

Johanna

Loewenherz(1857-1937)

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*Johanna Loewenherz:
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Prostitution or Production, Property or Marriage?

A Study on the Women's Movement
by
Johanna Loewenherz

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Translated by Isabel Busch M. A., Bonn, 2018

Translator's Note: Johanna Loewenherz employs a complicated style of writing. The translator of this work tried to stay true to Loewenherz's style as much as possible. Wherever it was convenient, an attempt was made to make her sentences easier to understand. However, sometimes the translator couldn't make out Loewenherz's sense even in the original German text, for instance because of mistakes made by Loewenherz herself. Loewenherz herself is not always consistent in her text; for example when using both the singular and plural forms of a noun or pronoun in the same sentence. The translator of this work further took the liberty of using the singular and plural forms of "man" and "woman" rather randomly, whenever Loewenherz makes generalising remarks on both sexes. Seeing that Loewenherz uses a lot of puns in the original text, the translator of this work explains these in the footnotes. It is to be noted that whenever Loewenherz quotes a person or from another text, the translator of this work either uses already existing translations (e.g. from Goethe's *Faust*) or translated them herself. In the former case the sources of these quotes are named in footnotes. The other translations are not specifically marked.

A Visit to the Night Café

What is it that drives a man
to the harlot?—How can he
bring himself to touch such a woman?—

Allow me, Gentlemen, the wholehearted sincerity which convenience usually does not forgive a woman. Convenience, I say; no, it is not correct: it is not a free agreement, the women never gave their consent to not being allowed to talk about certain things, it is a terrorisation of our thoughts and our tongue, an abuse of your power, a deplorable custom, that you call habit, practice and even virtue, and from these pretty things you have wound a fool's rope, with which you lead us astray, until we are dizzy and do not question your doings any more. And yet—I think you should at least be *c u r i o u s* to learn how some of your institutions, which no “lady“ is permitted to know, on pain of losing this title, otherwise bestowed on her, in a *gentlemanly* manner, paint inside a woman's head, if there even is a head.

And there *a r e* women with heads, certainly, Gentlemen! There are even—alas! It is difficult for me to get separated from this material; all those thousands of bad jokes are buzzing around in my soul, which have already been made by you with respect to this matter—but I won't mention them! However, I want to take the high ground from you and make even worse ones, precisely *b e c a u s e* this is not easy and practically impossible. It is enticing to raise difficulties, and making bad jokes is a sublime task under certain circumstances. But I tear myself away by force to return to the topic. So I confess and I cannot stop myself: the omnipotent gentlemen's morals have also slavishly bent my sense, I would not dare to talk with you about this eye to eye; but my talk is indignant, *v e r y* indignant, Gentlemen! Away with the fool's cap! We do not need to hide our shame and our pain beneath it.

What is it that drives a man to the whore?

I paid a visit to one of the more well-known night cafés of Berlin. For the first time in my life I entered such a place, and it seemed to me that its horrors exceeded all the tales. At least: everything that was possibly bearable in my imagination—at that moment, where I saw the reality in front of me, I was subject to the impression. I suffered. My feelings and thoughts were all confusion and torture. My mind went numb, and I was grateful for the beneficent numbness. This way, I saw all these ugly things at least only through a veil of mist, and sometimes it seemed to me as if they *c o u l d* not be *r e a l*—as if I was watching a mummer's show, performed by ghosts risen from Orcus gone mad— satyrs, fauns and their ladies. — — — — Unreal! Inanimate! A delusion, a wild figment of a delirium. — —

It was eventually the *b a n a l i t y*, the full *l a c k* o f *p o e t r y* of the brutality, which revealed itself to me, and which told me: what you see is the present, it is the horrible and alas! so sad reality.

My first emotion was anger and shame at the humiliation of my own sex. I felt myself degraded in every single one of these poor creatures. I shared their shame.

However, who is it who causes their, my shame?—that is what I wondered. It was the man—that was the answer. I began to feel wrath and outrage against him. And why, to what purpose does he create this most hideous of all hideous phenomena of the world? Seeing that he craves beauty, truth, the sublime, justice—seeing that his soul storms through all worlds and heavens to chase the ideal—why does he voluntarily create this lie, this baseness, this injustice, these atrocities of the lowest depravation? —

And the answer: He wants to amuse himself. — — In that moment I cried out in disbelief: is it possible for him to even touch such a woman? — There they sit, these 40-50 girls in rows, at tables, and offer goods on a market. But the goods they offer on the market are their bodies. Someone can purchase meat, human meat, here. For money, even for very little money. Who are the buyers? There they sit: the sharp electric light reveals the make-up, the powder, the colour on the cheeks, forehead and eyebrows—the line underneath the eyes. Who kisses the smear from their cheeks and lips?

There they sit, The body has lost its natural nobility, the bust has either developed a deformity, has gone fat, or the whole shape has become haggard, deteriorated.

Who enjoys this disgusting body? —

And do the men not see the cheeky look, the stare in the eye? Don't they see the mouth twisted in scorn? The face, for the most part dumb and expressionless?!

What do the men care about the look, what do they care about the scorn, what do they care about the expression! The men want meat.

But don't they find the lack of grace disgusting, they, who crave grace? Where is it now? How the fine clothes, the ball gown, the fan lack this! They are not melted into one with the appearance, not worn by the figure, not letting it forget about itself, but alien, unnaturally borrowed. There! How the white satin of the dress tightens over the spread knees! And this one, how she fans herself with the half-naked angular arm, and how at the same time her eyes are staring into nothing! I have always heard about the beauty of sin—it is not here. Certainly not beauty, perhaps not even sin. Here there is exchange, trade, baseness.

But not every woman is looking in a cheeky and cynical manner, no, many are looking so infinitely sad, so heartbreakingly miserable. Because it is a trade, this one, which costs the tradeswomen their self-respect. Alas! Not everyone bears self-contempt lightly. Don't the men feel pity? Oh— — they are paying them.

And then there's the champagne the man is buying—it makes her forget. And when she's alone, and the champagne is too expensive, well, then she can have—hard liquor.

What is it inside the men, that does not allow for disgust and pity!? Why do they feel so differently than the women? Is that what nature intended, or have they violated their better natures? And how?

And when did they do it for the first time?

And the harlot's laughter! —

Over there, the blonde woman at the small marble table, opposite of me, who is so ugly and looks so tired. She's laughing, throwing back her head, the throat rearing, shrill sounds coming from her

open mouth, like out of the mouth of a locomotive, while her facial expression remains unchanging, rigid like a machine.

Two old men and a girl are in her company; the latter is speaking eagerly, overly eagerly, and the drunken men are looking at her bosom. But she, the blonde one, is sitting there apathetically; she only rises from time to time, as if she remembers, horrified, a forgotten duty—and laughs. A horrible, unnatural laugh! Starting in the highest pitch, sinking as if on the chromatic scale, sometimes shrilly staying in one pitch—I felt the compassionate need to call to her: “But you! This is done very, v e r y badly. Every idiot realises immediately that this laughter is not real. You are risking your wages. Have another drink and then laugh more r e a l i s t i c a l l y, with a more natural and less artificial rawness.”

But I comforted myself, the two old men were drunk, they did not notice anything. Or, the laughter was sufficient for them, because you measure every amusement on what is inside. — „Where is that girl, sitting alone with a man at a table over there and talking eagerly to him, (he is a smartly dressed young person, obviously a conscript in his first year in plain clothes, about 22 years old, she is a voluptuous brunette, about 28 years old—) where is she in 10 years?“ I asked my companion. „Where is she in 10 years?— Maybe down there on the street, where she will be selling matches at night.“

When you walk through Berlin at night, they step towards you from everywhere, from all corners and bends of the street, these matchbox selling girls. The head muffled by a rough shawl, or uncovered, a torn jacket dangling around their limbs, in bad shoes, this is how they defy the cold and persevere on one spot for hours. They extend their haggard arm with the bony hand, holding the open box with the colourful picture (depicting some beauty), towards the passers-by: “Matches, sir! For 10 Pfennigs only! Buy!” — while her eye with the sad look of a hunted animal is boring into the face of the potential customer, and the mouth, twisted by grief, is trembling and shaking up to the furrowed, brown cheek. (When a lady is passing by on her own, she offers up her goods in silence). But the addressed person passes by indifferently, another one comes and she wheezes at him again: “Matches, sir, 10 Pfennigs only, please, 10 Pfennigs only.“, and so on, and so on, her throat becomes raw, her voice hoarse, the feet swollen from standing around, the whole miserable woman exhausted, ready to fall over—and when she goes home at dawn—how much, do you think, has she sold? Not as much, Gentlemen, as a cup of coffee costs in the café. — But she still has her supply, tomorrow she will be standing there again, and she will be calling again: “Matches“, and she will be more miserable than yesterday, for another day, a day on which she was starving, freezing, weeping. — —

So this is in 10 years time the lot of the creature the man uses to look for lust and joy, “love“.

“But“— my companion continues—“she is a housemaid,—obviously, it is evident at a glance— perhaps she will return to her home village after a few years with money she had put aside. There you always find a lad who marries her, and no one gives a fig for her past; no one knows her there, they know nothing more than “she served in the city“, and the years of being monitored by the police will soon be like the intermezzo of a dream for her.“—“Ah, so she submerges herself into the waves of the world, the h y p o c r i t i c a l world, and it is the l i e and h y p o c r i s y dominating there which protects her.

How perverse, how wrong and insane all this is: the men create the institution which corrupts the

women, and afterwards it is the men who are damaged. The man makes a harlot of the woman over there, and then the harlot goes and deceives an honest man, tells him: I am pure, so make me your wife. But can it be different?! — Is this not a fair compensation? — a compensation for the injustice committed by man! But is it *n e c e s s a r y*, this injustice made by man? — I ask myself again and again. Can it not stop?

Because, in order to commit this injustice, the individual, the man, needs to *d e g r a d e* himself. Is that necessary? And in order to induce the balance, the individual—in this case the woman— needs to be wily, rotten, a deceiver. Is that necessary?—

I make no comment, shame and timidity are locking my lips but I remember them all, those words which I read and heard: Prostitution is *n e c e s s a r y*; in our social conditions, where a man finds himself capable of entering into the state of marriage so late, there has to be a surrogate institution within which he can satisfy his sexual driveⁱⁱ.

I looked around the night café. Two out of 10 men sitting there might be *y o u n g e r* than 28 years, the rest is between 30 and 70 years old. And 9 out of 10 men are *m a r r i e d*. And *t h i s* is also a lie; it's not the unmarried and young men who are the main customers of the human meat exchange, no, it's the married and older men. Why?—

My musings are interrupted by a quarrel, which is erupting over there, where I just noticed the unhappy miserable creature, still sitting at the marble table with her female companion and the two old drunk companions of her shame.

A young man had approached the group. Suddenly he and one of the two men, the bald one, are standing opposite each other. Angry looks, red, twisted faces, loud, screaming exclamations! Then elbow to elbow!—they are bumping into each other—with the bumbling, laughable, but also unutterably disgusting helplessness of insobriety; what am I saying!? More likely of the bestial drunkenness.

“What do you want!? Leave me in peace!” says the younger man. Then the older one says: “You stupid boy! I'm a married man, a father of six children am I. Understand me! You stupid boy!” Married and father of six children! And he is proud of that—in the whorehouse. If a woman—I don't say a man—wanted to write a satire about the men, she could not castigate more bloodily, aim more venomously, than with the simple quotation of what was going on in my sight and hearing.

Because the man over there was talking in earnest; he was senselessly drunk, but he prided himself on his dignity as a married man and father in all seriousness.

He demanded respect for himself from the young man, because he, as a married man, belongs to a state which is based on *l o v e* and *f i d e l i t y*. But the place, where he made the claim, was proof that he is *m o c k i n g* this kind of love, that he is *v i o l a t i n g* this fidelity. He is stressing his fatherhood, because fatherhood brings obligations with it, and fulfilling obligations brings about dignity—but the harlot at his side is proof of him *n e g l e c t i n g* his duty and of him being *u n* dignified.

Married, husband of a woman! She is waiting for him, in fearful anxiety, but in even more fearful certainty; restless, pale, sleepless at night in loneliness, and the bitter, salty tears of the woman who is being deeply insulted are streaming down her haggard face.

Father of six children! But the man who ruins himself drunkenly at night in the company of harlots

does not have the strength to work by day. He will neglect his office, his business. He will be without money and his children will starve. Or he will be a forger, bankrupt, and—worse than pecuniosity—he will rob his children of their h o n o u r.

They should see him, his wife and his six children, the way he is standing there, without dignity and sense, reeling and his speech slurred, his ludicrous blazing look of the drunkard fixed on his “opponent“, in his foolish rage.

How he is sitting down clumsily,—w a n t s to sit down, but he is pushing away the chair with a certain body part in his drunken clumsiness, so that he is rolling on the slippery parquet floor, how he would not have noticed this circumstance and would have “sat“ down, i.e. would have fallen down, like an animal thrown down by intoxication and vice, if the harlot had not—mercifully—warned him. She is pulling the chair back with both hands and she is holding it in place until he is seated on it. You should see him how he looks at her then—should see— — no, you would have already seen enough, truly too much.

Too much of the hypocrisy, the wretchedness, the scorn, the misery! Oh, of the unimaginable misery! —And w h y, w h y all this?

The argument came to an agreeably non-tragical conclusion. And why not! That is the way it is. Crying and laughter both accompany the human being, death and birth are neighbours, the most clumsy and clangorous sort of humour succeeds the most grim scorn, and I do not know, if that what happened was the one or the other thing: Porters of the Baur Café suddenly opened the double wing doors of the hall wide, they went to the young man and seized his arm.—He assured them he could “walk by himself“, he only wanted to pay the bill. That would not be necessary, said another employee of the café.—The Baur Café is prestigious. Those that are thrown out do not need to pay the bill. It is on the house for those that are thrown out. This custom is not bad, and I ask interested people to notice it. After all, I have delineated the kind of behaviour that is to be observed in order to partake of this benefit.

Yes, the Baur Café had the honour to be the location of the scene described a moment ago, between 3 and 4 o’ clock a.m. Before that we had been in a different, a real night café, which was less honourable—because the Baur café is “honourable” and every son can take his mother there. A lackey had opened the door for us in that other place and bidden us good evening. Two gentlemen with a lady pass without tipping him; if a “lady” comes on her own, she pays the Cerberus guarding this—paradise. They want to live, after all, these Cerberuses, the guards of Pluto, who has got as much money as all the capitalists together, and here the same miserable creature is being exploited who makes her flesh and blood her merchandise—the prostitute.

We stepped into an extended corridor, which led into the actual hall. There were small tables on the sides, the aforementioned “beauties” were sitting behind them. We sat down not far from the entrance.

A gentleman steps through the corridor soon after us. I look at him with curiosity. Obviously: he is a *habitué*. He stops in front of a girl in make-up: “What is it you’re looking for at this place?” he asks with a pretend seriousness. “A sweet man”, is the impromptu reply. He walks on laughing, he had made sure of the standing joke. And walking on he pinches one girl’s cheek on the left side, pats another one’s chin on the right side, and strokes the neck of one in front of him—right, left, straight

ahead, no matter where the fingers are wandering, there is flesh everywhere! I'm looking into the hall: here you'll find the strange situation that 8 out of 10 of the gentlemen who are present are elderly people, but 9 out of 10 are apparently married men.

How they're sitting there with the girls, the "married men", the "fathers of six children", and how they're haggling over the price of the pleasure.

They're haggling as if haggling over an ell of fabric. Or rather, how someone would not haggle over an ell of fabric. Because these gentlemen would be ashamed to haggle like that in a department store, where fabric is sold, it is not *chic*. But here, where a miserable woman puts her body on sale, there—there is no more noblesse. The shame as well, yes, both end here thoroughly in this swamp, the noblesse and the German word, which is better—*das Edle*. Over there a thin fifty-year-old with feverishly red cheeks and a tousled greying beard. The girl sitting with him is also haggard, the waist may be padded, but it is done in a clumsy way, so that her figure looks constrained. The gentleman is paying for his own and her cup of coffee. The waiter is giving change. The girl is taking those few Pfennigs and is putting them into her pocket.

Her face remains entirely cold and unmoved the whole time. This money is not hers—is she a thief? No, no! Soon they will have a trade agreement—the Pfennigs are one Schilling. Some of those couples, who have reached an agreement, disappear—but not through the exit door, at least not all. Up on the first floor, I am told, are the *chambres séparés*, it is also up there, where they are drinking champagne, and where the girl makes a bill for the head waiter, of what they have been taking, she and her beau, and she regularly makes a mistake, but not to her advantage, but to her disadvantage, she's telling the waiter not less, but more than what they had—this is the waiter exploiting the poor creature; even if it is the beau who has to pay, but she has to deceive him, in order for the waiter to be able to get the money. Because the waiter also determines, whether she is allowed to come and offer her flesh on the market, or if she has to stay outside.—

And is all of this necessary?—One girl is offering her charms. She is sitting close by, I have been observing her for quite a long time, she is the only one not wearing make-up and her mouth displays a rare freshness and sweetness. Now she is saying: "What use should someone have for an ugly woman? He can come over here, he'd have something pretty". For one moment it seems to me as if she is right. But no! No! She is not right. Because: 1. Beauty is not the only way to measure value, and 2. If the ugly woman does not have a right to fidelity of the husband, then the ugly man does not have any right to the marital fidelity of his wife.

Remarks pass this way and over the tables—from man to woman, from woman to man; the goods talk to each other, like the customers talk among each other. "You're coming to me now, aren't you?" says one girl, sitting alone at a table, for about the twentieth time, to a young man, leaning against a chair not far from her, looking disgruntled, and not favouring her with an answer. He must have a sweetheart—that's what I imagine—he has been having a row with her, hurried to this place in defiance, and now he is disgusted by this vice after all, when he is thinking of her pure devotion. "You", I hear someone say from the row to my right and again louder: "You!" Because this You is directed towards a woman from the row to my left, who does sit *vis à vis* the one who is talking, but is separated from her by a corridor. The one exclaiming the "You", and who's now waiting, if the one she addresses will look towards her, is a delicate, almost maidenly little person. A somewhat late modiste, I guess. "You; Hans, the one we were together with last week, is dead". "Dead?"—

asks the one over there, a yellow-haired one in a cut pink sateen midriff,—“dead?” “I don’t care”, she adds. She’s lifting the heavy unshapely head, and an indefinable sound comes from her fat, protruding lips, a sort of blowing.

“Did you hear that?”, asks a young man, a university student, his fellow student—“she does not care, if he’s dead, as long as she’s got the money.” There is a sincere anger in his voice.

I am infinitely astonished. What, people demand empathy here? Here? But empathy is a human emotion, and the man is looking for it here, where he is de-humanising the creatures, so that they are compatible tools for his lust! Here! And is he being empathetic with t h e m? No—later they will be matchbox sellers. Man!—he creates rocks out of soft earth, he does not sow on these rocks, and yet he wants to reap—it’s the impossible he wants—empathy from those who used to have the hearts of women, and—who now have lost even the memory of it.

At the back, in the depth of the hall, there is a loud noise: here there’s also a brawl. A tall blonde man is being pushed away. This one is so much more dramatic than the dull epilogue in the Baur Café. The blonde one, with the goggling, will-less look of the drunk, is turning to all sides, without saying a word, like a spinning top, to look his attackers in the face, rigidly and astonished—he is being laughed at impertinently from all sides, by everyone. It was comparatively quiet and noble in the Baur Café—there’s quite a hullabaloo here. And hardly was the first sound of that noise out, a shrill echo answered him from all sides. “Outside“ one person shouted, “outside“ some others echoed.—“outside“ a whore over there in the corner shouts excitedly and in joy, and she asks the woman next to her: “Where?“ The other one answers with her eyes. And then both ran to the place of the fight, in haste, gladly. Others followed in a pack. “Outside, outside!“ But no one knew who he was. It was a scandal, enough! “Outside“ more than fifty throats are shouting, some are screeching in the highest soprano, others booming in the lowest bass. The blonde guy “is being“ walked ever closer to the door by the troop. Hats are waved, people yell Hooray, people cheer.—Ah! Such marvellous fun! Finally a distraction. The tired, worn-out faces are looking quite excited and shining. A pity, a pity, so much waste of interest, worthy of a better cause. Finally the great work is done: the tall blonde man is lying outside in the gutter. Puffing, panting, excited and entertained in a v e r y pleasant way, the men and women defeating him are coming back inside. Slowly but surely the joyful excitement is fading. The people are again sitting calmly at the tables, trading and haggling again over the price of satisfying the lustfulness, the heat, bringing such an ugly shine to the eyes, such an adverse smile to the mouth. The meat market is active again. Suddenly the man who was thrown out appears. The same hooting as before, everyone is running towards him. They are already noticing that he is bringing with him the copy of his “bed“, the gutter, on his back. This is a very special pleasure. (Symbolically, for me as well). Full of joy the people are plucking at his coattail and sleeves. His hat, already sporting enough dents, is getting new ones. The man is still gazing in the same goggling, angry way as before. “Julius, Julius“, they are calling to him. His pale, pinched face does not change a bit, not a single nuance. They are shoving him onto his place, the same way they shoved him out earlier. Yells of triumph. Then wonderful peace among the pack again. I cannot bear it any longer.—

Passing by, I hear a fat brunette woman saying to the white-bearded gentleman standing in front of her: “I won’t do it for two marks, I’d rather go home“. He has just arrived, quickly choosing his ware and now he wants to be gone with his cheaply bought goods—because the night is already

advanced and the price is beginning to drop, he wants to benefit from the economic boom. I'm rushing out. -----

O street of Berlin! You are no field, no forest and no lake shore—but at least you're neither a night café—I can breathe again and see „über meiner Mütze die Sterne“¹

But still I didn't know the why of the phenomenon. Who to ask? I hurried to my other me. And the answer: "My husband became mine when he was still so young and made me promise beforehand never to ask him about his past. He looked so sad during this." "Ask him nevertheless: What do the men gain from this?! At home they may have their young, pretty, chaste wife, and they are running to her", — — — "Too chaste, maybe", was the man's response. His eyes looked seriously during this and a bitter smile played around his mouth. "Too chaste? But not for her own husband! Surely she won't deny him herself—I don't understand—what do you think—?"— I ponder: maybe the man wishes his wife to be a coquette? Maybe he likes to see her flirting with other men? Will then his jealousy be inflamed and his passion for his own wife awakened again, which is otherwise asleep— — ?

I ponder on the reasons for the too chaste. Alas, I'm such a poor man! I only ponder on psychological reasons. And the psyche didn't have anything to do with this. Soon after that, I knew. A story of a marriage divorce enlightened me. The wife had stated that her marriage had not been ideal for a long time, and now she was determined to get divorced.

"The things the men expect of us! If you did then what they asked, they would scorn their wife. But then they go to the...the...My husband said: he would ten times prefer a wh...to a wife."

But why, why?

After another five minutes I had —gained?— the ugliest experience of my life.

So that's why, that's why.

Yes, the wife at home is too chaste for the man, he needs the harlot to live out all his shameless, disgusting lusts, lusts that even the law threatens with prison sentence.

But what is "shameless", what is "disgusting"? asks the doctor, the philosopher. "What is, is reasonable", answers the latter, and the first one, "what is, is natural."

But if even this can't be shameless and disgusting, if even this can be natural and reasonable, why, men, are you making this punishable by law? Why are you creating a human class specifically for the purpose of despising them and then abusing them for these things? Do you know what it means for a human being to have their human dignity castrated, so that they are a docile tool for everything that is disgusting, brazen and mean?

I wish a man, a man of noble disposition, whose breast is swelling with love for freedom, who walks around conscious of his human dignity, who loves justice above all else and hates baseness with the glowing hatred of youth, who thirsts for justice and doesn't shy away from the hot fight to seize the sceptre out of the hard, cruel, cursed hands from Injustice—I wish, such a man, who knows the joyful, proud bliss of the fierce fight for the ideal,—I wish he were, just for two nights—

¹ translator's note: translates as "the stars above my cap".

no, just for one—a harlot.

I hope you're not laughing. You're doing it after all, do you think I'm joking?! If tears, arising from the innermost heart, if tears, being cried by flaming wrath, are a joke, then I am joking. No, men, amusement is very far. But, noble one, go and try. Oh, if only you could!!

If only you could experience yourself the shame, the debasement, which the man inflicts on the woman, whose body he's buying, experience yourself the self-contempt, the self-disgust, which makes this human being shrink back from herself! Experience yourself, how the madness creeps slowly into your brain!

This arm, this throat, this breast, these limbs, which the buyer touched—are they even still your own?! Are they still connected to you, or are they lying next to you, disconnected?! You yourself, do you still belong to humanity—or are you disconnected from this as well? So, you feel as if your limbs are lying next to you in a limp, dull, disabled way, disconnected from your existence. The blood is creeping through the veins, so coldly and lazily, your brain is so weary and your eyes are closing.

Living on!? —Oh no, not living on. Because soul and dignity are part of life—and both are sold. Keep lying there, keep chewing and let oneself being fed, keep shouting hello and finding numbness in the wild shouting, in the wild daze of the booze, keep dragging the impotent rage, the mad thirst for revenge, keep luring the buyer and— — keep, keep vegetating laden with shame and in misery.

And there was a time when those same lips had shuddered with an inner life, with fullness, with overabundance of feeling, when the soul had laughed and wept and cheered with joy and pain and elation of being; with a feeling of omnipotence of giving and receiving love; there was a time when she had kissed the lover, the husband for the first time, this woman, who is now—a harlot.

Why, why, men, do you need these human sacrifices? Why is happiness being butchered and dignity kicked? Who gave you the power over your fellow creatures, and why do you abuse this power so cruelly? Why do you humiliate the woman and let yourself be humiliated by her? Why are your lusts so unnatural that the sane person turns away in disgust? Why are you shameless, hard, brazen and rough? And could it not all be different?

The abuse of a power, being barbaric in its origin, unnatural in its existence, is an outrage, because it's antisocial—the power of money. The human being, who is being destroyed, led into prostitution and degraded to be a tool or animal by their fellow human, is the most despicable sight. At the same time it is the most blatant evidence for the general bad position of women and the most insulting expression of this bad position. Truly, in this best of all worlds the women's lot is quite the worst. Everywhere you look, they are disadvantaged. May the men make amends for how they sinned against them through the millennia. Would now not be the time for this, finally!? May the men at least not constrain the women's own aspirations for freedom!

The bad social position of women

But the bottomless ignorance of most men with respect to the “women’s movement“ is originated in apathy. If people were not solely concerned with themselves, they’d listen to the grievances of someone who suffers, and even if this suffering person belongs to the female sex, one would try to inform themselves about the reason or non-reason of their complaints. However, when the men hear the word “women’s emancipation”, they, instead of doing research, which would be proper, think it is much easier to put a mocking or scornful smile on their manly faces, and then they believe to have handled the affair correctly as masters of the situation.

I judge too harshly? Not the conscious apathy of egoism, but the unconsciousness of habit would be the origin of ignorance on the woman question, which you also admit to be lamentable? The things that one sees everyday are not to be considered as something extraordinary, they come and go like breakfast, lunch and supper, and one should accept them as such, think of them as necessary, or actually think nothing; one just does not see?

Well, Gentlemen, you may be right. So this calls for demonstrating to you the shape of these things. A single outlook from our point of view will suffice to convince you that your course, as it is still today, is contrary to all justice, all humanity.

Forgive the pleonasm! Justice and humanity, as if they were two terms, when, after all, all of humanity can only be justice for eternity. So it is only justice we want. And what would be more just than the law—what should be more just! Besides: it is known that everyone is equal before the Prussian law. Yet, no: it says: “All *Preußen*² are equal before the law“, it means: every

² translator’s note: JL wants to stress that the German word for all Prussians, *Preußen*, is the male form of the word.

*Preußin*³ is seen by the law as NON-PRUSSIAN? In some oriental countries the native language is spoken by men and women in two different dialects—the men speak the one, the women the other dialect. Does the law speak to men and women in two different dialects?—They say, “nowadays, the unmarried woman is completely equal to the male members of the state with respect to private law”⁴. And it has to be true. With respect to the private law. Which means: The unmarried, politically mature woman can buy and sell, rent and lease, borrow and lend, go into service and have servants, mortgage, make a testament, inherit etc. etc., without another person having the right to interfere with her will. This is as far as it goes. For instance, the law does not permit the unmarried woman to take on guardianship, just as it doesn't think minors, insane people and profligates capable of it. The society, which they think appropriate for the women, is a scorn of the most bitter kind, is a degradation, and it would be time, at last, for them to be freed from this. And their political right? Their civil right? They don't have one. The women are not present as citizens. The rights of the citizen consist of being allowed to elect a delegate, who represents his interests in the respective government, and that he is permitted to discuss his interests with his peers. This is expressed, when we say, the citizen who is in full possession of his civil rights, has 1. suffrage and 2. right of coalition. The citizen who has committed grave offences against the law—the so-called criminal—can be deprived of these rights, for a time. Neither does the profligate (who is under supervision), the minor, the insane person enjoy these rights. Nor does the woman, of course.

It is completely strange, the state of the civil rights of the woman. Because, when I just said that she does not have one, thinking back, I remember that I was wrong.

Some time she has got civil rights; namely, she has got the right to pay taxes. She is not authorised to talk about these taxes and how they are to be used. If only I could get to the bottom of this deep wisdom, which is inherent to this assignment of the civil right on the one hand and its removal on the other hand—which is most certainly inherent, or it wouldn't have been established in the Prussian state, I am firmly convinced of this! 40 % of all women are self-employed, but they are not allowed to talk about taxes. It occurs to me just in time that 40 % of all women are self-employed, or I would have believed that we tender creatures are to be protected from the rough touch of money, the degrading occupation of our thoughts with taxes. Paying? Yes! Thinking about it is superfluous. Thinking! But we have to earn money, therefore it is valid to think about work and payment. “Arrange this for yourselves“, says the state, “as far as I am concerned, you don't need to earn money.“ But are we to starve? “As you please, Ladies. You have to be chivalrous to the beautiful sex, and allow it to starve, if it has such whims in the loveable, capricious little head.“

A craftsman in a small town pays his taxes and elects those into the town council who represent his interests. He dies. His widow, in order to feed herself and her children, continues to run the “business“ with journeymen, has many pains, would also be in need of a representative of her interests, also pays her taxes, but is not permitted to vote. The worker, who has troubles day after day, who is malnourished, and who sees his strength rotting before its time, while noticing that the

³ translator's note: *Preußin* means Prussian woman.

⁴ Dr. Emilie Kempin: *Die Stellung der Frau nach den zur Zeit in Deutschland gültigen Gesetzesbestimmungen u.s.w.* [translates as: The position of the woman according to the current statutory provisions valid in Germany] Leipzig, M. Schäfer, 1892. page 12.

boss in his factory walks around shining and brimming, the worker, who knows about the reasons for this strange phenomenon, where the diligent person has nothing but misery, and the slacker has everything that's good in the world, elects a man into the Reichstag, who is powerful with words, to represent the worker's rights. The working woman, who's a thousand times more miserable than her male comrade, has to be silent, because, according to the law's decree, she doesn't have the suffrage. Sure, I know full well that it is not considered to be necessary for a working man to have his opinion be expressed in every public meeting, called Reichstag. They want his best. What good is the time-consuming occupation of voting, what good is the brain singeing concern about the suitable mandatory! It is a pleasure to relieve him of both!—But this caring love would be a punch in the face of the nineteenth century—they would not dare this. And the worker keeps his meagre freedom. But what would there be which they would not dare with respect to the woman! The right of woman is the lack of rights—

Right of coalition.

What, she wouldn't have the right to found a union? Doesn't my portly neighbour knit stockings for the mission every year? Aren't there soup kitchens and shelters? Didn't "German Maidens" found an association for the acquisition of a patriotic "war vehicle" in 1850 (see Voss. Ztg. V. 30. 1. 1850), didn't they achieve their glorious goal in triumph: the price for the schooner was 20,000 *Thaler*! Even the foreign countries had the honour to being allowed to contribute to the costs of a "patriotic war vehicle".—If only the idea would have occurred to the obstinate brains of these German Maidens how much they—I mean the maidens with the transport of everything relating to war, are shooting into their own feet. But, wisely, they are left in the dark about this, and woe betide the association which wants to make statements on official institutions (which are: barracks and infantryman hats, taxes and grey robes, *Bund der Landwirte* [farmers' association] and Russian trade agreement, Bismarck and Anti-Socialist Laws), woe betide its female—in this case definitely unfeminine ones, right, Minister?—members. The association is barred, rebel women are being locked in the house, which is their place, allotted to them by God and nature, and leaving it is being severely punished by the law from the 11th March 1850. The high treason of a man is a crime at most. But a "political" speech of a woman, or listening to one such in a "political" association, is a sin against the sacred spirit of the stupidity given to women by nature and a revolt against their eternally predestined ignorance—a sacrilege. A woman is not even allowed to name these laws, which determine her weal and woe, and she doesn't have a representative at the place, where they are debated over and decreed, and she has to wait for what is decreed for her, like cattle, which also aren't allowed to ask when they are sold, when they are butchered. She is not permitted to elect the person making decisions for her; neither are the criminals, profligates and minors. But, while the last three are at least met with a certain benevolence in the regulations relating to them, the woman knows exactly: the legislative authority always considers his own well-being to be like this and thinks to always demand it like this, when he steals from the woman hers.—⁵

⁵ In Hesse, Württemberg, Baden, and in the free cities of Bremen, Hamburg and Lübeck, the women have right of coalition, why not everywhere? —In Saxony women elect the Cities Council—admittedly it's rather their property. Recently the French senate accepted an appeal giving merchant women the vote in the commercial court (*Gleichheit* 21st February 94). They were given full suffrage in New Zealand, and recently the first female mayor was appointed there, they also have the vote in the state of Wyoming, one of the United States of America. Why all of this out there and nothing like it here?

The *Allgemeine Deutsche Frauenverein*⁶ founded, initiated by its founder Louise Otto-Peters⁷ from Leipzig, the first female workers' association in Berlin in June 1869. Soon it fell prey to dissolution. After that a fight evolved, lasting for almost twenty years: the working woman, who is impoverished and would like to eat her fill—the police, who seem to think that feeding the working woman is a threat to the state. It was a cute little game: foundation, dissolution, new foundation, new dissolution, founding again, dissolving again, strike and counter-strike, quick like a coup in the theatre. But it was a bloody and serious matter. So the authorities decided to make an end to this and to act more tenderly, while the working women had by that time emancipated themselves from the bourgeois women's movement and joined the workers' party. So the police were quite energetic: in 1886 and 1887 all working women's associations were summarily done in, in several processes. They were all closed by the police; "because their intention was changing the national legislation in favour of their social situation", according to the verdict, and this is not allowed.

I have a file in front of me, again relating to a closing down of a women's association. Women had come together to—*horribile dictu!*—get informed, through good lectures, about what is called the knowledge of the time. They had, as demanded by the police, handed in an index of members and statutes before the constituent assembly. They weren't obliged to do so, but women aren't taught legal studies. So the preliminary assembly took place. A woman was giving a lecture on a contemporary topic. Two men spoke up in the discussion and said: they wished for the women to get informed politically. That became the cardinal point of a lawsuit. All 11 women, the members of the association, which didn't exist yet, all these unfortunate ones, received a 10 page arraignment, because they had illegally heard the word political with their own ears. These 11 charges, each written down on 10 pages, are a calligraphic masterpiece, and I "calculate", as the Americans say, having male secretaries producing them costs the state about the annual tax of these 11 women.

Additionally, the temporary chairwoman receives the following letter: "You are hereby informed that I received the statutes and the index of members of the women's-and girls'-education association *Eintracht*.

"At the same time, I inform you that I hereby close the association until the judicial decree is issued, because the same has to be considered to be a political association, and as such it is not allowed, according to the law from the 11th March 1850, to accept women as members, not to mention consist of women only. Head official Wilke Reinickendorf, 15th January 1894."

The ††† word "political" was mentioned in the hearing of women! Horrible! There is only one way to prevent the end of the world: the law of the 11th March 1850.

And the heroes, with this weapon in their hands, storm boldly against the women, who threaten with lectures of doom: the association is closed. Saved! We are all equal before the law! And the equality of all Prussians before the law forbids the woman being informed about things, about which the man can't be ignorant, because that would be pathetic⁸.

Oh, it is such a beautiful word, this equality before the law. I'm overcome with delight, when I

⁶ translator's note: translates as German Association of Female Citizens

⁷ *Das erste Vierteljahrhundert des Allg. D. Frauenvereins* [translates as: the first quarter century of the German Association of Female Citizens], Leipzig 1890. Page 18. See also: *die zwanzigjährige Arbeiterinnenbewegung Berlins von einer Arbeiterin* [translates as: twenty years of the female workers' movement of Berlin, by a female worker]. 1889. Self-publishing.

remember the Prussian edict from the 9th October 1809. § 10: “From the date of this ordinance no new relation of serfdom whether by b i r t h or m a r r i a g e, or by assuming the position of a serf, or by contract can be created”⁹—Delight, but humiliation as well: because sometimes I felt inhibited, constricted, suppressed, unfree, I saw barriers everywhere, which have been raised against me only because by c h a n c e I was born a w o m a n, I ran against walls, which stand there just for the women, I got bruises, which hurt— — it was all an illusion. Because the § 10 is explicit and clear, as explicit and clear as the § 12 “From Martinmas 1810 there shall be only free persons.”¹⁰

I am relieved, because we’re living in March 1894 a f t e r Martinmas 1810.

But I am a little curious after all. Is it true that the speech about the bondage of the woman in marriage is defamation, miserable fabrication? I know it m u s t be, because “from Martinmas 1810 there shall be only free persons”— this is simple; but like I said, I am incredibly, thoroughly curious and I begin to question the laws.

In Rome, at the time it became Christian, there was a law constituting that the husband had the *patria potestas*, the paternal power over his wife. The law made the wife the *manum viri*, i.e. she became the daughter of her husband. In the case of his death, legal guardians were installed. Her lot had been a better one in Rome in earlier times. Back then, she was considered to be t e m p o r a r i l y given to the husband by her family; the family installed legal guardians, who preserved the rights of the family, i.e. the laws of property. Of course the husband had rights as well. However, if he abused them, the father stood up for his daughter. This way, the woman gained a kind of freedom between two tyrannies. Her lot was a relatively good one back then. But Christianity took away the power over the married daughter from the father and gave a l l power, both the power of the husband and the father, into the hand of the former, and today the Christian wife carries a double yoke¹¹.

Because, in the 16th century, the Roman law was accepted by the entire then-German Reich, and calls itself today the c o m m o n l a w¹².

It united the Saxon law, the Prussian common law and the *code civile*, and all of these r i g h t s contained the greatest possible right for the woman—injustice.

It was certainly not better b e f o r e the 16th century. Bluntschli, *Deutsches Staatswörterbuch*

⁸ In the meantime, the closing down of the association has been repealed, according to the verdict from the 26th May 1894, because it was established that the association had indeed not existed yet, and that it was impossible to close a non-existing association. It went without saying that the association, which didn’t exist, didn’t have members, either, and the 11 women couldn’t be prosecuted because of political schemes. However, I cannot comprehend, why the judges didn’t punish the evil intent, which was there beyond a doubt.

⁹ Translator’s note: the translation from the paragraph was taken from James H. Robinson, ed., *Translations and Reprints from the Original Sources of European History, vol II, no. 2: The Napoleonic Period* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, 1902), pp. 27-30, quoted on: <https://chnm.gmu.edu/revolution/d/517/>; the stresses are in accordance with Johanna Loewenherz’ original text.

¹⁰ Translator’s note: see above.

¹¹ See Laboulaye; Condition civile et pol. des femmes. Paris: There were two forms of marriage; one made the woman highly unfree, the other allowed her free disposal over her wealth, which went back to her relatives, however, when she died, so her children didn’t inherit it. They wanted to keep together the great properties (page 31). The Christian emperors constituted that the g r a n d c h i l d r e n inherited from the g r a n d p a r e n t s, thereupon the wife, who was passed over, was very much dependent. (p. 56)

¹² Dr. Emilie Kempin, *ibid.* p.1 ff.

1858 states this fact. It's expressed like this: "Notwithstanding the high regard which was always attributed to the female sex among the Germanic peoples, its legal status was a very depressing one, particularly in the first half of the Middle Ages." Notwithstanding the high regard— well!— Who's laughing? Pardon me, I was laughing myself, notwithstanding the high regard which I attribute to the even higher, pyramidally developed art of male sophism.

But what do I care about the past! I am free "from Martinmas 1810". That is the only thing I want to prove to myself.

"The woman owes her husband obedience." Upon my soul! Is that really what it says!? "the woman is subject to the marital authority of the husband" and "his will decides in situations of disagreement". The husband has "a legal right" to "the domestic services of his wife."

That's what the paragraph says? What!? So, the married woman is not free?! So, there are still tributary conditions even after "Martinmas 1810"? And it's the woman who finds herself in such a condition? And it's a lie that marriage isn't allowed to create one!? —

Well, of course it is a lie. But it gets even better: According to the Bavarian law the husband also has a "moderate right of chastisement" over his wife — "notwithstanding the high regard which was always attributed to the female sex among the Germanic peoples."

What! He is allowed to beat her?

Why ever not! If she violates obedience, he'll beat her. That's what he also does with his dog. And the regulations for the domestic staff from that time also allows him to beat servant and maid.

Because they're completely equal before the law—that is to say dog, wife, maid and servant.

Therefore: the woman is n o t free.

