-not-mother-fucker identities that occupy our marvelously broad and bold queer universe. Because—like the rest of the clan—in order to survive we have imagined ourselves; we have built our sexual and gendered identities and formed our erotic activities in wondrously perverted and defiant ways: *we have dared to create ourselves, and we have dared to live it out.*

Let’s be clear. Sexuality, that terrain of body and mind combining to allow us ecstasy, can also contain brutality, abuse, absence and profound ambivalence. I think of sexuality and desire as being as potentially magical and transformative as they are perilous. But this terrain is rarely easygoing; it is a place where our deepest fears come face to face with our most profound desires, personal histories, and the legacies of nation states, swamping us when we attempt to enter and play, when we attempt to name ourselves, to live out our passions with deliberate integrity.

Hell, it’s hard to even figure out what our desires might be! Where can you go to learn about sex and the possibilities of desire? How do you learn to understand the physical body and its transformative potential, to appreciate the erotic uniqueness of each individual, the knowledge and skill we can only

gain as we feel, smell and discover ourselves through sexual acts, giving ourselves to a willing partner? Who will help us learn what we need to know in order to practice our desires with awareness and comprehension? Where in this culture can we discover what is erotically possible between ourselves and other human beings? Where can we gain sexual and gender knowledge without being ruthlessly punished? What do we value sexually, and with whom? Where can we be gender daredevils and explorers—or the people who love and desire them—and *not* pay a terrible price? What liberation movement will claim this—will claim us—as a fundamental part of its agenda?

I come from a history of sexual violence, of childhood and young adult sexual abuse, violation, desertion. So sex, or what I knew of it from where I started, had to do with power. It did not involve anything like choice. It was always for and about someone else, never for or about myself, and never contemplated or carried out on my own terms. I came to the politics of desire and the possibility of sexual liberation as a sexual cynic, an erotic atheist, a non-believer, a very skeptical, prove-it-to-me queer girl. But I was also given the gift of discovering my erotic and sexual needs when I became brave enough to follow the path of my own most dangerous desires. It was then that I was touched by a woman's hands and felt my body explode. I repossessed my physical self then, and my soul.

I had spent most of my youth on the downside of sex. When I found queerness and discovered butches, I started my journey through a new sexual geography, uncovering the exquisite gifts butch women had that could turn me inside out. I finally discovered elements of sex that were completely my own, which allowed me to claim my own body, my own heat, my own potential inside the matrix of sexual desire. It gave me back *myself* after all the damage and terrible despair, the loneliness and solitude and silence, that had long surrounded my own nameless wanting.

But the impact of being alone and in sexual shame and confusion about my own desires was terrifying. Like being exiled and mute, that sexual silence embedded itself deep into my body and my hopes, numbing me to any sexual future I might dare to seek out. I could not fathom what people were describing when they discussed pleasant sexual experiences and physical attractions, and I stayed silent when asked about my own. Sex was work for me, not pleasure; and while I was good at what I did as a sex worker, I wasn't confused about who it was for.

My own queer desire for other women, and my queerer-yet desire for women who were men who were women, confounded me even more, leaving me deeply troubled and appalled about what it all actually meant. I was a radical then, a revolutionary, an activist. I was also a sexual deviant, living half my life outside the borders of the political values I believed in. This horrified me.

I feared the consequences would leave me exiled from the activism I believed in, and which I had spent my adult life fighting for. My desires, which I understood then to be abnormal, also seemed irrelevant to the "real" issues that were considered momentous in the movements I belonged to. Those movements were framed by issues of race and class and the fight for biological females' gender freedom; they were based on the overall battle for social justice, in all its ramifications.

Yet all around me I saw the consequences of a sexual void. Our movements were full of broken hearts and twisted spirits, people who were hurt, who had no tools to confront their own sexual ignorance or need for passion. Their erotic activities (or lack thereof), and partnerships were constrained by the boundaries of their new political values, and they felt that their own desires mattered only in the context of the movement in which we lived. In practice, this resulted in a small worldview, small politics. I began to

hate myself there, to hate what I saw around me.

I thought the beginnings of “gay liberation” would fill that void and remove the limitations of revolutionary vision and action. And, at first, it did. Being openly queer was so marginalized then that the other radical ideas we debated about sex and desire, gender identity, non-monogamy, and our notions of creating a revolutionary, sex-positive, erotic culture, were conversations we took very seriously. It was an astonishing time.

