CHAPTER 1

Inside the Clockwork of Male Careers

Arlie Russell Hochschild

An offhand remark made to me years ago has haunted me more and more ever since. I was talking at lunch with an acquaintance, and the talk turned, as it often does among women academicians just before it's time to part, to "How do you manage a full teaching schedule and family?" and "How do you feel about being a woman in a world of men?" My acquaintance held a marginal position as one of two women in a department of fifty-five, a situation so common that I don't fear for her anonymity here. She said in passing, "My husband took our son to the university swimming pool the other day. He got so embarrassed being the only man with all those faculty wives and their kids." When the talk turned to her work, she said, "I was in a department meeting yesterday, and, you know, I always feel self-conscious. It's not that people aren't friendly. It's just that I feel I don't fit in." She felt "uneasy" in a world of men, he "embarrassed" in a world of women. It is not only the double world of swimming pools and department meetings that has haunted me, but also his embarrassment, her unease.

This conversation recurred to me when I met with the Committee on the Status of Women, a newly formed senate committee on the Berkeley campus. We met in the Men's Faculty Club, a row of male scholars framed on the dark walls, the waitresses bringing in coffee and taking out dishes. The talk was about discrimination and about the Affirmative Action Plan, a reluctant, ambiguous document that, to quote from its own elephant-foot language, "recognizes the desirability of removing obstacles to the flow of ability into appropriate occupational roles."

The well-meaning biologist on the committee was apologizing for his department, the engineer reminding us that they were "looking very hard" for a woman and a black, and another reminding us that things were getting better all the time. But I remember feeling what many of us probably sensed but didn't say: that an enormously complex problem—one world of swimming pools, children, women, another of men in departments and committee meetings—was being

delicately sliced into the tiny tidbits a giant bureaucracy could digest. I wondered if anything in that affirmative action plan, and others like it across the country, would begin to merge these double worlds. Such plans ignore the fact that existing academic career patterns subcontract work to the family work that women perform. Without changing the structure of his career, and its imperial relation to the family, it will be impossible for married women to move up in careers and for men to move into the family.

I have heard two standard explanations for the classic pattern of underrepresentation of women at higher university levels, but I doubt that either gets to the bottom of the matter. One explanation is that the university discriminates against women. If only tomorrow it could halt discrimination and become an impartial meritocracy, there would be many more academic women. The second explanation is that women are trained early to avoid success and authority, and, lacking good role models as well, they "cool themselves out."

A third explanation rings more true to me: namely, that the classic profile of the academic career is cut to the image of the traditional man with his traditional wife. To ask why more women are not full professors, or "full" anything else in the upper reaches of the economy, we have to ask first what it means to be a male full professor—socially, morally, and humanly—and what kind of system makes them into what they become.

The academic career is founded on some peculiar assumptions about the relation between doing work and competing with others, competing with others and getting credit for work, getting credit and building a reputation, building a reputation and doing it while you're young, doing it while you're young and hoarding scarce time, hoarding scarce time and minimizing family life, minimizing family life and leaving it to your wife—the chain of experiences that seems to anchor the traditional academic career. Even if the meritocracy worked perfectly, even if women did not cool themselves out, I suspect there would remain, in a system that defines careers this way, only a handful of women at the top.

If Machiavelli had turned his pen, as so many modern satirists have, to how a provincial might come to the university and become a full professor, he might have the following advice: enter graduate school with the same mentality with which you think you will emerge from graduate school. Be confident, ambitious, and well aimed. Don't waste time. Get a good research topic early and find an important but kindly and nonprejudicial benefactor from whom you actually learn something. Most important, put your all into those crucial years after you get your doctorate—in your twenties and thirties—putting nothing else first then. Take your best job offer and go there no matter what your family or social situation. Publish your first book with a well-known publisher and cross the land to a slightly better position, if it comes up. Extend your now-ambitious self broadly and deeply into research, committee work, and editorships to make your name in your late twenties and at the latest early thirties. If somewhere along the way teaching becomes the psychic equivalent of volunteer work, don't let it

bother you. You are now a full professor and can guide other young fledglings along that course.

