

Eve and Reason Are Synonymous

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At the time when God, after having taken counsel with Himself on the work of Creation, set upon carrying out His plan, He created the first and foremost pair of human beings from the beginning as mature and marriageable adults, in order that their nuptials would not be delayed even an hour. They came into the world with the requisite number of years behind them, in the same manner that sovereigns bestow illustrious forebears upon a new aristocracy which previously had no tradition of nobility. To be sure, Master Adam, the male, had the honor of being the firstborn; on the other hand, Miss Eve was thoroughly compensated for this through her birth from a rib of Adam, whereas the latter had been brought into the world from a mere clump of earth!

“A creation, then, at second hand?”

Why not even at third hand! Did not the very same hand which created Adam also create Eve? And does not this “rib hieroglyph” serve in more than one respect to the advantage of the woman? Neither of the two raised the other; neither of them thought to place himself above the other and to assert patriarchal authority. Instead it was parental authority, the finest and most sacred right known to humanity, the fountainhead of the most beneficent virtues, which produced (who would have thought it!) this inequality among human beings. Good parents, and yet such a depraved, degenerate daughter!

If, however, many of our vices are nothing more than ill-bred virtues; and if, according to the declaration of a certain saintly person, our virtues are merely beautiful vices, then one would be committing a crime against mankind if he did not desire to display fairness to evil as well, and to its ideal form, the Devil. Indeed, if one wished to go by the testimony of the oldest documents concerning the human race in giving preference to one half of this couple over the other, then it is *Eve* who would receive the apple of discord from any and every Paris.

“Because she was more beautiful than Helen of Troy? And because every Paris, regardless of how naive in perceptual matters, remains a male nonetheless?”

No! Rather it was because Adam was brought to his fall through her; or (as this noble and profound, lofty and beautiful hieroglyph can perhaps correctly be interpreted) because through her influence he allowed himself to be put in the proper frame of mind to be used and employed, and thus to become receptive to the breakthrough of reason. O blessed receptivity!

It was Eve who acted as the Children's Bureau for the minor Adam; after he ostensibly had been under the guardianship of this good woman for a time, it was she, having already emancipated herself in certain respects beforehand, who then issued the declaration of majority for him; it was she who shattered the bonds of instinct which had prevented human reason from rising up, and it was she who triumphed thereby. In memory of her the words "Eve" and "Reason" ought to be regarded as synonymous.

This first revolution, like every revolution, could not take place without anxiety and affliction. Both of these are, considering the nature of man, so necessary that I know of nothing, be it either of a theoretical or practical nature, which, if it distinguishes itself as new and different in any way, was not conceived and born in disorder and passion. But this riotous condition cannot continue to prevail indefinitely. The waves must finally die down, and Reason must at last gain the victory. So it was with the first revolution, and this is the way it must be with all others if they wish to be worthy of the name.

My panegyric in praise of Eve, which is, after all, fitting and proper in view of the Revolution of Reason which has taken place, would perhaps afford opportunities galore for a theological, legal, medical or philosophical disputation, or for an essay in some entertaining journal, if one only knew how to get that unwelcome guest of a counselor, the snake, out of the picture. Not much, unfortunately, can be done with this devilish disturber of matrimonial bliss. "In short," says the believer Thomas Paine, "I am an enemy of the whole devil of a monarchy." Since, however — and with due respect for Mr. Paine's opinion — such devilish disturbers of *republican* bliss can and do exist as well, it is best to send all of these little devils straight to hell. Perhaps this is the best kind of justice which can be shown to them.

The story of Creation does not, in its lucid relation of events, speak of any other differences between man and woman than those of a sexual nature. "And God said, let us make man in our own image, after our likeness... So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." It is only in a much later epoch that we find the words: "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." And if one imagines with regard to the story of the Fall of Man a portrait of the emancipation of man from the paradisaal yoke of instinct, and of the origin of the social condition, for which the wise woman Eve was the intermediary and herald, then these prophetic words seem to proclaim that sad condition which Eve brought upon her sex as a result of this heroic deed.

But would the true nature of the matter confirm that primal document and its exegesis? Such old and venerable things are not to be convicted by the mere Testimony of the Seven; and of what value is this hazardous method of proof anyway? Of what value, since we can call up Experience and Reason to serve

as witnesses for the everlasting recollection of the Creation. From the mouths of these two witnesses proceeds all manner of truth.

In the formation of the two sexes, Nature does not appear to have intended to establish a noteworthy difference or to have favored one sex at the expense of the other. Differences of a sexual nature between man and woman may not serve as an answer to the question whether the male sex was endowed with significant physical and intellectual superiority over the female. Differences other than those of a sexual nature have until now eluded the anatomist's knife; nevertheless this instrument has continued to hold fast to the golden rule: "Know Thyself" — an undeniable influence. On the whole, noble iron has served the human race to a far greater extent than that exhibitionist, gold. Whoever first gave the magnet the name Bride of Iron showed to both the magnet and iron a respect which they fully deserve.

