



UNIVERSIDAD
**PABLO^D
OLAVIDE**
SEVILLA

WOMEN IN THE USA

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Pablo de

Mayo de 2019



WOMEN IN THE USA

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IMAGEN DE PORTADA
Eva Moreno

ISBN 978-84-16390-89-2

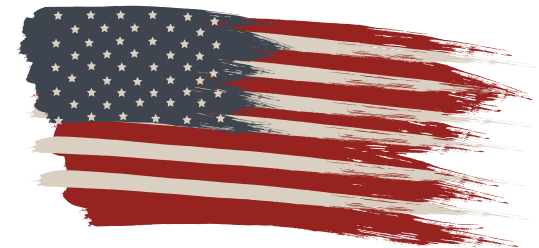
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WOMEN IN THE USA



Verónica Pacheco Costa

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*Reconocimiento especial a la colaboración de la alumna interna del
Departamento de Filología y Traducción María Remedios Campos
López sin la cual este proyecto no habría sido posible.*

*Special appreciation to the cooperation of the student of the
Philology and Translation Department María Remedios Campos
López, without whom this project would not have been possible.*

INTRODUCTION



Universities have a scientific duty to scrutinise the role played by women in history, culture, and society, correcting the partial and biased version presented by the history books written thus far from an androcentric rather than a complete human perspective. We must rewrite history in order to discover and analyse the alternative knowledge generated by subaltern groups, whose voice has been rescued by post-colonial studies and cultural history written “from the margins”. In this reconstruction, we must make visible all the agents that intervened in it, and who have been silenced, especially the half of its population made up of women. This involves discovering new ways of understanding the identity of American women, rejecting the characterisations and definitions proffered by the dominant androcentric culture, which is inevitably partial. This project responds to the need to provide a complete image of the United States at a time in which the cultural foundations of that country are being questioned from different fronts. American women actively contributed to the creation of a country from the outset, and to the production of an artistic and cultural legacy that should serve to improve understanding of its culture.

The primary objectives of the learning materials included in this work are as follows:

1. recovery of the symbolic feminine order and its relationships with the symbolic hegemonic order in the United States,
2. reconstruction in the social imagination of the backdrop to American women’s political, social and cultural legitimacy,
3. bestowing the right of American women to historic memory,

4. promotion of non-androcentric science, in which there is room for diversity and interdisciplinarity,
5. promotion of the gender perspective and its application to the historical-social knowledge of the United States,
6. recovery of all the aspects and elements that shape the identity of the United States and which must necessarily include American women.

Hence, these learning materials aim to achieve the following:

1. on the one hand, to raise the profile of certain American women, who are totally unknown among our students, and without whom the culture and society of the United States cannot be understood; and
2. on the other hand, to offer teachers and students on the subject of English Culture and Society (language B and C) teaching and learning materials to work on in class and practice what has been learned.

These learning materials are based on an interdisciplinary and transversal working method that encompasses different areas of knowledge: Social Sciences, through the recovery of history, the analysis and comparison of sources, the analysis of the entire space-time spectrum; Humanities and Literature, since we study literary texts written by American women as a way of understanding the culture and society of the United States, and not from the perspective of language and literary analysis. This proposal considers the notion of 'text' in its broadest sense, and takes into account other cultural manifestations that have transmitted a certain image of the United States in the work of its

female authors: painting, film, essay and political action, among others.

In order to generate these learning activities, this proposal uses concepts and tools taken from sociology, post-structuralism, and feminist pedagogy. Furthermore, this project is based on the method of following Paulo Freire and 'problematising situations', understanding that the collective conscience of American women must be impregnated with the study of the individual and social history of women, the experience of their struggles, aspirations, sufferings, defeats and conquests, which in the past they have not been able to appropriate as historic 'subjects', and consequently to give their own interpretation. This methodology turns into primary sources for the classroom materials that have been created in 'de-authorised textual spaces' and/or, at the same time, by historic subjects that are without prestige or authority; in other words, texts written by American women.

The creation and publication of these learning materials would not give rise to a classic textbook but rather a selection of 'texts' created by American women, followed by exercises based on these 'texts', and which will span from the first colonies in the USA up to the present day. The readings are varied: from literary texts to letters, essays, discourses and other 'texts'. Documents and films of particular relevance to this subject will also be shown. In relation to the reading or the relevant documents or films shown, exercises and activities will be developed for the students to complete in class.

Logically, these learning materials cannot possibly cover the majority of women who have played and continue to play a relevant role in American history and society; so this book should be seen as the first of many to come. The work of women has remained invisible for many years, and this first document aims to open the door for students and teachers so that eventually we can leave it permanently open

Feminist Pedagogy

The methodological foundation for these activities is, obviously, feminist pedagogy; in other words, the subversive action that questions notions of teaching and learning by means of a series of activities, strategies and approaches to the content, striving for social change as the primary goal. Based on the theories of bell hooks, feminist pedagogy not only works to reposition women in society, but also the way in which this teaching takes place is far removed from the hetero-patriarchal system that is dominant in the traditional classroom. Feminist pedagogy puts students in a position in which they are obliged to develop critical thinking, negotiation and decision-making skills. Feminist pedagogy empowers students and teachers through the decentralisation of authority in the classroom by means of the proactive participation of students in the construction of knowledge and meanings.

In accordance with these premises, the teaching and learning process is understood on the basis of the relationship between teacher and student in which both learn and feed back into one another. This model does not use the static patriarchal pyramid in which knowledge passes from the teacher to the students, but instead encourages students to develop critical thinking and analytical skills to deconstruct that conservative model of teaching. Feminist pedagogy takes Paulo Freire and bell hooks as its theoretical foundations, since both these figures are committed to transforming the relationship between teachers and students from the static position in which students are objects into a more dynamic relationship that turns students into an active subject of their own learning.

Hence, the classroom becomes empowered as a space in which to share personal experiences and develop the skills required to construct a foundation of knowledge that

is nourished by different sources. Power in the classroom is decentralised since teachers move away from their position of authority and allow students to become active subjects. The class becomes, therefore, a community of learners under equal conditions in which the teacher has to develop techniques that help students gain power over their knowledge by means of collaborative activities.

The activities proposed from the perspective of feminist pedagogy are as follows:

- 1.-group activities to investigate certain aspects and formulate questions to ask other groups,
- 2.-group activities to answer the questions formulated by other groups,
- 3.-individual responses to questions formulated within groups and which give rise to debates,
- 3.-writing of journals to reflect individually on certain aspects,
- 4.-writing of imaginary letters setting out the controversy of certain topics,
- 5.-role-plays and interviews within the groups or as a class,
- 6.-expanded think-pair-share,
- 7.-creation of a blog by each group over the course of the year that also encourages the participation of other groups.

The aim of this work is not to cover fully all the possible topics or types of activity. Firstly because it is impossible to cover everything that American women have done in the history of the United States. And secondly because, as explained previously, the students must propose activities in order to become active subjects in the teaching and learning process, and so not all the

activities should be set out in this document. In this regard, the fact that this work has been developed in collaboration with an internal student (Maria Remedios Campos) from the Department of Language and Translation has been very successful, since she has become an ambassador for the student collective and has been able to develop activities that she would like to do in the classroom.

The resulting activities of this project are focused on generating moments of discussion and interaction in the classroom in a collaborative and cooperative way, in which students are not the object but rather the subject. The proposed readings in the resulting learning materials generate questions for students to explore their meaning and ramifications, relating these with their own experiences and offering critical responses. For this reason, the way in which the learning material contained in this document is used is not predetermined by the editors, nor should it be by the teachers. The class as a whole must decide where to start, what to do and what not to do, and how to model the proposed activities so that they are as useful as possible to the whole class. We could say that this material is continually evolving and under constant construction, and that it will be created as it is used by the people involved in this task, jointly and collaboratively.

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COLONIAL TIMES

Exercise 1

Pre-task:

- 1.-How do you think life was for women in the 17th century in the colonies?
- 2.-Find information about the poet Anne Bradstreet (March 20, 1612 – September 16, 1672)

Activity: read the following poem

The Vanity Of All Worldly Things

As he said vanity, so vain say I,
Oh! Vanity, O vain all under sky;
Where is the man can say, "Lo, I have found
On brittle earth a consolation sound"?
What isn't in honor to be set on high?
No, they like beasts and sons of men shall die,
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate;
He's now a captive that was king of late.
What isn't in wealth great treasures to obtain?
No, that's but labor, anxious care, and pain.
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,
It's his today, but who's his heir tomorrow?
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find?
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.
The sensual senses for a time they pleasure,
Meanwhile the conscience rage, who shall appease?
What isn't in beauty? No that's but a snare,
They're foul enough today, that once were fair.
What is't in flow'ring youth, or manly age?
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.
Where is it then, in wisdom, learning, arts?
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;
Yet these the wisest man of men did find

But vanity, vexation of the mind.
 And he that know the most doth still bemoan
 He knows not all that here is to be known.
 What is it then? To do as stoics tell,
 Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well?
 Such stoics are but stocks, such teaching vain,
 While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.
 If not in honor, beauty, age, nor treasure,
 Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth, nor pleasure,
 Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search, or find
 That summum bonum which may stay my mind?
 There is a path no vulture's eye hath seen,
 Where lion fierce, nor lion's whelps have been,
 Which leads unto that living crystal fount,
 Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.
 The depth and sea have said " 'tis not in me,"
 With pearl and gold it shall not valued be.
 For sapphire, onyx, topaz who would change;
 It's hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.
 Death and destruction the fame hath heard,
 But where and what it is, from heaven's declared;
 It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay,
 It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.
 It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,
 And truly beautifies without deceit.
 Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,
 Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.
 This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,
 Who is possessed of shall reign a king.
 Nor change of state nor cares shall ever see,
 But wear his crown unto eternity.
 This satiates the soul, this stays the mind,
 And all the rest, but vanity we find.

Source:

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/anne-bradstreet>

Questions:

- 1.-Analyse the poem under the view of a puritan context.
- 2.- Carry out a research on how women life was in the colonial time and how they dealt with ordinary issues such as menstruation.
- 3.- Would Anne Bradstreet have achieved such popularity if she had been a lower-class woman? Discuss.
- 4.- Who or what do you think that could be responsible of these ideas in a woman? (society, parents, religion...)
- 5.- What are the main topics that Anne Bradstreet introduces in this poem?

Exercise 2

Activity

Read the following Salem Witch Trials Timeline: <https://www.thoughtco.com/salem-witch-trials-timeline-3530778>

Questions:

- 1.-Carry out a research on the origin of the accusations
- 2.-Explain the possible reasons behind the witchcraft accusations <https://www.thoughtco.com/mary-lacey-sr-jr-biography-3528119>
- 3.- Bearing in mind that much more women than men were accused, could the accusations have a misogynist origin? Discuss.

THE INDEPENDENCE WAR



Exercise 3

Pre-task:

- 1.- Find information about Abigail Adams (1744-1818)
- 2.- Did you ever hear about "the Founding Mothers"? What about the Founding Fathers? Why could be that so?

Activity

Abigail Adams wrote to her husband some letters from their home in Braintree, Massachusetts, on March 31, 1776:

Braintree March 31, 1776

I wish you would ever write me a Letter half as long as I write you; and tell me if you may where your Fleet are gone? What sort of Defence Virginia can make against our common Enemy? Whether it is so situated as to make an able Defence? Are not the Gentry Lords and the common people vassals, are they not like the uncivilized Natives Brittain represents us to be? I hope their Riffel Men who have shewen themselves very savage and even Blood thirsty; are not a specimen of the Generality of the people.

I [*illegible*] am willing to allow the Colony great meritt for having produced a Washington but they have been shamefully duped by a Dunmore.

I have sometimes been ready to think that the passion for Liberty cannot be Eaquelly Strong in the Breasts of those who have been accustomed to deprive their fellow Creatures of theirs. Of this I am certain that it is not founded upon that generous and christian principal of

doing to others as we would that others should do unto us.

Do not you want to see Boston; I am fearfull of the small pox, or I should have been in before this time. I got Mr. Crane to go to our House and see what state it was in. I find it has been occupied by one of the Doctors of a Regiment, very dirty, but no other damage has been done to it. The few things which were left in it are all gone. Cranch has the key which he never deliverd up. I have wrote to him for it and am determined to get it cleand as soon as possible and shut it up. I look upon it a new acquisition of property, a property which one month ago I did not value at a single Shilling, and could with pleasure have seen it in flames.

The Town in General is left in a better state than we expected, more oweing to a percipitate flight than any Regard to the inhabitants, tho some individuals discovered a sense of honour and justice and have left the rent of the Houses in which they were, for the owners and the furniture unhurt, or if damaged sufficent to make it good.

Others have committed abominable Ravages. The Mansion House of your President is safe and the furniture unhurt whilst both the House and Furniture of the Solisiter General have fallen a prey to their own merciless party. Surely the very Fiends feel a Reverential awe for Virtue and patriotism, whilst they Detest the paricide and traitor.

I feel very differently at the approach of spring to what I did a month ago. We knew not then whether we could plant or sow with safety, whether when we had toild we could reap the fruits of our own industery, whether we could rest in our own Cottages, or whether we should not be driven from the sea coasts to seek shelter in the

wilderness, but now we feel as if we might sit under our own vine and eat the good of the land.

I feel a gaieti de Coar to which before I was a stranger. I think the Sun looks brighter, the Birds sing more melodiously, and Nature puts on a more chearfull countenance. We feel a temporary peace, and the poor fugitives are returning to their deserted habitations.

Tho we felicitate ourselves, we sympathize with those who are trembling least the Lot of Boston should be theirs. But they cannot be in similar circumstances unless pusilanimity and cowardise should take possession of them. They have time and warning given them to see the Evil and shun it. -- I long to hear that you have declared an independency -- and by the way in the new Code of Laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make I desire you would Remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If perticular care and attention is not paid to the Laidies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, or Representation.

That your Sex are Naturally Tyrannical is a Truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute, but such of you as wish to be happy willingly give up the harsh title of Master for the more tender and endearing one of Friend. Why then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the Lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity. Men of Sense in all Ages abhor those customs which treat us only as the vassals of your Sex. Regard us then as Beings placed by providence under

your protection and in imitation of the Supream Being make use of that power only for our happiness.

