



Lesson 3: *The Lieutenant Nun: More Than Catalina, More Than Alonso*

Estimated Timeframe: 1 Day (90-minute class session)

<p>Brief Description of Lesson</p>	<p>Students will learn about the Mapuche, their worldview, lifestyle, and resistance. Through primary sources, they will analyze the day-to-day life of Spanish women in the Araucarian wars, such as Catalina de Erauso, also known as Alonso Diaz. They will find more information to consider how women used the legal and societal conventions to defy gender identity in colonial Latin America.</p> <p>This lesson deals with a complex subject such as gender identity and sexuality. We recommend being mindful of the diversity in your classroom and providing a safe space for every student while delivering this lesson.</p>
<p>Additional Supporting Questions</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● How did women defy gender identity during the colonial period in Latin America? ● What gender rights did people have access to under the Spanish kingdom during the 17th century? ● Were women allowed to participate in war as soldiers? Under what circumstances?
<p>TEKS & C3 Frameworks</p>	<p>World History Studies:</p> <p>(7) History. The student understands the causes and impact of increased global interaction from 1450 to 1750. The student is expected to:</p> <p>(D) identify major causes and describe the major effects of the following important turning points in world history from 1450 to 1750: the rise of the Ottoman Empire, the influence of the Ming dynasty on world trade, European exploration and the Columbian Exchange, European expansion, and the Renaissance and the Reformation;</p>
<p>Learning Objectives</p>	<p>Students will be able to...</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Read a primary source and infer information about the author 2. Support their claims based on textual evidence 3. Compare and contrast the biographies of Catalina de Erauso and Ines de Suarez 4. Draw conclusions about the Spanish legal system based on the previous comparison 5. Generate audiovisual content to present their ideas

<p>Introduction: Focus relevant to students' lives</p>	<p>Show students an image of a woman dressed in a stereotypical feminine way for that period. Then, start changing the women's clothes and hairstyle to a more masculine one (over time). For example, changing heels for sneakers, skirts for trousers, and so forth. Present examples that challenge this idea. For example: how high heels were originally created for men, or how kilts are part of traditional Scottish male attire. Discuss with students the historical norming of what it is to dress like and be identified as a man or a woman: How does today's society determine whether someone is dressed as "a woman" or "a man"? What do you think determined what counted as women's and men's clothing in the colonial period?</p>
<p>Introduction: Access student's prior learning/knowledge</p>	<p>Have students watch this video before class: <i>Ragin Epu Mapu/Between Two Worlds/Entre dos Mundos</i> (up to minute 25): https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YquD2_ydA3w</p> <p>Questions to think about while watching the video:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How is the Mapuche philosophy and lifestyle different from our Western conceptions? 2. Why has that been a problem for the Mapuche community? 3. Choose one of the categories covered in the documentary (politics, religion, education, economics and language) and, using your own words, briefly describe the issues. <p>Show the <i>Chile Avanza</i> print and ask students how that image relates to what they learned about the Mapuche.</p>
<p>Introduction: Preview of lesson/day's agenda</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Diary reading. 2. Analyze mysterious portrait. 3. Research, move, and share. 4. Compare Ines and Catalina. 5. Historical TikTok
<p>Body: Detail of activities</p>	<p>Note: In this lesson, the pronoun "they/their" is used to refer to Catalina to facilitate conversation. The pronoun "he" is used in the comparative chart provided below considering his decision, supported by the state and the church, to live the rest of his life as a man.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Ask students to read a section of Catalina's diary, published under the title <i>The Ensign Nun</i>, discuss the kind of person who would own this diary (old, young, male, female, Spanish, indigenous, etc.) and provide textual evidence for their claims. 2. Then, show Catalina's portrait by Juan van der Hamer (featured source) and ask: <ol style="list-style-type: none"> a. What do you see?

- b. Is there something that stands out to you? At this point, you may mention that the person is dressed as a man but the name in the portrait says "Catalina".
 - c. Could Catalina be the author of the diary they just read?
 - d. Ask students about their own theories about this apparent contradiction. Tell students that they will find out who that person was and why they were portrayed that way.
3. Give students a short introduction to Ines de Suarez. This is another woman who actively fought in the Araucanian wars. Explain that the biographies of these two persons will be compared to draw conclusions about gender rights in the colonial period.
4. Divide the class into two teams, one team will find information on the Internet about Catalina de Erauso:
 - a. Where were they born?
 - b. How did they come to the Americas?
 - c. What did they do once they were in Chile?
 - d. What was their role in the Araucanian war?
 - e. Why were they pardoned by the church when their secret came out?

