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Disguysed

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DISGUISED

INFORMAL PRESENTATION 2
Maggie Feltman-Ruiz
THE WRITING
I ended up going through about four or five drafts of writing over the course of this semester. To be honest, when I send this to an editor in the future to actually get it published, it’ll probably go through five more drafts. That being said, I’m really proud of the writing and how far it’s come from the first draft.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS

I went through multiple iterations of the illustrations in order to solidify a palette and a style. I started with a style inspired by the RISO (based off the critiques from the last informal presentation) which I ended up really hating. Luckily, I only did the RISO style on 2 of the women. I went back to square one and started over in terms of the style. I really liked what I ended up with, so I continued going in that direction. There were a few different versions between the first one I show and the final one, but they were mainly just small tweaks to the illustrations and colors.
HATSHEPSUT
Version 1
HATSHEPSUT

1508-1458 BC
THE QUEEN WHO WOULD BE KING

I was the eldest daughter of Thutmose, which meant I had a right to be pharaoh. Pharaohs were deities, descendants of the gods and, as princess, that made me a god too. Although it may sound weird to you now, in ancient Egypt it was custom for royalty to marry within their own kind so... I married my brother! When he died, he left behind his heir—my stepson, Thutmose III, who was the son of one of his other wives. He was definitely too young to rule, so I became regent. After seven years as regent, I appointed myself pharaoh and became the first queen of Egypt, although I was still called pharaoh which means "King."

As my power grew, I ordered artists to depict me as a man. Modern day historians don’t know why I chose to do this, but it could have something to do with the public outcry that occurred as a result of me taking the throne. I wore men’s clothing (even a beard) in order to assert my position as a great King of Egypt, a true pharaoh.

My reign over Egypt was a peaceful one. I focused on expanding the building projects of Egypt and I built the memorial temple at Deir el-Bahri to honor myself. It’s known as a wonder of the world. As I grew older, I allowed my stepson to be more and more involved in the ruling of Egypt, with the hope that I would prepare him to take on the role of pharaoh some day when I passed. When the day finally came that I greeted Osiris in the Land of Two Fields, Thutmose III took full control of the throne and ordered that all my monuments and statues be defaced. Such disrespect, I thought I raised him better! By defacing my monuments, he was cutting my journey into the underworld short. He also ordered the removal of my name from the official list of kings of Egypt, a complete betrayal since I raised him as my own son! Why did he do this? I’ll never know. I was good to him. It could have been an act of revenge towards me or it could have been an attempt to make the transition of power from his father to him appear smoother. Whatever the reason, my name (and face) were removed from all records.

Despite my ungrateful stepson’s attempts to wipe me from the history of Egypt, historians were still able to discover my existence and, today, I am one of the most well-known pharaohs in Egyptian history, even more well remembered than my father, husband and stepson combined. I bet Thutmose III is rolling in his sarcophagus at the thought, ha!
AGNODICE
Version 1
AGNODICE

ABOUT 400 BC
THE ILLEGAL MIDWIFE

Everywhere in Athens, women were dying. Women were not allowed to be doctors in Ancient Greece and men could not be present during childbirth, it was only socially acceptable for women to be in the room. As you can imagine, this led to serious problems. Since only men were allowed to study medicine and it was socially unacceptable for them to be in the birthing room, women were dying left and right. We needed female doctors so I did what I had to do to help the women of Athens! I cut my hair, put on men's clothes, and went to Alexandria to study medicine. When I returned to Greece, I remained disguised as a man so that I could practice what I learned.

One day, while walking through Athens, I heard a woman screaming. She was going into labor, so I ran to her home. The servant woman who answered the door refused to let me in because she thought I was a man. But the soon-to-be mother's cries grew louder, so I did the only thing I could think of in that moment. I flashed her. I lifted my toga and proved to her that I was not a man, but a woman in disguise. The servant was so shocked that she let me in, where I finally helped the desperate woman give birth. It was a boy, ironic right?

