

West." In conclusion, one may note too that the paintings in the Chinese style are not much thought of by the painter himself, since their average cost is less than \$137.

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§ Long Live "The Analects"!—by Ku 緞 (No. VI, P.1 82)

Some of our friends express the fear that "The Analects" may suffer an untimely death, because in their opinion, it is hard to keep on being humorous all the time. To these well-wishers (?), our answer is that they are mistaken. It has never been the aim of "The Analects" to be humorous; on the contrary, their only purpose is to tell the truth, the stark and often painful truth. To be intentionally humorous all the time, of course, is to be boresome and tiring, so too is the habit of always insisting on telling the truth. Between the two there is, however, this difference, namely, the supply of "truths" can never be exhausted. . . . In our opinion, one of the symptoms of China's sickness today is that truth-speakers are altogether too rare. Thus, we never call an unscrupulous politician an unscrupulous politician, instead we would call him "the prophet of the party and the nation" (黨國先進), we never call a selfish militarist a selfish militarist, instead, 'the hope of the people.' Similarly, we hail the idle sophisticates and diletantes as "the Illuminati," and the propagandists and self-promoters as "the Masters of the art world." Because of these people, therefore, China is fastly going to the dogs, but because of them also, "The Analects" will never run short of material for comment and ridicule.

Long live "The Analects"!  
Down with lies and shams!

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## CASSANDRA'S COLUMN

### Men Are So Wonderful!

I CAN hear Lin Yutang saying, There, you see, another proof—when he discovers that I have been fool enough to take seriously his sly remarks about WOMEN in the last Critic. So I shall try to mitigate the sting of his gratified laughter by admitting everything in advance, that some things he said were just, (some, mind you—) that some were absurd, that some were too facetious to notice (the lady getting on a high horse) and that some provoked me and got under my skin in precisely the way the gentleman with the big cigar hoped they would irritate every woman who read them.

He likes women as they are. I should like him to tell me, in words of one syllable, how they 'are.' Beneath their superficiality, they live a deeper life and are closer to the business of living than men, and Lin Yutang respects them for it. Hooray for our side. But this one word sticks in my craw. Their superficiality! If he immediaty spoke of their love for earrings and cake with pink frosting, it might have some bearing on the case, although the best biologists tell us that the earrings are part of the desire to please a man's eyes, which is a part of the deepest and most profound human instinct, ultimately the unconscious desire to perpetuate the race one of those superficial aspects I fancy. But he does not mention these trifles. Rather he speaks of women being responsible for their husbands getting to work on time, for children being sent to school and learning to read and write and behave like social beings. He speaks of customs, conventions, churches, respectability, architecture, etc., etc. All of these awe-inspiring words following his pronouncement that the little dears can do all of this in spite of their fundamental superficiality. I take off my hat. Even if he said all that of men, I should take off my hat.

I shall not try to be consistent for I am not clever enough and it is too boring to try, but from the point of view of one woman who has tried to make all her human relationships decent, honest and fair, I find that there is a great deal of claptrap being said in the world about the superficiality and inconsistency and hypocrisy and guile of women. Granted that a great many women are liars and flatterers and behave like nitwits and morons, I have come to the conclusion that they do it to please men, having discovered that most men are so vain that they cannot bear the person with whom they are constantly associated to pretend to be at least equal to themselves, and that, in order to survive with any amiability at all in their emotional relationships, women have put on the monkey business of being utter fools in order to get what they want out of life. This has always seemed to be to be the most revolting and abominable state of affairs, and if I were a man, and realized that the woman who was my wife or mistress 'played up' to me in order to get what she could out of me materially, I should feel so degraded and disgusted that I think I should retire to a monastery and spend the rest of my life counting beads.

Yet I have heard women again and again, discussing this very phase of relationships. I have listened, nauseated with shame to women telling a young bride how to start training her husband. She must remember at the start not to spoil him, because once a man gets the upper hand, the jig is up. She must scheme and contrive and cajole and maneuver to get what she wants, give in in little things but trick him into the big; weep and threaten, take to bed with the modern vapors, find out his failings and weaknesses and hold them up to him, or to the world if that works better, in fact resort to any cheap cunning in order to shame or blackmail him into giving in.