April 5

Not having an opportunity of sending this I shall add a few lines more; tho not with a heart so gay. I have been attending the sick chamber of our Neighbour Trot whose affliction I most sensibly feel but cannot discribe, striped of two lovely children in one week. Gorge the Eldest died on wednesday and Billy the youngest on fryday, with the Canker fever, a terrible disorder so much like the thr[o]at distemper, that it differs but little from it. Betsy Cranch has been very bad, but upon the recovery. Becky Peck they do not expect will live out the day. Many grown person[s] are now sick with it, in this [street?] 5. It rages much in other Towns. The Mumps too are very frequent. Isaac is now confined with it. Our own little flock are yet well. My Heart trembles with anxiety for them. God preserve them.

I want to hear much oftener from you than I do. March 8 was the last date of any that I have yet had.—You inquire of whether I am making Salt peter. I have not yet attempted it, but after Soap making believe I shall make the experiment. I find as much as I can do to manufacture cloathing for my family which would else be Naked. I know of but one person in this part of the Town who has made any, that is Mr. Tertias Bass as he is calld who has got very near an hundred weight which has been found to be very good. I have heard of some others in the other parishes. Mr. Reed of Weymouth has been applied to, to go to Andover to the mills which are now at work, and has gone. I have lately seen a small Manuscrip de[s]

cribing the proportions for the various sorts of powder, fit for cannon, small arms and pistols. If it would be of any Service your way I will get it transcribed and send it to you.—Every one of your Friend[s] send their Regards, and all the little ones. Your Brothers youngest child lies bad with convulsion fitts. Adieu. I need not say how much I am Your ever faithfull Friend.

John Adams to Abigail Adams (in reply to her March 31 letter):

Ap. 14, 1776

As to your extraordinary Code of Laws, I cannot but laugh. We have been told that our Struggle has loosened the bands of Government every where. That Children and Apprentices were disobedient — that schools and Colledges were grown turbulent — that Indians slighted their Guardians and Negroes grew insolent to their Masters. But your Letter was the first Intimation that another Tribe more numerous and powerfull than all the rest were grown discontented. — This is rather too coarse a Compliment but you are so saucy, I wont blot it out.

Depend upon it, We know better than to repeal our Masculine systems. Altho they are in full Force, you know they are little more than Theory. We dare not exert our Power in its full Latitude. We are obliged to go fair, and softly, and in Practice you know We are the subjects. We have only the Name of Masters, and rather than give up this, which would compleatly subject Us to the Despotism of the Peticoat, I hope General Washington, and all our brave Heroes would fight. I am sure every good Politician would plot, as long as he would against Despotism, Empire, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Oligarchy,

or Ochlocracy. — A fine Story indeed. I begin to think the Ministry as deep as they are wicked. After stirring up Tories, Landjobbers, Trimmers, Bigots, Canadians, Indians, Negroes, Hanoverians, Hessians, Russians, Irish Roman Catholicks, Scotch Renegadoes, at last they have stimulated the to demand new Priviledges and threaten to rebell.

Letter from Abigail Adams to John Adams, 31 March – 5 April 1776 [electronic edition]. Adams Family Papers: An Electronic Archive. Massachusetts Historical Society.

Letter from John Adams to Abigail Adams, 14 April 1776 [electronic edition]. Adams Family Papers: An Electronic Archive. Massachusetts Historical Society.

<https://www.masshist.org/digitaladams/archive/doc?id=L17760331aa>

Source: <https://www.history.com/topics/first-ladies/abigail-adams>

Questions

1.- Find out information about the so-called “Founding Mothers”:

<https://www.thoughtco.com/who-were-the-founding-mothers-3530673>

<https://womensmuseum.wordpress.com/2016/05/04/8-founding-mothers-of-the-united-states/>

2.- Try to imagine yourself as a Founding Mother: in what aspects would you like to have influence on your husband?

3.- Analyse the letter by Abigail and the answer from her husband and the role of women and men in their context.

4.- Analyse the following sentence that Abigail wrote to her husband: “If perticular care and attention is not paid to the Laidies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which

we have no voice, or Representation.” What is she asking him to do? Which tone is she using to convey her message?

5.- Would a woman from the Colonial times speak up about political issues with her husband? Why/Why not?

Exercise 4

Activity

Take a look at the illustration of page 38 and try to guess who Deborah Sampson was.

Questions

Find out information about who Deborah Sampson was and answer the following questions:

1.- Why did she have to impersonate as a man?

2.- Find out more cases where a woman had to pretend to be a man to be able to achieve something.

3.- Find out information about how many women participated in the Independence War.



Source: illustration published in the Female Review (Herman Mann), circa 1797.

18TH CENTURY

Exercise 5

Pre-task

1.- Do you think that female slaves were treated the same way as male slaves? What differences do you think there could be?

In April 2016, the U.S. Treasury Department announced that Harriet Tubman (1820-1913) would replace Andrew Jackson on the center of a new \$20 bill. The announcement came after the Treasury Department received a groundswell of public comments, following Women on 20s' campaign calling for a notable American woman to appear on U.S. currency.

Activity

Find out more information about Harriet Tubman.

Questions

- 1.- Explain how she managed to help the slaves to escape.
- 2.-Debate on why there are no women on the US bank notes.
- 3.-Provide with more examples of women who should be on bank notes in other countries.

Exercise 6

Activity

Read the following information:

<https://newsmaven.io/indiancountrytoday/archive/3-historical-native-american-women-you-might-not-know-but-should-P3L-GaDkmUaN75xeypdUjw/>
<http://indians.org/articles/native-american-women.html>

Questions

1.- Compare the life of native american women with black women and white women in 18th century in the USA in the following aspects:

- land
- religión
- power
- freedom

2.- Compare their role with men's role.

Exercise 7

Pre-task

1.- When do you think that a literary work by a black female author was first published in America?

2.- Do you think it was published before or after a white female author's work? Why?

Activity

Read the following poem written by Philis Wheatly.

On Being Brought from Africa to America

"Twas mercy brought me from my *Pagan* land,
 Taught my benighted soul to understand
 That there's a God, that there's a *Saviour* too:
 Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
 Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
 "Their colour is a diabolic die."

Remember, *Christians*, *Negros*, black as *Cain*,

May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

Source:

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45465/on-being-brought-from-africa-to-america>

Questions

1.- Find out information about Philis Wheatly: Where did she come from? What did she do when she first arrived to America? Was she a slave? What did she become after?
 2.- Analyse the poem: Which message is she trying to convey? What is she defending?

3.- Why did she mark a turning point on American Negro's people acknowledgement? Check her volume *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (1773).

4.- Discuss the multiple adversities that Philis Wheatly had to overcome and why it might have been even more difficult for her, because of:

- Her race
- Her gender
- Her social status.

CIVIL WAR

Exercise 8

Activity

Read the following information about the role of US women in the Civil War: <https://www.history.com/topics/american-civil-war/women-in-the-civil-war>

Questions

- 1.-Analyse the roles of women in the Union with the roles of women in the Confederacy.
- 2.- How were gender expectations in both regions riven with assumptions about race and class, what of this survived the war, and how was gender recast in the aftermath of emancipation?
- 3.-Carry out a research about the roles of women on the battlefield. Name important women.

TURN OF THE CENTURY



Exercise 9

Activity

Read the following short story written by Edith Wharton (1862-1937)

The Reckoning

"The marriage law of the new dispensation will be: THOU SHALT NOT BE UNFAITHFUL -- TO THYSELF."

A discreet murmur of approval filled the studio, and through the haze of cigarette smoke Mrs. Clement Westall, as her husband descended from his improvised platform, saw him merged in a congratulatory group of ladies. Westall's informal talks on "The New Ethics" had drawn about him an eager following of the mentally unemployed -- those who, as he had once phrased it, liked to have their brain-food cut up for them. The talks had begun by accident. Westall's ideas were known to be "advanced," but hitherto their advance had not been in the direction of publicity. He had been, in his wife's opinion, almost pusillanimously careful not to let his personal views endanger his professional standing. Of late, however, he had shown a puzzling tendency to dogmatize, to throw down the gauntlet, to flaunt his private code in the face of society; and the relation of the sexes being a topic always sure of an audience, a few admiring friends had persuaded him to give his after-dinner opinions a larger circulation by summing them up in a series of talks at the Van Sideren studio.

The Herbert Van Siderens were a couple who subsisted, socially, on the fact that they had a studio. Van Sideren's pictures were chiefly valuable as accessories to the mise en scene which differentiated his wife's "afternoons" from the blighting functions held in long New York drawing-rooms, and permitted her to offer their friends whiskey-and-soda instead of tea. Mrs. Van Sideren, for her part, was skilled in making the most of the kind of atmosphere which a lay-figure and an easel create; and if at times she found the illusion hard to maintain, and lost courage to the extent of almost wishing that Herbert could paint, she promptly overcame such moments of weakness by calling in some fresh talent, some extraneous re-enforcement of the "artistic" impression. It was in quest of such aid that she had seized on Westall, coaxing him, somewhat to his wife's surprise, into a flattered participation in her fraud. It was vaguely felt, in the Van Sideren circle, that all the audacities were artistic, and that a teacher who pronounced marriage immoral was somehow as distinguished as a painter who depicted purple grass and a green sky. The Van Sideren set were tired of the conventional color-scheme in art and conduct.

Julia Westall had long had her own views on the immorality of marriage; she might indeed have claimed her husband as a disciple. In the early days of their union she had secretly resented his disinclination to proclaim himself a follower of the new creed; had been inclined to tax him with moral cowardice, with a failure to live up to the convictions for which their marriage was supposed to stand. That was in the first burst of propagandism, when, womanlike, she wanted to turn her disobedience into a law. Now she felt differently. She could hardly account for the change, yet being a woman who never allowed

her impulses to remain unaccounted for, she tried to do so by saying that she did not care to have the articles of her faith misinterpreted by the vulgar. In this connection, she was beginning to think that almost every one was vulgar; certainly there were few to whom she would have cared to intrust the defence of so esoteric a doctrine. And it was precisely at this point that Westall, discarding his unspoken principles, had chosen to descend from the heights of privacy, and stand hawking his convictions at the street-corner!

It was Una Van Sideren who, on this occasion, unconsciously focussed upon herself Mrs. Westall's wandering resentment. In the first place, the girl had no business to be there. It was "horrid" -- Mrs. Westall found herself slipping back into the old feminine vocabulary -- simply "horrid" to think of a young girl's being allowed to listen to such talk. The fact that Una smoked cigarettes and sipped an occasional cocktail did not in the least tarnish a certain radiant innocence which made her appear the victim, rather than the accomplice, of her parents' vulgarities. Julia Westall felt in a hot helpless way that something ought to be done -- that some one ought to speak to the girl's mother. And just then Una glided up.

«Oh, Mrs. Westall, how beautiful it was!" Una fixed her with large limpid eyes. "You believe it all, I suppose?" she asked with seraphic gravity.

«All -- what, my dear child?»

The girl shone on her. "About the higher life -- the freer expansion of the individual -- the law of fidelity to one's self," she glibly recited.

Mrs. Westall, to her own wonder, blushed a deep and burning blush.

«My dear Una,» she said, «you don't in the least understand what it's all about!»

Miss Van Sideren stared, with a slowly answering blush. "Don't *you*, then?" she murmured.

Mrs. Westall laughed. "Not always -- or altogether! But I should like some tea, please."

Una led her to the corner where innocent beverages were dispensed. As Julia received her cup she scrutinized the girl more carefully. It was not such a girlish face, after all-definite lines were forming under the rosy haze of youth. She reflected that Una must be six-and-twenty, and wondered why she had not married. A nice stock of ideas she would have as her dower! If *they* were to be a part of the modern girl's trousseau --

Mrs. Westall caught herself up with a start. It was as though some one else had been speaking -- a stranger who had borrowed her own voice: she felt herself the dupe of some fantastic mental ventriloquism. Concluding suddenly that the room was stifling and Una's tea too sweet, she set down her cup, and looked about for Westall: to meet his eyes had long been her refuge from every uncertainty. She met them now, but only, as she felt, in transit; they included her parenthetically in a larger flight. She followed the flight, and it carried her to a corner to which Una had withdrawn -- one of the palmy nooks to which Mrs. Van Sideren attributed the success of her Saturdays. Westall, a moment later, had overtaken his look, and found a place at the girl's side. She bent forward, speaking eagerly; he leaned back, listening, with the depreciatory smile which acted as a filter to flattery, enabling him to swallow the strongest doses without

apparent grossness of appetite. Julia winced at her own definition of the smile.

On the way home, in the deserted winter dusk, Westall surprised his wife by a sudden boyish pressure of her arm. "Did I open their eyes a bit? Did I tell them what you wanted me to?" he asked gaily.

Almost unconsciously, she let her arm slip from his. «What I wanted -- ?»

«Why, haven't you -- all this time?» She caught the honest wonder of his tone. «I somehow fancied you'd rather blamed me for not talking more openly -- before -- You've made me feel, at times, that I was sacrificing principles to expediency.»

She paused a moment over her reply; then she asked quietly: «What made you decide not to -- any longer?»

She felt again the vibration of a faint surprise. «Why -- the wish to please you!» he answered, almost too simply.

«I wish you would not go on, then,» she said abruptly.

He stopped in his quick walk, and she felt his stare through the darkness.

«Not go on -- ?»

«Call a hansom, please. I'm tired,» broke from her with a sudden rush of physical weariness.

Instantly his solicitude enveloped her. The room had been infernally hot -- and then that confounded cigarette smoke -- he had noticed once or twice that she looked pale -- she mustn't come to another Saturday. She felt herself yielding, as she always did, to the warm influence of his concern for her, the feminine in her leaning on the man in him with a conscious intensity of abandonment. He

put her in the hansom, and her hand stole into his in the darkness. A tear or two rose, and she let them fall. It was so delicious to cry over imaginary troubles!

That evening, after dinner, he surprised her by reverting to the subject of his talk. He combined a man's dislike of uncomfortable questions with an almost feminine skill in eluding them; and she knew that if he returned to the subject he must have some special reason for doing so.

«You seem not to have cared for what I said this afternoon. Did I put the case badly?»

«No -- you put it very well.»

«Then what did you mean by saying that you would rather not have me go on with it?»

She glanced at him nervously, her ignorance of his intention deepening her sense of helplessness.

«I don't think I care to hear such things discussed in public.»

«I don't understand you,» he exclaimed. Again the feeling that his surprise was genuine gave an air of obliquity to her own attitude. She was not sure that she understood herself.