I became the most called for doctor in all of Athens. The men of the city began to grow suspicious of my success. They thought that, to be as popular as I was, I must have been seducing their wives. They took me to court where I flashed the men to prove that I wasn't taking advantage of their wives. I told them they were simply coming to me to get medical help that they couldn't get from them. Sadly, my strategy backfired. They sentenced me to death for receiving an education—which, in my opinion, was totally unfair.

The women of Athens were outraged and took to the streets to protest. They revolted against their husbands, declaring that if it wasn't for me many of their children would be dead. And they wouldn't back down! I was allowed to live. The women of Athens fought for my freedom, then pushed the men of the city to change the law so that women could freely practice medicine. Women were no longer dying from a lack of care and Athens was once again full of healthy babies. A happy ending, if I do say so myself!
MARINA THE MONK

This is one of the women that I tested the RISO style on. I think it looks too modern for a book about women from history.
I was so young when it happened, I don’t remember my mother dying. All I remember is my father’s tears and his warm hand in mine at her funeral. After that, it was just the two of us. As I grew older, my father began to wonder what he would do after I left home. Where would he go? Although he wanted the best for me, he decided that, as soon as he found me a husband, he would retire to a life in a monastery. I was so distressed by the idea of my father as a monk, and the thought of getting married to someone I did not know, that we argued for weeks.

He finally threw up his hands and said “What am I going to do with you? You’re a woman!” I plaintly told him “I’ll join you in the monastery as a monk.”

Of course, he didn’t take me seriously. But when I shaved my head and donned men’s clothing, I convinced him. Together, we travelled to Lebanon and joined a monastery. He didn’t tell anyone and neither did I—we pulled it off. There, I began my new life as Marina the monk.

Ten years after we arrived at the monastery, my poor father died, leaving me all alone. I was crushed by his death, but I continued to live as a monk. All was peaceful for some time. I enjoyed the strict schedules and the continuous devotions to God, they left me feeling fulfilled.

Until, one day, a young woman in town turned up pregnant. She accused me of being the father. Of course, that was biologically impossible. But I couldn’t tell the other monks. They might kick me out, hang me, or stone me. So, I kept my identity hidden. I made no attempt to dispute her claim. The monks told me to pack my bags and forced me to leave the place I’d learned to call home.

I lived outside the monastery as a beggar and continued to keep my gender a secret. Eventually, the woman gave birth to her son, and she gave me the boy to raise. Even though he wasn’t my own, I still loved and cared for him. It was a hard life, but I managed to take care of us.

Ten years later, with my past behind me, I was permitted to return to the monastery. They continued to believe I was a man. Nobody ever discovered my true identity until after I died and they were preparing my body for burial. Surprise!
I grew up surrounded by the sharp, metallic clangs of battle; it was all I ever knew. For as long as I could remember, France was at war with England, it was the Hundred Years’ War after all. When I was 13 years old, God started talking to me. He told me I had to save France from England and help reinstate Charles as rightful king. Easy peasy, right?

Since it was dangerous for women to travel, I cut my hair, an unthinkable action at the time, put on men’s clothes, and made the journey across France to Charles’s palace. There, I told the King that God sent me—a woman—to put him back on the throne. He didn’t believe me. So, I told him a secret that no one else would know other than him and God. Historians don’t actually know what I said to him—only that it was enough to convince him that I was telling the truth. Whatever I said, it did the trick. I requested an army to help me reinstate him. Although his counselors and generals told him not to, he granted my wish. My troops and I began our march towards Orleans.

Little by little, my army drove back the English, to make a path to Paris for Charles, where he could be crowned. Our progress was hard and slow, but with God on our side and the strength of my troops, we succeeded! My men and I bravely led Charles through the enemy territory we cleared and helped crown him King Charles VII. Charles was king! I fulfilled my mission.

I continued to fight in the army but once, while leading an attack, my horse threw me. I expected help from the men that had my back so many times before, but they abandoned me and left me for dead. Maybe being a woman didn’t sit so well with them after all. I was captured and forced to answer to 70 different charges ranging from witchcraft to dressing like a man. I refused to admit to any of it, so they imprisoned me for a year. You would think King Charles would step in to help, but the King I fought so hard for abandoned me too.

