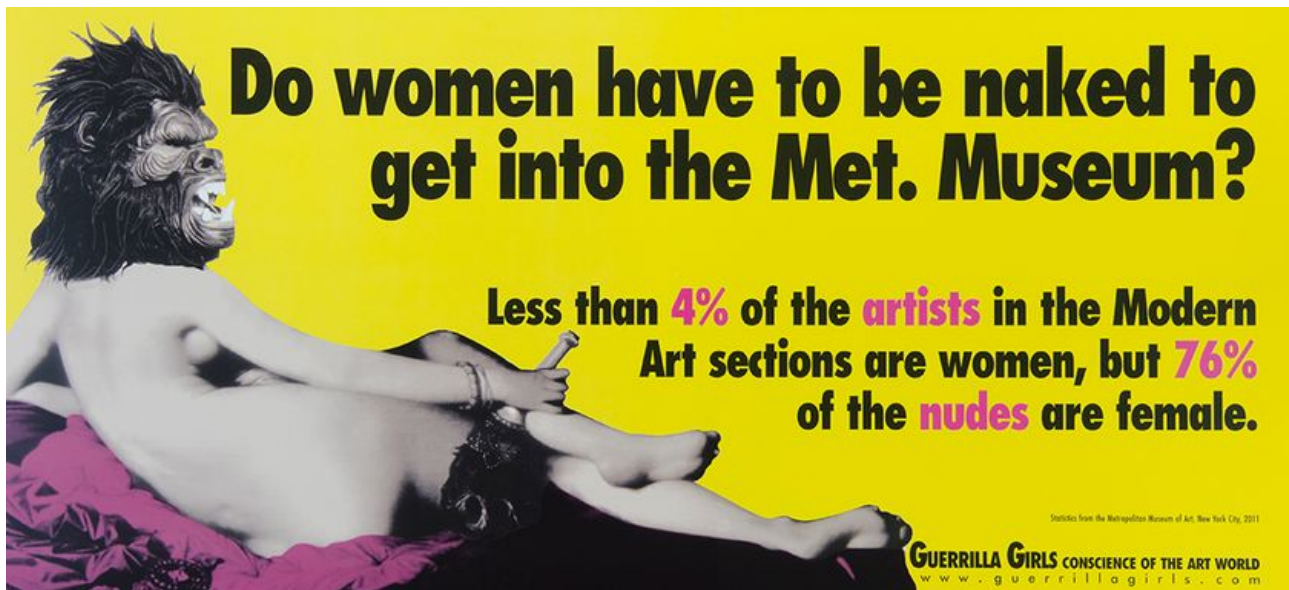


Document 1



Guerrilla Girls is an anonymous group of feminist, female artists devoted to fighting sexism and racism within the art world. The group formed in New York city in 1985 with the mission of bringing gender and racial inequality into focus within the greater arts community. The group employs culture jamming in the form of posters, books, billboards, and public appearances to expose discrimination and corruption. To remain anonymous, members don gorilla masks and use pseudonyms that refer to deceased female artists. According to GG1, identities are concealed because issues matter more than individual identities, "Mainly, we wanted the focus to be on the issues, not on our personalities or our own work." *From Wikipedia*

Document 2

Margaret Atwood *Gertrude talks back*, 1993

HAMLET:

Look here, upon this picture, and on this, The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man: This was your husband. [...] Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed, Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty; [...] Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse; And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft.

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (c. 1600, Act III, sc. iv)

I always thought it was a mistake, calling you Hamlet. I mean, what kind of name is that for a young boy? It was your father's idea. Nothing would do but that you had to be called after him? Selfish. The other kids at school used to tease the life out of you. The nicknames! And those terrible