The woman owes the husband obedience; he doesn't owe her any, of course. She owes him services, he doesn't owe her any. He is allowed to chastise her "moderately", she is not allowed to chastise him moderately.—

The P r u s s i a n common law is not quite as humane as the Bavarian one, it allows the husband the "moderate" right of chastisement only in the l o w e r professions. L. Schneider in his "Berlin Nights", 1835, page 320 recounts one incident: A man, a wine merchant, therefore a "gentleman" from the higher professions, who, as such, to his regret, didn't have the right to chastise his wife moderately, gets a trade licence as a pewter caster and, additionally, a bull's pizzle. Holding the latter in the right, the former in the left hand, he steps in front of his wife. Soon she's lying screaming and whimpering in front of him on her knees. She screams: she wants to file for a divorce suit. He shows her, jeering, the trade licence. "That won't help you, I'm allowed to chastise you moderately."

The E n g l i s h law¹³ used to allow the husband to chastise his wife "with a reasonable instrument" as well. Talvj tells a fantastic anecdote in the history of the colonisation of New England. An English judge explained to the jurors, when presenting the facts of the case, that "reasonable instrument" meant a stick, not thicker than the judge's thumb. The next day a delegation of ladies paid him a visit "to measure the exact size of his Honour's thumb".

It's a scene full of humour, satire and grace; the presumption and superiority, which we feel for the "braid hanging at the back", the thing which we have overcome, can't be applied in a more drastic

¹³Apparently abolished since the introduction of the Married Women's Property Act from 1882.

and graceful way. But what bitterness also returns with the moment of being aware that this thing we have overcome still has power, and that it still haunts us as a dreadful spectre, and that it's dragging our fortune into the grave.

In most of the German territories the husband has got the exclusive right to dispose of the property. This right also extends to the property brought into the marriage by the woman. The wife does not possess the right to dispose of her own property. However the man handles the property economically, the woman hasn't got the power to put a stop to it. Legally valid contracts can be concluded by the husband one-sidedly, but not by the wife. The entire property, even when it comes exclusively from the wife, is liable for the payment of the husband's debts, no matter where they come from, even for those debts made before the marriage. Therefore, if the husband is a gambler, and he loses money by the thousands in one evening—the wife has to pay. If he happens to have illegitimate children, she pays the alimony—according to the law. The marriage laws are subject to some modifications in different countries and territories of Germany. However, in general, the position mentioned above is a fixed affair. In some districts the disadvantage of the woman by the law is particularly prominent: For instance in Frankfurt a. M., where the serfdom of the woman is stressed and demanded quite drastically: Obedience and deference, the obligation to follow the husband to his place of residence, to support him in times of need. Support him befitting the rank, of course as it befits his rank. Naturally, the husband doesn't owe his wife obedience and deference, neither does he have to follow her to her place of residence, and when he has to support her, he does so as befits his rank, not hers. According to the Saxon law, it's the wife who has to look for accommodation during the time of separation from bed and board. Even when the house, which they have been living in together, is her property, she gets thrown out.

The husband stays snugly in his nest. It is obvious that the law is particularly protective of the “weak and tender” woman. The woman needs to get out—because—“the woman's place is in the house“, that's what our defenders of femininity say.

In Hesse the father, after the death of his wife, has got perpetual right of use of the maternal property of the children, even when he remarries. The woman doesn't have the same right, the paternal property of the children is not hers in the equivalent case. Why not? The man needs more, a woman needs so little, she's so frugal. And why isn't he, and where does he need more?— — Palatine law: If a spouse dies before the other one and leaves offspring of their own, the surviving husband inherits 2/3 out of the whole property, the surviving wife 1/3.

Well!

Common law of Mainz: If a spouse dies before the other one, without leaving offspring of their own, the surviving spouse merely inherits their share of the property, the man 2/3, the woman 1/3¹⁴.

It can't possibly be my intention to list all the relevant specifications of the diverse rights and territories, and you, Gentlemen, would gladly do without this pleasure. It's always the same: economical, legal and social discrimination of the woman, determined by law.

The maternal power is also very limited compared to the paternal, which is not surprising, after what has been said before.

¹⁴ *Archiv für prakt. Rechtswissensch.* (archive for practical law). Darmst. u. Leipz. Der N. Folge 16. B. 4. H. 1893.

A legal custodian is imposed on the mother and her children after her husband's death. A complete stranger is made master over their fate, as it were. If it is his will to abuse his power, he's able to do enough harm.

But that doesn't matter. All regulations are directed towards the idea that the woman belongs under the guardianship of the man for her entire life. If it's not the guardianship of the husband or father, it had rather be the one of a stranger than none at all! It was established by the Romans, and merged into our laws, customs and manners. It's the *Paterfamilias*, whose terrible power wife, child and slave are equally subject to¹⁵.

"As long as the women don't have the same strength and the same value as the male sex in defending the fatherland, a basic change of the existing legal conditions is, in my opinion, out of the question; on the contrary, the women need to accept the disparities of their current situation as necessary consequences of their insignificance in war. From this point of view, which I can take for granted from almost all men who have a just mentality" ... etc.—that's what the editor of a popular newspaper in Berlin wrote to a lady¹⁶ several years ago, who wanted to see an article in the favour of women printed in that paper. However, the editor found "all extreme demands in that area unbearable". And, of course, the ones making the demands.

Do all of you really think this way, Gentlemen? Do you belong to the "just" men, referred to by the editor? The woman has no suffrage, the association law and right of assembly are against her,—but, after all, she doesn't become a soldier. She doesn't hold any office, she has no dignity and no education—but after all, she doesn't go to war.

Well, Gentlemen, do all men become soldiers? I have never heard that those men who weren't soldiers didn't have the suffrage, right to coalition, and were excluded from the universities, positions and a career.

I won't even mention that women, when men go to war in order to commit murder, go to the same war in order to heal and to care, because I think war in general is superfluous. At least it's more humane to remedy its cruelties than to commit them. I won't even mention that the woman risks her life when giving birth to a citizen, just as much as the soldier risks his life during the mutual killing of citizens; because the woman wasn't asked, when nature imposed the destiny of giving birth on her, and she doesn't exercise this virtue voluntarily. But, after all, creating is better than destroying. And this is not about proving a natural advantage of the female sex over the male sex, but to disprove the allegation of its reduced value. Are wars and brutalities of war, *vulgo* heroic deeds, truly worth more than culture and civilisation? The Prussian schoolmaster is famous. But why? It is known that it was him who won the battle of Sadova. Should the winning of battles really be the goal of the schoolmaster? It almost appears this way, because in most cases he teaches boys. Is it necessary to learn and teach so much in order to operate canons and be suitable cannon fodder yourself? Apparently yes. Because the girls aren't taught anything, and "they have to accept this as a necessary consequence of their insignificance in war."

Prussia spends 23 marks per annum and per head for primary schools; 166 marks for secondary schools; 590 marks for universities. Or to put it another way: a primary school child costs 164.5—

¹⁵ Laboulaye: *ibidem*, p. 14. see also Gide: *Cond. Privée d. l. femme*. Paris.

¹⁶ Countess Bülow von Dennewitz. *Lose Blätter Nr. 5*, *Taceat mulier in ecclesia*. Dresden, Carl Tillmann.

188 marks, a grammar school pupil 2000–2300 marks and a university student 4200–5700 marks as a government subsidy.

Strangely enough, education in primary schools is still as obligatory for girls as for boys. One could conclude logically now that education in primary schools doesn't qualify for being cannon fodder. But this is not the case. Who on earth can comprehend this? So primary school is the only treat for girls. The gates of the grammar schools are closed to her, and the universities are completely barricaded against her. 5700 marks: that is a large sum. The person, on whom this is to be spent, needs to be fit for the most noble activity—war.

But the tax, paid by the 40 % of employed women, is also used for the maintenance of the universities. Some women in the German Reich are earning their living by practising a science which they had to acquire a b r o a d. But their money has to help to maintain those institutes whose gates are barred against them and to pay the salary of those teachers who refuse to share their knowledge with them.

The m a l e and the f e m a l e v i s i t o r s of the n i g h t c a f é are also equal before the law, as well as their numerous brothers and sisters from the street. For the former ones, the m a l e ones, lust, joy, freedom. For the the f e m a l e ones, suffering, misery, shame, punishment. If someone says that the “little ladies“ wouldn't think their lot would be such a “tragedy“, that they would feel quite comfortable with it, it's a lie. I want to hang this lie, which is as male as the male conscience is cowardly placatory—maybe the weight of the lie isn't proven b y t h i s , maybe the male conscience lets itself be pacified e a s i l y in this respect—a little lower.

The history of prostitution teaches us that it's always been like t h a t: The girls were needed, therefore r e q u i r e d and c a l l e d f o r and then—p u n i s h e d. Needed, called for, then punished—by men¹⁷.

Strange logic. Men felt a craving, and they thought this needed to be satiated. But they were told that this craving was a sin. Yet they created for themselves a tool for the satisfaction of their craving, and when this was done, they punished for their evil, sinful lust—themselves?—oh no, logically—because men are logical—the tool.

The tool had a free will and didn't h a v e to follow the call? Not so! The tool was—hungry. Ask someone who's hungry about their free will, Gentlemen: The tool h a d to come, the bread in the hand of its user forced it to.

And then it was punished harshly, tortured, discarded, for the compulsory, coerced use. But the users relaxed for a while and did the same with new tools.

It's been like that for a long time.

G r e e c e: “Solon didn't just make concessions to the sensual weaknesses of his citizens (the Greek gentlemen) in so far that he tolerated prostitution, he became the first founder of the brothels“—¹⁸.

¹⁷ “The seducing ones are the m e n, everyone who knows exactly the origins of prostitution knows that. The brothel whores, the vagabond whores, the so-called depraved wenches are victims of the seduction by men, who know how to u s e the thoughtlessness, the inexperience, the helplessness: the loneliness, the need etc.“Behrend. Prostitution. Erlangen 1850. p. 111.

¹⁸ Loewe. *Gesch. d. Prost.* p.160.

But at the same time: “Solon punished the w a n t o n whores with general shame”—and the wanton fellows?—his sensually weak citizens?!—it was just like in Rome, where they were needed as well, but then punished with an indelible shame, the citizen rights were taken away from them; they weren’t allowed to manage property, nor to accept an inheritance or a beneficence (therefore they were economically completely in the hands of their users), nor to sue in court, marriage wasn’t permitted to them, their oath was invalid. They wore characteristic clothes: a hood, a blonde wig, a short tunic, a toga whose front was open (hence the name *togatae*), all in yellow. Furthermore, they wore red shoes, until Emperor Hadrian claimed this colour for himself.

But, Loewe says, the Christians were better, they punished the real culprit. And Charlemagne, the emperor of Germany then started this as well. He “punished the lusty whores with prison, whip, exhibition, pillory.” Frederick I. Barbarossa had their noses cut off, from these “true culprits”—.

The holy Louis of France had them get naked when “caught in the act”. He banished them from the country in highest indignation. But then “honourable women were molested”. By whom, do you think?—The king had to command his holy-moral indignation to be silent and tolerate the girls. For whom, do you think?

Of course, later on, they were again punished and chased away, then called back again. In Toulouse and Bordeaux “the guilty whore was stripped naked at the town hall by the bailiff, the hands were bound behind her back, a feather cap shaped like a sugar-loaf was put on her head, a board was put behind her back, which proclaimed her “shame“ to the world in words not to be repeated, like this she was led through the streets naked to the river, lifted into an iron cage, plunged into the river three times, then brought into the *Zwangsabteilung*¹⁹ of a hospital and locked away for the rest of her life“. This was done by Christians in the 14th century to the “true culprits“. To the whores. Meanwhile, the innocent man, their companion, was among the jeering spectators, being quite cheerful and highly respectable.

And it goes on like this in the Christian era. The punishments don’t vary greatly. They are always supervised by an executioner, they have distinct clothes most of the time²⁰. Here is a piece of information from an old town book in Berlin, interesting in a different way²¹:

“²²If a maiden became a fallen woman, she had to walk around with a shaved head and a coat made of canvas, thrown over the head for h e r w h o l e l i f e. According to the bills from the 16th century the fallen girls had to come to the town hall, where the b a i l i f f shaved their heads and clothed them with this veil. The same punishment was exacted on widows who tolerated copulation during the time of their widowhood. The guilds in particular strictly observed that tainted women weren’t allowed to appear at the guild feasts, and every master who wanted to get married had to present his bride to the guild, which thoroughly did research on her respectability. But if someone married a tainted person, contrary to the guild’s rules, he was cast out of the guild.

Tainted men, however, were permitted to appear at the guild feasts. Oh, I beg your pardon, there are

¹⁹ translator’s note: probably corresponds to a psychiatric ward.

²⁰ Stieber, *Prost. und ihre Opfer*. Berlin 1840. p.32-35.

²¹ ibidem. A.a.O.

²² translator’s note: the original text doesn’t indicate where the quote ends.

no tainted men.

And it went on and on like this with Christian love and clemency. If someone wants more detailed information, they should read the sources which are mentioned.

In the highly esteemed 19th century, the century of Ahlwardt and Stöcker, but before their glorious activities, namely already in the year 1851, the Protestant church magazine²³ no. 67 page 621 recommends “the whip may lead the regiment“! It claims: “What foolishness to believe that where the motives of honour and fear of God have lost their power to this extent, to work differently than by sensual pain!“

And it goes on:

“One should have them whipped and whipped again, fiercely and even more fiercely, until they become shy and beware. They are to be chastised, without consideration of the person’s renown, without sparing them, except to spare their life!“ — How mild of you, dear Protestant church magazine!

But without renown of the person? — Please, one has to see whether it’s a man or a woman. If you meet two of them together, then it’s only allowed to whip the woman.

An almost incredible event happened twice: In 1469 Henry IV., in Naples, orders the confiscation of the whore involved in the deed and 100 whippings, which were to be given to her. “The same punishment is to be handed out to her male companion.“ I notify the psychologists and psychiatrists of this case: it’s to be proved that Henry IV. was insane. So was Alphons V. of Portugal, in the mid-XV. century, who banished lustful women, but also lustful men, to Africa in a similarly scandalous way. In order for me to contribute to make the studies easier for the gentlemen: you’ll find more details in Loewe, p. 178 and 179. I claim mitigating circumstances—not for the men, they already allow these for themselves—or even for Henry and Alphons, for both of them there are none except for their insanity, no, for me, who gives this talk. Out of gratitude, Gentlemen, for naming the sources.

Recently whipping and burning haven’t been done any more, the girls are permitted to keep their noses, but fines, workhouse, prison, police supervision, eviction—are still popular pieces of evidence for the equality before the law for man and woman.

The whole twisting and turning, the going back and forth, all this tolerating and closing of brothels, all these brothel regulations etc.—what was it? Needed, called for—prosecuted.

Why she is needed? I only know by whom. — Why she is heeding the call? Out of need. Even the men don’t dare to deny this inducement of her “fall“. But to exploit such a need for their lust and punish her afterwards—that’s what they dare.

“Parent-Du Chatelet subjected itself, with great care, to the examinations about this subject and spared no effort to look at and study the diverse inducements for the vice of prostitution, and it was found out that out of 5000 whores living and being registered in Paris, 2000 got into this situation by the greatest misery, 1500 by seduction, helplessness (therefore also out of need), 1200 by suddenly becoming orphans, which caused great need (always need). Among all of them there were

²³ Oehmigke’s publishing house.

only 3 whose situation on the outside and conditions weren't among the causes for their fall.“ (Loewe, *Prost.*, p. 142)

This is the inducement for the “harlot“ to heed the call of the man who lusts for her: need²⁴. And what is her reward? Shame and lament, ugliness, sickliness, poverty, misery, slavery, sadness, or the desire for numbness or dehumanisation caused by alcohol, beastly deprivation, and—to please the man—the shamelessness, which straight away runs contrary to female nature.

Whoever finds this exaggerated, and thinks that, after all, the girls go out on the street and into the night cafés cheerfully and in shining make-up, is blinded by the illusion. The make-up isn't hers, it is borrowed, exactly like the cheerful face. The make-up comes from the male or female pander, the cheerfulness comes from the alcohol.

They borrow the things and pay such a high price for them that they are always in debt. The man gets lust, the pander gets the money, the harlot gets—poverty and shame. “There are harlots of lust, who don't own anything but their naked bodies. Once she has acquired an elegant make-up, a single disease, a single arrest is sufficient to rob her of this treasure (Stieber, *ibidem* p.103)²⁵. They are being exploited and betrayed by everyone, and even by the beau often merely for the price of their “love“. The noble strong man can afford this. A dishonest customer, cheating the “lost one“ out of her earnings. “To cheat on her and to steal from her, violating her in every way“, is an amusing piece and a sport²⁶ for some of these thousands (of noble knights)“. . . Then come the female innkeepers, the panders, the *Leihefrauen*²⁷, the furniture lenders, the lovers, the fortune tellers, the hairdressers, the usurers, etc., all these want to feed off the wages of sin and all that is left for the unfortunate one are shame, debts and syphilis“. (Stieber, p.105).

The girls in the brothels are equally poor. When they start there they are already burdened with debts without knowing how it came about. Travel money, commission fees, inscription money, clothes,—they're being charged for everything three and four times as much (Stieber, p.125-126). From that time onwards they are completely dependent from the panders and they have nothing for themselves. Because they have to deliver 5/6 from what they earn. They can hardly live on 1/6. They continue to have debts.

“Filth and profit seeking cling to those unfortunate creatures who were put on the lowest level by our society from all sides, so the lot of their shame leaves them hardly anything else than shame itself, a miserable life, and a miserable descent into crime and poverty.“ (Loewe, p.26.)

They all say so—and it's men who say so. But still—she is getting punished and the man, before the law, goes unpunished.

Unhealthiness, ugliness are her other wages. (Stieber, p.110 f.) The sexual organs lose their normal constitution, all her body parts become slack and jaded, the muscles of the abdomen lack the elasticity, the mucus membranes develop a morbid excess of activity; they brutally suppress menstruation, so dyspepsia and blood flosses set in, abscesses develop; Therefore they often die

²⁴ “The starving female proletarian becomes the victim of prostitution (Stieber, *ibidem* p.76).— “The material side of life, the need, the poverty, worrying about existence, hunger play just as important a role as the passions kindled in high spirits and sensuality.“(Behrend, *Prost.*, Berlin 1850 p.213) Yes, hunger and need for the woman, high spirits and sensuality for her seducer and user.

²⁵ translator's note: again, there are no end quotation marks in the original text.

²⁶ *Das Berliner Zuhältertum*, von einem Juristen (translates roughly as the pandering system of Berlin, from a lawyer). Berlin, Küchenmeister 1892.

²⁷ translator's note: the German term isn't known any more, it may mean female lenders.

young of consumption and dropsy; a disgusting, penetrating smell can often be observed on them, being caused by the internal organs; their shapes become fat as well; the skin of the face becomes rough and yellow because of the constant use of make-up; bald and hairless patches appear on their head; the voice is hoarse and deep, the teeth are frequently bad; the latter symptoms originate from the general corruption of their juices, the hoarse voice is often a consequence of syphilis. And now we have come to the disease through which, by transmitting, the prostitute exacts a dreadful, terrible revenge on the customer, but whose horrible poisons also devour her own body. Consequently her trade takes away from her the one quality which, as one would think, is the indispensable precondition for it: beauty. Gradually she becomes a “creature, who is also externally deeply marked by depravity and cruelty“²⁸.

Syphilis: a missionary, named Miss O., once told us, down from a podium, that 80 out of 100 men in Berlin were syphilitic. But these men marry young, healthy, innocent girls and turn them into sick, miserable creatures or kill them. The law doesn't punish t h i s murder case; because it's the man who commits this crime, while the syphilitic whore, who infects a man, is being punished. This is equality before the law.

All of humanity is being brought to ruin physically by prostitution with its syphilis, and this prostitution could not persist without the social and legal inequality of man and woman. Can't the man make the decision to give up this institution, which has become a curse for himself, can't he rectify the basic origins?! But it's not o n l y misery which the whore reaps. She enjoys it as well. No. “The harlot almost never experiences arousal of sensuality and fantasy any more.²⁹“ The feeling of depravity does not leave them: “Most whores are very much aware of their unhappy state; the whores of the brothels are usually very sad and despondent internally. Their wild cheering is often merely a means in attempting to drown their despair.³⁰“

I diligently called men to witness for the misery of their victims. One might say that they are “punished“ enough, but the law does not think so.

Have they retained some humanity? It's a miracle.—Yes. More humanity, more shame than the ones who corrupted them.

For this there are male witnesses as well:

“It's highly interesting to perceive that even the most cruel and depraved of the women who prostitute themselves never completely lose the state of being ashamed. Almost always one discovers at least traces of this on them. A harlot reluctantly reveals herself in the presence of other people than the one of her present procurer. (So the man to whom the feeling of shame of the harlot is interesting, demands this of her, h e i s n o t embarrassed about this.)

— “She undresses in the presence of several men only with effort“³¹. (So this happens at the request of and paid for by “several men“!)

She gets upset at a strange person joining her when she's alone with a man, she displays signs of being ashamed at the regular medical examinations etc. Loewe also reports that the girls do not display any insulting behaviour at the Kroll Balls, her trade isn't showing. And how else would it be possible that “decent“ women, who sedately walk along the streets, are being addressed as harlots

²⁸ Stieber, p.112.

²⁹ Stieber, p.110.

³⁰ Ibidem, p.108

³¹ Ibidem, p.102.

by the visitors to the night café, if the harlot's behaviour was shameless.

And yet she is being chased and hunted down, she, who behaves sedately³², while the one, who addresses her, gets away with impunity.

These conditions, being chased by the police, the fact that she is only allowed into some pubs when accompanied by a man, or not being served meals and drinks when she's alone, (sometimes even decent ladies are not being served in some pubs of Berlin, but, if she gets one of the „Louis“³³, lingering outside the door, to accompany her, then the „Sir“ and „Madam“ get everything they want!! — — but the gravest reason for her being cheated out of her wages by the magnificent male heroism, drive and force the harlot to keep a protector—the Louis, the pander. (Often she ends up marrying him!—) She finds this protector, however, by nature, only among the criminals. And thus crime, *vice versa*, is protected by the harlot. But this outrage has its first cause in the oppression of the woman by *l a w*. If the harlot weren't chased and hunted down for the sin committed by the man, if he didn't steal from her and cheat her, then she wouldn't need being protected by he criminal.—

When her charms are worn down she becomes an inhabitant of the workhouses and prisons, or she begs, or she becomes pious and an inhabitant of a poorhouse, or she cleans the sewers, trades with fruits, kippers, „matches“, or she becomes, like her husband the pander, a thief and criminal, or she remains in the trade and panders. Those are to be envied who become a victim of their profession early on. One of them only rarely manages to attain a carefree life in old age through cleverness and frugality or through fraud. But all the time she pays taxes like every „citizen“.— —

Men have created a class out of the number of women they use as one uses boots, and discard them as one discards boots when they are—outworn. This is the most blatant expression of the way men own women by *l a w*, and they established the *l a w s* to protect that ownership. Hence the inequality before the law, *e v e r y w h e r e*. And the resulting social and economic inequality. We, the *p r o p e r t y*, you, „Gentlemen“, our masters. One has to treat *t h a t* property called wife, which has to be administered for the whole life, more gently, she is not suitable to satisfy your *l o w e s t* lusts, for this you create the class of harlots, the night cafés etc. And of course one is inclined to pay a small sum for this. *T h e e a r n i n g* gets permitted.

So here is a profession left open for the women. And I gathered information about this profession and distributed the same, because, even though the night café allowed me a first glance into this world of misery, I realised that the *t y p i c a l* form of prostitution was to be found elsewhere. So here is one profession. Where else? We want to tell it instantly: Whatever the man can't or won't do himself, he pushes it towards the woman and claims that „he leaves some professional fields open for the woman“. We will see *h o w* generous he goes on about doing it.

She's allowed to work in the badly paid and heavy jobs.

She is a nurse, an operator on a machine, a seamstress, a cook, a shop assistant, a *probirmamsell*³⁴, a waitress, a housekeeper, a laundress, a market seller, a sewer cleaner. However, she can rise higher: she can be a midwife, an accountant, a dental laboratory technician, yes—everyone listen and kneel down and give a prayer of thanks: a telephone operator, a telegraphist, a teller, yes, even—a meat

³² translator's note: the author uses both the singular and plural form in the original text.

³³ translator's note: inverted commas put in by translator.

³⁴ translator's note: an old-fashioned term for a demonstrator at a fashion show, basically a mannequin.

inspector.

She is also a retoucher, she types on a machine, and embroiders house blessings.

When she goes to Zurich, do a doctor's degree there, after having studied medicine, she's allowed to be a "doctor"³⁵ in Germany as well, but certainly not an *Arzt*³⁶/ male doctor or *Aerztin*/ female doctor, a specialist. As such she is counted among the charlatans and she is not allowed to write a death certificate of legal validity.

Then there remains the huge amount of teachers at the primary school and the girls' school. But here there is also no way for the huge number to rise into a higher civil service post, although many a schools inspector feels small on the inside in the face of the superior knowledge and proficiency of the female teacher, who is his subordinate. But he is a man, that makes everything alright. She is only—a bluestocking; that is a consolation³⁷.

Work for the woman, honour, office, dignity and payment for the man. Because most work is done in the lower job spheres, and no woman rises to the higher ones, where work begins to get steadily easier and payment, and everything attached to it, steadily increases.

But what is her position like in the professions permitted to her, in which men work as well, with a few exceptions, compared to the position of the man?

It's unfair again, mocking all laws of equity again.

Or: the position of the woman against all equity; the work of the woman is the cheapest³⁸. So very cheap! The work of the man much more expensive.

Brater³⁹ gives us excellent news on the humane disposition borne towards us. "It is recommended, in the immediate interest of the national budget, though of inferior interest (naturally!) is the employment of women in certain public functions, which do not lie in the sphere of the true civil service, e.g. in the lower postal and telegraph service, the way it's done successfully in France and Switzerland. Female servants (!) render these services cheaper and with at least the same aptitude."

Servants—because they are women; men would be called officials. Then—and this is what matters—they render these services cheaper—with at least the same aptitude. At least they work as much as a man—therefore rather more—but they can be paid worse.

When Bebel asked on the 13th February this year in the *Reichstag*, whether the female telegraphists and female telephone operators were getting the same holidays as their male colleagues, the high leading circles failed to answer⁴⁰. Would the reply have been negative otherwise? Is the woman paid less than the man, in order for her, the weak one, to feed herself better? And is she, who, as the weak woman and as the badly nourished one, is in need of more rest,—is she encouraged to

³⁵ translator's note: meaning the academic title.

³⁶ translator's note: meaning medical practitioner

³⁷ When the girls' school system was rearranged this summer, the female teacher was generously promised to rise to the post of senior primary school teacher and headmistress. That's something. May their salaries be raised as well. At the primary schools in Berlin the youngest, inexperienced male teacher starts with almost the same salary as the oldest, most merited female teacher leaves with! —

³⁸ translator's note: Loewenherz makes a pun in the original text, using various meanings of the word *Billigkeit*: it can mean *equity*, a second meaning is *cheapness*.

³⁹ Bluntschli, *Deutsches Staatswörterbuch* 1858, 12th edition, III. B. p.724.

⁴⁰ The report says—"he didn't receive an answer from the table of the *Bundesrat*". Bebel was asking after the holidays of the female "officials"; the badly informed Bebel didn't even know that they are "servants". Reason enough to fail to reply.

strengthen herself by—d e p r i v i n g her of the holidays, of the necessary respite?

It was also this honourable house which provided the setting for the appearance of a „silver-haired old man“, when the petition of female doctors was read out on the 11th March, the anniversary of the *Vereinsgesetz* (Association Law)⁴¹. The “silver-haired gentleman” did have a very good reason against employing female doctors; he said: “The academic woman doesn’t appeal to us any more.”⁴² The women had not petitioned to “appeal”; they merely wanted to have the right of their illness being treated by a person of their own sex; but the wise old man said in a beautiful, sublime manner of temperance, which characterises old age, according to Plato: “The academic woman doesn’t appeal to us any more.” The point he made against the employment of female doctors was as acute as possible, and, probably subjugated by his adamant logic—because men and men societies are a l w a y s utterly adamantly logical—the “most noble and best“, the “representatives of the nation“ declared following the line of the wise old man, i.e. a g a i n s t the petition.

And yet the demand for female doctors is not entirely unreasonable. And yet there are numerous newspaper notes, similar to the ones in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from the 22nd June 1893 from Berlin: “The General Practitioner D.F.....w, who had been arrested for sex crimes, was released from prison on bail (20 000 M.)“ — — there are reports about many doctors being sentenced to prison and jail, among them sentences to 5 years in jail— They bear witness to the fact that our misgivings regarding trusting our body to the first, often completely strange person who comes along, are not entirely without reason.

But even if all doctors w e r e honest, decent and reliable, the *Gène* of the woman about disrobing in front of an individual of the other sex deserves to be noticed. It should not be said that this feeling would be be dulled, killed by habit—it returns with every young, matured woman. I wish the wise old man and the other 399 wise men, who rejected the petition, could imagine what a 15–16 year old girl feels, when a doctor asks her for the first time in a businesslike manner about her bodily functions. The girl thinks that a man wouldn’t even begin to know about these functions. How her most chaste feeling is hurt! How ashamed she is, as if she was debased—yes, exaggeration is characteristic of this age—even destroyed! It is an obligation to spare the woman this.

When Minister B. from the social democratic party was interrupted again on this matter in February 1894, he stated: “The women can get a qualification as a doctor, nothing stands in their way.“ They don’t shy away from mocking us. This is cheap—as much as it is generous. The women should get a qualification, minister? But where should they study! And where will they be employed, not as specialists, but as doctors? Do you want to build new hospitals, renovate the famous Berlin Charité and employ f e m a l e d o c t o r s there? More stupid things than this happen in—China. Don’t you agree, minister?

⁴¹ Sent by the *Allgemeiner Deutscher Frauenverein* (translates as General German Women’s Association), relegated to the House of Representatives. Debated there on the 30th March 1892. Rejected.

⁴² At the start of the year, a book by Strindberg, “Confessions of a Fool“, which was confiscated the previous year, was released. The defence lawyer, who made the verdict, which lifted the confiscation, happen, argued as follows: the book would show how a capable man is brought to ruin by the “demonic“ charm of a corrupted woman. And that would be “ethical“.—How about t a k i n g a w a y f r o m u s this horrible charm, which ruins capable men again and again.—How? Well, by making us “academic“. “The academic woman doesn’t appeal to us any more“,—therefore, she neither has a demonic charm, consequently many capable men are saved! Eureka!

But what do the male doctors say against the employment of female doctors? 1. they compete with the men, and 2. they, the women, didn't have the strength to work in this difficult profession—two reasons, one of which must be a lie, because they cancel each other out. If the woman competes with the man, she consequently has the strength to work in this profession; but if she doesn't have the strength for this, then she is no competition—At least not for long, soon her ineptitude must come to the light. As always: the one who proves too much, proves nothing.

Physical strength! It is strange that only women in Germany lack this. In all other civilised countries, this side of the sea and beyond, yes, even in Turkey, which is full of harems, there are hundreds, thousands of female doctors, who beneficially work in their jobs with a physical strength which is fully sufficient. The female doctor may only be smuggled into Germany, this land of progress, the thinkers and honesty; it is not allowed, like many other things, to call her by her true name. When a female doctor in Frankfurt a. M. called herself just like this on a name plate, i.e. a gynaecologist, she was commanded to remove this felonious name plate quickly, otherwise....etc. Now she's calling herself: specialist for female disorders. Physical strength: Ask the nurse about this, she who has to slave away from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock in the evening, and often much longer, without ceasing on duty, every day! While the doctor can take a rest as he pleases. Are her night watches not of the same worth as his nightly visits, don't they even outweigh them?! And surgeries? Doesn't she have to be present at those!?! She doesn't have the dexterity to perform one herself? Certainly not from the outset, she has to learn it, just like you, Gentlemen. And the surgeries already performed by female doctors prove their physical ability for this, don't they? And look at the midwife! At her, who is trained insufficiently, who is entrusted with millions of women's lives, and millions of lives of new citizens of the world. Does anyone speak of a lack of physical strength in this case? And doesn't she fulfil her responsible duty most successfully? In most cases without the assistance of the doctor,—in the rural areas, where, often, there isn't a single doctor for miles—among the urban proletariat?

But the nurse and the midwife, do they get a high salary? No—alright then: women are allowed to have badly paid jobs,⁴³

So, what remains is the reason that the woman is a competition for the man. Very flattering for—us, Gentlemen, if you fear this.

Not that flattering for you. — Please! don't be angry! One thing will surely appease you; may I remind you that hunger pains us as much as you. We don't even demand "the high regard attributed to women by the Germanic tribes", we merely demand justice, humanity, free competition. It's easy enough for you to dare. You, the strong ones with us, the weak ones. So -- -- have courage!!

The woman worker. Her wage in relation to the wage of the male worker is 1 to 3, i.e. she gets ca. a third of the wage of a male colleague. The male worker has been permitted to get

⁴³ translator's note: the rest of the sentence in German makes no sense, it is not clear what JL wants to express: "meinetwegen d a die physische Kraft in den Kauf".

organised and has consequently become a power who commands respect from the capitalist. Of course, the organisation of the worker alone doesn't avail anything. The aimless production of the capitalist will never stop and the accumulation of the goods will always create crises, which are followed by unemployment and, consequently, the worker's misery. But this is about the comparison between the male and female worker, between her and his fate. The organisation puts him into a position to at least restrain the *arbitrariness* of the capitalist: the organised worker does not put up with a payroll deduction, outrageous and demanded by greed of gain, any more. How different is the situation of the *female worker*: a plaything of their employer's humour, because it's always only the individual who opposes him, almost never an organisation. There are about 227 000 organised workers⁴⁴ in Germany, but among them are only about 4 000 women. And it is to be considered that there are about 5 ½ millions of female workers in Germany. But she is not being taught about the great interest she should take in the organisation; and it never occurs to her all by herself. How could she! Considering the education she—you can hardly say "enjoys" in this case—was exposed to. From an early age, she is forced to earn money, even as an 8–9 year-old girl she runs errands or works as a helper in a strange home, or sells flowers, toys etc. on the street, or she works together with the adults at home doing needlework and weaving etc. The proletarian child is a truly miserable creature. This child never knows the harmless joy of childhood. Never the freedom of wandering around, carefree, in wood, field and on meadow. Hunger, and the question of how to satisfy it, is the purpose of his/her life. He/She hasn't the time to let his/her strength unfold and to activate his/her mind. In its stead there is an increasing atony. And—finally the child is grown up, and people are astonished that the female worker is only interested in finery and love. I am merely astonished that she takes an interest in anything at all, instead of being completely brutish. It is unthinkable that she, by herself, could perceive the scope and usefulness of the organisation. To think about this, the mind has to be trained—and the female worker never, ever had the time to think, she had to work, like a beast of burden and she was beaten like a dog. *This* is where enlightenment is necessary. And yet, you would wrong the female workers, if you assumed that there are only few among them who are conscious of their social situation. No, by all good knowledge—the misery of the poor is so great that she cannot allow herself to dare spending some Pfennigs as a fee for the association, they are positively unable to do so. And how is she supposed to find the time to attend the assemblies?! They have to make use of every minute, from early in the morning till late into the evening—*most* of them work at home. Called into the industry by the cunning of some factory owners, who substitute more expensive male labour with cheaper female labour, thereby making a good little profit, she can only exist in it

⁴⁴ The "Vorwärts" magazine from the 19th October 1893 delivers these numbers; 227 023 organised workers, among them 4335 female ones. However, they increased—according to the information from the single organisations—to appropriately 280 000, among them ca. 7 000 female workers. In Berlin alone there are already 24 trade unions, which include women, contrary to the 14 trade unions named in the report mentioned above, for the whole of Germany: The butchers, the tobacco workers, merchants, goldsmiths, musical instruments workers, button workers, umbrella makers, gilders, paper hangers, stucco workers, tailors, shoemakers, textile workers, laundry workers, glovers, felt shoe workers, footwear workers, furriers, plasterers, bookbinders, typographers, xylographers and topographers, lithographers. The women and girls' educational association is also to be considered to be an organisation for the female worker. The report from the general commission from the 13th August 1894 writes that there are 221 530 male, 5384 female workers who are organised in trade unions.

by being continuously underpaid. She has certainly become a terrible rival to the working man there, and the one who benefits from this is—the exploiter, the capitalist. The woman has almost or completely supplanted the man in some sectors of industry—it is again the insatiable one who cheerfully pockets the profit. Why doesn't the male worker demand the same wage for his sister, his wife, as he does for himself?! But if he demanded it, would he get it for her? — The affairs have to take their course. How to solve this tangle? I want to express a probability somewhere else. The male worker won't work 2 days, not even 1 ½ days, for the wage with which the female worker has to pay for clothes, food and housing. Or does a male worker want to do this with 4,30 marks, which is the horrendous sum paid on average weekly by a factory producing home blessings in Pankow. To have such a blessing in the house! May it turn into a thunder rolling curse of a wrathful god for everyone who knows about such misery and does not use every fibre of their strength to remedy this!!

The work of the woman at the machine can not be less valuable than the work of the man. The machine merely requires quick, swift handling, it doesn't require any effort of physical strength, and women's fingers are more likely to be fast and swift than men's fingers. But how is the payment! The male worker can speak of a minimum standard of living, the standard of living of the female worker is below the minimum, i.e. her physical strength isn't replaced by her meagre food any more, but added.

In and around Dresden there are confectioneries and marzipan factories. There are only a few male workers employed in these, but there are 5 000 female workers; because the latter have more taste to create new decorations and shapes, they are preferred. Now, it would be logical to think that they would be paid appropriately, considering they are in a branch of industry, which they have conquered due to their dexterity, and not due to their cheapness. 4-5, that is to say four to five marks per week, that is their grand wage.

On page 168 of his splendid book "Woman under socialism" (18th edition 1893), Bebel presents relevant statistics according to the report from the Leipzig chamber of commerce for 1885:

The wages per person and week are:

Industries. ⁴⁵	Males.	Females.
	Marks.	Marks.
Lace manufacture	20 —35	7 —15
Cloth glove manufacture	12 —30	6 —25
Linen and jute weaving	12 —27	5 —10
Wool-carding	15 —27	7.20—10.20
Sugar refinery	10.50—31	7.50—10
Leather and leather goods	12 —28	7 —18
Chemicals	8.50—25	7.50—10
Rubber goods factories	9 —28	6 —17

⁴⁵ Translator's note: taken directly from the English translation of Bebel, translated by Daniel de Leon; <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/30646/30646-h/30646-h.htm>. (cannot be accessed any more from Germany)

etc.

Bebel adds:

”These wage differences should prove to be much higher, if it was known how much male and how much female workers earn in terms of the highest and the lowest wage rates, and how high the average wage used to be for both sexes.“⁴⁶

The report of the Prussian factory supervisors for 1893 reveals the following meagre wage information:

Aachen, textile industry, male worker 3 marks daily, female 1-1.50 marks. Trier, cigars, m. workers 1.50-2.50 mk., female 0.60-1.20 mk. daily. Wiesbaden, weekly wage, male 4.80-38 mk., female 3-18 mk. (in home industry, where most female workers are employed, they receive 30-40 pfennigs daily). Western Prussia, male 728 mk. per annum, female 386 mk. Potsdam-Frankfurt, male day labourer 9-10 mk., female 6.50 mk., male piece workers 12-14 mk., female 8-10 mk.

In Neuwied the female workers in a tobacco factory are paid 3-4 marks per week, the male ones 9-14 marks. In a button factory the female workers are paid 3-3.60 marks, the male ones 9-14 mk.⁴⁷ Dr. Karl Thieß, who collected the wage statistics for Berlin, reports that the average weekly wage of the male tailor is 12 marks, the wage of the female tailor is 4 ½ marks, the wage of the juvenile female labourers 3- marks (cf. *Vorwärts* from the 16th August 1894.)

”Die Gleichheit“, mouthpiece of the interests of the female labourers, Stuttgart, Dietz’ publishing house, reports in its edition from the 21st February 1894 on the female workers in straw plaiting in Glashütte (Saxony), who earn —40 pfennigs daily. That is 2,40 marks per week. Fulda, in his “Lost Paradise“, has a “gracious *fräulein*“ throw her hands up in horror, astonished and shocked that the female labourers in the factory of her father earn only 10 marks per week. “Ten marks!“—she exclaims—“that’s what I spend for gloves and perfume in one week“. I want to ask all gracious *fräuleins* in the world what they would consider doing with 2 marks 40 pfennigs per week.

Certainly, it would not be enough for gloves and perfume any more.

The female workers employed in a match factory in Königsberg, who achieved to earn 160 marks per annum, therefore roundabout there marks per week, certainly also live an enviable life (cf. *Gleichheit*).

The *Vorwärts* from the 14th March 1894 delivers a report on a “women’s job“, which is also being remunerated splendidly. Frills—they are possibly black and white crepe frills—are sewn with pearls, 600 pearls are put on one meter, so the manufacturer needs to look sharply, take the fine needle and stitch them either one by one or in small rows onto the fabric 600 times,—600 times; she is being paid 4 pfennigs for this. Four pfennigs. With the greatest effort possible a female worker accomplishes 11 metres per day; 6600 times the tedious, monotonous movement!

Stitch, Stitch, Stitch. — — — — —

This is the poverty’s curse. — — — — —

Ah God, that bread costs so much

⁴⁶ Translator’s note: this was translated by the translator of this work.

⁴⁷ Statistics collected by the V.

