

literature & culture



Jane Lazarre, escriptora i assagista nord-americana, autora de diversos llibres de ficció i de no-ficció, incloent-hi *El nudo materno* (las afueras, 2018)

A càrrec d'**Anna Casablanca**,
professora de Literatura Nord-americana a la UAB.



Dilluns 26 d'abril a les 18.00h
Inscripcions a hgarcia@ien.es

Duració: 60 minuts
La sessió és en anglès, amb traducció al català i castellà amb intèrpret.

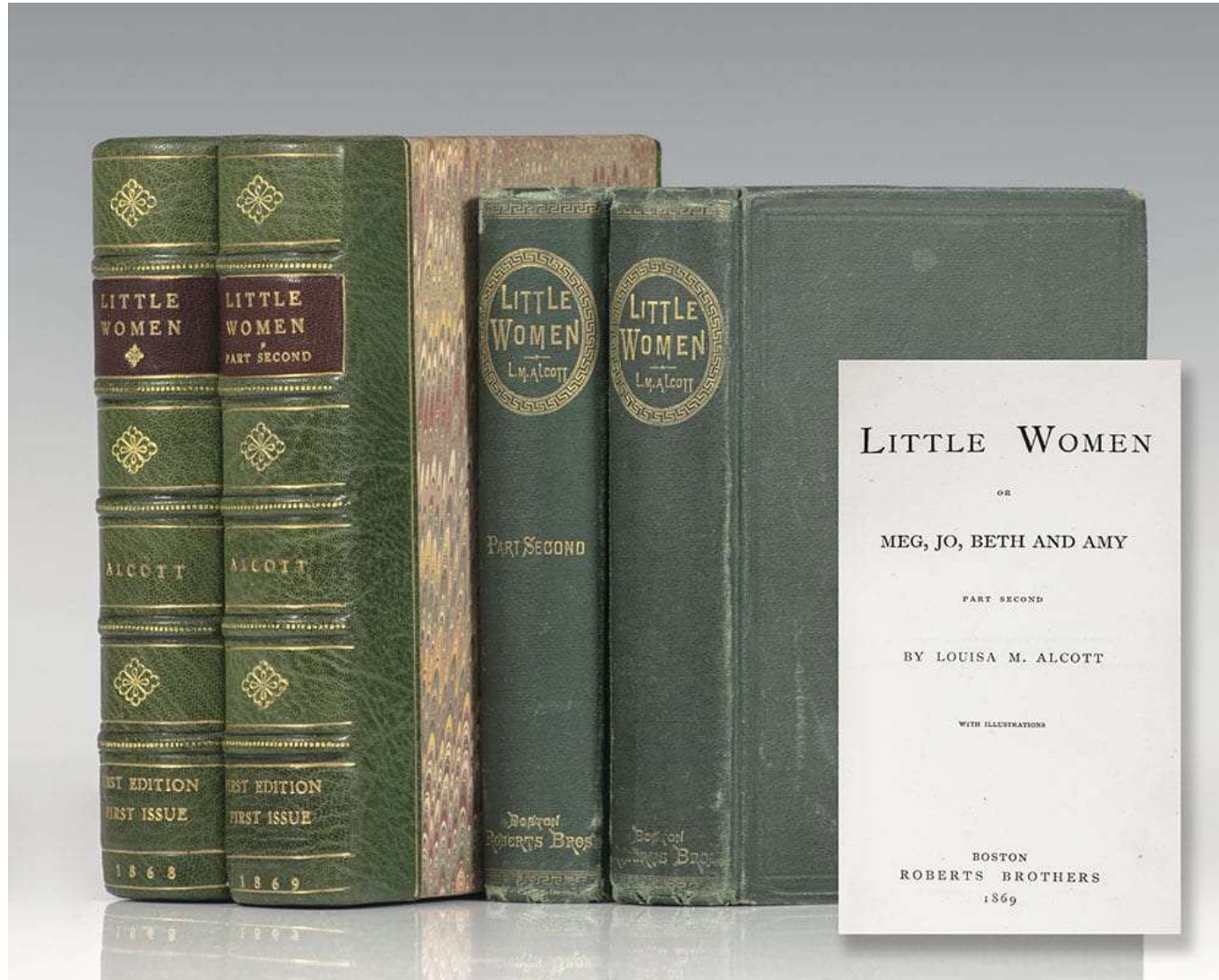
ien Fundació
Institut d'Estudis
Nord-americans

las afueras

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1850). *"The Scarlet Letter"*

