Team Readings Guide Sheet

The chart below tells you what literature your team will read and where to find each reading. It also provides some guiding questions to THINK about while reading.

The sub-group assigned to your team is: **Women**

### READING A: Poetry

| TITLE: | “Revolutionary Dreams” |
| AUTHOR: | Nikki Giovanni |
| SOURCE: | *Literature and Language* p. 1145 |
| SIGNIFICANT DEVICES/STRATEGIES | • Structure (list/shift of different word choices)  
• Diction (choice of the word “natural” and “revolution” and connotation of each)  
• Punctuation (no punctuation throughout/no line stops/no capitalization) |

### READING B: Poetry

| TITLE: | “Ending Poem” |
| AUTHOR: | Aurora Levins Morales and Rosario Morales |
| SOURCE: | *Literature and Language* p. 417-418 |
| SIGNIFICANT DEVICES/STRATEGIES | • Speaker (told from two different speakers)  
• Structure (a collaborative poem between mother and daughter)  
• Metaphor (as a description of Latin American roots) |

### READING C: ESSAY/NONFICTION

| TITLE: | “Professions for Women” |
| AUTHOR: | Virginia Woolf |
| SOURCE: | *Literature and Language* (12th grade level) p. 1158-1164 (supplement) |
| SIGNIFICANT DEVICES/STRATEGIES | • Diction (as it relates to her audience)  
• Conflict (“Angel of the House” metaphor)  
• Analogy (creative process and the image of fish) |

### READING D: SHORT STORY

| TITLE: | “One Holy Night” |
| AUTHOR: | Sandra Cisneros |
| SOURCE: | *Woman Hollering Creek* |
| SIGNIFICANT DEVICES/STRATEGIES | • Similes (used by narrator to describe her expectations of love)  
• Symbol (the “pushcart”)  
• Irony (her feelings about her experience) |
“Professions for Women” by Virginia Woolf

“Professions for Women” is an abbreviated version of the speech Virginia Woolf delivered before a branch of the National Society for Women’s Service on January 21, 1931: it was published posthumously in The Death of the Moth and Other Essays. On the day before the speech, she wrote in her diary: “I have this moment, while having my bath, conceived an entire new book—a sequel to A Room of One’s Own—about the sexual life of women: to be called Professions for Women perhaps—Lord how exciting!” More than a year and a half later, on October 11, 1932, Virginia Woolf began to write her new book: “THE PARGITERS: An Essay based upon a paper read to the London/National Society for women’s service.” “The Pargiters” evolved into The Years and was published in 1937. The book that eventually did become the sequel to A Room of One’s Own was Three Guineas (1938), and its first working title was “Professions for Women.”

The essay printed here concentrates on that Victorian phantom known as the Angel in the House (borrowed from Coventry Patmore’s poem celebrating domestic bliss)—that selfless, sacrificial woman in the nineteenth century whose sole purpose in life was to soothe, to flatter, and to comfort the male half of the world’s population. “Killing the Angel in the House,” wrote Virginia Woolf, “was part of the occupation of a woman writer.” That has proved to be a prophetic statement, for today, not only in the domain of letters, but in the entire professional world, women are still engaged in that deadly contest in their struggle for social and economic equality.

--Mitchell A. Leaska

When your secretary invited me to come here, she told me that your Society is concerned with the employment of women and she suggested that I might tell you something about my own professional experiences. It is true I am a woman; it is true I am employed; but what professional experiences have I had? It is difficult to say. My profession is literature; and in that profession there are fewer experiences for women than in any other, with the exception of the stage—fewer, I mean, that are peculiar to women. For the road was cut many years ago—by Fanny Burney, by Aphra Behn, by Harriet Martineau, by Jane Austen, by George Eliot—many famous women, and many more unknown and forgotten, have been before me, making the path smooth, and regulating my steps. Thus, when I came to write, there were very few material obstacles in my way. Writing was a reputable and harmless occupation. The family peace was not broken by the scratching of a pen. No demand was made upon the family purse. For ten and sixpence one can buy paper enough to write all the plays of Shakespeare—if one has a mind that way. Pianos and models, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, masters and mistresses, are not needed by a writer. The cheapness of writing paper is, of course, the reason why women have succeeded as writers before they have succeeded in the other professions.