And meat and blood so little!⁴⁸

One could name infinitely more examples, but the heart is bleeding in the face of so much misery and the quill is trembling in the hand. Let us commemorate the lace makers in Belgium and the Erz mountains, the straw plaiting women from the *pistojesisch* mountains⁴⁹, who get 55 centimes for 100 metres of straw ribbons, on which they work for days, and may the listing of this one who is burdened with pain come to an end. The double curse of class and sex is resting on the female worker. She is miserable as a woman and miserable as a proletarian.

“[What is?] poverty of the male operative would be wealth, abun[dance,] luxury, to the female”⁵⁰

It certainly would be! If a female worker earned 24, 26 or 30 marks per week like some of the male workers, she would have the impression “that heaven had come to earth”.

Despite the incomprehensible frugality—there are female labourers, who live off chicory coffee and dry bread for weeks—she doesn’t manage to avoid the miserable job, which doesn’t just demand a commitment of the physical powers, but also of the body itself, in order to escape death from starvation, the female worker walks the street and the golden lad strolling there doesn’t mind to pay for his lust, which his father forgot to pay for honest work. They work hand in hand very nicely in this, father and son, the exploiting capitalist and the *jeunesse dorée*. They have the whole female worker and share the spoils fair and square: The capitalist father has the strength of the proletarian woman, the capitalist little son the beauty of the proletarian woman. Blood and nerves for the one, her limbs and embraces for the other one. Body, brain, soul for both—all ruined by both. And what remains, the hurt woman, the one burdened with shame is—for the man of the people, for her husband!—yes, this will be your wife, man of work! Where else do you want to find one. She, the mother of your children! She, the miserable one. This is how they play with your happiness, with your honour! Men of the people, how long is this to last!! — —

I wish the pain and the anger of all these millions of hearts were trembling in my heart, and I wish the strength of all these millions of arms were invigorating and steeling my arm. Then I would know what would happen! —

It is not better in the commercial area: the performances of the saleswoman, the female accountant, and the till girl are at least just as valuable as the performances of her male fellow employees; for the most part the “miss”—just listen to the bosses—is more reliable than the “young gentleman”.— After all, she doesn’t go to the night café, and if she did, she would soon be thrown out of the “honourable“ house; that Mister clerk does it is only the concern of the bosses from time to time, namely when incorrectly recorded bills, badly stylised letters, and sometimes a cash deficit are an uncomfortable reminder of such nightly visits,—consequently, the performance of the tradeswoman is at least as much worth as the performance of the tradesman, but her payment lags behind his by far.

It’s the same everywhere: we are not allowed to share in the goods of this earth, at the most we are allowed to receive them as a generous gift from the hands of our “master“. But charity is not very

⁴⁸ *Das Lied vom Hemde*. From Henkell’s *Buch der Freiheit*.

⁴⁹ Talk given by Mrs Schubert-Feder, Dr. phil., in March 1893.

⁵⁰ Translator’s note: this is taken from an online edition of the English translation from Michelet by J.W. Palmer, which was digitalised incompletely, therefore parts are not legible, and it was up to the translator of this work to figure out the rest.

pleasant for the person who is the object of charity; and ingratitude, as much as you complain about it, will only vanish from the world together with the humiliation of the act of charity itself. And with the bitterness about it. “Presented with—offended with”—that is the new, contemporary figure of speech I propose. Instead of giving us presents, so you think of yourselves as the masters doubly and in dozens, and think of yourselves as the ones who alone have the right of disposal over the gifts of the earth, you should rather pay us fairly for our honest work. But we’re only allowed to be everything which is getting paid badly. And what are we not allowed to be? Nothing which provides prestige, power and a good earning.

Do I want to be *Kaiser*? No. Pope? No. Not even a general. Those professions are failures! But if Bismarck’s highly skilled eldest state secretary is now representative of the *Reichstag*—why should not also a woman be able to memorise a bad speech in a mediocre way and stutter from the tribune!? After all, there are even women who speak positively well. Volubly and freely. — And minister, Reich Chancellor and undersecretary of state are highly prestigious and well paid posts, as far as I know. I don’t believe that one has to work in these jobs longer than for 16-18 hours per day, as our coat and shirt seamstresses have to do for dry bread. Nor are these offices of dignity more exerting than the job of a midwife or a nurse—they hardly carry as much responsibility. At least the responsibility in these high offices seem to be borne—with a peculiar ease.

But for now we want to be modest: give us, for now, female doctors and judges: because the physical and emotional constitution of the woman demands the understanding, and therefore gentle and improving treatment of the sister.

And now, Gentlemen, considering the conditions of earning of the female sex, maybe you will also smile pityingly and amused, when you compare with what the law commands women to do in certain circumstances: when a woman gets divorced she has to support the man befitting his rank. (The man only needs to support the woman befitting his rank.) I’m highly curious how the rank-befitting support would look like, if a female labourer, e.g. the female embroiderer in Pankow (4 marks 30 pfennigs per week), not to mention the female straw plaiting worker in Saxony, (2 marks 40 pfennigs per week)— if this embroiderer were to get divorced from a count, whom she could not endure any more because of his dog- and horse- kind mentality! She has to support him “comitally“! However, if you demand from the women to support counts and barons, “poor needy people“, befitting their ranks, one should grant them better earnings. Where can one get hold of such a thing (short of stealing it)! When the law makes decrees, it has to make fulfilling these not completely impossible, and not positively urge a person to commit disobedience—this is not right.

There are certainly female artists who are indeed capable of supporting her renowned count “befitting his rank“. You can say what you like, this teaches you that the female genius does have a useful purpose.

— — So now we have drawn a nice little parallel between earning and law. And what does science say?

In the year 1595 a Latin text was published, “*mulieres non homines esse*“; it repeated an old council decree of Macon. In 1766 a French translation of this “academic“ treatise was printed. It says that, only because the woman gives birth to men—therefore humans, she would not be a human herself, far from it. The garden soil would be just as far from being called a blossom or a fruit, because it

b r i n g s forth blossoms or fruits. Napoleon, who proved his high regard for the clergy by deposing Pope Pius VII., nevertheless adopted his wisdom from this cleric balderdash, when he is of the opinion: the woman is our property, we are not hers, just as the fruit tree is the property of the gardener.

Well, actually, with this I have already exhausted all notes. If it is proved that the woman is not a human being, then this concludes all wisdom. It is self-evident that, consequently, it is not necessary to treat her humanely. Convinced by so much science, bowed by so much grand male superiority, I ought to fall silent, dying in humility. However, the comparison to the garden soil doesn't appear to me to be a sufficient proof for the "non-human-being-ness"⁵¹ of the woman. But I beware of overturning this comparison, because I like it very much; I like it almost as much as the following: the goose walks on two legs, you walk on two legs, therefore you are a goose. Or this one: No cat and one cat have 78 tails. Because: N o cat has 77 tails, o n e cat has 1 tail. $77+1=78$. Therefore no cat and one cat have 78 tails. Q. e. d.

But, Gentlemen, to leave the fun behind, science lies and deceives, hushes up and contorts, as soon as it is about women and the achievements of women. This is such a rich chapter that I regret not being able to give it enough space, which it deserves, within the framework of a lecture. There is an overabundance of material for a treatise on this on it's own.

There is an excellent cultural history by Kolb, which names all in all two women, it names on the one hand Madame Roland, the other name has escaped me, and yet the work deals with all time periods up to the present day. This man seems to have had a veritable distaste for mentioning women's names. When he can't overlook a significant woman, because the events can't be explained without her, he calls her the widow of so-and-so, the sister of so-and-so, the girlfriend of so-and-so, "the women's circle which established itself around the encyclopedists", but never the name⁵². And if there had not been any witches and strumpets, nuns and princesses—who knows—perhaps Kolb didn't feel it was necessary whatsoever to make the existence of this inferior sex known to us. (He is writing a c u l t u r a l history, after all—is he not, in fact, right?)

It is also characteristic that there is a chapter in his book: the status of the women a n d slaves (in Islam⁵³). Women and slaves side by side so comfortably, it is quite cute, as Zwickauer would say. However, is he not right in this too? No, not this time, because he himself has to report—he is merely an enemy of the women, but apart from that a veracious man—that the women, when Islam was at its height, used to be quite equal to the men in real life, despite limiting and humiliating laws. That was the fault of wicked Islam, we Christians are better people, after all. Throwing women and slaves together, Mr. Kolb was so—masculine⁵⁴.

⁵¹ translator's note: Johanna Loewenherz uses a word creation in the original text ("Unmenschigkeit"), the translator of this work took the liberty of creating a similar word.

⁵² A "bigoted widow", (V. I., p. 564). "Particular circles formed themselves in these times". V. II, p.568.

⁵³ V. II, p.147.

⁵⁴ Kolb's work ends with 1885 or 87. At that time the o r g a n i s e d women's movement had existed since 1865, the year when Louise Otto Peters founded the *allgemeine Deutsche Frauenverein* in Leipzig. And this association openly declared that it was striving for the women to obtain the right of working. By 1885 the movement had made such progress that within and without the connection with the social question, the question of the equality of women was called the most pressing of the time. But Kolb—knows nothing about this. In that case he would be—worse than ignorant—a falsifier?! I don't want to be so strict, after all this is o n l y about the woman.

L. v. Stein covers “The woman in the national economy“. I opened this “academic“ book of that well-known national economist. Ah, this can teach us some things,—I thought. Indeed, Gentlemen: The introduction was a good one at this point. But then! The whole “science“ amounts to the woman belonging into the house, where she has to use her powers to save housekeeping allowance—this is national economy. But how much does the man need to tell her about his pecuniary situation—“a smart man will be careful in that regard“, that is the opinion of the academic Mr. v. Stein, national economist by trade. And yet she is supposed to save money—but saving money without knowing why and how much, that is not saving money, but avarice. And avarice makes disagreeable, harsh. Still, “a smart man needs to be careful“, a woman doesn’t have to know anything. Stein fears the loss of the blind and deaf and dumb submission—in other words, of “femininity“. If he is close to being bankrupt, or if he is making millions—how is that h e r business! S h e must save housekeeping allowance. And if she only understood how to save money, then the man would even look over the fact that she—becomes old. Even that! He is such a good man. And loves her nevertheless! How kind of him—if only she saved money. Just think, you women! Just think, Gentlemen. Because this is allegedly the power denied to the man—poor inferior creature! And as a substitute he is now granted eternal youth—No?—Curious. It was supposed to be like this. No, the disappointment was too harsh for me not to have to be angry. Into the corner with this thing! And all these tinkling phrases and this disgusting cloying tone: “And do you believe that there is something which you can achieve on this earth without toil, hold on to it without toil?“ (This is supposed to give comfort about the toil of saving money.) “And —d e a r a n d b e l o v e d female fool (!!), isn’t it a good thing? Isn’t it a veritable blessing that you are able to create and hold on to the most noble pearl in your life, the eternal wreath in your curls, (having won the love of the man by saving money) at home, independent of beauty and wealth (by saving money!), through your own power (of saving money). The home is the work of love; never forget that together they are also the highest value and the greatest happiness of the women!“

Only that of the women, Mr. v. St.? Dear and beloved male fool! Work, love and tranquillity—because I use this last word to translate home, are also the greatest happiness of the man, even the only one. However, it is not to be gained by saving money, but by one part of the trio itself: Through work. Work is—when not demanded in excess—per se happiness and leads to the other parts of complete contentment, to love and tranquillity, by making capable the one—love and desire the other—tranquillity as a necessary reaction. But you don’t have the free, strong, powerful, happy, loving and beloved w o r k i n g woman in mind, but an intimidated, fearful, mean, short-winded little creature, that pinches every penny 100 times in the pocket and scratches off every scrap from the bottom of the pot.

Certainly, the woman that knows from her own experience how difficult earning money is, is more likely to be economical in a clever way. But she also knows w h e r e a n d w h e n to be economical, she regulates the expenses according to the incomes and have something to spare for other people as well. However, Mr. v. St. thinks t h e man is smart who doesn’t let his wife look into his wallet. Surely you have reasons for this, Mr. v. St., which you are still owing to us, dear and beloved—well, if you were n o t a fool, but ultimately only a mischievous—“father of six children“, then your advice for the frugality of your wife and your caution would be understandable,

wise and necessary.

And it pleases you to call this science, you little teaser! This scam, exclaimed in the tone of the most unendurable clerics' arrogance, of the most cloying sentimentality! But you are only addressing the woman; to lull her thinking even your singsong is sufficient. Just ask those in whose gold you do your science: the rulers of the capital.

And I forgot one other thing: do you dare to call this "love", this feeling, which lacks respect and trust, those factors, without which every love is without dignity?! And do you dare to claim that the man who does not respect his wife highly enough, does not trust her completely enough to let her in on all of his affairs without reserve, loves her! How do you picture the woman fighting for the "love" of the man, with "all her strength", as you call meanness? Base, dear and beloved fool, this is how you picture this woman, as base as your own viewpoint. But how base, that is what you will never understand. Because you are the intellectual initiator of the most graceful creature ever to have stepped out of the waves, the chaos of the rotating brain of any poet of the 19th century into reality, to force humanity to its knees in loving reverence: You grandfather of Money-saving Agnes, from your son Eugen.

We other women, however, call to you: certainly! We want to become independent, using "our own strength", but not using your advice.

Because you are not sincere with us, Mr. v. St.

Out of my innate love for justice I was forced to continue your acquaintance; I thought, perhaps he has more intelligent things to say in his other works. So I read: the woman, her education and purpose in life⁵⁵. But here is again the disgusting definition of love of the man gained by the woman through meanness and the definition of meanness as the national economic "strength" of the woman. You are not honest, Mr. v. St., when you take a more elevated viewpoint, the pose and the phrase are soon obvious. For instance, you say on page 69 that frugality was mistakenly thought to be identical with saving money, it was merely the art of having fewer expenses than incomes. But on page 84 you say "that the act of general frugality does not necessarily allow to be associated with a positive sense, therefore it is of little meaning for practical life to talk by and large of the necessity and the value of the same.

On the contrary, if "single savings would be necessary", which "is solely the great daily work of the woman...and this is where every woman is assigned, without mercy, with the serious task of giving to the love of the working man its enduring basis in the respect for the discreet frugality of the woman."

Do you realise the contradictions in your own speeches? And then there is the immense unsaid contradiction: the woman does not know the incomes after all, how is she supposed to be able to regulate the expenses according to the incomes!! And with this ignorance your "frugality" becomes meanness again—your system.

"Frugality would be the virtue not of production, but of consumption; but it would be "the capital building power", ("Capital is accumulated labour" Marx says; I believe labour, not accumulation, is the power.) Production would not be the province of the woman, but consumption, the woman would only spend the money earned by the man."

Oh, Mr. v. Stein! We know very well for which kind of woman you are writing: for the "dear

⁵⁵ 3rd edition 1890.

and beloved female fool!“ But there are 20 millions of women working in industry in the five industrial countries; if you wanted to tell them that they wouldn’t produce, and addressed them as “dear and beloved fool“, you would unleash their laughter—even in their meagrely paid and malnourished state, which would, with its primal Proletarian, “independent force“ blow you away like a jumping jack. And, Mr. v. St., the women from the countryside, the female farmers and female day labourers, do you know t h e m? Alas, among them there is wiltingly much talk of production, and heartbreakingly little talk of consumption! Ask them who is on the field in the summer heat from 3 a.m. till late into the night, then rushes home to toil and toil until midnight! W h a t does she produce? Vegetables, grain, potatoes, butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, honey, red meat, fruits etc. Who consumes it? Cheese and potatoes are partly consumed by herself. The dainties—by you and your kind.

And even the merchant women! Ask them who serves the customers, does the purchases and the accountancy. At least this is labour, even if it’s not production.

You write and produce for some dozen of slacking “dear and beloved female fools“, Mr. v. St. and the immensely overwhelming majority of women is non-existent for you and that is why your products are more useless than even the carefully embroidered sofa cushion or the cleverly crocheted apron of your dear and beloved female fool—at least the sofa cushion and the lace are “new works“,—not to mention worthless compared to the national economically indispensable labour of the mass of women. And yet you think that the woman doesn’t need to know any national economy, (p.252). “Why should she bother about things that understand nothing of her and her labour to bother about?“ Ah, there you hit the nail right on the head. That the science of national economy doesn’t understand about the woman and her labour—who would be such a classical witness for this in words and deeds like you!— “And if she read all books of the English, French and German national economic literature of Adam Smith and Turgot until up into our time even most keenly“—it would be impossible to “find anything in them which relates to her and her assignments.“ Indeed! But I draw a different conclusion from this than you, Mr. v. Stein. I think that women have no special assignments other than giving birth, not even consumption and saving money. Men understand about consumption quite well—only think of all the beer and all the tobacco, which is being consumed, and when it is about buying a new dress, they are frugal as well. You need only read the “Fliegenden“. We don’t want to tolerate such “science“ any longer!

And it continues, Gentlemen:

Franz Freiherr von Andlaw publishes a dear, loving, sensual “Women in history“ in 1862. Oh, so sweet and tender and pious!—And—darn him!—so hypocritical and false. Either the woman is hushed up, see Kolb, or she’s ridiculed when written in the andlawic way. Madame Roland’s appearance especially pains him. This woman is so victorious in her purity, in her spirit, in all her doings, so that she becomes incomprehensible in everything—for someone like Andlaw. She is witty and not presumptuous, she is learned and not a bluestocking, she is pure and not prudish, she is passionate and not debauched, she is in an excellent position and not arrogant, she has a decisive influence on the affairs of state and prepares her soup in the meantime, she is beautiful and not a coquette, she is revered and loved and doesn’t lose her mind over it, she has a fiery imagination and fulfils her duty, she is gentle and tender and works like an arithmetician, she has a most wonderful charm and the strictest principles—my God, it is simply impudent of her to be a woman and so

overwhelmingly majestic, great and graceful. But finally Mr. Andlaw found it, the explanation. Manon Jeanne Philippon (Mad. Roland) let herself be “tempted fatuously by immeasurable ambition and a complete lack of principles, in order to play a distinguished role, not allotted to her by birth and rank.” Oh you “immeasurably blinded“ Mad. Roland, without any principles, that’s what you get! Now Mr. Andlaw can sleep well again. Luther was the son of a miner; he fearlessly stood his ground in the face of emperor and pope. That is why he is great, formidable etc., and what other epithets there are. Jeanne Philippon was the daughter of a copper engraver. She was brave, fearless in the face of an entire era and sealed her fearlessness with the death on the scaffold—consequently she was completely “without principles, immeasurably ambitious and blinded“. This is only logical and Mr. Andlaw knows what is seemly for a woman. Because for this Freiherr von Andlaw is, firstly, a *Freiherr* (baron), and secondly a pious *Freiherr*, he knows that the God-given order, “birth and rank“, is determining and that only a wicked person dares to reverse this order, by having spirit and courage and excelling through them. There are many such wicked men, Mr. Andlaw would have learned their names, without a doubt, at grammar school, as so-called “great“ men, there are some such wicked women, they were “completely without principles“.

But one should not argue with a Freiherr v. Andlaw. Who knows him? Who names him! But with Carlyle. He writes a history of the Revolution. Now, several people have heard about a great influence of the women on the French Revolution. They even know individual names. They want to acquire more details. Carlyle is a good name, the best of names. They reach for his work. Yes, yes! One can’t find anything about the women’s influence in Carlyle’s work! The events are densely linked together and all events are created by men, there is no room for the entrance of women. And yet it is a fact that women took action in a defining way in the course of events; Carlyle supposedly didn’t know about that. Oh certainly! But he didn’t think it necessary to report on it. Men’s true nature opposes such a thing, because the woman belongs in the house. The information about women’s participation in events taking place outside the house is suppressed only so she doesn’t need to be ashamed. And to whom does Carlyle himself owe his greatness, his career? To his wife. His highly significant, witty wife⁵⁶.

Professor Bischoff owed his status as a celebrity in his lifetime to the fact that he provided the “scientific“ evidence for the inferiority women. Because such an evidence is always very agreeable. Professor Bischoff said: the man’s brain weighs 1350 grammes in average, even the brain of the most stupid beer drinker in Munich (Professor Bischoff was from Munich, but I don’t know if he was a beer drinker as well,) didn’t weigh less. But the woman’s brain only weighed 1255 grammes, therefore the woman was inferior. Professor B. became famous because he detected this sublime fact. Today, after this death, he is even immortal because he nailed another fact which is even more sublime: Namely the brain of Professor B. himself only weighed 1250 grammes, so it even weighed 5 grammes less than the brain of the inferior woman and 100 grammes less than the brain of the most stupid beer drinker in Munich; today Professor B. is immortal—ridiculous. So, was he inferior? If a woman had claimed that in his lifetime, science would have stoned her. No, not the weight of the brain alone is to be considered, but also the subtlety of the cerebral

⁵⁶ It is like that everywhere, in Mignet, in v. Sybel, in Blos, I don’t know how many histories of the Revolution I have worked my way through, in order to learn about women’s part in it. Never is there any report on everything, never in a context. This history reports on an anecdote, the other on another one. Then, painstakingly, one collects knowledge out of contemporary gazettes, periodicals, letters, biographies. Why this suppression and keeping it a secret?

gyrus. One day, a professor at the University of Milan gave to an acquaintance of mine, *Doctor philosophiae* Clara Sch. F., a remarkably heavy brain. When she expressed her astonishment about this colossal mass, he told her, it was the heaviest brain he had ever weighed, the brain of a—lack-wit.

The poetesses Roßwitha von Gandersheim and Sappho are also being treated nicely by academia. One has to read what Cervinus writes about the former, Roßwitha. It's the same with him and her as with Andlaw and Roland. Embarrassment! Because the stumbling block is there, it must not be denied, it can't be hushed up, although she would have deserved it completely, due to her cheekiness to write plays. Is this women's labour at all? What is someone like her thinking? The simplest thing would be not to mention anything about the scandal. But the competition! Some other professor could come along. e.g. Professor X, who is on to him anyway and proves the gap. Well, then one has to jump over the block, by the d...l. But before that, it has to be made as small as possible—And Cervinus⁵⁷ does his best.

We had no drama until Hans Sachs. So there was none from the beginning of everything up to the 16th century. Roßwitha lived in the 10th century. This was especially a time of complete stagnation of poetic production, bleak, dry, empty. In this desert she was like the oasis; revitalising, full of life, fresh like a spring. Her seven plays⁵⁸ are beautiful, original, fiery and tender, full of the highest dramatic life, full of profound knowledge of the human nature and truth, full of humour, spirit, full of imagination and feeling. Some scenes and images imprint themselves on the reader forever, and it is almost certain that Roßwitha had her plays performed in the convent as well and she wrote them only for the performance. In her time, in her country she had no patterns, she had to go back to the comedies of Terence, to find a form on which to lean. When understood in the context of her time, Roßwitha is a miracle, her appearance is explicable only to that person which acknowledges the brilliant poetic soul inside her, the creativity born out of itself.

Does Cervinus do that? But, Gentlemen, don't insult a man with such a question! But now her appearance is in explicable for him. He is at a complete loss as to what to do. Now he gets furious. Now she is, in her "separation", positively disgusting in his eyes. Now he blows the horns against the hard mountain⁵⁹ and every blast dulls his researcher's brain until the complete mental enfeeblement.

"The comedies of Hroswitha can hardly be considered by us singularly and without a lively context with the dramas of earlier or later times, but in the time of the Ottonian dynasty they are like a light casting its shadow ahead of things only fulfilled half a millennium later (Cheeky, to cast such a shadow!) Her lost plays were then (?) torn out of oblivion by Celtes when ancient literature was first reawakened, at the same time in which our drama was just recorded. One of her plays was translated." (Hah!)

Roßwitha acted positively non-scholarly by completely disregarding Cervinus' history of literature and its structure, when she wrote her plays, and it was highly illogical of her to be a poetess at a time which doesn't permit Cervinus to find someone else apart from her with whom he can compile a "School".—

⁵⁷ Cervinus, *Deutsche Dichtung*, Volume 4, page 563 ff.

⁵⁸ Roßwitha of Gandersheim, *7 Dramen*, translated by Bendiken 1850-53.

⁵⁹ Translator's note: the phrase "being at a loss as to what to do" is in German "wie der Ochs vorm Berge stehen", which literally translates as "standing like the ox in front of the mountain".

If only one person in the next 600 years had had the guts to imitate something similar in their poetry, she would have ushered in an “epoch“ for Cervinus! But this way: to stand there so alone and gigantically in a time of pygmies, that was highly improper. And the non-academic status of Roßwitha, her bad logic, her ignorance of how to behave properly to a significant history of literature, *d e s e r v e* to be reprimanded by Cervinus. Roßwitha would have done better to leave off writing plays with her own ladies’ hand.

And that is why she is so ugly in his eyes “in her meagre gift of invention“, her “school wisdom she dug up“; the “scholarly threads and flakes“ and “that her chants made the nun completely insentient and mindless“, her “dryness“ are highly disgusting to him. And because she speaks of herself and her gifts humbly in a dedication, she is “conscious of her non-education“, while he talks of her presumption and immodesty somewhere else. He seizes on the former, her modest way, quickly in order to use it against her, he doesn’t prove the latter. In short, Roßwitha is *n o t h i n g* to Cervinus. Yet he thinks it necessary to prove that this *N o t h i n g* didn’t have any significance *c o m p a r a t i v e l y*. “*E v e r y* century has its drama“, he said, therefore there was nothing special about Roßwitha in any case. And what he lists as drama from the first to the irrevocable last century— — all good spirits may praise the miracle: envy, usually so bloodily devouring, destroying—*h e r e* it worked creatively: he compiled the microscopic—microcosmic—atavistic approaches to a deceptive drama world.

But if Roßwitha were called Roßvitus!—yes, this would be a different matter. *Quod licet bovis non lice*⁶⁰ to Roßwitha! In that case Cervinus would have stood still in the face of this apparition, and would have reflected, and would have rubbed his forehead, and very probably the rubbing would have produced a spark and the spark would have ignited a little light in his brain—one should not discredit, anything is possible after all—and finally Cervinus would have been on fire and exclaimed: “Come here to me! A never before seen spectacle! A calf with no legs, six feet, 35 teeth and $\frac{3}{4}$ head! Every lottery ticket wins! All is real, all is new!“—No, he would *n o t* have behaved in *s u c h* a blatant way. But he would have asked seriously and thoroughly after the conditions of such an apparition, he would have brought to light the pearls and gems of her poetry and in the daylight sun he would have relished in her delicious glamour and glow. And he would have slightly overstepped the mark and he would have proved that the seeds of all later dramatic poetry were contained in *h i m*, that all later playwrights were inspired by *h i m*, even a Shakespeare. (Indeed some scenes and drafts of Roßwitha have a strange similarity to those of Shakespeare.) Yes, if she were a *h e*. But it is allowed to be rude and stupid to a woman to one’s heart’s content, and when she writes plays, they are compared to epic poems—Cervinus parallels Roßwitha’s plays to the *Waltarilied*. He praises the “fiery poet’s gaze“ of the poet of this song and chides the nun’s “martyr’s gaze“—consequently plays are measured by and examined compared to epic poems, this is like measuring by the nose the length of the sock and it’s called: critique.

“Her lost plays!“—yes, time took this long to catch up with her, to be congenial to her,—it took time centuries. Her lost plays. Wasn’t Bach lost as well? It was coincidence that Mozart listened to a piece of his B-minor-mass in Leipzig, and what was it Beethoven said of Bach, astonished about its sheer bottomless depth? “He shouldn’t be called Bach, but *S e a*⁶¹!“ But what did Beethoven know

⁶⁰ translator’s note: translates as: “what is permitted to the ox, is not permitted...”

⁶¹ translator’s note: Beethoven uses a pun here: “Bach” means brook.

from him? Some fugues and preludes and all the splendid choral music rotted in the cupboard and were lost. Until Mendelssohn came along, the Semite and the first performance of the St Matthew Passion—in the year 1829—took place in Berlin. Bach was lost from Bach's death until that time. He, Bach⁶²! And who knew Shakespeare before Lessing?!

Scherer treats Roßwitha more lightly. He dismisses her in the category "Old High German era" in 1 ½ pages⁶³. Later, when he is talking about the drama more specifically, he doesn't even mention her any more. Why should he?—And Cervinus and Scherer, these are the literary historians. I do not require to make a great fuss about the few women who emerged in history, I know very well that culture originates only from you, Gentlemen! (But there is also a culture afterwards. Because it only comes from one side, it is one-sided, askew). I only want it acknowledged that these women, who, despite all constraints, created such excellence, something to last for all eternity, must have been totally unusual creatures, so that the unusual doesn't only reside in men's bodies, but that maybe some beautiful blossom would develop, if the female plant was cultivated as carefully as the male one, or the plantlet. I speak for our future. But if someone wants to acknowledge these women's merit, then it is my wish that academia would make herself the judge, but not the executioner of the female merit!

When one browses the name index in Cervinus' work the eyes start to burn, one gets blinded by all these margravines, princesses etc. You might think that you suddenly hold the genealogical calendar of the court of Gotha in your hands. But no! They are all "poetesses" or something like that.

Cervinus discovered that with the same method with which he discovered that every century had its drama. But you'll find the name Annette Drost-Hülshoff in the same name index under the letter H. to no avail! And when mentioning the name Arnim he forgets Bettina!

By the way, I look also for Roßwitha, Hrosvitha, Rosvitha and the same under Gandersheim, superfluously also under drama in the Brockhaus encyclopaedia—in vain. Isn't she registered in the Brockhaus, edition from 80 and the following years? I don't know. But Emil Götze, the famous tenor, is in there, he and I know this for certain. And a multitude of other men of equal significance for our spiritual life are in there. The women are left out, so they remain virtuous and humble. — Because

"when will humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—"

says Faust to Gretchen⁶⁴.

There is the same idiosyncrasy against registering the name of an autonomous woman in Kolb and Cervinus. She must go against the grain of the men a lot.—

It is more difficult to prove in Sappho's case, than in Roßwitha's, that she is harmed directly by the academia. The few things we have from her hardly allow for a present-day judgement of her merits. But in her time she must have been so splendid that

⁶² S. Naumann, *Musikgesch.*, Stuttg. V. II. p. 859. See also Wilh. Hensel, *die Familie Mendelssohn*.

⁶³ Scherer, *Deutsche Literatur*. Berlin 1885. p. 57.

⁶⁴ translator's note: quote is taken from the English E-text of J.W. Goethe's Faust Part 1 from Project Gutenberg, Release date January 2002, Edition 10. No longer available from Germany (most recent status: July 2018)

Sappho's fame eclipsed the fame of all contemporaries. The Athenian gentlemen then took revenge, wrote bad comedies and ridiculed her in those. Perhaps they believed the rumours they put into the world about her, because in Athens, where the honourable woman was unfree and only the hetaera enjoyed freedom, the autonomous position of the Aeolic woman Sappho could only be taken to mean that she was a hetaera herself. But we have Alcaeus as witness that her moral conduct was without stain and her honour was untouchable, so "her serene grace didn't deprive her moral dignity of anything."⁶⁵

Neither would she have been able to read her brother Charaxos the riot act because of his relationship with the beautiful Rhodopis, if her own conduct had been of such a nature that he would have been allowed to find being reproached by "such a one" ludicrous. Yet to this day the fairytale of Sappho's licentiousness flourishes. Not her merits, but her character are abused. Why do people rather believe the suspicious accounts of these Athenians like Lysippos and whatever the names of all of them are, than the positively unsuspecting account of the noble Alcaeus!? Only, because people like to believe what they wish for. Sappho certainly expresses her emotions fervently. Well, it just so happens that this was the way she felt. Wasn't she licensed to have emotions? Or was she merely not allowed to know them? Does she need to be a "lovely mystery" to herself, therefore necessarily walk in the darkness of stupidity?!

—Or wasn't she allowed to express her feelings? But she is a poetess, and "noble passion", "fervent sensuality", "fiery sentiment", those are for you surely the imperative attributes of a—poet? And she didn't have any right to any of this, she is to be rebuked for them?

What is high, beautiful and healthy nature in the poet, originated from disgusting and ridiculous diseases in the poetess? Don't, Gentlemen! Don't be so absurd! If you believed that, you couldn't have any reason. Even Müller, who is well-disposed towards her, thinks he needs to make excuses for Sappho: "Just look, her fervour is not so terrible!" Does Sappho need this excuse? Are they only appeased, when she showed less sentiment? Didn't she have a right to her own natural individuality?—

Why do noble little geniuses insist on telling us that Sappho was a nymphomaniac and that Roßwitha was "a nun with erotic tendencies, who relieved her boredom by imitating Terence?"—Do you know, Gentlemen, who uncovered the spuriousness of Macpherson's Ossian? It was Talvj. The same Talvj who also published an excellent translation of Serbian folkloristic songs, with an introduction by Goethe who praised it highly; the same Talvj for whom we have to thank for a history of the colonisation of New England, which is incomparable in its clarity and reliability; the same Talvj who gained credit by exploring the history of the Slavic languages and literature. Further works we know: "*Die Kosaken und ihre hist. Lieder*"⁶⁶. "*Versuch einer geschichtlichen Charakteristik der Volkslieder germanischer Nationen 1840*"⁶⁷, and we know that 2 splendid novels: "Heloise", (1850) "The Exiles" (1852), a narrative "*Kurmark und Kaukasus*"⁶⁸, as well as a narrative of cultural history "Fifteen Years, a Picture from the Last Century" come from the same quill. I learned by coincidence that Talvj was a pseudonym, composed of the initials of the name Therese Albertine Louise von Jacob, therefore a woman. — — —

⁶⁵ Müller, *Griech. Literaturgeschichte* Vol.1, p.291.

⁶⁶ translator's note: translates as The Cossacks and their hist. songs.

⁶⁷ translator's note: translates as Attempt at a historical characteristic of the folk-songs of Germanic nations 1840.

⁶⁸ translator's note: translates as Electoral March and Caucasus.

I was very much interested. I hurried to the heavy encyclopaedias, to learn more about her, who accomplished such significant things. There was nothing in Appleton's New-Cyclopaedia American—not the name Talvj. I don't remember where else I looked—I found her, as Poe's raven says, "nevermore". Then I learned, by the goodness of a curator, who completed my order form, that she was married and her married name was Robinson—and lo behold: the name of her husband was to be found in a heavy volume. He was only an indifferently gifted man, who went into the Holy Land and wrote at his return "*Physical Geographie of the Holy Land*", which was very good and diligent of him, but which didn't require any genius. Yet the encyclopaedia reports on him in a long, long essay. And—Thank God!—here you find the following note in 2 lines: *in 1828 he married Therese Albertine Louise von Jacob, daughter of an eminent professor of Philosophie at Halle. This highly cultured lady was already well known as authoress under the pseudonym Talvj.* The father was eminent—he gets an article, the husband is more eminent, an even longer article is dedicated to him,—but the daughter and wife outclasses them both, father and husband, by far—she is hushed up—at least as Talvj. She merely has a right to exist and to be noticed as the appendage, as the wife of the eminent Professor Robinson and as the daughter of the eminent Professor v. Jacob. This is the "objectivity of academia", Gentlemen!

The encyclopaedia adds: "*she became of great assistance to her husband in his learned pursuits*". This is Talvj's significance, Gentlemen, she was a great help to her learned husband. And this is completely natural, Gentlemen. Because there are titles, promotions, honorary doctorates, professorships, medals etc. etc. to list, these are stages in the biography of a man, which form a splendid basis for the biographer. All of this doesn't exist in the life of a woman.

She can only have *merit*s, and no *reward* for this, she is only allowed to fulfill *duties* and she mustn't claim any external *honour*—work itself must be sufficient as her incitement, as well as the enthusiasm for the cause.—There would be so much more to tell of Talvj; her heart and spirit and character were truly excellent. Some of her literary achievements ought to be mentioned, too. However, only this one thing: the desire of freedom lived in her, as in *every* woman and she wrote admirable articles about the Russian serfdom.

But why this neglect? Does the academia, as soon as it gets in touch with life, serve the political party which *needs* the subjugation of women? Is that why popular academia keeps silent about the service of women, because it would be too outrageous to look for the merit—in the dungeon —,instead of in the temple?"—

Poor Capitalist academia!

Political science makes an interesting statement about women. Bluntschli, for instance, *Deutsches Staatswörterbuch*⁶⁹ 1858.

"The woman is by *nature* not destined and organised to participate directly in political life."

He doesn't prove it, but

"also Christianity didn't leave this principle untouched and didn't consider the political emancipation of the woman. No other reason would be necessary to discard the political equality of the sex as wrong, as going against the female nature and destiny in its core."

This is what Bluntschli says. Whoever is still not convinced will be—burned as an enemy to

⁶⁹ translator's note: translates as German state dictionary.

Christianity.

There is also a gentle reproach for us: “The female sex, which rarely understands and values the state (why should we, we are not part of it, after all, and as “servants“ we are only needed where there is “no true civil service“), has, after all, the empowered government to thank for its civil emancipation (i.e. we are allowed to inherit).“

Are we equal citizens? No. The man is lying!

Proudhon denies the female sex the full intellectual and moral equality with the man.

L. Frantz claims in *Natural doctrine of the state* that “the difference of the sexes is eternal“, Holtzendorff as well. But what are the men saying with this? We’re saying the same, after all. If there wasn’t any difference, we would be men. But, because we are women, there must be a difference.—But is the man the standard for all values? Are we inferior, because we are not men? How do you know, Gentlemen, that your self-evaluation shows no miscalculations? Nature calculates otherwise: without a man, but also without a woman, there is no new human being. This should suffice. It’s not sameness we want, but equal rights.

No area of science, no area of art, where women did not prove at least their ability co-operate; except the productive music. And even there Klara Schumann’s songs, included in the collections of Robert Schumann, Fanny Henkel’s songs, generally thought to be the compositions of her brother Felix, are a nice start.

Karoline Herschel, who discovered 8 planets, Mrs. Somerville, who wrote *Mechanisme of heavens* in 1831, Mrs. Kowalewska, the recently deceased professor of mathematics in Copenhagen, Maria Cajetana Agnesi, who read analytics as a professor in Bologna in 1750 and was quite apt in theology at the same time, the writers Georges Sand, Madame Staël, Elliot, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, the poetesses—except Sappho and Roßwitha, who were already mentioned,—Corinna: “who defeated Pindar five times“⁷⁰, Annette Drost-Hülshoff, the painters Rosa Bonheur and Angelika Kauffmann, shall serve as evidence. And wasn’t one of the most splendid portals of the Straßburg Minster created by Erwin’s daughter Sabina? And all these great actresses and female singers! Aren’t they just as valuable as their male colleagues? And this art, the art of the stage, is the only art where she was granted a completely free competition, and even this is fairly recent. Because even in Shakespeare’s time the female roles were performed by men. Thus, grant her her free competition in other areas. This is simply about an attempt, if it fails, to the dismay of the women, then they have to be content, for all time, with the gained certainty that nature ordained for them being receptive, not creative, also in the area of intellectual production. But without this attempt, excluded violently from every equal competition, it is natural that we don’t want to suffer such tyranny. It is even natural that we want to shout to the men: you fear free competition, only because you feel weak. It is said that women are not geniuses. Yes, but in order to pursue a new course, you need to know the old one. Are all men geniuses? Most of them, by far, achieve useful things with only moderate skills. We can do that too. But you combat us with such unworthy instruments!

She is never allowed the seriousness of scientific work; dilettantism is permitted to her, the *donothingisme* and the *saynothingisme*—this way she remains a lovely *à peu près*, a toy.

⁷⁰ Müller, *Ibidem*.

The woman who takes up the fight is impeded and tormented at every turn—tormented and impeded, because she is a woman. The whole male choir of her respective area of expertise goes to battle against her, unanimously and armed,—because she is a woman. Even if they tear at each other at other times, they agree that a woman mustn't be allowed to arise, and the noble souls find themselves in the most noble purposes. The whole pack of the glory insurance company turns in mutual consent against the unauthorised invaderess⁷¹, and among the Woof, woof of these hounds you can hear the hit, hit!—the woman⁷². It turns into a look, look⁷³! in front of the highly insured man, demanding the first rate and fame. There'd have to be very special circumstances—protection. It actually happens once in a while. But how is it to be gained? I should think through entirely exceptional talent?! The female writer and the poetess, for instance, gain acceptance through a splendid piece of work, through a wonderful poem. Every aspiring woman must have had such a naive faith once—but she must have been deprived of it as well at some point. When a male theatre director or an editor are to be excited about a poem coming out of a female quill, he requires a different poem as a reward in 99 out of 100 cases, the “poem by God the Lord“, as Heine calls it—the woman's body.

Why shouldn't a man buy flesh, when there seems to be an opportunity for it, and why shouldn't the payment consist of protection for once? “Notwithstanding the high regard attributed to the woman by the German“. Beyle says that a man has to try to storm every woman, with whom he finds himself alone, “one of 10 assaults succeeds, but this one victory is worth 9 defeats.“ “Do not see the woman in me, value the human being in me“, it often cried within me passionately, when I was sitting across a man whom I would have liked to respect. Alas, it is quite an effort until they realise that “there is nothing to be gained“. Nothing? No mind, no talent, no spirit? Tut, who asks after this! Nothing—to enjoy. And from this— — moment onwards you encounter coldness, even hostility, because the man “has suffered a defeat“ and who forgives a defeat! The woman was created as the man's plaything. And for Nietzsche George Sand and Staël are the “strange women per se“—a contrary of nature. Evidence? Oh, who bothers with such a trivial thing like evidence, when one is the superman, when one is Nietzsche. If a woman presumes to have the intention of contributing seriously in the academic world, the most successful tool against it is to ridicule her. Every man—except you, Gentlemen, listening to me—will find the story of von Eck and Argula of Grumbach highly pleasant and very amusing. The latter, a highly significant woman of the Reformation, sent a challenge for a dispute to the reactionary. His reply was as percussive as it was convincing; he sent to her in return— — a distaff.