What could have prompted Nature to bestow honor and fortune on one half of her greatest masterpiece, while allowing the other to decay through neglect — and this precisely to the extent that she favors the first? In fulfilling that great purpose of Nature in which human beings display the divine image of God, the female sex plays a disproportionately more significant role than the male with respect to both matter and form. So in order to work quite reasonably toward the aforementioned end, Nature is supposed to have wanted to make women weaker or even to leave them half finished?

"*Not necessarily weaker,*" said a woman-hater as he read this part of my manuscript, "*but not such a commonplace thing. Let women be steel, and let the men be iron.*"

Not so! And why this ambiguous comparison, since pure and unadulterated right stands on the side of the women! People think that we men, thank the Lord, were created as complete as possible — after our creation the Master broke the mold of clay and the second sex, represented in the figure of Eve, was simply a chance undertaking; was made as an afterthought; was simply sketched out and not filled in; was begun and never completed!

Is woman, to whom the actual business of the humanization of the divine creation was entrusted, thought to bear upon her breast the mark of feebleness and insufficiency? Is Almighty Nature supposed to have allowed her own representative to remain in a feeble state, so that woman could bring into the world not only feeble individuals of her own sex, but strong ones of our kind as well? Such would seem to be the case; and surely when experience speaks, then it is up to sophistry to be silent, to genuflect and worship her. Experience is the only artifice Nature has left — but then what does it teach us here? If we were to trust in its conclusions, then the other sex is, on the whole, of a smaller and weaker constitution, possesses less physical strength and is subject to various disabilities. Is further evidence necessary to accommodate Reason in her conclusion that these are imperfections of their sex from which women, according to the order of things, can never be liberated? Everything is good which cannot be otherwise, and in the word *must* there lies a treasure-house of grounds for complacency, grounds by means of which anyone, with a little philosophical legerdemain, can so reconcile the words *I must* with the words *I*

want to that in such an instance every curse is transformed into a blessing, and the wicked, evil world into the best of all possible worlds. Let us be at peace with Nature and with the fair sex; let us all be at peace with one another!

But what if there existed such things as illusory experiences and illusory conclusions? If appearances were deceiving? Reason is afraid of the senses; and even if we have fully resolved in our mind to allow surgery to be performed on our body, we still turn our eyes away at the hour of truth. Reason, the heart and the senses all play into one another's hands; and not only the heart of man, but also his reason and his senses are in turn both defiant and discouraged — who can deny it? No sooner does man consider himself a god than it occurs to him that he is in truth less than an animal. Naked and unprotected he comes into the world, and if other animals are armed or protected, then His Majesty the human being can hardly be expected to refrain from exercising his kingly right over the animals in order to feed and clothe himself. This regulation of his treasure is often carried out so painfully by means of the rod, however, that the animals could very well file at Nature's court of justice the bitterest of complaints against their most illustrious rulers — and without doubt they do file such complaints, if in fact the apostle Paul has observed correctly. For indeed, Nature conducts a terrible, secret court of justice — the most terrible which can be imagined! Necessity teaches one to pray, to beg and to take; nevertheless, she is also a wise teacher of moderation and restraint, and whoever fails to recognize this, in him is not the love of the Father of us all, the Father whose child is everything having life and breath. Without his teacher man can do nothing more than weep — as a sign that he is far from having drawn the longest straw in the lottery. For inasmuch as man has not proven able to settle accounts with himself, his gains have often turned out to be worse than his losses.

My dear fellow! That sort of complaint is overcome through the mighty word *Reason*. Without his weaknesses man ceases to be man, and whoever strives toward something higher in this earthly life runs the risk of becoming something less and upsetting the plans of the Creator. Do we know of a creature more noble than man also possessing the power to conceive of God or a virtue in its abstract form? Even the most depraved among us still has not given up this privilege. Man can renounce the image of God for a moment, but not forever. Is Reason not greater than all else; and does she deserve her name at all if she is not able to set a limit to our appetites? Is it not possible for us to exalt the beast in man to a rank just below that of the gods, and thereby to intimidate his passions, which are like the great surges of the sea? Wherever she is to be found, there resides humanity, and to undervalue this dignity in the other sex deliberately, amidst the radiance of her divinity, is equivalent to leaving no stone unturned in the determination of our own importance. Not a mere code of laws written on clay tablets would be shattered here; rather, we would be sinning against the divine spirit which resides within ourselves. Can anything be an affair of God which contradicts Reason; or does God ever desire that His affairs be conducted by means of such things as contradict her? By means of Reason, the very echo of His voice, He remains ever close to each of us who through her have become like Him, and in Him “live and move, and have our being.”

