

Re: Why did Feminism arise

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> "Society" <Society@feminism.is.invalid> wrote in message
> news:10vagmkob1bd10e@corp.supernews.com...
(snip)

> Society wrote:

> That is a false assumption but one common to
> acolytes of the feminist religion and its articles of faith.
>
> It is an amazing thing to see in our city the wife
> of a shoemaker, or a butcher, or a porter dressed in silk
> with chains of gold at the throat, with pearls and a ring
> of good value... and then in contrast to see her husband
> cutting the meat, all smeared with cow's blood,
> poorly dressed, or burdened like an ass, clothed with
> the stuff from which sacks are made... but whoever
> considers this carefully will find it reasonable, because
> it is necessary that the lady, even if low-born and humble,
> be draped with such clothes for her natural excellence
> and dignity, and that the man [be] less adorned
> as if a slave, or a little ass, born to her service.
>
> *Lucrezia Marinella of Venice, _The Nobility and
> Excellence of Women Together With the Defects
> and Deficiencies of Men_ (1600)*

That reminds me of a costume party my parents had attended years ago.
Mother dressed up as Queen Nefertiti and father went as a hobo...a bum! ;-)
When I asked Dad why he didn't dress like Pharaoh, he just chuckled and
explained that he loved a hobo's life...riding the rails, eating out of tin
cans, looking for adventure. ;-)

>
>> *However, technology in the 19th 20th centuries
>> changed all this. Brute muscle force has little
>> collective value in the social structure of the post-
>> industrialization or the information era of 21th century.*

- > *Society wrote:*
- > *You have obviously never had to build your own house.*
- > *Else, you wouldn't have such a glibly dismissive*
- > *attitude toward "brute muscle force"*

Exactly...and I can relate to that well...my father built the family home, as did my husband's father for his family, as did my husband for ours, TWICE! ;-)

And what did us wimmins do? We kept the job site clean...we picked up the scrap wood, swept away the saw-dust, climbed up the ladders to hand the men the tools they forgot to take up with them. We scraped the mortar off used bricks (we liked those better than new). We'd hold 2x4's and 2x6's. We'd help with placing the beams. And most importantly we made breakfasts, lunch and dinners. We were basically the swampers. The men did the muscle work, we did the lighter work. And when the house was finished I told my husband, "You built the house, but I get to clean it for the rest of our lives!"
LOL....

Heidi