Some would like to send such a distaff to every woman who strives to get out of her narrow-mindedness, and even today especially the clerics would like to do this. They, who have always established their baneful and cruel power on the stupidity of the masses, the power to bless and to burn, to murder and to execute, to plunder and to eat their fill. And who would be a better pillar supporting this roof of clerical power, than the stupid and ignorant woman?! The starting point of

⁷¹ translator's note: Loewenherz uses a made-up word in the original text, “Eindringlin“, because the German word for invader, “Eindringling“, is gender-neutral, respectively male. Therefore the translator of this work uses a made-up female version of the word “invader“.

⁷² translator's note: in the original text there is a play on words: “woof, woof“ is “wau wau“ in German, “hit, hit“ is “hau, hau!“ in German.

⁷³ translator's note: it's the same play on words (s. above); the German translation “schau, schau!“ also rhymes with “wau, wau“ and “hau, hau“.

many baneful events was the confessional, where a noblewoman confessed, confessed to a cleric and listened to his advice; and do you want to know, Gentlemen, how the Centrum party keeps its voters together, even today? By having the chaplains use the apron strings as manacles. Tear us from the stupidity, tear us from the clerics' superiority and the clerics' tricks. Us! And, thus,—you. To the sun of knowledge with the ashlar stones of stupidity, so that they crumble!

You cut off our means and paths to exercise our strengths and then you go and give us the phrase of its "free play". Yes, there are even people who pretend that they would be on the way of favouring us, and warn so heartily of it, so one could almost believe that they were serious about it and that they didn't know their own impertinent lie.

"There is no reason from the outset to give preference to women. The ruling men have been careful enough, by addressing the question, not to prejudice. Beware of every one-sided humanitarian consideration, the law of competition cannot be transformed at will."

"The ruling men", those are the Capitalist men, and they allow for one-sided humanitarian consideration—for themselves. The woman's humanity? "The man is the true human being", says Schopenhauer, and there is only one word for man and human being in Greek and French. She is deprived of humanity and instead "femininity" is forced upon her, she was barred from life right into "woman's heaven", which means marriage, of course.

All novels close with marriage, when they get each other, people are at ease. All lyrical poems are about those who don't get each other and that is why people are so touched by them.

However the lengthy tirades sometimes say something else than a short unguarded exclamation and the latter tends to be true.

A rhyme from the Marsch goes like this:

⁷⁴De Jungfer is Brut,
Aer Fүүr geit ut,
Aer Elend geit an.

And the following is utterly sincere:

"Erst dat Nädigst, sä de Keerl, da prügelt he sin Wif."⁷⁵

It resembles the husband's right of moderate castigation. The previous year the story of a husband who locked his wife into a suitcase every time he went out made the papers; he did get punished, only mildly, but he was punished. But it says explicitly in the reasons of the judgement: because he locked her in the suitcase. He could have locked her in a room, or in any hole, unpunished.

I don't want to tell horrible marriage stories, I only want to prove with some marriages, not only divorced but also continuing ones, that the home is "woman's heaven" under all circumstances.

For instance the housewife of the "married man and father of six children" in the Baur café—what do you think, Gentlemen, how pleasant it is for her! What will he do, when he comes home?

Pale, haggard—she knows that she is cheated on—this is how he finds her—still awake, waiting for him. She is lying in her bed, fearfully she is looking at him. He's coming closer, he's groping for the bed, he's bending over her—his breath, his disgusting drunk's breath wafts towards her, and

⁷⁴ translator's note: this is Low German, it translates as this, as far as the translator of this work can make it out: "The maid is a bride, The fire goes out, The misery sets in".

⁷⁵ translator's note: this is likewise Low German, again this is as far as the translator of this work can make it out: "First the most gracious, says the guy, there he beats his wife".

then?— —

She is pushing him away. — — Oh, he will drive t h e s e whims out of her! What! How can this be! She, his property, opposing him!?! Doesn't he drink his wine when h e wants? Doesn't he beat his dog when h e wants? Doesn't he enjoy his wife when h e wants? —

Earlier he acknowledged the current trade-in value of the whore with a few groschens, and here he feeds and clothes his wife, whom he married for life, lifelong. And t h a t wants to have a will of its own!?

—Oh, such presumption is as stupid as it is ridiculous. But he isn't a m a n for nothing, the "father of six children". Truly, a man won't let a woman forbid him anything! He would be a fine man then! A henpecked husband!

Recently one of his friends told him how women are to be treated, and how he treats his own. She was complaining—about many things. He was tired of the nagging: he comes home one night, comes gruffly through the door into the room where she is, throws a handful of silver coins to the ground wrathfully, so that the coins roll far and wide, and says: "There, you bitch, eat your fill with my earnings once more!" — — — Since then she has been silent. She looks quite bad, but—the meals have never been as quick on the table as now. Subordination,—t h i s is the main trait of a wife— says the friend.

And apart from that—ugh! these women with their spiderweb muscles, says the friend and laughs with his whole red face and stretches the arms. —"Not all men are such brutes", you, Gentlemen, might say. Truly they are not. But it is terrible that they all would be a l l o w e d to remain unpunished.

Another little story: He met her, the only daughter of wealthy people, 18 years old, lively, beautiful, smart and taught in good schools, her intellect more than average. She was a "good match" for him, him, who had tasted more than his share of what life has to offer, except civil marriage.

He was a judge, approximately 42 years old, a handsome, a very brilliant man.

They met on the ice. Back then the Fausts were still fashionable. He played Faust, in whom "there are two souls, alas"⁷⁶. He liked to show her the one, who "longs to soar beyond the dust into the realm of high ancestral minds"⁷⁷—and she was completely under his spell. She was a child; out of the classroom of the city's school for young ladies into the loneliness of an English boarding school, from there back into her parents' house, petted, flattered, cheerful, lovely and charmingly "delicious", ignorant of everything dirty about life—so he married her. Half a year later she saw him—with her maidservant.

This maidservant was cheeky, unclean, ugly, old. Nevertheless the young woman with the charming visage, with the sweet, exquisitely modelled, wonderful body, with the unspeakable loveliness, heartiness and gracefulness of her nature saw him with her.

Psychologically interesting, isn't it? A mystery? This is quite popular in literature: the man torn between two women.

"I prefer a whore to a wife ten times"—this, this is the shameful explanation of what is incomprehensible otherwise.

An aberration, a perversion!—you say.

⁷⁶ translator's note: from the translation by Luke, David (1987). *Faust, Part One*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

⁷⁷ s. above-

Oh, yes. If only this “aberration“ weren’t part of the daily trodden path, if only the “perversion“ weren’t taken for granted!

But surely this marriage was dissolved? The young rich woman didn’t stay with the unfaithful man?

Oh, Gentlemen, then she would have been a “divorcee“ and not everyone has the strength for martyrdom. The odour of a divorcee is like a pestilential miasma for society. No, she stayed. She also found someone to console her. Surely you find this natural. The pure wife doesn’t endure the betrayal of the loved one, she dies or kills, or—doesn’t stay pure. Then the mutual betrayal is there with its derision, its impunity, its brutality.

In life and poetry the woman is treated with hypocrisy. A nice figure of speech says the other one. But especially in poetry. In the meantime poetry is only the mirror to life and as such it can only be subjectively, not objectively true. Only life is reproached with hypocrisy.

The Jews were more sincere. Even in their prayer they give thanks to their Creator, with an open heart, that he “didn’t create them as a woman“. God himself also expressed his disdain towards women: he demanded as payment for the male firstborn 50 shekels, but as payment for the female firstborn only 30 shekels. Numbers are evidence, and I prefer these honest Jewish numbers to the “Germanic high regard“—for which the evidence is always forgotten. In the Jewish Cult the woman is generally a *Notthereatall*⁷⁸. The boy’s entrance into life is accompanied by a religious action—circumcision. His entrance into the community, which follows at the age of 13, is celebrated as well. The women are not admitted. They are not officially part of the community and cannot participate in the actual service. 3 men, for example, are permitted to say grace aloud, 10 men can minister [[service], the first is called *mesummen*, the latter *minjan*. But 2 men and 99 women are no *mesummen* and 9 men and 10 000 women no *minjan*. Millions of women do not replace the One Man. “I thank you, God, that you didn’t create me as a woman“, the Jewess counters with: “I thank you, God, that you created me for your pleasure“, to this proud-cheerful prayer of the Jew, sad and doleful.

I know the widow of a small clerk with her 4 children, 2 boys, 2 girls. The meagre pension didn’t suffice, the woman established a boardinghouse for grammar school pupils, the daughters helped in the household, the oldest earned money additionally with embroidery on the side. This way they got by half and half. They could even send the boys to grammar school: the oldest received his secondary school leaving certificate, he had a good position in a shop, the second one enters into a career in the post on a higher level, the mother and sister labour and take care to be able to send him what is necessary. In a few years both gentlemen will be “made men“; one will be a high-ranking official and will even belong to the “most noble and best“; wealthy women won’t just be granted to them, they’ll even be pushed on them. The sisters, however, and the mother will always host grammar school pupils and embroider. This way they grow old. A typical phenomenon of our time: a clerk’s widow with daughters who are leftovers. Nobody will bother to tear them from this “women’s heaven“, they can sit at home and the noble sons will even banish the memory of their careworn, cooking mother, and their withered, embroidering sisters.

Jokers tell this story somewhat differently. Approximately like this: When Minchen was 2 years old, she got a baby brother, when she was four years old and he was two, he broke her favourite doll.

⁷⁸ translator’s note: Loewenherz created another invented word in the original text: *Garnichtda*: gar nicht da → not there at all.

Then with 6 years she attended school and mothered Karlchen. — — These comparisons go on through all phases of dancing lesson, paramour, years of her being a teenager and him being an undergraduate. Then, when he was 30 years old, he got married; she was a bridesmaid and 22 years old. When he celebrated his 36th birthday, she was already 25 years old and told everyone that Karl had always carried her in his arms as a child, “naturally he was already a big boy back then“. — And now a philosopher could come and ask the deep question, why children, having come out the womb of one mother, need to have such differently natured fates. The philosopher should study national economics.

It's said that there are mothers who weep when they are told that the child they have just given birth to is a female child. I wonder if these mothers could give an answer to the pondering philosopher? My laundress is the widow of a former train conductor. Her husband had a nervous breakdown and became an invalid. He was granted a pension, which only just suffices for paying the rent. So my laundress had to provide food for her sick husband and 3 children and for herself. Heating, lighting, tax, clothes, school fee as well. She labours hard with her laundry, hard enough for it to be fully sufficient for one person, for a strong one. But next to that she has to provide the care for her sick husband and her three children, she also needs to cook and clean and do everything, everything. The husband gets worse everyday, how are they to pay for the costs for medical counsel, medicine and expensive baths and food? If her husband could get into a sanatorium, of which there are enough, he would get help and his wife would be relieved from a huge burden. However, if he was accepted into such a sanatorium, she would lose the pension—it's only paid to the man, not to her. And if she were to receive it, this would be highly careless; how can the state give a female creature so much money! Therefore, in order for the wisdom and caution of the land's establishment to be activated gloriously anew, the poor thing has to keep carrying her burden, day after day, until she breaks down. A little, only a very little bit of reason and humanity for the woman, only the simple comprehension that she, the woman who is in full command of her wits is just as capable to dispose as her poor, mentally disordered husband, and the people would get help.

The girl doesn't marry, she is being married to someone. This is the greatest shame being done to a person. “You are Challe⁷⁹“, an old Jew said to his daughter recently, when he returned from a journey. “Aetti⁸⁰, for whom?“ the girl asked. “Is that any of your business?“ the old man shouted back in wrath. In his opinion she had committed a crime against filial piety and had betrayed a highly rebellious attitude. And this isn't only Jewish, it's also Christian.

It can be taken for granted that there is a corresponding double standard to all these differences in the social position of the sexes to the disadvantage of the women. The Code Napoleon states nice and short: *la recherche de la paternité est interdite, la recherche de la maternité est admise.*

“Society“ adheres to this.— I want to ask a father, what will you do, when your daughter comes home with a love child in her arms or under her heart? Gentlemen, your own sentiments are the answer for me. And then I want to ask the same father, what will you do, when your son demands money from you to pay for the alimonies for these illegitimate children?—The father smiles benignly. His offspring will surely not be such a rascal; but if—*mon dieu!* We were young once too. But when such a stealth of nature occurs, aren't both practitioners thieves? Or is the man

⁷⁹ Challe=Bride.

⁸⁰ Aetti`=Father.

considered to be the big thief and the woman as the small thief, so logically you let the man go, while you—hang—the woman?

And so the woman's free movement is hindered at every turn. The trivialities of life—they can be so annoying and ruin the odd hour—here the woman is also discriminated against in a most ridiculous way. A woman of my acquaintance was recently looking for a furnished room; she recounted what she experienced at the tour. Truly, truly -- a lady is looking for a room—this cannot be a lady! She is probably...something like this, or like this, or like this. So, not always wealthy, so, not always a lady. Consequently she is not accepted. But if she is accepted, then it goes without saying that she does not need to be treated as well as Mr. University student, Mr. Clerk or Mr. Lieutenant etc. Because these are men of rank and position and they can later become "bigwigs".—But such an unmarried lady—bah.—

At the Königl. Bibliothek (royal library) ladies are permitted to read. Recently I felt a call of nature—ladies aren't permitted to read at the Königl. Bibliothek for long!—I had to wander around, the lavatory was not very close— — and the whole affair wasn't as amusing in my memory back then as it is today. I arrived there and read: "The *Besucher*⁸¹ are requested" etc. etc. And yet the *Besucher i n n e n*⁸² are the only ones allowed in there. But to write *Besucher i n n e n n*,—this can't possibly be demanded. Even at this place this is too much honour.

Recently I took the omnibus from the Rosenthaler Thor to the Potsdamer Brücke, so it was a long ride. The air in the coach was chokingly foul. I stepped onto the platform. The conductor reproached me. "If a policeman comes along, I'll have to pay a fine of 3 marks, ladies aren't allowed to stand there". I didn't want to believe it, and pointed out that ladies also stand on the horse tramway. "Yes, that is sad enough" he said; "just think, in summer, when it is hot, and gentlemen would like to stand there, but they can't, because of the ladies." He said the last thing in a tone of disdain and bitterness, both couldn't possibly be greater. "But when gentlemen stand there, I replied, and other gentlemen arrive, who also would like to stand there—what then? —"Well, first come, first served"—he said.

The man is right, I thought; he merely takes it for granted that ladies have no business being served, regardless of whether they have come first or last.

There are vegetarian restaurants in Berlin, which ladies like to frequent. (Because of the lovely institution of Prostitution it is not always agreeable in another restaurant, and neither is it—as mentioned above—always possible to eat there—they simply don't give you anything). Two of these houses, which are furnished comfortably and are quite pleasant and to be recommended, have a "ladies' room" and this is the worst room of the restaurant. No one would dare to keep this as a gentlemen's room. Torn wallpapers, stove pipes, darkness! No lighting in the evening! One is the library of a club at the same time and year after year a velocipede is standing there—it looks very much like a stable! These are trivial matters, but they make you think. And why shouldn't a person think about this long talk!? These trivial matters imitate the great matters, as children imitate their parents, these trivial matters mirror the laws, they fall like poisonous seeds from the poisonous plant: enslavement of the women.

⁸¹ translator's note: *Besucher* is the German male plural for visitors.

⁸² translator's note: *Besucherinnen* is the German female plural for visitors.

The woman is the property of the man—all grievances originate in this fundamental view.

We are property like the dog, the slave, the serf, the slave is and was. If only we were treated like this; if only we were permitted the carelessness next to the humiliation, if only we were fed.

We are tools. But here we only get the bad aspects as well: the subservience is ours, but not the advantage—the insensitivity. We are cast away like a tool after we have served our purpose, but we remain human beings and our souls and senses remain capable of all human torments.

But as property and tool we are—not as protected and spared, but so without rights. We run from pillar to post and look for—a small place, where we have a right to exist. There is none.

Not in front of the law, not in the family, not in marriage, not in the profession, not in the state, not in science and art, not at home and on the street. Everywhere we are only tolerated, pushed around like an undignified, annoying animal.

So, where to put us.

Frederick the Great, no less, solved the woman question.

When Major General von Rothkirch asked him for a *Stiftspräbende*⁸³ for one of his daughters, the great king replied:

“There are 30-40 applicants for the every position. He should produce nice boys, those I can place, but I don’t know where to put the ladies.”

Only nice boys! The ladies don’t need to be put anywhere.—

⁸³ translator’s note: a *Stiftspräbende* was a sort of stipend, established in the German nobility to provide for an unmarried noble lady.

How it came about.

It is the tragedy of the sex that its greatest asset is the origin of its doom.

It is only natural, Gentlemen, that you say that if the female sex is inferior in the struggle with the male sex, then this victory of the men must be founded in their superiority, the defeat of the women in their inferiority. In the struggle for existence that which does not have the strength to win succumbs; and what fades away is not worth to exist.

Then a woman's right place is at men's feet, and she shall not revolt against what is just, against which no appeal is permissible, against nature.

But what if it's not nature, but artificiality of the man's supremacy, if it's not weakness, but strength which founded the women's servitude?

The woman is not inferior because of her faults, but because of that which is her own highest virtue. What this is? Gentlemen, I want to reply as if I were a man and say therefore: the woman's highest asset is her femininity.

And now, Gentlemen, you are astonished, you are no wider now than when you began⁸⁴, namely like before my comprehensive reply and you ask me the way we women also want to ask in such cases: Well, what is a woman's femininity?

I wager, certainly, I wager that the word "femininity" invokes thoughts in you. If one could only know exactly what, and if one could put this correctly into words. I wager sundry colours, sounds, scents and shapes sound, flit, flicker, purr, waft and float in your mind, when the word "femininity" sounds. Only, nothing of this can really be shaped, can really be grasped.

There are women who think of the clanging of sabres and an athlete's arms when hearing the word masculinity, others think of a twirled moustache, others of an open bank-book and serious spectacles, others of other things; so there are also men who think of a white apron and a wooden spoon when hearing the word femininity, or of lace negligees, ottomans and French novels, or of weeping servants and bawling children, or of scented locks and "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "you think?" whispered in a low and lovely voice with shyly lowered eyes, others remember a full bosom and sturdy hips.

Gentlemen, I don't know what masculinity is. But I do know what femininity is: it is motherhood.

And this is supposed to have doomed the women, this mighty impulse, this force of nature of the individual, which expresses the greatest power of the species at the same time. The motherhood of the woman, what else is it than instinct of self-preservation of the species: human being—and this is supposed to be blamed for man's supremacy?

Yes, Gentlemen. That's why I said it: Not weakness, but strength, not poverty, but wealth, not faults, but assets are the origin of the woman's subjugation. And that is why I called it the tragedy of the sex: that which is power for the species,—it appeared to be a weakness to the individual, that which is the greatest blessing for humanity, became the woman's curse: motherhood.

⁸⁴ translator's note: Loewenherz refers with the original phrase "so klug wie zuvor" to Goethe's *Faust I*.

Because motherhood is love towards that which has been brought forth, saving what is alive, and this saving love became women's doom. The species proved ungrateful enough towards the individual.

In every normal woman the maternal feeling is alive, and the most female woman will be the most maternal one. And not only when she has given birth to a child, this central quality of the woman also appears in the unmarried woman and the childless one. The childless one adopts a strange child and finds her happiness therein, and the unmarried one hurries to the sickbeds, as deaconess, as nurse, and endangering her own life she saves many a child for the community—just like the woman giving birth. Yes, we recognise the omnipotence of this most magnificent of all human impulses even in its degeneracies and comicalities—it is all the more magnificent, all the more natural, all the more exhilarating, seeing that nowhere else is this nature so harmoniously blended with the most noble culture and not the slightest dissonance remains behind. The maternal love is the anchor of the human species, and, like I said, its image appears to us also in the concave mirror of ridicule. The old spinster and her kitty or puppy dog have become the typical figure of popular humour, but this is merely the woman's need to act out her motherhood! It's not a coincidence that the old spinster feeds her quadrupeds, feeds her birdies, and takes care of her flowers, and that the room of the old bachelor is bare and bleak, stripped of all cheery living things. Not a coincidence, but caused by the entirely natural difference between the male and the female characteristic, caused by the biological, physiological, and therefore psychological difference between man and woman.

The share that man and woman have in creating a new human are biologically and physiologically different. Biologically, because, even if the strands of the male sperm and the female ovum permeate each other equally numerically⁸⁵, there is still the difference that the female egg doesn't leave the maternal body, while the male semen needs to get into the woman's womb, consequently it needs to leave the man, in order to be effective. But material which is given in such a way is not only superfluous for the producing body, it has to be superfluous, otherwise such a natural discharge wouldn't be possible. And this kind of discharge necessitates an estrangement, even a state of being estranged. Once the material is given, the man's body doesn't bother about it any more. And it is not unnatural at all, when that which comes of it doesn't bother his soul any more. Hence the relative, sadly often absolute indifference of the father towards those he produced, towards his children.

And physiologically the difference is even greater: the father contributes nothing to the nourishing of the newly developing human being, while it is suckling its nourishment out of the blood of the mother, as it is indissolubly connected with the mother's body. And how could such bodily procedures not have an effect on the soul! The mother's love is truly greater than the father's love, as the woman's body has to take over the more important and more noble task during the creation of new life. Moreover, the procreation is for the man only a moment of lust, often enough soon forgotten over other similar moments. So how should this procedure win power over his temper, influence on his character⁸⁶?

⁸⁵ Lectures of Prof. Reichenbach at the Senckenberg Institute in Frankfurt a. Main, winter term 1891-92.

⁸⁶ It is hardly necessary to provide proof for this statement. Life provides it by the day, by the hour. The alimony lawsuits don't always get in front of a court, in the letterboxes of the newspapers are numerous requests on information on how to elude in a smart way the vexing claims of the mothers. Recently, in the Voss. Newspaper five "malign

The woman however! The seed of the future human unfolds in her body like the corn in the maternal womb of the earth. The procedure is mysterious and sacred to her, it fills her with awe for herself and the spirit of life. She nourishes the growing being and it grows by feeding off her juices. It thrives by suckling from her blood. Every minute she brings this sacrifice of her self for the child. And this inseparable connection doesn't last only for a short time, but for many months. When the complete human being pushes out of its protecting concealment into the sunlight, then it was "made" by the mother, as it is expressed bluntly in the Italian language: "*Bella, che non fanno piu le mamme*". And the pain of labour, how sanctifying is it for the mother! Bought dearly, the new life is precious to her, who endured so much for its sake. All of these complaints, aren't they like an admonition of nature for the mother; that which you nourish and carry, what you have given birth to, is worth all these hardships and sufferings. But how could such an equally serious memory be found in the l u s t o f t h e m o m e n t of the begetter! That is why so much more tender maternal care in contrast to the carelessness of the father is also seen among animals. And Laboulaye⁸⁷ says of a certain epoch of Roman legislation that it "protects t h e c h i l d r e n against the indifference of the fathers." The mother's love is the most powerful, the most natural and most noble instinct of the species, the instinct of self preservation in its most loveable form, and it has a powerful effect on the psyche of the individual which serves him as carrier: the woman.

She is the giver of life, therefore the preserver of life. Her most noble task is creating life, her most noble care is to preserve life. Her greatest pleasure is creating life, her deepest pain is death. And this giving and preserving, this task and care, this pleasure and this pain are her strength and everything put together is: t h e m o t h e r ' s l o v e.

Her deepest pain is death. And here begins the tragedy of the sex that this greatest strength would have the effect of a weakness for the woman, that it became an instrument for man to subjugate her, for her servitude lasting for millennia.

Because it seems as if the principle of preservation, embodied in the woman, was juxtaposed to the principle of destruction, embodied in the man. The woman affirms life, the man negates life. The negation expresses itself as cruelty already in the boy, as cruelty against animals and against his own kind. In the man it becomes hatred, nourished by other passions, by greed and ambition and leads—to w a r.

And it's war which became the basic cause for the man's supremacy, consequently the woman's not equally respected position in society and it's her 'not-serving', her not-becoming-soldier, her not-going-to war, which even today has to serve as an excuse for her subjugation. In the time of communism the women had the same freedom, the same rights and duties as the men. Bachofen even claims that the women had had privileges back then and calls this epoch the time of Mother Right⁸⁸. There weren't that many humans on Earth back then, those few humans built tight groups, and their only struggle was directed against nature to gain food, dwelling and clothes, and not against their fellow humans. Hardly grown out of wildness, the condition in which single couples still lived on woodland trees and in caves, the weapons of the young species were still quite

abandonments" were peacefully underneath each other in a single edition, etc.

⁸⁷ Ibidem, p.61.

⁸⁸ B a c h o f e n: The Mother Right: an investigation of the religious and juridical character of matriarchy in the Ancient World. 1860.

simplistic. Stone axes and knives and hatchets, cudgels made from trees. Later they learned to build and use bow and arrow. We don't know when humans first used them against other humans. It may have happened when one of these tightly knitted and settled groups saw their ground and land, herds and hunting ground threatened by another wandering group⁸⁹.

The struggle of human against human, therefore the struggle among the individuals within the same species wasn't taught mankind by the nature surrounding him. It is an unnatural fight. Among animals, species fights species, but the individuals of the same species don't fight each other. The fox is the hare's enemy, the bird eats insects, the frog snatches the fly, the snake throttles everything it can get and the lion and the tiger, the "king of the desert" and his cousin, hunt the giraffe. But the fox doesn't fight the fox, the swallow doesn't fight the swallow, the snake doesn't fight the snake, and the lion doesn't fight the lion. They say that the ants make proper wars, but I think that the human being didn't learn warfare from the ant, he knew it and exercised it before he started observing the ant—assuming that these observations are correct in the first place. There is another famous fight among animals, namely the one between stags in the mating season. But you can find reason in this fight, because it is a fight for the right of procreation, the fight makes it only possible for the bravest and strongest animal, the victor, and surely this benefits the species. Therefore this fight doesn't mean self-destruction, but self-preservation. The artificiality of self-destruction remains—the prerogative of the human being. "No animal kills his own kind",— says a well-known paradox. The healthy instinct of the animals protects them from this, but the human, who detests instinct, invents war, uses his most fine mind to make instruments of murder more perfect, to make mass murders more extensive. The raging against himself is pointless and insane, to prefer the downfall of the species to the preservation of it is pointless and insane. The strongest, most beautiful and most athletic individuals are sacrificed and therefore war does not only reduce the number of people, it also unfavourably diminishes the people's qualities. Hostile nature has never damaged the human species as much as he himself did. Wolf and bear, lion and tiger, lightning strokes and raging flood, hard ground and threatening sea are enemies, but the human will always be his greatest and most dangerous enemy.

He became this, he didn't use to be. In the time of communism the man was peaceful and happy, agriculture, hunting, fishing, cattle-breeding provided food, all property was common property, just so labour was common for man and woman. Home and love were common as well. In one home, in one marriage whole groups⁹⁰ lived together. Many men and many women, who owned each other, were married among each other: the group marriage. It remained like this even when civilisation increased. The children that came from such a marriage were never able to know their father for certain, but only their mother, therefore they carried the latter's name. The mother was the keeper of the tribe, consequently she was tribal chieftain. She was revered and the woman was equal to the man, his comrade, his free and proud companion. Her council was required, no judicial court without her, no distribution of office and dignity. In the mythologies of the ancient nations, this reflection of past reality they left behind, we can recognize this epoch even today. The mother was

⁸⁹ Consequently the origin of war would be self-defence and therefore justified? No, only comprehensible. Symbolically the biblical tale of Abel and Cain is the origin of war; fratricide is it there too. Now, the raids made out of free will, *vulgo* heroic victories can only be explained with the brutality in man's character: with not revering life, out of greed, ambition, lust for power.

⁹⁰ See: Engels: *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*, and Morgan: *Ancient Society* et. al

the leader of the tribe in life, as well as in the reflection of human life, in the pantheon the mother was the highest deity: Rhea, Cybele, Isis. The mother is everywhere, the one who gives life, the one who brings felicity, the one who preserves, fertility, always the prototype of love.

And when the man started warfare and pursued his pointless impulse to destroy, all force of self-preservation fled, which the species needed, into the woman: she opposed war. Passively at first, by not taking part, as she didn't take part in killing animals, never took part in hunting, because she considers animals as living beings as well, the woman's motherhood doesn't allow their destruction, and even in the time of Communism bow and arrow were the private property of the man and the proprietor bequeathed them to his nephew, his sister's son. When man started to slaughter man in war, the woman mourned the death of what she had brought forth from her womb. The happy mother became the one in search of consolation and the disconsolate one. And again we see the mother of gods mourning: Rhea and Cybele become Demeter, who wanders weeping the Earth and looks for her lost child, which was taken and kept by the Underworld, by the Prince of Death, Isis laments the slain husband and gathers together his dismembered body and mourns the son in him at the same time, the extinct life, the capability of procreation—the phallus is drowned in the Nile.

—The Eumenides, the “benevolent ones“, these mysterious personifications of the sacred force of the mother's womb become the Furies, the avengers of murder. And the Semitic Maria—it is a late aftermath—the incarnation of highest maternal pain laments the son's death. But the sharp gaze of the Egyptian sage, initiate of the Isis mysteries, the Semitic hero and organiser, the poet and seer, I mean *M o s e s* most clearly recognised this elemental force. Cain the tiller was furious because of Abel the shepherd: the origin story of war is told here in two words, Abel falls slain by the brother and Eve, the *M o t h e r o f M a n k i n d*, laments and weeps. Moses doesn't say anything about Adam, the Father of Mankind, having lamented. It is true that neither does he *e x p l i c i t l y* speak of Eve's grief, but we notice it clearly in the report: “And Adam knew his wife again; and she bare a son, and called his name Seth: For God, *said she*, hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew“⁹¹. *S h e* was in need of consolation, *s h e* named the newborn, *s h e* commemorated the slain. Adam isn't mentioned there with one word⁹².

It is as unlikely that the earth will move in order to destroy what it has given as it is unlikely that the woman in her nature participates in war and murder.

But the man, who set out with bow and arrow, with spear and axe, which were all his property, his personal goods, which he loved, he brought home the prey, won by these weapons, and again this prey belonged to him, him alone. At first: clothes, food, jewellery, herds, weapons, money, gemstones. They increased the man's goods. Thus the man won property through war, the woman's work didn't contribute to gain it, therefore she didn't have any claim to it. Thus the purity of Communism, which still existed as the best of all society forms, was already tarnished. Later the man also brought *l i v i n g p e o p l e a s s p o i l s* of war. And again they were his property, his slaves. Consequently war created slavery as well and again the woman didn't participate in this

⁹¹ translator's note: this translation was taken from the King James Bible, source: <http://biblehub.com/kjv/genesis/4.htm>.

⁹² Moses created Jehovah, the “God of the fathers“ of Israel, to prove a certain noble descent to his tribe, which was degenerated, suppressed, enslaved and exploited in Egypt, and at the same time it pleased him to enforce the newly gained prerogative of man over the woman. He also invented the history of creation, as it exists now, where firstly the woman emerges from the man's rip, and we have him to thank for the beautiful, but sadly unnatural myth that the woman seduces the man and as a logical consequence the fabulous command from Jehovah: “and he shall rule over you.“(translator's note: also taken from the King James 2000 Bible: <http://biblehub.com/kj2000/genesis/3.htm>).

institution. The man brought slaves home as spoils, also slave w o m e n. They teased his lust, he fathered children with them, and these children of the slave woman were the only ones at that time of common marriage between the tribesmen and -women, the free members of the tribe, which the father could recognize as his. The slave woman was solely his property, no other man was allowed to know her carnally, she belonged to just one man. The thought of the w o m e n o f t h e t r i b e also belonging just to him, in order for him to know his children this way was too obvious for him not to occur to him. And the wish to know his children in turn was awakened by the personal property he gained in war; he no longer wanted to leave weapons and jewellery and clothes, which were dear to him, to his sister's son, but to his own son.

It is possible that at first the woman accommodated the wishes of the man; it is likely that it was in accordance with her own higher feeling of chastity, to belong to only one man. The first man who had a woman of the tribe for himself alone had to make do with this tribe; once a year—perhaps—he had to give her over to the other men. Possibly this is where the annual giving of women in worship among the ancient peoples originates. (See B a c h h o f e n, *Das Mutterrecht*, and E n g e l s: *The Origin of the Family*.) The Mylitta Cult in Babylon, the Astarte Cult in Sidon, the Tesmophorias of Athens are to be mentioned here. Even the establishing of the Vestals in Rome are a last offshoot of this kind, because apparently the sun virgins of Egypt served as models, the same virgins who belonged to the Pharaoh, even if the original principle of giving women eventually underwent a change through further education and arrived at chastity (Vestals). Eventually you come East, when you keep going West.—Therefore the women were at first content with the new establishment. Soon, however, they found themselves deceived, cheated of their liberty. At that point the struggle between man and woman, between father and mother, between patriarchy and matriarchy began. It's coming to us via the Amazon Wars. And again the tragedy of the sex touches us. She is defeated in battle, but she is defeated, because she—loved.

The daughters of Danaos didn't want to become the property of their cousins. The life of these suitors is in their hands, they have power over them. And they all love their freedom passionately and hate servitude. That is why they kill those who have come to secure the dominion over them as their husbands—they kill them. Only one of them doesn't. She loves the one who wants to make her his slave. She is the most feminine woman of all. But she finds her doom exactly because of the force of motherhood, the preservation of life, because of love. The tragedy of the sex fully comes to light in *Hypermnestra*: the strength of the species, the preserving principle, love becomes the cause of her servitude and appears to be a weakness. It's the same with *Hippolyta*. She, the Amazon queen, defeated Theseus and holds him prisoner, but she loves him, and she follows him voluntarily to Athens—and becomes his wife, his property in Athens. The free woman becomes a slave in Athens.—In this Athens of the *gynaikeia*; in this late Athens of the *hetairas* and *paederasts*; in this Athens, which has the sad advantage of having made their women stupid, of having enslaved and degraded them the most. But *Hippolyta* l o v e d.

And *Penthesilea* loved. The fight between love and pride, the upheaval of all her feelings led her to madness. How wonderfully a true poet, Kleist, comprehended this female character! How true in every sense! It can only happen in a fit of m a d n e s s that the woman kills the dearest man—but afterwards herself as atonement. As atonement and because her purpose in life is destroyed with him. She doesn't have one any more. She can't give life any more, so she dies. It's not the greater

physical strength of the man which overpowered the woman, it's the mildness, the love of the woman, which spares the subdued man. (the ingratitude, with which he reciprocated this act of giving quarter, is outrageous enough). The woman didn't succumb, because she is allegedly physically and mentally weaker than the man, but because she is good, great and loving⁹³.

And as soon as the woman became the slave, the property of the man, he locked her up and she had to weave and spin yarn. The productive work, in which the man used to take part, was now distributed among woman and slave, after the society form of Communism deteriorated. Because freedom was pushed from the throne together with the woman. In place of Communism, the free ruling by all, or rather the lack of ruling, the common interest, violence stepped up⁹⁴.

However, with the dominion of the man egotism came to power. And the labour was imposed on the slave and the woman, while the man liberated himself from it. And because it was done by the slave and the woman—thus only by the subordinates and unfree ones,—this labour became despicable. And in turn the despicable labour made the people doing it despicable—and so it goes in a circle. But the man reserved for himself those affairs which are unproductive, but pleasant: trade, he sees the world; hunt, the amusing killing of animals, and war, the even more amusing killing of people. The latter he called defending the homeland, and it is the cause of the—lieutenant. Out of Athens, of all places, the longing of the woman for Communism and her hatred of war comes to us in some poems and plays of Aristophanes. In Aristophanes' comedy *Lysistrata* the Greek women conspire together against the fighting of the Greek tribes among each other. And they achieve that peace is made. It is not my business that the writer of comedies Aristophanes mostly cared about the drastic instrument employed by the women and the laughter of his listeners. The sound of the bell appears to me as thoughtful seriousness, and the comical mask for me seems to conceal the concerned forehead and the face of the philanthropist. I myself laughed—who would not, when Aristophanes wants it. But when a councillor says to *Lysistrata*, the leader of the conspiracy, in the comedy:

“War is none of your (the women's) business, after all“ — — and *Lysistrata's* reply is: “Oh yes, it is, you accursed fellow! War makes us suffer twice as much, because those that we have given birth to under pain, they have to march out armed into war“ — — It sounds as if the poet seriously recognised the justification of the women hating war, and as if his heart felt with them. In the comedy “*Assemblywomen*“ he has the women, as soon as they have the reins of the state in their hands, create Communism—as well or as bad as the poet understood it— he also has them abolish war. Aristophanes owed it to the Athenians that the “*assemblywomen*“ meet a horrible end, otherwise the Athenians would have—I don't know what they would have done to him.

Yes—when the women became property and slaves of the men, who did the necessary productive labour together with the other slaves, when this labour was declared to be despicable, and only the leadership of the state affairs, which was the province of the “free man“, was considered to be important and to be preserved, no creature under the sun was more superfluous than

⁹³ Brunhild also embodies this era of fighting. She surrenders only to the man who defeats her. Sometimes this motive

⁹⁴ Communism and equality of women are intimately connected with each other. Only where the interests of all are served, where the preservation and the well-being of humanity are valid, the women and the women's qualities, which oppose egotism, are useful.

the woman. What, she didn't participate in ruling the state and in warfare, after all! She didn't hold any public office! And her spinning and weaving, cooking—bah—unimportant, low, despicable—after all, the slaves have taken over this labour as well. How superfluous she was therefore! That such a creature was still tolerated and— — fed. But wait! After all, she gave birth to the children!

And yes, correct! The men managed to say: the women do not give birth to the children, we, the men do.

Impossible!—Oh please! The women became property, and it is well known that you can do with your property what you will. When the hour of birth, the act of giving birth, was over, then the man said to his wife, who had just given birth: “Go to the stove and prepare a healing soup for me; because I have brought forth this burly boy on my very own. I feel a little exhausted and will lay myself down next to him immediately. Don't you neglect the care, woman! I'm telling you!”—“Impossible! Something like this has never happened!” you'll say, Gentlemen. But what if it still happened today!

Read Lubbock's *history of human civilisation*⁹⁵

There you can see it printed, Gentlemen: The Basques, a tribe living in the North of Spain, in the South of France, descendants of the ancient Iberians, and other peoples of the Pyrenees, many savage peoples in the South of America, yes, several tribes in all parts of the earth still do this today. Ploss alludes to this in his work “Das Kind in Brauch und Sitte der Völker”⁹⁶. V. I. p.143–160 and in a special article in the report of the Gesellschaft für Erdkunde 1810 p. 33–46.

I want to list shortly the peoples named there, reserving a detailed appraisal.

The Basques, already mentioned; also on Corsica, Sardinia. Descendants of the Iberians. The Celtiberians and Cantabri. In Asia, in the south-western part of China, Zerdandani Province (The man takes the place of the woman in the bed immediately after the birth, remains in it for 40 days; she gets up.) The Nogais in the Caucasus. In Africa among the Congo Negroes⁹⁷ as well. On the East Indian and Malaysian archipelago on Buru and Borneo. As mentioned before, particularly widely spread in South America: among the Caribs on the Antilles, in Guayana, between the Orinoco and Marannon, on Martinique etc. Then among the Guarani at the Amazon stream. Among the Papudos, in the Rio Janeiro area. Moreover this custom is practised in several tribes in Brazil. In Peru, in Paraguay among the Indians etc. We see this custom of the men childbed spread all over the world!

Certainly, usually men are so quick in combining all possible and impossible things, build hypotheses until they reach the clouds, let an idea, sharp as a needle, carry the force of the world; they are not too idle to drag into the light what is hidden the most and then conclude, based on its existence, what no human eye has seen yet—here, where truth was lying on the path broadly and openly, they closed their eyes and turned away. They didn't want to see and did not conclude, what they usually do and what had to be done under all circumstances: Where there are ruins today, there used to be a building, where there are ceremonies today, they depict the image of past events, events and deeds, which signified the gravity of life. Lubbock, of all people, who arrives at sharp-witted conclusions with Morgan and all these other men, whatever their names, about

⁹⁵ P. 12 ff., see also Westermarck: *history of human marriage*, also Peschel, *Ethnology*, p.25.

⁹⁶ translator's note: translates as The child in custom and habit of the peoples.

⁹⁷ translator's note: in Johanna Loewenherz' time the term “Negro” (“Neger”) was a neutral, not a derogative term for People of Colour.

earlier existing marriage relationships based on the systems of relatives of some peoples, e.g. the Iroquois and Hawaiians, based on the *n o m i n a t i o n s* of relations, which do not correspond to the real degree of relations by blood, wasn't he supposed to draw the same conclusion here, where the affair is much more simple?! Based on such *n o m i n a t i o n s* of relations, which today do not correspond any more to the real *d e g r e e* of relations, people conclude that once they did. Based on the wedding customs: the *m a r r i a g e b y a b d u c t i o n* still exists among the Bettas on Sumatra, those who mark the marriage by abduction offer the information that the bride kidnapping once used to be a fact⁹⁸. And the gifts to the bride, father and mother of the bride offer the information that once the woman used to be bought, *m a r r i a g e b y p u r c h a s e*. When the form of entering into a marriage changed, the former mode remained behind as *c e r e m o n y*, because it used to be *r e a l i t y*“, says Westermarck⁹⁹.