The standard which I bear is no empty pronouncement by some authority, but truth and justice. Is the female sex actually smaller, as a rule, than the male? Is not the size of a person altogether a relative matter — a matter in which we find more significant influences from climate, nourishment and other factors unknown to us, than from sexual differences? On the other sides of the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, as well as below the equator, the human race is much smaller than in the area between these two parallels of latitude. Past the twentieth and the sixtieth degrees of latitude our recruiting officers would experience about as much success as would a stopover by pirates at the caves of the Alacaluf Indians on Tierra del Fuego. Travelers report that men and women there maintain the very same pace, and were they not aided by the difference in the clothing and the beards of the men, they declare that they would not be able to tell one sex from the other.

“Nevertheless,” one might say, *“perhaps the climate there is more favorable to the development of the female body.”*

Not at all; their premature withering away contradicts this conjecture, for already in their fortieth year they are covered with wrinkles. Even in more temperate climates variations exist with respect to size; and within these climates there are also individual races which differ from the norm, just as the inhabitants of the lowlands are, as a rule, larger than those of the mountains — as if nature when creating these people had compensated for the great size of the mountain. And in the final analysis, what does size matter?

“But surely one cannot deny the frailty of the female body in comparison with the sinewy, angular male body?”

Certainly this ought to prove more; nevertheless, I fear that in this case as well, experience actually tells us less than we are accustomed to letting her say. Before we begin battle, however, it is necessary to muster our troops. If we dismiss from our own side the elegant and fun-loving groups and the other sex lets the fashionable women of the higher classes return, together with their ladies-in-waiting, to their beloved menfolk of these same groups — on whom do you want to bet? Indeed, even if these elegant and fashionable ladies were to enter into warfare with our elegant young men — on which side ought we to place our hopes?

Among peoples who stand at the lowest level of culture, the lot of the female sex is a hard one. For hunting peoples, to whom domestic animals are unknown, the women are the beasts of burden which accompany the men on the hunt and carry the captured game back to the hut; among pastoral and agricultural tribes their lot, if it were possible, is even harder: they cultivate the fields; they run mills and produce manufactured goods by preparing for consumption that which the field and the herd offer them in the way of food and clothing; in addition to this they must also manage a household (although a very simple one), while the man of the house devotes his own time to the pursuit of leisure.

Even among peoples who have achieved a certain degree of culture, the part played by the other sex among the members of the working class is not of the kind which would allow us to infer a greater frailty in this sex. Those tasks performed in the cultivation of the soil and at the harvest — are they not divided

more or less equally between both sexes? It would in fact be difficult to say which share of the labor is more often overlooked here. Indeed, upon examining *all* the occupations which employ the hands and the energy of mankind — does not the portion of work allotted to women invariably entail a greater expenditure of energy? With happy heart the harvester returns home to his hut to rest after his exhausting labor, while even in the simplest country household there still remain manifold tasks for the woman to perform — for the woman, who, by the sweat of her brow, has already bound the sheaves, a task for which no lesser expenditure of energy is required. The radiantly healthy country girl, her face rouged with the unfading hue of summer, is a living refutation of the above unfavorable comparison, and she would be a match for anyone who would care to tempt the strength of her muscles. Female illnesses are the scourge merely of that class of women who bear the honorable title *women* only for the sake of the state and the purpose of ostentation, in the same way that the devoted *valets de chambre* in their employ deserve the title *men*.

Can and should Nature be held responsible for the evils which manners, morals and conventions — whose name is legion — have brought upon her? The companions of our folly and the accomplices in our arrogance should not be added to the account of Nature, who created man in such simplicity and, regardless of where he took up his abode, provided shelter, food and clothing — daily and in abundance. Was it ever her wish that he should fetch spices from India, merely in order to poison his blood? Or exotic foods to weaken his nerves? Did she offer ice to the people of India or place wine before the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle? Did she not rather give to each that portion which was both allotted and suited to him? And how, O Nature perfect in thy goodness, the degenerate multitude of thy children doth accuse thee because of their own sicknesses — the cause of which they gathered, with unflagging greed, from the East and the South — while the little band of thy contented children, following the precepts of its dear mother, walks before thee amidst these wild, degenerate ones and still remains devout, knowing nothing of the hysterical torment or of the countless host of convulsions against which neither the *materia medica*, nor perhaps the whole of Nature herself has any remedy at her disposal! Do not call Nature unjust, when it is you who travel unnatural paths. Nature, it appears, possesses remedies only for *natural* diseases; for ailments which are a consequence of our *unnatural* culture she has neither herb nor plaster, and her single remedy is merely: “Repent ye and believe the Gospel of Nature!” O, that you would repent and believe! If we do not become as little children, and return home once more to philanthropic Nature, on whom we have turned our backs, then we are a betrayed people sold into bondage, to whom now and then the well-intentioned utterance reverberates: “Adam, where art thou?” and who try meanwhile to hide from our own image as well as we can.

