Reflections of a Black Feminist Criminologist

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My route from my birth to my present existence has been simultaneously privileged and marked with obstacles. I am not oblivious to the fact that I was afforded opportunities that many have not had. I was reared in a two-parent home with both of my biological parents, and doted on as the youngest of four children in a diverse working- to middle-class neighborhood in Denver. I wanted for (almost) nothing, as I was provided for with plenty of food to eat, a comfortable house in which to live, brand-name clothes to wear, an overabundance of toys to play with, and involvement in several extracurricular activities, including lessons in flute, dance, gymnastics, swimming, and tennis. As a black child, my life was relatively pleasant compared with the lives of many other black children. But beyond being provided love, stability, positive role modeling, and provisions, and though I have not experienced strife at the level that many other blacks have suffered, my encounters with sexist and racist experiences have directed me to the current juncture in my professional life. It has only been in the past few years that I have recognized that the path to my current ideology and chosen profession was not as disjointed and baseless as I thought. As I have recently tried to better define my overall area of study—the intersection of race, gender, class, and crime—I have reflected on my formative life experiences. It is my belief that as social scientists, we can practice objectivity even if we reflect on the way in which
we situate ourselves in the research based on our life experiences that are mirrored in the work we do.

The nature of storytelling has supplemented me with fodder to trudge onward. Stories told by my parents about themselves, our family members, and faded memories of my personal experiences have affected my outlook. One of the stories often shared with me involved my parents’ desire for me to start kindergarten at the age of four. Because I would not be five years old until a couple months after the academic year began, I had to be tested by a psychologist who worked for the school district. The 15-minute meeting—for which my mother was not allowed to be present—resulted in the conclusion that I had “ceased to develop” and that I did not function at the level I should have been for my age. The audaciousness of my mother would not allow her to rest on the psychologist’s assessment, as my mother believed I was well-prepared for school because of the time she had spent teaching me to read and write. My mother spoke directly with (public) school district administrators and demanded that I be retested by an unharried and unbiased psychologist. My mother reasoned that the initial testing had been conducted by a (white) person who harbored racialized preconceptions that black children have a subordinate intellect compared with white children of the same age. While the second test found that I was especially shy and “had to be encouraged to be verbal,” it revealed that I was ready to begin my formal education and that I had the mathematic and logical skills of children a few years older. It is frightening to think that I could have been held back before I was even allowed to get started—a fate that many black children suffer in the U.S. education system.¹ I was privileged as a black child because of the support of a tenacious and dedicated mother who spent much of her time in the home (as opposed to working outside the home) and an accommodating father, allowing them to protect me and to prepare me for the world I was to inevitably face.

**LIFTING THE VEIL**

Our identity is fluid. Not only does it develop and transform over the course of our lives, as we are confronted with various settings and audiences, we often shift our public behavior dependent on what is expected for us to successfully maneuver in the given environment.² This is not only the case for people of color, but for all people. However, this concept of shifting, arguably, is more prevalent among marginalized groups like people of color because we
remain at the lower-end of the strata within U.S. society, with whites at the top (and in control). As we incorporate gender and socioeconomic class into these strata, the rungs become even more complicated. For people of color, in particular, it is regrettable that shifting becomes a conscious and habitual part of our lives. Being aware of this reality, my parents took great care in training me and my siblings accordingly. My mother regularly corrected the way in which we spoke English. While we could use some generational colloquialisms that we picked up in the neighborhood or at school (that is, the latest teenage slang), we were consistently instructed on the way in which we spoke English, with the focus being on the proper use of "standard" English.

This instruction by my parents was extended into the way in which my siblings and I carried ourselves as well. While my parents could not always control the influences we had outside the home, they did what they could while we were in the home. We were often forbade from watching certain television programs, such as "Good Times," which featured a hard-working, but struggling black family living in public housing ("the projects") in Chicago. My parents believed such programs (and movies in the same vein) were exploitative of blacks and only perpetuated a monolithic stereotype about how black people live and behave. This orientation to partiality in the way individuals are viewed based on their racial-ethnic identity has been confirmed for me in a variety of ways. For example, if future potential employers were not deterred by my gender, I was solely evaluated based on the merit of my formal education and work history. My especially Anglo-Saxon name has often found me mistaken for a white woman—among whites, Latinas/os, blacks, and others, alike. Although I have no solid evidence of racial bias, I was not blind to the slack-jawed and wide-eyed reactions I received when I showed up to job interviews. Because potential employers were aware of my gender, I knew this was not the reason for their reactions; I suspected my race is what caused the awe. In his book *The Souls of Black Folk*, published in 1903, renowned black scholar W. E. B. Du Bois used the concepts of the "veil" and a "double-consciousness" to describe these experiences of black people:

After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world,—a world which yields him no true self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always
looking at one’s self through the eyes of others, of measuring one’s soul by the
tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his
two-ness,—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled
strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone
keeps it from being torn asunder.¹

Living in these two worlds taught me that regardless of the changing society in
which we lived—particularly how different my childhood was from that of my
father, who grew up in rural Alabama in the 1930s and 1940s—racial equality
was a long time coming. This socialization and reality has continued to prove
difficult for me when I present my research to a white audience. My goal is to
enlighten others on the social forces that find blacks and other people of color
with higher rates of crime victimization and criminal offending. I frequently
worry about “airing the dirty laundry” about people of color and their experi-
ences as victims and as offenders. But, ultimately, I know that I and my fellow
race-and-crime researchers must continue in conducting and disseminating
our work in order to effect change that will benefit communities of color. This
is supported by Rhonda Baynes Jeffries and Gretchen Givens Generett’s argu-
ment that “[a]s black female scholars, we are often the most stabilizing forces
within our communities, whereas at the same time serving as agents of social
change. And although we strive to meet the community’s belief in our ability
to create change, we encounter antithetical resistance from the same institu-
tions that trained us to investigate, examine, analyze, and reform.”²

AIN’T I A PROFESSOR?

A few years ago I located a fifth grade assignment I completed in which I was
asked to ponder what “I want to be” at ages eighteen, twenty-one, twenty-
five, thirty-five, and fifty. Since it has been instilled in me since a young age
that I was expected to attend and complete college, I wrote that I would be
a “college student” at age eighteen. For ages twenty-one, twenty-five, and
thirty-five, I wrote that I wanted to be a “teacher.” I always enjoyed being
lost in my own world as a child and “playing school” with my stuffed ani-
mal- and-TRIES. I developed numerous lesson plans for my “students” and, of
course, I completed all the assignments in their names. Although I saw being
a teacher as a noble position, I had aspirations to do what I considered to be
upward mobility in the education field. At age fifty, I wrote that I wanted to
be a “professor.” Because I am a first-generation college student, my knowledge of higher education was minimal. I thought that in order to become a college professor, one had to first train as a kindergarten–twelfth grade teacher. While I have never forgotten about my endless hours of playing school during my childhood and my desire to be a teacher, it was not until the late 1990s that I returned to this ambition. To be sure, I was taken aback when I realized that I have found my way back to my childhood ambitions. However, on the predominantly white campus of the University of Colorado at Boulder, to most who do not know me I am invisible as a “professor.” While I am grateful that I am recognized as being about ten years younger than my true age, I have come to believe that my relatively youthful appearance is only a small part of the reaction I often receive. Essentially, I do not represent what many continue to believe to be the image of a professor; that is, I am not white and I am not male.⁶

At the start of the mainstream feminist movement in the United States during the nineteenth century, black women were undeniably aware of their invisibility and began to speak in public forums on issues related to them. Although typically not included in standard depictions of the feminist movement, contemporary black feminist writers trace organized Black feminist efforts back to the nineteenth century when black women such as Maria Stewart, Anna Julia Cooper, and Sojourner Truth spoke openly of black women’s affairs and breaking free from oppressive gender roles.⁷ These women’s public declarations of racism, as well as sexism—in particular, sexism by black men—did not go without criticism from men and other women in the black community.⁸ Retractors in the black community did not want the general public to be privy to their in-group unrest and they felt more energy should be placed on securing freedom from slavery and on racial justice, in general, as opposed to trying to gain gender equality.