Merle, Huges (1861). *"The Scarlet Letter"*





1868



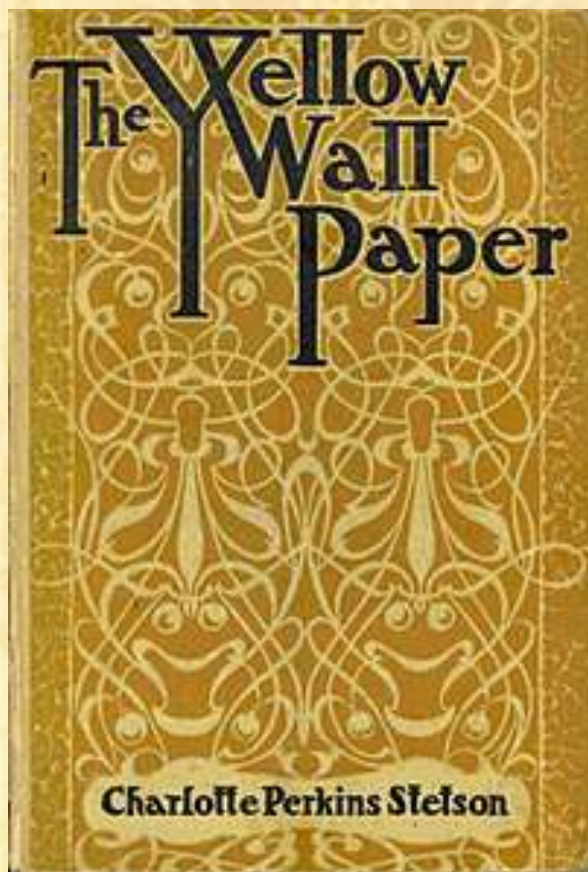
We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all **men** are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

Jefferson's (1776). *"Declaration of Independence"*

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;