Discrimination

When I entered Berkeley as a graduate student in 1962, I sat with some fifty other incoming students that first week in a methodology course. One of the two sociology professors on the podium before us said, "We say this to every incoming class and we'll say it to you. Look to your left and look to your right. Two out of three of you will drop out before you are through, probably in the first two years." We looked blankly right and left, and quick nervous laughter jumped out and back from the class. I wonder now, a decade later, what each of us was thinking at that moment. I remember only that I didn't hear a word during the rest of the hour, wondering whether it would be the fellow on my left, the one on my right, or me. A fifth of my incoming class was female, and in the three years that followed, indeed, three-quarters of the women (and half of the men) did drop out. But a good many neither dropped out nor moved on, but stayed trapped between the M.A. and the orals, or the orals and the dissertation, fighting the private devil of a writing block, or even relaxing within that ambiguous passage, like those permanent "temporary buildings" standing on the Berkeley campus since World War II.

Much of the discrimination argument rests on how broadly we define discrimination or on how trained the eye is for seeing it. Women have acclimatized themselves to discrimination, expect it, get it, and try to move around it. It is hard to say, since I continually re-remember those early years through different prisms, whether I experienced any discrimination myself. I don't think so. I considered quitting graduate school to the extent of interviewing at the end of my first miserable year for several jobs in New York that did not pan out. Beyond that, my uncertainty expressed itself in virtually every paper I wrote for the first two years. I can hardly read the papers now since it appears that for about a year and a half I never changed the typewriter ribbon. That uncertainty centered, I imagine, on a number of issues, but one of them was probably the relation between the career I might get into and the family I might have. I say "probably" because I didn't see it clearly that way, for I saw nothing very clearly then.

Women Cooling Themselves Out

The second explanation for the attrition of women in academe touches private inequality more directly: women sooner or later cool themselves out by a form of "autodiscrimination." Here inequality is conceived not as the mark of a chairperson's pen, but as the consequence of a whole constellation of disadvantages.

Some things are simply discouraging: the invisibility of women among the teachers and writers of the books one reads or among the faces framed on the walls

of the faculty club; the paucity of women at the informal gathering over beers after the seminar. In addition, there is the low standing of the "female" specialties—like sociology of the family and education—which some early feminists like me scrupulously avoided for that stupid reason. The real thing to study, of course, was political sociology and general theory: those were virtually all male classes, from which one could emerge with a "command" of the important literature.

Women are discouraged by competition and by the need to be, despite their training, unambivalent about ambition. Ambition is no static or given thing, like having blue eyes. It is more like sexuality: variable, subject to influence, attached to past loves, deprivations, rivalries, and many events long erased from memory. Some people would be ambitious anywhere, but competitive situations tend to drive ambition underground in women. Despite supportive mentors, for many women there still remains something intangibly frightening about a competitive environment, competitive seminar talk, even about argumentative writing. While feminists have challenged the fear of competition both by competing successfully and by refusing to compete—and while some male dropouts crossing over the other way advise against competing, the issue is hardly settled for most women. For those who cannot imagine themselves inside a competitive environment, the question becomes: How much is something wrong with me and how much is something wrong with my situation?

Models of People and Places

It is often said that a good female "role model" can make up for the pervasive discouragement women find in academe. By role model I mean simply a person whom a student feels she wants to be like or could become. It is someone she may magically incorporate into herself, someone who, intentionally or not, throws her a psychic lifeline. A role model is thus highly personal and idiosyncratic, although she may fit a pattern. I am aware of being part of an invisible parade of models. Even as I seek a model myself, I might be one to students who are, in turn, models to others. Various parades of role models crisscross in the university, each going back in psychological time.