The fifth and final act is the ruin of most women, just as it is for a large number of playwrights. Love, the fortune of her life, becomes her misfortune; her heart has been trained to love virtue, and it is not fate which transforms it into a transgressor, but her own negligence. The working class knows of no distinctly female diseases. Pregnancies and births are impeded only by secondary circum-

stances which have their origins in manners, morals and dress, and are so little to be considered illnesses that physicians could forthwith — and occasionally already do — prescribe them as medication. In the case of some of the so-called primitive tribes it is not the woman but the man who holds a celebration at the time of parturition. Hardly is the woman delivered of her burden, when she bathes it in the nearest river, offers the new arrival her breast — thereby saving herself from lacteal fever and the vexation of enlisting a wet nurse — and performs her household duties just as before, while the man, stretched out on his bed, lets himself be ministered to and receives visits as well as congratulations from his neighbors because he (just imagine the effort) has borne a child by his wife! And yet there are also heroes upon whose memory history has bestowed glory and praise because they had deigned, by their good grace, to allow battles to be won and victories gained while they themselves, without exposing their person in the slightest to any combat whatsoever or feeling the least inclination to lie at rest upon the bed of honor, observed very comfortably from a position at best far beyond the range of the cannon just how many arms and legs a couple of laurel sprigs cost. Inasmuch as such individuals do exist, then, let us not be too critical of the childbed behavior of the men mentioned above.

All of you who consider women to be weaker than you because of their pregnancies and childbearing, tell me: how could Nature have brought her greatest masterpiece, the propagation of the human race, into association with such evils on purpose; how could she have poured wormwood into a goblet filled with the most exquisite nectar; how could she have accompanied an action, upon which she bestowed her greatest blessings, with such a terrible curse by allotting to the one side unalloyed joy, to the other unmitigated sorrow? To be sure, pregnancies, childbearing and the suckling of an infant require the expenditure of a certain amount of energy; nonetheless the female body, if it is not impaired, possesses sufficient substance not only to sustain this expenditure of energy, but also to compensate for the expenditure with no loss of time in the process. The objection which derives from observing so many women of fashion is not valid, for the latter appear already to be so lacking in strength that every pregnancy shakes their flimsy edifice to its very foundations, and every birth threatens to destroy it entirely.

O you inventors, abounding with ideas, who have thought up calculating machines, who have taught an automaton to play chess, have undertaken voyages by air, and who even in your confusion help people more than if they had been graduated *in gradum doctoris utriusque medicinae*; you, who have the spirits under your command just as the centurion at Capernaum his servants, come down a step or two and condescend to a mere trifle. Invent a contrivance by means of which our ladies of fashion may be freed from the burden of bearing children. Let sons and daughters grow like apples and pears; cause them to be planted like cabbages. Even if the political census-taker should, due to this invention, register a minus in the first few years (for no man is born a master of his craft), nevertheless even in these years of lean-fleshed kine the true mettle of the human race would set things aright, and — wonder of wonders! — there would result all the more so an undeniable plus, inasmuch as the state would be

made up not of small coin, but of individuals worth their weight in gold! What is a Persian army measured in parasangs compared to a Macedonian phalanx?

But no! Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground! The most legitimate, the most sacred claims of the human race to a disclosure of the truth which were ever based on reason shall not here be offended through mockery, which, like malicious slander, always leaves a bitter aftertaste. Let only human kindness approach this burning bush! The power of inertia, which is said to act mischievously on every body so as to keep it continuously in its present state — a state which resists motionlessness when the body is in motion, and movement when the body is at rest — does not have the honor of being to my liking. A power which only resists and yet is not able to be effective in and of itself is not a power about which one can do very much bragging. The noblest nation must accede upon occasion to a war of aggression through which we demand our rights and that which is owed to us, and call to account that person who has trespassed against us. He is neither great nor small who is able to possess and to express greatness or smallness merely to the degree to which he is resisted in their attainment. Let both sexes return once more to their original integrity and to their true nature and we shall find that the longer such a happy state prevails, the more we shall find that man and woman are one flesh in this instance as well.

But are they also of one soul? Up to now, psychologists have not been successful in advancing far enough into the realm of the intellect to determine whether a significant difference actually exists; at least no Linnaeus of the mind has yet come to classify the mental powers. Let Rorario account for the fact that he finds a greater use of reason among animals than among men; and Helvétius for putting those souls on which a body with hoofs has been bestowed in the same class with those which have received hands; and let both of them settle their accounts with Descartes for bringing about the destruction of his world of machines. But there are philosophical heretics too, and heretics of reason, simply because the basis for every assertion is taken from Nature — from a document which has in common with all documents the quality of allowing everyone who searches therein to find what he is looking for. All history and every fact must submit itself to our governance, and even the most objective man conveys at the very outset something of himself to the whole of history and every fact, to the extent that everything touched by man receives something of his ego, something of his Self. The best water has no taste — and so it is with most facts as well, although we seldom obtain them unseasoned. And even if the seasoner were to add only salt, that basest and best of the spices, our friends and our foes take on so much from one another that one discovers unmistakable features of similarity among them.

“Our foes?”

By all means; I maintain that they are able to make their imprint upon us more easily than are our friends. A friend who is but the echo of ourselves has little appeal for us; precisely those traits which single out our enemies most of all from others, which interest us most about them, and which speak best for them tend to receive our imitation. “Learn even from an enemy,” runs the old

proverb.