After a few years in a prison cell, I gave in to pressure and signed a confession that forced me to deny receiving guidance from God. But as soon as I was free, I went against orders and once again dressed in men’s clothes since I preferred them over the dresses worn by women. The townspeople called me a witch for it and at just 19 years old, I was burned at the stake.

Twenty years after my death, King Charles VII finally cleared my name. It was a little late in my opinion. Because I showed no hesitation in following the voice of God, the Catholic Church made me a saint in 1920. Today, I am still known as the patron saint of France. The Maid of Orleans!
ANNE
BONNY
Version 1
I am a legend among Caribbean pirates. Women weren't allowed to be pirates in the 18th century, but that didn't stop me! I'm one of the few women who broke the rules to enjoy a life on the seas.

I was born Irish, but my family moved to Charleston, South Carolina when I was 12. Without asking me, my father arranged a marriage with a man I despised. He was so boring, I refused. Instead, I married John Bonny, a swashbuckling sailor and adventurer. Now, he was fun! We left boring old Charleston and went to the Bahamas where John became a spy for the governor. But after, he took the job, he completely changed. The fun man I married became such a goody-two-shoes, I could not stand him. I wanted adventure, a life at sea! If I had wanted a 'normal' life, I would have married that boring guy in Charleston.

That's when John Rackham, aka "Calico Jack," sauntered into my life. He was so handsome and had brains and personality to spare. I left my boring husband and ran off with Calico Jack to begin my new life! Together, we stole a ship called William and started our pirating adventures.

Women were considered bad luck aboard ships, but my shipmates weren't superstitious. I never hid my gender from them. Although, I did when we boarded the ships we took. Then, I disguised myself as a spitting, gun wielding, pirate man. I pulled my hair back and fought with pistols, just like one of the guys. No one was the wiser!

Eventually, Mary Read joined the crew of the William and we became best friends. Finally, I had another woman to share my adventures with. We became close friends and notorious in the pirate world. In 1720, the William was captured by the Jamaican government and the entire crew was tried for piracy. Read and I were the only ones to avoid the death sentence, because we were both pregnant at the time!

My father heard what happened and used his political influence to contact the prison. He then bribed the Jamaicans to let me walk free. I returned home to quiet Charleston where I lived out the rest of my life. But, my name will forever remain legendary, Anne Bonny—the lady pirate!
1795-1865 AD
THE FIRST FEMALE SURGEON

Growing up in Cork, Ireland was such a bore. As a young girl, no one took me seriously when I talked about education and my interest in the army. They all thought I was crazy! Education was off-limits to most girls, especially those that weren’t born to rich families. My family was poor and they wanted their little Margaret to grow into a well-behaved lady.

However, my favorite uncle, the first James Barry, thought differently. He encouraged my passion for education and wanted me to pursue my dreams; he was proud of his intelligent niece. When he died, my mother and I formed a devious plan. I took his identity and attended a medical school at the University of Edinburgh. It was a very daring scheme. At the time, it was illegal for women to attend university, let alone study medicine. I would get into serious trouble if I was caught!

I somehow made it through school without being caught and afterwards, still as James Barry, I joined the army. I rose to the rank of General and was well-known for having a great bedside manner with my patients. As my career grew, I experimented with riskier operations. For instance, no one had ever performed a C-section where both the mother and the baby lived—until I came along and figured out how. That made me proud and more certain that I had made the right decision to sneak into medical school.

As Barry, I was able to openly treat all people, regardless of their social class. I chose to speak up about sanitary conditions and the conditions of asylums. And, even though I lived my life both publicly and privately as a man, I am considered by many to be the first British woman to practice medicine.

I continued working well into retirement. As my end drew near, my dying wish was to be buried in the clothes I died in and for my body to remain unwashed. I did not want anybody to know about my true gender, and I had no desire for my identity to taint everything that I accomplished. When I did finally die, my wish was not respected. The secret of my gender was exposed. I managed to pass as a man for six decades. The single careless act of a maid revealed my gender to the nation.