Fear of the black community’s reaction to black women advocating for themselves was often not a concern for these revolutionary women. One of the most notable illustrations of this valiance was through the work of slavery abolitionist and woman suffragist Sojourner Truth. It was Truth’s 1851 speech at the Ohio Women’s Rights Convention that began to bring white women and all men in the abolitionist and women’s rights movements to acknowledge black women in their struggles.⁹ Although historian Nell Painter has critically questioned that Truth actually spoke the now legendary and widely used
phrase "Ain't I a Woman?" in her speech to the congregation, Painter recognizes that the symbol Truth has come to personify is important to black and white women feminists alike. It is this symbol that I now realize I have held during my adult life. I was confronted with this matter during the only black studies course I took during my undergraduate education at CU-Boulder. The small class focused on black women fiction writers comprised of only women students, all of whom were white except for my roommate and me, and was taught by a white male. One day, as the lecture centered on what is now referred to as intersectionality of identity and status, a white student turned to me and asked, "What are you first: black or a woman?" I was stumped by this question and did not answer. Eventually the instructor recognized my discomfort with the inquiry and moved on with his lecture. In a subsequent discussion about the probe with my roommate, she and I decided that we were black first because of the all-white, frequently hostile, environment of Boulder. However, that declaration still did not feel completely accurate to what I believed my Self encompassed. Black feminist scholar bell hooks writes of a similar experience in her book Feminist Theory: From Margin to Center: "As a black woman interested in the feminist movement, I am often asked whether being black is more important than being a woman; whether the feminist struggle to end sexist oppression is more important than the struggle to end racism or vice versa. All such questions are rooted in competitive either/or thinking, the belief that the self is formed in opposition to another.""11

This topic of representing one part of one’s identity over another persists; only a small number of people are erudite in the subject of intersectionality. During the 2008 presidential campaign, I had regularly been questioned as to which Democratic nominee I supported because of my identity as a black woman. That is, before I would let it be known who I endorsed, I had often been asked if I supported Barack Obama because he is identified as black or Hillary Clinton because she is a woman.

As I continue to struggle with proving I can live up to the expectations of my faculty position, especially since I was not hired by means of an open search, I still feel as though I have to work twice as hard and produce twice as much to validate that I belong in academe. Joy James and Ruth Farmer write about black women faculty in the following way: "We simultaneously have power, and lack it, in paradoxical relationships in which power is sexualized and racialized. Our intellectual abilities are questioned. We are made into fe
ishes. While shut out of decisions and policy-making processes, we are held responsible for outcomes."

I admit that I am what others refer to as a "workaholic"—though I prefer to refer to it as having a strong work ethic instead of pathologizing my work habits and drive. While some of the excess work I do has been self-imposed, recurrently the burden is placed on me by others. It is well-established—even if only anecdotally—that faculty of color at predominantly white colleges and universities have multiple advising or service duties (in addition to regular research and teaching responsibilities), both official and unofficial. Aside from serving as a tenure-track professor at CU Boulder, being an alumna of the same institution provides me with the perspective of the "outsider within" that makes it even more difficult to turn away any students of color who request my support, whether it be to serve on their honor's thesis committees, speak at a student-sponsored event, or to just chat. Likewise, I have found it difficult to refuse to participate in committees and forums related to gender and racial diversity. I do not often have to be asked how many hours I actually put into the job in one week because my devotion is not lost on my family, friends, mentors, and colleagues. And it is my family, friends, and mentors who beg of me to slow down and pull back. I have improved on this and am beginning to say "no" to the numerous requests of me, but, alas, I continue to struggle with fully heeding their advice.

SYNCING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT
Indisputably, we all have life experiences that affect who we have become. It was only recently that I realized the potential impact of my curiosity during my multiple trips throughout my childhood to Leavenworth, Kansas. My great-great-grandfather George Augustus Hildebrandt, a second-generation white German, settled in Leavenworth in the mid-1800s with his biracial wife (a former slave belonging to my great-great-grandfather's father and a marriage that caused my grandfather to be disowned by his family). During my many visits to Leavenworth with my immediate family to visit my mother's parents, several of her siblings, and a slew of other relatives, we would regularly visit the farmland that has remained in the family since grandfather Hildebrandt settled there. In order to get to the farms from the family homes in town, we had to drive past the United States Penitentiary in Leavenworth. I always gazed in wonderment of the grandiose structure, curious as to who was stashed away behind the grey walls and what got them there.
Just as my desire to become a professor resurfaced well after my initial interest in the profession, it was only in the second semester of my junior year in undergrad that I decided to major in sociology because of the sociology department's offerings of criminology courses. This fifth change in my major was sparked by an interest in an academic subject that, to that point, had been unparalleled by my level of excitement for criminology and deviance studies. I originally ventured off to college with the objective of studying business administration and eventually owning my own business, like my parents. Taking courses leading to this goal did not hold my interest and, in time, I found myself majoring in subjects from international affairs to German to computer science. It was a sociology course on deviance that unearthed my suppressed fervor for the social construction of crime, criminal offenders, and the criminal justice system. A fervor that, no doubt, was based partially in my fascination with the Leavenworth federal penitentiary.