There is a second sense in which we can talk of models—models of situations that allow a woman to be who she gradually gets to want to be. Among the inspiring leaders of this parade are also some sad examples of women whose creativity has cramped itself into modest addenda, replications of old research, or reformations of some man's theory—research, in sum, that will not "hurt anyone's feelings." The other human pinch is remaining single among couples, having one's sexual life an item of amused curiosity. For still others, it is the harried life of trying to work and raise a family; it's the premature aging around the eyes, the third drink at night, the tired resignation when she opens the door to a sparkling freshman who wants to know "all about how social science can cure the world of war and poverty." There are other kinds of models, too.

Women respond not simply to a psychological lifeline in the parade, but also to the social ecology of survival. If we are to talk about good models we must talk about the context that produces them. To ignore this is to risk running into the problems I did when I accepted my first appointment as the first woman sociologist in a small department at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Some very strange things happened to me, but I am not sure that anything happened to the department or university. Sprinkled thinly as women were across departments there, we created a new minority status where none had existed before, models of token women. The first week there, I began receiving Xeroxed newspaper clippings and magazine articles praising the women's movement or detailing how bad the "woman situation" was in medicine or describing Danish women dentists. These clippings that began to swell my files were invariably attached to a friendly forwarding note: "Thought you'd be interested" or "Just saw this and thought of you." I stopped an older colleague in the hall to thank him for an article he had given me and inquired what he had thought of it. He hadn't read it himself. I began to realize that I was becoming my colleagues' friendly totem, a representation of feminism. "I'm all with you people" began to seem more like "You be it for us." But for every paper I read on the philosophy of Charlotte Gilman, the history of the garment union, the dual career family, or women and art, I wondered if I shouldn't poke a copy into the mailboxes of my clipping-sending friends. I had wound myself into a feminist cocoon and left the tree standing serenely as it was. No, it takes more than this kind of "model."

The Clockwork of the Career System

It is not easy to clip and press what I am talking about inside the square boundaries of an "administrative problem." The context has to do with the very clockwork of a career system that seems to eliminate women not so much through malevolent disobedience to good rules, but through making up rules to suit half the population in the first place. For all the turmoil of the sixties, those rules have not changed a bit. The year 1962 was an interesting one to come to Berkeley, and 1972 a depressing one. The free speech movement in 1964, and the black power and women's liberation movements following it, seem framed now by the fifties and Eisenhower on one side and the seventies, Nixon, and Ford on the other.

Age discrimination is not some separate extra unfairness thoughtlessly tacked on to universities; it follows inevitably from the bottommost assumptions about university careers. If jobs are scarce and promising reputations important, who wants a fifty-year-old mother of three with a dissertation almost completed? Since age is the measure of achievement, competition often takes the form of working long hours and working harder than the next person. This definition of work does not refer to teaching, committee work, office hours, phone conversations with students, editing students' work, but refers more narrowly to one's own work. Time becomes a scarce resource that one hoards greedily, and time

becomes the thing one talks about when one is wasting it. If "doing one's work" is a labor of love, love itself comes to have an economic and honorific base.

The Social Psychology of Career Talk

It is often said that women do not speak up in class as much as men do, and I have noticed it, too, occasionally even in my graduate seminar on the sociology of sex roles. The reason, I suspect, is that they are aware that they have not yet perfected the proper style. (It is often older women, not yet aware of the stylistic requirements, who speak up.) Some say also that women are ignored in conversation because they are sex objects; I think, rather, that they are defined as conversational cheerleaders to the verbal tournament.