But to tell you my story—it is a simple one. You have only got to figure to yourselves a girl in a bedroom with a pen in her hand. She had only to move that pen from left to right—from ten o’clock to one. Then it occurred to her to do what is simple and cheap enough after all—to slip a few of those pages into an envelope, fix a penny stamp in the corner, and drop the envelope into the red box at the corner. It was thus that I became a journalist; and my effort was rewarded on the first day of the following month—a very glorious day it was for me—by a letter from an editor.
containing a cheque for one pound ten shillings and sixpence. But to show you how little I
deserve to be called a professional woman, how little I know of the struggles and difficulties of
such lives, I have to admit that instead of spending that sum upon bread and butter, rent, shoes
and stockings, or butcher's bills, I went out and bought a cat--a beautiful cat, a Persian cat, which
very soon involved me in bitter disputes with my neighbours.

What could be easier than to write articles and to buy Persian cats with the profits? But wait a
moment. Articles have to be about something. Mine, I seem to remember, was about a novel by a
famous man. And while I was writing this review, I discovered that if I were going to review
books I should need to do battle with a certain phantom. And the phantom was a woman, and
when I came to know her better I called her after the heroine of a famous poem, The Angel in the
House. It was she who used to come between me and my paper when I was writing reviews. It
was she who bothered me and wasted my time and so tormented me that at last I killed her. You
who come of a younger and happier generation may not have heard of her--you may not know
what I mean by the Angel in the House. I will describe her as shortly as I can. She was intensely
sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She excelled in the
difficult arts of family life. She sacrifice[d] herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg; if
there was a draught she sat in it--in short she was so constituted that she never had a mind or a
wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others. Above
all--I need not say it--she was pure. Her purity was supposed to be her chief beauty--her blushes,
her great grace. In those days--the last of Queen Victoria--every house had its Angel. And when I
came to write I encountered her with the very first words. The shadow of her wings fell on my
page; I heard the rustling of her skirts in the room. Directly, that is to say, I took my pen in my
hand to review that novel by a famous man, she slipped behind me and whispered: "My dear,
you are a young woman. You are writing about a book that has been written by a man. Be
sympathetic; be tender; flatter; deceive; use all the arts and wiles of our sex. Never let anybody
guess that you have a mind of your own. Above all, be pure." And she made as if to guide my
pen. I now record the one act for which I take some credit to myself, though the credit rightly
belongs to some excellent ancestors of mine who left me a certain sum of money--shall we say
five hundred pounds a year?--so that it was not necessary for me to depend solely on charm for
my living. I turned upon her and caught her by the throat. I did my best to kill her. My excuse, if
I were to be had up in a court of law, would be that I acted in self-defence. Had I not killed her
she would have killed me. She would have plucked the heart out of my writing. For, as I found,
directly I put pen to paper, you cannot review even a novel without having a mind of your own,
without expressing what you think to be the truth about human relations, morality, sex. And all
these questions, according to the Angel of the House, cannot be dealt with freely and openly by
women; they must charm, they must conciliate, they must--to put it bluntly--tell lies if they are to
succeed. Thus, whenever I felt the shadow of her wing or the radiance of her halo upon my page,
I took up the inkpot and flung it at her. She died hard. Her fictitious nature was of great
assistance to her. It is far harder to kill a phantom than a reality. She was always creeping back
when I thought I had despatched her. Though I flatter myself that I killed her in the end, the
struggle was severe; it took much time that had better have been spent upon learning Greek
grammar; or in roaming the world in search of adventures. But it was a real experience; it was an
experience that was bound to befall all women writers at that time. Killing the Angel in the
House was part of the occupation of a woman writer.
But to continue my story. The Angel was dead; what then remained? You may say that what remained was a simple and common object—a young woman in a bedroom with an inkpot. In other words, now that she had rid herself of falsehood, that young woman had only to be herself. Ah, but what is "herself"? I mean, what is a woman? I assure you, I do not know. I do not believe that you know. I do not believe that anybody can know until she has expressed herself in all the arts and professions open to human skill. That indeed is one of the reasons why I have come here out of respect for you, who are in process of showing us by your experiments what a woman is, who are in process of providing us, by your failures and successes, with that extremely important piece of information.