Cady Stanton, Elizabeth (1848). *"Declaration of Sentiments"*

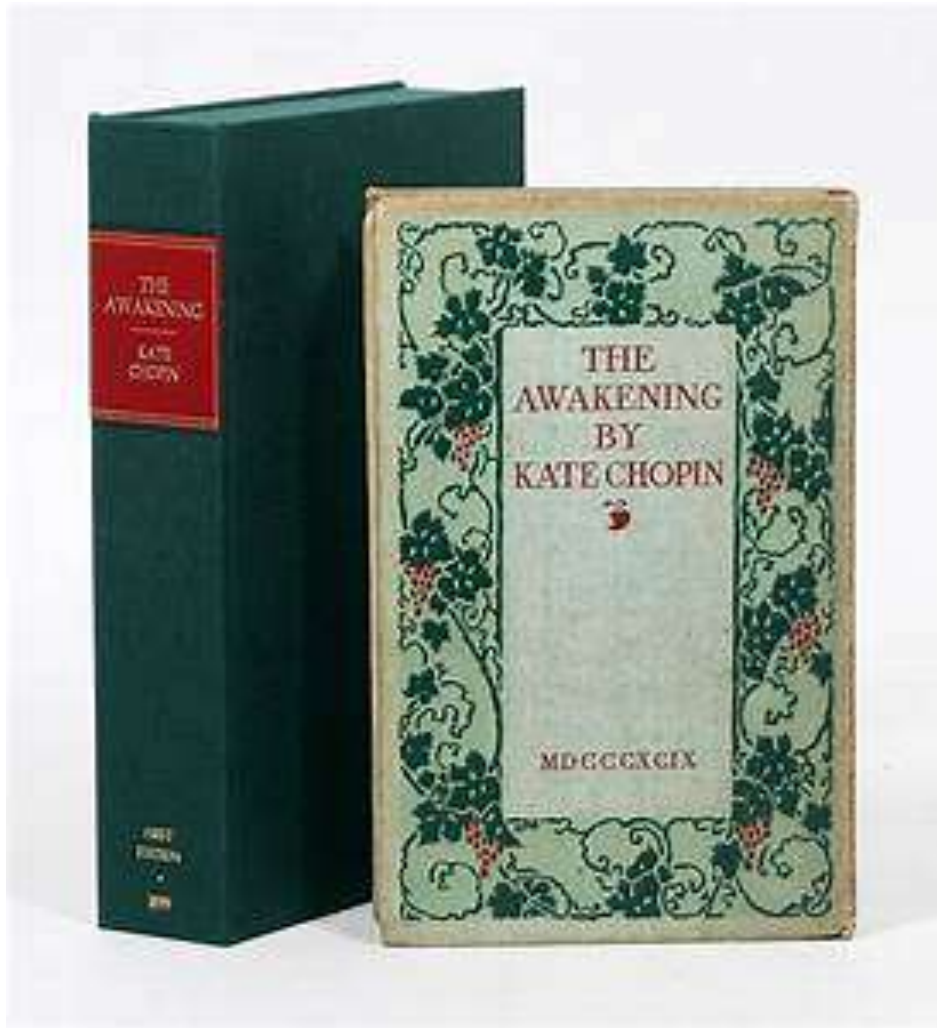




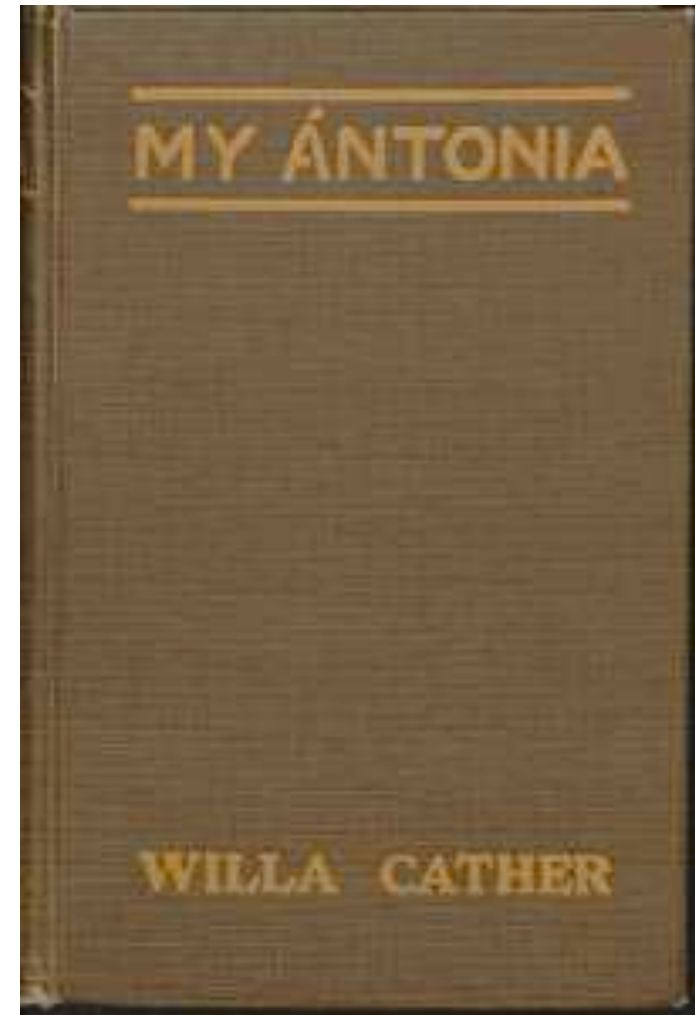
1892

“This wise man put me to bed and applied the rest cure, to which a still good physique responded so promptly that he concluded there was nothing much the matter with me, and sent me home with solemn advice to “live as domestic a life as far as possible,” to “have but two hour’s intellectual life a day,” and “never to touch pen, brush or pencil again as long as I lived.” This was in 1887.”