«Won't you explain?» he said with a tinge of impatience. Her eyes wandered about the familiar drawing-room which had been the scene of so many of their evening confidences. The shaded lamps, the quiet-colored walls hung with mezzotints, the pale spring flowers scattered here and there in Venice glasses and bowls of old Sevres, recalled, she hardly knew why, the apartment in which the evenings of her first marriage had been passed -- a wilderness of rosewood and upholstery, with a picture

of a Roman peasant above the mantel-piece, and a Greek slave in "statuary marble" between the folding-doors of the back drawing-room. It was a room with which she had never been able to establish any closer relation than that between a traveller and a railway station; and now, as she looked about at the surroundings which stood for her deepest affinities -- the room for which she had left that other room -- she was startled by the same sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity. The prints, the flowers, the subdued tones of the old porcelains, seemed to typify a superficial refinement that had no relation to the deeper significances of life.

Suddenly she heard her husband repeating his question.

«I don't know that I can explain,» she faltered.

He drew his arm-chair forward so that he faced her across the hearth. The light of a reading-lamp fell on his finely drawn face, which had a kind of surface-sensitiveness akin to the surface-refinement of its setting.

"Is it that you no longer believe in our ideas?" he asked.

«In our ideas -- ?»

«The ideas I am trying to teach. The ideas you and I are supposed to stand for.» He paused a moment. «The ideas on which our marriage was founded.»

The blood rushed to her face. He had his reasons, then -- she was sure now that he had his reasons! In the ten years of their marriage, how often had either of them stopped to consider the ideas on which it was founded? How often does a man dig about the basement of his house to examine its foundation? The foundation is there, of course -- the house rests on it -- but one lives abovestairs and not in the cellar. It was she, indeed, who in the beginning

had insisted on reviewing the situation now and then, on recapitulating the reasons which justified her course, on proclaiming, from time to time, her adherence to the religion of personal independence; but she had long ceased to feel the need of any such ideal standards, and had accepted her marriage as frankly and naturally as though it had been based on the primitive needs of the heart, and needed no special sanction to explain or justify it.

«Of course I still believe in our ideas!» she exclaimed.

«Then I repeat that I don't understand. It was a part of your theory that the greatest possible publicity should be given to our view of marriage. Have you changed your mind in that respect?»

She hesitated. «It depends on circumstances -- on the public one is addressing. The set of people that the Van Siderens get about them don't care for the truth or falseness of a doctrine. They are attracted simply by its novelty.»

«And yet it was in just such a set of people that you and I met, and learned the truth from each other.»

«That was different.»

«In what way?»

«I was not a young girl, to begin with. It is perfectly unfitting that young girls should be present at -- at such times-should hear such things discussed --»

«I thought you considered it one of the deepest social wrongs that such things never *are* discussed before young girls; but that is beside the point, for I don't remember seeing any young girl in my audience to-day --»

«Except Una Van Sideren!»

He turned slightly and pushed back the lamp at his elbow.

«Oh, Miss Van Sideren -- naturally --»

«Why naturally?»

«The daughter of the house -- would you have had her sent out with her governess?»

«If I had a daughter I should not allow such things to go on in my house!»

Westall, stroking his mustache, leaned back with a faint smile. «I fancy Miss Van Sideren is quite capable of taking care of herself.»

«No girl knows how to take care of herself -- till it's too late.»

«And yet you would deliberately deny her the surest means of self-defence?»

«What do you call the surest means of self-defence?»

«Some preliminary knowledge of human nature in its relation to the marriage tie.»

She made an impatient gesture. «How should you like to marry that kind of a girl?»

«Immensely -- if she were my kind of girl in other respects.»

She took up the argument at another point.

«You are quite mistaken if you think such talk does not affect young girls. Una was in a state of the most absurd exaltation --» She broke off, wondering why she had spoken.

Westall reopened a magazine which he had laid aside at the beginning of their discussion. "What you tell me is immensely flattering to my oratorical talent -- but I fear you overrate its effect. I can assure you that Miss Van Sideren doesn't have to have her thinking done for her. She's quite capable of doing it herself."

«You seem very familiar with her mental processes!» flashed unguardedly from his wife.

He looked up quietly from the pages he was cutting.

«I should like to be,» he answered. "She interests me."

II

If there be a distinction in being misunderstood, it was one denied to Julia Westall when she left her first husband. Every one was ready to excuse and even to defend her. The world she adorned agreed that John Arment was "impossible," and hostesses gave a sigh of relief at the thought that it would no longer be necessary to ask him to dine.

There had been no scandal connected with the divorce: neither side had accused the other of the offence euphemistically described as «statutory.» The Arments had indeed been obliged to transfer their allegiance to a State which recognized desertion as a cause for divorce, and construed the term so liberally that the seeds of desertion were shown to exist in every union. Even Mrs. Arment's second marriage did not make traditional morality stir in its sleep. It was known that she had not met her second husband till after she had parted from the

first, and she had, moreover, replaced a rich man by a poor one. Though Clement Westall was acknowledged to be a rising lawyer, it was generally felt that his fortunes would not rise as rapidly as his reputation. The Westalls would probably always have to live quietly and go out to dinner in cabs. Could there be better evidence of Mrs. Arment's complete disinterestedness?

If the reasoning by which her friends justified her course was somewhat cruder and less complex than her own elucidation of the matter, both explanations led to the same conclusion: John Arment was impossible. The only difference was that, to his wife, his impossibility was something deeper than a social disqualification. She had once said, in ironical defence of her marriage, that it had at least preserved her from the necessity of sitting next to him at dinner; but she had not then realized at what cost the immunity was purchased. John Arment was impossible; but the sting of his impossibility lay in the fact that he made it impossible for those about him to be other than himself. By an unconscious process of elimination he had excluded from the world everything of which he did not feel a personal need: had become, as it were, a climate in which only his own requirements survived. This might seem to imply a deliberate selfishness; but there was nothing deliberate about Arment. He was as instinctive as an animal or a child. It was this childish element in his nature which sometimes for a moment unsettled his wife's estimate of him. Was it possible that he was simply undeveloped, that he had delayed, somewhat longer than is usual, the laborious process of growing up? He had the kind of sporadic shrewdness which causes it to be said of a dull man that he is "no fool"; and it was this quality that his wife found most trying. Even to the naturalist it

is annoying to have his deductions disturbed by some unforeseen aberrancy of form or function; and how much more so to the wife whose estimate of herself is inevitably bound up with her judgment of her husband!

Arment's shrewdness did not, indeed, imply any latent intellectual power; it suggested, rather, potentialities of feeling, of suffering, perhaps, in a blind rudimentary way, on which Julia's sensibilities naturally declined to linger. She so fully understood her own reasons for leaving him that she disliked to think they were not as comprehensible to her husband. She was haunted, in her analytic moments, by the look of perplexity, too inarticulate for words, with which he had acquiesced to her explanations.

These moments were rare with her, however. Her marriage had been too concrete a misery to be surveyed philosophically. If she had been unhappy for complex reasons, the unhappiness was as real as though it had been uncomplicated. Soul is more bruisable than flesh, and Julia was wounded in every fibre of her spirit. Her husband's personality seemed to be closing gradually in on her, obscuring the sky and cutting off the air, till she felt herself shut up among the decaying bodies of her starved hopes. A sense of having been decoyed by some world-old conspiracy into this bondage of body and soul filled her with despair. If marriage was the slow life-long acquittal of a debt contracted in ignorance, then marriage was a crime against human nature. She, for one, would have no share in maintaining the pretence of which she had been a victim: the pretence that a man and a woman, forced into the narrowest of personal relations, must remain there till the end, though they may have outgrown the span of each other's natures as the mature tree outgrows the iron brace about the sapling.

It was in the first heat of her moral indignation that she had met Clement Westall. She had seen at once that he was "interested," and had fought off the discovery, dreading any influence that should draw her back into the bondage of conventional relations. To ward off the peril she had, with an almost crude precipitancy, revealed her opinions to him. To her surprise, she found that he shared them. She was attracted by the frankness of a suitor who, while pressing his suit, admitted that he did not believe in marriage. Her worst audacities did not seem to surprise him: he had thought out all that she had felt, and they had reached the same conclusion. People grew at varying rates, and the yoke that was an easy fit for the one might soon become galling to the other. That was what divorce was for: the readjustment of personal relations. As soon as their necessarily transitive nature was recognized they would gain in dignity as well as in harmony. There would be no farther need of the ignoble concessions and connivances, the perpetual sacrifice of personal delicacy and moral pride, by means of which imperfect marriages were now held together. Each partner to the contract would be on his mettle, forced to live up to the highest standard of self-development, on pain of losing the other's respect and affection. The low nature could no longer drag the higher down, but must struggle to rise, or remain alone on its inferior level. The only necessary condition to a harmonious marriage was a frank recognition of this truth, and a solemn agreement between the contracting parties to keep faith with themselves, and not to live together for a moment after complete accord had ceased to exist between them. The new adultery was unfaithfulness to self.

It was, as Westall had just reminded her, on this understanding that they had married. The ceremony was an unimportant concession to social prejudice: now that the door of divorce stood open, no marriage need be an imprisonment, and the contract therefore no longer involved any diminution of self-respect. The nature of their attachment placed them so far beyond the reach of such contingencies that it was easy to discuss them with an open mind; and Julia's sense of security made her dwell with a tender insistence on Westall's promise to claim his release when he should cease to love her. The exchange of these vows seemed to make them, in a sense, champions of the new law, pioneers in the forbidden realm of individual freedom: they felt that they had somehow achieved beatitude without martyrdom.

This, as Julia now reviewed the past, she perceived to have been her theoretical attitude toward marriage. It was unconsciously, insidiously, that her ten years of happiness with Westall had developed another conception of the tie; a reversion, rather, to the old instinct of passionate dependency and possessorship that now made her blood revolt at the mere hint of change. Change? Renewal? Was that what they had called it, in their foolish jargon? Destruction, extermination rather -- this rending of a myriad fibres interwoven with another's being! Another? But he was not other! He and she were one, one in the mystic sense which alone gave marriage its significance. The new law was not for them, but for the disunited creatures forced into a mockery of union. The gospel she had felt called on to proclaim had no bearing on her own case. . . . She sent for the doctor and told him she was sure she needed a nerve tonic.

She took the nerve tonic diligently, but it failed to act as a sedative to her fears. She did not know what she feared; but that made her anxiety the more pervasive. Her husband had not reverted to the subject of his Saturday talks. He was unusually kind and considerate, with a softening of his quick manner, a touch of shyness in his consideration, that sickened her with new fears. She told herself that it was because she looked badly--because he knew about the doctor and the nerve tonic -- that he showed this deference to her wishes, this eagerness to screen her from moral draughts; but the explanation simply cleared the way for fresh inferences.

The week passed slowly, vacantly, like a prolonged Sunday. On Saturday the morning post brought a note from Mrs. Van Sideren. Would dear Julia ask Mr. Westall to come half an hour earlier than usual, as there was to be some music after his "talk"? Westall was just leaving for his office when his wife read the note. She opened the drawing-room door and called him back to deliver the message.

He glanced at the note and tossed it aside. «What a bore! I shall have to cut my game of racquets. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Will you write and say it's all right?»

Julia hesitated a moment, her hand stiffening on the chair-back against which she leaned.

«You mean to go on with these talks?» she asked.

«I -- why not?» he returned; and this time it struck her that his surprise was not quite unfeigned. The discovery helped her to find words.

«You said you had started them with the idea of pleasing me --»

«Well?»

«I told you last week that they didn't please me.»

«Last week? Oh --» He seemed to make an effort of memory. «I thought you were nervous then; you sent for the doctor the next day.»

«It was not the doctor I needed; it was your assurance --»

«My assurance?»

Suddenly she felt the floor fail under her. She sank into the chair with a choking throat, her words, her reasons slipping away from her like straws down a whirling flood.

«Clement,» she cried, «isn't it enough for you to know that I hate it?»

He turned to close the door behind them; then he walked toward her and sat down. «What is it that you hate?» he asked gently.

She had made a desperate effort to rally her routed argument.

«I can't bear to have you speak as if -- as if -- our marriage -- were like the other kind -- the wrong kind. When I heard you there, the other afternoon, before all those inquisitive gossiping people, proclaiming that husbands and wives had a right to leave each other whenever they were tired -- or had seen some one else --»

Westall sat motionless, his eyes fixed on a pattern of the carpet.

«You *have* ceased to take this view, then?» he said as she broke off. «You no longer believe that husbands and wives *are* justified in separating -- under such conditions?»

«Under such conditions?» she stammered. «Yes -- I still believe that -- but how can we judge for others? What can we know of the circumstances -- ?»

He interrupted her. «I thought it was a fundamental article of our creed that the special circumstances produced by marriage were not to interfere with the full assertion of individual liberty.» He paused a moment. «I thought that was your reason for leaving Arment.»

She flushed to the forehead. It was not like him to give a personal turn to the argument.

«It was my reason,» she said simply.

«Well, then -- why do you refuse to recognize its validity now?»

«I don't -- I don't -- I only say that one can't judge for others.»

He made an impatient movement. «This is mere hair-splitting. What you mean is that, the doctrine having served your purpose when you needed it, you now repudiate it.»

«Well,» she exclaimed, flushing again, «what if I do? What does it matter to us?»

Westall rose from his chair. He was excessively pale, and stood before his wife with something of the formality of a stranger.

«It matters to me,» he said in a low voice, «because I do *not* repudiate it.»

«Well -- ?»

«And because I had intended to invoke it as» --

He paused and drew his breath deeply. She sat silent, almost deafened by her heart-beats.

--»as a complete justification of the course I am about to take.»

Julia remained motionless. «What course is that?» she asked.

He cleared his throat. «I mean to claim the fulfilment of your promise.»

For an instant the room wavered and darkened; then she recovered a torturing acuteness of vision. Every detail of her surroundings pressed upon her: the tick of the clock, the slant of sunlight on the wall, the hardness of the chair-arms that she grasped, were a separate wound to each sense.

«My promise --» she faltered.

«Your part of our mutual agreement to set each other free if one or the other should wish to be released.»

She was silent again. He waited a moment, shifting his position nervously; then he said, with a touch of irritability: «You acknowledge the agreement?»

The question went through her like a shock. She lifted her head to it proudly. «I acknowledge the agreement,» she said.

«And -- you don't mean to repudiate it?»

A log on the hearth fell forward, and mechanically he advanced and pushed it back.

«No,» she answered slowly, «I don't mean to repudiate it.»

There was a pause. He remained near the hearth, his elbow resting on the mantel-shelf. Close to his hand stood a little cup of jade that he had given her on one of their wedding anniversaries. She wondered vaguely if he noticed it.

«You intend to leave me, then?» she said at length.

His gesture seemed to deprecate the crudeness of the allusion.

«To marry some one else?»

