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Document A

Deronda's first thought when his eyes fell on this scene of dull, gas-poisoned absorption, was that the gambling of Spanish shepherd-boys had seemed to him more enviable:—so far Rousseau might be justified in maintaining that art and science had done a poor service to mankind. But suddenly he felt the moment become dramatic. His attention was arrested by a young lady who, standing at an angle not far from him, was the last to whom his eyes traveled. She was bending and speaking English to a middle-aged lady seated at play beside her: but the next instant she returned to her play, and showed the full height of a graceful figure, with a face which might possibly be looked at without admiration, but could hardly be passed with indifference.

The inward debate which she raised in Deronda gave to his eyes a growing expression of scrutiny, tending farther and farther away from the glow of mingled undefined sensibilities forming admiration. At one moment they followed the movements of the figure, of the arms and hands, as this problematic sylph bent forward to deposit her stake with an air of firm choice; and the next they returned to the face which, at present unaffected by beholders, was directed steadily toward the game. The sylph was a winner; and as her taper fingers, delicately gloved in pale-gray, were adjusting the coins which had been pushed toward her in order to pass them back again to the winning point, she looked round her with a survey too markedly cold and neutral not to have in it a little of that nature which we call art concealing an inward exultation.

But in the course of that survey her eyes met Deronda's, and instead of averting them as she would have desired to do, she was unpleasantly conscious that they were arrested—how long? The darting sense that he was measuring her and looking down on her as an inferior, that he was of different quality from the human dross around her, that he felt himself in a region outside and above her, and was examining her as a specimen of a lower order, roused a tingling resentment which stretched the moment with conflict. It did not bring the blood to her cheeks, but it sent it away from her lips. She controlled herself by the help of an inward defiance, and without other sign of emotion than this lip-paleness turned to her play. But Deronda's gaze seemed to have acted as an evil eye. Her stake was gone. No matter, she had been winning ever since she took to roulette with a few napoleons at command, and had a considerable reserve. She had begun to believe in her luck, others had begun to believe in it: she had visions of being followed by a cortège who would worship her as a goddess of luck and watch her play as a directing augury. Such things had been known of male gamblers; why should not a woman have a like supremacy? Her friend and chaperon who had not wished her to play at first was beginning to approve, only

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40 administering the prudent advice to stop at the right moment and carry money
back to England—advice to which Gwendolen had replied that she cared for the
excitement of play, not the winnings. On that supposition the present moment
ought to have made the flood-tide in her eager experience of gambling. Yet,
when her next stake was swept away, she felt the orbits of her eyes getting hot,
and the certainty she had (without looking) of that man still watching her was
45 something like a pressure which begins to be torturing. The more reason to her
why she should not flinch, but go on playing as if she were indifferent to loss or
gain. Her friend touched her elbow and proposed that they should quit the table.
For reply Gwendolen put ten louis on the same spot: she was in that mood of
50 defiance in which the mind loses sight of any end beyond the satisfaction of
enraged resistance; and with the puerile stupidity of a dominant impulse includes
luck among its objects of defiance. Since she was not winning strikingly, the next
best thing was to lose strikingly. She controlled her muscles, and showed no
tremor of mouth or hands. Each time her stake was swept off she doubled it.
Many were now watching her, but the sole observation she was conscious of was
55 Deronda's, who, though she never looked toward him, she was sure had not
moved away. Such a drama takes no long while to play out: development and
catastrophe can often be measured by nothing clumsier than the moment-hand.
"Faites votre jeu, mesdames et messieurs," said the automatic voice of destiny
from between the mustache and imperial of the croupier: and Gwendolen's arm
60 was stretched to deposit her last poor heap of napoleons. "Le jeu ne va plus,"
said destiny. And in five seconds Gwendolen turned from the table, but turned
resolutely with her face toward Deronda and looked at him. There was a smile of
irony in his eyes as their glances met; but it was at least better that he should
have disregarded her as one of an insect swarm who had no individual
65 physiognomy. Besides, in spite of his superciliousness and irony, it was difficult
to believe that he did not admire her spirit as well as her person: he was young,
handsome, distinguished in appearance—not one of these ridiculous and dowdy
Philistines who thought it incumbent on them to blight the gaming-table with a
sour look of protest as they passed by it. The general conviction that we are
70 admirable does not easily give way before a single negative; rather when any of
Vanity's large family, male or female, find their performance received coldly, they
are apt to believe that a little more of it will win over the unaccountable
dissident. In Gwendolen's habits of mind it had been taken for granted that she
knew what was admirable and that she herself was admired. This basis of her
75 thinking had received a disagreeable concussion, and reeled a little, but was not
easily to be overthrown.