The second team will research Ines de Suarez:

 - f. Where was she born?
 - g. How did she come to the Americas?
 - h. What did she do once she was in Chile?
 - i. What was her role in the Araucanian war?
 - j. Was she prosecuted for participating in the war? Why?
5. Have students move around the classroom to pair up with a classmate from the other team and share their findings. They may change partners for each question for more movement. You may ask them to fill in or create a comparative chart. A model of what the chart may look like is provided below.
6. Briefly discuss the similarities and differences between Ines de Suarez and Catalina de Erauso. Based on the life of Ines, it may be said that, under special circumstances, women were able to get involved in war dressed as women. Therefore, Catalina's case was very different. She did not dress as a man because she needed to in order to fight the Mapuche. Students may discuss her reasons to dress as a man. Were there other circumstances besides war where it was more practical to dress as a man? Or was that her/his/they personal

	<p>identity? At this point, the difference between women’s rights and gender identity rights, may be introduced or further discussed. The use of the correct pronoun for Catalina may also be discussed.</p> <p>7. In 2019, the TV series <i>Ines of My Soul</i> was aired. It portrayed the life of Ines de Suarez, based on the novel written by the renowned Chilean writer, Isabel Allende. In teams, students chose an event in the life of Catalina de Erauso to create a 1-2 min historical TikTok. Students will search for at least 3 images that represent the main elements of a specific event in the life of Catalina. They will include text to complement the images and explain the event. If time allows it, students are given the option to choose a character, write 2-3 lines of dialogue and record themselves acting for the TikTok.</p> <p>OPTIONAL TASK: Ask students to bring an object from their homes that represent women’s resistance against a dominant power structure.</p>
Conclusion	Discussion: What does Catalina’s life tell us about the values of society at that time? How do women defy gender identity today?
Assessment	Historical TikTok on the life of Catalina de Erauso.

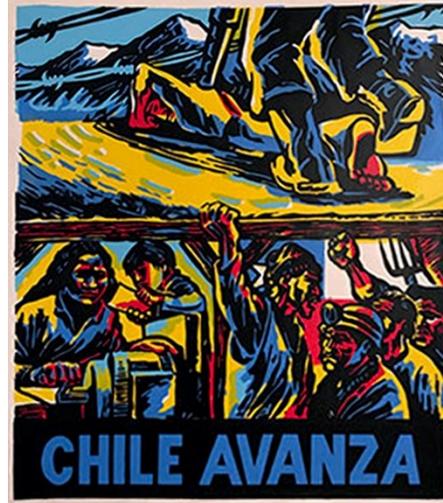
Featured Sources:

[Textual source]

Chapter 6 diary entry, Catalina de Arauso, circa 1626



Doña Catalina de Arauso
Doña Catalina de Arauso. Rare Book Collection, Benson Latin American Collection.



Chile Avanza [*Chile Advances*], Reynaldo Olivares, undated. Romo Collection of Mexican American Art Prints, Benson Latin American Collection.

Lesson 3 Handout

CATALINA/ALONSO

Started dressing as a man when he fled the convent. Almost got caught by his father so he escaped to America.

Known for seducing women but never got married.

After the war, the church pardoned his transvestism because of his virginity. Returned to Spain and was granted permission to use his male name and dress as a man by the King, Phillip IV and the Pope, Urbano VIII.

Moved to Orizaba, Mexico, where he died.

Biologically born as females.
Born in Spain.
Lived in South America.
Fought in the Araucanian wars.
Performed extremely violent actions against the Mapuche.

INES

Dressed as a women even when participating in the war. Came to Peru looking for her husband, Juan de Malaga. Found out that her husband was dead. Later became the mistress of Pedro de Valdivia, the "conqueror" of Chile. She was allowed to accompany him to battle because of his written request to bring her as a domestic servant.

After the war, Pedro de Valdivia was forced to leave her because he was married. Remarried, lived a quiet life and died in Chile

Catalina de Erauso's Diary Excerpt

CHAPTER 6

She arrives in Concepcion in Chile and there encounters her brother. She moves on to Paicabi, where she takes part in the battle of Valdivia, rescuing the company colors. She returns to Concepcion, kills two men and her own brother.

After twenty days at sea, we came to the port of Concepción, a decent-sized town that goes by the nickname the noble and the loyal, and has its own bishop. Troops were scarce in Chile at the time and our arrival was welcome, and we received immediate orders to disembark. They came from the governor, Alonso de Ribera, conveyed by his secretary, Captain Miguel de Erauso. As soon as I heard the name I was overjoyed, and I knew it was my brother, because while I didn't know him—indeed, had never laid eyes on him because he left San Sebastian when I was only two—I had had news of him even if I didn't know his exact whereabouts. He took the roll book and went walking up and down the line, asking each of us our names and where we were from, and when he came to me and heard my name and my country, he dropped his pen, threw his arms around me, and asked for news of his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and his beloved Catalina, the nun. I responded as best I could without giving myself away or rousing his suspicions. And so he went on with the roll call, and when he had finished he invited me to have supper at his house and we sat down to eat. He told me that the garrison we were assigned to at Paicabí was a soldier's worst nightmare, and that he would talk to the governor to see if he couldn't get me a new post.