A whole host of commentators and collectors of variant texts will impart their sense and nonsense to this document of Nature until the day when an authentic document appears and may determine, if it be God's will, the significance or lack of significance of the difference between the souls of man and of the animals — if only we ourselves in the meantime do not venture to set up an order of precedence among *human* souls, an order which would have no more or less validity than our dreams and their interpretation. Are there, then, differences of a sexual nature between human souls? Do souls exist which are exclusively intended to inhabit female bodies? And where is the bold Argonaut who has navigated this unknown sea? With what has this apostle of the invisible world confirmed his gospel? Where statement and counterstatement are so close to each other as to be able to work in unity and harmony, there it is every man's duty to demonstrate his thesis with the utmost vigor, and then to yield up the power of decision to his public. We are now faced with experience which contradicts other experience — before it has yet been determined whether the soul is indeed capable of experiencing its *own* being or not. The soul can only perceive itself with the aid of a mirror; and who is not aware of the fact that this mirror reflects images only very imperfectly and often quite inaccurately? Mirrors portray us in reverse, and when the portrait painter is told that he has achieved a likeness which could have been “stolen from a mirror,” the expression is in reality a rather unsuitable one.

To be sure, experiences of a specific nature can serve well in generating a subjective conviction; but for the construction of a general truth on this foundation, only experiences will suffice which are as general as the truth for which they are to serve as the basis. How long have we been gathering experiences in this realm? What methods have we adopted? Were these so carefully chosen that we could expect correct results from them? Do we actually possess so large a storehouse of experiences already that we can venture to construct a system whereby such a prejudicial line of demarcation can be drawn for an entire half of the human race? Or would it not sooner or later be for us as it was for His Infallible Holiness on the other side of the Alps with his own infamous line of demarcation? In general, a system is like an instrument which we know how to play with skill. Have we calculated irrefutably the assured advantages of the system under consideration, or is it merely one like many another of its brothers, wherein linguistic disorder reigns supreme, as in the tower of Babel, whose spire was to reach to the heavens? If one removes this jumble of languages from most of these systems, what is left? Empirical psychology still occupies a rather precarious position among the sciences; yet whether she stands or falls, truth, which existed before her and will continue to exist after she has vanished, loses nothing thereby.

Greatness of soul, courage, a superiority of understanding, a larger measure of the power of discernment, firmness of will, a greater intensity of feeling and other excellent qualities are those which men have appropriated for themselves as the right of the firstborn, and at the cost of the female sex. They have been invested by God with the entire world, with the whole globe as their fief

— O what noble feudal lords they are! Moreover, inasmuch as they are both plaintiff and judge in one and the same person, they appear to be acting quite charitably in allowing women the legal right to possess a human soul. But whether (after the male sex has had glorious success in placing the other half of the human creation, which according to its designated purpose was to form a complete whole with his own sex, under his yoke and allows it now only by way of request, only insofar as it does not offend his sovereign prerogative, to take a generous part in the rights of the individual, either human or civil) — but whether all those above-mentioned conclusions based on physical appearance represent truth or illusion is a question suited for an essay-writing competition — a question which is similar to so many others in that the answer thereto halts between two opinions.

To deny the fair sex all such intellectual capabilities on the basis of physical appearance and to wrest its rank from it through foul play is to behave in precisely the same way as people have toward the American Indians, when, upon the testimony of a few observers who had seen no beards among these tribes, they not only refused to acknowledge the existence of this utterly masculine, and moreover very cumbersome, badge of honor, but in addition drew the very obvious conclusion from the lack of the latter appendage that Nature had refused to grant them the germ cells necessary for it, and thus that they belonged to a much lower class of human beings — and what is not less significant, that it was not possible that both we and they could have descended from the same patriarch. What kind of a role can the beard play anyway, for according to the well-known proverb, “the beard does not make the philosopher.” It surely would have been better if people had taken the trouble to determine whether the descendants of Manco Capac had not found this masculine characteristic — may it ever, by the way, remain useful and worthy of reverence — just as uncomfortable as the sons of Japheth, and whether, because they lacked the metal of enlightenment, iron, they did not take refuge in some other means of ridding themselves of this burdensome guest. After more precise observations, however, a beard was indeed discovered, and the Preadamites forfeited once again the victory which, with the help of such an imposing argument, they believed was already in their hands.

To say that the female sex does not manifest those splendid intellectual qualities we have assigned to ourselves is far from saying that Nature has denied to it the potentiality for such qualities, and therefore — O, the beardlessness of the conclusion! — that it stands a step lower on the Jacob’s ladder of the creation. Do we think *we* are the only ones who are similar to God, while the other sex merely possesses the honor, by the grace of God, of being similar to *us*? What an absurd idea!