There are many relationships securely planted on ethical grounds, but it is not of them I speak. It is of the enormous group of women who, forced or encouraged by men, become quite immoral in their attitude toward their husbands because the men refuse to take the time or trouble or because they themselves do not feel the necessity of establishing a relationship built upon ethics instead of strategy.

If I were a man with intelligence, and saw that the woman living with me was constantly contriving to see how best he could take advantage of me, I should feel outraged and degraded. If the woman presumes that you see through her tricks and endure them, how little respect she must, have for you; if you do not see through her tricks, how contemptuously she must laugh at you. If one dismisses the element of true affection and devotion, then this kind of relationship is decent enough for those who like them that way, but if one presupposes that every human being in the world craves and needs the true affection and loyalty of at least one person in the entire world, then what farces most marriages are. I have wondered a thousand times how an intelligent and self respecting man can go on strutting about, puffed up with his sense of conquest when some sloe eyed female has first said, to quote Lin Yu Tang, "We entered the war because of the German atrocities against women and children." If I may append my own happy ending, she would then say, Oh you wonderful, brave, clever, handsome man, I think you are just too marvelous. If I don't get a new fur coat today I shall cry and cry and cry... In essence something like that only perhaps not quite so crude, at least the accompanying gestures would remove the sting.

So long as women are economically dependent on men, this condition will exist. So long as a man is fool enough to believe that a woman dependent on his pleasure for everything she eats, wears and enjoys can be utterly truthful and sincere and guileless in her relationship toward him, just so long will this inanity between the sexes continue. I defy the most brilliant psychologist living to find out where the minute line is drawn between totally pure affection and loyalty, affection and loyalty pure in the sense that it might exist between two friends neither of whom had anything to gain from the other except the joys of companionship, and the affection stimulated habitually through necessity to please. How many women would continue to live with the men they live with if they were not financially dependent on them? How many women I have heard say with bitterness and weariness that they will welcome the day when they are old and unattractive so that they may quit the farce of flattering a husband in order to

keep him from getting entangled with other women who may 'get more' out of him than they. And many men call this 'love'.

Lin Yutang uses the words instinct and logic. I firmly believe that every woman's instinct and logic could be directed by some man into sensible, ethical admirable ways of living. Au fond I believe there is little difference between men and women. The difference is so materially in their training. If men ceased demanding that their wives behave more or less like courtesans in order to get what they want, I believe the spectacle would end. If a man made as fair and decent a financial arrangement with his wife as he made with his business associates, the relationship would have a chance of starting on equitable terms. Moreover, a man would know once and for all if his wife loved him 'for himself' alone' or for what she hoped to get by pandering to his vanity or weaknesses, or for what she hoped to keep some other woman from getting from him. An ordinary healthy woman, I quite believe, would prefer in her relationships to have what is decently, justly and inevitably hers because she deserves it, and would thank god to be able to stop all the stupid nonsense of flattering and goggling her eyes at a man when she doesn't feel the least like it, in order to get things, admirable or silly things, that she wants.

As for the specific conversations Lin Yutang records having had with women about the world war I suggest that it was the women who protested violently against the war when it was first declared, but due to the hysterical propaganda arranged and promulgated by men, they fell in line eventually and howled along with the rest of the western world. But if ever men accepted stories without basis or verification it was during the late world war. And as for the atrocities stories, it was precisely those fantastic stories that got million of soldiers (men) into the allied armies.

Which reminds me of a story I heard years ago, of the late Lytton Strachey, who was one of the outstanding conscientious objectors to the war. He was, as I remember it, being questioned as to why he was a pacifist. His answers grave and thoughtful, were put in the very high, rather squeaky voice which his friends love to imitate.

"And what" said his judge, "would you do if an insane monster crashed into your garden, and howling like a demon rushed toward your wife with the intention of violating her. What, I ask would you do?"

"Well, said Strachey slyly, in his stocatto voice." I should simply try to get between them."

If problems can be solved in such a simple and practical way, I suggest that the next time Lin Yutang amuses himself by talking with women, he try out the game of seeing whether or not most women prefer to talk like morons, act like fools, and reason like children, or whether they do it because they have so little respect for men that they truly believe that only such undignified methods can possibly bear fruit.