Even writing about career talk in cynical language, I find that, bizarrely enough, I don't *feel* cynical, even while I think that way; and I have tried to consider why. I think it is because I know, in a distant corner of my mind, that the very impersonality that competition creates provides the role of the "humanizer" that I so enjoy filling. I know that only in a hierarchy built on fear (it's called "respect," but that is an emotional alloy with a large part of fear in it) is there a role for those who reduce it. Only in a conservative student body is there a role for the "house radical." Only in a department with no women are you considered "really something" to be the first. A bad system ironically produces a market, on its underside, for the "good guys." I know this, but somehow it does not stop me from loving to teach. For it is from this soft spot, in the underbelly of the whale, that a counteroffensive can begin against women's second socialization to career talk and all that goes with it.

Situation and Consciousness

It is for a minority of academic women with children that the contradictions exist in their full glory. My own solution may be uncommon but not the general contours of my dilemma. When I first decided to have a child at the age of thirty-one, my thoughts turned to the practical arrangements whereby I could continue to teach, something that means a great deal to me. Several arrangements were possible, but my experiment was a preindustrial one—to introduce the family back into the university, to take the baby with me for office hours on the fourth floor of Barrows Hall. From two to eight months, he was, for the most part, the perfect guest. I made him a little cardboard box with blankets where he napped (which he did most of the time), and I brought along an infant seat from which he kept an eye on key chains, colored notebooks, earrings, and glasses. Sometimes waiting students took him out into the hall and passed him around. He became a conversation piece with shy students, and some returned to see him rather than me. I put up a fictitious name on the appointment list every four hours and fed him alone or while on the telephone.

The baby's presence proved to be a Rorschach test, for people reacted very differently. Older men, undergraduate women, and a few younger men seemed to like him and the idea of his being there. In the next office there was a distinguished professor of seventy-four; it was our joke that he would stop by when he heard the baby crying and say, shaking his head, "Beating the baby again, eh?" Publishers and book salesmen in trim suits and exquisite sideburns were generally shocked. Graduate student women would often inquire about him tentatively, and a few feminists were put off, perhaps because babies are out of fashion these days, perhaps because his presence seemed "unprofessional."

One incident brought into focus my identity and the university's bizarre power to maintain relationships in the face of change. It happened about a year ago. A male graduate student had come early for his appointment. The baby had slept longer than usual and got hungry later than I had scheduled by Barrows Hall time. I invited the student in. He introduced himself with extreme deference, and I responded with slightly more formality than I otherwise might. He had the onerous task of explaining to me that he was a clever student, a trustworthy and obedient student, but that academic fields were not organized as he wanted to study them; and of asking me, without knowing what I thought, whether he could study Marx under the rubric of the sociology of work.

In the course of this lengthy explanation, the baby began to cry. I gave him a pacifier and continued to listen all the more intently. The student went on. The baby spat out the pacifier and began to wail. Finally, trying to be casual, I began to feed him. He wailed now the strongest, most rebellious I had ever heard from this small armful of person.

The student uncrossed one leg and crossed the other and held a polite smile, coughing a bit as he waited for this little crisis to pass. I excused myself and got up to walk back and forth with the baby to calm him down. "I've never done this before. It's just an experiment," I remember saying.

"I have two children of my own," he replied. "Only they're not in Berkeley. We're divorced and I miss them a lot." We exchanged a human glance of mutual support, talked of our families more, and soon the baby calmed down.

A month later when John had signed up for a second appointment, he entered the office, sat down formally. "As we were discussing last time, Professor Hochschild. . . ." Nothing further was said about the prior occasion, but more astonishing to me, nothing had changed. I was still Professor Hochschild and he was still John. Something about power lived on regardless.

In retrospect, I felt a little like one of the characters in *Dr. Dolittle and the Pirates*, the pushme-pullyu, a horse with two heads that see and say different things. The pushme head was relieved that motherhood had not reduced me as a professional. But the pullyu wondered what the pervasive power differences were doing there in the first place. And why weren't children in offices occasionally part of the "normal" scene?

