

## **MEEF M1 Homework assignment November 2020 John Mullen**

I recommend you take the time to research the issues involved. Write as much as you think would be reasonable in a real exam. Send your work by email to me @ univ-rouen.fr (john.mullen) by the 20th of December 2020. The file should have a filename with your surname in it, and be in .docx, .doc, .rtf or .odt.

You may well find it useful to look over this recent jury report :

<https://saesfrance.org/wp-content/uploads/2017/07/rapport-CAPES-anglais-2017.pdf>

Compare and contrast the following texts.

### **Document A :**

We have tried to be womanly, we have tried to use feminine influence, and we have seen that it is of no use. Men who have been impatient have invariably got reforms for their impatience. And they have not our excuse for being impatient. ... Now, while I share in the feeling of indignation which has been expressed to you by my daughter, I have lived longer in the world than she has. Perhaps I can look round the whole question better than she can, but I want to say here, deliberately, to you, that we are here today because we are driven here. We have taken this action, because as women—and I want you to understand it is as women we have taken this action—it is because we realize that the condition of our sex is so deplorable that it is our duty even to break the law in order to call attention to the reasons why we do so. I do not want to say anything which may seem disrespectful to you, or in any way give you offense, but I do want to say that I wish, sir, that you could put yourself into the place of women for a moment before you decide upon this case. My daughter referred to the way in which women are huddled into and out of these police-courts without a fair trial. I want you to realize what a poor hunted creature, without the advantages we have had, must feel. I have been in prison. I was in Holloway Gaol for five weeks. I was in various parts of the prison.

I was in the hospital, and in the ordinary part of the prison, and I tell you, sir, with as much sense of responsibility as if I had taken the oath, that there were women there who have broken no law, who are there because they have been able to make no adequate statement. You know that women have tried to do something to come to the aid of their own sex. Women are brought up for certain crimes, crimes which men do not understand—I am thinking especially of infanticide—they are brought before a man judge, before a jury of men, who are called upon to decide whether some poor, hunted woman is guilty of murder or not. I put it to you, sir, when we see in the papers, as we often do, a case similar to that of Daisy Lord, for whom a great petition was got up in this country, I want you to realize how we women feel, because we are women, because we are not men, we need some legitimate influence to bear upon our law-makers.

Now, we have tried every way. We have presented larger petitions than were ever presented for any other reform; we have succeeded in holding greater public meetings than men have ever had for any reform, in spite of the difficulty which women have in throwing off their natural diffidence, that desire to escape publicity which we have inherited from generations of our foremothers; we have broken through that. We have faced hostile mobs at street corners, because we were told that we could not have that representation for our taxes which men have won unless we converted the whole of the country to our side. Because we have done this, we have been misrepresented, we have been ridiculed, we have had contempt poured upon us. The ignorant mob at the street corner has been incited to offer us violence, which we have faced unarmed and unprotected by the safeguards which Cabinet Ministers have. We know that we need the protection of the vote even more than men have needed it.

Emmeline Pankhurst, "Speech from the Dock," in *Votes for Women* (October 29, 1908)

Document B 2014 poster

#RTNBTN14



# RECLAIM THE NIGHT BRIGHTON

**SATURDAY  
15TH NOVEMBER 2014**

TAKE A STAND AGAINST GENDER BASED  
HARASSMENT AND SEXUAL VIOLENCE AT NIGHT

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**MARCH** TO DEMAND SAFER STREETS!  
TO RECLAIM THE NIGHT!  
MEET AT BRIGHTON STATION **6PM**

**RALLY** FREE EVENT - ALL GENDERS WELCOME  
GUEST SPEAKERS / STALLS / SHORT FILMS  
SALLIS BENNEY THEATRE - GRAND PARADE **8PM**

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 RAISING FUNDS FOR SURVIVORS NETWORK (SUPPORTING  
SURVIVORS OF SEXUAL VIOLENCE) AND THE UGLY MUGS SCHEME  
(SUPPORTING THE RIGHTS AND SAFETY OF SEX WORKERS) 

**WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/BRIGHTONFEMINISTCOLLECTIVE**

Document C : From *The Guardian*, 1 Feb 2018, by Joan Bakewell.

By the time the 70s arrived, a commitment to feminism was deeply bedded in my psyche. I hail from near Manchester, city of the Pankhursts. The houses at my girls' grammar school were named Brontë, Austen, Gaskell, Slessor, Beale and Nightingale. In the 50s, I went to Newnham College, Cambridge – then and now for women only – founded by the brilliant suffragist Millicent Fawcett herself. We were privileged, but also disadvantaged: no women were allowed in the Cambridge Union or the Footlights and only two colleges admitted women. But we had a sense that women could change the world and that we would be part of that change.

By the 60s, things had quickened. The pill transformed our private lives and Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* transformed our working lives. In the 70s, feminist writing came thick and fast: Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*, Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics* and Elaine Showalter's *Towards a Feminist Poetics* ... the academics were on the move. The journalists, too: the Guardian women's page seized the agenda with writers such as Jill Tweedie and Polly Toynbee and cartoonist Posy Simmonds. It became a focal point for what was by now a public conversation.

By the 70s, I was a mother of two children and co-presenter with three men of BBC Two's chatshow *Late Night Line-Up*. The arrival of the Equal Pay Act seemed hardly to make a ripple in the BBC: it kept to its own hierarchies. I was earning less than my co-presenters. When they found out, they lobbied our editor to have my pay increased. It was the sort of gesture sympathetic men made in those days. I tried out feminism on the BBC. "Might a woman one day read the news?" I asked of the head of news. "Absolutely not," I was told. Institutions were proving harder to change than individuals.

Somewhere along the line, I had been tagged "the thinking man's crumpet" and Fleet Street editors never let me forget it. Meant as a compliment, it labelled me as frivolous and, I suspect, kept me out of serious BBC programming for a decade. Unaware of what was happening, I did PR for the programme, always articles about fluffy stuff: makeup and clothes.

But the changing climate of the 70s gave me courage in my private life. I knew that women were taking charge of their own lives. My mother had always been a housewife and bore the disappointments of a frustrated intelligence. I was determined to avoid that. I had growing confidence in my own abilities and by the 70s I was earning enough to stand on my own two feet. I made what was then a momentous decision: I would get divorced.

Joan Bakewell is an English journalist, television presenter and Labour party peer