Again his eye and hand protested. She rose and stood before him.

«Why should you be afraid to tell me? Is it Una Van Sideren?»

He was silent.

«I wish you good luck,» she said.

III

She looked up, finding herself alone. She did not remember when or how he had left the room, or how long afterward she had sat there. The fire still smouldered on the hearth, but the slant of sunlight had left the wall.

Her first conscious thought was that she had not broken her word, that she had fulfilled the very letter of their bargain. There had been no crying out, no vain appeal to the past, no attempt at temporizing or evasion. She had marched straight up to the guns.

Now that it was over, she sickened to find herself alive. She looked about her, trying to recover her hold on reality. Her identity seemed to be slipping from her, as it disappears in a physical swoon. «This is my room -- this is my house,» she heard herself saying. Her room? Her house? She could almost hear the walls laugh back at her.

She stood up, a dull ache in every bone. The silence of the room frightened her. She remembered, now, having heard the front door close a long time ago: the sound suddenly re-echoed through her brain. Her husband must have left the house, then -- her *husband*? She no longer knew in what terms to think: the simplest phrases had a poisoned edge. She sank back into her chair, overcome by a strange weakness. The clock struck ten -- it was only ten o'clock! Suddenly she remembered that she had not ordered dinner . . . or were they dining out that evening? *Dinner -- Dining Out* -- the old meaningless phraseology pursued her! She must try to think of herself as she would think of some one else, a some one dissociated from all the familiar routine of the past, whose wants and habits must gradually be learned, as one might spy out the ways of a strange animal. . .

The clock struck another hour -- eleven. She stood up again and walked to the door: she thought she would go up stairs to her room. *Her* room? Again the word derided her. She opened the door, crossed the narrow hall, and walked up the stairs. As she passed, she noticed Westall's sticks and umbrellas: a pair of his gloves lay on the hall table. The same stair-carpet mounted between the same walls; the same old French print, in its narrow black frame, faced her on the landing. This visual continuity was intolerable. Within, a gaping chasm; without, the same untroubled and familiar surface. She must get away from it before

she could attempt to think. But, once in her room, she sat down on the lounge, a stupor creeping over her. . .

Gradually her vision cleared. A great deal had happened in the interval -- a wild marching and countermarching of emotions, arguments, ideas -- a fury of insurgent impulses that fell back spent upon themselves. She had tried, at first, to rally, to organize these chaotic forces. There must be help somewhere, if only she could master the inner tumult. Life could not be broken off short like this, for a whim, a fancy; the law itself would side with her, would defend her. The law? What claim had she upon it? She was the prisoner of her own choice: she had been her own legislator, and she was the predestined victim of the code she had devised. But this was grotesque, intolerable -- a mad mistake, for which she could not be held accountable! The law she had despised was still there, might still be invoked . . . invoked, but to what end? Could she ask it to chain Westall to her side? SHE had been allowed to go free when she claimed her freedom -- should she show less magnanimity than she had exacted? Magnanimity? The word lashed her with its irony -- one does not strike an attitude when one is fighting for life! She would threaten, grovel, cajole . . . she would yield anything to keep her hold on happiness. Ah, but the difficulty lay deeper! The law could not help her -- her own apostasy could not help her. She was the victim of the theories she renounced. It was as though some giant machine of her own making had caught her up in its wheels and was grinding her to atoms. . .

It was afternoon when she found herself out-of-doors. She walked with an aimless haste, fearing to meet familiar faces. The day was radiant, metallic: one of those searching American days so calculated to reveal the shortcomings of

our street-cleaning and the excesses of our architecture. The streets looked bare and hideous; everything stared and glittered. She called a passing hansom, and gave Mrs. Van Sideren's address. She did not know what had led up to the act; but she found herself suddenly resolved to speak, to cry out a warning, it was too late to save herself -- but the girl might still be told. The hansom rattled up Fifth Avenue; she sat with her eyes fixed, avoiding recognition. At the Van Siderens' door she sprang out and rang the bell. Action had cleared her brain, and she felt calm and selfpossessed. She knew now exactly what she meant to say.

The ladies were both out . . . the parlor-maid stood waiting for a card. Julia, with a vague murmur, turned away from the door and lingered a moment on the sidewalk. Then she remembered that she had not paid the cab-driver. She drew a dollar from her purse and handed it to him. He touched his hat and drove off, leaving her alone in the long empty street. She wandered away westward, toward strange thoroughfares, where she was not likely to meet acquaintances. The feeling of aimlessness had returned. Once she found herself in the afternoon torrent of Broadway, swept past tawdry shops and flaming theatrical posters, with a succession of meaningless faces gliding by in the opposite direction. . .

A feeling of faintness reminded her that she had not eaten since morning. She turned into a side street of shabby houses, with rows of ash-barrels behind bent area railings. In a basement window she saw the sign LADIES' RESTAURANT: a pie and a dish of doughnuts lay against the dusty pane like petrified food in an ethnological museum. She entered, and a young woman with a weak mouth and a brazen eye cleared a table for her near the

window. The table was covered with a red and white cotton cloth and adorned with a bunch of celery in a thick tumbler and a saltcellar full of grayish lumpy salt. Julia ordered tea, and sat a long time waiting for it. She was glad to be away from the noise and confusion of the streets. The low-ceilinged room was empty, and two or three waitresses with thin pert faces lounged in the background staring at her and whispering together. At last the tea was brought in a discolored metal teapot. Julia poured a cup and drank it hastily. It was black and bitter, but it flowed through her veins like an elixir. She was almost dizzy with exhilaration. Oh, how tired, how unutterably tired she had been!

She drank a second cup, blacker and bitterer, and now her mind was once more working clearly. She felt as vigorous, as decisive, as when she had stood on the Van Siderens' door-step-but the wish to return there had subsided. She saw now the futility of such an attempt -- the humiliation to which it might have exposed her. . . The pity of it was that she did not know what to do next. The short winter day was fading, and she realized that she could not remain much longer in the restaurant without attracting notice. She paid for her tea and went out into the street. The lamps were alight, and here and there a basement shop cast an oblong of gas-light across the fissured pavement. In the dusk there was something sinister about the aspect of the street, and she hastened back toward Fifth Avenue. She was not used to being out alone at that hour.

At the corner of Fifth Avenue she paused and stood watching the stream of carriages. At last a policeman caught sight of her and signed to her that he would take her across. She had not meant to cross the street, but she

obeyed automatically, and presently found herself on the farther corner. There she paused again for a moment; but she fancied the policeman was watching her, and this sent her hastening down the nearest side street. . . After that she walked a long time, vaguely. . . Night had fallen, and now and then, through the windows of a passing carriage, she caught the expanse of an evening waistcoat or the shimmer of an opera cloak. . .

Suddenly she found herself in a familiar street. She stood still a moment, breathing quickly. She had turned the corner without noticing whither it led; but now, a few yards ahead of her, she saw the house in which she had once lived -- her first husband's house. The blinds were drawn, and only a faint translucence marked the windows and the transom above the door. As she stood there she heard a step behind her, and a man walked by in the direction of the house. He walked slowly, with a heavy middleaged gait, his head sunk a little between the shoulders, the red crease of his neck visible above the fur collar of his overcoat. He crossed the street, went up the steps of the house, drew forth a latch-key, and let himself in. . .

There was no one else in sight. Julia leaned for a long time against the area-rail at the corner, her eyes fixed on the front of the house. The feeling of physical weariness had returned, but the strong tea still throbbed in her veins and lit her brain with an unnatural clearness. Presently she heard another step draw near, and moving quickly away, she too crossed the street and mounted the steps of the house. The impulse which had carried her there prolonged itself in a quick pressure of the electric bell -- then she felt suddenly weak and tremulous, and grasped the balustrade for support. The door opened and a young

footman with a fresh inexperienced face stood on the threshold. Julia knew in an instant that he would admit her.

«I saw Mr. Arment going in just now,» she said. «Will you ask him to see me for a moment?»

The footman hesitated. «I think Mr. Arment has gone up to dress for dinner, madam.»

Julia advanced into the hall. «I am sure he will see me -- I will not detain him long,» she said. She spoke quietly, authoritatively, in the tone which a good servant does not mistake. The footman had his hand on the drawing-room door.

«I will tell him, madam. What name, please?»

Julia trembled: she had not thought of that. «Merely say a lady,» she returned carelessly.

The footman wavered and she fancied herself lost; but at that instant the door opened from within and John Arment stepped into the hall. He drew back sharply as he saw her, his florid face turning sallow with the shock; then the blood poured back to it, swelling the veins on his temples and reddening the lobes of his thick ears.

It was long since Julia had seen him, and she was startled at the change in his appearance. He had thickened, coarsened, settled down into the enclosing flesh. But she noted this insensibly: her one conscious thought was that, now she was face to face with him, she must not let him escape till he had heard her. Every pulse in her body throbbed with the urgency of her message.

She went up to him as he drew back. «I must speak to you,» she said.

Arment hesitated, red and stammering. Julia glanced at the footman, and her look acted as a warning. The instinctive shrinking from a «scene» predominated over every other impulse, and Arment said slowly: «Will you come this way?»

He followed her into the drawing-room and closed the door. Julia, as she advanced, was vaguely aware that the room at least was unchanged: time had not mitigated its horrors. The contadina still lurched from the chimney-breast, and the Greek slave obstructed the threshold of the inner room. The place was alive with memories: they started out from every fold of the yellow satin curtains and glided between the angles of the rosewood furniture. But while some subordinate agency was carrying these impressions to her brain, her whole conscious effort was centred in the act of dominating Arment's will. The fear that he would refuse to hear her mounted like fever to her brain. She felt her purpose melt before it, words and arguments running into each other in the heat of her longing. For a moment her voice failed her, and she imagined herself thrust out before she could speak; but as she was struggling for a word, Arment pushed a chair forward, and said quietly: "You are not well."

The sound of his voice steadied her. It was neither kind nor unkind -- a voice that suspended judgment, rather, awaiting unforeseen developments. She supported herself against the back of the chair and drew a deep breath. «Shall I send for something?» he continued, with a cold embarrassed politeness.

Julia raised an entreating hand. «No -- no -- thank you. I am quite well."

He paused midway toward the bell and turned on her. «Then may I ask -- ?»

«Yes,» she interrupted him. «I came here because I wanted to see you. There is something I must tell you.»

Arment continued to scrutinize her. «I am surprised at that,» he said. «I should have supposed that any communication you may wish to make could have been made through our lawyers.»

«Our lawyers!» She burst into a little laugh. «I don't think they could help me -- this time.»

Arment's face took on a barricaded look. «If there is any question of help -- of course --»

It struck her, whimsically, that she had seen that look when some shabby devil called with a subscription-book. Perhaps he thought she wanted him to put his name down for so much in sympathy -- or even in money. . . The thought made her laugh again. She saw his look change slowly to perplexity. All his facial changes were slow, and she remembered, suddenly, how it had once diverted her to shift that lumbering scenery with a word. For the first time it struck her that she had been cruel. «There is a question of help,» she said in a softer key: "you can help me; but only by listening. . . I want to tell you something. . ."

Arment's resistance was not yielding. «Would it not be easier to -- write?» he suggested.

She shook her head. «There is no time to write . . . and it won't take long.» She raised her head and their eyes met. «My husband has left me,» she said.

«Westall -- ?" he stammered, reddening again.

«Yes. This morning. Just as I left you. Because he was tired of me.»

The words, uttered scarcely above a whisper, seemed to dilate to the limit of the room. Arment looked toward the door; then his embarrassed glance returned to Julia.

«I am very sorry,» he said awkwardly.

«Thank you,» she murmured.

«But I don't see --»

«No -- but you will -- in a moment. Won't you listen to me? Please!» Instinctively she had shifted her position putting herself between him and the door. «It happened this morning,» she went on in short breathless phrases. «I never suspected anything -- I thought we were -- perfectly happy. . . Suddenly he told me he was tired of me . . . there is a girl he likes better. . . He has gone to her. . .» As she spoke, the lurking anguish rose upon her, possessing her once more to the exclusion of every other emotion. Her eyes ached, her throat swelled with it, and two painful tears burnt a way down her face.

Arment's constraint was increasing visibly. «This -- this is very unfortunate,» he began. «But I should say the law --»

«The law?» she echoed ironically. «When he asks for his freedom?»

«You are not obliged to give it.»

«You were not obliged to give me mine -- but you did.»

He made a protesting gesture.

«You saw that the law couldn't help you -- didn't you?» she went on. «That is what I see now. The law represents

material rights -- it can't go beyond. If we don't recognize an inner law . . . the obligation that love creates . . . being loved as well as loving . . . there is nothing to prevent our spreading ruin unhindered . . . is there?» She raised her head plaintively, with the look of a bewildered child. «That is what I see now . . . what I wanted to tell you. He leaves me because he's tired . . . but I was not tired; and I don't understand why he is. That's the dreadful part of it -- the not understanding: I hadn't realized what it meant. But I've been thinking of it all day, and things have come back to me -- things I hadn't noticed . . . when you and I. . .» She moved closer to him, and fixed her eyes on his with the gaze that tries to reach beyond words. «I see now that *you* didn't understand -- did you?"

Their eyes met in a sudden shock of comprehension: a veil seemed to be lifted between them. Arment's lip trembled.

«No,» he said, «I didn't understand.»

She gave a little cry, almost of triumph. «I knew it! I knew it! You wondered -- you tried to tell me -- but no words came. . . You saw your life falling in ruins . . . the world slipping from you . . . and you couldn't speak or move!»

She sank down on the chair against which she had been leaning. «Now I know -- now I know,» she repeated.

«I am very sorry for you,» she heard Arment stammer.

She looked up quickly. «That's not what I came for. I don't want you to be sorry. I came to ask you to forgive me . . . for not understanding that *you* didn't understand. . . That's all I wanted to say." She rose with a vague sense

that the end had come, and put out a groping hand toward the door.

Arment stood motionless. She turned to him with a faint smile.

«You forgive me?»

«There is nothing to forgive --»

«Then will you shake hands for good-by?» She felt his hand in hers: it was nerveless, reluctant.

«Good-by,» she repeated. «I understand now.»

She opened the door and passed out into the hall. As she did so, Arment took an impulsive step forward; but just then the footman, who was evidently alive to his obligations, advanced from the background to let her out. She heard Arment fall back. The footman threw open the door, and she found herself outside in the darkness.

Source: *Women who did. Stories by Men and Women 1890-1914*. Ed. Angelique Richardson. Penguin, 2005.