At the same time I also felt envious of the smooth choicelessness of my male colleagues who did not bring their children to Barrows Hall. I sometimes feel this keenly when I meet a male colleague jogging on the track (it's a popular academic sport because it takes little time) and then meet his wife taking their child to the YMCA kinder-gym program. I feel it too when I see wives drive up to the building in the evening, in the station wagon, elbow on the window, two children in the back, waiting for a man briskly walking down the steps, briefcase in hand. It seems a particularly pleasant moment in the day for them. It reminds me of those Friday evenings, always a great treat, when my older brother and I would pack into the back of our old Hudson, and my mother with a picnic basket would drive up from the suburbs to Washington, D.C., at five o'clock to meet my father walking briskly down the steps of the State Department, briefcase in hand. We picnicked at the Tidal Basin near the Jefferson Memorial, my parents sharing their day, and in that end-of-the-week mood, we came home.

Whenever I see similar scenes, something inside rips in half, for I am neither and both the brisk-stepping carrier of a briefcase and the mother with a packed picnic lunch. The university is designed for such men, and their homes for such women. It looks easier for them, and part of me envies them for it. Beneath the envy lies a sense of my competitive disadvantage vis-à-vis the men to whom I am compared and to whom I compare myself. Also beneath it, I am aware of the bizarreness of my experiment with the infant box, and paradoxically aware too that I am envious of a life I would not really like to live.

Conclusion

To talk as I have about the evils of the system as they affect a handful of academic women is a little like talking about the problems of the suburb while there are people trapped in the ghetto. But there are problems both with trying to find a meaningful career and with having one on the system's terms. The two problems are more than distantly related. Both finding an academic job and remaining humane once you have had one for a while are problems that lead ultimately to assumptions about the families that lie behind careers. At present, women are either slowly eliminated from academic life or forced imperceptibly to acquire the moral and psychic disabilities from which male academics have had to suffer.

The very first step is to reconsider what parts in the cultural recipe of our first socialization to nurturance and caring are worth salvaging in ourselves, and the second step is to consider how to extend and institutionalize them in our place of work. The second way of creating social justice less often speaks up for itself: it is to democratize and reward that cooperative, caretaking, morally concerned, not-always-lived-up-to womanly virtue of the past. We need that in careers among our professors of either sex. My utopian university is not a Tolstoyan peasant family, but neither is it vita talking to vita. It requires a move in the balance between competition and cooperation, doing well and doing

good, taking time to teach a child to swim and taking time to vote in a department meeting. When we have made that change, surely it will show in book prefaces and office talk.

A Postscript through a 1991 Prism

As I reflect on this piece written in 1973, I'm struck by what has changed—the increasing numbers of women in sociology and their impact; but also by what has not changed—the clockwork of male careers.

When I was a graduate student, there was no sociology of gender, not much work on women in the subfields where one might have looked: the sociology of change, sociology of the family, sociology of occupations. In 1962 little had been written that was explicitly about women. Between 1873 and 1960 fewer than 1 percent of all books in the *Subject Guide to Books in Print* were expressly on the subject of women. During that time only sixteen history doctoral theses concerned women, one of them, "Recent Popes on Women's Position in Society," written by a man. Today we have an independent subfield and, indeed, an industry. The task is to pick the pearls from the hundreds of articles that appear each year.

If we look at the history since 1960, I think it looks like this: a women's movement arose within sociology too, and it changed who came into sociology and to some extent it changed the talked-about ideas in it. Looking back at the culture at large, certain aspects of the women's movement entered the mainstream of American life through a process aptly described by David Riesman as "resistance through incorporation" (1993 [1964]). American culture incorporated what of feminism fit with capitalism and individualism and it marginalized the rest. The culture incorporated the idea that a woman has a right to a job and to equal pay. But it resisted a real change in the structure of work and in the social character of men. This social change "sandwich" is causing serious strains in American family life.