But here the gentlemen don't want to look. It's the objectivity of science already mentioned. Truth, truth! the ranks of the scientists are sighing and cheering. And certainly not all of them are hypocrites. But it's curious: as soon as it is about shedding light on things which people would rather leave in the darkness, then the omnipotent desire for truth is silent. And here the cause of these strange childbed customs are rather veiled in shame and are not said out loud: we have to conclude that this thing, which happens today among the savages, also *h a p p e n e d* among the primitive peoples of today in any epoch.

We need to conclude further that this thing, which appears to be pointless today, once happened for a certain purpose. And since today the purpose obviously serves to let you believe that the honour of giving birth belongs to the man, then we must conclude that he once actually attempted this deceit at one point.

This conclusion and this evidence would have been accessible to the men so much easier, seeing that the divine ones also interfered in the affairs of the mortals here: Hardly did the men on earth plan to give birth to the children themselves henceforth, then Zeus had Minerva dance forth from his immortal head as well, and Jehovah later brought forth a “son begotten by Eternity.“—

Neither was in need of a mother for this, yes, Minerva's brother Apollo—who still had a mother, strangely enough—interfered as well, and it was about finding Orestes, who had murdered his mother¹⁰⁰, guilty or not guilty. Apollo confirms that a man “could be a father without needing a mother“ and points out Pallas Athena, the daughter of Zeus, and to the fact that for this reason “the mother was not the progenitor of her children.“ And Minerva says the same and acquits Orestes from guilt. Minerva praises casually also the *n e w* marriage, where the woman becomes the property of the man—and the Eumenides, who protected the *o l d* law, are overruled.

So the Gods imitated, as always, the mundane doings: they didn't need a mother any more either. Our scholars also observed these interesting things. They didn't draw the only correct conclusion. They always hurriedly and quickly—passed this by, directing the gaze to marginal matters and helped each other by keeping silent. *T h i s* step, it led from matriarchy to patriarchy, that time of transition was never highlighted, and yet the question leading to it had to impose itself undeniably. But no matter how many works I studied, it was not answered anywhere. *H e r e* was matriarchy,

⁹⁸ See *N e u e Z e i t*, 1889, December edition, p. 531. Dietz' Verlag, Stuttgart.

⁹⁹ *Ibidem* p. XVII.

¹⁰⁰ Aeschylus: *The Eumenides*.

there patriarchy—the bridge between both was missing. And yet it was shown and preserved for us so clearly in the customs of the savage peoples in the Ancient mythologies. They show what happened when a woman was raped, they preserve the incredible crudity, the total outrageous lie of the men. The lie, which didn't shy away from the unnatural, where it was to their advantage, didn't shy away from the claim that it was the man who gave birth.

Certainly, you can hardly blame the men that here they shyly ignore the admonitions of their researcher's conscience. It must be difficult to admit to yourself so much cruelty and harshness, so much untruth, ridiculousness and presumption.

The gentlemen attempt such forced interpretations. According to Peschel it's primarily supposed to be superstition, hallucinations. "The savages believe that whatever the father is eating harms the child." But this is not about eating, at least this is not characteristic for this custom that the father stays away from certain food—and this not even everywhere. What is characteristic and omnipresent is *laccovade*, the father's lying in bed.—Why doesn't the lever of science apply here? Or is it thought to be so completely natural that a woman, who has just given birth, with all the exhaustion brought about by the preceding labour and loss of blood, gets up,—she puts her life in danger again—and then stands outside and cooks and brings the man his meal?! Do people believe that this appears natural to her, that she is doing it voluntarily! Why don't they examine which power forces them to do this? The man takes his place in bed. And people want to explain this by claiming that it is a superstition that whatever the man eats and how he behaves himself has an effect on the newborn babe. And Max Müller, this scholar who usually is so thorough and highly significant, wants to dismiss this striking phenomenon, which virtually forces one to ponder deeply, even with a mother-in-law joke. Well, Mr. Professor, you are the son of our Wilhelm Müller, and superficiality is usually not your style. You made such effort with your researches on language! You reflected so much on this, how diligently and accurately you were, until you discovered the origin of language. And I think that you have given us a splendid piece of work. But the woman who speaks this language is not even worth 1/1000 grammes of your brain to you! Not one second of serious consideration!! You want to fob the woman off with so much triviality and lack of judgement?! Max Müller says in his *Chips from a German Workshop*¹⁰¹. "It is clear that the poor husband (!) was at first tyrannised by his female relatives and later he was driven (into the bed. That is clear.) out of fear and superstition. Then he made himself a martyr and in fact ill, he escaped in self-defence (!) to his bed. Strange and absurd, as the Couvade is, there is still something appearing in it, which makes,—so we believe— every mother-in-law sympathise."

No, Professor, the custom appears too strange and absurd after all for the sympathy of the mother-in-law being able to explain it with the same. This explanation is not in the least scientific, dear Sir, and you are a man of science. If you want to proceed inductively, as with other similar questions and studies, then you should take all the facts, prettily, and come to a general conclusion. But all the facts. Particularly the one which makes the man drive the woman giving birth out of bed and lies himself down on it, and pretends now to have given birth, and to be ill, receiving the visits of friends and relatives in bed and showing them the newborn and behaving as if he had produced it. Here they apply a well-tryed method: Modern ceremonies are the

¹⁰¹ Cited in Lubbock, *ibidem*, loco citato.

remnants of former realities. And if the modern ceremony presents an illusion, then the former reality used to be a fraud. The man claimed for himself the right to give birth to living beings in the most ridiculous and deceptive way! I can well believe that you look shyly away in the face of this.

The poor man, who was so harassed by the woman, lying there weak and helpless, so that he didn't know any other solution. She wanted soup, he became annoyed until he became sick and lay himself down in bed. But when the man is overcome by anger, this is more important than the woman coming down with childbirth. That is why he threw the woman out of bed. That is what you think, isn't it, Professor Müller?

Or, on the other hand, it is the woman who insists on her importance: look, here, Husband, I am the one preserving the state. Then the man says: "we will see about that". Suddenly she is lying outside in front of, he is lying inside, in the—childbed. And the mother-in-law says: "I understand that, bravo, my son!"

No, the "men's childbed" is a taking in possession. The man claims his property. And to secure his claim the man thought it necessary to pretend as if the child that was born to him was also born by him.

That is how it came to pass, Gentlemen! The women's defeat is caused by mother-love, although this mother-love is the preserving force for the human species—this is the tragedy of the female sex. And just as it is the tragedy of the whole sex, which once used to be free and proud and then experienced the moment of complete breakdown, so this tragedy repeats itself in the life of the single woman.—

And it is the artificiality of war, through which the man gains his victory, and the artificiality of the lie in the men's childbed—through which he clings to the victory.

Even today we see—the woman suffering because of her assets, analogous to the procedure of earlier times. Or are patience and frugality no assets. I'm almost inclined to say: no. Every factory owner knows how to abuse these qualities and lets the woman fill his wallet, so he can feast on oysters and champagne, while he pays her work in a way that she can hardly satiate her hunger with dry black bread.

When will it be different?

As it came about, so it has to disappear. The man usurps a right to property over the woman and sanctions this right to property through laws. He derives it from war. War was respected highly and peaceful work became despicable because of it. And so it is still today: We don't become soldiers, therefore we have no citizenship. And because we don't have that, we are in a bad social and economic position.

When war vanishes from the life of a nation, when cultural work is valued more than mass murder, then the woman also regains her right, When she has achieved esteem and respect through work, then sooner or later the law can't deny her full equality.

The man makes the woman his property through cunning and violence, through lies and deceit he clung to this usurped right and society degenerates. Regeneration can only come from the free woman. Both, man and woman, are degenerated today because of the bad

institution by the man. He had the choice: *M a r r i a g e*¹⁰²—i.e. free choice, or *p r o p e r t y*. He chose property and did not do well. We became what we are. And how are we?— —

What became of us?

Gentlemen, you yourselves tell us everyday: the woman is full of lies, deceptive, faithless, insidious: she is vain, addicted to finery, coquettish; she is unpunctual, unreliable, without conscience; she is shallow, stupid, ignorant; she is sentimental, superficial, idle, sensual; she is scheming and quarrelsome, she is petty and miserly; she is, in everything, half, a lovely *à peu près*. — a Leporello list.

You reproach us with this in poetry and prose, in life and in fiction. By day you don't meet any man who does not throw these accusations in our faces, in some form or other, more or less as a joke or in seriousness. You don't open any book, unfold any newspaper, which do not remind us in printed form these our mistakes, sins and vices.

Every famous man has regaled us with some statement about us—at least one. Every non-famous man wants to exclaim this blemishing little prefix and become a famous man, by bravely trampling on our sins. Because they are interesting, these sins and we, the sinners, and by ranting about interesting things, you yourself stop being uninteresting.

Poets and Non-poets, philosophers and laymen, scholars and erring men, choristers in the twigs of the German poets' forest and casual siskins—all are singing and talking, writing verse and reflecting about our weaknesses and our wretchedness.

It was Strindberg who proved this to us in the clearest and surest way in the *Magazin für Literatur* of 1893, so that there can't be any court of appeal against it. He says the women can't make coffee, and that is why they are good for nothing. There is no court of appeal against this statement from

¹⁰² Ehe (marriage) Middle High German: *êwe*, habit, right, law, Old High German: *êwa*, law, marriage, Anglo-Saxon: *êo*, law, Dutch *echt*, marriage, therefore natural law, contract, n o t property.

Strindberg, because children and fools tell the truth. Even brilliant fools and wonder children. Schopenhauer, the great pessimistic philosopher calls us childish, petty, short-sighted, big children the entire life, “something between a child and a man, which the human being actually is”; he claims our rationality was scarcely to be found and we would prefer trivialities to the most important affairs, that is why we were inferior to men in terms of justice, righteousness, diligence; Schopenhauer discovered the basic fault of the female sex in injustice, our weapon wasn't strength, but cunning, hence our “instinctual wiliness“ and our “indestructible tendency to lie.“ “We are born with affectation. A completely unaffected, truthful woman is perhaps impossible. (This “perhaps“ means a lot coming from Sch. And it is nice of him.) However, from the displayed basic fault originate: deceit, faithlessness, treason, ingratitude. Also, there is “a natural“ enmity between us, because we all have only one job, which is capturing a man, who is stupid enough and is “enraptured into honestly assuming taking care of her for her entire life, in some form or other“, we are also unaesthetic, because we truly and verily have no sense of and receptiveness to either music or poetry or fine arts, “but it is pure imitation, for the purpose of her coquetry, when they pretend to have those.“

I have quoted Schopenhauer so thoroughly, because, to my knowledge, no-one before him presented his hatred towards women—I meant to say our faults in a complete system, and because after him it was not possible for anyone to find a way around him in these matters and to be original. Not even Strindberg and Nietzsche, not to mention E.v. Hartmann, Schopenhauer's pupil. Strindberg has already been mentioned, Nietzsche—from him, Gentlemen, and his advice on how to treat us you can expect a special pleasure.

I omit Schopenhauer's views on marriage—they bear witness to such an eminent short-sightedness in economic matters, to such a harmless ignorance, they also betray the childlike character of the author, who feels the need, more than he knows, to express his hatred towards women out of love towards women so much that the good, old, liverish man can be pitied! After all, he himself, the great brilliant Schopenhauer, didn't disdain being somewhat vain in a feminine way: unfortunately, there was something which only came to light after his death—namely a splendid denture—otherwise, there would have surely been someone reminding him of that, when he was still alive. Even the heroic words from him: “The old woman is a horror“— are not able to diminish my benevolence towards him. After all, there was an old friend of his, the librarian K. from the Frankfurt public library, who told me that he was “a disgusting fellow“, “there was no getting along with him“, “often 4 weeks could pass without a human word coming from him“, “petulant, like an old woman“— — and I have a weakness for such an original character. (“Petulant, like an old woman“ says Schopenhauer's friend about him, and he himself says “the old woman is a horror“. Strange! Was it perhaps Schopenhauer's intention to say: “look at me, this is what an old woman looks like“?)

Gentlemen! But Schopenhauer is quite right; we are that bad, we are as bad as he says. It's terrible, but whatever the truth is needs to remain the truth: we are not a whit better than he makes us. He and others. (This reminds me, I wanted to talk about Nietzsche; however, he is not worth the trouble. In his thoughts he is repeating Schopenhauer, the advice on how to treat us, which I mentioned, is as follows: an “old woman“ gives it to Zarathustra-Nietzsche: “You're going to the women, Zarathustra? Don't forget the whip!“

—So, we are to be whipped again. We have already become familiar with “moderate chastisement“ and therefore Nietzsche doesn’t appear this unfamiliar to us, just as he doesn’t appear new and original to us.)

Yes, Schopenhauer and all his predecessors and successors were right about the facts: we are cunning, we are liars, false, faithless, ingratiating; and we are on the other hand petty, vain, addicted to finery, superficial, childish, a lovely *à peu près*!

Only, Schopenhauer makes a mistake—for a man as great as him, of course, a little mistake: for him we are all this “by nature“. Hostile among each other “by nature“, ignorant “by nature“, capturing the man for marriage—let it be understood, for bourgeois marriage, inciting being provided for, not love “by nature“. Schopenhauer is of the opinion that the woman would gain “an unnatural advantageous position,“ through marriage, and because “the laws, which grant the woman equal rights with the man“, “couldn’t give to them equal reason at the same time“, “clever and careful men often have misgivings about making such a great sacrifice and entering into such an unequal pact;“ (So we learn through Schopenhauer how much men are willing to make sacrifices and how generous the married men are, but they also learn how careless and stupid they are by themselves), now they compete with the women “in hostility to nature“ about these few unwise and careless men. Terrible! The poor women! Either they don’t get any man, or a stupid, careless one.

Considering the huge number of wise and careful, therefore unmarried, men, there remains an outright army of “unsupported women“, “useless old spinsters“. They then serve to “protect those women favoured by fate, who found men“ “from seduction“. There the hostility “by nature“ sets in again.—They are too bad, after all, “these women favoured by fate“! It is not enough that they snatch the men away from their fellow sisters, they also let themselves be “protected from seduction“—and establish prostitution, these pathetic women. Let themselves be protected by them from the seduction by those wise and careful men, who were not willing to grant the woman marriage, therefore “an unnaturally advantageous position“, “a disproportionate right“, and are now forced to go to the prostitutes “for the satisfaction of the male sex“, because of the “same cunning wives“. At last, this offers an explanation for the institution of prostitution. The hostility of the women among each other, this hostility “by nature“ is its cause.

We are also destined “to obey“ “by nature“, and the woman’s independence is completely “unnatural“. The proof: the young woman has lovers, the old one has confessors—they are dependent on lovers and confessors—“by nature“. Further proof: in Hindustan a woman is never independent and it is highly likely that the woman is to be blamed for the French Revolution and “all succeeding upheavals“. That is why she is destined to obey “by nature“, so that something like this can never occur again and so that Hindustan is proven right.

We are also “arrogant and ruthless” “by nature”; we call to mind “sometimes the sacred monkeys of Benares, that took liberties with everyone and everything, conscious of their holiness and inviolability.”

It is difficult to tear away from Schopenhauer and what he lets the women be. However, we finally need to answer him. Sadly our reply is by far not as interesting and poetic as Herr Schopenhauer’s fantasies and splendid dialectic. (After all, we set aside knowledge and logic with him.) Our reply is as sober as the truth: we are as bad as you make us out, as the men make and have made us out. To

be clear: “we are the products of the world order“ which pleased the men. Nature created only one fundamental difference between the sexes, which completely finds its explanation in the difference of the sexual functions: the woman’s maternity towards all living things, the man’s lethargy. All other characteristics are individual ones, because none other has its cause in the physical life of the one or other sex as sex, but merely in the respective physical and mental condition of the respective individual. Therefore, the lie, for example, has nothing to do with the natural determination of the sexes whatsoever. If there is still talk about the lie as a typically female characteristic, if people preferably ascribe this to one sex, then something can’t be right in the “social order“, inside of her a situation with nature has to collide with the possibility of natural development.

And this is how it is: All these characteristics are not natural to us, but acquired. If the man was bested in the battle of the sexes, in which we are inferior because of the one characteristic, namely maternity, which distinguishes us “by nature“, if, on the contrary, the man would have been the outsmarted one, the cheated one, the enslaved one in the course of the centuries, then it would have also been the man who would have made a habit of these characteristics; it would have been him who would be childish, shallow, stupid, without reason, flirtatious etc. etc.; because these characteristics are either characteristics of slaves, or characteristics of immaturity: characteristics of children.

And if we were the ones with the bread in our hands, then you would compete with each other about who will have a share of this bread—you would be the ones making yourselves pretty in order to please us. And if we said that we put the man we marry into “an unnatural advantageous position“, even if nature has made him strong and handsome through the years, we still want to be too “wise and careful for taking care of him for an entire life“—then you, Gentlemen, would be carried away by enmity “by nature“, and envy each other this “privilege“.—

When a factory owner sends a labourer away and shortly afterwards ten other workers ask for the position of the discharged person—then would the factory owner say: “there is a hostility among this sex “by nature“? No, the factory owner knows exactly that the worker is hungry, that it is the ruling “system“ forcing him to compete with his kind in front of him, the factory owner, for bread. The women’s enmity among each other is not “by nature“, but it is the result of the social establishment which made us subjects, property, the slave of the man. And this is also the way with all the other vices awarded us generously.

Slaves are we, when we lie to you and pretend, children, when we are lovely *à peu près*. But you made us slaves, and you want us to remain children forever. And these two categories permeate each other and flow into each other. Where the slave ends, and where the ill-bred and naughty child starts—the line cannot be determined!

“The true woman remains a child forever“, some poet sings and wants to say something wonderfully deep with this, something “eternally“ truthful. However, basically, if he had understood himself and if he had possessed courage for the truth, he would have written: “The woman, as I wish her to be, should remain a child forever!“

Because this is convenient for you, Gentlemen, that the woman pretends, flirts and plays being a child.

“Let them keep their lovely arts“—says Paul Hense. Certainly, let them keep them! It is so amusing

for you. Almost more than the comical somersaults of a monkey. And when a peacock cartwheels, then this may be a pretty sight, but how much is that worth compared to the coquettish eye-rolling, compared to the smile, compared to the “naive“, “lovely“, “shy“, “childlike“ mental and physical contortions of a woman, who does all this in order to please—you!

And if the man realises the intention, the lie?!—who cares? “Let them exercise their arts!“

And for certain some man or other seriously thinks that he would do us a favour; that he would take up the “struggle for existence“ on his own, and we would only be allowed to flirt, to play.

Obviously Hense himself is of that opinion, but what contempt lies *au fond* of this concept. The man is diligent, striving, working quite intently, and when he comes back to his wife, he wants to flirt, play. To this purpose, she needs to be sensual, beautiful, coquettish, superficial, dressed up, always be good-humoured. When she is not like that, she needs to *f e i g n* good humour, superficiality, flirting. Even when you realise the deceit, then you still prefer the effort. Tickling your self-confidence—nonsense I say, self-confidence,—now I´m lying myself, I´m a woman after all—your vanity.

However, when she spurns this hypocrisy, because sometimes a housewife has the “caprices“ to forget the scurrility over her serious duties towards child and household—then she is “unfeminine“ and you look for a more dainty “femininity“ at the—night café.

You want feats on a tightrope from us. And although the tightrope artist equilibrates up in the air, his art is nothing less than sublime. No, our walking the tightrope and acting, our coquetting and ogling, our lying and being false degrades us. And by reducing us so artificially, by pushing us to the ground like this, it is easy for the man to loom over us and look down on us. But actually he is not bigger because of this.

But I am going to talk about this later.—Lies and cunning, those are the characteristics with which we defend our existence; Schopenhauer is quite right. These are the characteristics of the slave, but they are not given to us by nature, but acquired. The honest, the free, the open, proud woman is lost in the struggle for existence—in the much praised free “play of the forces“ (*l i b e r a l i s m*, which has now, at the *fin de siècle*, degenerated into *c a p i t a l i s m*). The man doesn´t see the value of such a woman; for him honesty is: brusqueness, for him freedom is: emancipation. He cannot bear pride and openness is not of interest to him.

Then “femininity“ is lacking, and the man doesn´t understand this mysterious word to be what I just defined, not mildness, protection and motherhood,—because this is too clear and prosaic for him in this case—but something unspeakable, a *je ne sais quoi*, a mysterious attraction, whose veil no man dares to lift—regardless how stringently and ardently he studies at other times. It seems as if he guesses the self-deception, but he doesn´t want to do without the loveliness of the deception. For God´s sake, woman, don´t be honest, open, free, if you want to please the man, be feminine, feminine, feminine! Only, don´t be a transparent, clear human being, no, be a “dainty mystery“, a “sweet demon“, a “magical witch“—etc. etc.

These epithets disgust me, these witnesses of our shame and the lenient contempt of the man.

There is a well-known writer with an equally well-known respectability. This man made sacrifices for his conviction, that is certain. But once, when I told him “if I want to be loyal to my conviction, then I have to do this and that“—what did this man reply, who wouldn´t tolerate any dishonesty in himself? He replied. “No, you will not do this, because this is uncomfortable for you and a young

lady doesn't need to be honest." — —

Sadly, some months later, I had the opportunity to learn that he was serious about his theory; he had put it into practice. Of course in the form of him not being "this honest" towards a lady himself. And again, I was this lady.

This gentleman would demand honesty from every woman, every man would provide it. He would have forgiven me, the woman, dishonesty and against me, the woman, he forgave it himself. This is the leniency of disdain. And all leniency is disdain. We reject it, Gentlemen. But how does the honest, free, proud, open woman affect her more clever sister, the "feminine", the average woman?

The woman which, above all things, strives for humaneness and simplicity, is incomprehensible to the modern typical woman. But the latter is not called upon to burden herself with problems and reflections. The person who is not like this, like the average woman, doesn't belong in life—therefore, off with her into the madhouse, she's a fool.

Alternatively you look for a quite subtle one behind her: that one wants to please the man with something new—with honesty. In this case she is feared.

"Oh, poor us", "to the man strive" etc.—etc. Our little bit of thinking is all about how to please you, Gentlemen. A much desired circumstance, very flattering for you, isn't it? And you don't demand anything better.

Patience, Gentlemen! Is it truly so flattering for you, when ignorance, stupidity, falseness, lies, coquetry and pretence are means to incite your pleasure, when we can conquer you with this?! Isn't the smile of the applause, isn't the "love", with which you bless the lying and false—and therefore, for you, "feminine"—woman, your own degradation. Yes, if truth, purity, mildness were the characteristics to win your sympathy, that would be flattering for you, Gentlemen, that would bear witness to your own greatness. But—hand on heart, Gentlemen, are these the characteristics you like? You certainly have a *faible* for beauty,—by the way, that is very understandable—but you have to admit that you much prefer the "interesting one", i.e. the coquette, who dissembles, to the beautiful one. You soon tire of the latter, without her "little arts". She is "cold."

I know a woman, who was and is liked by the men—and what does she say to her confidantes?—"I already felt it when I was fifteen years old that it was only my faults which made me attractive for men. They didn't know anything about me, about my true self. But my self-will, my "ferocity"—those things give the man's philosophical superiority an opportunity to tame them; and my coquetry—I was coquettish, after all, to please the lords of creation. Consequently I play acted. Then a lively temperament, impulsiveness—the outbreaks of such are amusing. I admit, all this would have not incited such sympathy without a pair of pretty eyes in my face. But the pretty eyes alone, without my being, i.e. without my faults, the gentlemen would have truly been much less fond of it, rather the latter ones without any further assistance.

But I wasn't allowed to show them how serious I was about life, how much I would have liked to renounce all their adoration, every "conquest" as a woman, if only they could have decided to accept the human inside of me, simply, and to interact as with someone of their kind—that my innermost, best core had to remain hidden from them at the risk of their displeasure—sometimes I did an experiment in this direction—that was the reason, why I—d e s p i s e d t h e m d e e p l y."

Gentlemen, are you truly flattered by this disdain by a woman, who was pretty enough and clever and “feminine“ enough to bind you?!

“Meet women with tenderness“, Goethe sings and gives advice on how to adjust your conduct in order to seduce them the easiest and safest way. I want to give an advice as well, loosely based on him:

“Meet men with p r e t t i n e s s,
 You win them, upon my word,
 When you act c h i l d l i k e a n d b a s h f u l
 You will come away even better.
 But how to take them out
 everywhere completely infallibly?
 By—t o u c h i n g t h e m w i t h s t u p i d i t y.“¹⁰³

And so it went on through the centuries: in order to please you, the woman made herself small artificially, didn’t stretch herself to her full height, but walked around with bent knees, and little by little she became crippled. And now the sad cripple in mind and body, in character and knowledge is there and now you, Gentlemen, come and—despise. You’d rather ought to beat your chest, that would be more correct, in contrition: *mea culpa!* But disdain is cheap and soothing, contrition and self-knowledge is not quite as easy and comfortable. And you mock, because mocking is amusing. But you do everything, because you don’t teach yourself. You observe the women from up close, from the present time; you are too indifferent towards her sufferings and complaints to recognise her as a product of history, and therefore you are too idle to acquire the historical angle.

Even today you continue to say: “the real woman remains a child forever“. And when a woman doesn’t remain a child forever, then she is not “real“, and whoever wants to be “real“, needs to remain a child forever. But then she also needs to be “sentimental“, “tenderly“ coy, sweetly “serving“—, “The woman shall learn how to serve in good time according to her purpose“, being selfless, modest, self-sacrificing. You breed these characteristics, which are agreeable to you, Gentlemen, in the woman even today, but they impede the woman’s own human development. And then you shout at the retarded sex: you are worth less than us, you inferior being must serve. Yes, if it were about the kind of serving which consecrates the strengths of humanity, then serving would indeed be the woman’s purpose. But this kind of proud serving of the woman, which is beautiful and magnificent, liberating, because it distracts from the small I and directs towards the whole, is claimed by the man for himself. No, the woman’s serving is not this great, elevating adapting to entity, the woman’s serving is—s u b s e r v i e n c y.

Subservience, abjection, humility, a slave’s sense for her own sake, not for the purpose of entity, this is femininity. “The woman’s most beautiful jewellery is humility“. They keep praising our humility, such subservience, which also shows a will for arbitrariness and unreasonableness, cadaver obedience. The Song of Songs of this subservience is “Griseldis“.

Griseldis is a fabulous figure, isn’t she, Gentlemen!? She is a complete woman. Which is to say that she is a complete slave. Griseldis, who is being tested by her husband in terms of this subservience

¹⁰³ translator’s note: the original poem by Loewenherz rhymes.

and—she passes the test. And how splendidly she passes! The man, this count, her husband torments her— she loves him. He orders her, the bashful, chaste one, to show herself naked to the guests and the domestic servants. Her whole being should be enraged about this. But she is obedient—and loves him. He takes her newborns away from her, the tender mother—she keeps silent and loves. He continues these “trials“, this shame for many years, until the son and the daughter have become marriageable—she is subservient and loves. Then he expects her to prepare a wedding feast for him,—he wants to get married, and to put her, the obedient Griseldis, away—she prepares the wedding feast. Then—he leads her own daughter as the bride to her—the trials are at an end. Griseldis proved herself—namely as a subservient woman. The splendid husband is going to reward her appropriately.

When you read Griseldis, all your dignity and pride inside you is outraged. This dichotomy between dignity and love, between humanitarianism and femininity is a flagrant struggle. The human being inside her is trodden on, tortured, but the woman loves and cannot hate because of it. A flagrant struggle, like between two natural forces, and only a monster is going to unleash it—bold, arbitrary, sacrilegious. Even some man felt like this and he gave “Griseldis“ the following altered ending: She, after she realised what kind of game her husband is playing with her, is gripped by the fiercest and angriest pain. She w a l k s o u t o n him and l e a v e s the “testing“ husband to do some thinking. However, this ending does not agree with the zeitgeist. And even today there are not many Griseldises of t h a t kind—where should she go? The earth belongs to the man.

But how, then, does such a forced submission affect the character? The forced submission yields obstinate defiance, yields hypocrisy and deceit, lies. This is how you educated us and then you marvel at the product of your education meeting you in daily life. “The woman lies“.— well, isn't the lie what you want? Only the free person speaks the truth, but the woman is a slave. “The woman is unfaithful, treacherous.“ Well, aren't you treading on her, like on a worm and then you marvel at the worm stinging you in the heel?! “The unfaithful wife“!— (Oh, but the f a i t h f u l husband. “The father of six children“). “The woman is too stupid to understand the man“. Well, why aren't you training her in knowledge and reason! But, on the other hand, some of you might say “I don't want an intelligent wife“, “I want to be able to r e s t, to come to rest with my wife.“And you need a dimwit for this?

Do you think that the clever woman does n o t yearn for a rest? I think she does, all the more, because s h e herself works, after all, and understands the working man as well. Resting with an unsympathetic person?! I don't know, the presence of an inferior person irritates all my nerves, rouses me out of all rest. But this is not the real reason why the man doesn't wish for a clever wife, but the real reason is: he knows, when he has a clever wife, he has as a wife a creature with a w i l l o f h e r o w n, and not a will- l e s s one. And t h i s is what is so disagreeable to him. His p r o p e r t y rights are being impaired by this.

Don't marvel at how we are today. Hypocritical humility, hiding our own worth, both you wished for, the necessity to make eyes at you for the sake of bread raised the deceit in e v e r y shape: flattery, grovelling, guile—then as a reaction of revenge: faithlessness, treachery. All these negative virtues, strengthened by the short-sightedness of ignorance, by the imbecility of the mental gaze. Limited to the next thing, without the capability to survey the great and broad matters, the woman pursues this next purpose with all fervour, and be it so very small. Consequently she becomes petty

and only her fervour becomes hideous and big, hideous, because it is fervour, not passion and because her remarks are so without form and immoderate, i.e., because the energy spent on this is in so much discrepancy to the petty object of excitement. There is nothing more disgusting beneath the sun than a nagging woman. All this array of words, all this waste of gestures, the sparkling looks, this yelling and raging!—for what?— Perhaps the maidservant has broken a coffee cup. Oh, an even smaller cause suffices to make a woman nag. And not merely the woman of the middle and lower classes,—the countess slapping her maid, because a pin falls out of her hair at a ball and she looks “*derangée*”, doesn’t look any more ethical and aesthetic in her conduct.

Therefore, our pettiness is a necessary consequence of the circumstance that we’re not given anything great to do. And another consequence of indolence is the boredom in the women’s circles of the upper class. This leaden boredom, this idleness, which is, in truth, the beginning of all vice. As well as of *i n t r i g u e*; this—another kind of lie—has found a warm home with these women. You can also observe here the same irresponsibility, which, according to Schopenhauer, calls the three monkeys with their sense of inviolability to mind. Yes, *h e r e* the man surrounds the woman as if she were an inviolable, holy monkey. He worships her, i.e. actually her hairstyle, her laces, her bracelet and her diamonds. However, whatever the ladies of the upper class offer in terms of figures of speech and little traces of daily intercourse with the world of men, particularly by wealthy heiresses, is not indiscriminate enough. But if the woman was accustomed to *r e s p o n s i b i l i t y*, she would refrain from doing that. But the indulgence of the men, based on the sense of “You fool, keep chatting, I am amused only by your chatter“, the indulgence out of disdain, then, is hers for a certainty, however.

But, all in all, there is no cause for getting very upset about this phenomenon. Firstly, fortune hunters are not pitied that much in general, even if from time to time they need to take a rudeness, and secondly, this is only about the woman of the upper class, who might take over responsibility for her own mistakes. They do not only have to thank the irresponsibility for the same, but her money bag as well; and the latter is not suitable for anything else than securing her impunity. Only the heiress and the currently fashionable lady of the demi-monde are permitted obvious insolence against the world of men. In any case: the *w o r k i n g* woman is *n o t*.

On the whole we are what the man made of us and we possess the qualities demanded of us by him. The struggle for existence taught the female sex to acquire these qualities quite soon. We see nowhere in nature that the female woos the male. The lion got the mane, the stag got the antlers, the bird got the singing as ornament and means to woo the female; and the male pollen goes, carried by bee, butterfly and zephyr, to the female flower. Only the humans, scorning all nature, achieved, with their famed rationality, the magnificent state that the sex with weaker sexual drives needs to fight for the sex with the stronger desires. Like a peacock—among the real peacock species it is the cock, not the hen, displaying the splendour—the woman walks into the society of men adorned like a peacock. She chooses colours to allure his eyes, pleasant scents to tease his olfactory nerves. And as some writers tell us, there is a mysterious charm in the rustling of silk for the male ear. Oh, the intended, deliberate arousing of the man’s sensuality, the speculating for a drive common to animal and human alike, but which the animal never arouses artificially and never abuses. The artificial stimulation, the abuse, makes it unhealthy, and therefore immoral.

But the woman was forced into this baseness systematically. To whom will the sultan throw the

handkerchief, i.e. civil marriage? For the most part only to the one who has a dowry, but sometimes also to her who stimulates his senses.

Then again, the woman is reproached for being obsessed with finery, and poor Adam succumbs to Eve's enchanting dresses. Poor, weak, Adam, who is always excused for his weakness, but still, "he shall rule over thee"¹⁰⁴, Eve!—we had quite an illogical creator.

Certainly, everything is correct, also the fact that we're lying. Recently a newspaper voiced the opinion that a woman can't write quite as well as a man, because a woman doesn't have the courage for truth. (Sadly, sadly you are right, noble newspaper man, I thought, a woman is not allowed to have the courage for truth.) A woman, when she is beautiful—the noble citizen continues—and because of her beauty could have experienced what she is reporting on, isn't allowed to reveal herself through too many true depictions; but an ugly woman didn't experience anything at all. As if there weren't any good female writers. Because the female writer either depicts truthfully, because she herself isn't good, because she is amoral, or she depicts conventionally, then her works aren't good and she, moreover, reveals her ugliness. But the man is true, doesn't have any obligation to be considerate in terms of what he experienced, and if he be ugly, then, as a man, he is still superior enough to have experiences of love.

Correct. What is wicked for the woman, is glory for the man, which he likes to let shine forth oh so much! And the ugliest man, who has no beauty, because of which love is given to him, still has money, because of which "love" is sold to him.

There are many things I reproach the man with, but there is one thing I don't forgive him; that he knew how to spread discord among us, to destroy every feeling of solidarity, every esprit de corps among us. This is base cunning. No bundle of arrows, no entity ever stands against him, no, there is always only the single woman, a weaving, thin twig, which he crushes, smiling, easily between his hard, cruel fingers.

Which one is the most bloody envy? The envy of woman against woman. No joy of acknowledgement, no shared pride in achievement! Envy, envy and—distrust. And that is why the lot of the striving woman is a double suffering: inhibited by both woman and man. When nature wants to make the misery of a creature complete, then it creates a woman and gives her a mind.

Who is the most severe judge of the woman? The woman. You trained them for this. You talked them into thinking that whatever state of things the man thinks desirable is eternal moral law: absolute bondage of the woman, absolute freedom of the man in sexual affairs. And considering that, at the same time, they barred us from science and art in public life and everything which expands the view, because, as Rahel says, "our knowledge is limited and our stupidity without limits", therefore the training for the chamber and the four-poster bed wasn't too difficult for you. We did what you wanted. We became spies, green-eyed scouts of our own sex, traitors—to please you. But now that we recognise our own baseness, we don't forgive you for bringing us so low. Away with the double standard!

You made us your lap dogs, keepers of your property. Woe to the woman who does not enter into marriage untouched. The Jewish law commanded to stone them. "The woman, however, which is

¹⁰⁴ translator's note: taken from <https://www.kingjamesbibleonline.org/Genesis-3-16/>.

not found to be a virgin, shall be led before the gates and all people shall stone them.“

And nowadays?—What happens, when an illegitimate child is born? The “fallen woman“ is scorned, the seducer is not talked about, or if he is, then in an appreciative way. A capable fellow. The deed was done by two people, the shame is hers alone. But the woman judges the harshest. “How proudly I’d revile her, then, Whenever some poor girl had fallen¹⁰⁵!“, Gretchen says at the fountain. Yes, there is some good reviling. And later, when Gretchen is guilty of infanticide and the innocent Faust makes trouble¹⁰⁶, then Mephistopheles will be right with his “She is not the first¹⁰⁷, will not be the last“. And only in the face of the woman who has broken down completely, only in the face of the madwoman, it says: “A long-forgotten shudder grips me, I’m gripped by all of Mankind’s misery“¹⁰⁸.—Yes, all mankind’s misery lies on the woman’s shoulders. That’s where the man put it.

But what if Gretchen’s mother were alive? A thousand curses on her, the harlot! The mother’s place is taken by Valentin, him, the brother, who used to be so proud of Gretchen’s purity, him, the keeper of the future property of another man. He throws his boundless disdain in her face, her disgrace is prodigious to him, no term of abuse is too low for her. But the seducer gets an honest duel. He only took a stranger’s property committed an act of violence, avenge with violence—it is an honest war. No talk of shame and disgrace.

The villain Willy Janikow in Sudermann’s “Sodom’s Ende“ has an affair with a married woman. The mother of Willy, a noble figure of a woman, learns of it and the poet confronts her with Adah, the guilty one. Oh, how true to life this scene is! This disdain of the pure woman towards the immoral woman! Everything in her heart turns to stone, everything named goodness and pity and her own hand, which the immoral woman touches and has moistened with her tears, is looked on as stained with disgust. Hatred, hatred and contempt towards this impure woman! This “seducer“ is disgusting to the deepest depths of the soul of the pure woman.

But did the poet put the son in front of this enraged mother? He knows better than to do that. She knows how Willy lives, knows of his dissolute life, of his dozens of love affairs; but does the poet let her reproach him? Oh, the reproaches of a mother for a son are tame, she doesn’t know life differently. The woman judges the woman, not the man.

The mother looks painfully at Willy’s doings, and she tells his bride, Kitty, who she thinks is pure, about them accusingly. But Kitty is not pure; because she would like to know what the others keep talking about in such a “married“ way, she has already heard two declarations of love and has even received a kiss. Willy’s deeds are comparatively truly a trifle in the face of these enormities. And if Willy’s mother knew the “dangerously eroded“ Kitty, she wouldn’t look at her any more. Because a righteous woman forgives something like this nevermore.

Willy is a man who is quite justified to himself and others, until he touches the property of a man who is not indifferent, until he seduces his friend’s bride. In this case he has violated loyalty to a friend. The man can only commit a crime against a man, “who is the actual human“. The seduction

¹⁰⁵ translator’s note: taken from

http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/German/Faust/ScenesXVItoXXV.htm#Scene_XVII.

¹⁰⁶translator’s note: the original sentence by JL makes no sense: “...Faust in allen idealen Problemen macht“.

¹⁰⁷ translator’s note: taken from

http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/German/Faust/ScenesXVItoXXV.htm#Scene_XXIII.

¹⁰⁸ translator’s note: taken from

http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/German/Faust/ScenesXVItoXXV.htm#Scene_XXV.

itself only means a sin for the bride, Clärchen, not for Willy. The man who does not seduce is ridiculous; “paragon of virtue” is a word to drive every man into every corner—the *chambres séparées*, even into hell itself: to prove that he is not a paragon of virtue, he would even woo the devil’s grandmother. Only after the seduction of Clärchen, after her suicide, Willy feels remorse. Clärchen kills herself, Adah is despised, Kitty is upset,—all of this is quite correct for the female sentiment. The women in the play are the ones who get punished, this is how it should be; and if the villain Willy didn’t get a haemorrhage by coincidence, he would still be alive. Our poetic and prosaic sense of justice is trained splendidly to the right measure.

This is what we don’t forgive the men; that they made us twisted images of nature; that they distorted us completely.

The smart ones benefit from it. When the woman is severe and adamant against the fallen woman, when she bans her from her heart, from her threshold, from her society, then the man appears and is mild. And the more beautiful the “amiable sinner” is, the milder he is. He hopes that she will give generously to one man that which she had given to another. And therefore the man forgives cynically, while expecting us to damn relentlessly. You can see, the female moral judge is the most fooled of all the fooled ones. The man also achieves his goal. It is the cruel harshness on the female, the apparent mildness on the male side which make it impossible for the woman who stumbled once, and is marked as such, to turn around and drives her irredeemably to her forgivers, i.e. irredeemably to her complete doom through the man—to prostitution. But they made us into accomplices in these doings. This we do not forgive.

The books and writers, now, which deal with the “degeneration” of the woman enjoy the most thriving and bold superficiality. They almost precede Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, v. Hartmann and Strindberg. Because Schopenhauer and his pupil v. Hartmann at least stress the cardinal error: the dishonesty of the woman, even if they do not bother to think any more about the cause of it. These are secondary phenomena, dealt with by the rest: the daughter from a good family, who cannot cook, the lush, sensual lady devouring French novels on an ottoman, the nervous woman, the woman obsessed with finery, the shrew, the coquette. People complain that this would harm humanity, it will be a pleasure to change this.

