

himself he has no reason to fear. But he fears. *He does not feel the same way if he hears a woman's footsteps behind him.*

Is it possible that terrorism attracts so much attention today because men, as well as being its main perpetrators, are also among its victims? Not victims in the legitimate, accepted "civilized" circumstances of war, combat, the boxing ring, the corner bar, the locker room, the boardroom, the courtroom—but victims across class, age, race, occupation, nationality? Victims of a casual, anomic, spontaneous violence in a contest over their heads, a violence so ordinary as to be called politics?

If *men* are now afraid in daily circumstances, why then the situation must be taken seriously, attention must be paid. This also is patriarchal democracy.

Not until we understand the connections between society's crisis and our own individual lives, not until we expose this continuum of the sexuality of violence, not until we fathom who the Demon Lover really is, can we truly conceive other approaches, which will permit us to reclaim our rightful place on this sweet, imperiled landscape we call home.

That journey toward understanding is internal and external at the same time.

That journey itself is one of terror.