Perkins Stetson, Charlotte (1913) *“Why I Wrote ‘The Yellow Wallpaper’”*



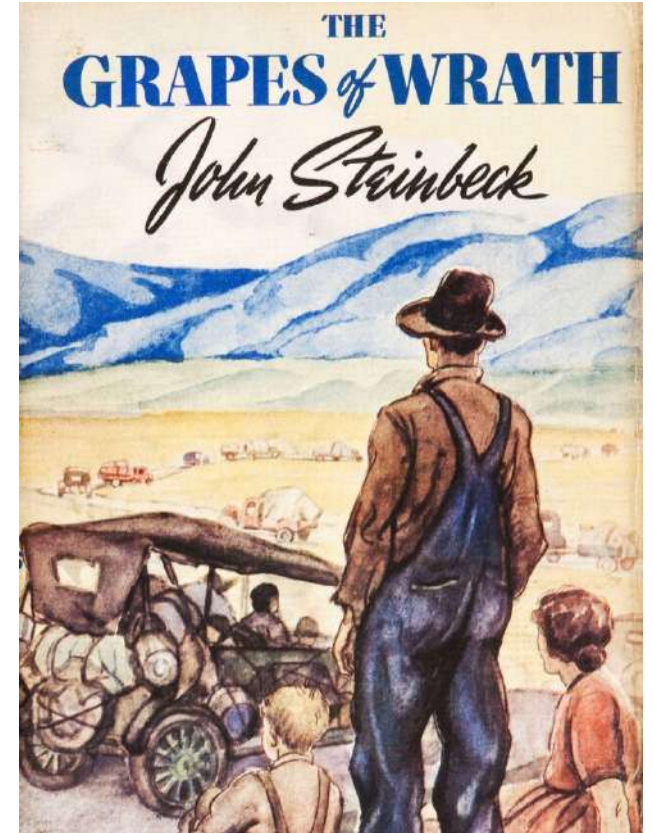
1899

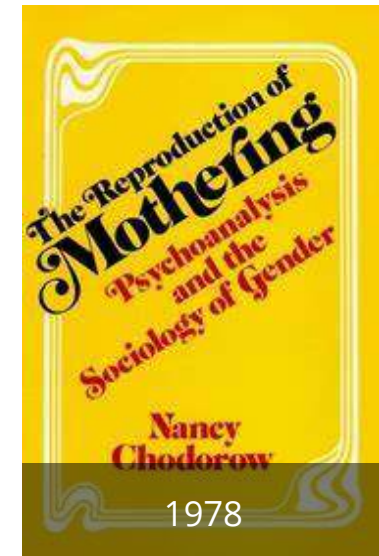
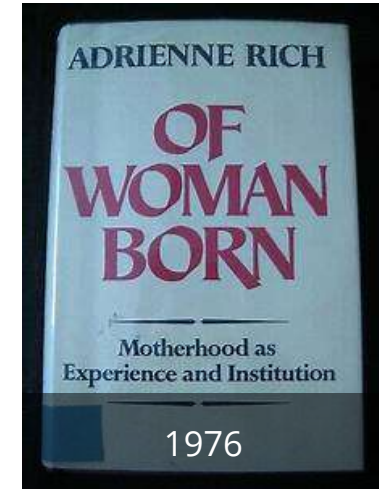
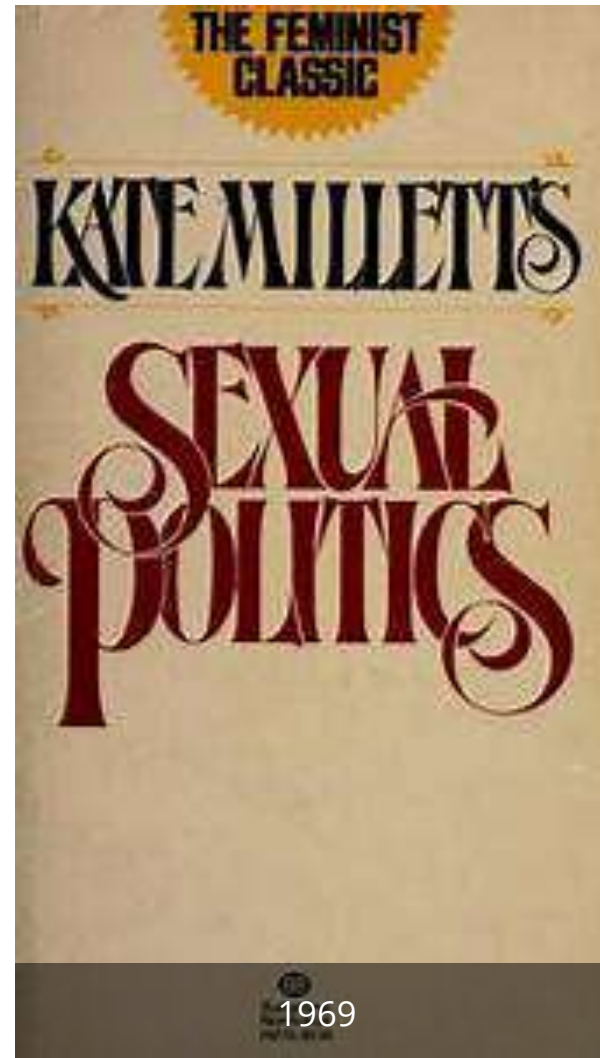
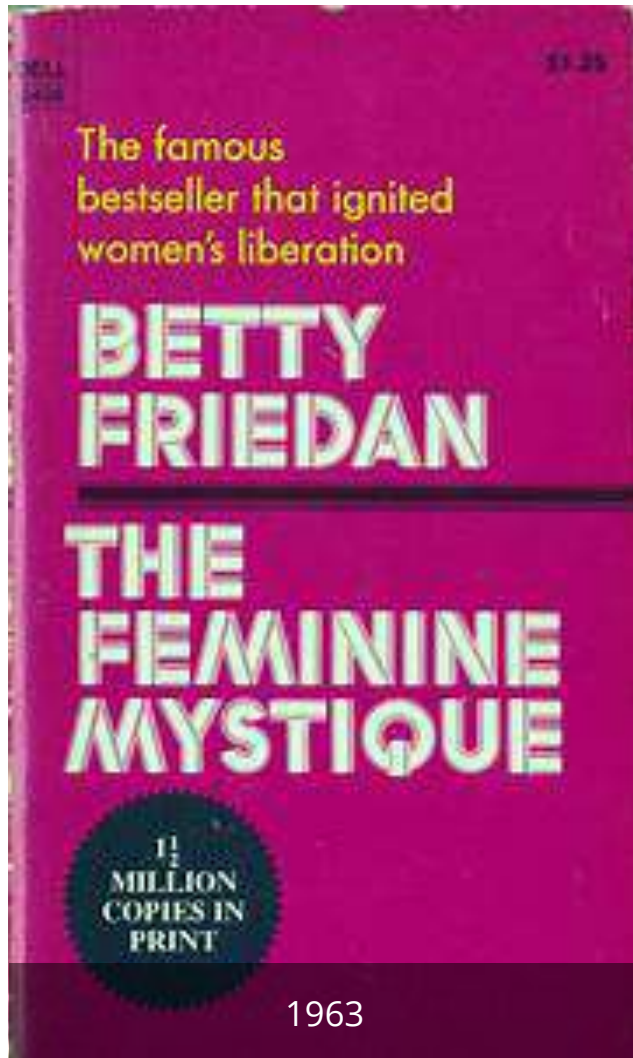


1918

“For a minute Rose of Sharon sat still in the whispering barn. Then she hoistered her tired body up and drew the comfort about her. She moved slowly to the corner and stood looking down at the wasted face, into the wide, frightened eyes. Then slowly she lay down beside him. He shook his head slowly from side to side. Rose of Sharon loosened one side of the blanket and bared her breast. “*You got to.*”, she said. She squirmed closer and pulled his head close. “*There!*” she said. “*There.*”. Her hand moved behind his head and supported it. Her fingers moved gently in his hair. She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously.”