I was fortunate to be involved in a criminology internship program during the final year of my undergraduate education. Interning in a local halfway house and a secure youth corrections facility provided me with indispensable experiential learning and, more importantly, the opportunity to determine that my recent change in major was a sound decision. As I fast-tracked to graduation, I knew I had found my niche. Upon graduating I secured employment in the criminal justice field and soon after made my way to New York City to study for my master's degree at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice. Until I arrived in New York, I had lived only in Denver and Boulder. The boroughs and people of New York City offered me a priceless experience that was further enhanced by the diverse groups of people I encountered on a personal level at a school and job that inundated me with an astute education in the criminal justice system that I had not adequately acquired prior to my arrival in the city. My experiences in New York (and my other field experiences) find me regularly advising students to supplement what they read in their textbooks by getting away from campus, away from the brick-and-mortar traditional college environment, to truly experience the "crime-ridden society" they wish to understand.

Ultimately, I spent ten years working in community-based corrections, with such job positions as group home counselor, halfway house case manager and administrator, juvenile diversion counselor, and juvenile probation officer. My final years in the field found me pondering the effectiveness of the
U.S. criminal justice systems for youth and adults. During my time in the field, I witnessed first-hand the extralegal workings of the system. I observed how the ability to hire private defense attorneys garnered less stigmatized charges (such as removing the term "sexual" from a misdemeanor assault charge) and lighter sentences. I observed that many of the individuals able to hire such attorneys were white. Even when economic class was not an issue, I often observed how white children were afforded more rehabilitative sentences, while brown and black children were ordered to serve more retributive sentences. Consequently, these furtive instances caused me to become increasingly dissuaded from working in a system that purported to be helping all victims and offenders on a justice-is-blind model, but, in effect, were meting out sanctions that kept poor black and brown adults and children in a cycle that set them up for failure and only exacerbated their lives. While I and others argue that the criminal justice system workforce needs to be increasingly diversified with more women and people of color—particularly in administrative positions⁴—I also advocate for a need to examine the use of retributive sanctions and the necessity of warehousing by way of imprisonment.⁵

Toward the end of my tenure of working in the criminal justice field, by which time I had returned to Colorado, I began an adjunct instructor position in a criminal justice and criminology department at a four-year state college in Denver. One of my professors at John Jay served as an essential component that led me to transitioning from criminal justice practitioner to criminology professor. While I did not share a gender identity with my young black professor, I saw in Ben Bowling someone I could become. I have had no role model educators in my likeness who have had a lasting effect on me. (Much of this is because of my upbringing in a state that has a minuscule black population; so my chance of being assigned a black teacher or professor was nominal.) Although Professor Bowling had watered the seed that had been sowed in my adolescent years about becoming an educator, I maintained my jobs in the criminal justice field, and taught college courses on the side. But it was not long before I was offered a full-time visiting assistant professorship at the college, which forced me to make a decision about the next phase in my career. I eventually left the criminal justice field as a practitioner not as a form of abandonment of those who work in the system, but because I realized that my personal strengths were being depleted by working in the system and that I would better serve (and support) the system and its officials by focusing my
efforts on research and education. I still have much work to do, but believe I have been more effective in how I contribute to the criminal justice field in my new role.

Soon after I began my visiting faculty position, I found my way back to CU–Boulder. My desire to educate and do research led me to pursue a doctorate degree but I was limited in my choices by remaining in Colorado. Originally, I wished to earn a doctorate in criminology, but my only and best option was to return to CU–Boulder for the advanced degree in sociology. Returning to the site that caused an inordinate amount of personal stress was difficult. But my determination to become a professor triumphed over any pain I endured during my late teens and early twenties.