But to continue the story of my professional experiences. I made one pound ten and six by my first review; and I bought a Persian cat with the proceeds. Then I grew ambitious. A Persian cat is all very well, I said; but a Persian cat is not enough. I must have a motor car. And it was thus that I became a novelist—for it is a very strange thing that people will give you a motor car if you will tell them a story. It is a still stranger thing that there is nothing so delightful in the world as telling stories. It is far pleasanter than writing reviews of famous novels. And yet, if I am to obey your secretary and tell you my professional experiences as a novelist, I must tell you about a very strange experience that befell me as a novelist. And to understand it you must try first to imagine a novelist's state of mind. I hope I am not giving away professional secrets if I say that a novelist's chief desire is to be as unconscious as possible. He has to induce in himself a state of perpetual lethargy. He wants life to proceed with the utmost quiet and regularity. He wants to see the same faces, to read the same books, to do the same things day after day, month after month, while he is writing, so that nothing may break the illusion in which he is living—so that nothing may disturb or disquiet the mysterious nosings about, feelings round, darts, dashes and sudden discoveries of that very shy and illusive spirit, the imagination. I suspect that this state is the same both for men and women. Be that as it may, I want you to imagine me writing a novel in a state of trance. I want you to figure to yourselves a girl sitting with a pen in her hand, which for minutes, and indeed for hours, she never dips into the inkpot. The image that comes to my mind when I think of this girl is the image of a fisherman lying sunk in dreams on the verge of a deep lake with a rod held out over the water. She was letting her imagination sweep unchecked round every rock and cranny of the world that lies submerged in the depths of our unconscious being. Now came the experience, the experience that I believe to be far commoner with women writers than with men. The line raced through the girl's fingers. Her imagination had rushed away. It had sought the pools, the depths, the dark places where the largest fish slumber. And then there was a smash. There was an explosion. There was foam and confusion. The imagination had dashed itself against something hard. The girl was roused from her dream. She was indeed in a state of the most acute and difficult distress. To speak without figure she had thought of something, something about the body, about the passions which it was unfitting for her as a woman to say. Men, her reason told her, would be shocked. The consciousness of—what men will say of a woman who speaks the truth about her passions had roused her from her artist's state of unconsciousness. She could write no more. The trance was over. Her imagination could work no longer. This I believe to be a very common experience with women writers—they are impeded by the extreme conventionality of the other sex. For though men sensibly allow themselves great freedom in these respects, I doubt that they realize or can control the extreme severity with which they condemn such freedom in women.
These then were two very genuine experiences of my own. These were two of the adventures of my professional life. The first--killing the Angel in the House--I think I solved. She died. But the second, telling the truth about my own experiences as a body, I do not think I solved. I doubt that any woman has solved it yet. The obstacles against her are still immensely powerful--and yet they are very difficult to define. Outwardly, what is simpler than to write books? Outwardly, what obstacles are there for a woman rather than for a man? Inwardly, I think, the case is very different; she has still many ghosts to fight, many prejudices to overcome. Indeed it will be a long time still, I think, before a woman can sit down to write a book without finding a phantom to be slain, a rock to be dashed against. And if this is so in literature, the freest of all professions for women, how is it in the new professions which you are now for the first time entering?

Those are the questions that I should like, had I time, to ask you. And indeed, if I have laid stress upon these professional experiences of mine, it is because I believe that they are, though in different forms, yours also. Even when the path is nominally open--when there is nothing to prevent a woman from being a doctor, a lawyer, a civil servant--there are many phantoms and obstacles, as I believe, looming in her way. To discuss and define them is I think of great value and importance; for thus only can the labour be shared, the difficulties be solved. But besides this, it is necessary also to discuss the ends and the aims for which we are fighting, for which we are doing battle with these formidable obstacles. Those aims cannot be taken for granted; they must be perpetually questioned and examined. The whole position, as I see it--here in this hall surrounded by women practising for the first time in history I know not how many different professions--is one of extraordinary interest and importance. You have won rooms of your own in the house hitherto exclusively owned by men. You are able, though not without great labour and effort, to pay the rent. You are earning your five hundred pounds a year. But this freedom is only a beginning--the room is your own, but it is still bare. It has to be furnished; it has to be decorated; it has to be shared. How are you going to furnish it, how are you going to decorate it? With whom are you going to share it, and upon what terms? These, I think are questions of the utmost importance and interest. For the first time in history you are able to ask them; for the first time you are able to decide for yourselves what the answers should be. Willingly would I stay and discuss those questions and answers--but not to-night. My time is up; and I must cease.
I don't know how many girls have gone bad from selling cur-

ous' cousins.

