

In throwing out junk books contributed to the NYTS Library, I came across a masochistic classic, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch von Lemberg's VENUS IN FURS (Sylvan Press/47), written in the mid-19th c. (he was born in 1836).

Just look at how his last page corresponds with Eliz. Janeway's goddess/slut thesis that most men can't relate to women as people but hit either over or under! And is it not wonderful how a great sick artist can be prescient: women, if they are to be men's "companions," must have "the same rights" and be men's "equal in education and work." It's all there, the whole ERA! And the only way to deliver men from being either "hammer or anvil," and women from being men's "slave or...despot."

SACHER-MASOCH

me, at the whip, and ended by smiling at myself and saying: The cure was cruel, but radical; but the main point is, I have been cured.

"And the moral of the story?" I said to Severin when I put the manuscript down on the table.

"That I was a donkey," he exclaimed without turning around, for he seemed to be embarrassed. "If only I had beaten her!"

"A curious remedy," I exclaimed, "which might answer with your peasant-women—"

"Oh, they are used to it," he replied eagerly, "but imagine the effect upon one of our delicate, nervous, hysterical ladies—"

"But the moral?"

"That woman, as nature has created her and as man is at present educating her, is his enemy. She can only be his slave or his despot, but never his companion. This she can become only when she has the same rights as he, and is his equal in education and work."

"At present we have only the choice of being hammer or anvil, and I was the kind of donkey who let a woman make a slave of him, do you understand?"

"The moral of the tale is this: whoever allows himself to be whipped, deserves to be whipped.

"The blows, as you see, have agreed with me; the roseate super-sensual mist has dissolved, and no one can ever make me believe again that these 'sacred apes of Benares'¹ or Plato's rooster² are the image of God."

¹ One of Schopenhauer's designations for women.

² Diogenes threw a plucked rooster into Plato's school and exclaimed: "Here you have Plato's human being."