To understand the women's movement, I now feel we must understand the ideals of the movement itself (equality and the humanizing of a society we would be equal in), the cultural soil in which the ideas are received (individualist and capitalist culture), and the array of interest groups poised to see what they want in the new situation (business seeing a cheap skilled labor pool, men seeking a way out of commitments to children). At the time, we were "seeing" through our ideals and not really understanding the messy way social movements work. We had some growing to do.

The Convergence of Personal and Professional: The Berkeley Sociology Department's Women's Caucus

In 1968 I was an instructor in the department with a master's degree three years behind me. A series of women had come into my office in the fall of that year, each talking casually about dropping out of graduate school. When one highly able student, Alice Abarbinal, said she planned to drop out, I remember dropping

what I was doing. "Why would Alice drop out?" I knew why *X* or *Y* might drop out, but Alice? She was doing so well. She seemed so at ease. It was one of those grains of sand that made me question the universe. A week later, after talking with friends, I invited women graduate students to my apartment on Virginia Street. Besides Alice—who did eventually drop out to become a psychotherapist—those who came included Judy Gavin, Dair Gillespie, Sue Greenwald, Suellen Huntington, Carol Joffe, Ann Lefler, Anita Micossi, Margaret (later Rivka) Polotnick, Marijean Suelzle, and Ann Swidler. The late Gertrude Jaeger, then a lecturer in the department, came to that first meeting, escorted to the door and later retrieved, amid much hilarity, by her husband, Philip Selznick.

That evening, we sat in a circle on the living room floor, drank coffee and beer, ate a lot of potato chips, and felt a certain excitement. I remember asking whether there was some problem we shared as women that was causing us to become discouraged. One by one we went around the circle: "No." "No." "No." One woman said, "No, I have an incomplete, but I had a hard time defining my topic." Another said, "I have been blocked too, but I have a difficult professor, nothing to do with his being a man." Someone else said, "I'm just not sure about this discipline—it's me." No one hinted that there might be a link between these hesitations, dropping out, and being a woman. I remember turning to a friend and confiding, "Never mind, we tried." But after adjourning the meeting, a curious thing happened: no one left. Two hours later, graduate students were huddled in animated groups, buzzing about professors, courses, housing, boyfriends. An invisible barrier had disappeared.

Apart from Gertrude Jaeger, no professors in our department were women. Yet a fifth of the graduate students were women, hoping one day to become professors. How was this to happen? That was the question our meeting allowed us to unbury. After that first meeting, we met periodically for several years. We were at our best in questioning the basic concepts in sociology, and in trying to picture what sociology would look like if women's experiences counted as much as men's. What are "social status" and "social mobility," concepts so central to our discipline? How do you measure a woman's status—by her husband's occupation (as it was done in the sixties) or by her own occupation? And if she's a homemaker, how do we appraise her status? Do we measure her occupational mobility by comparing her occupation with her father's? With her mother's? Or again, what are the stages of moral development? Are these the same for women and for men? Are nonverbal gestures understood through the same framework of meaning for men as for women? In those years there was some talk about race, ethnicity, and sexual choice, but these were topics whose centrality was yet to be fully understood.

In 1969 I was invited to edit an issue of *TransAction* magazine on the role of women, and various members of the caucus submitted articles. Anita Micossi wrote an article on women's liberation as a religious conversion. I suppose for some of us the movement had elements of that, but if so we converted to a very talky intellectual religion—Unitarianism, say—where the main point was to

reinterpret the scriptures. Meanwhile, over the next few years we learned of similar small groups springing up in English, in history, in anthropology departments. There is now a sex and gender section of the American Sociological Association with over a thousand members. Lucy Sells's dissertation data showed that the number of graduate women who dropped out of the sociology department decreased after the formation of our caucus.