With regard to the woman who rules me, I have been with her and sixteen
and sent me there, miles from home, in this town of dust, with one
me like a revolution. A revolution. A revolution. A revolution. The pursuit
of Rachel and Lazarus, who know everything. He said he would love
the broom and what I'm telling you. I never did. Nobody except
I've been eighteen weeks since you. Since you chased him away with
from the Revolution. The ancient cities. This is where they said,
make a map with the heart of this book, this is where I come
said, making a map with the heart of this book. Here is where he
He said his name was Chang. Chang Lwin Paukwin. That's what
never take it back.

made themselves your slave. It is a strong magic. You can
over you. And if someday things look down, they may have
Abou the truth, if you give it to a person, then he has power.
an other masses the shadow sticks or the street old heatness
and remade, and I see it sounds sometimes the street old heatness
can tell it how he is. Young old man of the sun. Young old man of the street old heatness. I have seen him
in his

Next time. Boy. Boy fuses my hear and love to me in this
and making your listen to him it is so

and me with a strange way of following you. You coming up to you
is the with a strange way of following you. You coming up to you

that I never said done this past. He said it was all the same and I

named him boy. Boy.


What I know of China was first place because I know of China was first place. I was told every Saturday
in my same class I told all the mankind and number, and his been were strong ones like a man, I watched every Saturday

and doing some stories like a man, I watched every Saturday.


The stars forced everything, he said, Why birth. Why son. The
newspaper, so I understood. But I didn't mean to know
you ill see who I am. He said, I know them all on the bed of
so weapons with mother-good hands then looked the top of
so weapons with mother-good hands then looked the top of
so weapons with mother-good hands then looked the top of

and I knew what I
day he brought me good old in a paste cup. Then I knew what I
counter, over and over. I think I see him face to face with
I

Your Saturday, keep the change. The third Saturday he asked for a

I

Lp.

I

I had no good. How much did it cost? How much did it cost?

I

I

I'm sure what it was. I was no good. And boy was

and doing my listen to him was no good. And boy was

and doing my listen to him was no good. And boy was

and doing my listen to him was no good. And boy was

and doing my listen to him was no good. And boy was
Then I understood why Aquilina didn't let me sleep over at

and fall. Now I know

I wanted to stand on top of the highest building. The top of the

I know I was supposed to feel ashamed. But I wasn't ashamed

with the world and a million years made such a big deal over

watching the way all women walk and when we find out what

the woman with the two kids standing on

the pavement. I wondered if everyone on the street, the sidewalk, the baby

and the world and how suddenly it became a part of history and

my whole world inside my body and I looked... I looked... I didn't happen the way

The truth is it wasn't a big deal. It wasn't any deal at all. I put

Here—Ching Chang Patouhin. I locked this green

So I was interested because an ancient sky by a reef and a mighty


There is noaffles.

Boy, it was twenty years old. The name is China which

I know all time.

There are deserts. Stains of which I know that.

Boys often see young men and women on a cloth in the market.

He was born on a street with no name in a town called Minnesota.

I want to hear

what you say about Boy Boy—however much we didn’t

miss the best case and trained. The letter came from the

country the way she heard in America. And just when I had

I was happy. I liked staying home. And after dinner was eating the to

supper?

In a journey of the Fredonia would I ask why her belly was

in June I was here. De Fredonia would I ask why her belly was

swollen. I was in the middle of the line. The letter came from the

country, and I thought it could be a letter from the

country. It was not, however, I thought, the letter that

was written by her. And after dinner was eating the to

supper?

except for tears and a few words.

I would be able to explain what the other expected.

We heard nothing for a long time. And after dinner was eating the to

supper.

This was in whom my whole life in hopes of finding the

way one night.
This is how it is with me, love. I mean, breathed through in all day long, wheezing in and out, and the day with this humming in my mouth. Didn't play it just sort of heard on South Loomis. He couldn't talk, just wore black around all day. There was a man, a manly croak, who lived up there from us, whom we admired and all that. Lest I be a white limbo. How all the colors in the world are spinning so fast they're no colors to catch it. But Lourdes said it's not there way at all. It's like a tree, the top a three-story building and you're looking at the bottom. I heard says there love is like a black piano being pushed by always be hard.

And my baby will be named Albert. Because she will.

The girls will be called Loretta and Maritza. The boys will be called Loretta and Maritza. The girls will be called Loretta and Maritza.

I'm going to have the children. Five. Two boys. Two girls. And

I told them, 'It's a bad joke. When you find out you'll be sorry.'

of smoke, and there are shadows, of course, but what the real shadows, the real parts of the light and sound. All the shiny dips and hollows, the shadow of the

ONE HOLE RIGHT

34. ONE HOLE RIGHT