Despite the deceit, I was given a military funeral and buried as a man, although my death certificate was kept top secret. The British military placed a hundred-year embargo on my record in the hopes that the scandal of my identity would be forgotten to time. But the truth is always revealed in the end. Today, I am remembered for my success as a surgeon and for clearing the way for women to practice medicine in Britain!
AMENTINE DUDEVANT

1804-1876 AD

THE FRENCH NOVELIST (WHO ALSO WORE PANTS)

I bet you’ve never heard of me, Amentine Dudevant, but you might have heard of George Sand. Sand was my penname, during the Romantic Era.

I grew up with my grandmother in the countryside of France, an area of flowing fields of golden grass parted by wide rivers and country towns. I loved the area so much, I made it the setting in many of my books. Even so, in 1831, I left my beloved countryside for the big city Paris, where I began to write. I wanted to explore all that France had to offer and I could not do that sitting in my country cottage. I became friends with Henri de Latouche, who was the director of Le Figaro, a well-known newspaper. He would never publish articles written by a woman since it would discredit his paper, so I wrote articles for him under the name of Jules Sand, which he agreed to print.

A year into writing articles for the paper, I wrote my first novel, Indiana, under the pseudonym of George Sand. It was an instant hit—I was thrown into the spotlight! My novel contained radical ideas about the social conventions surrounding a wife being bound to her husband. I guess you could say that I was a feminist before feminism was cool. I eventually wrote two more novels: Valentine and Léila soon after, which explored marital relationships in different classes.

I had discovered my passion. I continued to write novels and started exploring other genres. I was immediately drawn to rustic novels. These rustic novels drew from my love of the countryside and my compassion for the poor. A common theme I used in my later works was the idea that love can overcome anything, even the obstacles of convention and social class. Titles like La Mare au diable, François le Champi, and La Petite Fadette are now considered classics.

While in the city, I grew sick of wearing those annoying layers of fabric that women had to wear. One day I thought, “What would happen if I wore pants?” So, I did! I was free to explore the city with a newfound freedom, as a man, unbound by the corsets and layers of linen that women wore. I managed to sneak into bars and pubs, a feat that would have been impossible as a woman. In the pubs, I gained a new perspective into the lives of other social classes, which helped my writing. I made choices that allowed me more freedom and prevented my writing from coming under heavy criticism. Today, women wear pants and write whatever they please, but if it hadn’t been for trailblazers like me, you all would still be strapped in corsets!
CHARLEY PARKHURST

1812-1879 AD

THE TOUGHEST STAGECOACH DRIVER IN THE WEST

My parents abandoned me on the cold, dark streets of New Hampshire when I was just a baby. I was taken to an orphanage. I absolutely hated it there, the schedules were strict, so I came up with a plan. I knew a girl wouldn’t make it very far, so I took some clothes from the boys’ dorm, disguised myself as a boy, and managed to escape. It worked. In fact, it worked so well that I continued to live as a boy. Eventually, I found work at a stable in Massachusetts where I learned all about horses. They are such majestic creatures.

The owner of the stables noticed how passionate I was about horses and taught me to drive stagecoaches. I moved to Rhode Island and became one of the most sought after stagecoach drivers on the east coast. But one day, while driving the coach, I got into an accident. I passed out and was taken to a doctor, where my identity was almost revealed. Close call! I decided that I couldn’t risk staying in Rhode Island, so I moved to Georgia. I worked for Jim Birch, who decided to move out west to operate the California Stage Company. He offered me a position, and I decided to follow him. In 1851 at the age of forty, I began to drive stagecoaches in the Wild West.

I quickly became the most contracted driver. People knew me by my beaded gloves—which I used to hide my feminine hands—and a pleated shirt—which I used to help hide my figure. One time, while taking care of my trusted horse, I got a little too close to his backside. He got spooked or something and reared up and kicked me in the face. I lost my eye and had to wear an eye patch. Folks started calling me “One-Eyed Charley” or “Cockeyed Charley.” It didn’t slow me down though and besides, I liked my new nickname! I continued driving stagecoaches until I retired in the late 1860s.