If there had not been a social movement such as came along in the sixties, we would not have had that first meeting of the caucus, and probably would not have developed that intellectual world as deeply as we did. I think those questions are partly behind my book *The Managed Heart* (1983), and behind my essay "The Sociology of Emotion and Feeling: Selected Possibilities," in Marsha Millman and Rosabeth Kanter's 1975 edited collection, *Another Voice*. The idea of taking the world of emotions and feelings seriously went along with taking women's experience and public perceptions of that experience seriously. From there it was a small step to propose making the study of emotions more central to sociology. I think others drew inspiration from this collective consciousness in a similar way.

I have been deeply influenced by the writings of Erving Goffman, by his focus on the have-nots of dignity and by the poetry in his viewpoint. At the same time, the scrappy, politicking Hobbesian world in which characters such as Preedy (in *Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, 1959) strut around almost seemed to describe a male world from the point of view of a highly sensitive and pained critic. But I began to think that such a vantage point left some things out. My direct contact with Goffman came after he had left Berkeley. He was teaching in the late sixties when I was a student, but it was his habit to brusquely shoo out auditors. Discouraged by his manner, I left along with the others. But I went home and carefully read everything he wrote. When he came back to the University of California, Berkeley, after accepting a position at the University of Pennsylvania, he visited a faculty study group that I had joined. (This was after I had my Ph.D., had taught at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and returned to Berkeley as an assistant professor.) It was through this group that I got to know him. Once or twice I sent him articles, and he called me with wonderfully trenchant comments and warm human support. To me it was God himself calling. Years later, when he was sick with cancer, I called several times to see how he was doing, and humorously he turned the question around, "So how are your emotions?" After he died, his widow called to tell me that a paper of mine on "emotion work" was on his desk. That still means a lot.

So I had a foot in two worlds as I was working on *The Managed Heart*. If I had been only in the Goffman world or only in the world of the Berkeley Women's Caucus, the *Managed Heart* might never have been born. *The Second Shift* (1989) and, in some way, everything I have written since, is an extension of *The Managed Heart*.

During my graduate student years, my personal adviser and thesis adviser, Neil Smelser, responded to my struggling papers with insightful clarity and

human care. He had more students than any other professor in the sixties, many different in approach and topic from him, but he nurtured us all. I found in him a pillar of support, for which I am extremely grateful to this day.

Current Concerns about Women and the Workplace (Postscript 1994)

The number of women doing industrial work worldwide has doubled since 1950. But they have done such work without the services they need, without changes in ideas about what was previously "men's work," and without altered ideas about a proper workday. So the price of women's entrance into the labor force has often been high: hurried childhoods, a scarcity of personal leisure, new emotional uncertainties. Given this new reality, the question is: How can we unstall a "stalled revolution"?

In addressing this question, I've begun to question what we mean by family, what we mean by work, and how we might create a healthy balance between the two. What gender strategies do women pursue to arrive at a balance? What emotional geography lies beneath these strategies and what emotional consequences follow from them?

Let me end my essay with a reflection about women of color. When I hear my graduate students struggling to de-center gender theories woven around white suburban homes, questioning the universality of Nancy Chodorow's theory of gender personality, or asking where black women are in Rosabeth Kanter's theory of corporate life, I am seized by a sense of déjà vu. In the sixties at our meetings on Virginia Street we were ferreting out the androcentrism in functionalism and Marxism. Now my graduate students are helping ferret out the ethnocentrism in feminist theory, itself derived through just such lines of questioning. Maybe that's what it's all about. Each generation cuts its intellectual teeth on the best social theory of the day, exploring every detail to see just how far it reaches when you ask whose experience it speaks to.

The clockwork of male careers has proved easier to join than to change. More women, including women of color, have careers. But careers themselves still fit into the same giant clock. The struggle to balance work and family is one we will have to continue into the next century.

But the challenge to this clockwork, and to the basic ideas and interests that sustain it, has inspired good ideas. I used to imagine that the sociologist got a brilliant idea sitting alone in the library, like the lone scientist concocting a potion in the garage. But behind any great idea, of course, is a great climate of opinion. It is the very culture of challenge that may well produce the enduring ideas of the future.

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