Questions

- 1.- Find out information about Edith Wharton and the topics she dealt with in her literary works.
- 2.- What is the main topic and the main ideas of this short story?
- 3.- How is loneliness and confusion portrayed in this story?
- 4.- How is the concept of marriage portrayed in this story? Is the change towards marriage conception at the time noticeable?

Exercise 10

Activity

Read the following information: "In an apparently spontaneous movement, women's study clubs were popping up all over the country. In cities, small towns, and even remote rural areas, middle class housewives organized themselves into groups to study current affairs, world history, or English literature. By the turn on the century there were 5000 local organizations in the General Federation of Women's Club and that was only a tiny fraction of the total number of groups that were scattered around the US," (Collins, 2003: 247).

Questions

- 1.- Carry out a research on these women's study clubs.
- 2.- Explain the reasons why these clubs emerged.
- 3.- Analyse how important is for the US people to be part of groups and societies and the impact of this group-based society.
- 4.- Compare their role at the beginning and nowadays: <https://www.gfwc.org/>
- 5.- Carry out a research on the so-called *Boston Marriage*. Provide examples of famous Boston marriages.

Exercise 11

Activity

Read the following quotations:

-America's future will be determined by the home and the school. The child becomes largely what he is taught; hence we must watch what we teach, and how we live.

- Social advance depends as much upon the process through which it is secured as upon the result itself.

-Action indeed is the sole medium of expression for ethics.

-The good we secure for ourselves is precarious and uncertain until it is secured for all of us and incorporated into our common life.

-Old-fashioned ways which no longer apply to changed conditions are a snare in which the feet of women have always become readily entangled

-Unless our conception of patriotism is progressive, it cannot hope to embody the real affection and the real interest of the nation.

Source: https://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/jane_addams_393431

Questions

- 1.- Carry out a research on Jane Addams.
- 2.- Explain her main achievements.
- 3.- Analyse how she was able to change the way of living in Chicago.
- 4.- Analyse the quotations given in terms of her achievements and her historical context.

Exercise 12

Activity.

Read the following information on Ellen Swallow Richards: <http://www.rsc.org/diversity/175-faces/all-faces/ellen-swallow-richards/>

Questions:

- 1.- Carry out a research on how women were accepted in universities and colleges in the US.
- 2.- Analyse the topics of some of the papers written by Ellen Swallow Richards were *The chemistry of cooking and cleaning: a manual for housekeepers*; *Food materials and their adulteration* and *Air, water, and food from a sanitary standpoint*.
- 3.- How was women's ability in the sciences questioned at that time? Is it questioned still nowadays?
- 4.- To which audience do you believe that Ellen Swallow Richards was addressing to on her papers? Discuss.

Exercise 13

Activity

Have a look at this image of Lillian Russell:



Source: True West Historical Society

Questions

- 1.-Carry out a research on Lillian Russell.
- 2.-Analyse the importance of the bike in women's history.
- 3.-Explain how clothes are crucial in women's life along history. Is the same importance given to the appearance of men?

Exercise 14

Activity

Read the following letters written by Amelia Earhart. The first one is a letter that she sent to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the publisher of The New York Times in 1932. The second one was sent to her future husband, Mr. Putnam.

Locust Avenue

Rye, New York

28 June 1932

Dear Mr. Sulzberger:

May I make a request of the Times through you? Despite the mild expression of my wishes, and those of G.P.P., I am constantly referred to as 'Mrs. Putnam' when the Times mentions me in its columns.

I admit I have no principle to uphold in asking that I be called by my professional name in print. However, it is for many reasons more convenient for both of us to be simply 'Amelia Earhart.' After all (here may be a principle) I believe flyers should be permitted the same privileges as writers or actresses.

I have written Mrs. Sulzberger to thank her for sending me the lovely orchids, and here are my thanks to you. It was pleasant, indeed, to be so remembered.

Sincerely yours,

[signature: Amelia Earhart]

Source: <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/07/13/insider/1932-im-not-mrs-putnam-im-amelia-earhart.html>

Noank
Conneticut
The Square House
Church Street

Dear GPP

There are some things which should be writ before we are married -- things we have talked over before -- most of them.

You must know again my reluctance to marry, my feeling that I shatter thereby chances in work which means most to me. I feel the move just now as foolish as anything I could do. I know there may be compensations but have no heart to look ahead.

On our life together I want you to understand I shall not hold you to any midaevil code of faithfulness to me nor shall I consider myself bound to you similarly. If we can be honest I think the difficulties which arise may best be avoided should you or I become interested deeply (or in passing) in anyone else.

Please let us not interfere with the others' work or play, nor let the world see our private joys or disagreements. In this connection I may have to keep some place where I can go to be myself, now and then, for I cannot guarantee to endure at all times the confinements of even an attractive cage.

I must exact a cruel promise and that is you will let me go in a year if we find no happiness together.

I will try to do my best in every way and give you that part of me you know and seem to want.

A.E.

Source: <http://www.lettersofnote.com/2010/04/you-must-know-again-my-reluctance-to.html>

Questions

- 1.- Find out information about Amelia Earhart and her achievements.
- 2.- After Amelia Earhart married Mr. Putnam in 1931, she became "Mrs. Putnam" in headlines. Analyse the first letter: what is she asking for? Do you think that women should change their surname when they get married? Discuss.
- 3.- Analyse the second letter that Amelia wrote to his husband before getting married: which conditions is she imposing before the marriage? Was it normal at that time that a woman imposed such requierements before getting married?
- 4.- Discuss the following quote by Amelia Earhart: "Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others." (Oficcial Website of Amelia Earhart). How could it be

related to her personal experience?

5.- Is all that Amelia Earhart accomplished and said a reflection of the change and improvement in women's role until now?

SUFFRAGISM

Exercise 15

Activity

Watch the documentary: *The Story of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony: Failure Is Impossible*. https://digital.films.com/p_ViewPlaylist.aspx?AssignmentId=MZDYM

Questions

- 1.-What happened in Elizabeth Cady Stanton childhood? Why couldn't she go on studying?
- 2.-Why was it important for her to visit her cousin?
- 3.-What did she change in her wedding?
- 4.-What did Susan B. Anthony think of marriage? And Stanton?
- 5.-What happened in London, May 1840?
- 6.-Who was Lucretia Mott?
- 7.-What happened in Susan B. Anthony's life that made a change in her?
- 8.-How life changed in Elizabeth Cady Stanton when she moved from Boston to Seneca Falls?
- 9.-What was the Declaration of rights and sentiments?
- 10.-What happened in Seneca Fall in July 19th 1848?
- 11.-Who was Frederick Douglass?
- 12.-What happened after Seneca Falls Convention?
- 13.-Explain how both ladies were different and how their relation was.
- 14.-Why did Stanton describe herself as a "caged lion"?
- 15.-What other women's rights were they worked for?
- 16.-Name other suffragists.
- 17.-What happened in February 1854?
- 18.-Which two other laws were approved?

- 19.-What was the relation between the two suffragists and Garrison? Why?
- 20.-What did the Civil War mean to the fight for Women's rights?
- 21.-Why did they feel betrayed? Which were the consequences?
- 22.-What happened with the women's movement?
- 23.- When did women get the right to vote in the USA?

Exercise 16

Activity

Read the following text:

The Declaration of Sentiments

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one portion of the family of man to assume among the people of the earth a position different from that which they have hitherto occupied, but one to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes that impel them to such a course.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men and women are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of those who suffer from it to refuse allegiance to it, and to insist upon the institution of a new

government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves, by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of the women under this government, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to demand the equal station to which they are entitled.

The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men - both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

He has taken from her all right in property, even to the wages she earns.

He has made her, morally, an irresponsible being, as she can commit many crimes, with impunity, provided they be done in the presence of her husband. In the covenant of marriage, she is compelled to promise obedience to her husband, he becoming, to all intents and purposes, her master - the law giving him power to deprive her of her liberty, and to administer chastisement.

He has so framed the laws of divorce, as to what shall be the proper causes of divorce; in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of women - the law, in all cases, going upon the false supposition of the supremacy of man, and giving all power into his hands.

After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration.

He closes against her all the avenues to wealth and distinction, which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine, or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education - all colleges being closed against her.

He allows her in Church as well as State, but a subordinate position, claiming Apostolic authority for her exclusion from the ministry, and with some exceptions, from any public participation in the affairs of the Church.

He has created a false public sentiment, by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society, are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God.

He has endeavored, in every way that he could to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

Now, in view of this entire disfranchisement of one-half the people of this country, their social and religious degradation, - in view of the unjust laws above mentioned, and because women do feel themselves aggrieved, oppressed, and fraudulently deprived of their most sacred rights, we insist that they have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of these United States.

In entering upon the great work before us, we anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, and ridicule; but we shall use every instrumentality within our power to effect our object. We shall employ agents, circulate tracts, petition the State and national Legislatures, and endeavor to enlist the pulpit and the press in our behalf. We hope this Convention will be

followed by a series of Conventions, embracing every part of the country.

Firmly relying upon the final triumph of the Right and the True, we do this day affix our signatures to this declaration.

Lucretia Mott, Harriet Cady Eaton, Margaret Pryor, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Eunice Newton Foote, Mary Ann M'Clintock, Margaret Schooley, Martha C. Wright, Jane C. Hunt, Amy Post, Catharine F. Stebbins, Mary Ann Frink, Lydia Mount, Delia Mathews, Catharine C. Paine, Elizabeth W. M'Clintock, Malvina Seymour, Phebe Mosher, Catharine Shaw, Deborah Scott, Sarah Hallowell, Mary M'Clintock, Mary Gilbert, Sophrone Taylor, Cynthia Davis, Hannah Plant, Lucy Jones, Sarah Whitney, Mary H. Hallowell, Elizabeth Conklin, Sally Pitcher, Mary Conklin, Susan Quinn, Mary S. Mirror, Phebe King, Julia Ann Drake, Charlotte Woodward, Martha Underhill, Dorothy Mathews, Eunice Barker, Sarah R. Woods, Lydia Gild, Sarah Hoffman, Elizabeth Leslie, Martha Ridley, Rachel D. Bonnel, Betsey Tewksbury, Rhoda Palmer, Margaret Jenkins, Cynthia Fuller, Mary Martin, P. A. Culvert, Susan R. Doty, Rebecca Race, Sarah A. Mosher, Mary E. Vail, Lucy Spalding, Lavinia Latham, Sarah Smith, Eliza Martin, Maria E. Wilbur, Elizabeth D. Smith, Caroline Barker, Ann Porter, Experience Gibbs, Antoinette E. Segur, Hannah J. Latham, Sarah Sisson

The following are the names of the gentlemen present in favor of the movement:

Richard P. Hunt, Samuel D. Tillman, Justin Williams, Elisha Foote, Frederick Douglass, Henry Seymour, Henry W. Seymour, David Spalding, William G. Barker, Elias J. Doty, John Jones, William S. Dell, James Mott, William

Burroughs, Robert Smallbridge, Jacob Mathews, Charles L. Hoskins, Thomas M'Clintock, Saron Phillips, Jacob P. Chamberlain, Jonathan Metcalf, Nathan J. Milliken, S.E. Woodworth, Edward F. Underhill, George W. Pryor, Joel D. Bunker, Isaac Van Tassel, Thomas Dell, E. W. Capron, Stephen Shear, Henry Hatley, Azaliah Schooley

<https://www.nps.gov/whi/learn/historyculture/declaration-of-sentiments.htm>

Questions:

- 1.- Analyse the content of the "Declaration of sentiments" and compare it with the "Declaration of Independence".
- 2.- Compare the accusations made about the behaviour of men in 1848 to the behaviour of men nowadays.
- 3.- In groups write your own Declaration of Sentiments. Compare it with other groups. Is there any difference?

Exercise 17

Activity

Watch the movie *Iron Jawed Angels*.

Questions

- 1.- Explain the conversations between the old suffragists and the new suffragists and identify them all.
- 2.- Analyse the way to convince the female workers of the Factory and their motto.

- 3.- Explain the issue with the black women.
- 4.- Explain the concerns of the journalist talking to Alice Paul and her answers.
- 5.- Comment on the strategies used by the suffragists.
- 6.- Analyse the role of the National Women's Party vs. NWSA.
- 7.- Explain the meanings of the banners used at the door of the White House.
- 8.- Describe the suffragists' life in prison.
- 9.- Analyse the role of press in the suffrage movement.
- 10.- Explain President Wilson role.
- 11.- Compare the tactics used by the first suffragists (Stanton & Anthony) with the ones carried out by the last suffragist (Alice Paul, Lucy Burns and Liz Millholland).

Exercise 18

Activity

Visit this web page <http://victoria-woodhull.com/wc091600.htm>. You will find extracts from Victoria Woodhull's newspaper that was published from 1870-1876.

Questions

- 1.- Read at least five of the extracts. Summarize them.
- 2.- Research about Victoria Woodhull life (1838-1927).
- 3.- Explain the main achievements carried out by Victoria Woodhull.

Exercise 19

Activity

Read this monologue written by Marie Jenney Howe in 1913:

An Anti-suffrage Monologue

Please do not think of me as old-fashioned. I pride myself on being a modern up-to-date woman. I believe in all kinds of broad-mindedness, only I do not believe in woman suffrage because to do that would be to deny my sex.

Woman suffrage is the reform against nature. Look at these ladies sitting on the platform. Observe their physical inability, their mental disability, their spiritual instability and general debility! Could they walk up to the ballot box, mark a ballot, and drop it in? Obviously not. Let us grant for the sake of argument that they could mark a ballot. But could they drop it in? Ah, no. All nature is against it. The laws of man cry out against it. The voice of God cries out against it—and so do I.

Enfranchisement is what makes man man. Disfranchisement is what makes woman woman. If women were enfranchised every man would be just like every woman and every woman would be just like every man. There would be no difference between them. And don't you think this would rob life of just a little of its poetry and romance?

Man must remain man. Woman must remain woman. If man goes over and tries to be like woman, if woman goes over and tries to be like man, it will become so very

confusing and so difficult to explain to our children. Let us take a practical example. If a woman puts on a man's coat and trousers, takes a man's cane and hat and cigar, and goes out on the street, what will happen to her? She will be arrested and thrown into jail. Then why not stay at home?

I know you begin to see how strongly I *feel* on this subject, but I have some reasons as well. These reasons are based on logic. Of course I am not logical. I am a creature of impulse, instinct, and intuition—and I glory in it. But I know that these reasons are based on logic because I have culled them from the men whom it is my privilege to know.