When I died of cancer in 1879, my true identity was finally revealed. On my deathbed, people were shocked to discover that one of the best stagecoach drivers in the west was actually a woman! One more fun fact—since I lived my life as a man, I was technically the first woman to legally vote in the United States.
Charlotte Bronte is the other woman I used in order to test the RISO print idea.
1820 was a hard year for my family. My mother died of cancer, shortly followed by the deaths of my two eldest sisters from tuberculosis. My father was left to care for me, my two sisters, and brother. Luckily, I received help from his sister, my rich aunt Elizabeth. When I was 8 years old, I attended Clergy Daughters’ School in Lancashire, which inspired the school in my novel Jane Eyre. After returning home, I spent five years telling stories and playing games with my siblings.

As you can imagine, five years of taking care of my siblings left me a bit bored. My educated soul desired more! I eventually attended another school then returned home even more educated. I taught my sisters some of the things I learned, which led me to discover a passion for teaching. I decided to return to the school as a teacher. But soon after, I needed a change of scenery. So I went to a school in France with my sister Emily to learn French and some German. Since the two of us were close during our time in France, I was surprised to eventually discover a collection of poems that Emily had written. She never told me that she shared my passion for writing. They were so good that I decided to publish a collection titled Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Those were the pen names for myself, Emily, and my other sister Anne. We published our works under pseudonyms because women were often given “special treatment” from reviewers. We simply weren’t taken seriously. Female writers were criticized less and as such, often didn’t achieve the same level of popularity. My sisters and I wanted our works to be successful and reviewed with no bias due to our gender. It wasn’t much to ask for, but it was the 1800s after all. We weren’t even allowed to wear pants!

It worked—our volume was a hit! Riding off of the success, I published Jane Eyre followed by Shirley. A Tale. I continued to publish under my penname until 1848, when Ann and I revealed our true identities to the publisher. They were shocked but continued to publish our works.

Shortly after, Anne and Emily both died from tuberculosis. I was devastated by the loss of my beloved sisters, so I busied myself with writing. Eventually, I married Arthur Bell Nicholls. He was the fourth man who had asked for my hand, but this time, I finally said yes. I always thought that if I married it would need to be to somebody who viewed me as an equal. Mr. Nicholls was just that man. Although I didn’t love him, I admired him, and that was all we needed for a successful marriage.

I wrote Emma Brown, but never finished (it was eventually published incomplete). I died in 1855 from complications with my pregnancy, leaving behind a collection of novels that one day became classics. Because of me, female writers are now taken seriously, and they are able to publish under their own names. These days, the world knows my name, my real name, Charlotte Brontë.
My passion for history started young. Indiana Jones didn’t exist at the time, but if it did I would’ve loved him! I was born in France in 1851, the youngest of four daughters. My sisters and I received our education from the convent, where I studied languages and art, two fields that would help inspire my passion for archaeology. As I grew older, my sisters started to leave the home to be married.

I did not want to get married! I hated the idea of being trapped in a house all day while my husband went off on some daring adventure without me. But I changed my mind when I met Marcel Dieulafoy, a man whose education, knowledge, and thirst for adventure matched my own.

We agreed to a marriage of equals and lived happily until, just months after our marriage, the Franco-Prussian War broke out. My husband joined the French Army. I wasn’t planning on staying home while he risked his life alone somewhere far from me, so I dressed in a soldier’s uniform and joined him. I became a sharpshooter and accompanied Marcel on every mission. We managed to keep my secret under wraps through the entire war and no one was the wiser.

When the war finally ended, Marcel and I longed for more than a simple life in France. So, he quit his job at the railroad and we set out to explore! We traveled to Egypt, Persia, and Morocco, and developed an interest in history and archaeology. While in Persia, I once again wore men’s clothing because Persians were strict about the roles of women. They believed a woman’s true purpose in life was to stay home and serve her husband. Could you believe that? We traveled 6,000 kilometers (about 3,738 miles) on horseback all over Persia, and I remained in disguise the entire time. If the truth about my gender became known, they would have thrown Marcel and I out of the country. Or worse—they would have had me killed.