It appears as if the doctor wants to get rid of the symptoms of a disease, without knowing and curing the disease. Everyone realises that this cannot be. But there’s the wish to change the woman, without thinking about her social position, without realising that only these are causing her faults. Our faults are typical, only the economically independent woman is free from these—the effect vanishes together with the cause. May the woman be freed, in order for the sins of the unfree woman to fall from her, the vices of them who are forced to make eyes at the powerful man, the possessing man, and flatter him. Today she has all these flaws that the powerful man wished for. If these faults become bigger in a completely natural growth, in a completely necessary development and lusher and more numerous in their divergences, than as he wanted them to be, if they grow over his head uncomfortably and if he does not like the woman the way she is any more today, then he

has conveniently forgotten that she was not an inanimate thing, on which he had operated and experimented, but in spite of everything living blood, and “blood is a quite special fluid”.¹⁰⁹

It is understandable when an intelligent woman looks in and around herself and a wail of lament over what has become of us breaks out of her. But it is not understandable when a man comes to accuse us and to make us the scapegoats of the world. May the man himself be made responsible for his error and not we, who were powerless in his hand. “Men have got the women they deserve and the moral condition of the women is dependent on their legal one“, Hippel says. And I say: Men have got the women they wanted and we are what you made of us. And if the man complains that “such mothers“ couldn’t raise any good sons—well, why doesn’t he arrange for the education of the mother? Why does he want the woman to be ignorant? The same boy Papirus, who was permitted to accompany his father to the town hall, while his mother was sitting at home and who, when coming home, replied to his mother’s question of “what it was they were talking about“: “They discussed, whether it would be better for a man to have two wives or a woman two husbands“,—This boy Papirus is the worthy predecessor of all our grammar school students, who are wiser than their mothers and want to impress them with Latin and Greek quotes, with physics and chemistry, with mathematics and similar things, which are *off-limits* to us, and mock when they don’t comprehend, and at the age of twelve already know that they are the masters of their makers. Where is the respect for the one raising them supposed to come from, how is trust supposed to thrive and how is the necessary obedience to appear? The anti-authoritarian grammar school skull concludes that the person who doesn’t know anything about the one matter will likely not know anything about the other matter with more haste and joy than with experience and justice.

Moreover: which kind of woman is this category of writers concerned with? Certainly not the female industrial worker, the peasant woman, the female day labourer. These are harmless for them, they don’t exist to them. But they are the huge majority! The craftsman’s wife, co-working merchant’s wife, the great army of the little civil servants’ wives are excluded as well; she is not interested, doesn’t read any French novels either, she has too much work to do for lying on the ottoman and she is glad when the household is in order, and her husband and child are taken care of. These writers also don’t have the opportunity to look into the conditions and the way of life of the women of nobility, the higher civil servants, officers etc., of the high society. Therefore, there remains only the percentage-wise tiny group of the “educated ones“, the wealthy merchants, the industrial magnates, the bankers, the “higher“ civil servants, the artists, to be included—of course everywhere the better halves of this second floor of humanity—the first is for the already mentioned *Crème de la Crème*.

But even if these writers and books stick on the surface and are without strength and are not in the mood to go into depth, even if they come to the wrong conclusion, because they make assumptions based on no or wrong conditions, even if their observations could be valid for only one small part of the population, the aspects they point at are still no less true. They are also a contribution to the sad chapter of that what became of us.

It is the man who is responsible for the woman’s faults. Everything would be different, if he wanted it to be.

¹⁰⁹ translator’s note: translation taken from <https://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/German/FaustIScenesIVtoVI.php>.

What became of them?

If we have acquired the characteristics of the female slave, then you, Gentlemen, by nature, have developed the characteristics of the tyrants.

But how shall I continue. Truth is so crude here, and people do not like to tell other people crudenesses to their faces. I do love your company, Gentlemen, I can hardly imagine my life without the stimulating intercourse with men. I value your efficiency, your knowledge and skills, the cheeky freshness of the male—unspoilt—youth; (a shame that this freshness is often replaced by fatigue so soon!) and therefore I could say that I love the men, and what you love you wish to be perfect and, consequently, you relentlessly specify his mistakes.

“Der Freund, der Dir den Spiegel zeigt,
Den kleinsten Flecken nicht verschweiget,
Der ist Dein Freund—
So wenig er es scheint.”¹¹⁰

And as your friend I should be allowed to speak without reserve. But if I admire and love the men’s mind, then I revere and love the women’s soul, their mind, the selflessness and self-restraint of the same. And if I love both men and women with their assets so much, can it mean anything else than that I love humanity.

But is this not enough? Doesn’t this justify *e v e r y* word, as unruly as it may sound.

To merge men and women with their assets, to make the one group more efficient and the other group more ethical, doesn’t this endeavour excuse even the most ungracious form in which it is expressed!

One could be graceful—to let the grave truth prance, robed in jest and humour. Perhaps in personal intercourse, in chatting, in art, but it is not everyman’s cup of tea as a polemic.

However—I can let others speak for me, giants, off whose iron forehead and chest of rocks every cheeky stroke of denial bounces, they are my witness: life, fact.

Everyone complains about the time; it is said that the time is sick. The rogue, who sat down with a simulated suffering at the church door, where every passing churchgoer gave him unbidden advice and a recipe against his disease, states that the medical profession would be the most represented one among the population. Even so, in this case everyone is a doctor in the face of the disease of time and everyone knows a cure, which is the only working one. It is not to be wondered at that everyone wants to have their adhesive bandage applied just where they feel the wound on their own body, or believes to feel it. It is odd that such a monetary bandage can never be too big and heavy

¹¹⁰ translator’s note: this poem by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert can be translated, literally, like this:

“The friend who shows you the mirror,
who does not keep silent on the tiniest stain,
that one is your friend—
as little as it seems.”

and never squeezes.—The great land owner in need wants a token of love in the form of protective duties, the standardisation of the corn price, bonuses and similar pretty things—which they do receive from time to time. “Agriculture has gone down“, they claim, and immediately it needs to be picked up, thereby curing the disease of time.

Church fathers and the opposite to them: *sincerely pious* ladies from the high society complain about the need of the churches. More churches are built. In Berlin alone thirty were built in the last 2 years. Religion must be preserved for the people, only this way our time can become healthy.

The anti-Semites now themselves cry about the Jewish plague. Everything is the Jews’ fault. They ruin the original Teutonic, Aryan quality of our people. Recipe: The Jews need to leave for Jerusalem. Let them go, if there is no other way, on the best *Harmonika-train*¹¹¹. But never permit them to return, that would be a completely perverse humanity-fortune-train bringing them back. Tickets for the journey there are already given out; pretty little rhymes on them as a farewell! Once the Jews are gone— —then we are strong and powerful and we have muscles and cut Ahlwardt and ourselves—in marble.

But the Jews don’t want to leave. The title of *their* universal cure is “free trade“. Eugen Richter agrees with them. Eugen is as good as he is big: he saves the Jews and kills the socialists. Odd, how the former feel so defenceless, the latter, the social democrats, so deadless¹¹², i.e. so alive. The medicine doesn’t work. Eugen Richter *also* has not invented the powder—nor the right pills.

Patriots complain about unpatriotic feelings. “A strong, unified Germany“ is their cure for everyone. This is how it’s made: you give the officers different epaulettes, sword knots, rapier belts, rapiers, parade trousers, high boots, belts, a new blue-grey overcoat every two years—instead of five years as it used to be—“the armed peace“. All this is expensive, the officers have to pay for it themselves, consequently, only the sons of wealthy people can become officers, and another consequence is that capitalists and farmers in need are the only ones to save the fatherland. What would we do without them!

And literature! The naturalists say that there is “something badly wrong with it“ and they blame the “dishonesty“, the “cloying sentimentality“, the “prudery of young girls“, the idealists for our mental and material bankruptcy, when, at the same time, these idealists complain about “brutality“, “dirt,“ “non-artistic behaviour“ and the “Ah’s!!“ and “Oh’s!!!“ of the new ones.

In the winter of 1893 university students and professors of the University of Berlin fought for the award of philistines. They accused each other to be “overachievers“. The professors claim that the students don’t want to study any more, that they don’t care about the thorough education of the whole human being any more, no! But after the hasty and superficial cramming of a little expert knowledge and formula stuff, slipping through the exams just sufficiently with great difficulty, is their only, much desired aim: the office, the position. They have lost every sense of something more noble, every ideal. The students reply to that: the professors aren’t teachers any more who keep pace with the academia, but they are specialists fossilised in trivialities. Academia itself isn’t free any

¹¹¹ translator’s note: the translator of this work couldn’t find a translation for *Harmonikazug*, let alone a definition in German.

¹¹² translator’s note: Loewenherz uses a self-created word in the original; “*totlos*“

more, but it peeks upwards. Every liberal movement among the students is frowned upon. The professors want to reap remuneration and medals—as full and as associate professors. And this was their row. But it has to be truthfully admitted: the professors started it. And they were right just as much as the students, just as much as the Jew and the monk from Heine's romance.

These are some of the complaints of the living of the present. Something must hurt them after all. The only thing is that they want to pour the same tincture that would be to their taste down the throats of others, which is not right, nor is it nice and wise of the people who are concerned.

Just now, in the last days of summer, the minister of war is complaining about the increasing contagion through syphilis. The men arrive from the countryside fresh and healthy, and in the city they are ruined by prostitution, and then return into their home village and cause further devastation. What is to be done? —

The women's associations provide an answer, demanding "tightened measures" against prostitution from the authorities. — Tightened measures. They want the authorities to sharpen the knife properly, these good ladies, in order to cut off their noses to spite their faces.

And it is Malthusianism which knows what is to do against overpopulation.

Over and over again our time is blamed for the rushing and chasing after success, the restlessness, the nervousness, the servility. But what is the "time"? Light and dark, the turning of the earth—they are always the same. No, it's the men of the earth who make the accusations, and it's directed against men. We women don't need to add a word to this, when we want to "hold the mirror up to them".

"The corruption of the press"—what a standing cry of woe! Among others, Lassalle has characterised it excellently. But who makes the press?!—

"There are no more characters"—how often can you hear this. Personality becomes shallow, loses all relief, particularly in the big cities. The expansion of the city is contrary to the character size of its inhabitants. The more enormous the hulk of houses, the smaller the heart and brain of the people in them. On the 16th August the "Reichsbote" writes "A kingdom for a man!"

....."one is finished with everything" with all ideals "and there is nothing left than the fear and anxiety for property, money and indulgence. The only thing treated seriously is what is in relation to this. This means bankruptcy."

One has to acknowledge when someone is so truthful about themselves, as the Reichsbote is in this case.

"Anarchism, an evil of our time"—that is what the leading articles say, which are being launched even in the columns of our most distant local rags of Europe. Since Carnot was murdered, society has been seized by panic. "Crime", it resounds here, "disease" it resounds there. But whether it's a crime or a disease, anarchism is a consequence of our order, built completely by men; how can they expect that exceptional laws are helping against it. The whole construction rather needs to be realised differently.

And it is quite possible to differentiate between crime and anarchism. When a single person is hindered by the whole society in his natural movements and needs, e.g. in satiating his hunger and thirst, then he will attempt to wrest his human right from society, or to take revenge for what has been denied to him. Even through deeds of murder and other atrocities. In this case society was in

the wrong f i r s t and the anarchist defended himself. In this case the criterion of anarchism would be the defensive; this would serve to distinguish it from crime, which is aggressive. But aggression, despotism, inexpedience or irrationality is a d i s e a s e. The anarchist's excuse is that he has been attacked by society, but the brutal criminal, who hasn't been insulted by anything and who hasn't been challenged by anyone, can only be understood, when he is considered to be sick in the brain. At the same time, however: how rare is a crime out of arbitrariness, out of pure lust for crime. This is for the honour of human nature. It is in and of itself good. However, our modern capitalistic system should not be surprised when it has brought forth anarchism as its own child.

"A Giant of the Earth" is the title of one of Wiertz's paintings in the Musée Wiertz in Brussels. A first glance at this painting only notes an enormous, quite a colossal leg, almost as long as the painting is tall. You realise only slowly that this leg belongs to a man, that this man bends down and picks half a dozen struggling little humans out of the earth from a swarming pile at and under his feet. How these miserable, despairing little humans twist and suspend, but the iron fist of the Giant of the Earth is grabbing firmly: In the next moment they are lying shattered at the rock and their brain splatters around. A single person confronts the giant in a fight, is swinging the épée threateningly. But the poor fellow! The tip of his helmet doesn't even reach the loin of the overly powerful one. His smile is full of scorn and certainty—o n e kick with his foot, and another opponent is out of the way. And he continues over trodden human fortune and over corpses, through blood and tears. This is the walk of the Giants of the Earth.

Wirtz's painting forced itself in front of my inner gaze steadily, when I became acquainted with Nietzsche's philosophy and his *U e b e r m e n s c h*. The *Uebermensch*, that is the subhuman being, the barbarian, the beast. And that is why Nietzsche is allowed to have the women whipped, and because of this he is the favourite philosopher of the bloodsucking capital, which is walking over millions of the labourers' corpses, the plutocracy. In every parlour Nietzsche's works are lying around, and saying his name there is a prostration every time. And when they do that, these people with the nature of a mollusc are overcome with a shudder of awe, them, who make little awe out of honour the rest of the time.

Yes, Gentlemen, because brutality is a characteristic of the tyrant, and the capital is tyrannical.

However, seeing that Nietzsche is, on the other hand, the prophet of anarchism, you notice, again, how closely anarchy and capitalistic order are related to each other, even their identity. They both love him so much and claim him as their own, the capitalist and the anarchist. And when two quantities of a third are equal, then they are, as is well-known, equal among each other as well.

Brutality, a characteristic of the tyrant! It is expressed, depending, as cruelty, insolence, self-aggrandisement, harshness, despotism, cynicism, shamelessness; it is always the same: heartlessness, disrespect for life, the opposite of female motherly love.

As mentioned earlier, the man has a tendency for this by nature. But if this male nature had received a benevolent, gradual polish by rubbing against the character of the f r e e woman, by wooing for their respect and love, but—on the contrary—it was increased to the highest and completely unnatural potency by the woman's slavery. The man would have been educated, by having been forced to win the woman's respect, before achieving love and the pleasures of love. However, the man, at one point, found it more convenient to make the woman his property. But what man woos his property!?! And this is how the innate wildness of the man could fully flourish,

without finding its healing corrective in the equality, in the judgement and the condemnation of the woman.

Look at a boy and a girl, how they behave towards a helpless animal, for example a broken-winged bird, a sick cat, an abandoned little dog. The boy displays all the lust of cruelty, the girl displays all the woe of pity. With how much deep inner satisfaction does the boy pull apart a May beetle, a fly. The torment of the animal—such a joy for him. Once I saw a boy putting a whole nest full of little birds, who were fledged, but not yet fully capable of flying, into his pocket, just like someone would put away a used handkerchief, thoughtlessly, coldly, habitually. I wonder how the penned up little animals might feel? And for what fate he kept them!?!—The boy displays the tendency for destruction, the girl displays the need to protect, to heal, to preserve.

This tendency of the man could have found its regulative in the woman's disapproval. But what does the ruler care about the female slave's disapproval! For thousands of years the man has not been answerable for his murdering to anyone, only his lust was a law to him, the innate impulse became an acquired characteristic, strengthened, it was the *e d u c a t i o n* for tyranny. The woman's goodness was disabled, to put a firm word into the balance; therefore, the harshness of the man ruled one-sidedly and a complete aberration of his striving was inevitable. The raging against one's own species, how it expresses itself in the raw shape of the modern fight for existence, particularly in war, would be unthinkable, if the woman had been left the opportunity to have a say in the fates of humanity, in its freedom and equality.

The struggle for existence should mean only the struggle against the exterior world, against the forces of nature, for the human species. Because our civilisation consists of recognising these forces of nature, of their subjection and utilisation for the purpose of happiness for the individuals. We cannot see them in anything else. However, these forces of nature obey us only a little, and our civilisation does not appear to be critically "hyper" yet, as anxious minds believe, far from it. (do not fear true culture!)—Yet, what became of the struggle for existence in reality? A war of everyone against everyone.—Because the never erring maternal instinct of the woman hasn't overseen the paths of the young human species, hasn't guided its steps, therefore, human reason has erred and walked on paths not intended by nature, and arrived at destinations, which are only half destinations. Because civilisation was delayed, because only half of the disposable human strength has been used for its bringing about. And we can say that we would have progressed today twice as much, or we would have already been where we are today for thousands of years, if the woman had been allowed to work as well on the duties of humanity in terms of knowledge and skill, of listening to the exterior world and its laws. Buckle says in his "*Women's influence on the progress of science*" that only the deductive mind of the woman in connection with the inductive mind of the man would constitute the full, complete human mind.

In his autobiography Heine recounts (in the letters to Aug. Lewald) how his writing progress was disturbed by the noise of boys scuffling outside. "In order to restore peace, I had to step outside, and I hardly succeeded in placating them with words. There was a little boy, who hit the back of another little boy in a particularly angry way. When I asked him: what has this child done to you? He looked at me wide-eyed and stuttered: "He is my brother."

This is typical, this is the straying, the madness. First the war against strangers, then among each other, then against one's own blood, until the fraternal hatred becomes proverbial. The Chinese say, "It is the woman who teaches us tender love, the depth of hatred is only known by two brothers".

I wonder if it was the crudity of the man which created greed? If both went hand in hand? If the lust for killing, if the lust for property sanctified the war? Fact is that war created private property and then the woman was added to this property. She was now locked in the house and became an object of exploitation. She had to work, and not for herself, but for her owner. It was the woman who created the economically needed new values.

In ancient times and in the Middle Ages we see it: tilling a field, sowing, harvesting, grinding the grain, baking bread; growing and heckling flax; yarning, weaving,—wool and linen; tending the herds. So it provided food and clothing, and the woman of all classes did this. Dwelling houses and palaces were built by slaves and labourers, the churches, town halls and barracks as well. The "man", the actual man we mean, thereupon went and took upon himself the ruling position in palace, church, barrack and town hall—that was the colossal work left to him. He also said that it strained him terribly, that it was very important and particularly difficult, so that neither slave and labourer nor woman would be capable to grasp any of it. Certainly not the woman. Therefore, she should be glad to be allowed to stay at home and to work diligently.

And while the man was romping about outside in the free air of the world, he sang to the woman a hymn on her exploitation and imprisonment and called the "female virtue": diligence, frugality and domesticity. But for himself alone he kept idleness and the divine pleasure of this earth.

The woman should have found this overeager praise of female diligence, of female frugality, of domesticity suspicious a long time ago, if she wasn't so guileless. Lorenz v. Stein was certainly not the first to sing this song of saving money—he simply does not deserve being accused of being a groundbreaking genius. "The bible already praises the "virtuous woman" beyond all measure.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household *are* clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing *is* silk and purple.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth *it*; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour *are* her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue *is* the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband *also*, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favour *is* deceitful, and beauty *is* vain: *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised”.

The LORD!

“Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates”¹¹³.

This is the cleverest flattering; and it is the loveliest, sweetest invitation to allow oneself to be exploited

And what is it the man does? —

“Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land”¹¹⁴.

Such exertion!

And so it goes on and on through the centuries. And yet, the man didn't do well in his cleverness. The conditions, as they are today, show this.

The man's egotism is much more likeable, when he expresses himself naively. The long habit of his reign got the man this *n a i v e t é* of *e g o t i s m*. When he presents himself in this form, then it is not entirely possible to suppress a certain artistic liking for this, at least it commands a benevolent smile from a person. So, when the men from the Moravian church have their women put on white bonnets, which are adorned with a colourful ribbon, then the colour of the ribbon differs, depending on whether the wearer is unmarried, married or widowed. Then the pious Moravian man can inform himself in all composure in church which of the women assembled in devotion is already someone else's property, and which can still be made one's own property. But he himself, of course, doesn't wear any insignia. He doesn't have to. Here it is expressed unmistakably that the woman has to wait, until she is chosen and she herself doesn't have the least right to an initiative—but the bonnets are so nice and the fresh faces look so lovely beneath them—you are not cross, you are smiling.

¹¹³ translator's note: this Bible passage was taken from the King James Bible: <http://biblehub.com/kjv/proverbs/31.htm>.

¹¹⁴ translator's note: see above.

So, when Heine (autobiography) assures a friend in a letter that “women weren’t for him“, they would mean his death, (that is to say, only not “now“, at other times marriage didn’t stop him) and then soon afterwards he admonishes Mathilde, his wife, to be quite well-behaved in his absence. “For the love of God, don’t do anything which could make me angry when I return. Behave as quietly as possible in your little nest; work, study, bore yourself virtuously, spin wool like the respectable Lucretia, whom you have seen in the Odeon.“

Bore yourself! And what about him?

And so it goes on in every letter to her. This naiveté to apply double standards in such a self-evident way is so delicious.

So, when Chamisso assures the woman in numerous songs that “he, the lofty star of glory, may not know her, the lowly maid.¹¹⁵“ Again and again, until it becomes tedious, it returns, this self-deification and Chamisso does this so seriously and solemnly. He doesn’t notice anything. In pretty male humility he puts the following words in the woman’s mouth: she feels all too honoured, when the man makes her his wife, her, the subordinate, doesn’t deserve such condescension, he makes himself all too “common“ with her, as the farmers say.

If it was the devotion, the idolisation of the lovers, that would be simple and understandable, but then the loved woman would have to be for the man the great, most magnificent woman, as he is the great man for her. But this is not the case. He accepts the tribute and roughly says: I know that I am infinitely more magnificent than you, but—I myself cannot comprehend this—I simply need you. Come and be my sweet little goose, or else you have failed in your job. I want to permit you to make me happy.

And what about her? “I’ll love and serve him forever, And live for him alone; I’ll give him my life, but to find it Transfigured in his own.¹¹⁶“ —

This is a pretty, poetic garment, this is naive faith,—and we are reconciled.

Once I listened to Wildenbruch’s “Die Quitzows“. I admired without criticising and one passage particularly reached my ear. The one where the robber-knight Quitzow drags himself through the hall, in boots and armour and steel, his stamping makes the boards tremble, he shouts, opens his mouth so wide that it threatens to devour all non-robber-knights. “Oh men’s strength and men’s magnificence!“ exclaims the Polish woman, who loves him and she gazes enraptured up to the drawing floor. “Oh men’s strength and men’s magnificence“? —A man who loves broadly says “oh my sweetheart, how lovely you are“, that is individual. But, “oh men’s strength and men’s magnificence“, only the woman who loves Quitzow speaks so general, appreciative in such a general way is—how Wildenbruch speaks about his own sex. —Oh men’s strength and men’s magnificence! These of the “married ones“ or of the “fathers of six children?“ Oh lofty star of glory, sinking out of the door of the Berlin night café into the street of Berlin!

The human spirit strives upwards, not downwards: when the man made the woman his property, he supposedly believed to do the right thing, the noble thing. But it was an error, and it became a curse for the human species. Because, even today, every son needs to have a mother, if he wants to come into the world, and despite Jove’s daughter Minerva dancing out of his head, despite

¹¹⁵ translator’s note: translation taken from http://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=3746.

¹¹⁶ translator’s note: translation taken from <http://www.bartleby.com/library/poem/1287.html>.

Jehovah's only begotten son, humanity still doesn't consist of an entity, but of two halves completing each other, and when one half, the woman, was degraded, the man was also hit by the degradation, together with her. Supposing that one part of humanity counts for 100, the other for 0, then $100+0=100$; the half of $100=50$. And supposing that the one was the finest wine, the other water, then the mixing of the finest wine and water merely results in a very inferior, tepid liquid. And this mixture occurs inevitably by the day, by the hour through heredity. It would be better, if both parts were of equal worth.

Where has this fatal error of his already led the man! Who does not know Greek conditions! Who does not know the "Symposium" of Plato! Can we comprehend today that the Greek, this people we still think of as being unrivalled in art and way of living, believed *pederasty* to be something willed by the gods! (Because Zeus praised it as well, he got himself Ganymede). That they sang about it, took pride in it, claimed that it leads to virtue! This bawdiness, this unnatural affair, which is punished today with the hardest penalties. The friendship between Alcibiades and Socrates! Oh, these men can be understood in the context of their time, and I know how they came to their egregious confusion. This confusion still exists today, but it displays *other* symptoms. The man even shows today that he is trapped in this grave illusion, when he claims: *the woman is inferior*.

In Greece the servitude of the woman entered a phase hitherto unknown—the older the nation, the better the position of the woman, the closer up to Communism, the more alive the memory of her freedom in Egypt, in Media. But in Greece she was thought to be capable of only one excellence any more: the excellence of a loyal slave. Her forced habitation for life in the gynaecium. She rarely saw men, even husbands, fathers and brothers, because they lived in special rooms, furthermore, they were—the life of the Greek took place in public—outside for the most part. When the husband brought home a friend for supper once in a while, then the housewife had to make herself invisible quickly. This was—"good manners". Oh, even back then people knew and used "what is appropriate."

—And the Greek woman didn't receive any teaching other than weaving, spinning and other "domestic" things, no teaching at all. She guarded the home, or rather, the home guarded her. Marriages were only contracted for the sake of raising children, they were considered to be a duty to the state in particular, then to the gods and the ancestors. Consequently, the wife was a burden taken on out of duty.

And now imagine this ignorant, degraded creature, and imagine next to her the highly educated, beauty thirsty Greek man—is it any wonder that he didn't like this despicable, mentally crippled sex, that he turned away from her full of disgust and looked for love with the hetaira—who was free and educated, after all—and he also looked for love—with the man, the only one who was his equal? The unnatural state was there, the fall of Greekdom was the consequence.

And the *first* cause? The enslaving of women.

Jesus of Nazareth looked around in his time and recognised the social damages. He himself was the son of a carpenter; he watched the rich people squandering money and he knew that the poor were starving. Judea was a Roman province and Jesus knew that all the wealth of one world was coming together in Rome, the capital, that banquets were held, which devoured millions, meals were prepared, like pastries made of nightingales' tongues and peacocks' throats, that slaves were

hacked to pieces in order to feed the pikes in the ponds with their meat, to gain fat pikes, and that the terrible *patria potestas* had the power to execute the whole family, hundreds of slaves for the slightest offences. He also knew the rest of the luxury of this Rome, the debauchery, the salaciousness also of the servants of Rome and the clerics in Judea and he preached social reformation. And at that time, the statement: “suffer the poor to come unto me“ must have had a revolutionary power. Those that “labour“ and are “heavy laden¹¹⁷“ recognised that their suffering would come to an end with the application of the teaching of Jesus Christ. And those who sensed this with the instinct of the eternally suppressed—were the women. They came. It was them who promoted and nurtured the cause with their enthusiasm, with their devotion. Who names all these female martyrs, the blood witnesses? Yes, Christ was the women’s friend, their good companion; he addressed the person inside of them, he wanted to awaken them spiritually, and he called to Martha, who set a meal in front of him, pointing to Mary listening to his teaching at his feet: “She chose the better part!“

But the woman fared with Christianity the same way as the whole time before: she adopts the cause of freedom as her very own, her involvement is tolerated only as long as she is needed, and as soon as success seems to be ensured, she is chased away, so that she can’t have a share in enjoying the fruits of victory. It is a sad display, this constantly renewed frantic clinging of the woman to the fighters for freedom and rights, the constantly executed crude shaking off after the Moor has done his duty, the constantly misled hope. You want to be overcome with a furious outrage. The woman, who had sacrificed herself, for the cause of Christianity and liberation, herself has come away empty-handed once again. Soon Paul called his “*mulieres taceat in ecclesia*“ to them. Soon Christianity, which by now was no longer a social reform, but had changed into a religion, became victorious in Rome. Christ wasn’t alive any more to protest, and what was smuggled as his teachings was a forgery. Christ preached the equality of the humans: “you are your father’s children“, and even if he preached also the equality in poverty, because he couldn’t yet preach equality in happiness, because the “weaver’s shuttle do not yet run by themselves“, which Aristotelian demand is now fulfilled, even so his bold and energetic spirit is still very far from the bliss of servitude, which some want to extract from his teachings. Read the Gospel according to Luke, it is revolutionary enough. Neither did he preach abstinence itself, he enjoyed life and he was even called a “glutton and overeater“. But this bliss of servitude was quite useful in Rome and Constantine the Great was a clever man. Christianity became a state religion and had to serve on its part to keep the masses compliant, so that they let themselves be exploited by the rich—how low did Christianity sink, how did it arrive at a purpose completely opposed to its original mission!—“Renounce, renounce the goods of this earth, so that you may go to Heaven,“ the upper class called to the lower class. The clever rogues were successful—they still are.

And once Christianity became a state religion—the state, this great nest of robber-knights, always and at all times has been an enemy of women, because women don’t go on the robber-knights’ exploits, which were called patriotic wars and they disapproved of them. And thus it went further downhill with the woman, into the most Christian Middle Ages, where they discussed the

¹¹⁷ translator’s note: taken from <http://biblehub.com/kjv/matthew/11.htm>

question whether the woman is a human being and they answered the question in the negative, and where you could buy two women for 45 Fres. In the year 1333.¹¹⁸

And Christ was misunderstood or forged in something else, to the woman's damage. Christ and his favourite disciple John were unmarried. In a time of licentiousness it is not to be wondered at, when noble natures flee into the opposite extreme. It is precisely because he took pity on the woman, who was abused both as a drudge and on a sexual level, that his own chaste lifestyle becomes understandable.

But what kind of conclusions were drawn out of his example? The disdain of the woman. Celibacy followed with its uncleanness, the monks' and nuns' misdeeds followed; the woman became a "vessel of the devil", the atrocities of the witches' trials and the stakes followed; "born of a woman" meant all the shame and all the misfortune, and in order to honour the founder of this religion the immaculate conception was invented. -----

----- And it is also said that even in Egypt the god Serapis was known, born of the Virgin Goddess—ah, the Egyptians were sensible people, the virgin birth was for them merely a symbol for the purity of every birth, and—because the Sun was Serapis' father—of the creation of life through the sun as the ultimate cause of all organic things coming into being on earth. But the Christians—pious as they are—only borrowed from the Egyptians the form and filled it with the new content that birth through the woman, that conception, that natural motherhood is something impure. And that is why the woman's slavery peaked in Christianity. In Egypt, where the woman's position was a free one, as the researches of the French Egyptologists Paturet¹¹⁹ and Révillout¹²⁰, as thousands of documents having come to light have shown, as the testimony of Herodotus proves as well, in Egypt, where the mother is the most revered member of the family—on the pictures in the catacombs the mother walks ahead of all others to greet the dead—in Egypt, where the nubile girl is being circumcised to make her suitable for the business of love, as the tongue of the newborn is loosed, so it can learn how to talk, in Egypt love and motherhood were not considered to be anything impure. Being that sacred, that was the prerogative of Christianity.

And yet, there is the fairy tale of the "liberation" of the woman through Christianity. They hold on to this with high tenacity. The well-known renegade Dr. Paulus Cassel still regaled me with this 2 ½ years ago. It was shortly before the man's death, he was 70 years old at the time, and I contented myself with replying and contradicting with the question "Is the woman free today, then, Professor?" But he claimed that this wasn't just his, but the original Christians' opinion.

The clerics' lie wants the woman to believe that her once conceived hope is not shamefully deluded, but fulfilled.—

And the disgust for the woman, practised by Christianity, and the fear of all joy of life and all beauty entailed another error. Christianity became hostile to culture.

Cyril, the pious patriarch of Alexandria, had the philosopher Hypatia murdered and Bishop Theophilus had the library burned down in the year 391, 42,800 volumes.— — The catacombs of Egypt open and their documents, as well as the hieroglyphs, whose deciphering was forced by the

¹¹⁸ Scherr, *Kultur und Sittengeschichte* (translates as: *History of Culture and Customs*) p.597.

¹¹⁹ G. Paturet: *La condition juridique de la femme de l'ancienne Égypte*. Paris 1886.

¹²⁰ E. Révillout: *Nouvelle Chrestomatie démotique*. Paris 1878. And many papers in the *Revue égyptologique*.

need of the overpowering need for knowledge, reveal to us piece by piece the ancient world. Then, when we overlook all our losses, the anger about the zealotry, which sees in trampling down and blowing out the spark of spirit, the best coming from humankind, as a work pleasing to God, burns the brighter. (By now we have become more reasonable, the devil himself was open-hearted and stated: “Just despise reason and science, humankind’s greatest strength”—then I almost have you. And that is why today even the Reichskanzler cannot find any faith any more, when he claims it would be better for the people, if they didn’t know how to read. Today we know that the devils would enjoy and make use of the people’s illiteracy—the money devils.

Charlemagne had the German folk songs collected and written down. To what purpose? Certainly to save them from destruction. These emissions of the people’s soul, these testimonies of all what our people laughed and cried, cheered and mourned, longed for, loved, suffered in its youth; all this wealth, laid down in song, in sound, glorified through beauty, consecrated by the truth of immediacy—certainly to preserve these pearls as his most sacred, most exquisite for posterity undamaged. But what did Charles’ son do, *s a i n t* Louis? He burned the collection at the stake. The same stake around which the fanatical, bony, bloodless, pale monks danced, *C h r i s t i a n* monks! Pious Christians burned the German song at the stake. But today it’s resounding from Ahlwardt to Stöcker, from the citizens’ newspaper to the anti-Semitic corps: here Christian-German!

And when barbarism had settled happily everywhere, there was still a small country in the South, where culture had fled, where it ruled with its mild sceptre, so that beauty and joy, flowers and love, happiness, cheerful human happiness flourished. This country was Spain and its inhabitants back then were the “doglike“ Moors. Oh, but—“Mind and Nature – don’t speak to Christians so.

Such speech is dangerous, all right,¹²¹—

and the destruction of the Arabian culture in Spain was carried out with holy zeal. Why shouldn’t it succeed? It succeeded. In 1492 Granada fell and the torch of science—Granada had a university—was reversed and extinguished in blood, in spittle and bile. Blood to the Moors, spittle and bile of the Christians. For this the auto-da-fés, the inquisitions, arose glaring and blood-red. And in Germany the stakes burned as well, and, as mentioned earlier, it was the woman, this “impure vessel“, the “devil’s favourite tool“, the woman “who’s come into the world through sin“, which “notwithstanding the high regard which was always attributed to the female sex among the Germanic peoples”, it was the woman who was now sent to the stake—in sacred-mad bestiality, after she was robbed of her freedom, after she was debased and humiliated gradually and systematically. This is how far the error went.

Such a rat king of mistakes, madness and crime caused the woman to be pushed out of her right position, so that you can’t blame the single nations and epochs, when they couldn’t survey their situation any more and economised blindly into the blue. The consequence of such an inextricable knot was that it is quite impossible for the individual to find the right thread for world view and lifestyle.

¹²¹ translator’s note: translation taken from
http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/German/FaustIIActIScenesItoVII.php#Act_I_Scene_II

“Duty“ and “higher pursuit“—mention these words to our youth, then they will reply with a ringing laugh. “Duty is an unpleasant word for me“, a young man told me recently. “Moral will“, “what kind of will is that“? another asked me mockingly, after I had used this expression. And yet these are the b e t t e r elements; the worse simply a c t this way and do n o t talk and think about it. “But what is duty? The claims of the day“, Goethe says¹²². And yet the claims also against others, the responsibility to others and yourself f o r others. The woman doesn’t ask what duty is. She knows exactly her duties and performs them. Because the man’s will decrees, the woman m u s t. And she has gained the virtue of her misfortune: slavery brought the woman medicinal self-discipline. But the man owes his tyrants’ and slaver’s position to his selfishness.

Our confused, weak and wavering time even clings to the example of the animals and looks for salvation, certainty t h e r e. “Nature, nature!“ “Look how comfortable the animal is, it doesn’t think, it doesn’t ponder.“ Which animal? Gentlemen, w h i c h shall we imitate? Certainly, the human is an animal; but as such he still has the characteristics and needs of his o w n kind and species and not those of the pig or donkey. Well! We want to fulfil your ideal for 4 weeks, Gentlemen, crawling on all fours and wallowing in excrements. Very soon, then, you would notice that, despite all of this there are thoughts in your brain: what are we to do here, which purpose, therefore which d u t y are we to perform? You would notice that there is something like poetry and religion inside you, that you have a soul, that all this draws attention to itself with all might and that it f o r c e s you up onto both your human feet. These 4 weeks would take your boldness away from you for all times to d e n y all that is truly human—and therefore certainly what is n a t u r a l,—to declare all that is noble to be unnatural and eccentric, and to kill it inside yourself and others cunningly.

“What has become of the family, where has the sanctity of marriage gone!“ is the complaint of the wealthy class, as they roll their eyes, but sometimes they mean it sincerely. And they wonder!! Such naive people! What is it that makes marriage “sacred“? Their “only purpose“, the begetting of children? Then the begetting of children outside of marriage would also be “sacred“. But this the wealthy class certainly does not admit, because the consequence of this would be to raise illegitimate children decently and to treat them and their mothers decently, and no longer as outcasts—*la recherche de la paternité* would n o longer be *interdite*. However, suppose raising children w a s the only purpose of marriage, then it would truly matter with whom one begets a child. Does a man want a child from a woman he doesn’t love?! The woman a child from a man she despises?! But the begetting of children is n o t the only purpose of marriage. The future generation has no other, no greater goal than the current one, and because of this no greater right. Only when you consider that the generation to come is one step c l o s e r to the goal of humanity than the living one, therefore the latter is obliged to sacrifice itself for the former, to subordinate. And this goal is perfection; striving for it with all force is our happiness. But only man and woman u n i t e d as the w h o l e human are actually in the possession of the whole human force. T h a t is why marriage is sacred. And that is why the happy marriage of even the childless couple is not without worth, which it would be, if the begetting of children was the s o l e purpose of marriage. The bourgeoisie anticipates something like this, but what does it d o?

¹²² translator’s note: translation taken from <http://www.rodneyohebsion.com/goethe.htm>

So much has been said about it, you are almost weary of always hearing the same thing, namely that marriage without love is immoral, therefore unholy. The woman's dependency of the man—still today in all classes—forces her to seek marriage under every circumstance. Marriage becomes her institution of provision. The man knows that quite well and is suspicious of the love of the women looking for marriage. He lets himself be courted. He has time, he is eventually going to find one. In the meantime he reflects on what is best for him. He concludes: enjoying his life and then, because the woman is only out for what is material, “selling himself as expensive as possible”, i.e. fishing for the richest heiress available. The fortune hunter is complete. That is the man's prostitution. Later this will produce the henpecked husband. Funny: the economic dependency of the woman leads the man to be economically dependent on the woman. And this is supposed to not make the bourgeoisie's head spin. Let them now resist the temptation to drown out the general hurly-burly by screaming about the faded sanctity of marriage!

And how these conditions are reflected in literature! Never has the “decent woman” been maltreated in novels, novelettes, sketches etc. as much as now, never has the whore been so glorified.

Because the “decent woman” is petty, calculating, she wants to be married, it is hardly possible to escape her webs. And the mothers! You have to see how a “good match” is courted, and you understand the disgust such men feel for the “decent woman”. In comparison the whore is great and harmless. And again the man makes a little fool of himself: he forgets that the whore doesn't want to be married, that is true, but she wants to be paid. He has to support her not for life, but for days, months, years. But the man actually pretends as if he strives for love, for free devotion with the whore. He exclaims horrible speeches, terrible trumpet blasts of verses resound, in order to storm a fortress, whose gates are wide open. This show on display is as ridiculous as it is saddening. This is the man's self-deception, without which the man couldn't bear life, who needs the ideal, he, who humiliated the pure woman, who looks for the reflection of the sun of love—in the mire.

I don't want to name any books and authors, I don't want to advertise certain publications—but there is one truly poetic, splendid, precious product of our literature that I want to point out. In a sense it serves as an illumination: it is Sudermann's “Cat's Bridge” (*Katzensteg*). Certainly, through Rebekka the poet wants to depict the will-less woman, driven to the man overwhelmed by natural drive, the feminine-generous beast—the original woman! “Nature, nature!” On the other hand, the “decent woman”, the blonde, demure, calculating, thin bourgeois daughter, who wants to be married! How badly she comes off compared to the passionate maidservant. And this—in this respect the Cat's Bridge does not fit as an example—this Rebekka is not a whore. She gives herself freely in reality, and the criterion of prostitution can only be, in all eternity, the purchase. But Mr Sudermann prudently has her die; he knows quite well what becomes of these women who give themselves in life—: the abandoned ones. The Rebekkas become Gretchens. The man gets tired of them, finds another Rebekka, or even better an heiress, and the economically weak one becomes miserable. And yet, the ideal could be achieved so easily; just make the woman independent and all her magnificent primal nature can fully thrive, her great, splendid passion will bring you bliss, her free devotion will delight you and a flow of undreamed of, intoxicating happiness will be poured over your heart. Then you have got the primal woman, the unadulterated one, like in your dreams. But she is not without a will, not under a yoke, but free and strong-

willed. Because, truly, you will hurry to her more fiercely than she does to you, then you would have to fight for love, and we would get a species of men, instead of smug little masters.

But today!—Because you don't know love, that is why someone like Schopenhauer could come along and discover the *post coitum tristitia*. After him many more. Schopenhauer, who hates the Semitic element in Christianity so much, and yet resembles it in his pessimism. The *post coitum tristitia*. No, nature wasn't this cruel after all that it had the act of procreation, which is so necessary to nature and to which nature stimulates with the greatest bodily lust, followed by the deepest emotional torture, self-disgust, at the same time as punishment—provided that everything happens according to its will, i.e. naturally and the devil of "civilisation", of artificiality, has not laid his egg in here as well. But he does, he is allowed to. Because the man embraces the unloved woman, the woman embraces the unloved man. This is unnatural! And when even mutual dislike warns of the embrace, and it follows anyway, is it any wonder, when nature has its revenge!

What, then, is love? Is there any love anyway? Well, its fiercest gainsayers seem to have felt its power most certainly once.

