

A solid voice on an old archive recording. the passionate words, a now past crusade. a tenacious battle to overcome inequity against an oppressing, conservative, religious, patriarchal society. her impregnable voice, their account of injustice, their reality, almost tangible. exposed to a mass of superficial, un-stimulating knowledge. the valued information, was an exhaustive list on how to please. experts telling how to catch a husband, and how to keep him. how to cope with sibling rivalry, adolescent rebellion. how to cook, dress, and look, and act more graciously. taught to pity the ones who reached out for greater means. and all over the medias, the cheap magazines, the surrealistic heroine, the glossy image of the american happy housewife. re-enforcing the time mentality that a true woman did not desire a career, higher education or political rights. was it painful to give up those dreams? to leave behind hopes of becoming unique? voluntary confinement in these neat and tidy houses. the central heart of their existence, with narrow roles and little impact out of the family cell. seeking for perfection within these boundaries. was that any fulfilling? did their ever had a moment of hesitation, or always wrote proudly on the census blank? how could the right to vote could ever seem like a possible treat to the family, the family system and the religious faith? you were fighting for basic freedoms swallowed by religious dogmas. and the problem laid , buried, unspoken for so long. like a strange stirring, a sense of dissatisfaction. a yearning that they suffered and strangled with alone. afraid to ask even of themselves the silent question : "Is this all?" a few fought and brought down barriers towards advancement, encouraged civil disobedience. while the rest, with nothing to look forward to, blotted out their feelings with tranquilizers.