Throughout our journey in Persia, I served as documentarian, taking photographs of everything while drawing pictures and keeping a journal of our adventures and research. Although the journey was nerve wracking, I was able to see amazing things that few European women saw. Upon our return to France, I turned all of the experiences into a book, *At Susa, the Ancient Capital of the Kings of Persia: Narrative of Travel through Western Persia and Excavations Made at the Site of the Lost City of the Elites*, which eventually became a best seller. We completed a second expedition to Persia and sent 400 crates of artifacts back to France, some of which are in the Louvre today.

Political unrest in Persia kept us from returning, but my husband and I continued to be active in the world of archaeology. All in all, I lived a full life until I died in 1916, at the age of 65. The legacy I left behind is still spoken about today. After all, I did pave the way for women to be in archaeology.
DOROTHY LAWRENCE
Version 1
I never knew my father, and my mother abandoned me when I was young. Since I had no relatives willing to take in an orphan, the government placed me in the care of a guardian from the Church of England. My guardian mistreated me and I looked for ways to cope with my situation. I discovered my love and talent for writing, I wanted to be a journalist—it was a way out of the life I’d been given.

I started publishing articles in The Times and, eventually, moved to Paris. But my world was turned upside down when the first World War began in 1914 (although at the time we simply called it the Great War). I could become a journalist reporting war news. I contacted several British newspapers, offering to work as their correspondent for the war in France. I had the experience and the drive, what more could they want? But they refused to hire me. Every. Single. One. Because I was a woman. They claimed the war would be too dangerous for me to report on.

I wouldn’t take no for an answer, so I returned to England, disguised myself as a man, and snuck into the British army. I became Denis Smith of the British Expeditionary Force Tunneling Company on the Western Front, a division of the army that fought in the trenches. While undercover, I wrote about what I saw. The war caused so much destruction, the people of England needed to see the truth.

Unfortunately, after only ten days at the front, my health began to suffer from the condition of the trenches. I was scared what would happen to a fellow soldier if they hid their secret for me, so I told the officers about my true gender. I was immediately removed from the trenches and detained in a French convent. The army refused to release me until I promised to hide from the public that I had fooled them into letting me join the army in the first place.

But when I returned to England, I broke my promise. I published an account of my short experience on the frontlines titled Sapper Dorothy Lawrence: The Only English Woman Soldier. It was a hit! They couldn’t do much to stop the publicity I received.

Life went on after the war, as it does, until 1925. I finally decided to come forward with the abuse I experienced as a child in the church. My experience in the war gave me confidence that I’d finally find justice. I took the case to court, where the jury, rather than believe my claims, decided I was clinically insane. All because I finally had the courage to come forward and speak out about the abuse that happened during my youth! As a result, I was sent to the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, where I lived until my death in 1964.
RENA KANOKOGI
Version 1
RENA KANOKOGI

1935-2009 AD
THE MOTHER OF JUDO

I was born into a poor family in 1935 Brooklyn. Because my family struggled financially, I worked wherever I could to make extra money. This led to me joining a street girl gang. We called ourselves the Apaches, and we ruled the streets of NYC. I rose through the ranks and became the official leader. I wanted to grow stronger and work out some of my anger at my family’s situation so, I worked out at a local gym.

There, a friend taught me a judo move. I was instantly hooked! I tried to get involved in the city’s judo clubs to learn more, but I wasn’t allowed to join. They said that judo was a man’s sport and that women were too weak to compete.

They didn’t stop me! I learned judo on my own by convincing my friend to teach me. I got really good, so I entered the 1959 New York State YMCA judo championship...as a woman. I cut my hair short and disguised my body so no one would kick me out. I beat every single man I fought in the tournament. I even won a gold medal, which showed them! But later, during the event, an organizer approached me and flat out asked, “Are you a woman?” Still coming off the high from my victory, I said “Yes!”. They forced me to return the medal I had rightfully won. Can you believe it? They even went so far as to ban me from future tournaments!