**TRANSFORMING THE PASSION**

Another story told to me about my lived experience is one that involves a now-faded memory but that clearly signifies the person I have become. In my second grade of school a white girl in my class shoved me out of the lunch line and called me a “nigger.” At the age of seven, I apparently understood the implications of this term and proceeded to challenge my classmate’s derision by shoving her in return. As an advocate against the use of violence, I do not recount this experience to suggest that such behavior is acceptable, even to defend against the use of the most demeaning and connotatively harmful words, but to demonstrate that we all can improve the way in which we handle life’s hardships. My mother delights in the fact that I had the fortitude to explain to the teacher who intervened that I shoved the girl because “I am not a nigger, I am a person.” This is the only incident of which I am aware that I was engaged in an act of physical aggression (that is, violence) and I am thankful that I have developed a constructive outlet for expressing my contempt for sexism, racism, violence, and threats of violence, and any other forms of bias and hate.

It is not only my experiences that motivate my work. I recall the surplus of stories I have heard during my adult life about Aunt So-and-So and Cousin What’s-Her-Name fighting off their abusive mates. I recall hearing of the struggles that family members and acquaintances had with criminal misconduct and with alcohol and other drugs. I recall the account of my mother’s first time traveling to the South with my father and my two sisters to attend my paternal grandfather’s funeral in Alabama in May 1963. This was during
the anti-segregation protests that resulted in the use of fire hoses and dogs by police officers on black protesters in Birmingham and shortly after Martin Luther King, Jr., was arrested and held in the Birmingham jail for three days in April 1963. When my parents stopped at a gas station upon entering Tennessee, they were told that law enforcement officers were conducting searches of vehicles to discourage outside (Northern liberal) agitators from entering Mississippi and Alabama.

From Memphis, Tennessee, until they reached their destination of Wedowee, Alabama, my parents were told there were no keys available to unlock the “colored” restrooms. My father warned that he would not stop the car to let my mother and sisters relieve themselves at the side of road because he feared they would be arrested for indecent exposure. Fortunately, my maternal grandmother anticipated this dilemma. When my parents stopped in Leavenworth on their way to Alabama, my Grandma Nina Hildebrandt supplied my parents with a bucket to carry in the car to be used in lieu of a public toilet. When they were allowed to enter service stations operated by whites my father primed my mother with warnings about how to behave. This included only pointing to merchandise they wanted to purchase and then laying the money on the counter instead of handing it to the clerk. The concern of my parents being harmed by the violent detractors of the civil rights movement was exacerbated by my grandmother’s and father’s concern that my parents would appear to be an interracial couple because of my mother’s fair skin.

I recall that through all this (and other harrowing tales of racism), my parents have still been able to recognize that “good white people” do exist; including those like my great-great grandfather Hildebrandt, who chose love over racial supremacy and bias from his own family, and like those individuals who have treated my parents with humanity and not on the basis of their African American heritage.

As I dedicated myself to completing my dissertation at the end of my doctoral studies, I was confronted with racism by unlikely sources. Without going into extensive detail that would “out” the responsible parties, I was accused of misrepresenting my data because during a presentation where I read narratives of some of the black women I interviewed, apparently I made them sound as though they were “middle-class white women.” Essentially, I was accused of having translated my narratives from the so-called Ebonics to “standard” U.S. English. I refused to yield to this indictment and did not
care if confronting the accusers would cause me to damage my chances of getting my degree. I certainly did not believe racism was a transgression of our pasts, but I must admit that I was gullible enough to believe that learned social scientists who had interactions with a variety of black students, including me, believed all black people spoke (and acted) alike. I was dismayed that such learned persons wore a set of rose-colored glasses through which they saw all black persons in a sole, typecast image—in spite of the repeated lessons from my mother during my childhood about using “standard” diction in public. Although a few years have passed since this incident, I continue to be incensed. While I have moved past this incident and similar events, I will not let it rest. It is not an issue of forgiveness; it is about using adverse life experiences to fuel our passion and do what we can, as individuals and collectively, to press on in our endeavors. Like many of the women and men I have interviewed in my research activities, I battle on and use this and other experiences as motivation to continue my work. I use all these experiences, whether they belong to me or to those who I respect and admire, to speak for those whose voices are not as loud as mine has become.