1939



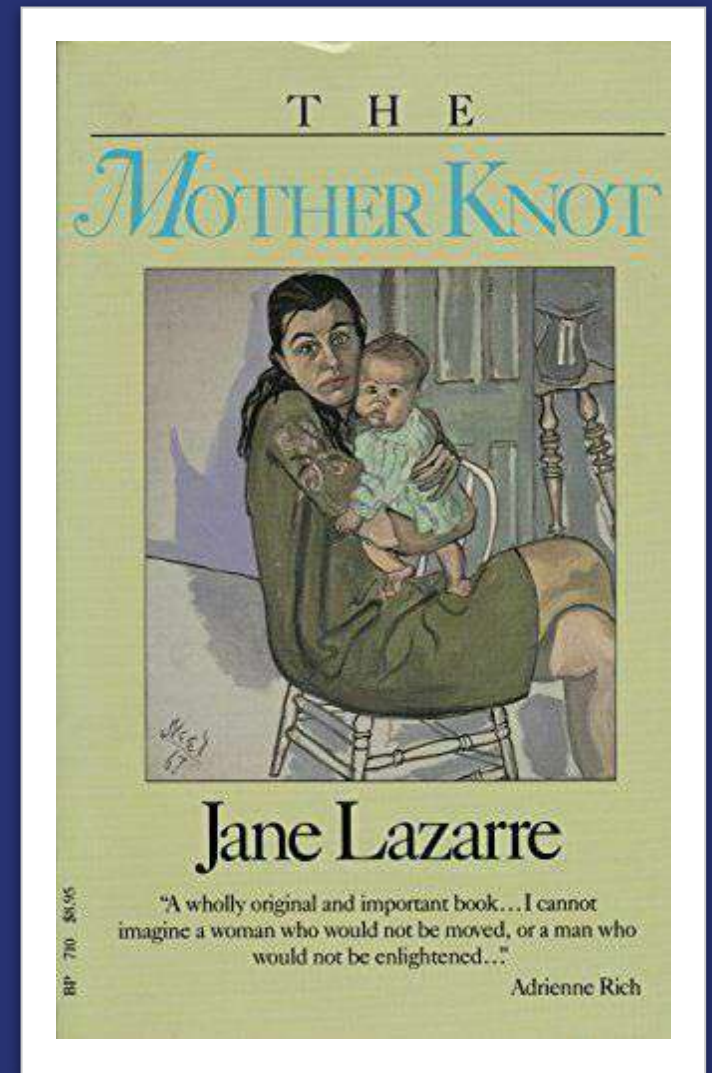


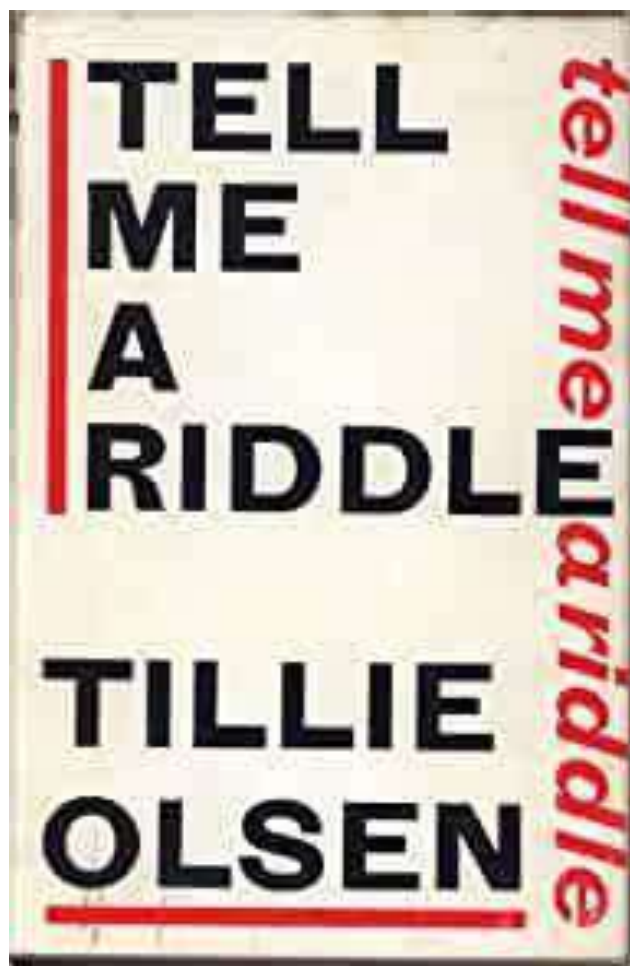
"If only those expert mothers might give to many children, more than just their own. Instead, they have been robbed of self-respect by a society which idolizes and damns them, and most recently, by the women's movement too. I vacillated continually between hating them for their cowardice and loving them for their endurance." (132)

"Worlds Beyond My Control" (2000)