I think love is affection of the bodies and the souls at the same time; I think love is unthinkable without respect, trust, a common interest in life, the same level of education; a certain difference in body and soul is, I believe, necessary, as the kind of complement which each of both individuals longs for, consciously or unconsciously. Where these conditions are fulfilled, love becomes possible, where such people come closer, love will be inevitable. For them, the *post coitum tristitia* will then remain *terra incognita*. A modern writer, who calls himself a social aristocrat, touches upon something similar as well and says: "The man who never conquers a woman, to whose womb he was drawn with all force, who never ran in his sweetheart's hot love, is a poor man and nothing in life can offer him a substitute for this infinite loss of life's sweetness. He does not know how happy a man can feel." And further on, where he speaks of the pleasure sought with the prostitute: "After the act is completed, they (the men) feel sexual disgust, and their experience connects it with the sexual act in general." "They don't know that there is another state, in which both of those who took pleasure nestle up against each other all the tighter after the pleasure"—namely, "when the storm of passion and hot embrace, longing for the pleasure of just this young body, to which your own organisation points the strongest, have preceded."

Such a man will say, "not in pleasure I languish after desire", no, desire will only make way for satisfaction and peace, the renewed life force, the striving for all noble and spiritual things.

However, where two reluctant bodies are forced towards each other, disgust is self-evident. And in marriage particularly! The law itself commands devotion! I wonder if hell has invented a torture greater than what humans, pardon me, what men have done to themselves? And such marriages are called marriages of reason! Probably, because they are as contrary to reason as possible. Unnatural, disgusting prostitution for life. And then they complain that marriage is no longer sacred. And Maximilian Harden acts declamatory and exclaims: "Marriage is the marasmus of the man." Oh, this moral seriousness of Isidor Witkowsky. Yet, with shouting one gets famous almost as much as with the famous apostolic three drops of water, and through the clinging to the coattails of a reconciled one almost as famous as through the glorification of the lash. When a little dog yelps, then at least you realise that it's there. No need for Isidor to reflect! No need for him to ask whose fault it is. You say, it is the fault of the circumstances, yes I know; change them! A man, like some

others, is a prostituting villain at the age of 30, who used to have the sweetest darlings and the most ideal resolutions at the age of 18. He won't be this fond of it—namely villainy.

But you don't particularly like to give up your privileges, Gentlemen. Patience! We will force you. And some is wholesome, even if you don't like taking it. You will then look for the "fair mystery" woman in vain, but in turn a strong sex with a clear gaze will blossom towards you. And the Faustian languishing after desire in pleasure may even still today look interesting to some Mr Faustus, in truth it is only the concession of the fact (which is not sublime at all) that it was not love but desire driving you to pleasure, and that then this desire proved to be not sufficient and pleasure failed. But the sexual intercourse, which is sought after again and again out of habit, despite the disgust, degrades the man, dulls him. Soon he doesn't dare any more to look his deeds and hustling in the eye. Self-deceit, self-dulling becomes a need. And now is the time when only such bawdiness as mentioned in the first chapter is tantalising, when the wife becomes "too chaste".— — I think it is not a sacrifice to give up such conditions. O t h e r s can only be b e t t e r. Out of the abyss, every step can only lead upwards.

Another characteristic of tyranny: s h a m e l e s s n e s s. Towards the person completely independent of us, one is not embarrassed. One has the shamelessness of the "beyond good and evil", the shamelessness of "I did it, therefore it is good". And consequently the men have now lost the last shyness for women. Now they are open. It is the pretty openness of insolence. We know that they are completely shameless among each other, but when they greet each other with the smile of the augurs, they still had respect for us—the respect of hypocrisy. But now they are open. Never before have there been as many "rakes" as now. And the newest sport is to marry an ignorant, young thing and then lead her to the place of earlier male "triumphs" as quickly as possible, to those balls whose female participants are only provided by the demi-monde the rest of the time. Thereupon, the young woman will count herself lucky that the loose butterfly henceforth belongs to her, and her alone. Yes? —For 14 days p e r h a p s.

The man is allowed to be so "open", to mock the woman so brutally. He doesn't hide anything from his past, she will take him anyway, This is honest? No, this is shameless, insolent and crude. This is the jeering exploitation of a force, which is not supported by anything spiritual, but only by the highly material circumstance that the man is holding the bread in his hand and can let the woman starve, if he wants. That such tyrannical power can only have a demoralising effect is as certain as, on the other hand, the woman has to hide every stirring of the blood, every movement of the heart in anxiety, because otherwise "no one will take her any more", becomes a liar.

I only want to mention shortly another and truly the gravest damage inflicted by the man on himself and humanity. Shortly, because there is terribly much to say about it. But I lack the courage for t h e s e heavy accusations. And that is why I want to remind again of the remark made by Fräulein O. that 80% of all men in Berlin are syphilitic. Eighty percent. An inconceivable crying shame, a horrible misery lies hidden beneath the cold blanket of the number. And here begins the undisguised l a c k o f c o n s c i e n c e of the man, here begins the c r i m e. Only twenty out of hundred of all men in Berlin are healthy! And now think of the man who k n o w s that he is ill, and still he gets married. How many blooming women were ruined by this. Infected, poisoned, miserable, often crippled, often doomed to die. And the progeny! It is the surest proof of the

powerlessness of our society that you don't know already how to prevent such outrageous attacks on life and health.

I think I have fulfilled my promise to let the facts speak for me. Yet, some people will think that I have put in my two pennies worth. When Hippel wrote his "bürgerliche Verbesserung der Weiber"¹²³, he thought it necessary to guarantee that he didn't stand up for this sex out of a personal motivation. And Hippel was a man. I, however—alas! "You couldn't get a man for yourself", they will call in my direction, "and now that the grapes are sour, you insult them." It is true that I couldn't get a man; my beauty, my amiability, my proficiency were too little of a too low quality. Because these are the qualities men are looking for nowadays. Therefore, abstract from my poor person, by—pitying me. Nor did I speak in anger. I assure you, Gentlemen, that I only spoke up after a long, cooling time of thorough studying. And even unmarried people can tell the truth, Kant, Spinoza and Beethoven prove this. The latter's tunes, his deeply shaking prisoners' choir, his most marvellous ardency and purity breathed by the aria of Leonore are verily powerful revelations of truth and life, human misery and the sublimity of a woman's soul.

And abstract from this comparison with immortals, and in general from everything personal as well. I do not fear the fight—when it is about the cause. But apart from that, I feel the same way as someone else already did. After all the raging and grumbling against the world and humans:

"Hardly do I see a new face,
I am fond of it again."

And, sadly, I am right about everything that was said. "Our times are sick", it resounds in all keys. There is almost no adult who is not seeking protection from all the pain and the misery of life in numbening the senses. The use of alcohol, opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, chloroform, ether, tea, coffee, tobacco, the countless drunkards, smokers, users of syringes and visitors of night cafés prove it. Nervousness in all its ugly forms, not being healthy in every way is the consequence. And where there is not being healthy, there is misery; and where there is misery, there is the addiction to escape it, the greed for scandal in life and art, excitement, crime. Correlation, correlation! Our newspaper advertisements alone speak volumes: lonely hearts advertisements, other even more shameless requests, offer and demand of labour at incredibly miserable wages. Economic bankruptcy, mental and physical degeneration. The military standard has to be scaled lower every year. And the trashy and Gothic literature, and the calamity of theatre! And the "Seeger cases". The cry of pain from a person of the middle classes, a "little man" in the "ethical culture" of the 8th August!! I wish I could put it here word for word. Oh, so sad! But eye-opening at the same time! The rich are ruined by their indulgence, the poor by wasting their strength in the service of the mammon, by worrying about the daily bread from childhood on, by neglect and malnourishment. And do you want to know the effect of excessive work under anxiety and bad nutrition? Out of a thousand people being born at the same time

after 5 years 943 wealthy, 655 poor people

¹²³ translator's note: translates as: "the civil improvement of the women".

"	10	"	"	938	"	598	"
"	20	"	"	866	"	566	"
"	30	"	"	796	"	486	"
"	40	"	"	695	"	396	"
"	50	"	"	557	"	283	"
"	60	"	"	398	"	172	"
"	70	"	"	235	"	65	"
"	80	"	"	57	"	9	"

live.

You see, the old age and invalids' law, which grants labourers 33 1/3 pfennigs daily, when they are 70 years old, is—except for the, because of this, newly employed and well-paid civil servants—made only for very few, only for 65 out of 1000.

And always they look for the “solution of the social question“, as if the way out of all this misery hasn't already been found!

Do you know the poet who blared his “Ahi, wie kristenliche der bâbest unser lachet“¹²⁴ into the world?—Walter von der Vogelweide? He also said the following:

“Whoever becomes lavish without sense,
 When he insists too much on gain,
 Then his hauteur becomes unbearable.
 Too rich, too poor, both daily strangle
 Honourable courage of some people:
 Where vain riches devour breeding,
 Where vain poverty defeats sense,
 Both do not appear to me to be good.“¹²⁵

Power and property and its tyranny! Poverty and powerlessness and its slavery! And the enslaving of the woman wasn't of any use to you either, Gentlemen, as good as it was fatal for us. You saw the consequences, saw what the human society looks like today. And without the enslaving of the woman the institution of private property could have never matured to its modern “perfection“. This is what you call the *c a p i t a l i s t i c* system, capitalism and its atrocities.

The female comrade

The man wants to be thanked for the gains of culture, therefore we hold him responsible for its damages.

But capitalism has lived long enough. Not that it was about to rot, it would be wrong to express it like this, no, on the contrary, it is in full poisonous bloom and intoxicates and unnerves the human

¹²⁴ translator's note: this is Middle High German, translates into English as: “Ah, how Christian the pope laughs in his sleeve”

¹²⁵ Translation by Simrock. Original: *Swelch man wirt âne muot ze rîch.*

species all around—but after the bloom comes the maturity and then it has—reaped and broken—run its course.

It is ruined by itself. The “free play of the forces“ was continued for this long, and the race of the capital will be continued for this long, until only a few, who have the longest breath, i.e. the most capital, will be there, all the others, the whole mass of the people far, far at the back, is defeated; they haven't got anything any more, they are proletarianised.

Many vibrations make a sound; however, if the vibrations exceed a certain number, then you do not hear anything any more, the sound has transformed into its opposite for our ear, in soundlessness. The history of this sound is the history of capitalism. Or, it also resembles the knife, which was ground too sharply and consequently became jagged. Or the man of the *Fliegende Blätter*¹²⁶, who, out of love for his girl—wants to marry another. It is always the same: the principle driven to the extreme turns around. Capitalism wants to promote wealth, and because of it we have arrived at a general impoverishment.

We started from communism. Slave state, feudalism, capitalism followed as a single, big aberration and we return to communism, or, for now, to socialism. Our upcoming socialist society will not be the same as the one from the old times, but essentially it will be the same. Humanity moves in spiral lines, like the big celestial bodies, not in circles, it never c o m p l e t e l y returns to the starting point. And as the first seed of today's system, capitalism with all its horrors, was rooted in the fact that the man acquired private property, wanted to know his heir and therefore also beat the woman into his private property, then, as soon as there is no considerable private property to leave behind any more, the reason for the enslavement of the woman will fall away.

However, the result of this is, conversely, that, as long as private property exists, the man will fearfully stop every step of the woman towards freedom, watch her demands with the greatest suspicion and that he will never ever, approve these demands. Private property and freedom will never stand side by side. They are hostile to each other, one brings ruin to the other and the freedom of the woman would result in socialism, as it is socialism, and socialism alone, which can liberate the woman. She will never be free in the state which consists of classes.

The woman who thirsts for liberation will, therefore, long for socialism.

Capitalism has been alive long enough, there are signs that it will soon sink into the grave. The proletarianisation of the masses moves forward at a quick pace, the middle classes disappear. The capital, which dominates production, gets concentrated. Once it is in few hands, these few hands won't be able to hold the burden, it sinks back into the masses by its own heavy weight—production becomes common. This, then, is socialism¹²⁷. The petroleum of the whole world is already in two hands of a Russian and an American public limited company, the Standard Oil Company. And these two also move towards negotiations in order to unite into a single association. Then we have the petroleum monopoly. And now let us imagine that every one of us would be rich enough to buy a share of this company, then the whole lot of us would be co-proprietors of the petroleum sources and co-producers in the winning of petroleum. This way, or in a similar way, it is going to be with a l l production one day.

¹²⁶ translator's note: *Fliegende Blätter* was a humorous, illustrated German weekly magazine (1845-1928).

¹²⁷ It is taken for granted that social democracy does not expect everything o n l y from development, that the steadily increasing proletarianisation yields also a steadily increasing indignation, which makes the social democrats a p a r t y o f f i g h t i n g.

I think, therefore, that socialism is not such a dreadful thing, and no man needs to fear it. Not to mention the woman.

It is in her very own interest to help establishing it with all her force.

And how? There is a great party, which represents socialism: it is social democracy. In the year 1893 they had about 1 800 000 votes, i.e. almost 2 millions, i.e. a huge, overwhelming majority compared to the other parties. The people declare that they identify with it, and its endeavours are theirs. Among other demands, expressed in the so-called programme of Erfurt, decreed at the party convention in Erfurt in 1891, there are the following: "Equal rights and equal obligations for all regardless of their sex and origin." This means: equality of everything wearing a human face.

"Universal, equal, direct suffrage with a secret casting of votes of all citizens of the Empire over 20 years old regardless of sex for all elections and votes."

"Deciding over war and peace through the parliaments. Mediation of all international conflicts through arbitral courts." And in parliaments and arbitral courts women are entitled to vote as well and things have to be really bad for the atrocities of a war being possible.—

"The abolition of all laws, which put the woman in a disadvantage in public and private legal affairs compared to the man". These and some other demands of an equally basic significance show clearly that social democracy is striving for complete equality of women. What, then, is more logical than for the woman, who is serious about her liberation, to fight with social democracy in rank and file.

Because, what has she to gain from the other parties? On the 20th August of this year, the programme of the Free-minded People's Party¹²⁸ was published. It contains, with respect to the women, only the following: "The area of employment for the female sex is to be extended, however without compromising the most important profession of the woman as wife and mother." This is "little with love" for the woman in the programme, which is incredibly long otherwise. And the promise "extension of women's employment" is of such a chemical quality that it becomes gas by adding a single drop of the "without compromising the profession as wife and mother", and vanishes into the fourth dimension, never to be seen again. No, Gentlemen, this is the old trick, which we have discovered a long time ago: to turn that which is the woman's most noble and highest strength against herself, to use it as a club, in order to strike her down and murder her freedom and happiness. Whatever the woman may demand, then, as extension of her employment, and even if it was that which appears to belong here completely, the maintenance of a healthy, female body to make the profession of wife and mother possible, the supervision of the same by the female doctor—the silver-haired old man in the *Reichstag*¹²⁹ is going to say then: "The academic woman doesn't appeal to us any more", therefore, she cannot become wife and mother; and the "extension of the employment of women" has failed, because a "compromise of the most important profession as wife and mother" would be impending.—The words "motherhood as profession" and "femininity" are words, which are "felicitous for debating"—against us, words, with which you, Free-minded Gentlemen, bully those who don't become all¹³⁰. Only when women

¹²⁸ By now, the Free-minded are already debating about a new programme behind closed doors. Social democracy does nothing behind closed doors, everyone, friend and enemy, is allowed to listen to their debates.

¹²⁹ See p.26.

¹³⁰ translator's note: the original German phrase "nicht alle werden" makes no sense.

work in mirror factories and get poisoned by quicksilver, so that, when these women give birth, only 5 out of 100 births go well (report of the factory inspectors for 1893), only then, when pregnant women are shot dead, like in Antonie n h ü t t e, in the most brutal struggle for existence, murdered by the keepers of morals and capital, then this is not, in your opinion, compromising the profession of motherhood. Because profit is more sacred than the profession of motherhood. What we want as a protection against exploitation, Gentlemen, by the “free play of the forces“? I know, in the end you would bring yourselves to forbid women’s labour in some companies. This is what you call “protective“ laws. What good has ever come of special laws? Our only help is equal rights for all, the guarantee everyone the earnings of their work. Protect labour, all labour, but protect it for real! Or do you think that nowadays the woman would only seek out these places, fatal for her organism, out of pure capriciousness and sheer pleasure? No, Gentlemen, she does it out of bitter need! She does it in order to snatch some *groschens*, left over for her only when she doesn’t just give her effort, but when she, in some form or other, also gives her self. “Protection“ laws can only have one purpose: to bar the woman not just from the working areas unbearable for her, but also from working areas where she is in relatively good hands, by some accident—certainly only like this. However, when she starves out of unemployment, or is ruined by working too much, you are dreadfully indifferent to this. The worst case, when she is lying on the street. No, give the woman that which she earns honestly, the earnings of her work. If she still makes such an effort, even there where she makes a greater effort than the man, and is being paid three times worse¹³¹. Recently, a “female music teacher“ was wanted for eighty marks per annum! And the government, which is now levelling the new Stettin train, employs 8 men and 2 women; the foreman certifies them to “toil more than four men“,— I ask: are they paid by the government only as one man? There, their “femininity“ is not being considered much either. This working place lacks the same thing as the *Königliche Bibliothek* (royal library), and the foreman says, the “surrounding area would be big enough for it.“—“Vorwärts“ from the 26th August)

On the whole, this is the free-minded tactic towards the women. To make matters worse, the *Vossische* assures everyone, who wants to hear it, that it doesn’t “have anything to do with the ‘so-called’ woman question“. For this it is too noble after all. The programme of the democrats, published three years ago, as well as the programme of the Christian socials are silent on such an insignificant matter like the woman question. But you shall know them by their fruits. When, several years ago, the editor of the democratic *Volks-Zeitung*, Franz Mehring (see his “Capital and press“), defended a woman, who would have had to become destitute and a fugitive without his protection, destitute and turned out by the machinations of a press gang headed by the honourable Paul Lindau, the democratic newspaper found Mehring’s conduct so little to their democratic liking that Mehring was “given the push“.—And the Christian socials? They had their congress in Frankfurt in May this year. They debated whether women should be given the floor. One of the respectable fellows was of the opinion that, should such an outrageous atrocity ever occur in the congress game, then he would no longer participate. And the president conciliated in the argument to this effect: he wanted to give the women the floor indeed, but he would be hoping confidently that none of the women present would be so unfeminine as to make use of this licence.

¹³¹ See also p.28, *The female worker*.

—Could Solomon be wiser?

And our national liberals? They visited Bismarck at his home in the spring of 94; he bade them a blood and iron-and Germanic welcome. However, the national liberals had brought their wives with them; with the high regard for the female sex inherent in the Germanic man—Bismarck had them stand in front of the door. I haven't heard that even one of the national liberals complained about the way his wife was treated. They didn't find it striking.

And yet, perhaps a less inhabitable chamber could have been found, in which women could have rested, and a good housekeeper, superfluous at that moment, might have been allowed to serve them a bottle of soda water of an older vintage¹³².

The completely right-wings have naturally "nothing to do with the woman question". Most of them are funny men, who smile, when they hear the term women's emancipation. They adopt all the leaflets and funny writings, all the jests etc. all good and bad jokes ever fired, as their own in harmless self-delusion; they are anti-emancipationists out of the most noble motivation: out of love for the joy,—to renew old jokes themselves.

Others among them are idealists, they learnt *die Glocke*¹³³ by heart in their youth: in doors ruleth the housewife so modest¹³⁴. Under all circumstances they want to reserve the distress to stand outside "without peace" and "fighting" for the man. They are always noble, sometimes they even believe what they say, then they are stupid for this.

And our bourgeois "scientific" opponents? The fairytale of the inferiority of the female brain has only been there for the ignoramuses, since Bischoff's well-known pleasantries, to disprove himself, for the most rough of the sort of the doctor, who warms all the old lies against us in the number 34 of the *Magazin für Literatur* (magazine for literature) (25th August of this year), and, with little wit and a lot of pleasure—adds something new to the impudence, which is sure to impress his peers in its superhuman-colossal Nietzschesness. Consequently, the brain is dismissed, but now they serve us the following: the man's strength is spent on building muscles and nerves, so, muscles and nerves each take up ½ of men's strength. The woman, however, has to provide for certain other growth processes of her organism—i.e. pregnancy and menstruation—next to muscles and nerves. Her strength, therefore, would divide into 3/3. The nerves (meaning brain) take up only 1/3, the man's, however, take up ½ —so: the woman's brain works worse by 1/6. Very nice. But doesn't the man have to provide for certain "growth processes"? Do the spermatozoa build themselves out of nothing? Fiddling about and no end in sight! May the "inductively proceeding" man finally make a practical attempt. Judging afterwards.

Yet, all these selfless people are keepers of order and morals; i.e. they are in favour of the slavery of the woman.

But what do our noble advisers of all parties say, in non-partisan unity, about the social democrats? They don't keep their word to us. Social democracy uses the woman as long as needed: for carrying notes, for distributing leaflets, for contributions for the party's fond and afterwards—

¹³² On the 30th September this year the national liberals held their party congress in Frankfurt a. M. They decreed 5 resolutions, so full of national liberal masculinity that not a single word in there hurts the Germanic high regard for the women,— — the programme is silent on them out of high regard.—We, the social democrats, will be going to Frankfurt soon!!!—On the subject of women we will not be silent, but women will be part of the conversation—they will join in the conversation!

¹³³ Translator's note: Song of the Bell by Friedrich Schiller.

¹³⁴ Translator's note: translation taken from <http://lyricstranslate.com/en/das-lied-von-der-glocke-song-bell.html>.

well, the gentlemen all once stood behind the door, behind which they are looking for the social democrats. Certainly, the woman has been betrayed in every freedom's movementⁱⁱⁱ, but those were movements which were only about privileges for the one or other class, basically about where the money bag wandered to, and the woman, as the good guardian of the moneybags—isn't she, money saving Mr. L. v. Stein¹³⁵—needed to stay in the previous position. The liberation of the woman, that doesn't mean the liberation of one class, but the liberation of humanity. And t h e party, but only this one, which doesn't strive for special goods, for prerogatives for itself, but for equal happiness and rights for all, which doesn't need any moneybags keeper, because it throws away the moneybags, doesn't have an interest in subjugating the woman. Furthermore, because a l l people will be working in the future society, the share of labour which needs to be done, performed by the single person will be all the smaller, when women are pulled into it as well.

L u t h e r gave the bible to the people; they read it and drew the obvious conclusions: freedom. The peasants were in arms against their oppressors. But Luther wanted to remain in the princes' good books, he abandoned the people's cause and the butchering started. The women were put in their place again.

The beginnings of Christianity have been mentioned before.¹³⁶

The liberation of the slaves is mainly an achievement of the women. But when the Negroes became happy equal citizens and got the vote, their female liberators didn't have it by a long stretch. They still don't.

The most tragic example of how women were cheated of their just rights can be found in the first French revolution. Women had fought with the men, Staël, who had already, as a 15 year old, published a book "Spirit of the Laws", Olympe de Gouges, Theroigne de Méricourt. Women tore out the first stone of the Bastille, this coercion castle of the cruelty and the arbitrariness of the rulers was destroyed and the consequence of the 14th July was a storm of enthusiasm roaring through all the hearts, was the famous night of the 4th August, which reputedly was the last night of slavery and the morning of the 5th August welcomed freedom. The same famous night of the abolishment of the privileges of nobility and the Declaration of Human Rights by the delegates of the people. Women brought the treacherous King, who had been able to escape from Versailles so easily, to flood France with foreign mercenary armies and smash the cause of freedom, women brought him back to Paris. A woman was head of the Gironde, it was she who wrote the famous letter to the King, where she implored him to keep to the implored Constitution in good faith and without deceit. If only he had done so. But he preferred to depose Minister Roland, the husband of the bold letter writer, on the 12th June 1792. And when the consequences of his actions came about, when they said: is Louis Capet guilty of high treason, and therefore to be sentenced to death? It was, however, again a woman counselling against the killing, Olympe de Gouges.

And how did the liberated bourgeois thank them? Women had always petitioned for their rights, after the 4th August 1789 for example a request by the French ladies addressed to the National Assembly was printed, where it says succinctly: "You have just abolished the privileges of the nobility, now abolish the prerogatives of the male sex as well", Olympe de Gouges speaks her famous "the woman has the right to mount the scaffold, she must equally have the right to mount

¹³⁵ See p.34 ff.

¹³⁶ See p. 84 ff.

the rostrum, the collectivity of women, joined for tax purposes to the aggregate of men, has the right to demand an accounting of his administration from any public agent. No society has a constitution without the guarantee of rights and the separation of powers; the constitution is null if the majority of individuals comprising the nation have not cooperated in drafting it.¹³⁷ —They received the reply to all requests and ideas on the 18th November 1793 from the procurator Chaumette, called Anaxagoras, at the time of the Reaction, of the mad atrocities of the philistine Robespierre, in any case at a time where they were not needed any more: “Such degraded creatures“ have no business in the Parisian municipality; “we need to despise and spit on such shameless women, as much as we honour the mother who ...finds gratification in spinning the clothes for her husband and in relieving his burdens by fulfilling her domestic duties. What more can you want? You rule us through our senses!“ The whole speech is an even more pleasant reading, it is the same old story: the woman is there for the man, when she claims something for her herself, she is “shameless“ and “degraded.“

You are supposed to spin, this means that you are supposed to keep letting yourselves be exploited. “You rule through our senses“—the night café system prevailed once again. (see 1st and 5th August) After such experiences it is no wonder that the women are somewhat suspicious of new promises and that the leaders of the bourgeois women’s movement, so far, have paid more heed to the hypocritical warnings of the other parties than the promises of the social democrats. Moreover, these promises themselves are still quite young, but the socialist movement, at the beginning in the 60s, was rather hostile towards women, would have liked to suppress women’s labour etc. Lassalle in particular was—in this sense—an enemy of the women and Ludwig Büchner has preserved a quote from him going in this direction. Once, when Lassalle was at Büchner’s place to consult, Büchner’s sister Luise was listening to the discussions and took the liberty to throw in a remark. Lassalle flared up, irritated: “Wenches know nothing of this!“ (*Meine Begegnung mit Lassalle* (My encounter with Lassalle), p.29. 1894.)—And Luise Büchner knew something about it after all. Louise Otto-Peters¹³⁸ also reports that the factory workers were fearful of women as competition. This is how it happened in other places in 1848, male workers chasing female workers out of the factories. In more recent times (60s) such ideas were nurtured as well. “Yes, the Lassalleans laid down the principle: “The woman’s situation can only be improved by the man’s situation.“

And Louise Otto-Peters continues:

“This principle is mocking all civilised modes of behaviour and humanity, and all our opinions and this book are fighting against this principle. It is exactly this party which is expecting so much from government support, (back then), which demands general suffrage, which excludes from its endeavours the women—this shows that the party wants to base its Empire of Freedom, i.e. the domination of the 4th estate“, on the woman’s enslavement; because a person who is not allowed to earn for themselves is a slave.“

Louise Otto-Peters is surely right. But today the workers’ party neither expects anything from government’s support, nor does it strive for the domination of the 4th estate. Nor does it

¹³⁷ translator’s note: translation taken from Darline Gay Levy, Harriet Branson Applewhite, and Mary Durham Johnson, eds., *Women in Revolutionary Paris, 1789-1795* (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1980), pp. 87-96. (<http://csivc.csi.cuny.edu/americanstudies/files/lavender/decwom2.html>).

¹³⁸ *Recht der Frauen auf Erwerb* (translates as the right of women for earnings). 1866. P.102 ff.

exclude the women any more, but it asks them to help. It wants the equality for all.

And Louise Otto-P. herself also says the following:

“But this is, thank God, only one, the smaller part of the workers, the bigger part stood up for women’s labour as well at the workers’ conference in Stuttgart, and later they, furthermore, agreed with the women’s conference¹³⁹, its institutions, employers, workers’ newspaper etc. are on the same side as the women’s labour.“

And this “bigger part of the workers“ has now grown into the whole social democratic labour force. They saw how impossible it was to displace women’s labour, and this conviction is expressed in the Erfurt programme.

One could argue against it: this is strategy. Yes, but does not the impossibility to push women out of the industry grant that, even if the best mischievous will not to fulfil the promises of the programme, social democracy is forced to keep its word with the women? Whether it’s female workers’ “protection“ act or free competition—the number of female workers has increased steadily¹⁴⁰. The number of female workers employed in the control districts of the Kingdom of Prussia in the year 1892 over 16 years was 256 410; in the year 1893 it was 278 303, consequently, it increased by 21 893. The “protection“ pushes the female worker out of an area and she sometimes complains about the “loss of remunerative labour“, as it is expressed in the report, instead she finds her way into a different industrial branch.

According to the report, the number of male workers has increased

	in Berlin, Charlottenburg by 839
" Posen	" 445
" Liegnitz	" 522
" Oppeln	" 1602
" Schleswig	" 232
" Cassel	" 178
" Coblenz	" 1028

	total sum 4846

Münster reports an increase in general, Breslau a number that hasn’t changed, Potsdam-Frankfurt a decrease in the number of male workers. The conscientious reporter for Sigmaringen indicates a decrease of 3 workers in comparison to the previous year. All in all, it is to be assumed that there, where the report is silent on the number of the employed male workers, a reduction of the same has taken place. All in all, therefore, the displacement of the male workers and their replacement by a female labour force continues. The report does not say anything about a positive increase in workers in general, the relative increase by 4846 workers in the single government districts will likely be balanced by a decrease in other government districts, on the other hand, the report suggests a positive increase in female workers for Prussia by 21 893.

¹³⁹ The first German women’s conference, held in Leipzig, October 1895, proclaimed the women’s right to work.

¹⁴⁰ Report of the government’s and industries’ councils, attachment 2.

How can anyone consider pushing the female workers out of the industry in the light of this rising tendency¹⁴¹!

In total, about 5 ½ millions of female workers in Germany are employed in domestic industry. According to the population census of 1882, there are 15,096,513 women in Germany over the age of 15. If you count 9/10 among the working population¹⁴², then you have about 13 ½ million women building a considerable reserve army, at the disposal of the greed of gain of the capitalists, who displace the more expensive male work with this army. (The growth of population since 1882 does not need to be considered here, because they are percental.) And even if it was the nonsense of nonsense and the saddest of the sad, if it should come to t h a t and it must not ever come to that, even so, until the conditions are ripe for harvesting, then some thousands out of this reserve army are torn out of domestic labour and flung into industry. Is it to be assumed that this impressive number, these millions of independent women, creating values, let themselves be pushed back into slavery that easily!? Nevermore.

And so we see: hope, yes, even c e r t a i n t y of our liberation rests on the female industrial worker. She is the martyr in the Modern time, with whose sweat, with whose marrow and blood our rights are cemented. Because her work has become a merchandise, is d e m a n d e d on the global market. And only this e c o n o m i c necessity of the woman's labour becomes the fulfilment of the e t h i c a l demand: Granting the woman's freedom. When the woman's labour is necessary, then the woman is respected, when it is superfluous, she is despised¹⁴³. And her economic status equals her moral one, and her moral status equals her legal one. Female doctors, female writers, female judges etc. are not d e m a n d e d yet nowadays, but the industry cannot do without female industrial workers. That is why the work of our freedom is the same as the work of the female worker. It doesn't fall to us as a blessing from above, not as an ethical gift from the man, it rests on labour, that is why it is on a rock and no breath of deceit and cunning can blow it over. And only the

¹⁴¹ There are those who fancy the idea to extend the 11 hour working day of the women again, which mustn't be allowed either. The sacrifices being made should not be made in vain, we want to hold tight to what we have gained. The "Vorwärts" from 29th September this year says about this: "The question of employing female workers, however, has, as is well-known, another side of eminent socio-political significance: Perforce, the extension of the working time of women leads to a further displacement of men's labour, which has made progress rapidly even under the dominion of the eleven hour labour. The Prussian industry supervisor reports state, admittedly, only quite an insignificant a b s o l u t e increase in female workers, from 256 410 in 1892 to 278 303 in 1893, and it is the strongest in textile industry, from 115 534 in 1892 to 127 739 in 1893; our excellent social statistics doesn't allow for a comparison with the change in the stocks of male workers, but for Baden at least we can establish quite directly the displacement of men's labour by women's labour. In the m e t a l i n d u s t r y the number of men decreased by 0.5 %, while the number of women increased by 4.3 %; in the i n d u s t r y o f m a c h i n e s , t o o l s , d e v i c e s etc. with the men a decrease by 1.4 %, with the women an increase by 11.6 %; in the c h e m i c a l i n d u s t r y with the men a decrease by 0.2 %; with the women an increase by 30.9 %; in the i n d u s t r y o f l u x u r y f o o d a n d s t i m u l a n t s with the men an increase by 5.5 %, but with the women a significantly stronger increase by 11.4 %.

It is clear that this tendency would be advanced energetically by a benevolent interpretation of the § 138 a, which actually extended the maximum working day for women to 13 hours. "The organisation of women is the only help. To a c c e l e r a t e this with all force, is in the distinct interest of the comrades, if this misery is not supposed to get worse. If the male labourer does not succeed in lifting the female labourer up to h i s level, then she will pull him, or rather the capitalist exploiting her will pull him, down to h e r level. This is clear.

¹⁴² In Prussia, with 30 000 000 inhabitants, 70% of the population have an income between 263 and 897 marks, 26% an income between 900 and 3000 marks and only 4% or 1 200 000 inhabitants have an income of over 3000 marks.

¹⁴³ The bees kill the idle (male) drones, as soon as they have finished copulating with the queen. When we don't work, or when the income of our labour doesn't belong to us, the men prepare our social death, as soon as we have served our sexual purpose.— —. "The old woman is a horror."

creating human being is the real human being and only the movement, this eternal power, keeping the worlds fresh, also brings the woman cure.

But we also need to be aware of the fact that every other basis which you want to give the “improvement of our position“ is a fraud. The “profession of motherhood, which needs to be protected“ is a drivel, was it protected?—the kind of love granted by the woman“ is a drivel. Was this love not on sale? Or do you want to buy it, to make prostitutes of us all? We prefer honest work and consequently want to have a say in the matter of love. The phrases of “awe“ and “women’s superiority“ are a drivel. Are we not mocked and ridiculed? The claim that the mother within the woman is always valued is a drivel; because this is simply a circumscription for the simple expression that her self is not valued, merely the instrument of procreation, the tool to give birth to sons, in her, as Napoleon admitted openly and cynically. Everything but work is a drivel and a fraud. It is also only work which topples the night cafés; because the man never voluntarily dispenses with the formidable prerogative to frequent these.

If we ever allow ourselves to be seduced into forgetting this, then the circle will start again. Tomorrow we might still be economically independent and in 1000 years we might have come this low again that we, like at the time when the art of Nuremberg was at its peak in the Middle Ages, stand behind the chairs of the men, serve them and then they most graciously give to us their plates with all the leftovers.

The following proves that the machine ultimately liberates us: the handling of the machine can be learnt within days, often even within hours. If the actual manufacturer would still be necessary, then learning a craft, which takes several years, could only be accomplished by the man and the woman would not be able to work there. We see the truth of what is said here very clearly in the fact that in industries, which do not allow the mechanical operation, the woman only rarely finds entrance, or not at all, i.e. in carpentry.

However, while we are looking in astonishment at the iron ferocity of the course of circumstances, the suspicions of social democracy by the bourgeois cliques, the exploiters, slavers and night café visitors in all their pathetic pettiness. If someone wanted to do so, they could make a stand against such an overwhelming development!

Certainly, here and there an incomprehension towards the women’s cause can still also be found among the social democrats, which is positively bewildering. As if they are in a sacred competition with the most shallow bourgeois, the comrades mock that which they ought to treat somewhat more seriously, seeing that they have every cause to do so, as “politics of the cooking pot“, as “politics of the petticoat“. And “*c’est le ridicule qui tue*,“ ridicule kills. A man who still feels warmly about the woman will not be able to resist such continuing mockeries for long, he will become lame in his activities for us. And with a shaking of the head you often notice this expression, this article relating to the woman in the press. The gentlemen should be informed somewhat better, the gentlemen should display a little less cynicism, the gentlemen should judge a little less superficially—you might say. Have the bourgeois morals found their way to them, then? Let us hope not! Recently a socialist newspaper was enraged about the French socialist Viriani demanding the abolishing of that institution according to which the adultery of the woman is always exempt from punishment, but the adultery of the man is only exempt from punishment when it happens in the husband’s home. The whole socialist party of France and the newspaper mentioned before have implied to Mr

Viriani that “adulterers are not so interesting that it would be worth to petition for a change of the criminal law.” The adulterers are not so interesting? Interesting or uninteresting—this is about the fight against injustice.

But all these things are only antics, chosen by the person, but never by the German purposeful, social democratic party. Furthermore, women not possessing the full human respect of the social democratic man is also founded on the fact that the party has just passed a grave, the gravest test: The Anti-Socialist Laws, which lasted for twelve years (1878—1890), and that it would have been hardly advisable in those days to let the women partake of everything. But the social democratic man will realise that the woman first needs to be educated, but then he may put all his faith in her, give her all his respect. Every new sun melts a prejudice away, and every sinking sun has brought a young sex, a new sex, whose eyes and heart are free from the guile of double standard, closer to maturity.

And even now: don't we have an Engels, a Bebel. Don't we have the origin of the family with its ideal notion of love from the former, not the excellent work from the latter: Woman under socialism!? And is it believed that each and every one of the social democrats, who demand the rights of women in public assemblies, like Peus did on the 27th August of this year in Berlin, are liars?

And how equality of the woman is our principle, the doubting of its sincerity proves great stupidity, how uttering the opposite, wherever and however, can always be only personal and by chance, then “over there” the opposite is just taking place. There the principle is directed against the freedom of the woman, and if she catches a glimpse of a benefit, then the event is marked by chance and the personal. Here is a happy husband; he wants to grant all men the same of what makes him happy: an enlightened woman. There is a philanthropist, he has pity for the woman in misery, he reflects and—founds an association. Again a father of six daughters, whose complete unmarried state was guaranteed from the cradle on, just like their complete lack of a dowry—because a bourgeois certainly has no need to waste his dignity and marry a woman without a dowry—he doesn't resist the establishing of a girls' grammar school; sometimes even a man of the press doesn't resist the kindness of a female fighter, then the women's cause wins, and there is an article in favour of the women in the 20th issue of the best and most noble of the nation's newspaper, or in the *Gucknachoben*¹⁴⁴ newspaper, an article, followed by a letter to the editor in the 21st issue, whose mockery and ridicule pinches out and leaches every little good thing which issue no. 20 may have brought about. Yes, the press! The power it gives to its representatives demoralises them as all power demoralises. This power gets broken as well: by the spoken, publicly spoken word. Later we will not need so many glasses, the present time shows clearly where the centre of the exchange of thoughts and opinions is going to be: with the national assembly. Once I witnessed an extremely sad spectacle, when a well-known, elderly lady, who was also a capable representative of the women's cause, resorted to begging in front of an unscrupulous and dull stupid boy. The stupid boy possessed a very lucrative reporter's business and she begged for—discretion. Because she had attacked—tamely enough, at that—a “noble” newspaper of the same calibre as mentioned above, and she despaired at the thought of “being told off again”. So socially-cute-common-aunt-like! And she invited the person, the

¹⁴⁴ translator's note: can be translated as “looking upwards”.

person in a letter to her home!! By Jove! No, ladies, no longer in this vein! This way you are insulting our sacred cause. Finally the woman needs to be aware of her human dignity, it is truly time. Doesn't the truth give you courage? The goal strength! The fight joy!? This serious, silent serenity of a soul, which has nothing to hide and doesn't want to keep silent about anything! The man needs to know, above all things, what we want, what we are complaining about. And we are allowed, we must and can look fully into his eyes; our voice has to be firm and clear and must not shake, when we tell him. Away with the cowardice, the fear! To tread softly is good in the parlour, but not in the fighting arena! And when you say that we can only achieve something by being most careful, then I say that this "carefulness" is a lie, a sycophancy, and begging. Do you want to beg for that which you are allowed to demand as justice, as if it was a boon!? And when you know that there are millions of strong men, fighting for the most noble humanity, who demand this justice for you loudly and energetically—do you want to consider these men as your enemies? Don't you rather want to hurry joyfully towards them, join in their shout, fight and prevail amidst their ranks!?

"But"—you say—"hasn't there already been the realisation of the Communist ideas? wasn't there the Icarian communism? didn't once live a certain Etienne Cabet, who bought a million acres of land at the Red River in the north east of Texas in 1848¹⁴⁵, founded his Icaria there and strove for the realisation of "everyone according to his strengths, to everyone according to his needs" (p.213 *ibidem*), and doesn't Lux himself say that this communism has not kept the promises made to the woman?!" (p.193).

Yes, this communism. This community, which let itself being fed from outside. This communism didn't keep the promises to itself, how was it supposed to keep the promises to others! The attempt failed, as other attempts of that time failed, like the communism of Owen and the *Freilandsexpedition*¹⁴⁶ today failed. Communism must break at the borders of the colony, of the country, only the international socialism can persist. Because only the one who uses all is producing. But in a community which lets its needs be satisfied from outside, the woman will never be accorded with her right position, which, as we have seen, can only be based on her productive labour.

Are you still suspicious towards us, ladies? Yes? Oh, then you should come to us all the faster!! Because, you see, the matter stands thus: socialism will prevail, it will certainly prevail. And who knows how soon. —The last dot on the last i of our programme will be fulfilled! don't doubt it! But doubt whether the social democrats will keep their promises towards the women after having gained victory—oh, then come quickly, most swiftly, then assert your influence, while there is still time. Show the men that the woman has some value, that she understands her times, that she defies prejudices, that she brings sacrifices, in a word, that she is greater than her capitalist *milieu*, that she is worth of freedom. I say that to you, you, the bourgeois protagonists of the women's cause. Meet socialism! Don't say, as a lady recently said to me: "I cannot believe that you are a social democrat, you, so ideal" — I replied: "Madam! You haven't mistaken me, because I am—not ideal, but an idealist, but you have mistaken socialism." "Well, this I cannot believe

¹⁴⁵ *Etienne Cabet u. der Ikar. Communismus* (translates as Etienne Cabet and the Icarian communism) by Dr. H. Lux, Dietz' Verl. Stuttg. 1894.