It is not through our bodies, or our senses, or our powers of imagination that we draw near to the primeval spirit, rather it is through our own spirit; and what do we wish to maintain at this point — that women lack the intelligence and the will thereto? That they lack the fullness of spirit? Do we not often excel only through them? Do they not in countless instances season more than we with that salt of the earth without which nothing is of value — with reason?

And their virtue — is it not abundantly purer than our own, which we esteem so highly? Does our own vanity not exceed that of the feminine everywhere and in all places? Was not that Pharisee and his whole Order of Jesuits of our own sex? Can a good woman (and there are many of them) think without fear and trembling of that Pharisee of more recent times who, armed with his creeds, wishes to step before the throne of God, face the Last Judgment and say: “Whoever is better, let him cast the first stone”? Would not Theresa herself have been able to cast more than one stone if she had not been corrupted by this “righteous” one? Can germ cells germinate and potentialities be developed if no beneficent hand is present to cultivate them, or, what is more, if all things join together with the purpose of subjugating them, and where possible, of bringing about their extermination? Have there not arisen from time to time within the other sex great and noble souls who possessed in large measure all those intellectual characteristics of which they are thought to have been deprived? From where do all these — in reality not so very infrequent — manifestations come, if such potentialities do not really exist within the souls of women? From where do they come, if nothing more is required to bring them forth than a concurrence of propitious circumstances or a helping hand to aid in their development and to add to their own powers that dynamic force without which they never would have diverted from their narrow path? Or would we rather charge Nature with having blundered, merely in order to save our own system? Would we rather trespass so crudely against the Fourth Commandment as it refers to this good mother of ours, than give up the alleged rights of our class?

Without awakening the great names of the world of mythology from the dead — whose stories contain indisputably at least a grain of truth — which of us would dare to deny to Zenobia or an Anna Comnena an understanding and power of discernment which towered far above that of their masculine contemporaries; an Elizabeth the qualities of a head of state; or Maria Theresa courage and steadfastness? Or, if one wishes that we situate our point of observation on more familiar ground, let us consider two world-famous names: Catherine the Great and Voltaire. Let not the autocratic deeds of the former; let not the laurels of war which she braided into her diadem; not the superadded nimbus which encircles those who are the gods of the earth — no, merely let her *correspondence* with him determine whether she emerges clothed in imperial splendor with the palm branches of the world-conquerer in her hand. And behold! She remains great just as she is. And Voltaire? Small, as small as he became as soon as truth held up her magic mirror before him. His highly esteemed self is always the first person; the great lady has to be content with the second person. Is she supposed to conquer — just imagine! — Constantinople, or at least remove her residence to Taganrog, so that he can come and kiss her feet, because it is too cold in St. Petersburg for the old hermit of Ferney? Not yet satisfied that the empress takes clocks off the hands of his watchmakers to the tune of 8,000 rubles, he even requests that she undertake a traffic in clocks with China in order to provide food for his factory workers. Either he truly did not understand her judicious silence in these matters, or, what is more credible,

he had no desire to understand it until she finally referred him, along with his mercantile speculations so unworthy of an empress and a poetic philosopher, to an excellent commercial establishment. The most prosaic of all passions, an abominable greed, brought Voltaire down from the heights of Parnassus to the depths of the stock exchange.

King Frederick William the First of Prussia was wont to characterize his portraits with the motto: *in tormentis pinxit*. And indeed, this was precisely the spiritual state in which Voltaire was writing at this point. At other times his genius was accustomed to elevating the poet above himself and above all restraints; to inspiring thoughts in him which were greater than their creator and which he himself could not help but behold with respect and admiration. Where do we find the slightest indication that the same is true here? We are all the more willing to bestow honor on others because we are covetous of honor ourselves; Voltaire was both of these a thousand times over — only not in this case. His instrument, which at times he played with consummate mastery, is, in this particular instance, completely out of tune; and is it a wonder that under these circumstances his flatteries turned into mere Gallicisms, such as one can hear by the thousands among his people?

The letters of the empress are couched in the language of Nature; only in cases where she desired to make a sacrifice for the vainglorious Voltaire did she pay him back in his own coin, just as the other monarch paid back the verses of a shameless poet with verses of his own. Only facetiously does she speak of her own person, while the whole world cannot refrain from mentioning her name with reverence. She calls so little attention to her deeds that it is as if she would have them speak for themselves. Continuously preoccupied with making her boundless empire richer in population and in noble disposition, she drew up — at the same time she was routing the Osmanlis, dispersing the confederation in Poland, controlling the plague and resisting the depredations of Pugachev — a code of laws for her people, a people which was then gathered together by her under this law from among all languages and tongues, so that she might be able, in the same manner as at the first Pentecost, to pour forth a single spirit over them and to ennoble them in their striving toward a single goal for all. Equally adept at the greatest and the smallest administrative duty, she introduced inoculation against smallpox; devoted her time to matters of education; reaped a thousandfold harvest from the institutions founded by her; thought up and put into effect gay celebrations for Prince Henry; and still had sufficient leisure time, and without the slightest trace of vanity, to write to the conceited Voltaire. These two souls weighed against each other with the scales, if possible, in the hands of a superior being — which pan of the scale would fall, and which would rise?