And at one point during the meal, he went up to see the governor, taking me with him, reported to him the arrival of the new recruits, and begged him as a favor to reassign to his company a certain young green horn from his own province, saying he hadn't seen any of his own countrymen since leaving home. The governor had me brought in, and when he saw me—I cannot say why—he said there was nothing he could do. My brother was crushed and left the room, but then a little while later the governor called him back and told him it should be as he requested.

So that, when the companies marched out, I stayed behind as my brother's soldier, and dined at his table for three years, all the while never letting on to my secret. On occasion, I went with him to the house of the mistress he kept in town, and on other occasions I went there without him. It wasn't long before he found out and, imagining the worst, he told me that he'd better not catch me at it again. But he spied on me, and when he caught me there the next time he waited outside, and when I came out he lit into me with his belt, wounding me in the hand.

I was forced to defend myself, and the sound of our brawling brought the Captain Francisco de Aillón, and he made peace between us. Still, for fear of the governor, who was a stickler for rules, I had to take refuge in the church of San Francisco, and there I remained, even though my brother interceded on my behalf, until the day he came to tell me I had been banished to Paicabí. There was nothing to be done, I was forced to leave for Paicabí, where I remained for three years.

So there I was, in Paicabí, for three years of misery, and after having always led the good life. What with the swarms of Indians in those parts, we ate, drank, and slept in our armor, until finally the governor, Alonso de Sarabia, arrived with the rest of the armies of Chile. We joined up with them and were quartered in the plains of Valdivia, on open ground, five thousand men, with everything but discomfort in short supply. The Indians sacked Valdivia and took the field. Three or four times before, we had marched out to meet them and engaged them on the field, always gaining the upper hand and butchering them—but in the last battle reinforcements arrived and it went badly for us, and they killed many of our men, captains, my own lieutenant, and rode off with the company flag.

When I saw the flag being carried off I rode after it, with two horsemen at my side, through the midst of a great multitude of Indians, trampling and slashing away and taking some wounds in return. Before long, one of the three of us fell dead, and the two that remained pressed on until we overtook the flag. But then my other companion went down, spitted on a lance. I had taken a bad blow to the leg, but I killed the chief who was carrying the flag, pulled it from his body and spurred my horse on, trampling and killing and slaughtering more men than there are numbers—but badly wounded, with three arrows in me and a gash from a lance in my left shoulder which had me in great pain—until at last I reached our own

lines and fell from my horse. A few men came to my side, among them my brother, whom I hadn't seen in a while, and this was a great comfort to me. My wounds were tended to, and we stayed quartered there for nine months. At the end of that time, my brother brought me the flag I had rescued, a present from the governor, and I became the lieutenant of Alonso Moreno's company, which soon came under the command of Captain Gonzalo Rodríguez—the first captain I had ever served under—and all in all, I prospered and was well taken care of.

I served as a lieutenant for five years. I was there at the battle of Puren where my captain fell, leaving me in command of the company for some six months, and during that time I had a number of encounters with the enemy and took a few arrows. In one battle, I came up against one of the Indian captains, Francisco Quispiguaucha, a newly made Christian and a rich one too, whose devilish raids gave us plenty of trouble. I met him on the field, threw him from his horse, and he surrendered to me. I immediately strung him up from the nearest tree, and this made the governor furious, for as it turned out he had wanted the man taken alive, and they say it was for this reason he didn't give me the company, but gave it to Captain Casadevante instead, and put me on half-pay with some promising noises about next time.

The armies withdrew, each company back to its own garrison, and I went on to Nacimiento, which despite its fine name is nothing more than a shortcut to the grave—and there again I all but ate, drank, and slept in my armor. But I'd only been there a few days when field master Alvaro Núñez de Pineda arrived with orders from the governor to form a detachment for the Valley of Puren, some eight hundred cavalry from our garrison and others, and I was numbered among them, along with other officers and captains. We headed out for the Valley of Puren, and were on the rampage there for six months or so, slashing and burning Indian croplands. Later, the Governor Alonso de Ribera gave me permission to go back to Concepción, and I returned to my post in the company of Francisco Navarette, and there I remained.