GOING NATIVE OR REPRESENTIN’?

It is the amalgamation of all that I have done and not done, have encountered and not encountered that has influenced my professional work and activism. With regard to my approach for researching the intersection of race, gender, class, and crime, a qualitative method for studying this area was a natural fit for me and my foci. Granted, we are taught in progressive research programs and we read in methods literature that, as prudent scholars, we should use the method that will best answer our research question. Further, Jeffries and Generett speak of how being a black woman scholar is complicated by choosing qualitative methods of conducting research:

Attempts to remain connected to community, while simultaneously working within academia, have created barriers and challenges for many black women. Nonetheless, although qualitative research is a methodology where black women do not have to distance themselves from their research or lived experiences, there is an underlying fear that our work will not be taken seriously. . . . The fear of isolation from community and the academy force many black female researchers to question where and how our work fits within our respective discourses.
I possessed this fear as I began to develop theoretical perspectives based on my dissertation research. As I began my research interviews with black women who had been in abusive intimate relationships, I realized that their life experiences were not defined by the abuse alone. They were not ignorant to the connection between their life struggles and their social position as black women. In order to conceptualize the women’s experiences with abuse, I could not simply consult standard theories of how intimate partner abuse is experienced by women. I had to situate the women’s experiences within the greater context of the women’s lives. To do so, I did not need to start from scratch. I knew I had to consult black feminist theory. Specifically, theory that places black women’s experiences in the center of the analysis. Black feminist theory situates black women as the focus of any investigation relating to black women, especially concerning the interlocking identities of black women (for example, race, ethnicity, gender, sexuality, etc.) and the social, cultural, and interpersonal subjugation they may endure as a result. In order to further appreciate what the women faced, I also relied on concepts from critical race feminist theory and feminist criminology to further refine a more adequate conceptualization of the women’s experiences. Integrating these concepts and making attempts to explicate this functional understanding has led me to the notion of a black feminist criminology. Certainly, black feminist criminology does not necessitate focusing only on black women’s issues, but on gendered, racialized, classed, and other stratified statuses from an intersecting identities and intersecting circumstances approach. Black feminist criminology considers all levels of societal impact, including social structural oppression, community and culture, and familial and intimate relations. Black feminist criminology can be used to address the intersectional identities of individuals and the way individuals become involved in crime or respond to being victims of crime as a result of intersecting identities. While I have initially utilized black feminist criminology to understand battered black women’s reactions to the violence meted out on them by their intimate partners, I argue that this standpoint can be extended to explain the victimization effects of other women of color, the involvement in criminal activity by women of color, and how other marginalized people, such as men of color and poverty-stricken individuals, become engaged in criminal offending and are affected by criminal victimization.
NO LONGER SILENT
It has been in only the past few years that I have not shied away from demonstrating my passion. With this passion, although I have an ethic of remaining respectful, I also do not temper that which is often stereotypically endemic of “the black woman”: anger. With the support of my mother, from whom I initially learned this vociferous zeal, and the backing of other resolute individuals (like my father), I do not apologize for expressing my discontent over injustices, whether small or large, personal or professional. I have accepted that I will often be labeled as angry because of the persistent controlling images of black women. Nevertheless, after years of being painfully shy, and even socially awkward at times, I am now unwilling to silence my voice.

NOTES

1. Orfield et al., Losing Our Future.


5. See Howard S. Becker’s examination on “master status” in his seminal work, Outsiders: Studies in the Sociology of Deviance (1963), where he specifically makes note of the difficulty for others to view nonwhites and females as doctors and professors.


8. Davis, Women, Race, and Class.

9. Sometimes worded as “Ar’n’t I a woman?” (See Gilbert, Narrative of Sojourner Truth.)

10. Painter, Sojourner Truth. Painter has argued that convention secretary Marius Robinson’s records of Truth’s speech is closer to Truth’s actual wording, which does not record any statements of “Ar’n’t/Ain’t I a woman?,” than to Harriet Beecher Stowe and Frances Dana Gage’s account written twelve years after the convention.
15. Davis, Are Prisons Obsolete?
17. See Potter, Battle Cries.
18. hooks, Feminist Theory.

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