Since I could no longer compete in the US, I moved to Tokyo. The Japanese weren’t so hung up on women competing. There, I was able to fight other female opponents. I also met my husband, Ryohei Kanokogi. Together, we returned to the United States where I became a trailblazer in the world of women’s judo. My husband and I worked to make a place for women in the sport. In 1964, judo became an Olympic sport for men, but it wasn’t until 1984 that it finally became an Olympic sport for women too. I played a big part in that.

I continued to advance the role women played in judo and was the first woman to become a seventh-degree black belt. I was even awarded the Emperor’s Order of the Rising Sun! This award was the first national decoration ever created by the Japanese government and it’s only handed to people with exceptional civil or military merit. I was so honored. After I received the award from Japan, I guess the YMCA must have felt bad for what they did to me back in the 1950s. They finally gave me back the medal they took from me. It was perfect timing too, I died just a few months later.

Although I’m not around anymore, my legacy carries on. I earned a spot in the International Sports Hall of Fame and the International Jewish Sports Hall of Fame. If it hadn’t been for me, women would not be able to kick butt in judo.
THE EXTRA PAGES

After I figured out the direction for my illustrations, I started work on the infographic/transition pages in the book. I ended up with a total of four spreads: 2 women’s history timelines, a ‘why did they do it’ page, and a spread showcasing more women from history.
TIMELINE PART 1

WOMEN IN HISTORY

PRE-HISTORY
BEFORE RECORD
Women were gatherers (sometimes hunters depending on the tribe) and their main role was to make babies, take care of babies, and feed babies.

3100 BC
PRE-DYNASTIC EGYPT
And suddenly, women had rights. According to the law, they were regarded as equals. They could own property, initiate divorce, and even sign contracts.

2300 BC
MESOPOTAMIA
Women were mainly the wife, mother and housekeeper. They couldn’t own land or inherit property, but they could serve as priestesses in the temples.

1000 BC
ANCIENT GREECE
While women were busy owning property and inheriting in Egypt, the women of Ancient Greece were left to do one thing—raise the children.

400
RISE OF CONVENTS
The rise of Christianity inspired people to devote their lives to God. Women in convents were the only women that received an education.

3 BC-30 AD
JESUS
In the conservative world of Jewish culture, Jesus was considered a radical. His views on women and their importance were very different than other teachers.

200 BC
ROME STARTS TAKEOVER
Women in Rome were considered citizens, but they were still couldn’t get involved in politics. Their main role was to serve their husbands.

300-400 BC
WOMEN IN MEDICINE
At some point during this century, women in Greece and Rome were able to practice medicine. Many people thank Agnodice for this.

Here’s a brief overview of how those roles evolved over time. See the rest of the timeline on pages 28 and 29.
WHY'D THEY DO IT?

The role of women has changed drastically over history. If a woman wanted to be a writer, a surgeon, an archaeologist, etc., they weren't allowed to. Most women chose to wishfully hope for the day they could have a career of their own, but not the women in this book! They chose to take their lives into their own hands.

Some women saw no way out—their only options were to continue living their lives trapped in the home and forced to raise children. In the case of Martina for instance, choosing to dress as a man was the only way she could continue living with her father. Because of the society, they saw no other option to advance themselves other than to cut their hair, put on pants, and become a man.

Today, women have the freedom to enter whatever career they want. They can vote, do taxes, buy a house—basically anything a man can do. Because of the trailblazing women shown in the pages of this book, girls no longer have to pretend to be something they're not in order to accomplish everything they dream of doing.
TIMELINE PART 2

WOMEN IN HISTORY

1700s
Women in the 1700s STILL were only able to serve in the home - this puts it at about close to 3,000 years of being told to stay in. They were responsible for running the household and, if they were wealthy, they were permitted to be in charge of the servants. Women typically had about 8 children – could you imagine?!

1800s
This century saw a rise in women seeking to break out of the chains shackled to them by society. They wanted to earn the right to vote, and to leave the home and enter the workforce! Women also started to pursue careers that previously were not available to them (like writing or...driving a stagecoach). In 1848, the first women’s rights convention in the United States was held at Seneca Falls.