My first argument against suffrage is that the women would not use it if they had it. You couldn't drive them to the polls. My second argument is, if the women were enfranchised they would neglect their homes, desert their families, and spend all their time at the polls. You may tell me that the polls are only open once a year. But I know women. They are creatures of habit. If you let them go to the polls once a year, they will hang round the polls all the rest of the time.

I have arranged these arguments in couplets. They go together in such a way that if you don't like one you can take the other. This is my second anti-suffrage couplet. If the women were enfranchised they would vote exactly as their husbands do and only double the existing vote. Do you like that argument? If not, take this one. If the women were enfranchised they would vote against their own husbands, thus creating dissension, family quarrels, and divorce.

My third anti-suffrage couplet is—women are angels. Many men call me an angel and I have a strong instinct which tells me it is true; that is why I am anti, because "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand." And if you don't like that argument take this one. Women are depraved. They would introduce into politics a vicious element which would ruin our national life.

Fourth anti-suffrage couplet: women cannot understand politics. Therefore there would be no use in giving women political power, because they would not know what to do with it. On the other hand, if the women were enfranchised, they would mount rapidly into power, take all the offices from all the men, and soon we would have women governors of all our states and dozens of women acting as President of the United States.

Fifth anti-suffrage couplet: women cannot band together. They are incapable of organization. No two women can even be friends. Women are cats. On the other hand, if women were enfranchised, we would have all the women banded together on one side and all the men banded together on the other side, and there would follow a sex war which might end in bloody revolution.

Just one more of my little couplets: the ballot is greatly over-estimated. It has never done anything for anybody. Lots of men tell me this. And the corresponding argument is—the ballot is what makes man man. It is what gives him all his dignity and all of his superiority to women. Therefore if we allow women to share this privilege, how could a woman look up to her own husband? Why, there would be nothing to look up to.

I have talked to many woman suffragists and I find them very unreasonable. I say to them: "Here I am, convince

me." I ask for proof. Then they proceed to tell me of Australia and Colorado and other places where women have passed excellent laws to improve the condition of working women and children. But I say, "What of it?" These are facts. I don't care about facts. I ask for proof.

Then they quote the eight million women of the United States who are now supporting themselves, and the twenty-five thousand married women in the City of New York who are self-supporting. But I say again, what of it? These are statistics. I don't believe in statistics. Facts and statistics are things which no truly womanly woman would ever use.

I wish to prove anti-suffrage in a womanly way—that is, by personal example. This is my method of persuasion. Once I saw a woman driving a horse, and the horse ran away with her. Isn't that just like a woman? Once I read in the newspapers about a woman whose house caught on fire, and she threw the children out of the window and carried the pillows downstairs. Does that show political acumen, or does it not? Besides, look at the hats that women wear! And have you ever known a successful woman governor of a state? Or have you ever known a really truly successful woman president of the United States? Well, if they could they would, wouldn't they? Then, if they haven't, doesn't that show they couldn't? As for the militant suffragettes, they are all hyenas in petticoats. Now do you want to be a hyena and wear petticoats?

Now, I think I have proved anti-suffrage; and I have done it in a womanly way—that is, without stooping to the use of a single fact or argument or a single statistic.

I am the prophet of a new idea. No one has ever thought of it or heard of it before. I well remember when this

great idea first came to me. It waked me in the middle of the night with a shock that gave me a headache. This is it: woman's place is in the home. Is it not beautiful as it is new, new as it is true? Take this idea away with you. You will find it very helpful in your daily lives. You may not grasp it just at first, but you will gradually grow into understanding of it.

I know the suffragists reply that all our activities have been taken out of the home. The baking, the washing, the weaving, the spinning are all long since taken out of the home. But I say, all the more reason that something should stay in the home. Let it be woman. Besides, think of the great modern invention, the telephone. That has been put into the home. Let woman stay at home and answer the telephone.

We antis have so much imagination! Sometimes it seems to us that we can hear the little babies in the slums crying to us. We can see the children in factories and mines reaching out their little hands to us, and the working women in the sweated industries, the underpaid, underfed women, reaching out their arms to us—all, all crying as with one voice, "Save us, save us, from Woman Suffrage." Well may they make this appeal to us, for who knows what woman suffrage might not do for such as these. It might even alter the conditions under which they live.

We antis do not believe that any conditions should be altered. We want everything to remain just as it is. All is for the best. Whatever is, is right. If misery is in the world, God has put it there; let it remain. If this misery presses harder on some women than others, it is because they need discipline. Now, I have always been comfortable and well cared for. But then I never needed discipline. Of course I am only a weak, ignorant woman. But there is one thing I

do understand from the ground up, and that is the divine intention toward woman. I *know* that the divine intention toward woman is, let her remain at home.

The great trouble with the suffragists is this; they interfere too much. They are always interfering. Let me take a practical example.

There is in the City of New York a Nurses' Settlement, where sixty trained nurses go forth to care for sick babies and give them pure milk. Last summer only two or three babies died in this slum district around the Nurses' Settlement, whereas formerly hundreds of babies have died there every summer. Now what are these women doing? Interfering, interfering with the death rate! And what is their motive in so doing? They seek notoriety. They want to be noticed. They are trying to show off. And if sixty women who merely believe in suffrage behave in this way, what may we expect when all women are enfranchised?

What ought these women to do with their lives? Each one ought to be devoting herself to the comfort of some man. You may say, they are not married. But I answer, let them try a little harder and they might find some kind of a man to devote themselves to. What does the Bible say on this subject? It says, "Seek and ye shall find." Besides, when I look around me at the men; I feel that God never meant us women to be too particular.

Let me speak one word to my sister women who are here to-day. Women, we don't need to vote in order to get our own way. Don't misunderstand me. Of course I want you to get your own way. That's what we're here for. But do it indirectly. If you want a thing, tease. If that doesn't work, nag. If that doesn't do, cry—crying always brings them

around. Get what you want. Pound pillows. Make a scene. Make home a hell on earth, but do it in a womanly way. That is so much more dignified and refined than walking up to a ballot box and dropping in a piece of paper. Can't you see that?

Let us consider for a moment the effect of woman's enfranchisement on man. I think some one ought to consider the men. What makes husbands faithful and loving? The ballot, and the monopoly of that privilege. If women vote, what will become of men? They will all slink off drunk and disorderly. We antis understand men. If women were enfranchised, men would revert to their natural instincts such as regicide, matricide, patricide and race-suicide. Do you believe in race-suicide or do you not? Then, isn't it our duty to refrain from a thing that would lure men to destruction?

It comes down to this. Some one must wash the dishes. Now, would you expect man, man made in the image of God, to roll up his sleeves and wash the dishes? Why, it would be blasphemy. I know that I am but a rib and so I wash the dishes. Or I hire another rib to do it for me, which amounts to the same thing.

Let us consider the argument from the standpoint of religion. The Bible says, "Let the women keep silent in the churches." Paul says, "Let them keep their hats on for fear of the angels." My minister says, "Wives, obey your husbands." And my husband says that woman suffrage would rob the rose of its fragrance and the peach of its bloom. I think that is so sweet.

Besides did George Washington ever say, "Votes for women?" No. Did the Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm ever say, "Votes for women?" No. Did Elijah, Elisha, Micah,

Hezekiah, Obadiah, and Jeremiah ever say, "Votes for women?" No. Then that settles it.

I don't want to be misunderstood in my reference to woman's inability to vote. Of course she could get herself to the polls and lift a piece of paper. I don't doubt that. What I refer to is the pressure on the brain, the effect of this mental strain on woman's delicate nervous organization and on her highly wrought sensitive nature. Have you ever pictured to yourself Election Day with women voting? Can you imagine how women, having undergone this terrible ordeal, with their delicate systems all upset, will come out of the voting booths and be led away by policemen, and put into ambulances, while they are fainting and weeping, half laughing, half crying, and having fits upon the public highway? Don't you think that if a woman is going to have a fit, it is far better for her to have it in the privacy of her own home?

And how shall I picture to you the terrors of the day after election? Divorce and death will rage unchecked, crime and contagious disease will stalk unbridled through the land. Oh, friends, on this subject I feel—I feel, so strongly that I can—not think!

Source: Marie Jenney Howe, *An Anti-Suffrage Monologue* (New York: National American Woman Suffrage Association, 1913).

Questions

- 1.- Compare the suffragists and the anti-suffragist women.
- 2.- Analyse the concepts of womanhood and manhood and compare them in your own context.
- 3.- Analyse the use of satire and irony in the text.

Exercise 20

Activity

Read the following poem by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Housewife

Here is the House to hold me — cradle of all the race;
Here is my lord and my love, here are my children dear —
Here is the House enclosing, the dear-loved dwelling place;
Why should I ever weary for aught that I find not here?

Here for the hours of the day and the hours of the night;
Bound with the bands of Duty, rivetted tight;
Duty older than Adam — Duty that saw
Acceptance utter and hopeless in the eyes of the serving squaw.

Food and the serving of food — that is my daylong care;
What and when we shall eat, what and how we shall wear;
Soiling and cleaning of things — that is my task in the main —
Soil them and clean them and soil them — soil them and clean them again.

To work at my trade by the dozen and never a trade to know;
To plan like a Chinese puzzle — fitting and changing so;

To think of a thousand details, each in a thousand ways;
For my own immediate people and a possible love and
praise.

My mind is trodden in circles, tiresome, narrow and hard,
Useful, commonplace, private — simply a small back-yard;
And I the Mother of Nations! — Blind their struggle and
vain! —

I cover the earth with my children — each with a
housewife's brain

The Anti-Suffragists
Fashionable women in luxurious homes,
With men to feed them, clothe them, pay their bills,
Bow, doff the hat, and fetch the handkerchief;
Hostess or guest, and always so supplied
With graceful deference and courtesy;
Surrounded by their servants, horses, dogs, —
These tell us they have all the rights they want.

Successful women who have won their way
Alone, with strength of their unaided arm,
Or helped by friends, or softly climbing up
By the sweet aid of 'woman's influence';
Successful any way, and caring naught
For any other woman's unsuccess, —
These tell us they have all the rights they want.

Religious women of the feebler sort, —

Not the religion of a righteous world,
A free, enlightened, upward-reaching world,
But the religion that considers life
As something to back out of! — whose ideal
Is to renounce, submit, and sacrifice,
Counting on being patted on the head
And given a high chair when they get to heaven, —
These tell us they have all the rights they want.

Ignorant women — college-bred sometimes,
But ignorant of life's realities
And principles of righteous government,
And how the privileges they enjoy
Were won with blood and tears by those before —
Those they condemn, whose ways they now oppose;
Saying, 'Why not let well enough alone?
Our world is very pleasant as it is,' —
These tell us they have all the rights they want.

And selfish women, — pigs in petticoats, —
Rich, poor, wise, unwise, top or bottom round,
But all sublimely innocent of thought,
And guiltless of ambition, save the one
Deep, voiceless aspiration — to be fed!
These have no use for rights or duties more.
Duties today are more than they can meet,
And law insures their right to clothes and food, —
These tell us they have all the rights they want.

And, more's the pity, some good women, too;
 Good conscientious women, with ideas;
 Who think — or think they think — that woman's cause
 Is best advanced by letting it alone;
 That she somehow is not a human thing,
 And not to be helped on by human means,
 Just added to humanity — an 'L' —
 A wing, a branch, an extra, not mankind, —
 These tell us they have all the rights they want.

And out of these has come a monstrous thing,
 A strange, down-sucking whirlpool of disgrace,
 Women uniting against womanhood,
 And using that great name to hide their sin!
 Vain are their words as that old king's command
 Who set his will against the rising tide.
 But who shall measure the historic shame
 Of these poor traitors — traitors are they all —
 To great Democracy and Womanhood!

One Girl of Many

1.
 One girl of many. Hungry from her birth
 Half-fed. Half-clothed. Untaught of woman's worth.
 In joyless girlhood working for her bread.
 At each small sorrow wishing she were dead,
 Yet gay at little pleasures. Sunlight seems

Most bright & warm where it most seldom gleams.

2.

One girl of many. Tawdry dress and old;
 And not enough beneath to bar the cold.
 The little that she had misspent because
 She had no knowledge of our nature's laws.
 Thinking in ignorance that it was best
 To wear a stylish look, and -- bear the rest.

3.

One girl of many. With a human heart.
 A woman's too; with nerves that feel the smart
 Of each new pain as keenly as your own.
 The old ones, through long use, have softer grown.
 And yet in spite of use she holds the thought
 Of might-be joys more than, perhaps, she ought.

4.

One girl of many. But the fault is here;
 Though she to all the others was so near;
 One difference there was, which made a change.
 No wrong thing, surely. Consequence most strange!
 Alike in birth. Alike in life's rough way.
 She, through no evil, was more fair than they.

5.

So came the offer, "Leave this story cold
 Where you may drudge and starve till you are old.
 Come! I will give you rest. And food. And fire.
 And fair apparel to your heart's desire;
 Shelter. Protection. Kindness. Peace & Love.

Has your life anything you hold above?"

6.

And she had *not*. In all her daily sight
There shone no vestige of the color *White*.
She had seen nothing in her narrow life
To make her venerate the title "Wife."
She knew no *reason* why the thing was wrong;
And instinct grows debased in ages long.

7.

All things that she had ever yet desired
All dreams that her starved girlhood's heart had fired
All that life held of yet unknown delight
Shone, to her ignorance, in colors bright.
Shone near at hand and sure. If she had *known*!
But she was ignorant. She was alone.

8.

And so she - sinned. I think we call it sin.
And found that every step she took therein
Made sinning easier and conscience weak.
And there was never one who cared to speak
A word to guide and warn her. If there were
I fear such help were thrown away on her.

9.

Only one girl of many. Of the street.
In lowest depths. The story grows unmeet
For wellbred ears. Sorrow and sin and shame
Over and over till the blackened name
Sank out of sight without a hand to save.

Sin, shame, and sorrow. Sickness, & the grave.

10.

Only one girl of many. Tis a need
Of man's existence to repeat the deed.
Social necessity. Men cannot live
Without what these disgraceful creatures give.
Black shame. Dishonor. Misery & Sin.
And men find needed health & life therein.

Source: <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46066/one-girl-of-many>

Questions

- 1.- Analyse the poems in groups and explain them to the other groups.
- 2.- Can you tell if Charlotte Perkins Gilman is happy to be in the household and handling the housework by looking at the first poem? Support your answer.
- 3.- Carry out a research on how the woman suffrage was achieved: progressively/suddenly, peacefully/with violence...
- 4.- Who were the Anti-Suffragists? Why did they not support the suffragist movement, according to Charlotte Perkins Gilman? Discuss.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY



Exercise 21

Activity

Read the following poem by Hilda Doolittle (1866-1961)

Sea Poppies
Amber husk
Fluted with gold,
fruit on the sand
marked with a rich grain,

treasure
spilled near the shrub-pines
to bleach on the boulders:

your stalk has caught root
among wet pebbles
and drift flung by the sea
and grated shells
and split conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,
fire upon leaf,
what meadow yields
so fragrant a leaf
as your bright leaf?