¹⁴⁶ Translates as Free land expedition.

at all.“ “Madam! One should not “believe“ anything, but try to understand everything, therefore, examine, ladies. Read a party newspaper; our central organ is the “Vorwärts“ in Berlin; read the magazine of the female workers, the “Gleichheit“, in Stuttgart, and study our academic organ, the “Neue Zeit“, in Stuttgart. You will be surprised what an excellent magazine this is. And then, all by yourself, you will study our authors and again you will wonder at how much new, unexpected, true things, necessary to know, such a little magazine for 10 or 20 pfennigs can contain. I don’t want to name only one of our authors; almost all of them are only writing necessary things. The publishing house of the “Vorwärts“, the publishing house of Dietz, Stuttgart, offers you much. Not that I want to call works of another publishing house second rate. However, reading the brochure “Wage Labour and Capital“ by Marx is crucial, before you take his “Capital“ in your hands. And above all, programmes and explanations.—Some condemn social democracy, without even knowing what it strives for. And when you have comprehended socialism by serious studying, because it is still today, among other things, a science and needs to be studied like every science—then look at life. Get to know the conditions of the working people, come to their assemblies. Join in the debate, whether in approval or disapproval, they will like listening to you. And you will learn. And when you are a socialist, oh, then you will get to know a field of work, that you will joyfully find scary. You don’t know how much the worker and the woman belong together. The whole working class is a big child, fresh, naive, eager to learn, aspiring, unspoilt, true like a child, but also ill-bred like a child, like youth in all its unbowed, but also undirected force. And the woman’s profession is education, after all. You don’t know how the rough customs and shapes are ground off at the comradely interaction with a capable woman within a few weeks. It is here where the woman can start. Everywhere else the talk of her “entering into the tear of time“ is only rhetoric. Here it is the truth. Here she can work and reap the purest satisfaction. And again I have to allude to Louise Otto-Peters, this woman with a rare clear mind, with a warm heart, this splendid, magnificent individuality. I am sorely tempted to talk more about this courageous and clear-sighted person—another time! Here I need to forfeit the joy, and only mention what is most necessary. Democrat 1844, cooperator in Robert Blum’s “Sächsischen Vaterlandsblättern”¹⁴⁷, she already understood before ’48 that women’s work has to be organised, she edited a women’s journal, which fell prey to the rebound and then she wrote in the “service of socialism, particularly of the female workers“ and one day a workers’ deputation came to me, to express their agreement.¹⁴⁸ They were typesetters. And they asked me to contribute to their recently (1847) launched magazine “Typographia“. I did this and I did it even more when they changed it into a “workers’ paper“ in 1848. Among them I represented the interests of my sex. When a workers’ commission came together in Dresden under the Oberländer ministry, I directed an “address of a girl“ at this commission and them, as well as at all the workers, in which I reminded them of the misery and the danger of shame, in which the female sex is, when it doesn’t have the chance of profitable work and I concluded with the following words: Don’t believe, Gentlemen, that you can organise labour adequately, when you merely organise men’s labour and not women’s labour as well,—I appealed to the workers to renounce the delusion,

¹⁴⁷ Saxon Fatherland Pages.

¹⁴⁸ *Recht d. Frauen auf Erwerb* loc.cit.

with which some of them have chased the girls out of the factories and trades, and consequently into shame, and I added: “And even if the poor female workers are forgotten everywhere,—I will not forget them.”

When I read this I cheered: “Finally, finally, a w o m a n!”

Then Louise Otto Peters told how she found complete faith and good will among the workers, but how, on the other hand, “all endeavours of freedom froze like March blossoms“. It was the time of the rebound, the time of our magnificent *Vereinsgesetz*¹⁴⁹, 1850. And Louise Otto Peters continues:

“In the service of subjectivity (Georges Sand), as well as in the service of politics (1848) the female endeavours are finished, certainly not in order to be at an end, but to be accepted again, cleansed and strengthened, after aberrations and trials into the service of humanity and s o c i a l i s m.“

There is nothing to comment on such words, nothing to add! They speak clearly enough.

But what has become of the bourgeois women’s movement! It has become an object of scorn for its enemies, and an object of pity for its friends. Have all the hearts shrunk? One wants to stay “ethical“, one wants to stay a “lady“.

There is a small town at the Rhine, which the Rhine seems to love; his longing often tosses the stream’s floods through the streets of the small town tumultuously. I believe that the Old Father finds it interesting to make —albeit a completely improper—comparison between the diversity of the churches and sects of the small town and the diversity of its industry and the piety, and between the piety and the addiction of exploitation.— Once, when there was another of these floods, which the rich people like to use for the pleasure of a punting trip through the streets, but which is no great fun for the poor people, because of the prevailing unemployment and scarcity, the water was reaching the houses’ roofs and the people fearfully awaited being rescued on top of the roofs. The floods had burst in so suddenly, they were still rising, the storm bells were ringing, pioneers were summoned by telegraph, the people were working bathed in sweat, the charitable prince—charity is the price for popularity and sometimes even princes have a heart—the prince himself hurries there; he lends a hand, he commands the police. And the police inspector urgently appears and is p r e s e n t a b l e, because “His Serene Highness has commanded“, he appears wearing—white gloves. “Take off the white gloves“, the prince snarled at him. Ever since, the police inspector doesn’t need to bother about a friendly smile in greeting, wherever he appears.—

No white gloves, ladies, in the times of need and battle!

There was a congress of the bourgeois women’s associations in Berlin on the 29th March this year. They wanted to establish a closer bond among themselves. They discussed, whether the social democratic women ought to be invited as well, they decided not to do so. But four of the ladies claimed in the “Vorwärts“ that they had not voted with the majority, they had approved of the a d m i s s i o n of the social democratic women. At that, one of the female comrades said, also in the “Vorwärts“, the social democratic women wouldn’t have followed the potential invitation, because they wouldn’t have any business with the bourgeois women’s rights campaigners, who labour under the delusion that they could gain their freedom within the current system, but the bourgeois women ought to come, on the contrary, to us, where they would have e v e r y business,

¹⁴⁹ translator’s note: translates as Law on Associations.

and they would find everything their own husbands, brothers, fathers and sons have withheld from them. We could use their knowledge and their education, whereas they could copy our courage and our clear vision. Then some leaders of the bourgeois women came into a social democratic assembly and offered to give talks. The reply they got: stand on the floor of our world view first! One female labourer said to them, they ought to make sure that their relatives; their husbands etc. don't ill-treat the female workers so much. This was correct logically: either help fight for the transformation of this system, or remove its brutalities. If you don't want the one, then you cannot do the other—then what are you? Then what is it you do?—

The organised work of the female industrial labourer alone can liberate the woman. But this organisation is violently suppressed by the husband of the bourgeois women's rights activist! Take remedial action! Come to us—if you're serious about freedom.

It may be that back then, when the workers' party itself wasn't clear about their attitude towards the woman question, that several wrong things happened, some misunderstandings came up,—it was the time of the party's youth, the time of errors. Didn't the workers use to fight the machine as competition? Didn't they use to march from town to town, in order to shatter these innocent tools, which they thought to be the cause of their misery everywhere? Wasn't the inventor of the first weaving machine drowned? And who does not know the fate of the first steam boat!—Until it was recognised that it wasn't the machine per se which meant the worker's misfortune, but the fact that he was forced to work at it for too many hours a day and for too little money. With shorter working hours, with higher wages the "curse" of the machine transforms into a blessing. And the competition of the women is a similar case. Women working with men is not harmful to the common good, but is only suited to increase the common good, but the women being forced to work cheaper than the man creates twisted conditions. Because now the capitalist plays the cheaper women's labour off against the more expensive men's labour; the wages decrease, he keeps the woman in check through the decreased wages of the man, and so on *in infinitum*,—the greater the misery of the working classes, the lower the way of life of man and woman there, the greater the profit of the capitalist, the more resplendent the victory of this unfeeling player. And the badly paid female worker will be thrown onto the street and there the male worker is supposed to seek her out—as his wife. (Scorn is added to the misery. And that is why the man should not fight against the woman, and should not want to push her out of work, because the pushing out has become an impossibility, but both of them, man and woman, should fight against the common opponent, the exploiting, bloodsucking capitalism. Today this truth has long been recognised. Bebel greatly opposed Lassalle¹⁵⁰ and today the situation is crystal clear: the German social democratic party takes a stand, with all its strength for the rights of the woman. There, distrust is certainly out of place, the woman has nothing more to do than fight together with this party.

Certainly this point of view of the social democratic party towards the women is still too recent, so that still some errors become noticeable. When a "comrade" claims in an assembly that "the woman needs to leave all public life, she is only made for the life for love", then the odd fellow is smiled at by others, who are happy about the healthy, unflinching sense

¹⁵⁰ Lassalle was for national socialism and against the woman; Bebel is against national socialism and for the woman. State and woman—such hostile elements! It is impossible to be friends with both at once.

of justice of the majority of our men, when they say: “All the other speakers oppose this; on the contrary, the woman should participate in public life even more than thus far.”—But when you read a remark like the one in the “Vorwärts“ from the 5th September 94, under the dateline “Female workers on building constructions“, according to which it seems that “men are the tax payers“ (so are the women!) and have a greater right of labour than the women, who “are driven to work by misery“, then one might begin to wonder. So, women are merely second class humans for the “Vorwärts“ as well, so it also differentiates between male and female hunger and the feeding of the woman is only justified when the man is full?—that is what you wonder. However, it must be considered that such newspaper notes are written by a single person, and not by the party; and you cannot make the party responsible for the observations of a single person, which are not burdened by expertise. And then, isn't it a truly outrageous sight, women on building constructions?! However, because “misery“ drives her, because—who would want to deny them to still their hunger through “protection“! Oh, the circumstances are so confused, the conditions are so wrong! This means that you truly need to grasp thoughts firmly, in order not to become mad, even as a woman, because of our good right, in the face of some incidents, you can't blame the man for being confused. But that is why we need studying, studying, enlightenment! Only the overview allows insisting on a standpoint firmly and with awareness.

These incidents will occur more rarely with each year, with each day, and eventually they will vanish. But if the women are suspicious, then they have to, as mentioned before, come anyway, considering that even the nastiest will towards the conditions is powerless, the fact that labour liberates the woman. And if they even think that this nasty will of the personality is not powerless, then they have to come more than ever, in order to paralyse this nasty will. In any case is the woman's place in this party, to which the future belongs. 1. In order to fight together with it to bring this future about all the faster, 2. in order to represent her special interests in this party. This special interest of the woman is: the men's respect—it will only be gained by diligence. The nastiest will of the social democrats is always merely doubting the woman's capability. This is what separates the nasty will of the social democrats from the nasty will of the capitalist, where it means greed, imperiousness and lusts of the Berlin night cafés. Once the social democrat's doubts about the woman's capabilities are gone, he will gladly recognise her equality. Mutual respect of the sexes will be the driving force of all progress, will replace that which used to be his incentive, by saving us the brutality of the class struggle. But we, the women, need to lead the way in the fight to be respected by the other sex; because right now the man has no compelling cause to require ours. He is still the sovereign. Even the social democrat¹⁵¹.

Will social democracy keep its word towards the women? Instead of asking such a thing, the woman should rather do her duty. Help yourself, then God will help you. And for freedom a lane: — — in knowledge, in enlightenment. Comrades¹⁵²! Enlightenment, enlightenment, enlightenment! Only this one thing is necessary, but this one thing is to be done thoroughly. Comrades, we were left

¹⁵¹ One of our most diligent comrades told me “he found a snag in the women's movement.“—And what is this “snag“? It is the suspicion that one or two leaders had a love affair. The male leaders, of course, never have suchlike! —Away with the double standard, with this foul bourgeois corruption! Away with it from our ranks, which should be empty of such hypocrisies! We want decency and morals, yes, but we want them for woman and man. We don't want the virtue of the female slave, nor the man's conceit of property and possession. We want humaneness for both.

¹⁵² translator's note: Johanna specifically addresses the women and uses the female form of the word “Genosse“: “Genossin“, respectively “Genossinnen“(plural).

in the dark of ignorance and thus our eyes have forgotten to see. Let us open them again to look into the light. We were told so often that we have no share in freedom, until we babbled it along with them without thinking; we were mistreated, until we started missing the kick when it didn't come—out of the dull unconsciousness of habit! Learn, comrades, to feel the insult, the mistreatment again! Look around you, perceive the prison walls, sense the spicy air out there, long for it! Knowledge! It has to settle with us, forward! And it will! The happiness of freedom waves to us dreamlike and intoxicating, but we can only gain it awake and sober and clear. The heart should beat softly and fully, but the gaze should be sharp. The eye should look towards the glorious goal, ignoring petty quarrels. The battle is for this! Every sacrifice is for this! When the long working hours seemed to absorb all strength, when the miserable wages didn't allow for the smallest donation—we want to make the impossible possible. The last drop of blood, the last pfennig for our holy cause! And then it has to succeed. Knowledge! When the bell of liberation tolls, then we don't want to appear like the foolish virgins of the Bible, no, we want to have the oil in our lamps and be wide awake like the smart ones, so that the bridal happiness of freedom may not pass us. No sleeping, no drowsing! No lullaby shall lull us! We want to be awake! Female Comrades!

And you, male comrades! You want better wages, after all! Then make sure, as best you can, that the women's wages are increased, otherwise she competes with you—you want to prevail, after all! Then take the women on into your ranks, otherwise she is standing in your way as a barrier. Give wings to her courage, her knowledge, otherwise her stupidity is hanging with a leaden weight on your flight of victory. Come close! Make an effort to enlighten the individual woman! After all, you make an effort with the individual man, and she is not worth less. Oh, the woman can help. She devoted herself to the cause, once it has grown on her, with a sacred eagerness, with hallowed force. It appears that our enemies know this better than you, comrades, for now. How they screamed and brawled the previous year, when the social democratic women participated in the elections for the first time. I have a snippet from the *Leipziger Tageblatt* from the 17th June 1893 before me. The pure fear of the “serious side of the cause“. Oh yes, we are serious about it. And we will be even more serious about it. And “the hundreds of women active in the service of the party“ will turn into hundreds of thousands, into millions! And look at the cruel, violent, brutal dissolutions of our organisations in Berlin, in Cologne, in Düsseldorf, in Liegnitz. And do you remember that it is even considered to be dangerous to dance with social democratic women!? That in some cases the authorities permitted a ball, if—no women would be admitted to them?! This is grimace. Helplessness is gawping, semi despair is grinning out of it. No, the capitalist gentlemen have long ceased to consider us to be harmless. And let this be a lesson to you, comrades: Accept the women in the trade unions, there are no dissolutions there; make sure that she exercises her authority with the health insurance companies to vote for the managing-committee and to be elected herself. She has to contribute financially, after all. Educate the woman! Fight for her rights. If we are a danger to them over there, then we are a force for you. Secure the same, make the same bigger, until this and your united strength cannot be resisted any more¹⁵³. And when the

¹⁵³ Here and there at the election for the delegates at the party conference in Frankfurt this year it was proposed that two or three of the delegates should definitely be of the female sex. This proposal was opposed most sharply, and Berlin, e.g., didn't send a single female delegate. And yet the proposal is only right and proper. At the party conference 46 deputies of the Reichstag, apart from the delegates, have a seat and a vote, those are all men; and then the party

last bulwark of capitalism has gone down, then all shall be well on earth. You say, our “free love“ means a rabbit hutch. Apart from the fact that “free love“ is never and nowhere proclaimed—apparently a great amount of money can be made with the “sanctity of marriage“? This marriage, which starts as a bargain, and progresses to become a sham! Where does it leave room for love? Then, “free“ love is still better than none at all. And if a “married man“ told me that he knew better, that he had been cheating on his wife for a long time after all and he still loved her nevertheless, then I would reply: Dear lordly Sir¹⁵⁴, I don’t believe that. You mock the one you’re cheating on, therefore you don’t love the person. Moreover, you fear the one you’re cheating on—you fear being caught. Fear and mockery exclude love. Furthermore: sometimes you are a little ashamed of the cheating, then you become brutal towards the one you cheated on, this is agreeable to those in power. And when the cheater is caught—what would be better suited to arouse moral disgust, physical aversion in his wife than the following thought: This man, who is kissing me, who is holding me in his arms, whose breath I’m drinking, whose body is becoming so intimate with mine, did the same, just yesterday, today, the same with a harlot. And this harlot did it with all men who bought her. Therefore, my body is almost in direct touch with harlots and men going to harlots¹⁵⁵. Such thoughts, by necessity, have to make the woman unsatisfied, bitter, unhappy, ill—even when she is spared the gravest thing, being infected. Such consequences come from the modern “sanctity of marriage“.

To bear these conditions patiently means a permanent moral debasement, continuing shame, loss of self-respect for the woman. To rebel against it is also identical with calamity—with strife, quarrel. If the woman feels alright with these things, which are well known to her, in later years, she learns to bear this shame as inevitable, then this does not diminish but increase the same: It changes leisurely on the levels of foulness, but the fall from more pure heights, the crippling which the soul has suffered have to be forgotten, and such oblivion, such painlessness is loss of a strength, is insensibility and idiocy, but never a gain. And this applies to the woman and the man. However, I have never seen a woman, in particular, walk through life with bright, conscious eyes and unbowed neck, no woman whose husband did not stay faithful in marriage. In fact, I haven’t seen many such proud and happy women in general. This is the fault of the sanctity of marriage, of this bargain and sham. The man, however, always demands that the woman forgives this faithlessness, “love shall always forgive.“ But the man on his part is never willing to grant this forgiveness. Just look at our plays. When the man was the culprit, then the end is a so-called “happy“ one, at the end the wife, who loves absolutely and forgives absolutely everything appears; when the woman was the guilty one, then they say, like in the “Clémenceau case“, “tue-la!“ or she encounters the deepest contempt, as in Giacosa’s “Tristi Amori“, (“Sündige Liebe“¹⁵⁶ is its ugly German name), but she

executive, also only men. Furthermore, countless diligent comrades have the opportunity, every year, to raise their voices, as editors etc., so it would be only proper, if the opportunity in such a capacity would be made easier for the women and determine as a principle that the delegates would consist equally of women and men. It is about winning one category of the population, the woman, for our ideas. She is to be brought closer, educated to be diligent, her awareness is to be raised and she is to be given a closer, preliminary goal, next to the big one, like every man.

¹⁵⁴ translator’s note: in the original text, Loewenherz makes a pun: She writes “Lieber Herr—licher“: when addressing a man, “Lieber Herr“(=Dear Sir) is used; she combines the words “Herr“ and “Herrlicher“ (can be translated as *lordly*).

¹⁵⁵ That the healthy mind of the people does not begrudge the true feeling of love its right and despises cheating is proven by the constant declarations of “not guilty“ of the jury in cases of murder and manslaughter out of jealousy. I remind, in particular, of the Straßburg case this year.

¹⁵⁶ translator’s note: translates as “sinful love”.

never encounters forgiveness. And this infallibly results from the general idea: the woman is the man's property, the man is not the woman's property.

However, bargain and sham would not be possible in "free love", the demanding of which we are accused of. But we do not demand free love, whatever people think it is, we demand the real, rightful marriage, i.e. the free contract. A free contract is, however, only possible where both counterparts enter into it truly of their own free will, not where one part is forced, under all circumstances, to conclude the contract, as the woman has to marry today, if she wants to be "provided for" otherwise. Only when the woman earns her bread also outside the marriage, just as much as the man, she can be called a voluntary counterpart, it is only a free contract when the woman is economically independent. And through this, marriage becomes moral, only then you can talk of a "sanctity" of marriage, when nothing else but love urges to enter into it, love out of free choice, not influenced by pecuniary considerations, when faithfulness is only faithfulness towards oneself, and not a doglike obligation any more. This is our "free love".

The bourgeois women's rights activist, however, misunderstands the economical independence. She is stuck halfway. What she demands can only count as a preliminary demand, to be realised within the recent system, but never as the goal and the purpose of our fight. (For now I want to demand: female doctors, female judges; then particularly female factory inspectors, female officials and deputies at the commercial courts and—even the law allows it—female members in the managing boards of the health insurance companies, (just look at the mischief of the health insurance companies!); then every honest newspaper ought to consider it to be their duty to employ a female co-editor, and no theatre should be seen as being decent, when it hasn't got a female co-director. Things would be a little more ethical at the press and in the theatres and not only things that are against women's interests would be printed or put on stage. This would also shed light on a well-known dark side of the mismanagement of the theatre.) Even if all the demands of the bourgeois women's rights activist were fulfilled, even if we had female parliamentarians in the Reichstag, then there would still be room and an opportunity for that institution which was only created by the economically superior man, which is today entirely directly the source of all misery and shame of the women—prostitution. In its murky waters every achievement would suffocate. This institution is impossible only in socialism. As long as there is money, everything can be bought, even love. As long as there are social classes, one needs to serve the other one, therefore the woman of the lower classes also needs to serve the lusts of the man of the higher ones. Only socialism, where class differences and stored-up work in form of money stop, the woman comes into her own. You see, social democracy, i.e. socialism will keep its word towards the women even more than our bourgeois women can even imagine.

And how is this new attitude of the sexes towards each other in relation to human nature; will humans be truly more happy?

Women certainly, no other proof for this is needed than the fact that they could never ever be in a worse state than today, consequently it can always be better, consequently every improvement is welcome. I've already said it once: every step out of the abyss' depth can only be a step upwards. Yet, even the men will be more happy. They are lamenting today as well. The

complaints over the social disease shall not be repeated here, only the most special men's lament will be taken up here.

It cannot be my task to investigate, whether abstinence is possible for the man or not, whether the moral associations and virtue unions with diverse doctors at the top, who claim the former, and are right, or the bigger mass of the public and those doctors who say: in our economical conditions, where the man enters into marriage so late, prostitution is necessary. In order to join in the conversation, I would have to be a doctor myself. But even then I would not be keen to do this investigation. This matter doesn't interest me in the slightest. I see a boy from the countryside, fresh and healthy with cheerful eyes and a happy smile going out into the world, and I see him coming back: hollow-eyed, with sunken temples and a certain smile. —Is the lad to blame?—If he hadn't been ruined by prostitution, then he would have been ruined just as well by abstinence, I'm told. What do I care! One is an Odysseus, who lets himself be tied to the mast and who plugs wax into his ears against the siren's sensual song, the other one is no Odysseus, who loves a bold leap into the waves. Neither do I praise the Odysseus, nor do I chide the non-Odysseus. Because I do not accuse the individual, I'm only interested in the fact that the young unmarried man of today has merely the choice between failing either because of the Scylla abstinence, or because of the Charybdis prostitution, and I want to show with this case that the system is good for nothing. It is the wrong attitude of the sexes towards each other, it is the opportunity to purchase the woman's love, which I wanted to display as the root of all grievances. Because, without this wrong attitude there wouldn't be our current system, and without our current system there wouldn't be a "sexual question."

The man of today is ruined by the harlot. Not by the woman in general, as the lack of judgement says, only by the harlot. Instead the pure woman is ruined by the man. (Franz Stuck, in his small picture "The Mermaid" has expressed this idea unashamedly. A mermaid rises out of the water; she is very stupid, very ignorant and very curious; a veritable ideal woman. Her eyes are staring at a handsome, smart and certainly not ignorant young man, who is smiling down at her from the shore, amused. He knows: another 2 minutes, and the mermaid is on the shore, and again after a while she will no longer be ignorant, but "guilty"; and when the young man has gone, warbling a ditty, then she is deeply, deeply miserable.—Stuck did not mean it like that? He merely personified crude sensuality? The witty, honest Stuck, who is never superficial?!) Yet, do the sexes only exist, by all means, in order to ruin each other? Isn't the one created rather for the other's greater happiness?

The men further complain that they have no more opportunity today to properly get to know women. The men of society, I mean. Only in the heat of the ballroom, or under constant supervision is it possible for the young man and the young woman to be near each other. Friendship is not possible under these circumstances. They never see each other calmly, neutrally and at ease. This separation of the sexes is certainly of evil. This separation also drives the young man to the unconstrained conversation with the harlot. Listen to Shelley¹⁵⁷: "Young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate exquisite and delicate sensibilities whose existence cold-hearted worldlings have denied; annihilating all genuine passion, and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and

¹⁵⁷Note to Queen Mab; translator's note: in the original German text, Loewenherz employs a German translation of Shelley's text, here the original text is used, taken from: <http://knarf.english.upenn.edu/Pshelley/mabnotes.html>.

devotedness. Their body and mind alike crumble into a hideous wreck of humanity...” As you can see, Shelley also thinks that the separation of the sexes is the first cause of many evils, even if it is not, as he believes, the fanatical idea of chastity, but it is the fear that the object of purchase: the woman could be harmed by a premature intercourse with the buyer. This is the origin of that separation. Socialism, which abolishes the possession-possessor-relationship between man and woman, has no need for this separation. There they can be a “united people of brothers“ and sisters. There boys and girls will be educated together. Now, already, a very successful attempt in this direction can be stated: the orphanage in Cempuis, France, educated the orphans of both sexes in the manner mentioned above for 10 years, under the leadership of its headmaster Robin. From the age of 4 to 16, the children were only separated at night, they “attended the same classes, participated in the same gymnastics, swimming and music exercises.“ (*Vorwärts* from the 11th September 94.) The educational results were excellent, but it is telling that the reactionary French government has now removed this headmaster Robin from office, for the sake of the clerics. (After all, the clerical power can only make use of an unfree, stupid sex.) The boys and girls were also supposed to be treated merely as children until the age of 12 and wear t h e s a m e c l o t h e s. This development will, under healthy conditions, certainly not come about earlier.

And not only in school, but also later at work will the sexes get to know each other. T h i s is apparently the most relevant thing. As men and women of the labouring class already get to know each other today. This is the only true way to get to know each other, you see there what the other one is worth. The marriage of the proletarian class would be an approximately free contract, where there is at least a one-third-equality of the women, and as such a real, good companionship, if it wasn't for a common dependence from a t h i r d p a r t y, from the employer, if anxiety, insecurity about the future, malnourishment etc. etc. didn't make every ethical achievement illusory.

The individual can only evolve in independence, never under force, only when he/she is independent can he/she be made responsible. However, today we are both not free, neither woman nor man; for, doesn't the gaoler also live in gaol, as much as the prisoner? The man also lost elbow space. Today both sexes only have the advantages of their faults: the man is efficient, because he is inconsiderate, the woman is submissive, gentle etc., because she is forced to submit herself. All this will be different in socialism. They say that it will level the humans, the individual will lose all character,—the opposite is the case: The individual quality will only be able to come to fruition when there is economical security, moderate and healthy physical work. And it will be exactly this obligatory, effective physical work, which prevents the enhanced state of the mind and soul of the individual loses itself in insanity and the extreme.

Furthermore, the enhanced sensation, which is also healthy, and the more refined differentiation will always make the sexual choice more difficult. If the man today cares almost nothing about the person with whom he acts sexually, then this crudeness will later vanish. That nature, which is now adulterated, is able to work its way toward purity again, feeling shame and delicacy will be installed once more, when the brutal brutalising intercourse with the harlot has been made impossible. And the man who has been differentiated in a more refined way will be glad, when he has found his female reflection and will not look for the lust for diversion—apart from the fact that he will not have a whole army of women, whose love he can buy, at his disposal at any rate, but that he will always only encounter the single, equal woman, whom he has to woo. When, at one point, man and

woman quarrel in socialism, then the man doesn't have the chance to run into the night café—it is his good fortune that he cannot. However, it is *per se* true and certain that it is most comfortable for the woman, when she is of an unadulterated, unspoilt nature, to belong to one person her entire life.

The increased demand for intellectual activity will also probably press down the sexual life. You see, the socialist “rabbit hutch“ is, after all, more ethical than the capitalist marriage salon, which smells of suits for alimony, memories of night cafés and back door men. Still, I don't want to claim that socialism would correspond more with the child-pure wishes of our most noble ones. If these gentlemen didn't need any legitimate heirs, then they probably wouldn't find it disgusting, if a roof was put over all of Germany and if this Germany would then be one big night café with all its beautiful and young women. However, it doesn't matter. When Moses was leading the abandoned Hebrew people out of Egypt, he waited with moving into the praised land until the oldest and most corrupt were blown away by the harsh desert wind.—A young, pure people will move into the praised land of socialism. It is them to whom I was talking. “We all of us are not humans yet, we want to become humans yet“, a young labourer once told me. It was a heartfelt exclamation of full moral force. Female comrades and ladies! Where such an attitude is the consequence of an ideology, we are allowed to be carried away by it, we are allowed to trust. Woman's own happiness is well looked after by the representatives of this world view, socialism¹⁵⁸. Social democracy is going to keep its word towards the women.

Apart from Shelley there are enough men of importance, who have been feeling deeply the unhealthy and unethical conditions discussed here, and have loudly expressed their disapproval of it. Just read Fr. Th. Vischer's *Mode und Cynismus, Beitrag zur Kenntnis unserer Kulturformen und Sittenbegriffen*¹⁵⁹, Stuttgart 1879. In that book men are asked “whether they are not ashamed in the presence of their young, chaste wife in the wedding night, when they remember the orgies they experienced?“ —So, the unspoilt, noble nature of the man knows shame as well and when the huge mass of men believes that they would be deprived of a right with the night cafés, then it is merely the sad prerogative to corrupt oneself body and soul, and it is a good thing that we are inexorably approaching a form of society, which will force these reluctant ones, enjoying their “prerogative“, to improve.

How I imagine the woman of the future? It is understandable that our previous literature has not yet created a true paradigm. And yet the man has always carried the longing for the pure, healthy nature of woman, who is not stunted and not crippled, inside him. And out of this fantasy the poets' women have been created, who hitherto have appeared in real life in extraordinary cases: Free, proud, true characters, not artificial, chaste, full of energetic life, with warm blood, loving and helping. Like Dorothea in Goethe's “Hermann und Dorothea“. But, while the poet merely created a typical youthful man with Hermann, who can be found everywhere,—where did he find a

¹⁵⁸ They keep babbling that social democracy was not “ethical“, that only the economical moment was stressed. Only? No, for now we want a healthy economical basis. That is what we are fighting for. But no one should forget: our starting point is the most “ethical“, namely to abolish every human misery, and our aim is the highest: human perfection, human happiness.

¹⁵⁹ translator's note: translates as *Fashion and Cynicism, a contribution to the knowledge of our forms of culture and ideas of morals*.

Dorothea? Only in his most secret longing, only in his most noble, most sacred wishes—in his heart. Because “Hermann und Dorothea” is a work by the *m a t u r e* poet, and even if it is not his most brilliant work, it is still his most beautiful and clearest work.

I also like the blonde Lisbeth in Immermann’s “Oberhof.” And it is characteristic that this healthy and pleasant female figure was created by the poet at a time when he himself enjoyed the highest joy on earth by living together with a brilliant woman. Immermann and the Countess Elise v. Ahlefeldt, Lützow’s former wife, used to live in Düsseldorf back then, *n o t* in a civil marriage. “Oberhof” is Immermann’s best work¹⁶⁰.

What the woman of the future will be like? The typical mistakes of servitude will be cast off together with hers. It will be shown that nature has determined the sexes to be good comrades, of which the one, the woman, will stay eternally affectionate, the other, the man, will stay aggressive, but both will complete each other exactly because of this. Humans will be different as fathers and mothers, but never as proprietors and property.

Let us draw a short conclusion: We began with the availability of the women’s love, as the deepest humiliation of the woman. Afterwards we saw her other bad and disadvantaged position in society, before the law, her economic dependency. We asked “how it came about”, and did not find *t h e* reason which the man always takes as an excuse, we did not find the inferiority of the female intellect, but we found the superiority of the maternal instinct as the cause of her servitude. Maternal love, the self-preservation instinct of the species, active in the woman, was abused, in order to forge her shackles. The woman loves that which she has given birth to; she hates war, mass murder. However, all honours and riches have been tied, and are still tied, to war, to war competence; honours and riches have been withdrawn from the ones who are *i n* competent for war, they are still withdrawn. (The lieutenant is the woman’s worst enemy, she has no cause to admire his—uniform. It’s no coincidence that the position of the woman is a relatively better one in those countries where peaceful work is valued more highly than what is “dashing”, in England and America.) But we see that the woman was later cheated of even this maternity *i t s e l f*, after it had had to serve to enslave her—in the man’s childbed. And today we see again, how the alleged preservation, the alleged protection of this maternity is supposed to serve as pretext to keep the woman from seize her only tool of liberation, and from productive work.¹⁶¹ We further see in chapter 4 and 5 the disadvantages which the servitude of the woman has brought to humanity, and we found the solution of the woman and humanity question, the healing of the social disease in the return to the original society form: socialism. Then the woman, the mother will achieve her rights; and she carries in her the love force to redeem humanity: “the eternal femininity draws us”.

They say that the aberration from the original society form, the systems of the slaves’ state in Ancient times, the feudal order in the Middle Ages were necessary, so that, through the exploitation of the huge mass (and the women!), some few people, freed from physical labour, had time to attend to science and art, thus creating a culture. Yet, *d i d* these wealthy few, in a good position,

¹⁶⁰ Immermann repeatedly offered his wife legal marriage. She repeatedly declined. As a consequence, Immermann split up with her.—Was he unable to bear that she was not his property? Did he not think himself to be strong enough to be true to her, unless chained by legal bonds?— Immermann never again achieved the “Oberhof” in his later works, although he entered into a legal marriage after his separation from Elise.

¹⁶¹ But the child is to be removed from our industry, *a l l* child labour. The child should not slave away and struggle and be tired even before it has grown up. The child belongs in school, on the playground, *t h i s* every mother will understand.

really create this culture? Phidias was a serf and Homer a slave; Jesus Christ a carpenter's apprentice and Spinoza a diamond cutter. I believe that those freed from physical labour, the rich, have always exerted their belly more than their head.

However, assuming that these systems had their uses, that even capitalism had had to fulfil a mission, then now, finally, when the machine has relieved the human from the biggest toil of labour, which is steadily decreasing, all, man and woman alike, are allowed to rest. Moderate and useful physical labour for all! Participation in culture for all! There is no more excuse, not even the slightest, for the master-and-slave-system. The woman must be equal! Her incompetence for war cannot be recognised as inferiority any more, as soon as there are no more wars: Today wars are mostly fights for distribution areas, given our aimless capitalistic overproduction; when production is regulated according to the level of use in socialism, we don't need such fights any more. The woman should work and have possession of the income of her work herself. And, above all, she should think of herself as a creating human being.

“This it is, what all mankind graceth,
And thereto his to understand,
That he in inner heart so traceth,
What he createth with his hand.”¹⁶²

Economic equality of the woman in socialism, how it will be welcomed by the unmarried woman, who is forced to win her own bread, if she doesn't want to starve, and finds it nearly impossible under the current circumstances. This poor thing is thrown into the public life, and she is chased out of the public life again; she has no right to be anywhere. She is in the most fortunate position of a person, who has been ordered on the penalty of death to take a seat, and then they are offered a thorn hedge, stinging nettles, a grate made of spears, a church spire or a similarly wholesome seating accommodation. —Economic equality of the woman in socialism, it will be welcomed by the married woman, who thinks that the moment when her husband pays her the monthly or weekly household money as something ugly, as something humiliating, even towards the most loved husband, even in the happiest marriage. —And won't the father of a family, who'll find it incredibly difficult today to feed wife and daughter, sigh with relief, when his cares will be alleviated in socialism! The death struggle of many a brave man of today is infinitely bitter, when he thinks of the fate that awaits his female relatives, as soon as the breadwinner has closed his eyes. And when a man fears that his little wife, who is so meek today, and his little daughter, who is so gentle, and who both still bring him his dressing gown and slippers, might become haughty in socialism— —o! Socialism does not take anything good away from anyone, it leaves room even for dressing gown-and-slippers bliss—for the person who yearns for it.

¹⁶² translator's note: an excerpt from F. Schiller's "Song of the Bell"; translation taken from <https://lyricstranslate.com/en/das-lied-von-der-glocke-song-bell.html>.

Socialism, communism are institutions longed for by every woman, consciously or subconsciously—the lost paradise she is longing for. The struggle of the woman is always about the price, she always suspected that her servitude will not come to an end in any other way. What does Praxagora say in “Assemblywomen“?—

“I want all to have a share of everything and all property to be in common; there will no longer be either rich or poor; no longer shall we see one man harvesting vast tracts of land, while another has not ground enough to be buried in”¹⁶³

Now at last we are standing before the imminent realisation of our wishes, and may no woman withdraw herself from the last fight! As little as the women are organised for the fight—may they boldly and freely wrestle for a firm, right creating in our wavering, staggering, all dissolving time! May they stand together unanimously, may they no longer let themselves be confused by the lies and shadow-boxing of egoism and the imperiousness of those elements, who would sooner see everything turned topsy-turvy than let power leave their hands, who are not content to be a free, happy human being with free, happy human beings, but furthermore need the foil of misfortune of others for their personal comfort.

If the individual stops at that? Nevermore! However, just as today the material community of interest is taken for granted, so it will be personal affection, an intellectual solidarity of interest that will bring the couples together. Wilhelm Jordan lets the woman’s love in his novel *Die Sebalds* be caused by the idea that the chosen one would be the most suitable one to awaken the life slumbering in her womb, out of a kind of mystical science, theoretical—but practically Jordan brings together in marriage those in his work who have similar intellectual interests. As you can see, also here no leap in evolution, also here everything has been thought of before. Indeed, it has been done before. I would name many a blissful marriage of this kind, if real, private affairs belonged here.

“When will we recognise the arrival of a new era?“ Schleiermacher asks. “When long nurtured prejudices finally begin to fade—the blind will see. When paralysed powers revive anew—the lame will walk.“—The blind see, the lame walk. The blindfold of habit will drop from the eyes of the blindest of the blind, the woman—she sees: and her powers, bound for thousands of years, will stir—she will walk.

Schleiermacher continues: “When the moral corruption is recognised and felt deeply—the lepers will be pure. When truths, that were proclaimed a thousand times, but were always ignored, are finally heard—the deaf will hear. When what is obsolete and dead makes way for a new fresh life—the dead will rise. When the eternal human rights are recognised and honoured in every human, even the poorest, and thus a force pierces the whole nation elated from the bottom to the top—the poor will proclaim the Gospel.“The Gospel will be proclaimed to the poor: the proletariat, the woman. It will fade, the “curse of poverty“, the curse will fade, the tragedy of the sex.

FINIS

¹⁶³ translator’s note: translation taken from <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0030%3Acard%3D583>

i A n n o t a t i o n 1. The night cafés of Berlin are a rather recent institution of the capital. Julius Rodenberg says in his work “Unter den Linden“, Neue Folge 1888, p.146: “It hasn’t yet been fifteen years since I contrasted, in a parallel drawn between “Vienna and Berlin“, the local (Viennese café) to our (Berlin) pastry shop as something entirely alien. Meanwhile this short period has been sufficient to acquaint us with the institution, and more than that. Now we have our Viennese cafés everywhere, in every district, almost in every street, wherever we look.....The Viennese café has completely supplanted the pastry shop..“

Not all Viennese cafés are such night cafés, which are talked about here; but this institution could only evolve out of the Viennese café that is open all night. *Léouzon le Duc: Les Odeurs de Berlin*, p.62 also reports in 1874 of the restaurants and c a f é s as assembly points for prostitution. Already in the year 1698, after the brothels were abolished, the “cellars, tea-, c o f f e e – and gambling houses“ were talked of as the “hiding places of the harlots“ (Stieber, p.33.) And again, similar in 1846 after the abolishment of the brothels.— However, these are still not our modern night cafés.

Of those, there are now two particularly “reputable“ ones in Berlin: Café Keck and Café National. The rents paid by them, 50 000 marks per annum and more, give a clue to what their proprietors “earn“. Meat and blood of the poorest woman is converted to clinking capital for immoral, miserable exploiters. Our magnificent system allows this; nothing in the feeling and in the ethic of our men appears to rise up against it—evidence: the existence of these hells.

ii A n n o t a t i o n 2. “In order to eliminate the seduction of innocent girls and women and the poisoning of the families, it may become necessary in bigger cities to o p e n a p l a c e o f r e l i e f for the corrupt appetites, which are not tamed in any other way, of a greater number of bachelors and in particular of strangers, in the highest possible seclusion, but under good supervision by the police.“(*Staatslexikon* by Rottel and Welker, 1838).

iii A n n o t a t i o n 3. V./?/ is busy with the preliminary works for a history of the women’s movement. The guidelines, which were lost (probably removed) from the manuscript, for these are as follows (abbreviated):

1. Freedom and equality of the woman in communism.
2. The woman becomes property of the man with the creation of private property.
3. The woman fights against this condition of slavery. She joins every freedom movement. Instinctively, consciously.
4. The woman is made fully aware of her situation during the French Revolution. Prepares for the same. She fights and is betrayed. Further revolutions in our century. Contact with communism. Georges Sand.
5. Women eagerly fight for the liberation of the slaves (Lucretia Mott). Slaves are freed. The woman remains unfree.
6. The freedom impulses of the French revolutions have also been initiated in Germany.
7. Germany takes over the leading role. Fanny Lewald, Louise Otto-Peters. Women’s movement is being organised, 1865. The right of work for women is declared.
8. The machine. Women’s labour becomes a market commodity.
9. Leadership passes from the bourgeois women’s rights activists to the women workers, to social democracy. The Erfurt programme.
10. Victory in socialism.