1900s
The dawn of a new century, full of shortening skirts and women in the workforce! A lot happened in this century for women’s rights and for the rights of disadvantaged people in general. For instance, in 1920, the 19th amendment in the Constitution was changed and women were officially allowed to vote. In 1955, Rosa Parks said no to giving up her seat and the civil rights movement was catapulted, seeking to advance the rights of people of color (both men and women alike). Later, in 1972, Title IX is added to the education amendments, mandating that discrimination can’t happen based on gender or race.

PRESENT DAY
This century saw a rise in women seeking to break out of the chains shackled to them by society. They wanted to earn the right to vote, and to leave the home and enter the workforce! Women also started to pursue careers that previously were not available to them (like writing or...driving a stagecoach). In 1848, the first women’s rights convention in the United States was held at Seneca Falls.
MORE WOMEN

HANNAH SNELL
1725–1792
I joined the British navy under the name of "James Grey" in order to escape my life. I once dug 12 bullets out of my body by myself.

DEBORAH Sampson
1760–1827
I fought in the American Revolution and kept my identity a secret until I got sick. I was the only woman to earn a full military pension for fighting.

LOUISE ANTONINI
1774–1864
I was a French woman who joined the navy during the Napoleonic Wars. I served for 25 years without discovery and even reached the rank of sergeant.

MARY ANN Evans
1819–1880
I developed a psychological analysis technique used in fiction that is used today. My works are still published under my pseudonym, George Eliot.

FRANCES CLAYTON
1830–1863
I became Jack Williams to fight in the Civil War. At one point, my husband died right in front of me, but I didn’t let that stop me from fighting.

CATHAY Williams
1842–1893
I was the first African-American woman to enlist, and the only one known to serve while posing as a man. I’m the only known female Buffalo soldier.

QUI Jin
1875–1907
I'm often called "China's Joan of Arc." I advocated for women and spoke out against foot binding, while also telling them to pick up a book and read!

KATHRINE Switzer
1947
I ran the Boston Marathon under my initials "K.V." and became the first woman to race. Because of me, women can now officially run the race.
Throughout this entire process, I was slowly placing things into the InDesign doc. I added text decorations to the dedication page, table of contents and sources spreads in order to make the book feel more cohesive.
I really love endpapers in children’s books, so I wanted to incorporate that into my thesis. Professor Dulemba gave me the idea to play off of the women in the circles on my ‘More Women’ spread, so I played off that idea and this is what I ended up with.
THE COVER
THE COVER

I was stuck on a cover design for a while so I did some digging for inspiration and I started to realize the types of covers I was drawn too, and I ended up using that as a starting point for how I would set up my cover.
Because of the COVID-19 situation, I had to rethink my approach to the collateral I made to go alongside the book. I printed the postcards through Moo, stickers through Redbubble and made my own magnetic bookmarks.
I printed the cards from Moo. The cards have the illustration of the woman on the front and the logo for the book on the back.
STICKERS
BOOKMARKS

Notice all the feeling words used to describe the emotions we currently inhabit: mourning, crying, and pining. It seems a moment often taps the place of deep tears. As we reflect on these words, everything on this side of eternity is in a state of sadness, simply the natural result of sin entering the world and becoming dark nights. The laughter of living was the tears of dying. The excitement of this moment is torn away by the disappointment of the next moment. This constant threat to our deep feelings ushers in depression, anxiety, callousness, and, quite honestly, a skepticism about the goodness of God.

Unless.

We see that all those harsh realities aren't the end, but rather a temporary middle space. Not the place where we are meant to dwell. Rather the place through which we will have to learn to wrestle well. I need this wrestling. I have honest feelings where I want to throw my hands up in utter frustration and yell about the unfairness of it all. To deny my feelings any voice is to rob me of being human. But to let my feelings be the only voice will rob my soul of healing perspectives with which God wants to comfort me and carry me forward. My feelings and my faith will almost certainly come into conflict with each other. My feelings will fertilize for a better future. Both these perspectives are different directions with
THANK YOU!