In the evening the same room was more stiflingly heated, was brilliant
with gas and with the costumes of ladies who floated their trains along it or were
seated on the ottomans.

**George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*, (1876,) Book 1, Chapter 1 "The Spoiled Child",
(Oxford World Classics, Oxford University Press, 1998, Oxford, pp 5-7.)**

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Document B

For many men, the fundamental assumption is that they can have both a successful professional life and a fulfilling personal life. For many women, the assumption is that trying to do both is difficult at best and impossible at worst. Women are surrounded by headlines and stories warning them that they cannot
5 be committed to both their families and careers. They are told over and over again that they have to choose, because if they try to do too much, they'll be harried and unhappy. Framing the issue as "work-life balance"— as if the two were diametrically opposed— practically ensures work will lose out. Who would ever choose work over life?

10 The good news is that not only can women have both families and careers, they can thrive while doing so. In 2009, Sharon Meers and Joanna Strober published *Getting to 50/50*, a comprehensive review of governmental, social science, and original research that led them to conclude that children, parents, and marriages can all flourish when both parents have full careers. The data
15 plainly reveal that sharing financial and child-care responsibilities leads to less guilty moms, more involved dads, and thriving children. Professor Rosalind Chait Barnett of Brandeis University did a comprehensive review of studies on work-life balance and found that women who participate in multiple roles actually have lower levels of anxiety and higher levels of mental well-being. Employed women
20 reap rewards including greater financial security, more stable marriages, better health, and, in general, increased life satisfaction.

It may not be as dramatic or funny to make a movie about a woman who loves both her job and her family, but that would be a better reflection of reality. We need more portrayals of women as competent professionals and happy
25 mothers—or even happy professionals and competent mothers. The current negative images may make us laugh, but they also make women unnecessarily fearful by presenting life's challenges as insurmountable. Our culture remains baffled: *I don't know how she does it.*

30 Fear is at the root of so many of the barriers that women face. Fear of not being liked. Fear of making the wrong choice. Fear of drawing negative attention. Fear of overreaching. Fear of being judged. Fear of failure. And the holy trinity of fear: the fear of being a bad mother/ wife/ daughter.

Without fear, women can pursue professional success and personal fulfillment—and freely choose one, or the other, or both. At Facebook, we work
35 hard to create a culture where people are encouraged to take risks. We have posters all around the office that reinforce this attitude. In bright red letters, one declares, "Fortune favors the bold." Another insists, "Proceed and be bold." My favorite reads, "What would you do if you weren't afraid?"

40 In 2011, Debora Spar, president of Barnard College, an all-women's liberal arts school in New York City, invited me to deliver its commencement address. This speech was the first time I openly discussed the leadership ambition gap. Standing on the podium, I felt nervous. I told the members of the graduating class that they should be ambitious not just in pursuing their dreams

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45 but in aspiring to become leaders in their fields. I knew this message could be
misinterpreted as my judging women for not making the same choices that I
have. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I believe that choice means choice
for all of us. But I also believe that we need to do more to encourage women to
reach for leadership roles. If we can't tell women to aim high at a college
graduation, when can we?

50 As I addressed the enthusiastic women, I found myself fighting back tears.
I made it through the speech and concluded with this:

55 You are the promise for a more equal world. So my hope for everyone here is that
after you walk across this stage, after you get your diploma, after you go out
tonight and celebrate hard— you then will lean way in to your career. You will find
something you love doing and you will do it with gusto. Find the right career for
you and go all the way to the top.

As you walk off this stage today, you start your adult life. Start out by aiming
high. Try— and try hard.

60 Like everyone here, I have great hopes for the members of this graduating class.
I hope you find true meaning, contentment, and passion in your life. I hope you
navigate the difficult times and come out with greater strength and resolve. I
hope you find whatever balance you seek with your eyes wide open. And I hope
that you—yes, you—have the ambition to lean in to your career and run the
world. Because the world needs you to change it. Women all around the world are
65 counting on you. So please ask yourself: What would I do if I weren't afraid? And
then go do it.