But even then, we made people nervous. In the leftist movements we were generally seen as an unwelcome sexual minority. For us—the drag queens, stone butches, S/M lesbians and leather men, high femme dykes and queer sex workers, radical fairy boys and bisexual activists, and others too strange to name or categorize—we were too outside the norms established even by “gay” standards to be included. We stood out! We represented what other, more traditional queer people feared. We weren’t exactly banished; we were passively tolerated. Because the other reality back then was that we all still had to go to the same areas in town, to the same clubs and bars, the same meeting places (except for those, of course, who we were extremely rich). We all shared the geography of the sexual outsider. Sure, those of us who most explicitly showed our erotic desires and gender identities were seen as an embarrassment, but being queer then was frankly so despised that everyone, both inside and outside the zone, understood that, while there were queer and queerer-still levels of deviance, we were all swimming together in the same “homosexual” pool of depravity.

Still, for a moment there, sex and desire, and the idea that these issues were political, had its tiny second of credibility and power. Those of us who were radicals understood the ideas of revolution, of the need for fundamental, anti-capitalist change, and we were damned if we were going to be left out one more time. It was a brief moment full of brilliant discussion and passionate

consecration of our most forbidden desires, and we were fierce in our attempts to hold and create new ground. This book is a result of that moment in time.

And then came AIDS. A tragedy, a devastation unlike anything we had ever seen or imagined; and it ushered in a time when desire and sexual acts became demonized, yet again, in ways we had only just begun to resist. I won't retrace more of that history except to say that we were courageous, and we confronted the terrible anguish in our communities, and we helped one another. And even then, even while being made into sexual pariahs, gay men and drag queens and dykes and queer men of color and their sisters and brothers, and other communities of sex and racial justice warriors, spoke up and spoke out *for sex*, struggling to claim the right to desire even in the face of an epidemic and a virus transmitted through sex. We refused to be shamed or disowned because of our desires or our antibody status. This was a truly terrifying time. But through it all—although we were frequently wrong—we were brilliant, and we were brave.

The epidemic continues today, of course, although HIV and AIDS are too often absent from the current lists of LGBT political priorities. But as the epidemic thrives now in this country through the vulnerabilities resulting from racism and the history of oppression in communities of color, those who struggle today with HIV and AIDS are often poor and queer, or transgender, or immigrants, or all of the above. For these members of our communities, the thrust of activism and radical political action has almost disappeared. Because now AIDS is about queerness in the context of poverty, of prison life, of drug use and addiction, immigration status, homelessness. The mostly white, middle class LGBT movement of today does not see this as their issue or their priority. In the current LGBT equality movement, we fight to get married to each other in big churches, and to serve in the U.S. military, because we think some sort of legislated equality will be enough, will be all that we have a right to ask for or get,,, and if we can finally attain the status of “normal” we'll have

arrived—well, almost—and that, that that will be enough for us. But then, of course, it becomes even more important to never, ever, seem *too queer*.

That is why this fight for sex and for the importance of desire matters now more than ever. The people who always pay the highest price for their desires are those of us who are the most queerly configured, whose lives are often trapped in poverty, ensnared in the rampant neglect fomented by racism and gender standards; those of us who are too old or too young, too sexual or too marginal, to count. It brings me back to the question of being alone and deserted in one's own sexual shame, ignorance, and suffering. It is why this battle for the importance of passion and the freedom to explore sexual desire matters, why it is critical that, this time, we insist on struggling politically for the power and significance of the erotic as an essential component of our liberation struggle. It is why I believe that movements for human freedom must claim and fight for human sexual desire and for the hope which springs from eros.

Human liberation movements are embedded in the lives, struggles and hopes of the people who are a part of them. The reality is that political struggles must include human sexualities and gendered identities, and understand what is done in and through those identities and erotic acts, as an important part of what will be fought for to create a new world.

Desire is inseparable from what we want, who we seek out, and it often reveals who we are and where we have come from. When I look at pictures of my father and my mother and then of my lovers, I see myself, my partners, the ways I've combined and transformed the many different components of my reality into a unique sexual and erotic life. It is what I understood and then grew through so that I could travel beyond my parents' erotic identities and failures. I am surely their daughter—a mixed race, poor white trash bio girl gone wrong—because even more than the transracial eros which marked them and

me, I am their child: born of and to transgression, and containing within a dangerous, life-altering, life-engaging set of choices about the possibilities and the price of desire. I live that history, their history, in my body, in what I want and what I do with my lovers, in who I need to desire me and what I need them to do to me. I rest on *their* desires as they ride on mine, starting there but risking everything to go somewhere beyond. This is the framework; this is the resistance.

No political movement succeeds without desire: desire for justice, for democracy, for freedom, for the wild ideals of starting over again with a new set of values and possibilities. Our success will depend on how much of this vision we bring to the table this time. Let it be clear: it is essential that who we are as sexual people matters fundamentally to the world we seek to create anew in this vortex of transformation. Finally, let sex and desire be truly significant and alive in our politics, without compromise or condescension. Finally, this time, let us create a movement brave enough to let it matter. Perhaps this time, then, we can finally explode—with a vision and a power strong enough, bright enough, large enough, to change the world.