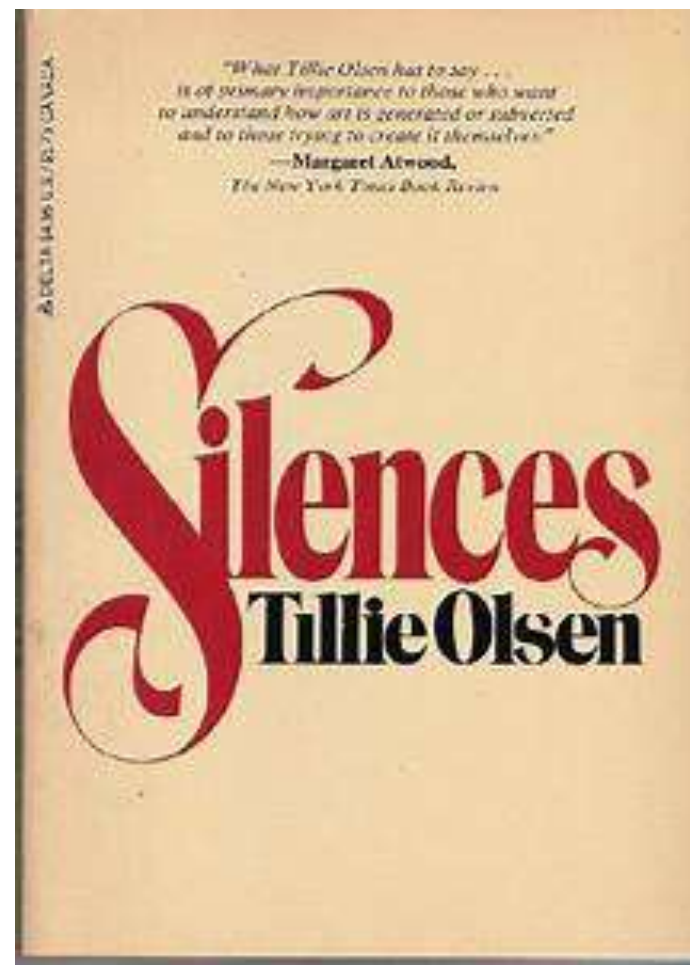
"Inheritance" (2011)

"Beyond the Whiteness of Whiteness. Memoir of a White Mother of Black Sons" (2016)