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48187/sea-poppies>

Questions

- 1.- Carry out a research on Hilda Doolittle.
- 2.- Analyse the poem "Sea Poppies" in terms of WWI.
- 3.- Each group chooses one poem of the following list <https://interestingliterature.com/2018/05/30/the-best-poems-by-h-d-hilda-doolittle/> And then they explain to the other groups the topic of the poem and relate them to US history.

Exercise 22

Activity

After WWI there were many changes in the US society: women got the right to vote, the roles of women varied considerably, the number of working women increased by 25%, the number of women attending college rose to 10% of the population. Watch the video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uDZ93syAQfA>

Questions

- 1.- Who were famous women in the 1920s?
- 2.- Who were famous African American Women in the 1920s?
- 3.- Who were the flappers? Explain how clothes and hairstyle changed and analyse how this change helped women.
- 4.- Explain the role of Jazz Music in women's life,
- 5.- Analyse how the new domestic appliances changed traditional women's life and US society.

Exercise 23

Activity

Carry out a research on Madam C.J. Walker who said the following quote: "I had a dream, and that dream begot other dreams until I am now surrounded by all my dreams come true."

Questions

- 1.- Explain her "dreams".
- 2.- Compare her life to Tubman's life.
- 3.- Analyse how the word "dream" has been used in US history.
- 4.- Compare her life to Florence Nightingale Graham life.

Exercise 24

Activity

Read the following paper: <http://oxfordre.com/americanhistory/view/10.1093/acrefore/9780199329175.001.0001/acrefore-9780199329175-e-427>

Questions:

- 1.- What does the concept of the New Women imply?
- 2.- How did the style of women change and what did it represent?
- 3.- Was the New Women concept inclusive? How did African American, working-class, and immigrant women make the movement theirs?

4.- This refreshed image and style of women brought a more positive perception, but it was also unfavorable regarding women's approach to politics. Why?

Exercise 25

Pre-task

- 1.- Watch the following video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aLaHjS3-4eY>
- 2.- Carry out a research on the poet Marianne Moore (1887-1972).

Activity

Read the following poem written by her in 1924:

A Graveyard
 Man, looking into the sea—
 taking the view from those who have as much right to it as
 you have it to yourself—
 it is human nature to stand in the middle of a thing
 but you cannot stand in the middle of this:
 the sea has nothing to give but a well excavated grave.
 The firs stand in a procession—each with an emerald
 turkey-foot at the top—
 reserved as their contours, saying nothing;
 repression, however, is not the most obvious characteristic
 of the sea;
 the sea is a collector, quick to return a rapacious look.
 There are others besides you who have worn that look—

whose expression is no longer a protest; the fish no longer
 investigate them

for their bones have not lasted;

men lower nets, unconscious of the fact that they are
 desecrating a grave,

and row quickly away—the blades of the oars

moving together like the feet of water-spiders as if there
 were no such thing as death.

The wrinkles progress upon themselves in a phalanx—
 beautiful under networks of foam,

and fade breathlessly while the sea rustles in and out of
 the seaweed;

the birds swim through the air at top speed, emitting cat-
 calls as heretofore—

the tortoise-shell scours about the feet of the cliffs, in
 motion beneath them

and the ocean, under the pulsation of light-houses and
 noise of bell-buoys,

advances as usual, looking as if it were not that ocean in
 which dropped things are bound to sink—

in which if they turn and twist, it is neither with volition
 nor consciousness.

Source: *Becoming Marianne Moore: The Early Poems 1907-1924*
 (University of California Press, 2002)

Questions:

- 1.- Connect the poem with modernism in art.
- 2.- Analyse the poem in the context of the 20's.
- 3.- Why could Marianne Moore be such an inspiration to other female writers?

Exercise 26

Activity

Read the following paper written by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and published in Harper's magazine in October 1927:

"Feminist--New Style"

The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! Is it not high time that we laid the ghost of the so-called feminist?

"Feminism" has become a term of opprobrium to the modern young woman. For the word suggests either the old school of fighting feminists who wore flat heels and had very little feminine charm, or the current species who antagonize men with their constant clamor about maiden names, equal rights, woman's place in the world, and many another cause... ad infinitum. Indeed, if a blundering male assumes that a young woman is a feminist simply because she happens to have a job or a profession of her own, she will be highly--and quite justifiably insulted: for the word evokes the antithesis of what she flatters herself to be. Yet she and her kind can hardly be dubbed "old-fashioned" women. What are they, then?

The pioneer feminists were hard-hitting individuals, and the modern young woman admires them for their courage--even while she judges them for their zealotry and their inartistic methods. Furthermore, she pays all honor to them, for they fought her battle. But she does not want to wear their mantle (indeed, she thinks they should have been buried in it), and she has to smile at those women who wear it to-day--with the battle-cry still

on their lips. The worst of the fight is over, yet this second generation of feminists are still throwing hand grenades. They bear a grudge against men, either secretly or openly; they make an issue of little things as well as big; they exploit their sex for the sake of publicity; they rant about equality when they might better prove their ability. Yet it is these women-- the ones who do more talking than acting--on whom the average man focuses his microscope when he sits down to dissect the "new woman." For like his less educated brethren, he labors under the delusion that there are only two types of women, the creature of instinct who is content to be a "home-maker" and the "sterile intellectual" who cares solely about "expressing herself"-- home and children be damned.

But what of the constantly increasing group of young women in their twenties and thirties who are the truly modern ones, those who admit that a full life calls for marriage and children as well as a career? These women if they launch upon marriage are keen to make a success of it and an art of child-rearing. But at the same time they are moved by an inescapable inner compulsion to be individuals in their own right. And in this era of simplified housekeeping they see their opportunity, for it is obvious that a woman who plans intelligently can salvage time for her own pursuits. Furthermore, they are convinced that they will be better wives and mothers for the breadth they gain from functioning outside the home. In short, they are highly conscious creatures who feel obliged to plumb their own resources to the very depths, despite the fact that they are under no delusions as to the present inferior status of their sex in most fields of endeavor.

Numbers of these honest, spirited young women have made themselves heard in article and story. But since

men must have things pointed out to them in black and white, we beg leave to enunciate the tenets of the modern woman's credo. Let us call her "Feminist--New Style."...

In brief, Feminist--New Style reasons that if she is economically independent, and if she has, to boot, a vital interest in some work of her own she will have given as few hostages to Fate as it is humanly possible to give. Love may die, and children may grow up, but one's work goes on forever.

She will not, however, live for her job alone, for she considers that a woman who talks and thinks only shop has just as narrow a horizon as the housewife who talks and thinks only husband and children--perhaps more so, for the latter may have a deeper understanding of human nature. She will therefore refuse to give up all of her personal interests, year in and year out, for the sake of her work. In this respect she no doubt will fall short of the masculine idea of commercial success, for the simple reason that she has never felt the economic compulsion which drives men on to build up fortunes for the sake of their growing families.

Yet she is not one of the many women who look upon their jobs as tolerable meal-tickets or as interesting pastimes to be dropped whenever they may wish. On the contrary, she takes great pride in becoming a vital factor in whatever enterprise she has chosen, and she therefore expects to work long hours when the occasion demands.

But rather than make the mistake that some women do of domesticating their jobs, i.e., burying all of their affections and interests in them, or the mistake that many men make of milking their youth dry for the sake of building up a fortune to be spent in a fatigued middle-age, she will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and

energy can attain a fair amount of success-- by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life, as well as by working with concentration.

Nor has she become hostile to the other sex in the course of her struggle to orient herself. On the contrary, she frankly likes men and is grateful to more than a few for the encouragement and help they have given her.

Source: <https://ehistory.osu.edu/sites/ehistory.osu.edu/files/mmh/clash/NewWoman/Documents/newstyle.htm>

Questions:

- 1.- Analyse how feminism is described in the text.
- 2.- Contextualize this feminism in 1927 when the article was written and compare to the current USA.
- 3.- In groups analyse this feminism with the one describe by Betty Friedan in the 60's.
- 4.- In groups compare these two former feminisms (20's and 60's) with the Women's March in January 2017.

Exercise 27

Activity

Read the following quotations by Jeanette Rankin:

- You can no more win a war than you can win an earthquake.
- I want to stand by my country, but I cannot vote for war. I vote no. (*Congressional speech, 1917*)
- As a woman, I can't go to war, and I refuse to send anyone else. (*Congressional speech, 1941*)

- Killing more people won't help matters. (1941, after Pearl Harbor)
- There can be no compromise with war; it cannot be reformed or controlled; cannot be disciplined into decency or codified into common sense; for war is the slaughter of human beings, temporarily regarded as enemies, on as large a scale as possible. (1929)
- It is unconscionable that 10,000 boys have died in Vietnam.... If 10,000 American women had mind enough they could end the war, if they were committed to the task, even if it meant going to jail. (1967)
- If I had my life to live over, I would do it all again, but this time I would be nastier.
- Men and women are like right and left hands; it doesn't make sense not to use both.
- We're half the people; we should be half the Congress.
- Small use it will be to save democracy for the race if we cannot save the race for democracy.
- What one decides to do in crisis depends on one's philosophy of life, and that philosophy cannot be changed by an incident. If one hasn't any philosophy in crises, others make the decision.
- The individual woman is required . . . a thousand times a day to choose either to accept her appointed role and thereby rescue her good disposition out of the wreckage of her self-respect, or else follow an independent line of behavior and rescue her self-respect out of the wreckage of her good disposition.
- You take people as far as they will go, not as far as you would like them to go.

Source: <https://www.thoughtco.com/jeannette-rankin-quotes-3530010>

Questions

- 1.- Who was Jeanette Rankin?
- 2.- In groups choose one quotation and analyse it by taking into account the historical context and the year provided in the quotation.
- 3.- Analyse her quotations in terms of feminism.
- 4.- Find out information about Shirley Chisholm and Hattie Caraway and compare them.

Exercise 28

Activity

Watch the movie *The Help*

Questions:

- 1.- At the beginning of the movie, describe the cinema entrance and the flag at the top of the building.
- 2.- Analyse the 3 different lifestyles of the white women that appear in the movie. Explain how different they are and the consequences.
- 3.- Explain the role of the black maids in taking care of the white kids. What about their own kids?
- 4.- Explain and analyse the problem with the bathroom.
- 5.- What happened in the bus? Why? Explain it in relation with the historical context and what happened to Mrs. Parks in 1955.
- 6.- Why didn't the black women want to tell anything about their jobs? Why did they do at the end?

7.- Why is the book so important? What are the different opinions about it?

8.- What did this movie say about women in the USA in the 50's?

Exercise 29

Activity

Read the following short story by Alice Walker (1944-)
Strong Horse Tea
by Alice Walker

Rannie Toomer's little baby boy Snooks was dying from double pneumonia and whooping cough. She sat away from him gazing into a low fire, her long crusty bottom lip hanging. She was not married. Was not pretty. Was not anybody much. And he was all she had.

"Lawd, why don't that doctor come on here?" she moaned, tears sliding from her sticky eyes. She hadn't washed since Snooks took sick five days before, and a long row of whitish snail tracks laced her ashen face.

"What you ought to try is one of the old home remedies," Sarah urged. She was an old neighboring lady who wore magic leaves around her neck sewed up in possum skin next to a dried lizard's foot. She knew how magic came about and could do magic herself, people said.

"We going to have us a doctor," Rannie Toomer said fiercely, walking over to shoo a fat winter fly from her child's forehead. "I don't believe in none of your swamp magic. The 'old home remedies' I took when I was a child come just short of killing me."

Snooks, under a pile of faded quilts, made a small oblong mound on the bed. His head was like a ball of black putty wedged between the thin covers and the dingy yellow pillow. His eyes were partly open as if he were peeping out of his hard wasted skull at the chilly room, and the forceful pulse of his breathing caused a faint rustling in the sheets near his mouth like the wind pushing damp papers in a shallow ditch.

"What time you reckon he'll git here?" asked Sarah, not expecting an answer. She sat with her knees wide apart under three long skirts and a voluminous Mother Hubbard heavy with stains. From time to time she reached down to sweep her damp skirts away from the live coals. It was almost spring, but the winter cold still clung to her bones, and she had to almost sit in the fireplace to get warm. Her deep, sharp eyes had aged to a moist hesitant blue that gave her a quick dull stare like a hawk. She gazed coolly at Rannie Toomer and rapped the hearthstones with her stick.

"White mailman, white doctor," she chanted skeptically.

"They gotta come to see 'bout this baby," Rannie Toomer said wistfully. "Who'd go and ignore a little sick baby like by Snooks?"

"Some folks we don't know well as we *thinks* we do might," the old lady replied. "What you want to give that boy of yours is one or two of the old home remedies, arrowsroot or sassyfrass and cloves, or sugar tit soaked in cat's blood."

"We don't need none of your witch's remedies!" said Rannie Toomer. "We going to git some of them shots that makes people well. Cures 'em of all they ails, cleans 'em out and makes 'em strong, all at the same time." She grasped her baby by his shrouded toes and began to gently twist,

trying to knead life into him the same way she kneaded limberness into flour dough. She spoke upward from his feet as if he were an altar.

"Doctor'll be here soon, baby. I done sent the mailman." She left him reluctantly to go and stand by the window. She pressed her face against the glass, her flat nose more flattened as she peered out at the rain.

She had gone up to the mailbox in the rain that morning, hoping she hadn't missed the mailman's car. She had sat down on an old milk can near the box and turned her drooping face in the direction the mailman's car would come. She had no umbrella, and her feet shivered inside thin, clear plastic shoes that let in water and mud.

"Howde, Rannie Mae," the red-faced mailman said pleasantly, as he always did, when she stood by his car waiting to ask him something. Usually she wanted to ask what certain circulars meant that showed pretty pictures of things she needed. Did the circulars mean that somebody was coming around later and give her hats and suitcases and shoes and sweaters and rubbing alcohol and a heater for the house and a fur bonnet for her baby? Or, why did he always give her the pictures if she couldn't have what was in them? Or, what did the words say? . . . Especially the big word written in red: "S-A-L-E"?