Mankind has not yet fallen so far as not to be able to give honor where honor is due. And why a complete inventory of such famous women as have been called to their crowns by fate, and who then bore them with great dignity? It is sufficient merely to utter the name of a Margaret of Denmark, a Christina of Sweden, a Sophie Charlotta of Prussia; and of those who, had they been men, would have obtained much honor for their sex, do not a Cornelia, the

noble mother of the Gracchi, an Arria and the figure who has been the subject of so many rumors, Joan of Arc — do they not deserve our admiration? In view of these examples, one will undoubtedly absolve me from proving further that the female soul is not lacking in rich natural talents and abilities. Autumn and winter rob even the noble oak of its leaves; only the roots remain. Why is the manifestation of the above-mentioned potentialities not more often the rule, rather than the exception? Why are they not more frequently developed to the fullest extent?

But then are these justifiable questions? Does our own sex possess such a great superfluity of noble souls? That honor with which Ulysses and Aeneas were canonized — not by the impartial goddess of justice, but by the often very partial god Apollo — occurs but infrequently. Without doubt Homer took his Penelope, Andromache, Nausicaa and Arete from nature; and I shall always believe that the greater equality which existed at that time between the servant class and the ruling class; the tasks performed in common by both high-born women and their slaves; the intimacy which resulted from their having grown up together; the manner of work required of women at that time as well as the profit which it yielded; that all these factors served to make that period in man's history infinitely more tolerable than the present Leaden Age into which the female sex has had the seeming good fortune to plunge, and from which it unfortunately has not yet been extracted. In the Heroic Age social custom and the manner of expressing love (from the beginning love and social custom have remained in close association) were cruder and more barbarous — and yet the female sex still kept up the pace! The evils attributed to the opposite sex in those times were merely those of spoiled children of Dame Fortune whom we, in the face of so many of hers who were well brought up, can easily forgive; the evils of the following and the present time are inbred, and have their basis in error and inconsequential casuistry!

It would truly be an unheard-of, and in terms of the accepted basic precepts of psychology, inexplicable phenomenon, if under the iron-like weight of despotism one's feeling of freedom did not in the end lose its elasticity; if through lack of cultivation and maintenance the richest piece of land did not become a wilderness and finally suffocate every sprout of any profitable crop; if, in the face of rights withdrawn and the possibility that these rights have been irrevocably lost, the remembrance of such rights and the feelings which correspond to them, as well as the belief in one's own self and individual worth, should not finally disappear. If the original rights of human beings are not preserved, respected and cultivated; if careful cultivation and maintenance of all the great and noble seeds planted in the soul of woman by Nature never come to pass — what can be expected in the end? A boat which leans too far toward any one side must tip over — and our own sex? What if it were subjected to the chemical processes of humid and dry analysis or to an ordeal by fire or water; if these Job's sufferings we inflict upon women were imposed upon us — what would have become of us? Would we still retain as much of the ingenuousness and originality as the other sex? Would not the man in us — not to speak of the human being — diminish to a far greater extent than it has among women?

What a magnificent example the other sex has set — not with pomp and ceremony at the time of death, like the Stoics and their arch-martyr Peregrinus Proteus; rather quite naturally, not merely by loving their enemies, but what is more, by forgiving their friends! That great tribute to the women, that they “possess all the weaknesses of humans and at the same time the contentment of a god,” that tribute is everywhere manifest in them.

But why should I hold back? As long as women have only *privileges* and not *rights*; as long as the state treats them as mere parasitic plants, which are indebted for their existence and worth as citizens only to that man with whom they have been united by fate, will not the woman fulfill only very incompletely (and the longer it takes, the more incompletely) that great calling of her nature: to be the wife of her husband, the mother of her children, and, by virtue of these noble designations, a member, a citizen — and not merely a denizen — of the state? Light burdens, borne long, grow heavy. But let us give them their rights back, and we will soon discover just what this sex truly is, and what it can become!

Why this criticism of the examples I have chosen? Why the reproach that there are so few exceptions? According to the plain truth of our philosophers, virtue, unlike the fine arts, cannot be imitated or fashioned according to examples, no matter how good they may be. It must flow from the first principle of self-legislation if it is to be pure and genuine. Only when the artist creates from within himself is there energy to be found in the soul; and what is the value of multiplicity without overall unity? Of fine individual features without ordering and clarifying principles?