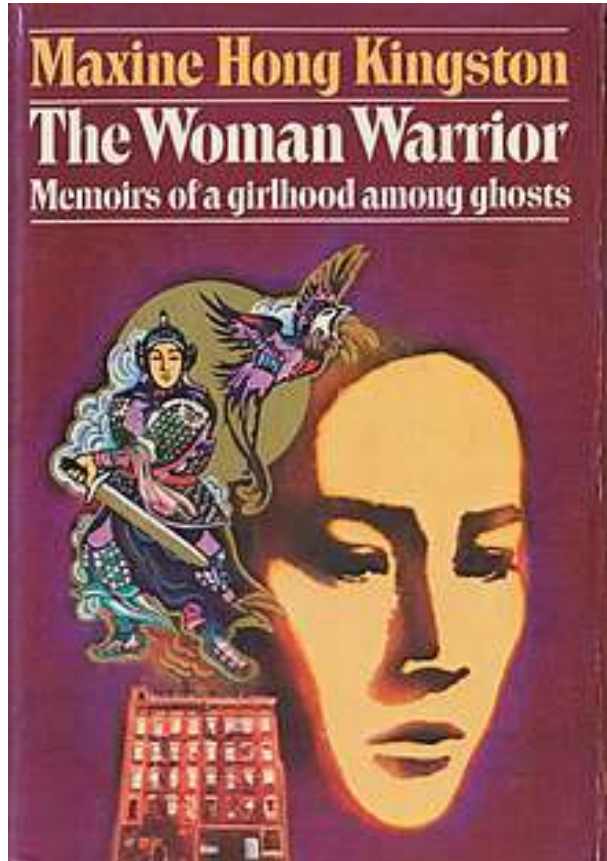




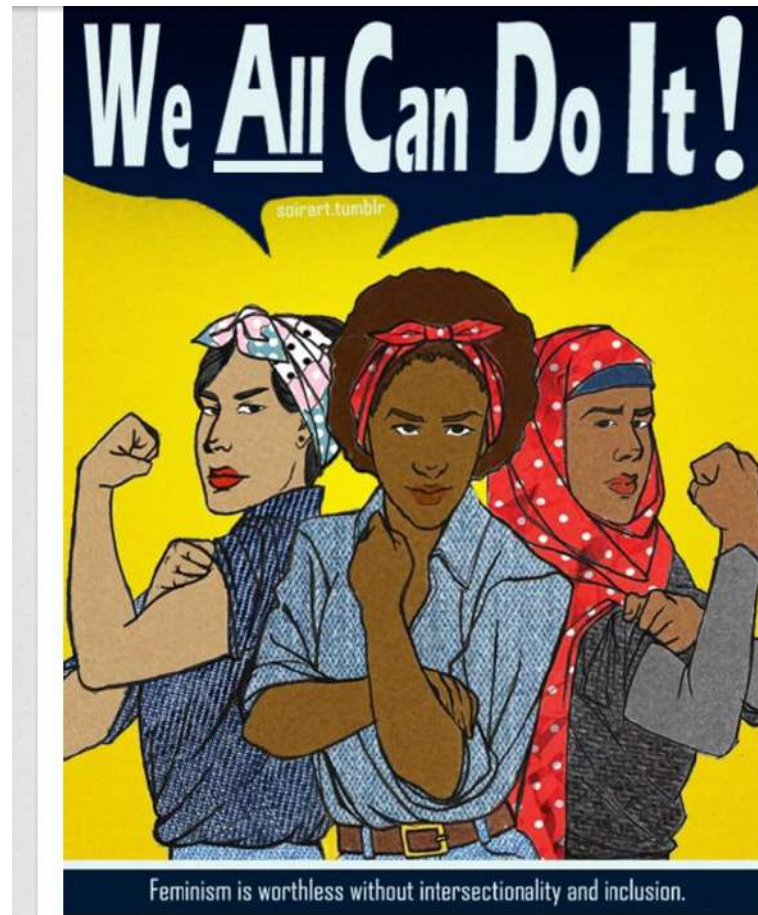
1961



1978

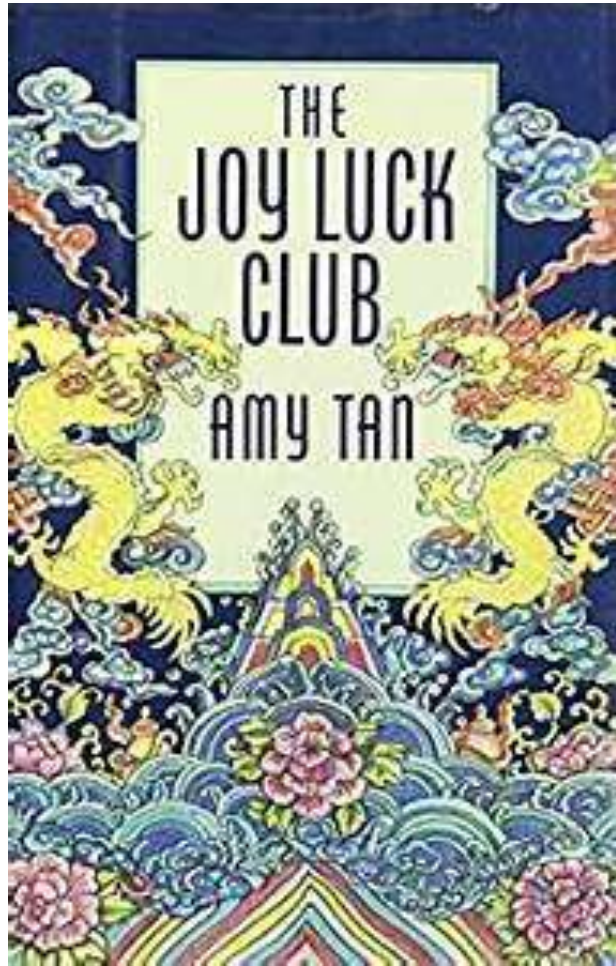


1976

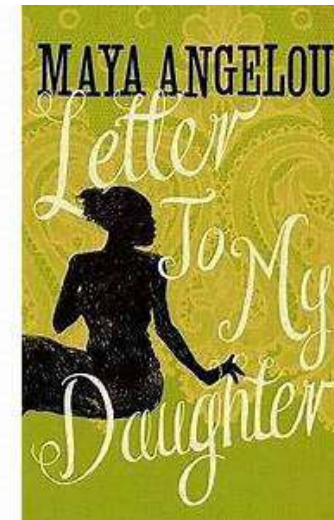
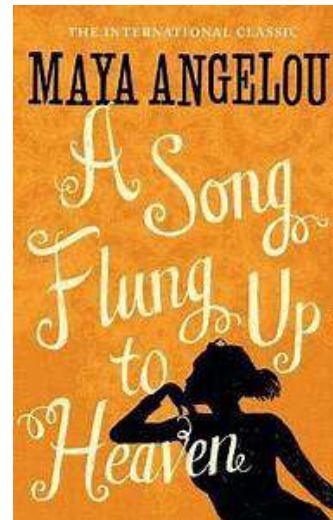
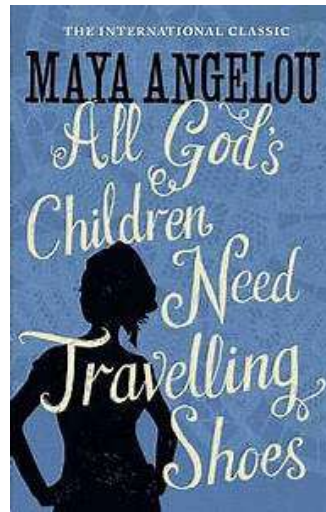
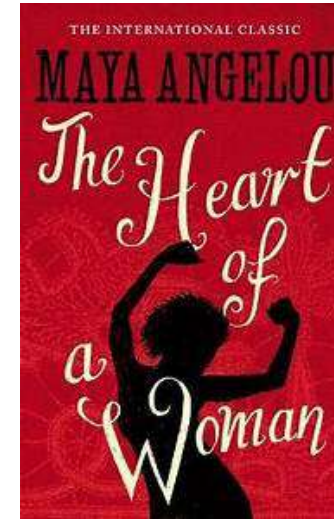
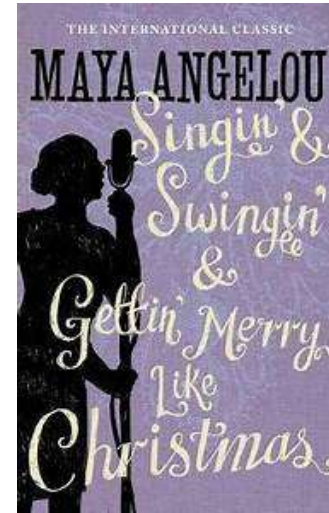
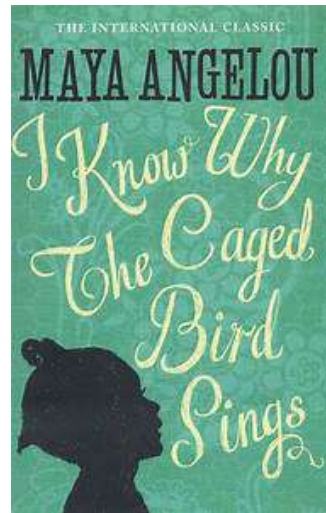