He would explain shortly to her that the only way she could get the goods pictured on the circulars was to buy them in town and that town stores did their advertising by sending out pictures of their goods. She would listen with her mouth hanging open until he finished. Then she would exclaim in a dull amazed way that *she* never had any money and he could ask anybody. *She* couldn't

ever buy any of the things in the pictures--so why did the stores keep sending them to her?

He tried to explain to her that *everybody* got the circulars whether they had any money to buy with or not. That this was one of the laws of advertising, and he couldn't do anything about it. He was sure she never understood what he tried to teach her about advertising, for one day she asked him for any extra circulars he had, and when he asked her what she wanted them for--since she couldn't afford to buy any of the items advertised--she said she needed them to paper the inside of her house to keep out the wind.

Today he thought she looked more ignorant than usual as she stuck her dripping head inside his car. He recoiled from her breath and gave little attention to what she was saying about her sick baby as he mopped up the water she dripped on the plastic door handle of the car.

"Well, never *can* keep 'em dry; I mean, *warm* enough, in rainy weather like this here," he mumbled absently, stuffing a wad of circulars advertising hair dryers and cold creams into her hands. He wished she would stand back from his car so he could get going. But she clung to the side gabbing away about "Snooks" and "pneumonia" and "shots" and about how she wanted a "*real* doctor!"

To everything she said he nodded. "That right?" he injected sympathetically when she stopped for breath, and then he began to sneeze, for she was letting in wetness and damp, and he felt he was coming down with a cold. Black people as black as Rannie Toomer always made him uneasy, especially when they didn't smell good and when you could tell they didn't right away. Rannie Mae, leaning in over him out of the rain, smelled like a

wet goat. Her dark dirty eyes clinging to his with such hungry desperation made him nervous.

"Well, ah, *mighty* sorry to hear 'bout the little fella," he said groping for the window crank. "We'll see what we can do!" He gave her what he hoped was a big friendly smile. God! *He didn't want to hurt her feelings*; she did look so pitiful hanging there in the rain. Suddenly he had an idea.

"Whyn't you try some of old Aunt Sarah's home remedies?" he suggested brightly. He half believed along with everybody else in the county that the old blue-eyed black woman possessed magic. Magic that if it didn't work on whites probably would on blacks. But Rannie Toomer almost turned the car over shaking her head and body with an emphatic NO! She reached in a wet hand to grasp his shoulder.

"We wants us a doctor, a real doctor!" she screamed. She had begun to cry and drop her tears on him. "You git us a doctor from town!" she bellowed, shaking the solid shoulder that bulged under his new tweed coat.

"Like I say," he drawled patiently, although beginning to be furious with her, "We'll do what we can!" And he hurriedly rolled up the window and sped down the road, cringing from the thought that she had put her nasty black hands on him.

"Old home remedies! Old home remedies!" Rannie Toomer had cursed the words while she licked at the hot tears that ran down her face, the only warmth about her. She turned backwards to the trail that led to her house, trampling the wet circulars under her feet. Under the fence she went and was in a pasture surrounded by dozens of fat whitefolks' cows and an old gray horse and a mule.

Cows and horses never seemed to have much trouble, she thought, as she hurried home.

Old Sarah dug steadily at the fire; the bones in her legs ached as if they were outside the flesh that enclosed them.

"White mailman, white doctor. White doctor, white mailman," she murmured from time to time, putting the poker down carefully and rubbing her shins.

"You young ones *will* turn to them," she said, "when it is *us* that got the power."

"The doctor's coming, Aunt Sarah. I know he is," Rannie Toomer said angrily.

It was less than an hour after she had talked to the mailman that she looked up expecting the doctor and saw old Sarah tramping through the grass on her walking stick. She couldn't pretend she wasn't home with the smoke from her fire climbing out the chimney, so she let her in, making her leave her bag of tricks on the porch.

Old woman old as that ought to forgit trying to cure other people with her nigger magic. Ought to use some of it on herself! She thought. She would not let Sarah lay a finger on Snooks and warned her if she tried anything she would knock her over the head with her own cane.

"He coming, all right," Rannie Toomer said again firmly, looking with prayerful eyes out through the rain.

"Let me tell you, child," the old woman said almost gently, sipping the coffee Rannie Toomer had given her. "*He ain't.*"

She had not been allowed near the boy on the bed, an that had made her angry at first, but now she looked with pity at the young woman who was so afraid her child would

die. She felt rejected but at the same time sadly *glad* that the young always grow up hoping. It *did* take a long time to finally realize that you could only depend on those who would come.

"But I done told you," Rannie Toomer was saying in exasperation, "I asked the mailman to bring a doctor for my Snooks!"

Cold wind was shooting all around her from the cracks in the window framing; faded circulars blew inward from the walls.

"He done fetched the doctor," the old woman said, softly stroking her coffee cup. "What you reckon brung me over here in this here flood? It wasn't no desire to see no rainbows, I can tell you."

Rannie Toomer paled.

"I's the doctor, child. That there mailman didn't git no further with that message of yours then the road in front of my house. Lucky he got good lungs--deef as I is I had myself a time trying to make out *what* he was yelling."

Rannie began to cry, moaning.

Suddenly the breathing from the bed seemed to drown out the noise of the downpour outside. The baby's pulse seemed to make the whole house shake.

"Here!" she cried, snatching the baby up and handing him to Sarah. "Make him well! Oh, my lawd, make him well!"

"Let's not upset the little fella unnecessarylike," Sarah said, placing the baby back on the bed. Gently she began to examine him, all the while moaning and humming a thin pagan tune that pushed against the sound of the wind and rain with its own melancholy power. She

stripped him of his clothes, poked at his fiberless baby ribs, blew against his chest. Along his tiny flat back she ran her soft old fingers. The child hung on in deep rasping sleep, and his small glazed eyes neither opened fully nor fully closed.

Rannie Toomer swayed over the bed watching the old woman touching the baby. She mourned the time she had wasted waiting for a doctor. Her feeling of guilt was a stone.

"I'll do anything you say do, Aunt Sarah," she cried, mopping at her nose with her dress. "Anything you say, just, please God, make him git better."

Old Sarah dressed the baby again and sat down in front of the fire. She stayed deep in thought for several minutes. Rannie Toomer gazed first into her silent face and then at the baby whose breathing seemed to have eased since Sarah picked him up.

"Do something, quick!" she urged Sarah, beginning to believe in her powers completely. "Do something that'll make him rise up and call his mama!"

"The child's dying," said the old woman bluntly, staking out beforehand some limitation to her skill. "But," she went on, "there might be something still we light try . . ."

"What?" asked Rannie Toomer from her knees. She knelt before the old woman's chair, wringing her hands and crying. She fastened herself to Sarah's chair. How could she have thought anyone else could help her Snooks, she wondered brokenly, when you couldn't even depend on them to come! She had been crazy to trust anyone but the withered old magician before her.

"What can I *do*?" she urged fiercely, blinded by her new faith, driven by the labored breathing from the bed.

"It going to take a strong stomach," said Sarah slowly. "It going to take a mighty strong stomach, and most of you young peoples these days don't have 'em!"

"Snooks got a strong stomach," Rannie Toomer said, peering anxiously into the serious old face.

"It ain't him that's got to have the strong stomach," Sarah said, glancing at the sobbing girl at her feet. "*You* the one got to have the strong stomach . . . he won't *know* what it is he's drinking."

Rannie Toomer began to tremble way down deep in her stomach. It sure was weak, she thought. Trembling like that. But what could she mean her Snooks to drink? Not cat's blood! And not any of the other messes she'd heard Sarah specialized in that would make anybody's stomach turn. What did she mean?

"What is it?" she whispered, bringing her head close to Sarah's knee, Sarah leaned down and put her toothless mouth to her ear.

"The only thing that can save this child now is some good strong horse tea!" she said, keeping her eyes turned toward the bed. "The *only* thing. And if you wants him out of that bed you better make tracks to git some!"

Rannie Toomer took up her wet coat and stepped across the porch to the pasture. The rain fell against her face with the force of small hailstones. She started walking in the direction of the trees where she could see the bulky whitish shapes of cows. Her thin plastic shoes were sucked at the mud, but she pushed herself forward in a relentless search for the lone gray mare.

All the animals shifted ground and rolled big dark eyes at Rannie Toomer. She made as little noise as she could and leaned herself against a tree to wait.

Thunder rose from the side of the sky like tires of a big truck rumbling over rough dirt road. Then it stood a split second in the middle of the sky before it exploded like a giant firecracker, then rolled away again like an empty keg. Lightning streaked across the sky, setting the air white and charged.

Rannie Toomer stood dripping under her tree hoping not to be struck. She kept her eyes carefully on the behind of the gray mare, who, after nearly an hour had passed, began nonchalantly to spread her muddy knees.

At that moment Rannie Toomer realized that she had brought nothing to catch the precious tea in. Lightning struck something not far off and caused a cracking and groaning in the woods that frightened the animals away from their shelter. Rannie Toomer slipped down in the mud trying to take off one of her plastic shoes, and the gray mare, trickling some, broke for a clump of cedars yards away.

Rannie Toomer was close enough to the mare to catch the tea if she could keep up with her while she ran. So, alternately holding her breath and gasping for air, she started after her. Mud from her fall clung to her elbows and streaked her frizzy hair. Slipping and sliding in the mud she raced after the big mare, holding out, as if for alms, her plastic shoe.

In the house Sarah sat, her shawls and sweaters tight around her, rubbing her knees and muttering under her breath. She heard the thunder, saw the lightning that lit up the dingy room, and turned her waiting face to the

bed. Hobbled over on stiff legs, she could hear no sound; the frail breathing had stopped with the thunder, not to come again.

Across the mud-washed pasture Rannie Toomer stumbled, holding out her plastic shoe for the gray mare to fill. In spurts and splashes mixed with rainwater she gathered her tea. In parting, the old mare snorted and threw up one big leg, knocking her back into the mud. She rose trembling and crying, holding the shoe, spilling none over the top but realizing a leak, a tiny crack, at her shoe's front. Quickly she stuck her mouth there over the crack, and, ankle deep in the slippery mud of the pasture, and freezing in her shabby wet coat, she ran home to give the good and warm strong horse tea to her baby Snooks.

Source: *Stories of the Modern South*, ed. Ben Korkner & Patrik Samway, S.J., Penguin 1995.

Questions

- 1.- Summarize the story with your words.
- 2.- Analyse the different female characters.
- 3.- Find out main events in Alice Walker life related to her activism for civil rights in the USA.

Exercise 30

Activity

Visit this page that contains quotes from the book by Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*, https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/21798.Betty_Friedan

Then read the following fragment from the same book:

The problem lay buried, unspoken, for many years in the minds of American women. It was a strange stirring, a sense of dissatisfaction, a yearning that women suffered in the middle of the twentieth century in the United States. Each suburban wife struggled with it alone. As she made the beds, shopped for groceries, matched slipcover material, ate peanut butter sandwiches with her children, chauffeured Cub Scouts and Brownies, lay beside her husband at night -- she was afraid to ask even of herself the silent question -- "Is this all?"

For over fifteen years there was no word of this yearning in the millions of words written about women, for women, in all the columns, books and articles by experts telling women their role was to seek fulfillment as wives and mothers. Over and over women heard in voices of tradition and of Freudian sophistication that they could desire no greater destiny than to glory in their own femininity. Experts told them how to catch a man and keep him, how to breastfeed children and handle their toilet training, how to cope with sibling rivalry and adolescent rebellion; how to buy a dishwasher, bake bread, cook gourmet snails, and build a swimming pool with their own hands; how to dress, look, and act more feminine and make marriage more exciting; how to keep their husbands from dying young and their sons from growing into delinquents.

In the fifteen years after World War II, this mystique of feminine fulfillment became the cherished and self-perpetuating core of contemporary American culture. Millions of women lived their lives in the image of those pretty pictures of the American suburban housewife, kissing their husbands goodbye in front of the picture window, depositing their stationwagonsful of children at school, and smiling as they ran the new electric waxer

over the spotless kitchen floor. They baked their own bread, sewed their own and their children's clothes, kept their new washing machines and dryers running all day. They changed the sheets on the beds twice a week instead of once, took the rug-hooking class in adult education, and pitied their poor frustrated mothers, who had dreamed of having a career. Their only dream was to be perfect wives and mothers; their highest ambition to have five children and a beautiful house, their only fight to get and keep their husbands. They had no thought for the unfeminine problems of the world outside the home; they wanted the men to make the major decisions. They gloried in their role as women, and wrote proudly on the census blank: "Occupation: housewife."

Questions:

- 1.- Choose three quotes that you find more interesting and explain them to the rest of the groups.
- 2.- Analyse the fragment and contextualize.
- 3.- Compare the role of women she describes to the nowadays women's role in the USA.
- 4.- Find out the connections of Friedan's ideas with the group called Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, (W.I.T.C.H.).

21ST CENTURY

Exercise 31

Activity

Visit the web <http://glenngreengalleries.com/Artists/myazzie/index.html>

Questions

- 1.- Carry out a research on the artist Melanie Yazzie.
- 2.- In groups analyse one of her works.

Exercise 32

Activity

Read *The Navajo Times* <https://navajotimes.com/>,

Questions

- 1.- In groups highlight the information about women.
- 2.- Explain them to the rest of the groups.
- 3.- Find out about the role of native American women in their tribes/ethnic groups in terms of eco-feminism.

Exercise 33

Activity

Watch the following video: <https://youtu.be/zP3LaAYzA3Q>

Questions

- 1.- Identify the speaker. What is she known for?
- 2.- Do some research on the *Me Too movement*: its origin, development, what it stands for...
- 3.- Analyse and name the minority groups about which Tarana Burke talks. Why are these communities more likely to endure sexual abuse?
- 4.- Discuss why nowadays a movement like Me Too is still needed. Should it be?

FURTHER ACTIVITIES

Exercise 34

In groups discuss the following topics adopting the role of a 18th century woman vs. a 21st century US woman:

- Abortion
- Divorce
- Housework and children bringing-up
- Vote
- Slavery

Exercise 35

Carry out a research on the female immigrants at the beginning of the 20th century:

- country of origin
- who they were: single, married, with the family...
- way of living once they settled in the US

And compare this 20th century female immigration with the women that traveled in the Mayflower.

Exercise 36

Carry out a research about the ideas of sex from the colonies up to now and how they affected women daily life. Provide with specific examples, for example the Comstock Act and Margaret Sanger activities.

Exercise 27

Find out about the different theories about menstruation along history in the USA and analyse their influence in women's life and in their participation in specific circumstances such as wars, politics, education, science...

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