The French princes who abandoned their country declared publicly that they wished to make their appeal to God, to the king and to their swords; three courts of judicature, and yet the good Lord had to be content with being the first — that is, in a legal sense the lowest. The other sex has but a single court of appeals: that of God. And everywhere, men! Men, for whom it is not the importance of the reasons which matters, but their plurality. And what kinds of reasons? *Raisons d'État*? But I am getting ahead of myself — yet who could hold me back? Truly, the laws of the state as they apply to women are almost more contradictory than a frivolous love affair! As much as they restrict the civil rights of women with respect to person and possessions because they pronounce them to be feeble and not sufficiently competent to perceive what lies in their own best interests, as much as they feel duty-bound to banish the entire sex to an everlasting guardianship, just as quickly does this feebleness cease to be feebleness as soon as there is talk of crime and punishment. Then both sexes are measured by one and the same standard, and in the church, in the courts of justice (one hopes, also in heaven) there exists no respect of persons between male and female — then they are of a single body and a single soul. All honor to the code of the deified Justinian which, with more coherence than our own lawmakers, did not allow women to be charged with crimes, and placed them above all punishment — even in face of the most flagrant transgression. In its opinion the woman was so good as to be useful for nothing, whereas with us she is at least acknowledged to be worthy of punishment — what an advantage!

With us the woman stands under the law; at that time she stood only under the rule of grace.

And indeed, none can deny that with us she has taken at least a step toward improvement even though her completion, a long way off yet, still possesses in our eyes the aura of a miracle. Yes, indeed — a miracle! There even exist those who would now gainsay the everlastingness of the punishments of hell; yet I predict this infernal riddle will finally be answered in our own epoch of unravelment in which a frigid philosophical outlook has already cooled off so many things — answered for us all by eternal consequences which in the final analysis will prove to be inseparable from any evil action. And the enslavement of the female sex remains a worm which dies not and a fire which is never quenched.

Justice! Thy blindfold has been removed, and yet thou seest not that, although all actions which have to do with the person and possessions of the other sex are invalid without legal support and remain therefore utterly without effect in civil matters, thy poor underage children are bound by all moral and civil laws to precisely the same extent as are the men! Not even in laws dealing with contraband is a question raised concerning the woman's trustee, and whether with regard to his person those things have been rendered unto Caesar which belong to Caesar. And yet a woman is only related to the state through the person of the man; only *he* is to pay homage to the state and to its laws. Is it any wonder if women observe the law the way a nun sings the Psalter? If they overlay the solemn regulations of the state with a veneer of the comical and take the liberty of making their own interpretations of these laws in cases where blind devotion is required? Has any group ever enjoyed being lionized more than we men; and has the point ever been made more clearly that smaller thieves are bound to be hanged, while bigger ones still run free? States which have arisen for the protection of human rights remove this protection from half their populace! But then it is only quite natural for the will to feel reluctant in situations where reason encounters so many vexing hindrances and stumbling blocks of aggravation. The sufferings of individual people (providing they themselves are not the cause of them) exert a perfecting effect, and nothing great ever came to fulfillment without such suffering. But suffering which has been inflicted upon a people not by Nature or fate, but in a purely arbitrary fashion, dampens any spirit; it enervates and enfeebles the noblest of peoples, so that there is no longer a place for them in heaven. What an everlasting pity that so much progress is being obstructed through this masculine cruelty! What inner strength the other sex must truly possess, inasmuch as it has so majestically resisted all these obstacles until now!

Nevertheless, it would be impossible for women to be what they are, and to maintain their present state, if they had not been subsidized by their own charms and the mutual inclination of each sex toward the other. Thus, up until now, Nature has never completely abandoned mankind, even if the latter has thanklessly turned its back on her! A certain happy state of affairs in which there is little to be desired — and precisely for this reason much to be feared — makes people unhappy: they aspire to nothing, their spirit loses its vitality,

and their mind the keenness of its intellect. Just as this happy-unhappy state of affairs turns out to be the fate of so many rulers, who, knowing their profession only from the standpoint of its grandeur and power, descend to the level of triviality and to the pursuit of matters secondary to the business of ruling, or even devote the major portion of their concern to affairs which have nothing to do with their office whatsoever, so also has this condition befallen, according to all appearances, the whole royal male sex in general. They seek to deal with danger more through evasion than courage and wisdom; they play more at being lord and master than they actually are; accustomed to acting capriciously, they no longer bother to reflect on the proper way to rule; born and raised to a position of leadership, they give no thought to earning this position; they neglect their person, since they have no incentive and are not even allowed to exert themselves in dignified competition within their own houses. The whole sex is collapsing, because it does not take the trouble to hold itself upright.

Let nobody say that men can bring about the birth of light in other men — tyrants are fainthearted, and wherever they are not permitted to give orders, they grovel. In truth, it is not only the women, but also *we* who have lost through this degradation of the other sex — and who the most? Is it a surprise, for example, when the female sex exchanges base coin for base coin, and when women repay the tyranny of their honorable husbands with lip service? Is it a wonder that each of them makes the life of the other bitter, and at the blessed departure of the honorable husband — may he rest in peace — the small winged spirits appropriately situated on the stately catafalque are the only ones who, unceasingly and to no purpose whatsoever, weep bitter tears of remorse with which they extinguish the last embers of the inverted funeral torches, while behind a cloak of respectability his widow plays her role masterfully, walking about in the gayest of spirits? In the beginning it was not like this.