



## Until We Break All Cages

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### ABSTRACT

A commentary on the intersectionality between feminism and veganism.

### KEYWORDS

*Feminism, Veganism, Animal Rights, Everyday life*



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## UNTIL WE BREAK ALL CAGES

For a long time, I have been thinking on what and how to write. In this cruel world of atrocities, which text would be healing? These times, the *Zeitgeist* plays with our mind. Thinking on the intersectionality of feminism and veganism helps a bit:

One night I slept at my friend's. Since I have some sleeping disorder I woke up with the birds. Waiting for my friends to wake up, I got bored. I dressed in silence and went out. I will be walking to my home by the coast in the peace of early morning. There are cats who live with me; I will be taking care of them. My walking path is quite long. As I walk, I see women in their morning runs. A strange feeling, I cannot define. Women, running in their shorts, vests, sports bras, tights... Some walk. This is not a matter of pride. But it makes me smile.

On my earplugs I listen to music, fit to the peace in the early mornings. An elderly woman in hijab smiles at me, says, "Good morning". I smile back, "good morning". We continue our way. Sweet wind passes by, flirting with my hair, and running, walking women's hair, with the headscarf of the women in hijab; caressing all... I walk... I watch the birds in trail.

Just then, I see the horse that I frequently meet on my route. She is tethered as always. She has white spots, in my visual memory, freckled, a beauty on her own. A horse to whom we are almost insensitive since we cannot do anything in legal terms as she is tethered now and then. I sit down and start to watch her. I light a cigarette. The rope is not short. She has water; the grass to eat. She stays in the shade. The horse does not look happy. She wants to go away. She cannot. She repeats the same moves in the same place, all the time. The horse is not happy. The horse is not free... She wants to run. She wants to run and feel the wind in her hair.

This scene makes me recall the connection: A non-human animal whom we would watch with admiration when running, an animal whose nature, whose natural is to run is bounded since we are just human beings, since we see ourselves superior to other species, since we can do so is under our domination; we limit her freedom, and we tie her to ourselves and/or to a rope. We make her dependent on us. Then, we deem proper the life for her that fits our wishes. This is just like women, locked into a house, dependent on something. Alas, seeing them running would be magnificent. A man steps in, an dominates a woman, restricts her freedom, ties her to himself or tethers her, makes her dependent – a woman whom we would admire, doing whatever pleases her... A man who deems proper for the



woman that which he wants to have her do, who determines the life fit for the woman. Disturbing: more than that it is probably triggering.

Unfortunately, I know many women who live as a white spotted, freckled horse.

Until all cages, all chains are broken:

"No liberation on our own. Either all species, or none of us!"

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