But Chance toyed with me, turning my every scrap of luck into disaster. I had been leading a quiet life in Concepción until, one day, when I was in the guard camp, I went into a nearby gambling house with a fellow lieutenant. We began to play and the game was going along smoothly, when a small misunderstanding came up and my companion, with plenty of people around to hear it, told me I lied like a cuckold. I drew out my dagger and ran it into his chest. So many people jumped on me—those at the table, and those that came running at the sound of the brawl—that I couldn't budge. One of the attaché's held me fast until the local judge, Francisco de Párraga, came in, and he grabbed me tight as well and shook me this way and that, firing I don't know what questions at me. I told him that I would make my statement before the governor.

At this point, my brother came in and told me, in Basque, to run for my life. The judge grabbed me by my jacket collar and, dagger in hand, I told him to turn me loose—but the man shook me again, and I let him have it, slicing him across both cheeks—and still he held fast, so that I gave him another one, and he let go. I drew my sword as the whole room charged at me, backed toward the door, leveling whatever got in my way, and made my escape into a nearby Franciscan church, where I learned that both the lieutenant and the judge were dead.

This brought out the governor, Alonso Garcia Remón, who had the church surrounded with soldiers and kept it that way for six months. He issued a proclamation, offering a reward to the man who took me alive, and forbidding my embarkation at any port. He alerted the various garrisons and marketplaces—and took other precautions as well—until time, which cures all things, also cured his vigilance. Petitions on my behalf began to pile up, the guards surrounding the church were removed, the general air of alarm seemed to lift, and as I began to feel more at ease and even receive visits from friends, people began to talk about how provoked I had been in the first place, and what a tight spot I had been in.

One of the friends who came to see me during this time was don Juan de Silva, a full lieutenant, who told me he'd had some words with a certain don Francisco de Rojas, a knight of Santiago, and that he had challenged him to a duel for eleven that night. Each man was to bring a second, he said, and he had no one to turn to but myself.

I didn't answer at first, thinking it was some sort of trap. Juan de Silva guessed what was on my mind, and said, "If you're not with me, so be it, I will go alone. There is no other man I trust at my side." I said to myself, "What can you be thinking?" and accepted.

As the bells were ringing out for evening prayer, I left the church and went to his house. We dined and chatted about one thing or another until ten o'clock, when we heard the bells strike the hour and gathered up our swords and cloaks and set out for the spot. The darkness was so

thick, you couldn't see your hand in front of your face—and noting this, I suggested we should tie our handkerchiefs around our arms so that, whatever might happen in the next couple of hours, we would not mistake one another.

The two men arrived, and one of them said, "Don Juan de Silva?" and I could tell by the voice it was don Francisco de Rojas.

Don Juan answered, "Here I am!" and they each laid hand to sword and went at each other, while the other man and I stood by.

They went on dueling, and after a while I could tell my friend had taken a hit and that he wasn't any the better for it. I jumped to his side and the other man took the side of don Francisco, we parried two on two, and before long don Francisco and don Juan fell to the ground. My opponent and I kept fighting, and my point went home below his left nipple, as I later learned, through what felt like a double thickness of leather, and he fell to the ground.

"Ah, traitor," he said, "you have killed me!" I thought I recognized this stranger's voice.

"Who are you?" I asked, and he answered, "Captain Miguel de Erauso."

I was stunned. My brother begged for a priest, as did the other two, and I went running to the Franciscan church and dispatched two friars to take their confessions. The other two died on the spot—and my brother was carried to the house of the governor, whom he had served as secretary of war. A doctor and a surgeon were summoned to tend to his wounds, and they did what they could. Then a statement was taken and they asked him the name of his murderer, and when my brother begged for a mouthful of wine, the doctor, whose name was Robledo, said no, it would not be advisable, and he begged again, and again the doctor refused, and my brother said, "Why, Sir, you are crueller to me than Lieutenant Díaz was!"—and after a few minutes, he passed away.

At this point, the governor had the church surrounded and tried to force his way in with his personal guard. The friars resisted, along with their superior, a certain brother Francisco de Otaola who today lives in Lima, and a hot argument ensued, until a couple of the brothers plucked up their courage and told the governor to think it over carefully, because if he came in he could forget about leaving, and with that the governor cooled down and withdrew, leaving some guards behind.

Captain Miguel de Erauso was dead, they buried him in the Franciscan monastery, and I watched from the choir—God knows in what misery! I stayed there for eight months while they prosecuted me on a charge of rebellion—a charge I was given no opportunity to defend myself against.

When don Juan Ponce de León offered me his protection, I saw my chance. He Gave me a horse and weapons and wished me god speed out of Concepcion, on the Valdivia and Tucumán.

Excerpt from: Stepto, M. and G. Stepto, translators. (1996) *Memoire of a Basque Lieutenant Nun*. Boston: Beacon Press.