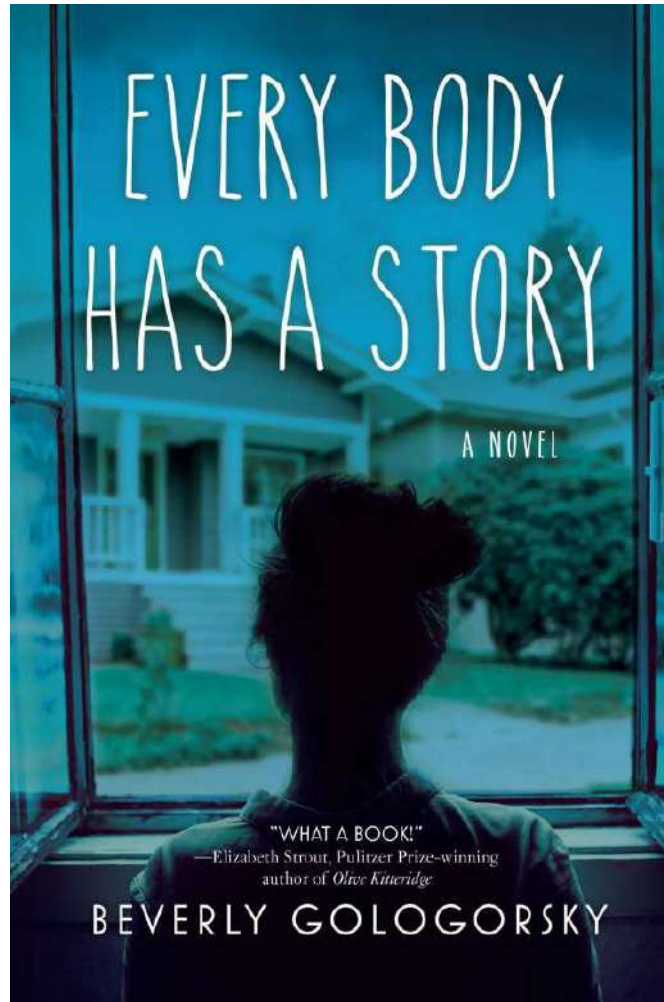


1987

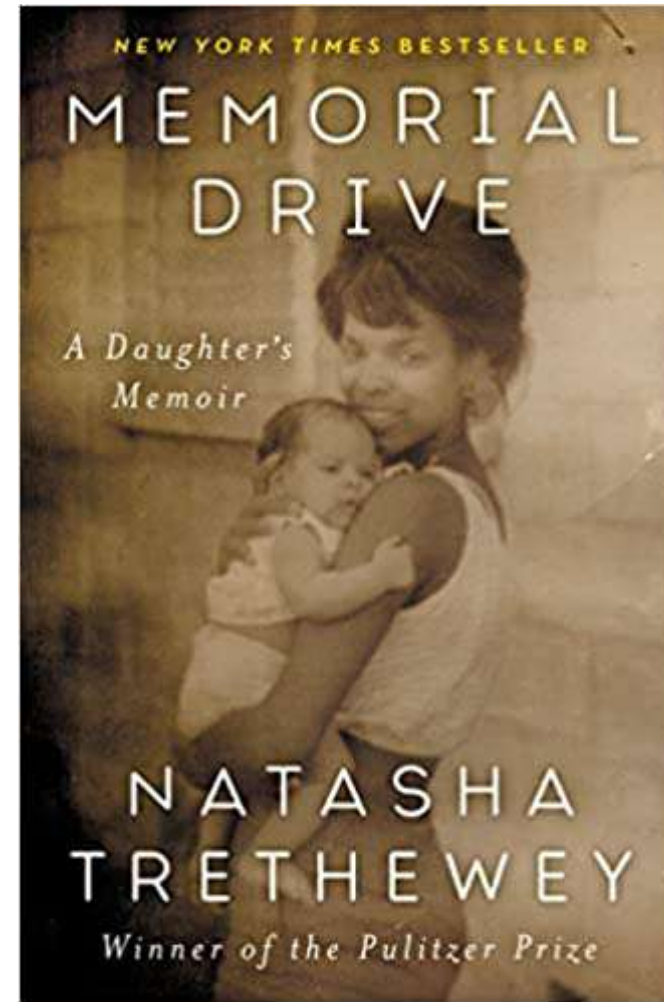


1989





2018



2020

"I gave birth to one child, a son, but I have thousands of daughters. You are Black and White, Jewish and Muslim, Asian, Spanish-speaking, Native American and Aleut. You are fat and thin and pretty and plain, gay and straight, educated and unlettered, and I am speaking to you all. Here is my offering to you."

Angelou, Maya (2008). *"Letter to My Daughter"*