jokes about pork. I wanted to call you George. I am not wringing my hands. I'm drying my nails. Darling, please stop fidgeting with my mirror. That'll be the third one you've broken. Yes, I've seen those pictures, thank you very much. I know your father was handsomer than Claudius. High brow, aquiline nose and so on, looked great in uniform. But handsome isn't everything, especially in a man, and far be it from me to speak ill of the dead, but I think it's about time I pointed out to you that your dad just wasn't a whole lot of fun. Noble. Sure, I grant you. But Claudius, well, he likes a drink now and then. He appreciates a decent meal. He enjoys a laugh, know what I mean? You don't always have to be tiptoeing around because of some holier-than-thou principle or something. By the way, darling, I wish you wouldn't call your stepdad the bloat king. He does have a slight weight problem, and it hurts his feelings. The rank sweat of what? My bed is certainly not enseamed, whatever that might be! A nasty sty, indeed! Not that it's any of your business, but I change those sheets twice a week, which is more than you do, judging from that student slum pigpen in Wittenberg. I'll certainly never visit you there again without prior warning! I see that laundry of yours when you bring it home, and not often enough either, by a long shot! Only when you run out of black socks. And let me tell you, everyone sweats at a time like that, as you'd find out if you ever gave it a try. A real girlfriend would do you a heap of good. Not like that pasty-faced what's-her-name, all trussed up like a prizes turkey in those touch-me-not corsets of hers. If you ask me, there's something off about that girl. Borderline. Any little shock could push her right over the edge. Go get yourself someone more down-to-earth. Have a nice roll in the hay. Then you can talk to me about nasty sties. No darling, I am not mad at you. But I must say you're an awful prig sometimes. Just like your Dad. The Flesh, he'd say. You'd think it was dog dirt. You can excuse that in a young person, they are always so intolerant, but in someone his age it was getting, well, very hard to live with and that's the understatement of the year. Some days I think it would have been better for both of us if you hadn't been an only child. But you realize who you have to thank for that. You have no idea what I used to put up with. And every time I felt like a little, you know, just to warm up my aging bones, it was like I'd suggested murder. Oh! You think what? You think Claudius murdered your Dad? Well, no wonder you've been so rude to him at the dinner table! If I'd known that, I could have put you straight in no time flat. It wasn't Claudius, darling. It was me.

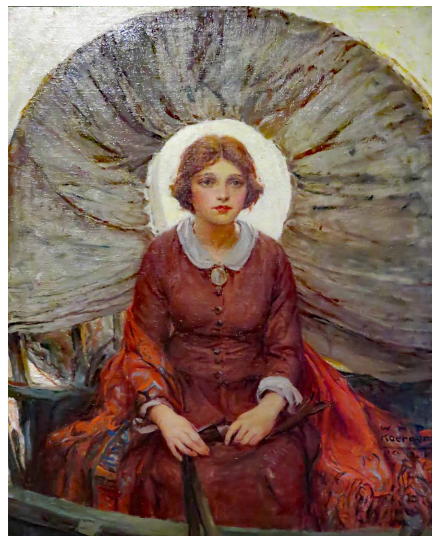
Document 3



Woman's Mission is a triptych rerepresenting the three stages in a woman's life as 'ministering angel'. The third of the panels, *Comfort of Old Age* 1862 is also in Tate's collection; the first, *Guide of Childhood*, is lost, although an oil study for it exists in the collection of Dunedin Public Art Gallery. Together the panels of the triptych echo prevailing views of woman's role in the Victorian home and

reinforce the desired image of the 'fairer sex' as pure and submissive, as conveyed by Coventry Patmore in his popular poem '**The Angel in the House**'. The narrative is made clear in the picture through the discarded, black-edged envelope lying on the floor and the letter in the husband's hand. He has just received news of the death of someone close to him and his wife, the 'companion of manhood', comforts him in his grief. Hicks uses the picture's setting to reinforce the notion that she is a dutiful wife in every way. She is clearly able to run an efficient and comfortable home. The table is neatly laid for breakfast and there are fresh flowers in the vase on the mantelpiece. She is attractive and well groomed, but not frivolous in appearance. Her concern is solely for her husband's welfare and wellbeing.

Document 4



In the western novel “Covered Wagon”, the heroine Molly Wingate traveled the Oregon Trail in a wagon train of settlers. Encountering prairie fires and Indian arrows, the beautiful maiden eventually reached Oregon, where in the conventions of popular fiction, she found true love. In this illustration for the novel’s book jacket, W.H.D. Koerner used the covered wagon to form a halo around the pioneer woman’s head to symbolized her purity. This romanticized view of womanhood (**the Madonna of the Prairie**) is emblematic of dime westerns that idealize the feminine, often forsaking reality.

Document 5

<https://www.vox.com/2018/3/20/16955588/feminism-waves-explained-first-second-third-fourth>