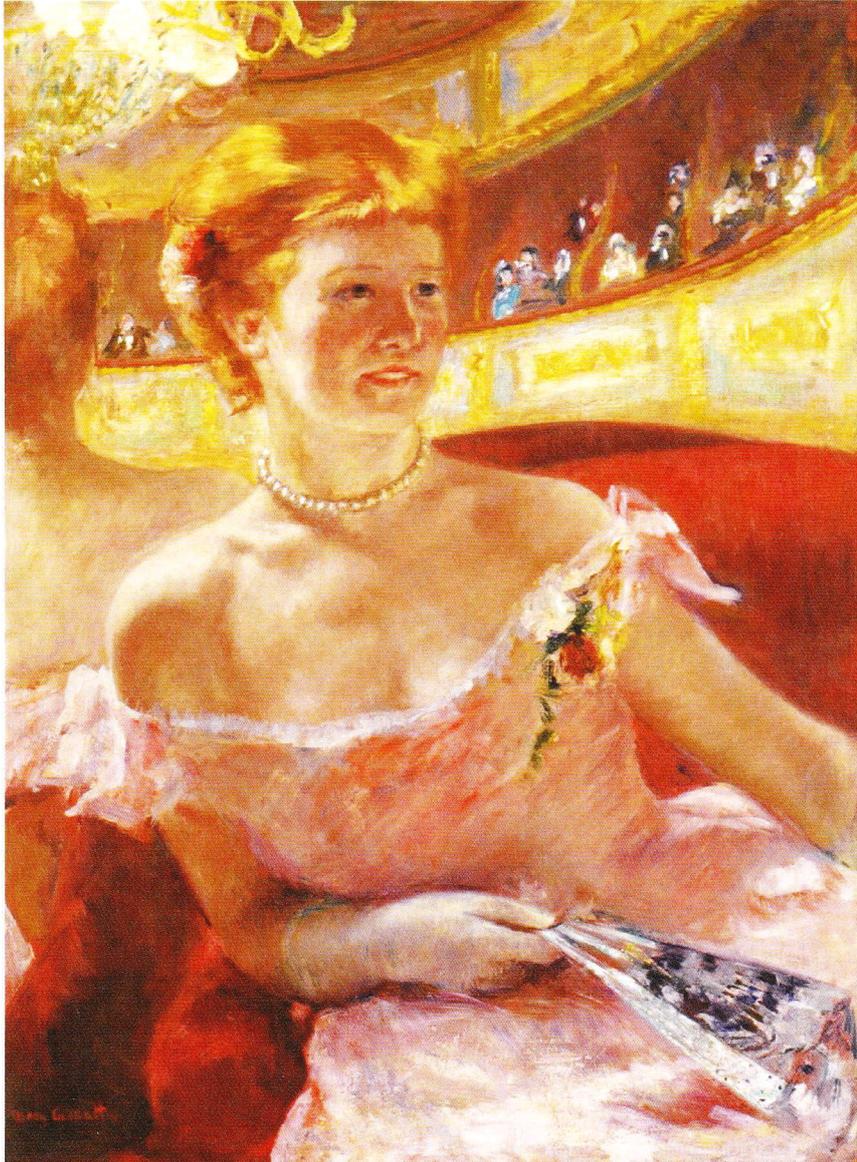
As the graduates were called to the stage to collect their diplomas, I shook
every hand. Many stopped to give me a hug. One young woman even told me I
was "the baddest bitch" (which, having checked with someone later, actually did
70 turn out to be a compliment).

I know my speech was meant to motivate them, but they actually
motivated me. In the months that followed, I started thinking that I should speak
up more often and more publicly about these issues. I should urge more women
to believe in themselves and aspire to lead. I should urge more men to become
75 part of the solution by supporting women in the workforce and at home. And I
should not just speak in front of friendly crowds at Barnard. I should seek out
larger, possibly less sympathetic audiences. I should take my own advice and be
ambitious. Writing this book is not just me encouraging others to lean in. This is
me leaning in. Writing this book is what I would do if I weren't afraid.

Sheryl Sandberg, C.O.O. of Facebook , *Lean In, Women, Work, and the Will to Lead* , 2013, Alfred K.
Knopf , New York, pages 23-26.

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Document C



Mary Cassatt, *Woman with a Pearl Necklace in a Loge*, 1879, (oil on canvas, 81.3 x 59.7 cm.) on display at The Philadelphia Museum of Art